

APPROACHES
TO THE PARANORMAL

Harvest of Light

Edited by

NEVILLE ARMSTRONG

First published in Great Britain in 1976 by
Neville Spearman Limited
112 Whitfield Street, London W1P 6DP

©

ISBN 0 85435 4522

Contents

Introduction	Paul Beard
How I became interested in the Paranormal	Rosamond Lehmann
How I became interested in the Paranormal Ain't Sayin' Nothin'	Raynor C. Johnson
How I became interested in the Paranormal	Vernon Underwood
Man and his Relations with the Kingdom of Nature	Gabriel Marcel
Sequel to a Murder	W. Tudor Pole
Haunted London	Snaebjörn Jönsson
Breaking the Time Barrier	A. Peter Underwood
Blake the Psychic	Sir Victor Goddard
Psyche and Eros	Walter Taylor
Sex and Psychic Phenomena	Vernon Underwood
How real are Chance and Time?	Peter Underwood
The Bach Flower Remedies	Gwen Mountford
Out of the Body by Mantras	Nora Weeks
The Mystical Unfolding of Man	Walter K. Paul
Spiral versus Circular	Martin Israel
The Mysteries of Chartres Cathedral	Rosamond Lehmann
Survival, Transformation and the Mystery Teachings	Sir Ronald Fraser
Medical Evidence for Reincarnation	Anna Morduch
Reincarnation as the Way of Progress of the Soul	Dr. Arthur Guirdham
Joe's Scripts	Dr. Martin Israel
The Story of 'Jack the Ripper'	Zoe Richmond
Mysticism and Dreams	Cynthia Legh
The Shining Ones	Wyatt Rawson
The Ghost seen by Gest Palsson	Dennis Gray Stoll
Strange Harvest	Einar H. Kvaran
Something far more deeply interfused	Anna Morduch
The Need for a new Metaphysic	Sir Kelvin Spencer
The Unknown Beloved	Dr. D.M.A. Leggett
On Meditation	'H'
Healing and the Spirit	Swami Radha
Possessed?	Martin Israel
Automatisms and Demons	Rev. Christopher Neil-Smith
Inner and Outer	John Pearce-Higgins
Letter from Sally	Paul Beard
Letters from Wellesley Tudor Pole	Rosamond Lehmann
Isle of Man Disaster, 1973 - Letter from Patricia, through her Mother, Cynthia Sandys	
The Tycoon	Cynthia Sandys
On Suicide	Paul Beard
Nature Spirits of North America	Signe Toksvig
A Christmas Story	Evelyn Bremmer
Retrospect	P. W. Cole

Introduction by Paul Beard

The paranormal is often thought of as concerned with ghosts and apparitions, or else with scientists peering over Zener cards and analysing complicated statistics; or with a stream of utterances from a medium, producing a mixture of facts, some significant, some trivial. It is not usually recognised how wide and varied a field is covered by the paranormal and how full of human interest these approaches can be. Indeed, it covers many types of perception and a wide gamut of human thought and feeling. This book is an attempt to illustrate the impact of paranormal events and paranormal thinking upon a wide variety of people. All the contributions have appeared during the last ten years or so within the pages of LIGHT, the quarterly Journal which has been published by The College of Psychic Studies since 1881. A number of the contributions were originally given as lectures at the College.

Over the years LIGHT has welcomed contributions from celebrated authors, doctors, scholars, artists, clergymen, philosophers and seers, from here or overseas. Each contribution can, of course, be read on its merits and it is thought that they will be found to cover a very interesting spectrum. Perhaps the volume will prove to be like an entrance gate into a wide and unusual estate containing both public and private gardens, things that are cultivated and things that are wild; forests and rolling views into a landscape the furthest corners of which lie well beyond the immediate view and call, indeed, for much brave and skilful exploring within these inner worlds of the human spirit.

Thanks are due to the many authors who have allowed their material to be printed in the present volume, to the literary executor of W. Tudor Pole, and to the Mysticism Committee of the Churches' Fellowship for Psychical and Spiritual Studies in respect of Dr. Martin Israel's contribution 'Healing and the Spirit'; and to the Society for Psychical Research for 'How I became interested in the Paranormal' by Gabriel Marcel. The selection has been made by Neville Armstrong of Neville Spearman Ltd. Our apologies are made to the two or three authors we have been unable to trace, and we trust they will pardon our making this further use of their excellent material.

How I became interested In the Paranormal

Rosamond Lehman

I want to preface this record of a personal experience by saying that, at the time when it spontaneously burst through and overwhelmed my consciousness, I had no religious beliefs whatsoever - merely vague spiritual twinges and longings, which I attempted to discard as romanticism unworthy of a progressive adult in this day and age, and which I was careful not to voice aloud among those whom I thought of as my intellectual pastors and masters. These were, to a man, to a woman, agnostics, if not bigoted atheists. I wished to emulate them in a life dedicated to the arts and to personal relationships. Alas! I knew well that I could never achieve their stoicism in

the face of death - which to them spelt extinction. To me, death was the dread, intolerable, implacable Arch-Enemy. Nothing I heard about body, soul and spirit from priests or orthodox church-going followers of Christianity made any sense to me; all doctrines, dogmas and established rituals seemed anachronistic; meaningless obstacles set up by man himself and God. If behind all these formalities and formulae burned the essence of Divine Truth, I could not reach it. Faith was, no doubt, a gift one was born endowed with, like a talent for music: enviable, not to be acquired. One had to choose the good; one had to believe, somehow, in the concept of a moral universe, in the validity of human love, because loving was connectedness with non-loving was lacerating exile from the human situation.

In the summer of 1958 the mortal blow of my life descended: the death, far away from me, after a few days' illness, of my daughter, at the age of twenty-three. Here is what happened a fortnight later. It is an accurate transcript from notes I made directly afterwards.

J. (a close friend) took me by car to spend the week-end in the country with L. and R. (also close friends). The evening of my arrival, we talked about Sally for hours. I wept and wept: yet I began to feel strange shoots of peace and consolation, because they seemed to believe me, genuinely believe me when I went on insisting that she was 'not dead, not dead,' 'with me,' 'very much alive . . .', scarcely knowing what I meant. L. said quietly: 'Of course'; and later, to my inexpressible comfort, described supra-normal experiences following a shattering bereavement in her own life.

Next afternoon, I went upstairs to lie down. I was prostrated with fatigue, but strangely free from mental distress. Suddenly a clear, high-pitched, 'singing' vibration crossed my inner ear. I thought: 'This again, how odd . . .', remembering that I had heard it without registering it a night or so after the news came from Java. The 'singing' deepened and expanded into a steady humming. Next came a violent convulsion or 'alarum' in the region of the solar plexus; then a powerful tugging sensation in this region: 'I' was being forcibly ejected, as if attached to an invisible parachute pulling me out, out, through a narrow aperture, upwards, contrary to the laws of gravity. I heard 'me' moan, felt a torrent of tears pour down, distinctly remarked to myself that it was like labour in reverse; registered extraordinary sensations in my ear-drums, as if they were being plucked at - literally plucked and shaken. The humming got louder; at the same time I became aware of the song of a blackbird outside my window. Its quality took an unearthly wild sweetness, seemed to gather to one piercing point, then faded out.

Next, music broke on my hearing - jubilant, penetrating, vigorous, symphonic. I have never understood this. Was I picking up, clairaudiently, an actual concert going on somewhere at that moment? There was no wireless or gramophone switched on in the house - my friends were all out. Whatever I heard seemed at once familiar and unfamiliar. As I write, I can hear it again, but cannot recognize it. I would say, though with caution, that it has an unaccountable 'non-western' tonal quality in it:

bells, and some sort of wire-strung instrument. Quickly it also faded out; and I became unconscious.

Then Sally was there, just behind my left shoulder, leaning on it. Together we were watching P. (her husband). His face, only his face, confronted us; we were looking down on it: his own face, but larger than life-size, and self-luminous, and transformed by an expression of beatitude. He was (I knew) starting on a journey. I said: "Aren't you going with him?" She said "No." I said: "Not going to D.?" (his closest friend, at that time a Dominican postulant). She said no; that B. was going with him. In retrospect I cannot but see the possibility that we were sharing a symbolic foreknowledge of P.'s future destiny. At the time, more than anything it was like laughing together, as we always did - like sharing a comedic situation. I did not see her; I had the unaccountable impression that she was hiding her face. There was no light, no colour, no external feature: only wordless, profound communication; and the strongest possible sense of her individuality.

Then, with no shock or sense of travelling, I was back in my body, awake, lapped in peace, as if I had just drowsily replaced the telephone receiver after one of our long joking conversations. I lay trying to piece my 'dream' together - then in a flash remembered . . .

Now for the bite of the steel-toothed trap . . . But it failed to spring. Memory remained mysteriously tranquil, on the fringes of consciousness.

About an hour had passed. I sprang up, hurried to the window and looked out. Everything I saw was shimmering and vibrating, buoyantly in flux. The green of grass and trees was unearthly. I seemed to be looking through the crust of all things into the vibrating iridescent ray-substances or energies of which - I now realized - they were compounded. Most deeply I saw the roses on the wall - the red, the white. The beauty of each one of them was fathomless - a world of love. As I gazed, they moved towards me, as if they were exchanging love.

L. came in with a cup of tea. I told her I'd had a wonderful rest. She said: "You look as if you had. Come down when you feel like it." A little later, J. took me for a drive through the countryside. What a drive! The light suffusing earth and sky seemed different from sunlight - more like a universal softly golden incandescence. Hills, woods, clouds, cornfields, pastures - all had 'come alive'; they were rhythmically moving and inter-relating without pause. I was outside, watching the animating, moulding principle at work in the natural world; and at the same time inside, effortlessly part of creativity in action. I was astounded, awestruck; and yet the sense of recognition was predominant. Over and over again I thought: "Oh yes, yes of course! This is the truth. I had forgotten," On another level, I had my ordinary wits about me, and exchanged comments with J. on various features of the landscape.

My visual experiences were the very opposite of those I had had under mescaline about a year before. That world had been hard-edged, semi-petrified; the spectrum

had shrunk, and I discerned only greys, greens, a curious wine-pink: tones which I thought of as 'moonish', or sub-oceanic. A fine potted gloxinia in a majolica bowl became an artifact - something carved in jade and rosy quartz; silk and woolen material assumed a lapidary sculptured quality; faces (the two that accompanied me in the experiment) appeared to be archaic images in stone, with a faintly sinister, subhuman, crafty or knowing expression; hands moved like crustacean forms of life. In short, I had entered a kind of magician's cave, where disconnected phenomena evoked in me cold admiration or irresponsible hilarity; no love, or even fear. Then, under the drug, I had been hallucinated; now I was, unaccountably but certainly, being given intimations of reality.

That evening we talked and joked as if we were happy, instead of a group drawn together by an unimaginable bereavement. There was so much laughter; so much love as well . . . I felt blissfully certain of her presence. I became aware that a blaze of light was in the room: or rather, at some point or other consciously acknowledged it: a column of brilliant light hanging and vibrating between me and them - visible, I suppose, to my opened eyes alone: at the time it did not once occur to me either to remark upon it or to doubt its being there, objectively apparent. Behind its dazzling moving screen, their faces kept disappearing. I managed to focus on one, and was mildly puzzled, also delighted and touched, to see that it looked transparent and seraphic - an idealized image of itself.

All things were pleasure to me and nothing could grieve me. Truly, for twenty-four hours I knew the inner meaning of those words: still know it in that the entire experience has preserved, in memory, its unshakeable reality. But by contrast, the light, or rather no-light, of common day was unbearable; and the worst was still to come. I suppose I had imagined that from thenceforth my sufferings were miraculously terminated; that I should be free and saved, endlessly rocking in an aerial cradle between two worlds. I had to learn and re-learn that I was left behind to creep on, if I could, through the stone streets, and live in the basements of this dense world - thinking myself lucky if I got a foothold now and then on the ground floor.

It was then that I started to explore the field of psychical research. My hunger for its literature was insatiable: no student can ever have raked the College library shelves with a more voracious appetite; no one can ever have received kinder and wiser guidance. My discoveries thrilled and astonished me. Here was a vast body of evidence for survival after physical death, associated with 19th- and 20th-century names of impeccable integrity and intellectual pre-eminence in other fields: classical scholars, poets, physicists, philosophers, statesmen. I had assumed without investigation that all communications from alleged discarnate entities were embarrassingly trivial; but it was not so. Trying to discriminate, to sift the pure from the 'coloured', I discovered a number that seemed to me acceptable and convincing both morally and intellectually; these I absorbed till they became part of my thinking and feeling apparatus. Not only this: I myself began to receive (still do receive)

communications, both orally and in writing, from several highly developed mediumistic sources which it has been, in all seriousness, my inestimable privilege and good fortune to find and tap.

And all this, that I was unremittingly searching out and drinking in, was not a new discovery - simply a contemporary, more scientific restatement of truths known from the beginnings of recorded history. The Tibetan, the Egyptian Books of the Dead, the Upanishads, Plato, Plotinus, the Gospels, Shakespeare, Dante, the Christian and Sufi Mystics, Blake, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, etc, etc. - the greatest of the world's great minds had known, intuitively or suprasensibly, that all-consciousness, indestructible, is the one unifying underlying reality.

How strange, now, seemed most people's indifference to a subject of such paramount importance; how incomprehensible their rejection of what appeared to me overwhelming evidence! On the other hand, why did research work in this field seem to foster sectarianism, touchiness, opinionated behaviour, and result, sometimes, in such chilling statistical experiments and pronouncements? But then, I was not impartial: I had started my researches with an unassailable conviction . . . Without first-hand experience; I too would probably have remained sceptical. And to the sceptic I had become a suspect case - unhinged by catastrophe.

Grateful, consoled, bothered, intellectually engrossed . . . yet still without inner strength, still oscillating between tenuous exaltation, gnawing anxiety and dry despair; still (in spite of knowing that I had been 'given graces' because somehow, for her sake, and with her, my soul had gone through death) as far as ever from surrender; still, in my search for one loved being, one alone, self-separated from the Source . . . But not until a good deal later did I even begin to understand this. So high as I had been lifted up, once, above my station, so low, another time, was I flung down, flung to my knees, to stare at my unwitting arrogance, my spiritual inadequacy; or rather, to be shown that in the realm of spirit I was still unborn.

How I became interested In the Paranormal

Raynor C. Johnson

Up to 1934, when I left London for Melbourne, my professional interests had been bounded by physics, with an amateur's interest in astronomy and psychology. My particular researches had, for some ten years, been in the field of spectroscopy. Soon after coming to Melbourne I met a remarkable man, Ambrose Pratt and, although he was nearly thirty years older than I, we formed a friendship which grew through the years until his death in April 1944. I cannot within a brief compass attempt to do justice to my friend's personality or the breadth of his interests: someday I may write a little book in appreciation of a few men whose outlook has enriched my own, and he will have pride of place. He had a distinguished appearance, and he was the best conversationalist to whom I have listened. There was scarcely a subject on which he

was not well-informed, on which he could not say something new, interesting, and occasionally surprising. He gave me the impression of a man with great inner resources at his command, and a serenity which naturally flowed from this. I gradually discovered many things, surprising and novel to myself at that time, which he regarded as quite natural. One of these was an ability to see the human aura which he told me he had always possessed, although for many years he had not realized it was an unusual possession.

As a young man, he had practiced what he called 'going out', and he had used this to explore levels of being on which most of us only speculate and theorize. I did not realize that this was the phenomenon of 'astral projection', for I knew nothing of it at that time. I suspect that he used his facility to accumulate much of his extraordinary knowledge, although in the years in which I knew him he seldom 'went out' voluntarily unless to render some service or gain some information when he felt it was right that he should. He made strange discoveries: of some he told me little, but I always felt he could have told me much more. Although his outward life was very varied, and concerned at different times with journalism, business, politics and other matters, he cherished the inner secret life of a mystic. His deepest interests were in the ultimate things, though none of his acquaintances, and perhaps only one or two of his friends, knew this.

It was the friendship I was privileged to enjoy with this most unusual man which opened my eyes to the paranormal (so-called), and to the existence of levels of being far beyond those of ordinary experience. I have had no paranormal experiences myself, excepting the frequent and almost commonplace one of telepathic communication with my wife. Any little knowledge I may have gathered is based upon a study of the data which others have provided. This I have constantly tried to evaluate, and in regard to it I have allowed myself the pleasure of theorizing, in an endeavour to make sense of the world we live in.

It may interest the reader to know that about ten years after his death, Ambrose Pratt made an unexpected contact with me through the inspired writing of a sensitive, and gave certain directions to me. It was as a result of this 'contact', and at his request, that I wrote *Nurslings of Immortality*. He told me that he had certain links with a group of scholars whose names will be well known - Myers, Sidgwick, Verrall, Butcher, Gurney (more recently joined by Macneile Dixon), and that he was making the request to me on their behalf. He told me also of certain links which he, the late Douglas Fawcett and I had had in a far distant past. All this may be of interest, as it was, needless to say, to myself, although I can offer no proof of its truth, and don't, in fact, think of it of great importance.

We should all use our reason to its fullest extent, while also developing our intuitional faculty through which alone certain higher forms of knowledge can be made available. The so-called paranormal faculties of Mind merit investigation and study with the same care and integrity which natural scientists have given to the

sensory world. Such work is important because (i) it undermines the widespread materialistic outlook from which many of our present troubles arise; (ii) it will provide new methods of exploring and understanding the world. But those who stop at this level will only exchange a narrower prison for a more spacious one. Perhaps some, looking through the windows of either prison, have glimpsed the unlimited vistas from which Mind cuts them off.

Ain't Sayin' Nothin'

Vernon Underwood

Undoubtedly words are too much with us. Late and soon materialism's most potent weapon bombards the world's population into thinking and living as desired by those who buy words to expand their own power and wealth. The world's Top Intellectuals (who, it seems, include the late Stalin) apparently believe that word begets thought, having itself been begotten in full panoply (like Athena from the brain of Jove) by human grey matter. Why some grey matter should secrete Russian words while other persists in secreting American, or how grey matter of a French medium knowing no English produces intimate details from the life of a deceased English person (unknown to her) who knew no French, are some of many mysteries materialism has not explained. Non-sectarians of intellectual materialism may innocently wonder what goes on in the heads of blind deaf mutes who never saw or heard a word, but appear to have thoughts and act upon them. Teachers believing and skilled in ESP might be able to impart mental images to such unfortunates, if not words. Babies obviously think long before they learn words. Who can prove that no one receives wordless thoughts from other present, or distant, or dead?

The status which our civilization gives to words is one of its basic and most tragic illusions. In these days we have less excuse than ever for being taken in by them: new things are constantly being invented for which no word exists - the label is invented after the thing and is therefore secondary, though useful as a communication device. Similarly we seek words to label mental events after we experience them, and only in order to communicate them - or to try. Many - perhaps most - of our thoughts we do not or cannot communicate. Musicians and artists know they can communicate thoughts that cannot be expressed in words. Shakespeare and his contemporaries knew as well as 'modern' poets that words can produce their own intoxication and convey little or no intelligible thought. Words are often repeated in prayers or trances which are no part of the conscious thoughts of those who utter them. The use of words to delude and to deceive is within the experience of all. Yet humanity habitually follows its rhetoricians, and neglects or actively maltreats doers of the Word.

As words and other noises become louder and more insistent, mental life, and certainly psychic life, will have less and less chance. Words are being used to

massacre mental health and integrity in the individual. Humanity would take a big step in progress if it became aware that words are only symbols of mental events which alone give them meaning or value. One does not need to be an eastern sage to know that it is essential for each individual to get away from the continual shouting of interested parties so as to discover and maybe improve his own inner life, and maybe learn that he is less alone there than in the midst of the hubbub. He needs to realize that clear perceiving and thinking ought to have precedence over words and personal experience over propaganda and hearsay.

The deeper and less ordinary our thoughts and experience, the less possible or expedient it may seem to communicate them in words. We may derive satisfaction from thinking we have impressed or pleased someone else with symbols of our experience, but we cannot communicate (or even observe) experience without turning our attention from experiencing to observing or communicating. By the time we communicate it we are describing something that has already slid into the past and become liable to the normal faults of memory and inadequacy of description, quite apart from intentional censoring or deception. Experience itself (as distinct from description) can only be shared if at some level our experiencing self is one with the person receiving our words, and this materialism and orthodox belief usually refuse to accept. The more unique our experience, the more impossible is its communication, since we should have to use unique terms, probably incomprehensible and unsharable. For this reason we may say nothing about it. We may say nothing for fear of ridicule or enmity. The reward of the missionary is often martyrdom; the best evidence for truth may sometimes be to live it in silence like the flowers.

This does not mean that it may not at times be wrong to be silent - silence may in fact be a rejection of unseen aid (whether from deeper resources of self, or from other planes) which could overcome the opposition to fear. In any case, whatever the outward constraints, we cannot be forced to think other than we know: there is reason to believe truth more powerful than falsehood in the long run, however uncomfortable the interim triumph of deceit. Experience is our own, whether we communicate it or not. We preserve in our minds such truth as we have learnt - and perhaps far more than we are normally aware of. Violent repression is so constantly used by untruth that it is probable that such truth as survives and spreads among men only does so because it survives in mind, and spreads non-physically. Minds can communicate, fortunately, without words perceptible to the five senses.

We may also say nothing, not through fear, but because we respect the freedom of those who disagree with what we want to say; because we may not be ready to speak or they to profit; because we think they must learn by going their way rather than ours; because our words fall on stony ground or produce only dusty answers. Communication obviously requires both an originator and a percipient, and does not take place if one of them is lacking or not participating. Behind both, if it is to be

meaningful, there must be minds to convey and construct meaning. Moreover, they must be minds attuned or joined by interest. We may remain silent in a crowd because we have no experience in common and therefore no common words, as a poet might find in Billingsgate, or a Spiritualist as a rationalist convention or bishops' synod.

On earth it is certain that the greatest experiences have never been and never can be conveyed to others with words. The words of even the greatest writer die away when love, for example, is but beginning. In our present age, particularly, when money rules all, it is certain that much experience or thought or truth valuable to mankind is never communicated or published because governments (i.e. political caucuses intent on power) and official religions (including official science) will not permit, or simply because no publisher will risk the high cost of printing and of resisting threats of legal action.

Such are some of the difficulties of communication and reasons for silence with which we are all familiar on earth. But however annoying or disappointing our silence or minimal communication may appear to those around, they seldom use it as a pretext for denying our existence. Nor do we usually deny the existence of the inarticulate rest of the physical universe because it is not vocal like ourselves. (Some do not agree that the animal creation which man tortures in the name of science or health or luxury, or the earth which he ravages in the name of wealth and security, are saying nothing.) But where 'spirits' are concerned, their silence or alleged triteness is used by sceptics to deny their existence. Silence, or failure to speak as earth-dwellers wish, is also a mark of 'God' - on this sceptics and believers agree.

Yet experience teaches that the glibbest and readiest talkers on earth are often not the wisest or most original, nor the most practical. If we take our characteristics with us into realms in which our minds survive our physical bodies, we shall surely tend to go on talking and acting as on earth - if we do not, how are we to make ourselves recognized in any attempt to communicate with those left behind? Even if we change - as we change on earth, it seems likely we shall always do so - we shall be obliged, for purposes of identification, to speak as we spoke before transition. The more foolish and trite our utterances on earth, the more foolish and trite we shall be forced to appear in any post-mortem communication that we desire to be 'evidential'. The more original and unfamiliar it is, even if coming from a great mind, the more likely it is to be misunderstood or - especially if it follows a scale of values different from earth's - ridiculed. We might bear in mind, too, that words having originality and worth when first uttered, inevitably appear to lose them as they become more familiar and are repeated. Contempt or disregard bred by familiarity does not affect such perennial truth and worth as they contain. Often the motive for dismissing them as platitudes is in fact unwillingness to admit or apply their truth.

Motives, in any world of mind in which physical compulsion can no longer operate, will surely become dominating factors in communication. Mental attunement or

mental barriers are likely to be decisive, and physical means of breaking through mind barriers, or the deceits that largely govern terrestrial society, may have no equivalents. One mind may have greater respect for the integrity of another, if only as a safeguard for its own integrity: it may be at the same time more conscious of its individual value as being different from every other, yet more ready to join in with other like minds in collective harmony of purpose and coexistence. It may be just as ready, or more ready than when 'in the body', to help those left behind, but less able to overcome mental barriers - prejudice, unbelief, fear and so on - with which most of the latter plug their openings. A rough picture of the situation in a world of mind may already exist in this world in a radio or television audience, in which millions of individuals are free (within certain limits) to tune in to what pleases them, and to switch on or off according to inclination and interest. They cannot be forced to do either, though the ether be full of delectable sights and sounds.

In the present world, however much I may desire to speak to someone, and however valuable I consider what I wish to say, I usually refrain if we are unacquainted. Friendship, or an intense wish to communicate, may authorize an approach, but a rebuff, or repeated rebuffs, may make me decide not to waste my sweetness on desert air but to offer it where it is better appreciated. Can we imagine human minds in other worlds working differently? Can sceptics or unbelievers in this field demand special privileges such as they would themselves neither expect nor give in any other kind of human activity? They seem to expect in 'spirits' an altruism too great to be evidence of human survival. Who, even in 'eternity', would want to carry on talking to ear-plugs?

How I became interested In the Paranormal

Gabriel Marcel, Membre de l'Institut

One Sunday morning in Switzerland - I remember it very clearly - an Englishman, who had arrived a few days earlier with his family, came to me in the little sitting-room of the hotel where I was quietly reading. Having learnt that I was a philosopher, he wanted to tell me his story and asked me what I thought of it. He explained that the young woman I had seen with him was his second wife, and that he had first been married to a woman he adored, who had given him the three lovely children I had seen at his table. But she had met with an untimely death. In his despair he thought of putting an end to his own life; at that time he had no religious faith to deter him from suicide. But, if I am not mistaken, friends dissuaded him by telling him that death was not the end of everything, and that he could, perhaps, get into touch with his dead wife, either through a medium or directly. He had followed this advice and, after a period of struggling against evidence or proofs which his critical mind found inadequate, reached a state of such certainty that he recovered not only his balance but - I could even say - the joy of life. He explained that he no longer needed to call upon the medium who had at first been the necessary

intermediary between him and his wife, but that he now lived in constant communication with her, without even having to resort to automatic writing. He gave me examples of this, so that I could understand how she took her share even in the details of his daily life, and that it was also she who had urged him to marry the young woman I had seen, for their children's sake.

This story deeply impressed me, but no doubt it appealed to the dramatist rather than to the philosopher in me. I wondered with curiosity what could be the state of mind of the dazzling creature who had been willing to share her life with him while perfectly aware that he was, if I may say so, spiritually a bigamist living in constant intimacy with his dead wife. I never obtained any enlightenment on this point, but she in no way gave the impression of being gnawed by anguish or jealousy. On the contrary, she had a most peaceful expression; and had, moreover, a baby of her own and seemed on the best terms with her step-children.

The story occupied my thoughts for a long time and provided one of the main themes for a play, the first version of which I wrote during the war under the title of The 'Swordbearers' and the second, the one that has been published, under the title of 'The Iconoclast'. This occupies an important place among my plays, though never yet performed.

If I were now asked what attitude I was inclined to adopt towards such a story, I think the word 'open-mindedness' described my position most accurately. That is to say, I would not have allowed anyone the right to say to this man 'You are being deceived by an illusion or mirage produced by your unconscious'. But neither would I have gone so far as to state categorically that he was really in touch with his first wife. Perhaps I should say that I was in two minds: one part of me was inclined to think him right, while the other, more critically-minded part, was on its guard, and even to some extent shocked by the triviality of the circumstantial details.

Later I was led, during the war, to carry out an experiment which I now describe.

Debarred by health from active service, I devoted much of my time to the Red Cross service for tracing missing soldiers. During this period I often saw a painter and his family who lived near me. André Davids and his wife were keenly interested in parapsychology. But their temperaments differed: he was highly strung and his moods changed from confidence to depression, while she was of a more religious turn of mind and possessed what might be called a spiritualist mentality, taken in the least scientific meaning of the term. They both told me many facts which interested me, and lent me books. It was their advice that I read Sir Oliver Lodge's 'Raymond'.

One day they told me they thought I might have mediumistic gifts - which surprised me considerably - and persuaded me to try an experiment with the planchette. Sceptical though I was, I saw no reason to refuse; but the first experiments seemed to me most disappointing. I may add that I constantly had the impression that I was cheating, and the kind of internal tension to which this distrust about myself gave

rise created the most unfavourable atmosphere possible.

The situation changed when a young woman, Mme. Adolphe Reinach, whom I did not know personally, hearing that we were performing these experiments, came and asked whether we could try to obtain news of the fate of her husband, a reserve officer in the 26th Infantry Regiment, missing since the 30th August, 1914. She had never taken part in any spiritualist experiments, nor had she any opinion about their possible results, but all normal means of information having proved useless, she came to ask for our help as a last resort. It should be added that I had made an enquiry about Lieutenant Reinach at the Red Cross and had not been able to obtain any news; it seemed more than probable that he had been killed at the fighting at Fossé and, owing to the retreat, had not been buried by our troops, which would account for his family not knowing what had happened to him.

Naturally, I in no way committed myself about the possible results of experiments with the planchette, but I agreed that the young woman might come to the séances. The strange thing that immediately happened was that the change in the behaviour of the planchette. Whereas, before she arrived, it moved for me in an uncertain, I might even say suspicious, way, it now moved with undeniable clarity; it was no longer possible for me to think that perhaps I was involuntarily cheating. Very soon an entity was revealed through the planchette, claiming to be Lt. Reinach, but at first the conversation was disappointing. Asked whether he could remember the names of his children, he could only say no. (Note that even if these names had been correctly given, the whole thing could have been explained by thought-reading. So paradoxically, one might say that his failure to remember the names was in a way better 'evidence' than remembering them would be.) What seemed very curious, in view of the fact that during his lifetime Adolphe Reinach was an agnostic, was that after passing on he appeared to have been converted to a very strict and formal religion which seemed that of the Old Testament rather than the New. I repeat that this was in contradiction to the idea we had all been able to form of him.

At the end of several séances an episode occurred which made a profound impression on me. One evening when Mme. Reinach was not present, but had been replaced by her father - I no longer remember why - and when the planchette seemed to be imbued with what I can only call ardent and affectionate energy, the entity addressed the absent woman by the name of Clio. None of us understood what the name of this muse could be doing there, and when Mme Reinach came in later, we asked her if she knew the meaning of it.

She gave me a start and said, "I understand perfectly. When I visited the museum in Caracalla's Baths in Rome a few years ago with my husband and brother, they both came to a stop in front of a statue of Clio, amazed at the resemblance they found between it and myself". This little incident has always seemed to me very important; since any idea of fortuitous coincidence was excluded, it seemed as though there we had proof of a communication inexplicable within the bounds of normal experience.

Of course the idea of thought reading between living people might be put forward, since the memory of Clio's statue 'belonged', if I may thus express it, to Mme. Reinach, and consequently it might have been from her that I or Mme. Davids (who often placed her hand on the planchette with me) had 'fished out' this memory. It must, however, be admitted that the process of 'fishing' for memories is very difficult to conceive and, let me add, one should be on one's guard against an imagination which materializes memories by representing them as fish in a pool, with thoughts as hooks to catch them with.

Moreover, a little later a phenomenon was observed which seemed to me impossible to explain by thought-reading. When we were questioning the presence in the planchette about the circumstances in which what we call death had occurred, his answer definitely contradicted the idea which I had myself been able to form through my Red Cross work for missing persons. He said, "I was not killed during the fighting, but only wounded, and I succeeded in hiding in a house belonging to some local people, with two other men whose names I will give you. One was called Leriche, the other Nanot".

The name Leriche was completely unknown to Mme. Reinach and myself. Fortunately, I had obtained permission to consult the official list of missing persons which was kept in the Military Academy and, with a beating heart, I went through the list of the 46th Infantry Regiment, which had suffered severely since the beginning of the war. I calculated that there must be eight or nine thousand names, amongst which I could only find one Leriche, shown as missing in the same fighting at Fossé as Lt. Reinach. Here again it seemed impossible to put forward the idea of coincidence; but, on the other hand, while admitting that it is impossible to read into a conscious mind, it is absurd to imagine that one could read into a list of names, which is not a living thing. It therefore seems that we had something like a proof of communication with a disembodied consciousness for whom the name of Leriche existed and had a meaning.

As regards the name of Nanot, I found nothing. The information given us about his birth place was not confirmed by enquiries on the spot. Until the end of the war I thought it was a pure and simple mistake; but one day, two months after the Armistice, my eyes fell by chance upon the following lines in - if I am not mistaken - *Le Petit Parisien*: 'Mme. Annot seeks news of her husband in the 89th Infantry Regiment, missing in the fighting at Fossé'. The 89th formed a brigade with the 46th. And how could one help being struck by the similarity between the names of Nanot and Annot, the only difference being that one letter was transposed? However, as far as I remember, the Christian names were different, and we are not here faced with a fact which is in itself conclusive.

I should add that the story told us of the circumstances in which Adolphe Reinach finally died seems to me a product of the imagination. It was that, after being denounced by a traitor, he was interned by the Germans in the fortress of

Montmédy, and that later a German doctor, who entertained a special hatred against him because he was the son of a politician who had helped to pass the three-year law, took him out in a boat on the river and then capsized the boat so that he was drowned. Not only was I unable to obtain any confirmation from the German Red Cross of the existence of this doctor, whose name was given us, but, so far as I have been able to learn, the river at Montmédy is not navigable. Yet, at the time, this story as told us had such a ring of truth that we nearly believed it. We were also told that the doctor's crime would fall upon the head of his son, who would perish in Russia. An incredible scene then occurred: the young wife interceded with the presence on behalf of the innocent son, in defiance of the inflexible laws of divine justice.

Shortly afterwards, Mme. Reinach and her mother left Paris and settled somewhere on the Normandy coast, I believe. But then something very strange happened. Intoxicated by what seemed my astonishing success, I went so far as to believe that I was perhaps endowed with a mission to be a consoler and, as a philosopher and medium, to prove from undeniable facts and incontrovertibly the reality of individual survival, so giving to all the afflicted who daily flocked to me the only possible comfort.

But as though such a presumptuous claim had to be punished, from that moment the phenomenon began to disintegrate, and I only obtained communications so incoherent that sometimes they seemed to me to be connected with a lunatic asylum. In other cases, experience flatly contradicted, instead of confirming, the statements made by the beings who claimed to be communicating with me. In these circumstances my enthusiasm began to dwindle and to give place to complete discouragement; I began to question the whole matter and to wonder whether I had not been the dupe of pure illusion. It was then that a strange incident occurred which seemed to be sent to restore my lost confidence, at least up to a point. It must have been in May or June 1917. The presence which at that time revealed itself and falsely claimed to be, if I remember aright, a certain Domerat, pupil of a celebrated mathematician, said it knew the events that would occur in the following months. We questioned it on the two points which preoccupied our thoughts: the outcome of the action being fought on the Chemin des Dames, and the events in Russia, but we obtained no interesting information on either point. On the other hand, on the subject of the Italian front - which we asked no questions about - the planchette told us that the Italians would once more take the offensive in vain, that the Austrians would then counter-attack, cross the Isonzo - which would be disastrous for the Italians: a hundred thousand prisoners! (in fact there were more) - and that Udine would be taken. "But then", I exclaimed, "Venice will be threatened?" and the planchette answered categorically, 'No, they will be halted before Treviso".

Thus the battle of the Isonzo and its consequences were announced to me three months before the event.

I then suspended these experiments, which were causing me such fatigue that my

health might be threatened.

Later I recounted them to Henri Bergson, who was almost alone among French philosophers in always taking a keen interest in parapsychological questions. He proposed that I should make the experiment of trying to get in touch with William James, but we obtained no result. I remember that what most impressed Bergson in my story was what I told him about the extraordinary precise differences of tactile quality displayed by the planchette according to the being present in it. When it was an old man the movement was slow and feeble. When it was a young man the movement was, on the contrary, impetuous and, in some cases, most lively.

What worried Bergson most was anything in the nature of precognition, because it did not seem to him compatible with his theory of duration.

It is obvious that the experience I have recounted is in a certain way unsatisfactory. At best it contains an adulterated mixture of truth and error. However, I can say that, such as it is, it helped to change my way of looking at the world. It is as though I had been given the ability to look from within at facts which a great number of people only envisage from outside, because they have no experience of them.

I am aware of the attempts that can be made to interpret these communications as a kind of game of hide-and-seek between the conscious and the unconscious. To me such interpretations are not at all convincing and generally seem based on an assumption which I reject. In the case of Maj. Piercy and his wife, for example, I flatly deny that a third person or an expert could ever be in a position to tell him: "You are wrong; without knowing, you have been playing hide-and-seek with your own unconscious". I deny it for several reasons. First, that nobody can possibly place himself in a position from which he could validly say this: it would imply an overstepping of the limits within which an assertion can be made. Second, I am more and more inclined to think that the words your unconscious are probably meaningless: there is every reason to suspect that the boundaries implied when possessive terms are used cannot in any way be set up in the hazy realm we call the unconscious.

On the other hand I fully admit that the kind of certainty which pervades such intercourse is bound to remain somehow private. It can be shared no doubt to some extent, but I am aware that it would be impossible to convince some people I know and whose good faith I acknowledge. Assent is bound to remain sporadic: this is in a certain sense deeply irritating but it must be faced. Experiences like these are after all somehow religious; William James saw this, and I believe he was right.

I remain convinced that, as regards the problem of survival, intersubjectivity is the key: to my mind, at least, the idea of solitary and narcissistic survival has no meaning. The conclusion seems to be that a really coherent and meaningful theory of survival cannot be put together except in connection with a philosophy of love.

Man and his Relations with the Kingdoms of Nature

W. Tudor Pole

For the first time in recorded history Man has succeeded in devising a means through which all physical life on this planet could be extinguished overnight. Ignorant and unwise interference with the rhythm of Nature's laws, mainly through the processes of nuclear fission and their tragic aftermath, could rapidly convert our world into a vast cemetery, as the result of atomic warfare, or even by experiment or accidentally.

For how much longer can we expect the spiritual powers-that-be, and our elder brothers, to go on protecting us from ourselves and from those who support the stock piling of atomic weapons? We may have the power as human beings to destroy ourselves in a bodily sense, but who gave us the right to endanger the health and the life forces contained within the Kingdoms of Nature, for the welfare of which we are so largely responsible?

We are well aware that energy infused with a living intelligence of its own, and in myriad forms, exists and evolves, not only in the mineral, vegetable and animal Kingdoms, but in the Kingdoms of fire, air and water as well.

We have come to regard our own species as lords of creation, whose dominion over all other forms of life on this planet is not only taken for granted, but is considered our rightful heritage. In our self-centered egotism, we look upon the denizens of the other Kingdoms as our slaves and therefore expendable solely at our ignorant, selfish or willful discretion.

Is it not time that we seriously examined anew our relations with, and our obligations to the life forces in nature, with which our own evolution and future welfare are so largely linked? Our responsibilities towards all forms of life on this earth of ours are greater than we realise. Can it be said that we recognise this fact and are striving to do our duty by it? To take an example - even if the vivisection of animals could be proved on balance to bring benefits to the human race, are we sure that such benefits are not being bought too dear?

In another field of human action, what right do we possess to subject animals, birds, fish, insects, plants, soil and trees to the perils of destruction through the widespread release of poisonous radioactivity into their midst?

We appear to have the will to accept such risks for ourselves, mistaken though we undoubtedly are, but why should we think we have the arbitrary right to bring disaster to all other forms of life on this earth, which is as much their home as it is ours?

A minority of thoughtful people in the west is beginning to question our right to breed and kill animals, birds and fish to satisfy our appetites. Nature is capable of providing us with ample supplies of nourishment, in the form of grain, cereals, fruit,

nuts and vegetables. Is it not foolish, therefore, if not actually wrong (a failure to comply with the evolutionary law) to accept nature's bounty at second hand, through animal flesh, rather than direct and at first hand.

From time to time it is my privilege to attend conferences at which are present Intelligences concerned with the rhythms and the laws appertaining to the animal and vegetable Kingdoms of Nature. I prefer to go to such gatherings with as little blood on my hands as possible, this being one of the main reasons for my abstention from a diet of fish, flesh and fowl.

We humans have now evolved to the point where most of us abstain from eating each other, even if we continue to kill each other for various reasons. Nor do we feed to any large extent on animals who are themselves flesh eaters. Our meat diet is mainly confined to the flesh of animals who are vegetarian, and these we breed in immense quantities, both naturally and by artificial insemination.

When religion or fashion demands it, we allow animals to bleed to death whilst fully conscious, in order that the resultant meat may be as white and 'pure' as possible.

Whale hunters seek out the females who are pregnant, as being the most profitable 'catch'. These are not killed outright, but are lashed to the sides of the parent whaler ship, and are then dragged through the seas often for days before death brings them the mercy that man withholds from them.

The life force which permeates all the seven Kingdoms of Nature is in a certain sense a unit. Progress or retrogression takes place as a unit, also, and we are foolish indeed if we believe that human evolution can proceed in the right direction and upward unless similar progress is taking place within the other six Kingdoms.

My main object for touching upon the fringe of the far reaching problem of man's proper relations with the Kingdoms of Nature is to share with you a few experiences that have come my way in this connection and have a direct bearing on our subject. Some of them may appear too trivial to be worth recounting, but on occasion seeming trivialities can point the way to truth. For me these experiences, and many others of a similar kind, have strengthened my conviction of the truth of what has just been said, namely that from the standpoint of evolution, life in all its manifestations in and around this planet, is indivisible; that is to say, interdependent, whether it is being expressed in human form or otherwise.

Energy infused with intelligence is by no means confined to the human species. Progression towards higher and more spiritual levels of consciousness must surely be an all-embracing process; one that is certainly not confined to the human race alone.

For this and many other reasons, as inferred already, surely it is our bounden duty to re-assess our relations with all forms of life in the other Kingdoms, and to begin to heal the grave enmity which has grown up between humanity and our brothers and fellow Intelligences now manifesting around us in realms of fire, air, water as well as

within the mineral, vegetable and animal Kingdoms.

We can begin by refusing to tolerate cruelty of any kind that may come to our notice. Meat eaters should see that the laws are strengthened to reduce the pain and fear to which animals are subjected in slaughter houses. How can we expect the friendship and co-operation of life in other Kingdoms if we do not even begin to show friendship to them?

Sunset in the Desert

I begin with an experience in the African Sahara, now a vast expanse of seeming emptiness; but once forest clad and full of life.

I was sitting on a sand dune alone, watching the sun go down after a day of blinding heat and shimmering mirage. As is often the case in desert regions, a small breeze arose as the sun was setting, stirring the sand into gentle eddies. It was then that I became aware of a change of consciousness within myself, accompanied by an alteration in the range of vision. The sand itself gave out a life of its own which seemed to rise up into the breeze and become at one with it. Then it was that I ceased to be a solitary individual, shut away in my bodily form as if in prison.

I found myself communing and on equal terms with the spirit of the breeze and with the life of the sand, and I entered into friendly contact with them. All barriers had disappeared and for the time being I was united with the energies of nature that surrounded me.

Such an experience as this sounds trivial in the telling, but it embraces a reality beyond the power of words to bring to the understanding of other people. Alas that this should be true of most of the experiences I am now trying to share with you!

The Life Waters of an Oasis

Later, during the same expedition, I arrived at a small oasis, familiar to me from previous visits. I was met by the headman of the tiny community who lived there, and his bearing told me at once that something very serious was amiss. The oasis, surrounded by a low wall constructed from briar and primitive bricks of sand, contained a grove of date palms, fig and orange trees, and a carefully tended cereal and vegetable garden. The homes of its forty inhabitants, men, women and children, were single-storied and built mainly of similar bricks to those used in the oasis wall which kept at bay the ever encroaching desert sands.

The life of this oasis and its people, together with a few camels, sheep, goats and poultry, depended for its very being upon a supply of water from a deep well, which at ground level had been extended into a kind of enclosed cistern.

The water from the spring beneath this well was the only source available for irrigating the trees and the garden, and for the animals and all household needs. Yearly rainfall here rarely exceeded 2 or 3 inches.

Never before had the well been known to become dry. Now, however, I was told that

the volume of water was diminishing day by day, with the result that the oasis and all it contained might have to be abandoned altogether. This tragic situation was explained whilst I was being escorted to the headman's guest room.

Over the evening meal I asked my host to call everyone together to join in prayer that a happy and fruitful solution might be found in time to avert the need for a general exodus 'into the wilderness'.

Being good Moslems, they received this request with fervour and we knelt together, facing Mecca, and said a simple prayer to Allah and his Prophet, asking for their grace and succour.

Later I went to my room, sad at the prospect of not being lulled to sleep, as on my previous visits, by the sound of the splash of water in the miniature fountain in the courtyard outside my window.

When finally asleep, a change in the rhythm of my consciousness took place, similar to the one already described. My thinking and feeling processes gradually became keyed or attuned to those of the elemental intelligences in charge of the spring and its surroundings.

I was then able to perceive that at a point about one hundred metres below ground level, a cleavage had opened in the bed of the stream, caused by a 'fault' in the rock strata. As a result the stream, instead of following its customary upward course, was leaking away into the bowels of the earth.

I remember asking the nature guardians with whom I was then in communion to use our united prayer to help them to mend the leak and so restore the stream to its rightful course. This request was received with every sign of friendliness.

Very early next morning I was joyfully awakened by the sound of water bubbling up once more within the little fountain outside my open window.

We then found that the central well was full again and amidst general rejoicing I went on my way. Before doing so, however, I was able to perceive that the leak in the bed of the stream, too far below the surface to be reached by human hands, had been repaired carefully and effectively during the night.

The Affinity of Water with its Parent Source

Whilst on the subject of water, may I tell you of a somewhat similar happening to the one just described? Throughout the immense and desolate Saudi Arabian desert, springs are virtually unknown. At rare intervals along the main camel routes, water holes are to be found, little more in substance than shallow, muddy, stagnant pools. From time to time when a caravan arrives at one of these rare drinking places, it is found that the feet of camels or goats who had passed that way previously had trampled down the water in the pool to virtual disappearance.

As the next water hole may be over a hundred miles away such an occurrence can prove very serious.

I am not familiar with this desert save around its outskirts, and therefore what follows is based on hearsay. My informant, however, is a man of truth and integrity. He is of Syrian origin and in his time has led many trading caravans across the Arabian deserts on journeys often lasting for several months. He assured me that the procedure I will now describe is one that he and other caravan leaders are in the habit of employing on finding that a particular water hole en route has become unusable. I translate his words: "On such occasions we scoop down into the bed of the pool until we come to a trickle of moisture. This we collect carefully in a goat skin, even if it may only consist of a few drops. We carry it with us until we meet a hermit or holy man, to whom we give the water, telling him the circumstances of the case. He then calls down the blessing of Allah upon what little remains of the water we have brought with us, and subsequently sprinkles it upon the ground before him. I have evidence which, for me, is beyond dispute that from that moment onwards, the water hole in question becomes fully restored and fit for use again, no matter how distant it may be."

One of the strange characteristics of water is that however far a sample of it is removed from its source, a strong but invisible link continues to exist between the water in question and the spring or well from which it was drawn. Wine also is linked in a similar way with the vineyard from which it originated.

In recent times, and as a result of radionic experiments, the same living affinity has been found to exist between a spot of blood and its parent stream, irrespective of the distance between the two.

My aim in relating such incidents is to try to make clear the fact that 'Man does not live unto himself alone'. Under normal and harmonious conditions, close and friendly relations can and should be maintained between us as human beings and the life energies and intelligences in charge of the six Kingdoms of Nature known to us.

A Chat with a Copper Beech

Not long ago, having crossed the Alpine frontier between Austria and Bavaria, I found myself crouching on a narrow plateau just below the snow line.

I had just passed through an exhausting and tragic time, and as a result was seeking some suitable spot where I could rest awhile. Not far below me, on the brink of a precipice, a fine specimen of a copper beech was growing in a splendid solitude. Knowing from previous experience the revitalising power these trees possess, I made my way down the mountain side to a point where I was able to wedge myself into a comfortable position beneath the aura and shelter of this lovely tree.

After a while I was able to become 'keyed' in consciousness to the language of the trees, and I will now try to convert into words the sense of the ideas which passed between me and the spirit of this copper beech.

W.T.P. "What a splendid tree you are, standing here alone! How do you manage to

find earth deep enough for your roots to hold you in so tall and upright a position?”

C.B. “Thank you, but I am all right because my roots go through concealed crevices in the rock and there is plenty of good earth below. You are very kind to ask.”

W.T.P. “Wouldn’t you like a companion, living as you do so solitary an existence?”

C.B. “Yes, sometimes I am lonely. We like to grow up in pairs, but this fact does not seem to be made known to those who plant or seed us.”

W.T.P. “Is this desire to live in twos common to all trees, and have trees their own sex?”

C.B. “I don’t know about other kinds of trees, but we much prefer to grow up with a companion, not too close, but within ‘wind whistling distance’. Some of us feel complete in ourselves, but others need a complementary mate to make us really happy.”

W.T.P. “Thank you very much for telling me this, and now I hope to plant two copper beeches in our Chalice Well orchard, in England’s Glastonbury; but how is one to find out which trees are complementary to one another?”

C.B. “You can do this by comparing our young leaves very carefully, and then obeying your instinct about them. I have enjoyed our meeting, and wish more of your kind could understand us and become our help mates. Be kind to us all, and come again.”

As I went on my way, stimulated and refreshed, I could not help feeling how wrong and sad it is that we humans have allowed ourselves to become so entirely out of communion with life in the natural worlds around us.

Subsequently, when discussing this experience with an advanced student of metaphysics, he told me that oriental tradition associates the copper beech with the planet Mars. According to this tradition Mars is its native habitat, and that since beech seeds found their way on to our earth, this particular tree acts as a friendly link between the two planets! To me this is a fascinating idea, however fantastic it may seem to those who think that no relations of any kind exist between the various planets that make up our solar system.

Sequel to a Murder

Snaebjorn Jonsson

In the small hours of the morning of March 14, 1828, a terrible crime took place at Illugatadir farmhouse, on the north coast of Iceland. The farmer, an unmarried man named Nathan Ketilsson, and a guest sleeping in the same room, were savagely murdered by a lad, Fridrik Sigurdsson (b. 1810) from a neighbouring farm, aided and abetted by Nathan’s maidservant, Agnes Magnúsdottir (b. 1795). Having killed the two men, they set fire to the farmhouse, hoping to destroy the corpses and every

vestige of their crime. However, they did not succeed. The corpses were only partially burnt and the mutilated remains showed unmistakably how the men had met with their death.

Behind this brutal crime was a double love-story. Nathan was a man of ability, fair education, and excellent points. But he had led a loose life and had several reckless love affairs. Apparently he fascinated almost any woman. Agnes had been his housekeeper and was firmly under the impression that he was going to marry her. But he had now thrown her over, reduced her to the position of an ordinary servant, and to her former post elevated a young girl with whom he was having an affair. With this girl Fridrik, too, was in love. Thus both murderers were inflamed with jealousy.

Agnes had always had a blameless character; indeed she was of excellent repute, highly intelligent and had poetic talent of no mean order. Fridrik also came of a very good stock, though his mother was considered harsh-tempered and he himself had the reputation of being an unruly lad.

The couple were convicted of the double murder and condemned to death by the local Sheriff. The sentence was upheld by the High Court of Iceland, and again by the Supreme Court of Denmark, who directed that they should be beheaded and the heads set on stakes. It was the last time capital punishment was inflicted in Iceland.

The sentence was carried out on January 12, 1830, in a relatively deserted place within the parish of the Sheriff who had pronounced it, and under his supervision. In conformity with the savage ideas of that day, the entire adult population of the district were ordered to attend the execution - of course with the idea of being frightened into good behaviour. In the locality are three hills, or hillocks, fairly close together, called Three Hills; on the summit of the middle one a platform of stones and turf was made, and remains practically intact today. On this was placed the executioner's block (which with the axe, may still be seen at the National Museum, Reykjavik).

After the execution the heads were put on stakes on the platform, while the bodies were placed in rough deal coffins and forthwith buried in unhallowed ground near the foot of the hill. Nothing was done to mark the spot, and the whereabouts of the grave were gradually forgotten, until no one could say where it had been.

During the night following the execution the heads disappeared. People claimed to know that a certain highly distinguished and universally respected lady in the neighbouring parish had sent a manservant to take them down and secretly bury them in Thingeyrar churchyard, adjoining her residence. From the point of view of the law this was a serious thing, but nothing was done about it. Probably the Sheriff, though a bold man, had little taste for facing this proud lady with such a charge, and so preferred to ignore the matter.

Up to this point the story will be found briefly related by the Hon. Arthur Dillon

(later Lord Dillon) in his book, 'A Winter in Iceland' (London, 1840), as told to him during his sojourn in Reykjavik in 1834-35. He gives no names.

Of course obloquy was heaped on the memory of these two unfortunates. People are generally ready with harsh judgement on those convicted of evil deeds. Few stop to think what harm they may be doing by their cruel thinking. But the story was not forgotten. The number of highly gifted and remarkable persons that each generation brought forth in two of the families involved in the tragedy helped to focus popular attention upon it. Even abroad (in Denmark) it became a subject for treatment in verse.

We move now to the present. About 1931 Mrs Sesselja Gudmundsdóttir, the very reserved and orthodox wife of Reykjavik Corporation employee, felt pains in her hand and, much against her will, began writing automatically messages purporting to be dictated by the two murderers. Their object was to say how unhappy they - particularly Agnes - were made by the harsh thoughts always surrounding them. They pleaded for something to be done to mitigate their unhappiness. One means towards this was to exhume their bones and re-inter them in the churchyard at Tjörn, their own parish church, before the summer solstice (June 21). It was desired that the reburial should be conducted with the customary rites by the local minister, whose name they correctly stated.

For a while all this was regarded as nonsense, and so ignored. But they persisted in their pleadings and grew more and more insistent. They continued to support their petition by fresh proofs of identity, many of them individually trifling; but in their growing accumulation these proofs became overwhelming. The communicators named specific persons, who they desired should be approached as they would prove sympathetic and helpful. One of these was Judge Páll Einarsson, of the Supreme Court. These assertions proved to be right. They further gave remarkably exact instructions for locating the grave, named 'an old man', Magnus, living at a certain farm in the neighbourhood, and said that he would prove the right man for finding the grave. It was suggested to the communicators that instead of transporting the bones, if found, the long distance to their old parish church, it would be more convenient to take them to the church nearest to Three Hills where, moreover, the heads were 'known' to have been buried. But no, came the answer this must on no account be done; besides, it was quite wrong to say that the heads had been buried there. The man who took them down had failed in his thrust and buried them at a short distance from the bodies. Further, Agnes's head had not been removed from the stake; the latter had been broken leaving a piece of wood in the head; the piece was still in the bones. One thing more they desired should be done, namely that when the bones had been re-interred in the cemetery, a prayer for remittance of their sin should be said on the ruins of the burnt-down farmhouse that had been the scene of their crime.

The matter was now taken in hand and their instructions acted upon. A sturdy and

energetic man, Gudmund Hofdal, came forward and volunteered to go to the northern district, search for the bones and take them to the desired church for burial, if he found them.

On June 14th, 1934, a bright sunny morning, he left Reykjavik for the North, arriving that night at the farm. The name of the farmer proved to be Magnus, as Agnes had said, but as to his age she was quite a bit out, for he was not much over forty. Locally he was a prominent man, holding a public office, the nearest English approach to which is that of justice and peace. Hofdal told him the whole story. Though polite, the farmer did not conceal his amused incredulity, but said he was quite willing to go with him to Three Hills in the morning and do as instructed. Magnus took with him his son, a young man, as well as his tools for digging. Among these was a slender iron rod (about 3/4in.). They selected a spot that seemed to tally best with Agnes's description, and after Magnus had been prodding for about a quarter of an hour he struck wood. They now dug a wide grave, so as to be sure of damaging nothing, and found the coffins which lay side by side. They were quite intact, except that the lips had sunk in under the weight of the earth. But the bones were much more rotten. These the men gathered up as well as they could, after Magnus had gone back to the farm for a wooden box. The heads they found without the least trouble, so exact were the instructions. And there was the end of the stake in the woman's head; so also on this point she had told the truth - a truth that flew in the face of all that had been said and believed about the matter.

The excavators' report on their job, including all conceivable measurements, is so detailed and minute that it reads as if written by a trained archaeologist. In the same fashion they put everything in order after they had removed the bones. As to what remained of the communicators' instructions, these were compiled with to the utmost detail.

Most of the persons concerned in this matter are still (1964) alive. The minister who officiated at the re-burial is now nearly 79, a man distinguished for his comprehensive scholarship. Mr. Hofdal is about the same age. The Bishop who, very gladly, gave permission for the exhumation, is dead; so is Judge Einarsson (incidentally a constant reader of LIGHT). Mrs. Gudmundsdóttir, the reluctant automatist in the case, is also dead; she made little use of her gift after Agnes's 'break-through'.

Let us concede that all the above facts admit of rational explanation. But there was a small, indirect sequel, now probably known to no living person but myself. Of this I know no satisfactory explanation, though a number of more or less parallel experiences are on record.

About four years after the exhumation at Three Hills, or to be exact, in the night between June 23 and 24, 1938 (at that time of the year the sun never sets in the north of Iceland), a distinguished public official, highly respected throughout Iceland, on an inspection tour through the East and the North of the country,

happened to ride past Three Hills, and as he did so, he saw the scene of the execution down to the minutest detail, and every face in the large concourse of people gathered to watch the ghastly spectacle. "But the experience was such a strain upon me that there was not a dry spot upon my body by the time it was over; I was drenched with perspiration", he said when telling me of the incident. For some three hours he was held spellbound on the spot. Except for his wife I am convinced that I was the only person he told of this remarkable experience. He was by far the most remarkable clairvoyant I ever knew. But, with the exception of his wife I have met no one who knew that he was endowed with this faculty; and yet I have been acquainted with many of his personal friends. He was a gifted man and came of a distinguished family in which psychic gifts have long been prominent, and he was an exceptionally strong character, but his innermost thoughts he did not disclose to many. He died suddenly from heart failure on January 5, 1939, a little more than six months after having this vision.

Though it may have no significance, I will mention that his wife was a grand-niece of Fridrik the murderer. She was a woman of rare excellence. Her great intellectual gifts were matched by her boundless generosity and her compassionate heart. But I am certain that all her life she suffered under the stain upon her family record. She once told me that when she was a little girl somebody was malicious enough to cast it at her that she was not far removed in kinship from a vile murderer. "And the words went like a red-hot iron through my very soul", she said. What is the explanation of her husband's vision at Three Hills in 1938?

Haunted London

A. Peter Underwood

The ghosts of London are legion; it is no exaggeration to say that it would be possible to trace reports of inexplicable and curious happenings, perhaps attributable to the supernatural, from practically every street in this ancient and modern city.

In my experience (I have studied the subject academically and by personal investigation for something like twenty years) there are many kinds of hauntings, but detailed classification is impossible. The following selection is an attempt to illustrate some of the different types of spontaneous psychic phenomena that have been reported.

Among the traditional ghost stories there is London's most famous haunted house: 50, Berkeley Square which, it is said, years ago possessed a terrible haunted room where the ghost caused at least two deaths, in convulsions, for people foolhardy enough to sleep there. Our Victorian ancestors would not have dreamt of visiting London without a look at the haunted house in Berkeley Square, and there is a story that on one occasion a party was taking place next door when a guest, chancing to lean against the wall dividing the house from number 50, experienced a kind of

electric shock. The commonly accepted story to account for the haunting concerns a mad person who was kept locked away and who eventually died in what was subsequently the haunted room, but concrete evidence for this haunting is now lost, and nothing untoward has happened there for many years.

On the other hand the Tower of London, associated with several traditional ghosts, is also the scene of peculiar and inexplicable experiences today. Some may have their origin in wishful thinking, but it is indisputable that this ancient collection of buildings has a peculiar atmosphere in many parts, some not open to the public, and this can be verified by almost anyone who has lived there. If violent happenings and tragic deaths can cause hauntings, then surely the Tower should be more ghost-ridden than most places. There are convincing reports, extending over many years, of very curious happenings, including appearances of Anne Boleyn, who has been seen inside the church of St. Peter ad Vincula (where she is buried), outside the Bloody Tower, and near the Queen's House, where she spent her last night on earth. Nearby, on the site of the scaffold, the harrowing scene of the execution of the Countess of Salisbury is said to have been re-enacted on the anniversary of her death: the ghostly Countess being seen and heard, screaming with terror, as she is chased by the ghostly figure of her executioner who, axe in hand, finally overtakes her and hacks off her head with repeated dreadful blows.

Other ghosts at the Tower include a curious cylindrical shape (if this can be called a ghost!) which was seen by the Keeper of the Crown Jewels at the time, in what was then the Jewel House, on the west side of the Martin Tower, where a number of weird happenings were experienced by soldiers during the last war. Groans, believed to be those of Guido Fawkes, were heard long afterwards from the council-chamber where he was 'examined.' The ghost of Sir Walter Raleigh is also said to be seen from time to time although he was taken to Old Palace Yard, Westminster, to be executed. Recent experiences at the Tower include unexplained footsteps, a shadowy form which disappears near the Wakefield Tower, and a remarkable story concerning a high-ranking officer at the Tower who saw what he described as a puff of smoke emerge from one of the ancient and disused cannons, float over the ground and appear to sit on a wall. If this account did not come from such an authoritative source it might be dismissed as a trick of the light or eyes but it remains one more curious happening at the haunted Tower of London.

Anne Boelyn, incidentally, is a prolific ghost; four of the mansions claiming to be her birthplace are reputed to harbour her ghost. Moans and groans and the apparent voice of Anne pleading her innocence have been heard by people passing near the door of the Undercroft at Lambeth Palace where she was tried on a charge of adultery. Thurston Hopkins told me that he knew three people who had witnessed her taking again her last journey on the Thames from Lambeth Palace to the Tower. Nearby, St. Thomas's Hospital, I have been told, is haunted by a black mist which appears in a certain ward before anyone in that ward dies.

Another historical ghost haunts the Inslip Rooms in the Deanery of Westminster Abbey. Here footsteps, heard in the passage and on the stairs, are reputed to be those of President Bradshaw who, in these rooms, signed the warrant authorising the execution of Charles I.

For some more modern ghosts of London we might consider the strange reputation acquired by the monolith known as Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. It is a fact known to the older members of the River Police that there are more suicides and attempts at suicide in the immediate vicinity of this granite obelisk (one of a pair erected in Egypt about 1500 years B.C.) than on any other particular stretch of the river bank. Elliott O'Donnell, on a visit to the Ghost Club, related to me the experience of a police officer, which he had heard first-hand. The officer was crossing Waterloo Bridge when he heard someone running after him, and looking round he found himself face to face with a well-dressed young woman who was much agitated and implored him to go with her, as she had just left someone in great trouble. She led him back off the bridge and along the Embankment. As they approached Cleopatra's Needle he saw a woman in the act of throwing herself in the river. He rushed forward and just succeeded in preventing the tragedy. After he had managed to bring her back to the safety of the pavement, imagine his surprise, on looking at her, to see the exact counterpart of the young woman who had fetched him, in both features and dress! On turning to the latter for an explanation, he found that she had vanished. Subsequent questioning ascertained that the young woman he had rescued had no twin sister or indeed any relative or friend - and she had seen no woman of any description.

Not far from Cleopatra's Needle, in Whitehall Place, stands the National Liberal Club, the scene a few years ago of apparent poltergeist activity. The Secretary of the Club at the time wrote to a prominent member of the Royal Society, a Professor of Physiology and noted naturalist, to ask whether there was any living creature which, when enclosed in a wall, could produce a sound like knocks or raps. The professor replied that there was not, and asked the reason for this peculiar question, whereupon the Secretary explained that for some time past he and his wife and family had been disturbed by sounds which seemed to proceed from the walls of the rooms they occupied at the club and for which they could find no rational explanation. He described the noises minutely and the professor promised to give the matter his immediate attention on his return to London; he was then in Scotland. But by the time he returned to London the disturbances had ceased. However he went to the club and interviewed the Secretary, who propounded an odd solution. He asserted that the noises had seemed to be connected with the presence of an otherwise inoffensive German maid employed at the club. It was not suggested that she caused the noises consciously - indeed that would have been impossible in the circumstances related - but the noises had definitely seemed to follow her, and she was given notice in consequence. Since her departure the noises had ceased. This might be regarded as a typical poltergeist infestation. These commence suddenly

and inexplicably and in some way are associated with a young person: when this person is no longer present, the disturbances cease. Many such cases are reported every year from London alone, some with singular features. A recent poltergeist case at Peckham involved many spontaneous outbreaks of fire, so many in fact that no insurance company would insure the family. A ghostly dog has been seen, always at the same time of day and always in the same place - a poltergeist-infested shop in Lambeth, by a growing number of people.

In the historic and unspoiled Temple where he lived, the ghost of Sir Henry Hawkins, afterwards Lord Brampton, known as 'the hanging judge', has been said to have been glimpsed many times, usually around midnight, in wig and gown, gliding through the cloisters with a bundle of papers under his arm.

Church Hauntings

Nearby in Queen Victoria Street is the church of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe, built by Wren in 1691-2 on the site of an earlier church destroyed in the Fire. Here we have an example of a 'haunted' object, for the tower of this ancient church possessed a haunted bell. Named Gabriel and cast at Worcester 500 years ago, the bell was taken from the doomed belfry of Avenbury church in Herefordshire in 1937 and hung here. Generations of Avenbury people have held the belief that whenever a parson of Avenbury died, the bell would toll of its own accord. Certain it is that it was heard tolling, though no human hand touched the rope, when the last two vicars of Avenbury died.

Further along Queen Victoria Street, in Garlick Hill, there is another haunted Wren Church, St. James, long famous for possessing the mummified body of a young man found under the chancel. The corpse is kept under glass in a receptacle in the vestibule, and is known as 'Old Jimmy Garlick'. He seems to be restless, for it is said he often takes a stroll round the church. It is related that an American lady visited the church with her two sons, and when the elder boy looked up the staircase he saw the figure of a man, clad in a winding sheet, standing erect with his hands crossed. The figure resembled a dried-up corpse, and the terrified boy ran back to his mother and dragged her into the street. Nobody knows who Old Jimmy Garlick was; before the Great Fire he was buried in a glass coffin under the altar. Some people think he is an embalmed Roman general, others the First Mayor of London, still others Belin, a legendary King of the Britons. During the last war Jimmy had a narrow escape when in 1942 a bomb shaved his case and penetrated into the vaults below; but it failed to explode. After that Jimmy was reported to be seen inside the church more frequently and new manifestations such as movement of objects occurred. He has been a relic of the church for five hundred years and although he is getting thin on top, he retains his skin, his finger nails and his teeth, and seems good for another five hundred years!

By London Bridge we find yet another haunted church: St. Magnus' the Martyr. The late Harry Price collected evidence that a robed figure had been seen in the church

or vestry-room by at least four independent witnesses, and many visitors, especially those from Eastern countries, sense an unusual atmosphere when they enter the church. One witness, Miss E.L. Flew, a regular attendant and worker at St. Magnus, was doing needlework in the vestry-room one afternoon when a priest in a cassock walked in, went round the table and disappeared into the wall. Other witnesses include a vergier who was putting things away after an evening service when he turned and saw a priest or monk standing just in front of the altar, about five feet away from him. The figure then appeared to bend down and to be looking for something so the vergier asked, "Have you lost something? Can I help you?" Whereupon the figure stood up, smiled and just faded away.

It is not generally known that the Bank of England has a ghost, an apparition which many people have seen wandering about the Bank garden, and known as the Black Nun. The story of the haunting goes back to 1811 when Philip Whitehead, a former employee of the Bank, was arrested for forging cheques and was condemned to death at the Old Bailey. This tragedy resulted in Whitehead's sister Sarah losing her reason and for the rest of her life, some twenty-five years, she daily journeyed to the Bank, loitering and looking for her brother. Some people think she gave the name of The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street to the Bank. She died suddenly and was buried inside the Bank, in the old churchyard which afterwards became the Bank garden, and there her figure has been glimpsed on many occasions over the years in that green oasis in the heart of the Bank of England.

Not far off is Charterhouse where some fifty-thousand plague victims were buried between 1348 and 1357, and where a Carthusian priory was founded in 1371, the churchyard of which is the site of the present Charterhouse Square. In this collection of beautiful old houses there is a lovely old building said to be periodically haunted by a headless ghost, thought to be that of the Duke of Norfolk, who walks up the main entrance. Even on the brightest day there are parts of these great buildings which are shrouded in gloom, which might account for these frequent reports.

Beyond Smithfield Market we reach the delightful Great Gate leading to the church of St. Bartholomew the Great. Here during the reign of Mary, two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burned to death for heresy immediately opposite this entrance gate, with the victim facing the east and the gate. Even today, ghostly groans and occasionally blood-curdling screams have been heard by people passing this spot at night. The ancient church was founded by Rahere, a jester at the court of Henry I, and it is said to be his footsteps that have been heard many times in the church.

Turning into Newgate Street we come to Grey Friars Churchyard, long said to be haunted by Isabella, the lustful she-wolf of France, wife of the hapless Edward II; in fact four queens are buried here and an oppressive, expectant air still lingers around this scene of the occasional re-appearances of this wicked Queen.

Another royal ghost of London is George II who died at Kensington Palace after a

long illness, during which he frequently gazed from the window of his room up at the curious weather-vane over the clock tower - hoping for winds from the right quarter to speed the ships carrying long-overdue dispatches from his beloved Hanover. He died before the winds changed and still, they say, at night when there are high winds from the west, a ghostly face peers from the old windows up at the weather-vane. . . .

Near St. Paul's Cathedral can be found, with a little searching, delightful Amen Court. As you enter the handsome wrought-iron gates there is a high wall facing you, and here is one of the few places where it is possible to trace remains of the old Roman City wall of London. Parts of it have been added to, heightening the tall, dark wall that years ago bordered part of old Newgate graveyard. The path immediately on the other side was known as Dead Man's Walk, for here the hanged criminals were buried in quicklime, and over the years there have been reports again and again of a dark figure crawling slowly along the top of this wall at night, the scrape of his boots and the occasional rattle of his chains breaking the uncanny silence that seems to hang around this fateful spot.

It is not generally known that St. Paul's Cathedral has a haunted chapel. Can this have any connection with the fact that this particular chapel is no longer normally open to the public? Be that as it may, All Souls Chapel, the first little chapel on the left as you enter the cathedral, can only be visited today by special permission. It is now a shrine to Lord Kitchener and is known as the Kitchener Memorial Chapel. The haunting consists of a luminous patch appearing on one wall of the chapel which gradually assumes the appearances of an elderly person in old-fashioned clerical dress. After remaining visible for a few seconds the figure fades into the stonework. This figure always appears at exactly the same spot. During some repair work in the chapel a small hidden doorway was discovered at the place where the figure appears, and an ancient stairway was found which ascended through the heart of the cathedral to the dome. When the Kitchener Chapel was constructed and the walls lined with new stone work, a secret stone doorway was fitted and made to slide by means of a hidden spring, but this is one of several hush-hush features of the cathedral and is seldom shown to visitors.

To turn from the Church to the Stage, that most famous of theatres, the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is said to be haunted by at least two ghosts. There is the ghost of the great and much-loved Dan Leno, seen by, among many other people, Stanley Lupino. One night, after the show, resting on the couch in his dressing room, he suddenly felt that he was no longer alone. Sitting up, he saw in the dim light, the shadowy figure of a man cross the room and pass through a closed door. Mystified, Lupino asked the watchman and others still in the theatre, whether they had seen anyone near his room. No one had seen anyone or anything. Back in his room Lupino was presently disturbed by a curious sound, seemingly close beside him. He looked round and recognized in the white luminous face he encountered, the never-to-be-forgotten features of Dan Leno. Very much frightened, Lupino sprang up and

rushed out of the theatre. Someone staying in the same room the following night also saw the ghost. This was in fact Dan Leno's favourite dressing-room.

The other Drury Lane ghost is of course the 'Man in Grey' who has been seen by countless people and is undoubtedly the most famous of all theatre apparitions. He is a daylight ghost and never appears at night; he always wears a long grey riding cloak of the early 18th-century. He walks from one side of the Upper Circle to the other, purposefully and without hurrying and there disappears through the wall. The late Macqueen-Pope, Drury Lane historian, himself told me of having personally seen this famous apparition, and showed me the precise spot. The casts at Drury Lane regard the ghost as a lucky omen: he shuns failures and is most often seen before and during the production of a success. He was seen within a week of the opening night of such successful Ivor Novello musicals as 'Glamorous Nights,' 'Careless Rapture,' and 'The Dancing Years.' After the war Drury Lane re-opened with Noel Coward's 'Pacific 1860' which failed. The ghost was not seen. But he was reported three days before the first night of 'Oklahoma'; two days before 'Carousel'; two days before 'South Pacific'; three days before 'The King and I' and a few days before 'My Fair Lady,' all triumphant runs, and he was seen again several times during the runs of all these successful shows.

The Haymarket Theatre is, like the Theatre Royal, haunted by at least two ghosts. One is supposed to be John Buckstone, a former lessee of the theatre; his ghost has often been reported in the dressing rooms and other parts of the building. The other ghost is of an unknown actor who is heard apparently trying over his part in one particular room. Once, too, the figure of an unknown man was seen by Victor Leslie in this dressing room. Leslie went out of the room, locking the only door. Returning with the fireman on duty at the theatre, he unlocked the door but found the room deserted.

Not far away, at 19, St. James's Place, in 1864 an apparition was seen by four people. The house had long been the home of Miss Anne and Miss Harriet Pearson, who were devoted to each other. Miss Anne died in 1858 and Miss Harriet lived on in the house by herself for six years. In November 1864 she became very ill while staying at Brighton, and urgently desired to return to her London home. She was brought back and devotedly nursed by her housekeeper, Eliza Quinton. Also in the house at the time were two of her nieces, Mrs Coppinger and Miss Emma Pearson and her nephew's wife, Mrs. John Pearson. On December 23rd Mrs. Coppinger and Miss Pearson went to bed, leaving Mrs Pearson on duty in the sick room. They left their bedroom door open in case they were called, and the lights burning on the staircase and landing. About one o'clock they both saw a woman go past the open door and into the room where the patient lay. She wore a shawl and black cap. Mrs Coppinger called out: "Emma, get up; it is old Aunt Anne!" and her cousin answered "So it is, then Aunt Harriet will die today." Mrs. Pearson then came rushing out of the sick room in great agitation, having also seen and recognised her dead aunt. The three

women roused the housekeeper and together they searched the whole house without finding anyone. Miss Harriet Pearson dies at six o'clock. Before she died she told them all that she had seen her sister and knew she had come to call her away.

St James's Palace, nearby, is traditionally haunted by a number of historical ghosts, including the Duchess of Mazarin who is said to have appeared to her friend Madame de Beauclair in response to a pact made on the former's deathbed. Later both the Duchess and Madame de Beauclair were said to have been seen in that particular portion of the palace where they used to live. Another ghost here is said to be the victim of Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, George III's wicked fifth son who lived at the palace. The Duke is reputed to have murdered his Italian valet, Sellis: the affair was hushed up but, in the proper manner of the murdered, the victim's ghost was said to have been seen at the palace for many years afterwards.

Sinister West End

To move to Piccadilly, there is a bedroom not a hundred yards from Burlington Arcade that has long been haunted by a very unpleasant ghost. People sleeping in the room have awakened with a violent start to hear stealthy footsteps approach on the bed. Big, clammy hands have gripped the throat of the occupant and, unable to stir or utter a sound, they have undergone the sensation of strangulation, terminating in a loss of consciousness. In varying degrees this is not an unusual experience in some haunted houses.

Nancy Spain once told me about a ghost she saw in Piccadilly. She was waiting for a taxi outside a well-known store one summer afternoon when a taxi drew up and an elderly lady with dyed red curls alighted and began to search for the taxi fare. Typically, Nancy Spain went forward and said: "That's all right, I'll pay." Still the old lady searched her bag; then abruptly she turned and, as she mounted the steps to the store, slipped and fell. Again Miss Spain went to her rescue, thinking it odd at the time that the doorman made no effort to help. This time the old lady turned and said: "Thank you, my dear." When at last Nancy Spain was in the taxi, the driver pushed back the glass panel and said: "You got caught, didn't you? That old girl could buy up both of us. That was Lady C - ." Next day Miss Spain visited her mother and chanced to relate her experience, whereupon her mother showed her a newspaper dated three days before which contained news of the death in a fire of Lady C - .

In Burlington Arcade itself we come to the Universal Leather Shop at the north end on the right. Here, a year or two ago, violent disturbances, including the throwing of the stock of leather goods all over the premises night after night, suggested that the happenings were due to poltergeist activity, although there was no adolescent or young person concerned and it was never satisfactorily decided whether or not the affair had a paranormal origin.

Near Hyde Park Corner, in Wilton Row, stands the fashionable, and haunted pub:

'The Grenadier.' Here, a grenadier, who was flogged after being caught cheating at cards, is said to have crawled down the steps to the cellar where he died, one September night. He has still been seen at 'The Grenadier' from time to time. A few years ago the licensee told me that he was certain that the inn was haunted. He insisted that the house had a peculiar, menacing atmosphere which built up through the year to reach its climax in September, and during that month he noticed that his dogs always reacted strangely, showing every sign of terrified unrest, growling, snarling and sometimes trying to scratch and dig into the cellar. In addition the figure of an unrecognised man, without objective reality, had been seen mounting the stairs. The present landlord has similar convictions; he has experienced typical poltergeist phenomena: knocks, raps, and a number of small incidents for which he can find no explanation; these are verified by his teenage daughter, and I discussed the case with them recently during the making of a BBC film, shot at 'The Grenadier.'

In a house in Hill Street, Mayfair, Lord Lyttelton was awakened by what sounded like a bird fluttering in the bed curtains on November 24, 1779. As he awoke he saw the figure of a woman in white standing by his side who warned him that he would soon die. Lyttelton asked whether he would not live two months and was told that he would die within three days. Next morning he told his guests about the experience. On the fateful day he went to Pitt Place, his house at Epsom, taking a number of friends with him. He declared that he felt perfectly well and that he was certain of bilking the ghost. Just after eleven he went to bed. When his manservant William Stuckey was helping him to undress, Lord Lyttelton suddenly put his hand to his side, collapsed, and died without a sound.

Away to the north, in Gower Street, one of the sights of University College, built in 1828, is the embalmed body of Jeremy Bentham, the law reformer. It was part of Bentham's will that his body should be devoted to the purpose of improving science of anatomy and this was done; afterwards a skeleton was made of the bones, these were padded to fit Bentham's own clothes and a wax likeness, made by a distinguished French artist, was fitted to the trunk. Seated on the chair which he usually occupied, with one hand on his constant companion Dapple, his walking stick, and wearing his famous white gloves, he was enclosed in a moth-proof mahogany case with folding glass doors and deposited at University College where he can be seen to this day.

But legend has it that Jeremy was mummified against his wishes and the unexplained noises heard from time to time at the College are said to be Bentham rapping on the doors and windows of his cage with his walking-stick to frighten the officials of the College into having him sent away and buried. He is housed in the cloister near the main entrance. One evening Mr. Neil King, Mathematical Master at the University College School, then accommodated in the College buildings, heard the tap-tap-tap of Jeremy's walking stick in the nearby corridor. He walked towards the open door to take a peep into the corridor, not really expecting to see anything,

but there was Jeremy, with white gloves and walking stick. He walked right up to Mr. King and when he reached him, made a sudden dart forward and seemed to throw himself bodily at the teacher - but there was no sensation of impact, and no sign of Jeremy Bentham.

Even the police force, at New Scotland Yard, has not been able to keep its precincts free from psychic forces. The gruesome collection of criminal relics, known as the Black Museum, is housed in the basement of The Yard, and it is here that the apparition of a headless lady has been sent on a number of occasions. Perhaps understandably Scotland Yard are touchy about their ghost and unwilling to give information, but I have it on very good authority that not long ago a janitor of the Black Museum saw a ghostly figure which he took to be a nun, open the door of the museum. When the janitor went forward to see what she wanted, the figure disappeared. As he reached the spot where the figure had stood, it reappeared at the far end of the museum. This time it was facing him, and he saw that the nun's hood was empty: the figure was headless.

A more common example of a psychic echo from the past is suggested by the report by occupants of a notorious murderer's house in North London, where ghostly footsteps have been repeatedly heard over the years.

Although a mere fragment of the available evidence, it is hoped that this brief look at haunted London will encourage personal investigation into an important aspect of psychical research. There is plenty here to interest both the newcomer to spontaneous psychic phenomena and the experienced investigator. Strange and inexplicable reports are received almost daily. Only recently I received an account of a stone-throwing poltergeist at a flat near Charing Cross: just one more of the legion of ghosts in haunted London.

Breaking the Time Barrier

Air Marshall Sir Victor Goddard, K.C.B., C.B.E.

It is clearly important, with 'ESP experiences', to give some account of the circumstances and the state of mind of the experient. When this - for me - unprecedented happening befell, I had been staying with friends at North Berwick for the weekend. I had flown up in a Service aeroplane from Andover, where I was then stationed. I was to fly back early on the Monday, to be on duty that day. This weekend custom was justified, for Staff Officers, on the ground that it afforded flying practice. On the Sunday my hostess, Mrs. Peploe, and I had gone over to Drem to see if it might be practicable another time to land my aircraft on the old disused airfield there (known to me in World War I) instead of on the far side of Edinburgh.

We called at the farm where the owner lived, and with his permission inspected the place. There were four hangars laid out in line, three sets of double hangars and one single. These were quite standard, and of a type to be seen in various parts of the

country as World War I airfield constructions. But we found that the roofs were falling in and they were in no state for aircraft. The tarmac was in sad disrepair, and the airfield itself was divided up by barbed wire fences into numerous pastures, with large numbers of animals grazing. Obviously the place could not be used as an airfield.

On the Monday morning I drove to Turnhouse (now Edinburgh Airport) where I had left my Hawker Hart aeroplane. I was somewhat depressed by the state of low clouds and rain, knowing that I had to fly over mountainous country in an open aircraft, without radio navigational aids or cloud-flying instruments; nevertheless I felt confident that I could get through. I believed that I should be able to fly above a low layer of clouds, in the space between that layer and an upper layer. But when I took-off and climbed there was no gap; continuous clouds persisted to over 8,000 feet, where I began to be aware that I was out of control and coming down in a spiral - a state of flying I found I was unable to correct. I could make the spiraling faster or less fast, but I could not bring the aircraft into a condition where the compass ceased to spin. I was losing height rapidly and was unaware of my position, or whether I should strike mountains before I came out of the clouds. When the altimeter showed 1,000 feet I appreciated that unless I quickly came out of the clouds I was heading for disaster. The air was getting very dark indeed, and the clouds had become yellowish brown and drenching with rain. At two hundred feet only, spiraling steeply, I began to see a murky sort of daylight and immediately emerged over 'rotating' water which instantaneously I knew to be the Firth of Forth.

In a moment I saw, rotating slowly from right to left a stone sea-wall carrying a road, path and railings. Falling so rapidly, I was almost instantaneously level with it, turning head-on into it - it had a high stone wall at the back and front, beyond which I could not see. I would have struck the railing, the road or the back wall had I not instantly regained my orientation and sense of the vertical, thanks to the railings of the esplanade, and a girl who was running in pouring rain with a pram - she had to duck her head to miss my wing-tip! This shaking experience enabled me to check my spiraling in the nick of time before I struck the sea-wall, and then to clear the railing and finally to lift the nose before striking the water, which I only just avoided. I whistled rapidly over the stony beach in pouring rain which obscured any distant view of the country beyond.

Flying at 150 miles an hour in an open cockpit aeroplane with heavy rain driving on one's forehead and flying goggles, is not only painful but very difficult, especially as I could not go other than close to the ground (20-30 feet) because of the very low cloud (about 40-60 feet). I was determined to head straight on to identify my position for, with my compass swinging. I did not know which side of the Firth of Forth I might be. The easiest landmark to find would be, I presumed, Drem airfield where I had been only the day before. In a few minutes I was aware of my position. I identified the road to Edinburgh, and soon after saw looming the black silhouettes of

the Drem hangars. In a moment I was over the airfield boundary in deluging rain and in very dark, turbulent flying conditions.

On crossing the boundary, the airfield and all my immediate surroundings were miraculously bathed in full sunlight, as it seemed to me; the rain had ceased, the hangars were nearby, their north-west end doors open. Lined out in spick and span order on a newly laid tarmac were four aeroplanes: three bi-planes of a standard flying-training type of aircraft called Avro 540N; one monoplane of an unknown type. We had at that time no monoplanes in the RAF, but the one I then saw was of the type which thereafter I carried in my memory and identified with the Magister which became, later on, a 'trainer'. Another peculiarity about the aeroplanes on the tarmac was that they were painted bright chrome yellow. All aircraft in the RAF in 1935* were exclusively aluminium-doped; there were no yellow aeroplanes. Later, because of an alarming increase in fatal accidents at flying training schools during the first phase of the expansion of the Air Force, the need became apparent for making training aircraft easily seen: in 1938 and 1939, more probably the latter, yellow aeroplanes became universal at all RAF flying training schools.

* In my earliest account, I dated this incident in 1934. I have since remembered that it was in 1935 that I was at Andover.

In the mouth of the hangar closest to me another monoplane was being wheeled out. The mechanics pushing it were wearing blue overalls. As I passed over them, having climbed from only a few feet above ground to just high enough to clear the roof of the hangar, I must have been making a great deal of noise and normally, this would have caused a considerable sensation. Zooming the hangars, as I was doing, was a court-martial offence! It was quite certain that those mechanics must have looked up at me (had I been 'there' to them) as I flew over so close. But none of them looked up. This struck me as very strange. It also struck me as strange that the airmen were wearing blue overalls. RAF mechanics had never worn anything but brown overalls when working in hangars on aircraft. The hangar roofs, above which I was flying a moment later, were gleaming with the wetness of recent rain, but the bituminous fabric was entirely new and in very good order. Also the tarmac all around the hangars was new.

I don't now recall any other particularly novel or interesting technical features, but I remember that, at the time, there were many points quickly seen which struck me as unusual, anomalous - and non-existent at Drem the day before.

The line of hangars was not more than a hundred and sixty yards long from end to end. To fly that length would only take a few seconds. I was then immediately confronted once more with a deluging rain, turbulent semi-darkness and the prospect of having, once more, to climb through continuous cloud over mountains.

The airfield I had just seen was in splendid order for aircraft. I saw no aircraft actually using it; but there were no longer any barbed-wire fences, no grazing sheep

or cattle; the surface was evenly green and recently mown. It was clearly a first-rate grass airfield. I do not recall it having a runaway. As I was confronted with storm and the need to get on with my journey, it may be asked why, if the airfield was in such a good state and the weather conditions so bad, did I not seek to land? The reason could be that I didn't believe my eyes. It could be that the thought of landing never occurred to me. Why land when conditions for flying had suddenly become so splendid? The turbulent return of dark storm may have convinced me of having had an hallucination, but I do not remember having that thought. I may have been so imbued with the sense of duty and the urgency of not abusing the privilege of weekend flying that I decided to press on regardless. Moreover, I had some personal conceit about bad-weather flying and, despite my recent failure to master a climb through a deep cloud mass, I reckoned I could get through, and so I went on.

In fact, I climbed that time, satisfactorily, to about 17,000 feet and, somewhat gasping and very cold, flew over the clouds in bright sunlight. Actually, to test myself, I flew for a while at 21,000 feet, so I must have been physically very fit.

I landed at Andover at about 11 o'clock. At the Officers' Mess I found a group of officers who had come in for break. I sat with them for a while, talking about the weekend. Rashly - but I was feeling elated - I reported my extraordinary experience at Drem. We were all Wing Commanders. One of them was Wing Commander C.A. Stevens, another was Wing Commander Haylock. Wing Commander Stevens died as an Air-Marshal (he should not be confused with Air Vice-Marshal A.C. Stephens). There may have been one other present.

They were amused by my story, though it a 'tall' one, and advised me to take less whisky next time I went to Scotland for a weekend. Having heard my story with, as it were, their ears, I myself became aware of its unbelievableness, and therefore did not repeat it to anyone else. An officer hardly wants to get a reputation for having hallucinations in the air; it was easy to be taken off flying for medical reasons, and I would not have liked my state of mental order to be called in question. I did, however, write and tell my hostess that I had arrived safely after having an extraordinary experience, which I briefly narrated. She also, when I asked her later (although she had forgotten the gist) remembered having thought it all very peculiar, and that I was peculiar in having it! Confirmation from her at this time is, I fear, not available, short of hypnosis! Wing Commnader Haylock has confirmed hearing my story of the vision the same day.

Factual Considerations and Hypotheses

At Andover I was the Staff Officer in charge of the operational policy of No.3 Bomber Group. I had no connection whatever with initial flying training; nor had I any concern with the provision of stores or the rebuilding of airfields. Less than a year later, early in 1936, I went to the Air Ministry Directorate of Intelligence, and from then on I was concerned entirely with Foreign Air Forces; I had nothing whatever to do with policy or development in the RAF. Wing Commander Stevens, to whom I

told the story, stayed on at No.3 Bomber Group and had no connection with the policies for airfields or elementary flying training or equipment. Wing Commander Haylock was an armament officer, employed as a Staff Officer for organisation in 3 Bomber Group. He remained there a year or so, and had no connection with Drem or any decisions relating to what I saw there. No one who heard my story was appointed to the Air Ministry. If any of the three repeated it - which I doubt, for they would not care to risk being thought gullible, nor would they have wished to injure my reputation by telling a tale of such fancifulness against me - the telling could not have influenced any of the official decisions involved.

The menace of the rise of Hitler soon gave rise to expansion plans for the RAF, and no doubt these involved the rehabilitation of disused abandoned airfields. Quite a number of old airfield installations were retained on the World War I lay-out; the hangars were refitted and put into use again. But in other cases the hangars were pulled down, and this happened at Drem. The place was rebuilt, and re-opened as a flying training school in 1939, equipped with yellow Avro 504N bi-planes and Magister monoplanes exactly similar to the types I had seen. By that time, also, airmen were dressed in blue overalls when at work. The airfield was cleared and the farmer was displaced, and so on. I didn't actually go to see for myself; I was told that Drem had been turned in to an Elementary Flying Training School, and so I knew that it must have all the standard equipment for such a school; they were standardised throughout the Air Force. But the man who told me about the rebuilding of the place told me also that the hangars had been rebuilt. He probably did not mean (as I supposed) 'repaired'. He may well have meant 'replaced by new hangars,' but the word rebuilt serves either meaning. I, ready to believe that my vision had been fulfilled in that respect also, simply accepted what he said, and in recounting the story after seeing him, I said the hangars had been renovated as I had seen them.

In November 1964, when in Scotland, I went out of my way to see what Drem looked like after all these years, and whether in fact the hangars really had been renovated as I had reported. I found, rather to my horror, that the hangars that were then there were of steel construction, covered with corrugated iron. They had been built in another pattern, but on the site of the old hangars, which had disappeared altogether. Later that day, I telephoned the owner of the airfield and buildings - they have all again reverted to his use as a farm - and he confirmed what I had seen and what I knew about it.

As I have remarked already, RAF expansion plans were prepared year by year. One very large plan, of which I wasn't aware until I enquired into this matter quite recently, embraced a lot of airfields. Drem could have been in that plan, to be rebuilt as it stood. If so, one of the people who considered that plan could, at some time, have visualised Drem airfield being rebuilt in that World War I pattern. Optimism and other factors prevailed on the Government of the day not to go so far with their

expansion of the Air Force as that plan required, and much of it was put into abeyance. Later on, I have also recently learned, that plan was hurriedly revamped and the full expansion was begun once more. But by the time, the supply of bricks and bricklayers may have been getting short, and the supply of corrugated iron and rolled steel joists for making steel hangars seemed to be more satisfactory and perhaps cheaper. If so, that may have been why the hangars were built on a different plan and why the old hangars were pulled down after all. Or it may have been, of course, that the new hangars being wider and of better design for modern purposes, were preferred, and no financial objection was seen to their being substituted.

However all that may be, I do not know whether Drem Airfield (Fenton Barns) of World War I was actually in any of the major plans of expansion. I feel sure that it must have been and, therefore, that it could have been in a plan for repair at one time and a plan for replacement at another. Leaving aside the unfulfilment of the hangar aspect of the vision, we are left with a good deal of what I saw of novelty being fulfilled some four to five years later. In regard to the fulfilled items, the vision could be said to be precognitive of material facts of construction and actuality. But because of the 'unfulfilled' hangars, the vision might be entirely one of precognition of ideas. I may have seen intentions as they were later to be imagined by others, but certainly not as already imagined by anyone on earth when I had the vision.

In regard to the aeroplanes, those facts-to-be were not only displaced in time, they were displaced in space; for aeroplanes would not actually be wheeled out of, and parked close outside, hangars which weren't there! In actuality, the yellow aeroplanes would be lined up outside the new steel hangars - that is, elsewhere than where I saw them. So those ordinary aeroplanes, factual in regard to their future state of being, were not factual in regard to their future parking position. But they and the airmen handling them were exceedingly real!

I think it should not be assumed that the totality of the vision I saw was ever held in mind by any single individual; I doubt very much whether the person who envisaged the new hangars, envisaged at the same time a minor change of airmen's dress.

As remarked earlier, in 1935 the RAF was still consuming surplus army overalls, which are brown; there was no particular prospect, that I was aware of, of any change because, for many items of equipment, we depended on army supplies. The decision to change airmen's overalls from brown to blue could have been made by a member of the Equipment Staff in the Air Ministry without reference to the Air Staff. The Air Council (not the Air Staff) would be informed by the Member for Supply, perhaps. But a decision to change the colour of aeroplanes from aluminium-dope to chrome-yellow would certainly involve the Air Staff almost exclusively, until, later on, a quite different branch of the Equipment Staff from that concerned with clothing would be instructed to provision for repainting training aeroplanes yellow, and the technical staff would be instructed to get the work done. Similarly, the shape and style of hangars would be a concern of the Air Staff, but an accurate visualisation

of hangars would be much more the concern of the Works and Building Staff. So I would suggest that what I observed was not a reflection of one man's thinking, but the plans and intentions of many.

As to the quality of the experience and its relation to normal reality or to dreamland, there was something ethereal about the sunlight; it was brilliant and glorious, but yet somewhat other than normal bright sunlight. I had a strange feeling about the mechanics on the ground as real men. Although quite real in their movements and general manner towards their job, looking quite natural, yet they did not react naturally towards me and my zooming Hart close overhead. Evidently they neither saw nor heard me. But I could see both my aeroplane and them, at the same time. Afterwards I wondered whether, in the context, they were more real than I was! But I had remained flying in my aeroplane; I was evidently not disembodied. I was aware of my change of circumstances but also of the noise that my aeroplane made, and I was aware of the appropriate sensations as I swooped up over the hangars. I was not in any degree unconscious of my actions. I had, however, been suffering from mental shock and was certainly under stress of anxiety. I had been really frightened by the loss of control in the cloud, by the near certainty of death, and by the experience at the sea-wall, and I continued to be highly tensed by the rigours of the flying conditions.

It is hard to be definite in what one says about sensing the difference between a dream and a vision. The yellow aeroplanes seemed to be totally real. So did the gleaming hangar roofs, black like the backs of great whales only a few feet beneath me. They were real in the sense that one doesn't feel things to be real in a dream, as a rule. But I cannot define the distinction. There was nothing fantastical about anything I saw.

The sceptic may say, "If an intelligent man has a vision of this extraordinary kind, why doesn't he write it down and refer it to somebody who can make a proper record of it? Then when the event comes to pass, there's the cast-iron evidence. Failing that, the evidence is valueless: 'All men are liars'".

I do not suggest that serious investigators are especially prone to prejudice. Certainly they should not be gullible; on the other hand, they certainly should not be unreasonable! What normal person, never having considered visions, would think that an 'hallucination' was going to come true? Sceptics who think as I have postulated, do not realise the psychology of the normal Service Officer. People in the Service just don't have hallucinations; it is not 'done'! If a man sees, in broad daylight, what is 'not there', he doesn't talk about it. He doesn't want a stigma attached to him. For his own self-respect he knows that he was sober at the time, but it would not occur to him that what he saw was likely to have any significance at all for anyone else. After telling close friends, perhaps, he would recognise that the sooner the incident was forgotten, the better. So I don't think it is really fair to expect somebody who has an ESP experience for the first time, especially if he is in a

profession such as mine, to take serious notice of it and write it down. Getting my leg pulled about it was quite sufficient to shut me up altogether and to suppress the memory of it until, by surprise, later on, I heard that the vision had been materialised. Then, of course, I wrote again to my North Berwick hostess and remarked on the fact that Drem had been reopened, and asked if she remembered my writing to her about it after I had stayed there in 1935? Vaguely, as related above, she said she thought she could recall something about a strange happening, but what it was she had forgotten.

Apart from my questions to her and to Mr Chalmers-Watson, the owner of Fenton Barns, as mentioned, I have not, since I left Andover early in 1936, met or spoken to any person now alive who, as far as I am aware, knew the story of my vision before it was fulfilled. Nor prior to its fulfilment, did I tell anyone of it except my wife, the two or three Wing Commanders and my hostess, on the same day as it happened.

Blake the Psychic

Walter Taylor

William Blake, poet, mystic and seer, experienced a psychic life uniquely his own. He was one of those who, as a child, was punished for his visions. His mother beat him for having a vision of Ezekiel. When he said he had seen a tree full of angels his father gave him a hiding.

One day Blake saw the Devil staring at him through the iron gratings of his staircase window. He there and then drew Satan as he appeared to him. This phantom had large eyes like two coals, with teeth as long as a harrow. The vicious-looking claws were a nightmare. But he held the vision long enough to draw it.

Yet, in strange contrast to this, Blake was afraid of what he called a ghost. He was standing by his garden gate when this ghost appeared. "It was" he said, "a horrible figure, scaly, speckled, and very awful". As it came down the stairs towards him he was so frightened that he ran away. But he did draw a ghost. This picture hangs in the Tate Gallery along with his other works. It is a grotesque design called 'The Ghost of a Flea'.

Blake drew many 'visionary heads'. One of these was of 'The Man who Built the Pyramids'. He could draw any familiar form asked for by his friends. He would sit up all night engaged in this pursuit. Blake would pause sometimes in his visionary drawing and say: "I can't go on, it is gone; I must wait until it returns." Or his remarks might be – "It has moved; the mouth is gone: he frowns"; or, 'He is displeased with my portrait of him.'

He once watched a fairy's funeral. Someone asked him where did he see all these things. "Here," replied Blake, touching his forehead.

When Blake was only four years of age he saw God put His forehead to the window.

He screamed at this vision. But years later when his brother Robert lay dying he saw the spirit suddenly spring from the body and ascend upwards clapping its hands for joy. After that rewarding experience Blake went to bed and slept for three days and nights. He had spent many days and nights tending the sick man.

Blake 'saw' Shakespeare who, he said, resembled his portraits, especially the 'Old Engraving'. He also saw Milton, very often! Once he saw him as an old man with a flowing beard. Milton asked him to correct, in a poem or picture, an error of his in Paradise Lost. "But I declined," Blake Said, "I had my own duties to perform". The error Milton wanted correcting was that sexual intercourse grew out of the 'Fall'.

When Blake's visionary powers failed him he was most unhappy. It was at those times that he doubted his own sanity. A friend asked him what he did when the visions deserted him. Blake turned to his wife Catherine: "What do we do then Kate?" "We kneel down and pray, Mr. Blake", she answered.

Blake was employed at one time by his friend Hayley on some artistic work at Felpham. He dearly longed to get back to London. He would say in after years: "The visions were angry with me at Felpham". It was just after his Felpham experience that he wrote to another friend:

"And now, my dear sir, congratulate me on my return to London with the full approbation of Mr. Hayley and with a promise. But, alas! Now I may say to you what perhaps I should not dare to say to anyone else - that I can alone carry on my visionary studies in London unannoyed, and that I may converse with my friends in Eternity, see visions, dream dreams, prophesy, and speak parables unobserved and free from doubts of other mortals - perhaps doubts proceeding from kindness, but doubts are always pernicious, especially when we doubt our friends. Christ is very decided upon this point. 'He who is not with me is against me'; there is no medium or middle state, and if a man is the enemy of my spiritual life while he pretends to be the friend of my corporeal, he is a real enemy; but the man may be the friend of my spiritual life while he seems the enemy of my corporeal, but not vice versa."

Crabb Robinson, the diarist, once asked Blake if there was an affinity between his Spirits and the Genius that used to hold converse with the mind of Socrates. Blake answered: "I was Socrates, or a sort of brother. I must have had conversations with him. So I had with Christ. I have an obscure recollection of being with both of them." "Jesus," he added, "is the only God, and so are you, and so am I".

This has been interpreted by some people as a belief, by Blake, in reincarnation. This idea can be discarded. Blake was mystic enough to be implying that The 'Many' are the 'one' and the 'one' is the 'Many'.

On at least one occasion Blake received a message from the spirit-world. It was through his wife, Catherine. We find in his Manuscript book this entry: 'Sunday, August, 1807: My wife was told by a spirit. . . .'

Mrs. Blake was more than a housekeeper and wife to her husband. When he was

under strong inspiration she would get up in the night and sit for hours motionless and silent because she knew this steadied him mentally. When under inspiration it was as if he was being torn asunder. This scene of a man and wife wrestling in their own way under the sway of spiritual powers is depicted in his poem Jerusalem, where he says:

“Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonished at me,
Yet they forgive my wanderings. I rest not from my great task
To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
Of Man upwards, into the World of Thought, into Eternity,
Ever expanding into the bosom of God, the Human Imagination.”

Gilchrist, Blake's first biographer, said of Catherine Blake: “. . . she too learned to have visions, to see processions of figures wending along the river bank in broad daylight, and would start when they disappeared in the water.”

In his last illness Blake turned to his wife and said: “I have no grief but in leaving you, Catherine. We have lived happy, we have lived long, we have ever been together, but we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death? Nor do I fear it. I have endeavoured to live as Christ commanded, and I have sought to worship God truly in my own home, when I was not seen of men.”

Then the truth dawned upon him that he was about to die and he added: “Kate, I am a changing man. I always arose and wrote down my thought, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you sat beside me. This can be so no longer.”

As the end drew near he was seized by a joyous emotion. He began to sing. The ecstasy that held him, using his powerful voice, ‘made the rafters ring’. These were new songs with new melodies that he sang. Strangely he said of them: “My beloved, they are not mine! No, they are not mine!”

He told Catherine they would not be parted; that he would always take care of her. This he did, as it transpired, both materially and spiritually.

A neighbour who was there at the end said: “I have been at the death of a saint.”

Psyche and Eros

Vernon Underwood

The midwinter love orgy is extending. The Christmas-card industry is run mostly by non-Christians and now has expanding markets far beyond allegedly Christian countries (card themes and wordings being naturally adjusted to local beliefs). Christmas puddings and spirits are more far-flung than the flag. Insofar as all this, however commercialised, gives us a few days' scope to the best in us, it is to be welcomed. It is the self-encased materialist's annual opportunity to realise that our greatest pleasure is to give pleasure, i.e. that self-interest - if you see far enough - coincides with that of others, and that the happiness or salvation of Number One (on

which most religions and philosophies concentrate) is inseparable from that of Two and of All.

The world largely ignores this for the rest of the year, and follows jungle law, whereby the stronger eats the weaker, and the terror of death reigns. If this law applied to everything, as the materialist claims, the earth would belong to the rankest weeds and the fiercest beasts. The mere fact that man has controlled them, survived racially, multiplied and evolved, shows that something other than ruthless strength and bulk is operating even in the physical world.

The development of man's mind, we suppose, has more than made up for the weakness of his body, and the materialist agrees, assuming that 'mind' equals intelligence. How intelligence can have arisen in matter is already inexplicable, but for students of psychics, at any rate, mind is far more than is dreamt of in materialist philosophies.

No doubt it began when living matter (having already made an unexplained leap from inorganic chemistry) became aware. Desire for sustenance, for the best surroundings, for companionship, could not be far behind awareness. The deist or pantheist might even say that life and awareness were preceded by desire, the desire of Divinity to impart them to matter. The mechanist will say that desire is purely mechanical, a 'conditioned reflex' like the multiplication of living cells or the turning of a flower to the sun, but this affirmation begs as many questions as the religionist's, and of course the mechanist does not in practice believe that men are robots. If he did, his penal code, punishing men for crimes they could not help committing, would be useless savagery, neither deterring nor reforming.

Whether increasing complexity of desire brings about greater mental and spiritual complexity, or whether it is the other way round, is another problem on which no one is qualified to pontificate within our earthly means. But it is an obvious fact that then mind and desires of a highly evolved man are infinitely more complex than those of a primitive. Both kinds can be observed not only in different parts of the globe but within the same community: a man's stage of evolution is not shown by his clothes or his gadgets. Certainly eastern religions that preach the annihilation of desire are preaching the impossible. Their very aim is itself a desire, and humanity or Divinity without desire or will, would be but inertia and death.

Ancient myths like that of Eros and Psyche (the Greeks and most other cultures put the male first and assume his superiority) illustrate human beliefs at a certain period rather than eternal truths. It is high time their literary or religious aura and their domination of our thought were shaken off and reappraised. It may be true that desire stimulates and fertilises most human minds, but this does not mean only or principally crude sexual desire, as the myth suggests as Freud reiterated, endorsed by the great majority of 'modern' people. Deep affection, joyous and abiding attunement can, and often does, even in marriage, do without or even forget the physical pleasure, primarily for reproductive ends, which the majority of the earth's

population labels 'love'.

A Spiritualist, in a contemporary, emphatically endorses Freud's assertion that genital eroticism is the central point of man's life. "Love," he declares, "is born in the dark, unconscious depths of the psyche where reason does not rule and morality plays no part." This may be true of most men most of the time, but in the experience of some it is the contrary. For them love can be a thing of conscious light, raising their whole being - not just the body - to levels of lasting delight that can only be called spiritual and incorporeal. The faculties are sharpened (it is desire that is blind, not love) but also widened and mellowed by the departure of tension and uncertainty, and love inspires morality (i.e. behaviour to others) so superior that it does indeed often seem to bear little relation to the everyday kind. It is significant that the language and perhaps the sensations of those (often called saints or mystics) who believe they reach extraterrestrial levels of consciousness or union with Divinity are often those of lovers. This does not necessarily mean they are spurious or shameful. The Song of Songs is not the only piece of erotic literature which for the devout symbolises religious exaltation. Those blessed in love recognise that it is a religious experience, inspiring thankfulness and awe. If, as many think, Divinity is the source of physical creation, then procreation, too, is a participation in Divinity. Few, probably, recognise it as such. Hence, perhaps, much of Eros' irresponsibility.

In brief, the word 'love' covers a multitude of depths and insights, a confusion of feelings and ideas which few stop to analyse. A fire breaking out near 'lovers', however, would soon make it clear that desire is out for its own pleasure and safety, whereas love finds its supreme pleasure in its partner's pleasure and well-being, even to the point of sacrifice of self. This means that something in us knows pleasure beyond that of the flesh.

Bi-polarity is universal in the physical cosmos of 'electricity' or 'matter', and maleness and femaleness almost so in living things. 'Togetherness' is known to 'electrify' and to cause 'radiance'. Sexual bias normally lasts our whole earth life, not just the reproductive period. Each sex has its special gifts to offer, its short-comings too. Most people with any perception know that they are incomplete in themselves, and need the other sex for many more reasons than reproduction and its pleasures and pains. The evidence is that the well-known sexual differences in thinking, feeling and action persist in the after-life, when the reproductive desire has gone the way of the physical body. Thus the differences must be more fundamental and more lasting. If the Spiritualist quoted above believes life continues in another world, he does not appear to realise that if he and Freud were right in saying that love is but physical desire, there could be no love in that world and no opportunity for its continued expression, since reproduction of physical bodies can have no part in it.

Clear-sighted knowledge of the whole spectrum of wishing and loving - and not merely the obviously erotic sector that is most known and gets most attention - was never more necessary. The coupling of Psyche and Eros, of Mind and Desire or Will,

is no passing affair; it is for life, and many believe it is for ever. In the myth, Psyche took a light to get a good look at Eros while he was asleep and therefore less rumbustious and glamorous (sexual fascination is not only in the eye of the beholder, but also shoots from the eye he beholds). When Eros' eyes were closed, Psyche had more chance of seeing the truth of him. When crude desire is quiescent, love and reason have more chance to get at facts.

Discussion and analysis of love and desire, obscured by excesses and perversions on the one hand and taboo and false shame on the other, are highly germane not only to the health and peace of humanity, but more particularly to psychics, which aspires to be a science of mind. No one would deny that love and desire in some form are dominant in all minds, even if without overt expression, and there is evidence that they provide the means of certain human activities not regarded as normal. What is called telepathy appears to occur more often where there is affection (e.g. in well-assorted marriages or between close friends), and even the first-class medium whose 'telepathic' faculty is exceptional probably gives the best results with a sitter with whom he or she feels in sympathy, while lack of it may prevent any useful results at all. Erotic motives may stimulate the faculty, as was suggested by card-guessing experiments some years ago in which the guesser's success may have been due to interest in the erotic significance of the symbols on the cards. It is often thought that 'poltergeist' activities are connected with sexual difficulties of adolescents. In 'magic', white or black, genuine or otherwise, erotic forces are utilised. And it is probable that the most outstanding evidence of survival of death is received because of the strong bond between the recipient and the purported communicator. It may even be that in the absence of such a bond there is no evidence. On earth we reserve most of our communication, certainly the most intimate, the most revealing of our true character, to those we love. We should do this even more if communication were difficult, as all must admit to be the case when one of the parties no longer has a body.

Those who consider love as a purely bodily matter will naturally not understand that those whose love continues after the death of their partner and manifests, in part, as a desire to continue non-bodily communication and communion such as they had when together. Their persistence seems to prove that for them, at least, love is not just a get-together of bodies. If love continues in them when there is no body to provide satisfaction, then it may also continue in minds that have no physical body but, as 'astral travel' and 'mystical' experiences suggest, do still possess a vehicle of experience and expression.

If mankind is evolving, then love and other human powers must also be in a constant process of evolution. Man's staggering material progress in the last few years shows that his evolution is by no means wholly unconscious, but that in exploiting more and more 'bricks' of the physical cosmos he is more and more drastically taking an active hand in his own material evolution and the earth's. It is high time he admitted

that he possesses more important aspects that are crying out for his attention and study and effort if he is to avoid destroying himself by Eros' most explosive manifestation in our time: uninhibited lust for wealth and power.

The question is, how soon will he recognise less blind levels of desire - those of enlightened love, whose logic is so different from that of science and the jungle, maybe because it is the logic of dimensions just beyond us which the laws of science and the jungle wall off. It is all the more urgent for those who glimpse higher levels to establish that they exist and are relevant.

Sex and Psychic Phenomena

Peter Underwood

We are daily becoming more aware of unconscious sexual motives in human behaviour. For example, research carried out at Oxford University with the support of the Home Office has suggested that shoplifting by women has a subconscious sexual motive. Far more conclusive, I feel, are the researches I have carried out over the last twenty years, showing a distinct correlation between conscious and unconscious sexual motives and so-called 'spontaneous' psychic phenomena.

Evidence suggests that the organs of generation are linked with the phenomena of mediumship, and many mediums (Mrs. Piper, for example) have had disorders of these organs. There is evidence too, that the force used in mediumship has a very close relationship with the sexual force. It may be relevant that the modern tolerant view of sexual activity releases tensions and anxieties caused by sexual frustration, and while this may be on balance beneficial from the health point of view, it is possible that it has resulted in the present scarcity of good physical mediums.

In the course of an early investigation into a poltergeist case in Essex many years ago, I was fortunate enough to meet a well-known writer who, discussing the case in hand, chanced to say: "I have often wondered whether there is any connection between auto-eroticism and poltergeist activity." With this interesting question thus posed, I kept the possibility in one corner of my mind during all my subsequent enquiries, and I now believe that there are at least two connections. Firstly, my records show a large percentage of cases where it has been found that the nexus of the poltergeist was a habitual auto-eroticist, and it is not impossible that the psychic energy used by 'poltergeists' may be obtained at the time of release of tension. Secondly, habitual auto-eroticists are often neurotic, frustrated, unhappy people, and I have no doubt at all that some spontaneous psychic phenomena are the result of frustration and unhappiness. I am convinced that there is a link here. The basic necessity for a happy man or woman is love: privation of love causes unhappiness; unhappiness can cause anxiety and neurosis which can give rise to psychic phenomena. Many cases from my files illustrate this point and I will quote one.

During the last war a number of adolescent girls were evacuated to a large house in

the Midlands under the supervision of a cold administrative couple who treated the girls not unkindly but without any real feeling. They were deprived of love. It was not long before some of the girls were very unhappy, and it was not long either before 'psychic' activity was reported. In particular the sound of footsteps descending the stairs from the sleeping quarters, walking along the paved passage-way and out through the front door, were heard night after night without any objective reality. The warden and his wife, practical, hard-headed people, both heard these noises repeatedly. Objects were reported to fly about without visible agency, always in the vicinity of the staircase. It was discovered that a certain amount of auto-eroticism was taking place among the girls.

About this time the warden died suddenly, his wife left, and they were replaced by a younger local couple who had a girl of their own, stricken with poliomyelitis. In contrast to their predecessors the new wardens had a wonderful way with young people; they loved each other and shared their happiness with the girls. The girls quickly became happier; they occupied themselves with entertaining the wardens' invalid daughter and gradually the place became somehow lighter - and the 'psychic' phenomena became spasmodic and finally ceased entirely.

Another case with pronounced sexual and auto-erotic elements concerns a case of haunting. The main features are known to many students of psychic happenings, and space forbids my detailing these aspects at this time. Auto-eroticism is however, I believe, only one of the sexual origins of what we call hauntings. Dr. Fielding Ould, discussing his psychic experiences, told members of the Ghost Club that while in India he was called to a house which had a quadrangle in the centre, open at the top. Here frequent showers of stones fell through the open space. Nothing could be seen from outside but it had been observed inside from many positions. The open space was used for drying purposes, and occasionally when the clothes were put out they would ignite all along the line. After careful enquiries throughout the household, Dr. Ould found one girl about the age of puberty suffering from unnatural suspension of the menstrual functions. The girl was removed from the house and the phenomena ceased, but go where she would the same poltergeist happening took place. Medicine was given, and while she was in a healthy condition nothing unusual occurred. The girl was eventually cured. Dr. Ould believed that this psychic force could be stored up in girls about the age of puberty, and he knew of a similar case in Devonshire where poltergeist phenomena occurred under similar conditions. Pent-up energy, it seems, is apt to be used in a psychic way.

There are a great many other sexual elements in spontaneous psychic phenomena: a significant one is the not unusual monthly cycle in which disturbances take place.

Love is the elementary human relationship; if the deprivation of that relationship can lead to so-called psychic phenomena, then it is important to see whether we can begin to understand the meaning and significance which love has for the neurotic person. This varies, but specialists tell us one disturbing factor is regularly present:

the neurotic's deeply ingrained feeling of being unlovable. He deals with this problem not concretely but in two vague ways, not noticing that the two are contradictory. He tends to hold to the hope that sometime, somewhere he will meet the 'right' person who will love him; or he assumes a fatalistic attitude and regards his unlovableness as a mysterious but unalterable fact. This in itself sets up conflicting tensions in his nervous system. Now, it is as inaccurate to make a too neat distinction between love and sex as it is to link them too closely as does Freud. In neurosis, however, sexual excitement or desires more often than not are separate from a feeling of love, and sexuality retains in neurosis the functions it has naturally as a means of physical satisfaction and of intimate human contact. Sexual well-functioning adds in many ways to the feeling of self-confidence. But in neurosis all these functions are magnified and take on a different colouring: sexual activities become a release not only of sexual tension but also of manifold non-sexual psychic tensions (the individuals themselves are, of course, unaware of this). Comparison with the healthy individual is difficult because of the great variations in sexuality and its expression, even within the range of the 'normal'. But the underlying fact remains that sexual activity can also result in a release of non-sexual psychic tensions - and it is in these that we may profitably look for the origin of some spontaneous psychic phenomena.

Another sexual aspect of the latter is, of course, the frequent preoccupation with beds and bedrooms on the part of the 'poltergeists'. Almost every case contains reports of bedclothes being interfered with; people being tipped out of bed; raps and taps heard from the vicinity of the bed, and so on. Beds, in spite of what Kinsey may say, still provide the setting of a great deal of sexual activity, and the frequent use of beds in poltergeist cases provides yet another pointer towards the correlation between the erotic element and poltergeist phenomena.

In any examination of the possible sexual or erotic elements in spontaneous psychic phenomena we have to remember that many abnormalities of the sexual functions are not yet fully understood. Puberty and maturity occupy a pivotal position in the physiology and pathology of sex, and may produce outbreaks of phenomena external to the patient which appear to be 'paranormal' but may be connected with the critical stage he has reached in his development. In another direction, phenomena resembling the 'spirit lights' and luminosity observed at 'physical' séances have more than once been reported in the presence or the person of lovers.

In all the foregoing I have of course started with the observations and assumptions of physical science. Little is known of psychological or psychic factors that may be the origin rather than the product of disorders at the physical level. Here physical science and orthodox psychology refuse in the main to explore a vast field, which lies open to psychical research.

It should hardly be necessary for me to add that I am quite aware that there is more to psychic phenomena than sex; but this particular corner of the field entails

exclusive examination of this aspect of spontaneous psychic activity, a branch of psychical research which I feel has been too long neglected and which well repays patient and extensive study.

How real are Chance and Time?

Gwen Mountford, M.A. (Psychol), B.A.

Western man's imagery of time represents it as a devourer, a destroyer - Father Time with his sickle, a cutter-down. Great poems have nearly all mourned the decay, the death of heroes, the reversals wrought by 'time'. Anglo-Saxon poetry is full of laments for what is past and will never return. An Austrian psychologist, Otto Rank, wrote a book trying to prove that poets in general are those who set themselves to outwit the enemy Time by creating something that will last. Shakespeare's sonnets are full of the theme, 'Time will come and take my love away' -

Where alack
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest be hid? . . .
Or who will spoil of beauty can forbid?
Oh none, unless the miracle have might
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

His great plays often extend the idea of time as enemy. The dying Hotspur says "Life's time's fool." Macbeth, in his final confrontation with himself and his destiny, sees all the tomorrows and all the yesterdays as 'a tale told by an idiot'.

Yet, to agricultural peoples, time is the ripener. Agricultural living must have brought in the problem of time acutely. Everything must happen in season.

Is Time a healer? No, surely not - except that Time 'gives chances' for more factors to come into a situation, new developments, some of which may be healing.

So time gives chances! i.e. something, some new experience, is opportune to our needs - for healing. To be given a chance is a very positive and constructive thing. Yet our word 'chance', as exemplified for instance in card-guessing experiments, is regarded as something meaningless and valueless in itself. The statistical successes seem to be a breakthrough that momentarily defeats the power of chance (we give power to 'chance' by saying things are due to it), or replaces it by something else. They are 'significant'. Chance is not. Or so assumes modern thought, permeated by the notion of chance as non-significant. We really look on most of our experiences as if thrown to us by 'chance', though we may add something rather 'significant' after receiving them.

'Chance co-incidence' is the actual term used in card experiments. A 'coming together', 'co-incidence'. It is looked on much as a 'collision', two or more blind forces bumping into one another. D.H. Lawrence says that when two trains collided through getting on to the same line in Sicily, the locals called it coincidenza!

Normally this word means that trains connect rather than collide.

But just as you see on linoleum white squares on a black background, or black on a white ground, according to your way of looking, so you see one meaning or its opposite in a word. Words reflect our psychic processes and potentialities, our own internal contradictions. 'Chance' is a word that splits in two, like so many. We say 'I saw my chance', 'This is your great chance', as well as 'merely chance results'. So it is with Time. 'Give me time' (to think it out). 'Take your time' (and it will happen naturally). Time is an unfold. When we have set a process in motion, time seems to be a precious thing, spelling completion. We can realise this by music, which occurs in time. It is a pattern of fulfilment of meaning which requires time to unfold it. Every time it is repeated, it is the same process, not finished or dead at its end, and that is something peculiar to 'significance'.

So time is a positive thing when we consider its content. Macbeth saw only empty rushing time - space without content. That perhaps is 'Hell'. Time may 'give you your chance', we say 'take Time by the forelock'. What we find out about one of these two abstractions, chance and time, seems to refer to the other. Perhaps they really do belong together. In old Persian epics, the expression for time may be replaced by words meaning chance or luck, without altering the sense. Mostly, time was the bearer of misfortune.

Do you notice how quite ordinary things keep coming together every now and then? As you walk along you are considering a special thing, say a name, in some connection of your own, and the first time you turn your eyes (which have been dropped into your thoughts) up to the house you are approaching, you read that name on the doorplate. You have just heard a story about a person previously unknown to you: you go into a library and take a book, which opens at a page containing an allusion to that person. And so on and so on.

Someone helping with a kind of educational course received the students' answers to the question, 'What do you desire more than anything else in the world?' Every now and then, odd things would happen with these answers. The most remarkable, as she remembered, was the answer of two girls, who were both unusually young to take the course at all, and who wrote within about a week of each other. The answer, in both cases was 'to pilot an aircraft'. Not a common feminine preference, even for one! Again, it would happen that, say, two Irishmen would write in on the same day with substantially the same problem. All who get a lot of letters from a wide range of correspondents should note such occurrences.*

* The Summer 1967 editorial of LIGHT suggested that telepathy may produce such 'coincidences'.

A distinguished Professor of Medicine used to say to his students – "Gentlemen, here we have a case that is absolutely unprecedented, I have never seen such a thing before. Tomorrow we shall have another exactly like it".

The very word 'coincidence' is meant to express meaninglessness and pointlessness. But how do we know?

The dictionary defines 'chance' as the 'way things fall out, fortune, undesigned occurrences, absence of design or discoverable cause, opportunity, possibility or probability or prospect, course of events regarded as a power, fate'.

The same contrariety in the dictionary! 'Chance,' thinks the lexicographer, might be 'Fate', a great power that was once worshipped and humbly propitiated.

It is possible to think of astrology, not as a matter of cause and effect, the stars as cause and our predicaments as effect, but rather as the 'coming-together' of two spheres of reality, planetary positions and a man's life, in a given moment of time. That moment would have its own quality and not be an atom in an empty endless continuance.

Synchronicity†

This idea that a moment in time may have a special meaning, with two coexisting elements 'coming together', and with a relation or correspondence between the two, was worked out at length by Jung. He called it 'synchronicity'.

† In LIGHT (Spring 1961, p.8-9) it was suggested that Jung has not added much to our knowledge by using this new word. –Ed.

Before the days when the triumph of science made everything seem to be reducible to cause and effect, plus space and time, everybody accepted such natural correspondences between quite disparate things. They were the basis of all auguries, oracles, etc.

Many medieval (and later) philosophers talked about this natural connection between all things, especially the connection of the soul of man with the natural world. The 18th century philosopher, Leibnitz, worked out a system based on the idea of 'preestablished harmony', a parallelism of events inner and outer which really was the synchronicity principle. Leibnitz argued that this was a rule existing beside the 'causality' principle, and would have accepted that such 'co-incidences' as those we have been citing were examples of it.

Jung is more cautious. He does not apply the term to such cases, but only to those that appear to have meaningful content. He believed that the human psyche, in a state of tension or crisis, can activate forces from the unconscious, which are in accordance with this principle. A case he particularly likes to quote is that of a patient's dream about a scarab beetle, a very ancient Egyptian symbol of rebirth and transformation. Her excessively 'rational' attitude had so far led her to refuse any consideration of unconscious symbolism bearing on her problem, and no progress had been made. While she was recounting the dream, a flying beetle closely resembling that of her dream fluttered against the window, and the doctor took it in his hand and showed it to her. This did actually shake her out of her rigid and

hitherto unassailable position. Most 'oracle' phenomena would answer to this idea, that of a heightening of psychological tensions, etc., in the questioner, plus an outward and visible representation of his unconscious knowledge (perhaps of the future) or his needs, in the Sibyl's answer or the bird's flight.

On the other hand, Jung quotes from Flammarion's *Der Zufall*, a farcial example of amazing 'co-incidence', apparently without meaning. A certain M. Deschamps, when a boy in Orleans, was given a piece of plum-pudding by a M. de Fortgibu. Ten years later he came upon a plum-pudding in a Paris restaurant, and asked if he could have a piece. It turned out, however, that the plum-pudding was already ordered - by M. de Fortgibu. Many years afterwards M. Deschamps was invited to partake of a plum-pudding as a special rarity. While eating it he remarked that the only thing lacking was M. de Fortgibu. At that moment the door opened and an old, old man in the last stages of disorientation walked in: M. de Fortgibu was in the wrong house and burst in by mistake.

And yet how do we know but that in some bigger 'macrocosmic' or 'world' scheme these things have some 'meaning', though not apparently touching our convenience or advantage?

I should like to suggest that the idea of Synchronicity may shed certain valuable light on ESP phenomena generally. I will try to show you what I mean. For example, I took one of my many books which quote a large collection of examples of powers which might be called telepathy or might be called clairvoyance, etc., many of which work through the medium of dreams. This is Mrs. Louisa Rhine's *Hidden Channels of the Mind*. Her examples will do as well as countless others you will have read about, perhaps even experienced. There is the case of the finding of an opal which a woman missed from her ring after a visit to the theatre with her husband. She was very distressed. In the night, he had a dream, as a result of which he went back to the theatre next morning and found the stone on a cushion under the seat where his wife had sat during the play. Here is a sort of 'coming-together'; something in the outer world, something in the man's mind, outer and inner events. The dream leads to knowledge of this by way of the Unconscious, which is beyond the state of things where cause-effect is accepted as the only connecting principle. In such cases we have mind contacting material things.

Were there special psychological situations likely to arouse such an event? We are not told enough: e.g. whether the ring had an emotional significance for them both as a symbol - had he given it to her? At any rate, we get here a 'coming together' of mind, feeling and perception with an object, place, etc., in a meaningful context. It seems that for a moment the hurly-burly of 'fortuitous' outer events crossing each other like a web of tangled chains from all sorts of directions, all irrelevant to us, and all of which together we call chance, are laid aside so that an area of reality is revealed where things 'come together' naturally.

I want to emphasise how utterly convinced we are as a rule about this seemingly

absolute law of causes and effects. We argue that we can't possibly know all the causes producing all the effects which bring about phenomena all round us so we call all such phenomena 'chance' i.e., a blind, mechanistic power entirely unrelated to us.

Returning to the theme of time, we find that it is real enough as the exact moment or occasion of 'co-incidence', or as a sort of basis on which one thing and another interact (by cause and effect or the other principle) but not real as an emptiness, as something in itself alone. But to follow this up properly would need a whole life-work either of philosophy or of mystical comprehension. Remains the fact that we find something in time which is not the same for the Unconscious. Dreams of the future, or occasional real prophecies, come from a psychic level which is not limited entirely by our conscious time.

Another case: that of the grandmother who telephoned her daughter (or son) in the middle of the night after a dream. "Go to the baby," she said, "he's smothering in his blankets" "Yes, he was", came the answer, "we're up, we heard him, he's alright now". (In the dream, she had seen him strangling and getting weaker and weaker.) Here again we have the coming together of mind and a material situation (at a distance). A superfluous dream in a way! But, apart from the fact that the parents saved the baby without aid from the dream, it is itself in line with many dreams of crisis situations. We know how a dream or waking sensorial experience may link with a son, husband, or someone near and dear in desperate and painful, even tragic circumstances. It is not often that the dream or 'apparition' leads to the possibility of doing much to help the sufferer. Louisa Rhine quotes the case of a man who dreamt that his 14-year-old son dived into a stream and did not come up, and that a certain other boy went on diving in vain to try to find the body. But the father got busy with his work, and on the following day, when his son told him he was going swimming with a friend, he had forgotten the dream. He only remembered later, when told that the mishap had actually occurred. Here the co-operation of conscious and unconscious failed. The causal, rational world closed over too soon. On another occasion in the night, a mother dreamt that a large chandelier crashed on to her baby's crib in the next room. She woke and told her husband, who laughed at the dream. But at length she got up and took the baby to her own bed. Two hours later a loud crash awakened both parents. The chandelier had fallen on the crib.

These were all causes of 'meaningful context'. Perhaps the web of cause-effect threads is always at hand to invade and overtake. But the human psyche (possibly that of non-human creatures too), gets through it in rare conditions, little understood, and touches the world where things belong to each other more comprehensively. There are ESP cases in which we can almost see the 'web' taking over. Mrs. Rhine mentions the dream of a woman whose husband was in the American Navy during the war. She saw him as the only one of his crew to be left adrift in mid-ocean on a small raft after their boat had been sunk, the others being rescued. She hurried to the port from which he was sailing and tried to induce him to

take heed of the dream warning, which he did not do. I think the boat was indeed sunk, and all on it except him were picked up. So we see causes and effects all round: the man goes, and does not respond to the warning because of the order to go; and a serviceman's duty in war is absolute. Other causes determined that the enemy was on the spot: the boat went down because the enemy torpedoed it. Thus arises the prevalent 'chance' against which we feel powerless, for the most part, to do anything.

Consulting 'Chance' in I Ching

I said that a certain belief in these 'correspondences' between inner and outer had always been present till the reign of modern science (which in its turn may yet change its attitude, when more attention is given to such things). The best exemplar of those beliefs which I know exists in a certain book, probably known to some of you, which has been described as a veritable compendium of the old Chinese wisdom. It is called the I Ching, or Book of Changes. Richard Wilhelm, a friend of Jung's, translated it into German and undertook the great venture of putting it before the modern public. The German version was subsequently translated into English. (Another and different translation has now appeared.)

It is founded on the idea of Tao, the Way (or you might say, the Meaning). There is a Tao of Heaven (the supreme laws of Spirit), a Tao of earth (the laws of nature), and between them, a Tao of man. We might call this latter the right psychological attunement to both spirit and instinct.

You can consult this ancient wisdom by going through simple, apparently random (chance) acts: either arranging yarrow stalks in a certain way or (more simply) throwing three coins six times. With each coin-throwing you can get a certain number, 6, 7, 8 or 9. 6 and 8 represent broken lines, 7 and 9 firm (unbroken) lines. By drawing the 6 successive broken and unbroken lines one above the other on paper you can get with your 6 throws any one of the 64-possibilities. Each 6-line shape is called a hexagram.

The consultation is made when there is some question to ask – "What is to happen about . . .?" or - "How should I react to . . .?" The answer can be found enveloped in obscure antique Chinese imagery, which Wilhelm interprets. It is not fortune-telling, i.e., you do not consult about how much money you will get from some transaction, about what outer event is going to happen to you. Neither do you ask whether you should buy one kind of car or another. Anything which your own hard thinking should decide for you is not for the I Ching. You 'throw' when you are in a jam, as to some emotional-psychological issue, when you want to know what line or attitude you should take about some problem. It is about inner stations with reference to the outer. Each hexagram has a title, such as 'Pushing Upward', 'The Turning Point'. It seems to work in a truly impressive manner with persons who have what one can only describe as some attunement to an inner world. Some should never attempt it.

I can quote only a few examples. A friend about to retire wished to sell her large

house, and was anxious that it should still be used for purposes to which she had given much of her life-energy. There were several offers, but only one prospective buyer could really answer these requirements. Unfortunately, as an official body was concerned, there were long delays and quantities of red tape. The agent became worried lest a good offer should be missed. Dared she wait longer?

What did I Ching have to say? The hexagram obtained was 'Difficulty at the beginning'. The Judgement summed up the situation by:- 'Difficulty at the beginning works supreme success.'

Furthering by perseverance.
Nothing should be undertaken.
It furthers one to appoint helpers.

The commentary speaks of something coming to birth, of the unformed taking shape: any premature move might mean disaster.

She stood out, and in good time, the desired purchaser formally completed the deal. A very able friend managed to companion her during the complicated transaction, staying in the house and giving invaluable aid.

Persons who have thrown the coins as a joke, or twice successively to test results in a cynical spirit, have been presented with the hexagram: 'Youthful Folly'. The Judgement reads:

'Youthful folly has success.
It is not I who seek the young fool;
The young fool seeks me.
At the first oracle I inform him.

If he asks two or three times it is importunity. If he importunes, I give him no information. Perseverance furthers.

If things all round are going rather awry with you, you might get 'Retreat'. It is pointed out that a skilful general shows his wisdom by retreating when outnumbered, and gather his forces for more favourable occasions. According to the I Ching, scarcely any situation is just wholly 'bad'. Each one has to be rightly used, and then ultimate success may ensue.

Now after writing all this it was clear that I myself had a problem: could I hope to offer anything of interest and concern to an audience concentrating on 'psychic' matters? What would the book say to that?

The hexagram turned up was 'Coming to Meet'. My theme was 'coming together'. Moreover, I was coming to meet an unfamiliar group. So the I Ching had understood.

But then came a grim warning. 'The principle of darkness and weakness obtrudes from within and below and threatens to ensnare and pollute the powers of light. True enough. There can be 'dark' principles in all these mysterious interests. There

can be mental inflation, and damage to the integrity of those 'powers of light' which mean right and truth, which seek what brings clarity and order, not merely what is alluring and exciting.

However, the text continued to the effect that sometimes the weak should come to meet the strong, so that all creatures may prosper. But everything depends on freedom from the ulterior motives, on our own integrity. The two parts of the hexagram signify: Above, the Creative, Heaven; below, the Gentle, Wind. (That is, Heaven sets things in motion on earth by way of the Wind, which is then a fertilising agent. Compare this Far Eastern notion with western words like 'spirit', 'inspiration', whose Latin stem means 'Wind' or 'breathing'.)

I do not wish to add anything to this.

The Bach Flower Remedies

1. DOCTORING BY FLOWER POWER NORA WEEKS

First I must warn that you are not going to hear about remedies for any physical diseases, but about remedies for sick people, because the Bach method of treatment is based upon the fact that health depends upon our way of thinking, our feelings and emotions. Good health is harmony, rhythm, when we think positively, constructively, happily. Ill-health when we think negatively, destructively, unhappily. Such is the power of thought, the power that man has over his body, which is, after all, only the vehicle he uses on his journey through life.

To understand this method of treatment it is helpful to know something of the man who discovered it. Edward Bach - the name is a Welsh one - trained and qualified at University College Hospital and gained the Diploma of Public Health (D.P.H) at Cambridge in the early 1900s. Then he practiced as consultant, bacteriologist, and homeopath for over 15 years in London.

It was during his medical training that he became far more interested in the patients than in their diseases, for he found that their outlook and behaviour, their feelings and emotions had a marked effect upon the course of their illnesses and the rapidity or slowness of recovery. Patients who were cheerful, hopeful of recovery, determined to be well, made far quicker progress than those who were depressed, frightened, irritable, and who made little effort to get well, even though they were suffering from the same diseases and having exactly the same treatments.

He felt that treating the physical symptoms alone was not enough. The sufferer, the man himself was sick and needed help. Dr. Bach determined to make this part of his future study, but first he wanted to test out and prove for himself other branches of medicine, and he became a bacteriologist.

He was well-known at that time for his research work in bacteriology, but it did not satisfy him. He much disliked the method of injecting the products of disease into a

sick body as healing agents. He felt they should be pure and simple ones. And here he was, of course, still treating the physical body and ignoring the sick person.

But all through those years he had continued to study human nature, watching his patients, his friends and all he came across and how they reacted, in sickness or in health, to pain and suffering and all the events of daily life; and he came more and more to the conclusion that physical disease was not primarily of physical origin, but that it was, as he said, 'the consolidation of a mental attitude': its cause lay in the individual's own subconscious, the emotional body, and the effect that negative states of mind, such as jealousy, hatred, depression, had upon the physical body.

It is easy to see how even a fleeting emotion; a passing thought causes a change in the facial expression. Happiness and pleasure result in smiles and laughter, worry in the deep frown between the eyes, depression in the drooping corners of the mouth, fear in the staring eyes and palor. But when peace of mind returns, smiles break out again. This is true healing - the return of peace of mind.

It follows that if a fleeting unhappy thought can cause a change in the physical body, then one which continues for some time will have a deeper effect. Worry, for instance, going on for some weeks will result in tiredness, loss of sleep, loss of appetite. If the worry continues for months or years, then the changes will become more serious, tiredness will become exhaustion, loss of sleep insomnia, loss of appetite result in digestive disturbances, even gastric or duodenal ulcers. It is a commonly acknowledged fact today that worry can cause the latter. The complaints that have their origin in the mind are now called psychosomatic, but 35 years ago this was a new idea, and rather laughed at!

At this time Dr. Bach came into contact with homoeopathy. He was delighted to find Hahnemann's method resembled so closely his own conclusions, for Hahnemann maintained: 'The patient is the most important factor in his healing.'

He worked for some time in the laboratories of the Royal London Homeopathic Hospital. There he began his research work on intestinal toxaemia (poisoning), and its relation to chronic disease. This confirmed his already-formed opinion of the true cause of disease, and carried him a great step forward to his later discoveries.

He isolated and identified seven groups of intestinal flora, prepared vaccines from them and gave them by mouth to those suffering from chronic-diseases. These seven 'Bach Nosodes', cleansed and purified the intestinal tract with marked improvement in the patients' general health. They are still being used today.

A little later he made a most exciting and important discovery. He found that all the patients needing the same nosode were similar in temperament, had the same tempermental difficulties. For instance, one group of bacteria was always found in greater numbers in the intestines of introspective, over-anxious people, apprehensive of their health, depressed and irritable. Another group was found to predominate in the intestines of those subject to violent emotional outburst,

brainstorms, hysteria, the children who lie on the floor and kick and scream.

From that time on, Dr. Bach prescribed the nosodes according to his patients' temperamental difficulties only, with the same good results. This method of prescribing saved the patient the embarrassment of a physical examination, laboratory tests were no longer necessary and treatment could begin without any delay.

Now he knew he had found the principle of a new method of treatment: 'Treat the patient and not his disease.' Help the sufferer to overcome his temperamental difficulties, his terror, hopelessness, impatience. Then, with the return of peace of mind, the body, that faithful and obedient servant of the mind and emotions would also respond.

He had proved that these unhappy negative states of mind acted upon the body through the sympathetic nervous system and the endocrine glands, that the functions of these nerves and glands were controlled by the individual's changes of mood. Any interference with their functions would result in the fine chemical balance of the body being upset, would lessen its natural resistance to disease, interfere with the normal functions of one or more of its internal organs and leave it in a weakened state, leaving the door open to attack by any infection from outside. Just as plants growing in poor soil are far more vulnerable to attack by pests of all kinds than those growing in good soil.

Dr. Bach's next problem was to find remedies which would help the patient rise above and overcome his unhappy states of mind - to help him replace his fear with courage, his impatience with tolerance and understanding, his hatred with kindness and love - in fact to help him regain and maintain his peace of mind. The help must be practical: it is of little use just to say to a frightened man 'Don't be afraid' or to a worried one 'Don't worry'.

Also he wanted to replace the products of disease he had been using all these years by the pure and simple ones he had hoped for in student days. These he felt would be found amongst the wild flowers of the countryside, so in 1930 he left London and all his former work to search for them.

Throughout those years of medical practice in London he had been using his intellect, his reasoning powers, seeking scientific proof of all his findings, but now a change occurred both in himself and in the work he was to do. He became extremely sensitive in body and extremely sensitive, intuitive, in mind, and as he roamed the countryside he grew more and more in tune with nature until at last nature revealed her secrets to him.

He found that if he held his hand over a flowering plant, or the flower in the palm of his hand he could sense in himself the properties of that plant and react to them in mind and body. Some had an ill-effect, others an exhilarating effect. Then, to help him select the right flowers, he was privileged to suffer in himself to an extreme

degree the negative state of mind for which he sought the antidote.

When he felt irritable and impatient, worried or depressed, he would search the fields and woods until he was guided to the flower which would immediately restore his serenity, raise his spirits, or if you like, raise his vibrations from a lower to a higher frequency. And should he be suffering from some physical ailment at the time, which was usually the case, then within a few hours the condition would clear, leaving no sign or after-effects.

In this way he found 38 flowers, one each for the negative states of mind from which mankind can suffer. The flowers, the living flowers only, were chosen because they grow above ground in the sunlight and the air, and contain the continued life of the plant in the embryo seed. All of them, with the exception of four, are common wild flowers of the British Isles: Chicory, Heather, Gorse, Honeysuckle, and the flowers of the Oak, Elm, Beech and Larch are some of them.

He prepared his Remedies from them in two ways. He used the 'sun method' for the flowers that bloom in full summer when the sun is at its most powerful. A small clear glass bowl is placed upon the ground in the field where the flowering plants grow, and is filled with cold water to the brim. Then the flower heads are picked just below the calyx and quickly floated on the water until the whole surface is covered, and left in full sunlight for three hours. At the end of that time the water is impregnated with the life-force, the vital force of the flowers, it is sparkling and vibrant and the flowers still as fresh as when they were picked. They are then removed and the water - we call it 'living water' is bottled and preserved.

The 'boiling method' is used for those flowers (mostly the tree-flowers) which bloom early in the year before the sun has reached its full power.

When Doctor Bach had found these 38 flower Remedies, he classified them under seven headings: those for fear, indecision, lack of interest in the present, over-sensitiveness to outside influences, despondency and despair, loneliness and over-care for the welfare of others. He then wrote a little book, *The Twelve Healers and Other Remedies*, describing their use.

Although he used these Remedies from then onwards exclusively, he proved they could be taken at the same time as any other medicine, even homoeopathic remedies, without being interfered with. As the flower Remedies act directly on the subconscious, the emotional body, they act independently of a perhaps more physical medicine.

The method of prescribing them is simple. No matter the name, duration or severity of the physical complaint, prescribe the Remedy for the sufferer's most outstanding difficulty, his terror, nervousness, his loss of hope, his resentment, whatever it may be.

It is how the patient is feeling NOW which indicates his Remedy. It does not matter so much about his childhood, his school-days, his past, because he is still in his

nature. And give an understanding and sympathetic ear, most people are very willing to unburden themselves of their worries. Indeed we feel this also is part of the treatment, for in so doing both mental and physical tension is released.

As we are all unique individuals, we react in a different way to the same thing, to the same illness. Take four people suffering from 'flu, for instance. One will be impatient and irritable; his Remedy is Impatiens, a balsam. Another may be fretful, full of self-pity, always wanting someone with him; he will need Chicory. The third may be depressed, discouraged; he will need Gentian. The fourth may be dreamy, drowsy, taking no interest in anything; his Remedy is the wild Clematis, Traveller's Joy.

As all these flower Remedies are benign (no poisonous plants are used), they can be given safely to babies and children of all ages. Children respond very well indeed, and as there is no taste and the dosage is small - four drops in a little water, they do not mind taking them.

Now more detail, and some cases of patients who have not only regained their health but a much happier outlook on life.

That extremely common difficulty, fear, can be divided into five kinds, and there is a Remedy for each.

(i) Extreme fear, terror, panic. It may occur in any illness or at any time, especially when the illness is very severe or the pain and discomfort almost unbearable. Great fear is also felt by the relatives and friends of the patient.

The Remedy for this kind of fear is the delicate little wild yellow Rock Rose. It has helped so many children and adults suffering from bad dreams or nightmares. One mother of 38 who was expecting her second baby in three weeks, said that her first confinement 11 years earlier had been most difficult, and she had been in a panic the whole time. Now although she very much wanted her second baby, she was terrified that she would go through the same difficulties again; she was full of tension in consequence. She was given a medicine of Rock Rose to strengthen her courage and asked to take it four times a day until the time arrived; then to sip it as often as possible during labour. She said her husband would help her do this. Shortly after her baby was born she wrote to say, to her delight she had had a quick and easy birth, was relaxed and happy the whole time, and her blood pressure had remained normal. She had had to have injections for very high blood pressure with her first baby.

(ii) Ordinary fears of everyday life, of known cause - fear of other people, fear of the dark, of animals, of accidents, of pain. Shyness, nervousness, fear of going to the dentist, of an examination, of speaking in public. Its Remedy is another yellow flower, the monkey flower, Mimulus, which is a close relation of the wild musk.

A woman in her early 40's was very shy and retiring, nervous of meeting people, hardly ever accepting invitations even from her friends. For over one year she had been suffering from the skin complaint psoriasis on both arms, hands and legs. She

said it made her feel unclean and was an added excuse for staying at home. For her shy nervous nature, she was given a medicine of mimulus and another Remedy, crab-apple. This is a cleansing Remedy for those who have a feeling of self-dislike or self-disgust.

She took the medicine for a month. When she came, the skin on arms and hands had cleared completely; there was just one patch on her left leg. She also said she was feeling so much better in herself, she was becoming more confident. The Remedies were continued for another two months to consolidate the improvement in herself and her physical condition, and at the end of that time, the skin had no blemishes and she said her friends and her husband were remarking on the change in herself. As an example of her courage, she said that she had been trying to change her milkman for over a year, but had never had the courage. But one day she went to the door and told him very firmly she did not want him to call again!

(iii) Fear of unknown cause, that vague apprehensive fear for which no reason can be given. The goose-flesh fear, the look-over-your-shoulder fear. Those who suffer from it do not like to speak about it as they think others will not understand. The Remedy for this kind of fear is the flower, the catkin of the aspen tree. One patient told us that once or twice a week she woke in the middle of the night, shaking all over and bathed in perspiration, so frightened, although she could give no reason for it. She had had no bad dreams, her husband was in bed by her side, she had a happy family life with no worries. After a time she would go to sleep again and wake in the morning with a bad headache which lasted all day.

She was given aspen as a medicine, and gradually these fears lessened until they disappeared altogether, and with them went the headaches.

(iv) Desperate fear of losing control of the emotions, of going out of one's mind, of doing things which in the ordinary way one would not dream of doing, an impulse to harm someone or oneself, suicidal tendencies. Its Remedy is the white flower of the wild cherry-plum.

Just after the war a young man came to us in a desperate state. He had been in the RAF, and being a very highly strung and sensitive type it had been too much for him and he suffered a severe nervous breakdown. He had had all kinds of treatment with little result. He was restless, very tense, said he was afraid he was going out of his mind, and had almost uncontrollable impulses to end it all. His physical health naturally had suffered, he was very pale and thin and suffered from insomnia. He was given cherry-plum. Very gradually he began to respond, he was quieter, sleeping better, losing his impulse to harm himself. He continued treatment for 8 months; the Remedies were varied from time to time as his moods changed, but cherry-plum was always in his medicine. At the end of the 8 months, he was a changed young man, sensible and controlled, sleeping and eating well and in full command of his emotions. Shortly after, he married and had a good and responsible job. He also now uses the Remedies to help others.

(v) Fear for other people. Over-anxiety and apprehension that some accident, or misfortune or illness may occur to a member of the family or to friends. The kind of fear that we all feel, for instance, when we see a child run across the road in front of oncoming traffic. The Remedy for this fear is the flower of the red chestnut tree.

A grandmother was very worried because she was taking care of her two grandsons since their mother's death. She had not had anything to do with children for many years and now she was always afraid for them - a thousand and one unnecessary fears, as she said. In consequence she could not sleep, was suffering from indigestion and felt really ill. Red Chestnut helped her overcome these anxieties within a few weeks. She said she had come to the conclusion that small boys were tough and quite able to look after themselves, so now she did not worry about them; her indigestion had cleared up and she was sleeping again.

As you see from these few case reports, the Bach Remedies are not prescribed for the physical complaints, but for the kind of fear each sufferer experienced. Indeed, there are no Remedies for any physical illness.

But for accidents and emergencies there is a special combination of the Bach Remedies.

In any emergency, great or small, the first consideration of course is to make the patient comfortable and keep him warm, and to allay his mental distress as far as possible whilst awaiting the arrival of the ambulance or doctor if necessary. In such cases, there is always some degree of shock, of fear, of mental tension, and the five Remedies in the Bach first-aid Remedy are for those states of mind:

Star of Bethlehem is the Remedy for shock. The shock of some bad news or sad news, the shock experienced after an accident, a burn, even a cut finger or a bump on the head.

Rock rose, for terror, great fear, panic.

Impatiens for great mental tension, restlessness, the inability to relax.

Cherry plum for complete loss of emotional control, shouting, screaming, incessant talking.

Clematis for the far-away bemused feeling which often precedes a faint.

The first-aid Remedy we call the Rescue Remedy because Dr. Bach first used it in the early 1930s when a small ship was wrecked in a great gale off Cromer. The two men on board had to lash themselves to the mast to avoid being washed overboard. There they had to stay for several hours, the life-boat having already gone to another ship in distress. When they were finally rescued the younger man was unconscious, blue in the face, stiff with sea-salt. As he was carried ashore, Dr. Bach repeatedly moistened his lips with the Rescue Remedy and by the time they reached a nearby house the young man had regained consciousness, was trying to sit up and asked for a cigarette.

The Rescue Remedy and ointment can also be used externally at the same time as internally, with great benefit. A cook carrying a frying pan full of boiling fat tripped, and the fat went all over her left hand. She was immediately given doses of the Rescue Remedy, and the ointment prepared from it smeared over the hand, which was then lightly covered. She was suffering from shock and was in great pain. This happened at 1 o'clock. When she came at 4 o'clock, she was waving her hand in the air, bending and stretching her fingers, smiling and happy. The skin showed no sign of the burn except for one small red patch between her first and second fingers which the ointment had not touched. She said the pain had gone within 15 minutes.

A lady cutting grass went too near a wasp's nest, and was badly stung on the face and inside the left nostril. Luckily she had some Rescue Remedy, took frequent doses of it, and bathed the face in a solution of the Remedy. She thought her face would swell badly, but the next morning, apart from a slight puffiness of the nose, she had no pain or discomfort.

The Bach Remedies are a very great help even when one is not physically ill. They are a help on those days when one gets out of bed on the wrong side, or when one feels depressed for no reason at all, or irritable and impatient. They restore harmony and make us feel life is so well worth living again.

Out of the body by mantras

Walter K. Paul

Mr. Paul's account is provided as a matter of interest, and his experiments are not necessarily endorsed or recommended.

In this article I wish to set out my personal experiences in the field of 'out-of-the-body' experiences. These I owe solely to 'magic', that is, Kabbalah-exercises which, I think, might be called 'mantras'. It means a rapid and rhythmical (7 times in 1 rhythm) repetition for about ten to fifteen minutes, not more, of certain letters of the alphabet which are combined in groups of only 2 letters each for this special purpose. Seven combinations are needed.

Before doing these combinations, at least 4 other combinations should be done as a basis daily for 2 to 3 months, then one should add the 7 other combinations. One may then shorten the basis to about 5 minutes each, so that nevertheless about 90 minutes minimum of mantra-saying aloud will be needed daily.

One should draw enough breath and repeat the combinations 7 times while breathing out, without inhaling within the rhythm of 7; but one should make sure to have enough breath and not say the letters, without sufficient breath. In case of initial difficulties, one must inhale within the rhythm (without speaking); one will, however, soon be able to do easily one rhythm or two (i.e. 14 combinations) while exhaling once.

The 'Kabbalah course' was published by Cuno Helmuth Müller under the title of Die Kabbalapraxis nach Franz Bardon in the German spiritualistic monthly Die andere Welt from June 1964 till spring 1965. He said that leaving the physical, not with the astral body but with the mental body only, is almost without danger if these formulae are used, whereas wandering in the astral body can be dangerous.

Success may be expected after 11/2 to 3 months. With me the first surprise occurred in March 1965, on a night of full moon, after about 6 weeks of daily letter-exercises of at least 10 minutes for each combination of letters. I awoke and found myself floating face upward about 10 or 12 centimetres from the ceiling of my bedroom, near the light, in a horizontal position, slightly turning, as though I was hanging in this lying position close to the ceiling, and somebody could make me turn to the right or to the left. It took me, of course, some seconds to understand - but then I knew that this was the first result of my 'exercises', and that I could not be hanging there with my physical body.

I was conscious up there for about 15 to 20 seconds. Then I thought: "Now that I am conscious I'll certainly have to return." Then there was a total blackout for 2 to 3 seconds; then a small part of my consciousness returned, and then I felt that I was back in my body. It felt as though a lamp that at first has a dim light was being turned brighter and brighter (this, however, only took a second in time). In actual fact I felt no jolts or resistance whatsoever; so smoothly did I get back that I was not aware of any 'technique', nor anything.

After the first experience, nothing happened for more than 2 months; then I tried to will myself out of the body. After going to bed I stretched and lay quite still and willed myself out. When I had fallen asleep, I was in my sleep (dream) thrown on my face, but I did not wake up. Then I was again thrown on my back (in the same position that my physical body was lying) by these (non-physical) movements in sleep. I awoke. Lying awake I felt a vibration beginning, so I lay quite still, hoping to leave the body. Then my legs began to rise out of their physical legs, but the rest of my body remained in the physical in spite of the vibration. Then my legs sank back and the vibration stopped.

The next night I proceeded as before: at the moment of falling asleep I became wide awake as vibration of the body began. After a few moments I started to rise in a horizontal position, and then moved to the left, sideways. At this moment I felt an arm under my back which was pulling me sideways, and I felt the bedcover slip. For the moment this surprise made me mistake the situation for the physical; I was afraid, thinking that somebody must have come in and was now carrying me out of bed. I called my wife's name twice for help, and the ethereal voice sounded higher than my physical one. Then I rejected the idea of the physical, and confidently allowed what might to happen, because I had read somewhere that mental resistance could cause the experiment to fail and I felt reassured by remembering Mr. Sculthorpe's book. The stranger carried me through the darkness of the room (some

light penetrated from outside). He put me on my feet to the left of the bed, a little way from the foot, and behind me, with a hand on both shoulders, eventually kept me from falling. Then he or she turned me to the right and pushed me gently, and I walked till I stood directly in front of the foot of my bed. I do not have the impression that the presence, unknown to me, was a 'high guide'. After two or three seconds blackout I felt myself coming back into my physical body as already described. Duration, 20-25 seconds (without the vibration in the body). The vibration stopped when a distance of 1/2 to 1 metre had been reached. After this experience I continued to will myself out of the body, but without success.

Then, more than a month later, at the time of the new moon, I had been asleep for half an hour when I woke from what seemed to me a very deep sleep to find myself standing in the hall in front of my bedroom, with my back towards the door. At first, at this surprise, it did not occur to me that I might have left my body, and I became angry, asking myself where I might have come from, walking in my sleep, thinking that I might have made a noise in the house, and so on, so sure was I that I was in my physical body. So this is the result of my 'magic', I thought, that I began to walk about unconsciously. What will my wife say? She had always been opposed to this 'nonsense' as she called it whenever she heard me doing it.

So I went backwards through the bedroom door which I believed to be open, slowly, in order not to wake my wife. What then followed was strange. I do not know whether on stepping back I had a feeling of touching the 'open door', and pushing it further open with my back, for when I reached the bedroom I searched with my hand for the door latch to close it. When I touched it there was a feeling as if the door had been violently closed by a draught, yet there was no sound of a bang, and around my head I had a feeling difficult to describe - it was as if a vacuum outside the door was sucking the air from the bedroom around my head (in reality the door was closed during this experience). Is there an explanation to this pulling of the door and sucking? Was I pulled back by the cord when I touched the metal latch? Perhaps there was some sort of current passing through my ethereal head which caused the feeling of suction. Is not the cord attached to the head of either the astral or the mental body?

I now walked backwards to the foot of my bed, almost a metre from the door, but now I thought that I might be having an out-of-the-body experience, and I said to myself, "I shall soon know that. I shall sit quietly on the foot of my bed, and if the cover is open, then the bed is empty, otherwise the bed will be occupied by my body (which I expected to feel in that case). When I sat down on the bed there was just a moment of feeling my pyjamas with my hands, and then the next second I was lying in bed, with the covers as I had arranged them half an hour ago. Only now I knew what had happened. Duration this time difficult to estimate: in any case longer than the two preceding events - 30 or 40 seconds.

Weeks and then months later, several more half and full separations from the body

took place, up to 31/2 metres away from the body (I estimate), before I stopped exercises which need so much time, when one is not at all sure whether and when success will follow. In my case it did follow, though most of the time I waited in vain.

Perhaps this kind of experiment might be interesting for some readers who are not as gifted as the people in the literature on astral projection. For them, provided they are patient and persistent, this might offer a possibility of being granted experiences otherwise unobtainable, of which they can only read. It would be interesting to have reports from those who were successful. And mediumistic people may perhaps have greater possibilities which we normal, ungifted ones cannot have with our 3 metres distance and only 15-40 seconds conscious absence from the body. They may perhaps be able to travel nearly (as the author of the Course said) all over the globe at almost the speed of light wherever they want to go and at the time chosen, provided they have a quiet place in which to start, where they cannot be disturbed. I tried that way in vain, because that is what had been promised. Therefore my night experiences came as a surprise. But I am thankful for having had 'only' these, for they mean Knowing, not only believing in the description of others, that the 'I' is independent of flesh.

There is however, a question which I cannot answer: How does the effect of these letters come about and why? Is their sound, i.e. pronunciation, important, and would their English pronunciation yield the same result? The Kabbalah comes from the Hebrew alphabet. Did they pronounce it as we Germans do our Latin letters? I hardly think so. By the way, the mantra-mystic use of these letters had been developed, as it seems, by Herr Müller, who took as a basis Franz Bardon's *Der Schlüssel für wahren Kabbalah* ('The Key to the Genuine Kabbalah'). I doubt if one in a thousand of the buyers of this book obtained tangible results. His instructions are practically impossible to understand. It seems that one would first need many years of preparations. He speaks of mental use of the combinations, but does not, however, say how often they should be used.

The mantra method as shown by Müller in his course is simple, can be applied by anyone, and yields results within a few weeks or months.

I first tried the exercises in 1965. In 1967 I tried to see whether they worked when used mentally - that is, in thought only - but still keeping them up rapidly as when spoken aloud, and for the same amount of time. Results came within 6 weeks, at about the time of the full moon; but the effect was weaker, and would only come with the full moon, and there were no surprises for me when I awoke out of the body. There were several vibrations when I had gone to bed, and I willed myself to another room. I floated out of my body, moved sideways 1 metre and returned, with the vibrations continuing all the time. Two or three times there were vibrations when I hardly left my body. On one occasion I floated out and came to stand at the foot of my bed on the floor; I had willed myself to go either through the wall or through the door into the other room; but from where I was standing (we live on the

first floor of the house) we descended, I felt someone present, through the floor to the basement; thus far my conscious experience reached, then it lapsed into a dream (which I did not notice at the time, but only after I had returned to the body, where I was at once conscious after returning).

In this out-of-the-body dream we arrived at a large room in the basement (which does not exist in actual fact), and now I saw before me the woman who had conducted me. I asked her name, which she told me. She then went to the other end of the room and left through a door. I now saw two women at the side of the room who were carrying a big case. I thought that I would try and see whether they could see me. I ran towards them and held the case and pulled it backwards. They looked back and saw me, then ran away. There were two beds standing in the middle. In one was a boy of perhaps ten years old asleep. I next saw an elderly man come in through one of the three doors. He did not seem to like my presence. When he approached, I managed to float to the other side of the beds. When he came near again, I floated to the opposite side, then I returned to the body and knew that this 'interesting' latter part of my excursion had only been a dream.

I should add, perhaps, that in at least two of these experiences from the bed I was quite awake at the start, I had not yet gone to sleep nor had I been about to fall asleep, but the vibration never stopped during all this time - perhaps 10 seconds of conscious absence from the body. I think that this vibration was needed because of the weaker effect of the solely mental exercise.

Somewhere I read that the (mental)-etheric body possessed all lacking parts of the physical. With my tongue I touched the gap where two teeth are missing, but they were missing in my ethereal body as well. Perhaps I was too close to the physical body, my head being only 2 metres from its physical counterpart. Can anyone explain this?

Here are the letter combinations which can lead to success: DC, CK, EF, EK.

The following are the letters for doing the mental travelling: BF, CR, DR, EB, BD, BN, CU.

The Mystical Unfolding of Man

Martin Israel

The evolution of living form from the inert vegetable to the plastic animal tells of a gradually unfolding consciousness which knows primarily of itself and is then aware of its environment. The great advance in consciousness that is witnessed in the advent of humanity is of awareness of separation in an unknown natural order. Whereas lower forms of life participate automatically in the cycle of natural order, living, procreating and dying, man is aware of his separation from the environment in which he lives. He contemplates the inevitable future with dread and foreboding,

for no matter how well he can control the external aspects of his life, he is only too well aware of his ultimate destiny as a physical agent. In the early formative years of individual life the concentration is focused on outer things - the achievement of prestige and the attainment of wealth on the physical level, and the acquisition of knowledge based on scientific research on a more intellectual one. Though this makes life abundant for a period of time, it fails to give that inner satisfaction that comes with knowing that the struggles and disappointments of life are meaningful in a larger view of existence. It is this quest for ultimate meaning and purpose in a mysterious, apparently impersonal world that gives the human being his peculiar significance in the nature of things, and makes his transient witness in the realm of physical form so poignant in its tragic alienation and so noble in its ultimate victory over all things exigent and temporal.

The Modes of Human Manifestation

Man manifests himself first as a centre of self-consciousness. In much of everyday life he is impelled by unconscious drives which are part of the instinctive background of psychic life that he shares with and inherits from the animal world. But in times of crises decisions have to be made which include an element of morality. It is in taking that decision which accords with his highest judgment of values, despite the social obloquy that may follow an unpopular choice, that he manifests his true individuality as a person and also his innate humanity. The fact of evolution, accepted on the biological level, has its psychological counterpart also. Man starts on the animal basis of caring for himself alone, and satisfies his appetites to the exclusion of all else. But this does not lead to permanent happiness. He is not a nomad, living in complete isolation, but draws his very life from the communion of nature and of his fellow beings. If his life is to have a more lasting satisfaction it must be in relationship with others, so that he can share the treasury of his experiences and confide the abyss of his woes. Life shared becomes interesting, and the future assumes an inviting prospect. This in turn stimulates intellectual endeavour and scientific research, so that the strange environment that surrounds man can be probed and rationalised. It is indeed the intellectual manifestation of man that is dominant at the present time. Yet science explains mechanism but not cause or purpose. Behind the tangible intellectual world of controllable forces there rests the controlling power that directs man himself, and in the action of this power man's destiny seems closed and futile. It can be stated with certainty that the quest for meaning can never be achieved by the intellect acting alone.

But there are other manifestations of the human genius. These include artistic creation, social justice and religious awe. It is these impulses, derived from the superconscious part of the psyche, that lead man to obey his true nature in times of stress and decision. When they are satisfied, he may be no richer in terms of material things or even intellectual knowledge, but he has found some meaning to the vast universe in which he finds himself, and has lost, at least temporarily, the

sense of nomadic isolation in which so much of his existence is pent. It is in caring for his neighbour in selfless concern that man begins to transcend his own enclosed awareness, and he communicates not so much with the intellect as with his whole psyche, which includes the emotions and the intuition. It is in selfless service that man finally reaches maturity.

The Mystical Experience

Communion on the level of worldly consciousness, though at its zenith all self-awareness is lost, is of short duration, and lapses inevitably once more into isolation. Even the closest relationships are terminated in physical death, and the most dedicated labour is consummated in decay and dissolution. Change is inherent in all earthly activity, and the strivings and opinions of one epoch are submerged into the careless oblivion of future generations. Whoever looks for the fruit of his actions, no matter how noble their motive, is bound to be disappointed. The experience of the Cross is the summation of worldly life. This realisation marks the greatest crisis in the path of evolving man. It can lead to voluntary oblivion in suicide, both individual and general. Or it can be the presage of a new awareness. Which of these is to prevail depends on the commitment of man and his essential motivation. If this is towards universal service and is emptied of personal striving, he will, as it were, by a gift from outside himself, be enabled to see and feel beyond the enclosing limitations of material form. It is this elevation in the level of his consciousness that he will grow into his next state of life. This is the mystical unfolding of human awareness.

The essential characteristic of mystical experience is union. There is the awareness of union between subject and object, so that their identity is acknowledged despite their physical dissimilarity. In daily life each person separates himself within the shelter of his outer personality. In the phraseology of Buber he forms an I-It relationship with his surroundings, including even his fellow men. In deeper relationships with people there is a deepening to an I-Thou relationship of ultimate concern. But in mystical experience the unity involves all grades of existence, and the particular essence of the personal self is seen to be continuous with all other physical forms. And yet in this union all limitations germane to a time-space world are transcended. The universe itself is seen to be merely an aspect of a whole that is without parts, infinite in that nothing can be added to it, and eternal in that it exists outside time, always being present and never ceasing to be present. It is the inherently paradoxical nature of mystical pronouncements that put them outside the orbit of rational discussion, but the main impression that is left confirms a reality that pervades and transcends the limited finite world in which creatures live and move and have their being.

The Significance of Mystical Experience

Mysticism is to be seen as the presage of a new way of life, the life of the spirit. It is not an experience merely to be treasured in private as evidence of a special grace bestowed on a particular person, but is the vision of life eternal, of life which

transcends not only the superficialities of physical form but also the astral surroundings that envelop the newly-released soul after death of the carnal body. St. Paul spoke of the universe being freed from the shackles of mortality and entering upon the liberty and splendour of the children of God. This is the vision of completion experienced in a timeless moment by the mystic, and it is his bounden duty as well as his overwhelming joy to transmit this knowledge to his fellow beings. In this way the insight gained in a flash and retained for only a moment will become the blueprint of the new world.

Mystical experience makes the profoundest teachings of the world's great religions not only understandable but also the guide to constructive living. Furthermore they are all one in essence, and the dismal theological wrangling about the means of grace and the exclusiveness of redemption, or salvation as it is called in the Western tradition, is seen to be mere sophistry - in the light of the resplendent reality, both personal and supra-personal, both imminent in all things and transcendent outside creation. In the West it is called God, while in the East its supra-personal aspect is often more directly apprehended, but it is above all the way, the truth and the life. It is the very stuff in which all created things live and move and have their being, and yet it forms the composition of creation while being beyond the created.

The glorious destiny of the whole world, of which man is a vital agent, leads in turn to a renewed faith in life. It puts the tragedies and pain of carnal life into perspective, so that by the courage and fortitude needed to accept them and transcend their limitations, they can be welcomed as necessary adjuncts to the building of character. Man must come of age by contending with the unknown forces that surround him. These include not only the material universe that is penetrated by scientific research but also the inner psychic realm with its fear of life and of the future. While the suffering which is part of mortal life is beyond a satisfactory rational explanation, it can be used as a stepping-stone towards understanding the self. This leads to that compassion which includes all living things, so that death of the body is seen not as the end of life but rather as the gateway to real living.

The Awakening Consciousness of Man

If a man is to prevail there will have to be a new attitude to life itself. The struggle for personal survival is ultimately meaningless except in the wider background of community living. This is now recognised by all the important religious groups and political parties. Internal social justice is aimed at in most countries, and international co-operation is more widely canvassed than ever before. But war and destruction are as dominant now as they were in the past. It is no use merely paying lip-service to the ideal of the brotherhood of man, as is done so volubly in many religious and political circles, while there is no real communion even between people sharing these ideals. The transformation of society will never take place as the result of economic, political or even ecumenical manoeuvres. It is the heart which knows. Man will be 'converted' from selfishness to selfless service only when he has seen the

light of reality, when he has tasted of that love that knows no barriers and is freely available to all who seek it. And this is the gift of mystical consciousness, at present the experience of the few, but which, in the future, will become known to more and more people.

Already an emergent school of psychology has recognised a tendency to transcendental experiences, called 'pea experiences' in technical language, amongst mature, self-actualising people. These are people who can function on the level of their real identity, and are developing their psychological gifts, such as artistic creativity, altruistic service and ethical concern. They have passed beyond the level of outer personality to inner identity, and can function among their fellows without the façade of class, profession, race or nationality. They form deep friendships because they can give of themselves - and they have much to give. They can see beyond cant, humbug and red-tape, and can participate fully in the life of the community without being submerged in the anonymity of mass living. These are the true healers of our time, and they are the prototype of the new man. As they evolve so their mystical insight will broaden and their creative capacity will enlarge. And their example points the way to mystical consciousness in the future. It will not come by ascetic practices or religious rites, nor will it follow esoteric teachings or spectacular meditation courses. The Christian Master taught that the kingdom of God lies within each one of us, and we know through his life that it is attained by balanced living and concern for man. It comes as a thief in the night when we least expect it, when we are so committed to the work of the world that we are no longer immersed in our normal selfishness. When our travail and suffering is insoluble by human means, it is then that the grace from without descends and lightens our darkness.

Mystical man will know and use the psychic gifts which are so sporadically endowed and so poorly evaluated. They will form an important part of his system of communication, and he will use them wisely. The astral element that predominates in psychism of the mystic who has glimpsed the reality that far transcends the view of the after-life at present vouchsafed us in mediumistic communication. Indeed the very concept of communication must give way to that of communion of the living and the 'dead.'

In the face of such knowledge of ultimate things we may hope for that metanoia, that fundamental change of thinking, which will usher in the Kingdom of God on earth.

Spiral Versus Circular: Letter to an Editor

Rosamond Lehmann

Since you have done me the honour of asking me for my views on mediumship, 'spiral versus circular,' I offer you these reflections. But first it might be as well to clarify your somewhat cryptic phrase.

I take it that, in the last analysis, you are seeking possible pointers towards a new framework within which to study and develop New Age mediumship, with special emphasis perhaps upon an aspect hitherto neglected or improperly understood - I mean, that of mental mediumship achieved through spiritual exercises whose purpose is the raising of consciousness ('spiral') in each and every one of us. By 'circular' I understand platform demonstrations or other 'personal message' types of mediumship, usually of a trivial nature and tending to decline into the repetitious, the mechanical, like a stuck gramophone record turning round and round in the same groove.

Alternatively, and far more distasteful than this limited, automatic type of mediumship - which is frequently evidential and therefore useful as well as comforting - there is the area of the bogus inspirational, of inflated rhetoric, of unctuous platitudes masquerading as authoritative teachings; and various other delusional upsurges from the subliminal regions of the psyche, both individual and collective. As most of us learn to our cost at one time or another, the unconscious, like Habbakuk, is capable de tout*. None of us, for instance, who watched a gathering televised in a so-called examination of mediumship by Mr. Whicker of Whicker's World will forget it in a hurry.

* Ce coquin d'Habbakuk est capable de tout. Voltaire.

While attempting to compose this letter, I re-opened A Man Seen Afar, by Wellesley Tudor Pole, whose scribe and editor I once had the privilege of being. What he says on the subject of mediumship today strikes me as important, and I venture to quote from the portion called A Conversation, not only because of its relevance, but by way of paying a further tribute to one whose words do not grow stale or trite with much-reading, but, on the contrary, 'wing on, as wise words will.'

W.T.P.: 'What we've got to understand is that those who have gone on are subject, at first at least, to far more fluidic and illusory conditions than we are. They aren't by any means always able to free themselves from the two-way pull of gravitation, terrestrial versus spiritual. In the so-called Plane of Illusion, where many of us linger, you can mould the atmosphere into any form you like by manipulating its magnetic energies and currents. Trance mediums also utilise these currents - you can see the danger: they may open doorways, twoway doorways - to delusion, confusion, even to serious obsessional influence. The results may prove far more injurious than we realise, not to mention the danger of detriment to the health - mental and physical - of those who go in for trance methods. . . .

"I'd like to explain as clearly as I can - I'd like to emphasise - that the human race is now entering a new dispensation. Fresh spiritual perceptions, new agencies for communion between different levels of consciousness will develop, will bring about a gradual spiritual-gravitational upward pull to get us off the ground. . . . The abandoning of trance methods must be gradual. But on the whole I would say that now is the time for all true seekers to relinquish automatism, materialisation circles

and the rest. These forms of psychic phenomena and investigation belong to the period of the downward arc. Remember that we are at the very lowest point of this round of evolution, waiting for the impulse to generate the upward urge. We have an urgent duty to bring about less tension in the worlds into which we pass at death. We must try to lift ourselves in consciousness to a point where contact - communion - can take place on a plane above the pull of terrestrial gravitation. Our destiny is to ascend, you know, to 'die' less and less. . . . Help people to understand what the stilling of self means, what the prayer of selfless receptivity means: how to begin to rise towards a level on which we can commune with those we love without an intermediary."

Without an intermediary: this Tudor Pole stressed again and again, in letters and in private conversations, as the goal to be aimed at, and - given sufficient love and dedication - as being within the reach of ordinary people. Of course, there will always be those born to be supreme channels for communication; those whose level of clairaudience, clairvoyance, of seership in general will cause our own 'openings' to seem elementary; but the fact remains that the kind of break-through he partly urged, partly foresaw, is happening all around us. I myself have been touched, heartened and profoundly impressed by the amount of letters that have come to me from strangers since the publication of *The Swan in the Evening*, describing supra-physical experiences similar to my own after heart-shattering bereavements.

A point worth stressing, which I wish I had remembered when I was writing *The Swan*, is that this stepping-up of the vibratory rate, this quickening of tempo and awareness, this break-down, break-up of the old order, is not confined solely to earth levels. Obviously, cosmic changes are occurring in the interpenetrating, sub-atomic worlds as well. Some time ago, I was shown a fascinating letter, transmitted through Cynthia Sandys, describing this sharpening and expansion of consciousness in the mental spheres. The writer, who 'went over' at a ripe old age, had been exchanging reminiscences with (I think) her grandmother, who had emphasised the startling changes in the immediate post-mortem state. Formerly, she was told, conditions for the new arrivals had been far more fluidic, wavering and inert; and this could last, it seemed, for what we would call centuries of time. Nowadays, by comparison, the inner planes were humming and buzzing with activity. Maybe the Greek conception of a world of shades, squeaking and flitting on the further banks of Lethe, contained a literal truth!

And maybe also, as the human situation sharpens, that soft, insubstantial lotus-dream called Summerland will uncreate itself. Perhaps it is already seeping through to earth in the form of flower-power, cannabis sessions, love-ins and the rest, before disintegrating altogether?

The other day, a friend, a young poet who does not doubt survival yet shudders away from psychic literature and investigation, expressed his objections thus:

'My doubts could be put crudely under two heads - Evidential and Aesthetic, and the

latter is to me the more important. It seems to me that the transcribers are insufficiently poets. And yet the material is in the area of poetry.”

How chilling, how arrogant, I thought at first, to reject as unworthy of his attention any news from *au delà* that does not conform to his fastidious aesthetic standards. Must all of us become poets of death, speak with the tongues of angels, use only poets for our transcribers and interpreters? Also, I suspected that he was merely disguising (as so many do) an instinctive or inherited preference for sealing the dead off, labeling them untouchable, ‘with God,’ ‘at rest,’ stripping them of the humanity once theirs - still theirs in another dimension. I thought of all the obstacles triumphantly overcome on both sides by those determined never to lose touch with those they love, and of how immeasurably - apart from consolation - my own imagination has been enriched and stretched in consequence. But after reflection I saw that my reaction was unfair to him, and that he was groping to express something of importance in the field of moral choice, of spiritual quality - that which Keats expressed more happily and with deeper insight in writing of “that which went to form a man of achievement - I mean Negative Capability, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.” He goes on to criticise Coleridge for being incapable of remaining content with half-knowledge, and relates this capability to the sense of beauty.

Keats is discussing literature in this immortal passage, but I would suggest that it should equally apply to science; and that scientists too often lack Negative Capability, though the greatest do not. Are theologians able to remain in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts? I cannot call to mind an instance, but I am not well up in theology.

What is certain is that the sense of beauty is inseparable from true mystical experience; and that the experiencer seems effortlessly able to draw language of extreme purity, precision and poetic resonance from his or her immersion in the Mysteries. A glance at the examples given in *Varieties of Religious Experience* or in *Watcher on the Hill* will confirm this significant paradox.

So will that marvellous letter of Rilke’s which I quoted in *A Man Seen Afar*, and which seems to me well worth further meditation.

“ . . . To me it appears like this: our ordinary consciousness dwells on the apex of a pyramid whose base within us stretches out so far that the further we penetrate into it the more we find ourselves at one with the events of earthly life, in the widest sense of cosmic life. Now these séances, with all their disturbing or misleading side issues, their clumsiness, their half-truths and their countless misunderstandings lie on the road to such knowledge. But just because my inner beliefs have always accepted the miraculous as natural, I refused to devote myself to these revelations rather than to any other mystery of life; to me they are one more secret among innumerable secrets. My instinct leads me to awaken something in my

consciousness to counterbalance them. Nothing could be more alien to me than a world where these phenomena had the upper hand. What do we know of the seasons of eternity, and whether it happens to be harvest time? How many fruits have been checked in their ripening by inquisitive minds?"

Have I cleared my mind, or yours, or anybody else's in the course of this letter? My own faint glimmer resides or is half hidden in the belief that what certain poets say on this subject of the 'spiral' is worth attending to; and that what Tudor Pole said is rooted in the same spiritual and philosophic ground.

I hope I haven't strayed too far from the point of departure given me. You wouldn't, would you, expect me to arrive conclusively? Remember that "every attempt on such a journey is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure." *

* T.S. Eliot. Four Quartets.

For my part, I am more and more determined to cease from writing on this theme (of after life and communication) unless, somehow or other, I can discover ways to combine experience, literal truth, with truth of imagination; and, in this effort, find a language fit for the material.

The Mysteries of Chartres Cathedral

Sir Ronald Fraser

What I have to say derives from a book by M. Louis Charpentier called *Les Mystères de la Cathédrale de Chartres*, published in Paris by Robert Laffont, and obtainable from Hachette, 127, Regent Street, London, W.1.

M. Charpentier maintains that the Gothic mode, which came into being suddenly, was purposeful. Who taught the builders how to balance weight and counterweight, to arrange mass of stone so that the building vibrates to the tap of a fingernail? How to make glass that might have come from the alchemist's crucible? Who communicated the secret of ogive and pointed arch, and to whom? Nobody knows. Our author suggests that the Gothic mode expressed a principle the gods wished to make effective - a procedure that corresponds with the manifestation of a higher will that was regular in Egypt. Indeed, some measurements at Chartres correspond with those of the Great Pyramid, not to mention Solomon's temple. Solomon was an initiate of the Egyptian mysteries.

The men who built Chartres didn't mean merely to enliven the horizontal country of La Beauce with a vertical shaft. They built the cathedral because they thought it would be useful in a special sense. The relations of length, breadth and height result from a necessity they couldn't escape. The ogive, for instance, proceeds from a necessity that is less architectural than physiological; so do the windows. All is designed to work on mankind. And it was brought about by men who somehow knew how to poise the largest known Gothic vault and one of the highest. And why

did they set up just here a temple that raises its towers into aerial currents, and is rooted in terrestrial influences? They were shaping a crucible for the transmutation of mankind?

The cathedral stands on an eminence, a mound not unlike a tumulus. In Christian times it was one of the most sought-after places of pilgrimage in France; but the Gauls went there in crowds and still earlier the whole Celtic world. Christian pilgrims did homage to Our Lady of the Underworld, the Black Virgin, whose statue was found in a crypt or grotto beneath the church that then stood there, where they were aspersed with water from a Druidic well and drank it. The statue, made by Druids before the birth of Jesus, represented a Virgin with a child on her knees. It was announced to Druid priests by an angel that a Virgin would give birth to a god. She was named Isis, perhaps, or Déméter, or Bélisma; for in effect she is Earth giving birth to a radiation of divine quality and power that affects the life of man.

Those who took the pilgrim's staff set out, not knowing if they would see home and family again, and faced the most formidable difficulties and dangers in order to reach a place where divinity dwelt. They sought a gift, one that Earth bestows like a mother; a place where a man breathes in spirit, steep himself in it, that it may quicken the consciousness of itself in his being. A place, too, where quickening is brought about by terrestrial action.

An old Gaulish name, Wouivre, is given to snakes that glide, to rivers that snake through the landscape, to telluric currents that snake underground from the depths of the terrestrial strata, bringing life that fructifies Earth and Man. The name is also give to such currents as we term cosmic or magnetic. Anyone who has driven across La Bauce, which Walter Pater called the country of peaches and wine, and seen the cathedral on its mound can easily imagine that the towers draw power from the sky while telluric currents rise through the well to mingle with it. Such places used to be marked with stones we call menhirs; tall stones that localised and condensed the vertilising properties of Earth and Heaven. One can think of the cathedral as such a stone.

Again, the crypt or grotto beneath the cathedral is a dolmenic chamber. A dolmen is found at a spot where the telluric current exercises its action. It is a stone table, resing on supports, that acts like an accumulator and it is capable of vibration, so that it acts as an amplifier as well; it is a drum. Thus, it is in the domenic chamber that man seeks Earth's gift. It seems probable that the cathedral stands over a point where a particular current surfaces, a current that may awaken a man to the spiritual life in him. That is why among all the churches in France that are named for Notre Dame, Chartres is the only one in which no king, cardinal or bishop is interred. The Mound must remain inviolate.

The cathedral, then, is an instrument of high initiation. To be initiated is to be integrated with the play of natural forces and to be penetrated with spirit. There were three stages of progress before the aspirant came to the dolmen-chamber and

this journey must lie in the orientation of the cathedral. We note that the apse faces not East but North-East. This probably shews the direction of the telluric current which a man must face, upright with bare feet, hands raised. To turn the back on it is to reject the gift.

The Gothic mode appeared after the first Crusade and after the return to France in 1128 of the first nine knights templar. The facts suggest that those who promoted it expected a potent effect from the ogival device on which the style rests. Its action on men is indeed marked. Beneath the ogive a man pulls himself together, stands erect. The telluric current can only enter him by way of a vertebral column that is upright and straight. Thus, the ogive marked a beginning of individual consciousness, till then in subjection to the race of seigneurs.

At Chartres the ogive is based on the five-pointed star, often regarded as a symbol of Man (in Egypt for instance). The star is enclosed in a circle whose diameter is the height of the vault. It seems likely that the master-builder saw the cathedral as an extension of Man himself. The action of the ogive will of course continue within the man until there is a real enhancement of consciousness.

There must exist in man, M. Charpentier maintains, a means of knowledge on which science has turned its back. Those who built the cathedral must have had access to such knowledge. The crossed ogive, for instance, secret of the musical stone, is constructed on the principle of the transformation of lateral into vertical thrust and weight. Weight that creates thrust becomes its own negation. The stone is in a state of tension which the master-builder can tune. We note that whereas the well is 37 metres below the choir the vault is about 37 metres above it. The length of the nave is in the relation of an octave with the length of the choir; the width of the nave is in relation of an octave with the width of the aisles. These proportions are also found in elevation. Line and angle, height and width, the system of verticals and horizontals, reveal a series of intervals, a musical scale, in accord with the five-pointed star. There are in fact two architectures, M. Charpentier says, one in stone, the other as it were a shaped emptiness which makes the sounding-box. Was it Walter Pater who described the cathedral as frozen music?

Now the author links his theme with the Crusades and a visit in 1118 of nine knights templar to Jerusalem, where King Baldwin handed them for their sole use a house on the site of Solomon's temple.

Their ostensible purpose was to form a small force to police the public roads and protect pilgrims from thieves and murderers. But didn't this overt assignement mask another and secret task? It looks as if they were allotted the house on the site of Solomon's temple by act of some over-riding will. And did it lie in the duty of one of the greatest landowners in France, Hugues, Count of Champagne, to abandon wife and child in order to police lines of communication? The nine, later ten, weren't there to do any such thing. M. Charpentier suggests that their task was to find, guard and remove something of special importance. What object could be so sacred,

precious and dangerous? What indeed, if not the Ark of the Covenant and the Tables of the Law?

The Ark was a coffer of resinous wood covered with gold plates inside and out. Electrically speaking, it was a condenser. Moses, who seems to have known something, affixed four metal antennae in the shape of cherubim to gather static electricity, enough to strike poor Uzza, when he attempted to touch the Ark, dead. It was a coffer that ensured its own protection and it contained the Tables of the Law.

The Commandments were not secret. M. Charpentier suggests that coming as the Tables did from the hand of God they amounted to a contract and means of power. They disclosed the cosmic equation so that to possess them would be to possess dangerous secrets. It will be remembered that Moses promised the people power and dominion through the Tables, which God wrote with his finger in a cypher that could be constructed in two ways, esoteric and exoteric. Moses was an initiate of the Egyptian temple, which taught, with much else that is lost to us, alchemical science.

Certain units of measurement were also placed in the Ark.

Mr. Charpentier argues that as the Ark, after journeys in the course of which it gave the Philistines haemorrhoids, was hidden in the temple, it was this the nine knights were sent to find. Solomon planned the temple, which implies a knowledge of cosmic proportions and standards of measurement. He also composed an erotic song, which became highly recommended reading for white Friars; a song in which it is written, with obvious reference to the Ark, "Stir not up, nor awaken my love, until the hour she chooses."

Traditions regarding the Ark were at one time so widespread that it may be asked whether the Crusades were not organised with a view to getting hold of it. Many signs point to the probability that the knights found it. Tradition makes the Knights Templar keepers of the Tables, through which they obtained initiation and power. In the Cathedral of Chartres images of it are sculptured in relief. Moreover, it was Bernard the Cistercian who sent the nine to Jerusalem and the Gothic style came from Citeaux. The Sleeping Beauty awoke in gothic form.

A temple, M. Charpentier points out, is not built like a hangar. Some inspired man produces a dedicated formula, the letters of which, read esoterically, furnish numbers that determine the temple's proportions. Then some instructed soul will deduce from the relations between site and sky on a given date the unit of measurement that is to be used. Measure, orientation and number, but not the dedicatory formula, are communicated to a master-craftsman; and he, having worked out the harmonic proportions of the fabric, draws the plan on the ground itself. The unity of the monument, the effect it is to have on men, derive from the formula and to change them renders the temple useless. The geometrical data that decide the plan of Chartres Cathedral show that its harmonic development reaches completion at the towers, which were built after the fire in 1134, well in front of an

older church which was then destroyed, as if in foresight of a church yet to come. In 1194 all but the towers was again burnt down and the new cathedral was built almost in its entirety between 1194 and 1220. The problems of how to contain the forces of lateral expansion, of weight and other factors for the buttresses that must take the expanding thrusts within a space given by the formula, were solved. The master-craftsman knew what he was about, had chosen his stone and had his labour-force standing by. The work wasn't done by apprentices.

The building of numerous churches at that time was held up for want of money. Chartres, a small town with a few thousand inhabitants, brought off what was beyond Paris, Amiens, Rouen. Was Chartres to be the Golden Book of the West in which wise men were to write their wisdom? The cathedral answers our questions though men have shattered some of its symbols in the name of religion.

M. Charpentier now discusses some important matters with mathematical and other argument for which we simply haven't time. The germinal point of the cathedral, he writes, is the head of the telluric current, where the altar once stood. Here sprang the column which is the first sign that a temple is emerging, first relationship between the site and the sky. We then have three Tables, round, square and rectangular, which have the same surface and their number is 21, 2 and 1, that of Egyptian and Greek temples.

We note that the square Table is constructed by taking the main axis of the rectangular Table as its diagonal. The length of its side is near one-tenth of the base of the Great Pyramid, the angle of whose inclination seems to be near the angle on which another figure that gives the cathedral meaning is constructed. This is the seven-pointed star. The septenary signifies incarnation. It is also the symbol of the Black Virgin. The master-craftsman took his essential measurements from it - all he had to do, when it came to squaring the circle, for instance, was to use the druidical card of twelve knots or thirteen segments. Or he may have followed the procedure used in the building of the pyramid.

But what is the significance of the three Tables?

Three Tables bore the Grail, it has been said. They constitute a way of initiation. The Grail, our author says, is an alchemical symbol and the word can't be dissociated from the word Cauldron. Every Greek temple had its Crater or Cup. We are concerned, then, with a vessel whose contents are beginning to partake of divinity, to be transmuted. Alchemy is the art of gathering and concentrating a vital current and the concentration is called the Philosopher's Stone, whose powerful activity allows the Adept to do what would otherwise take ages, to change base metal, actually or figuratively, into silver or gold. Transmutation through concentration of the vital stream in themselves was what the pilgrims sought.

The three Tables, then, represent three ways of approach, the round or intuitive, the square or intellectual, the rectangular or mystical. The round Table resembles a

dance-floor for dances which afford a means of integration with natural rhythms, an approach from circumference to centre. Round dances led by the bishop were customary in the cathedral at Easter.

The square Table, a squaring of the round, affords an initiation which is a passage of instinctive ideas or impulses into consciousness. It is also a trap for an intellect which may delude itself regarding the validity of its own creations, just as in the game of chess Bishop and Castle are caught between their lines of movement. It is often depicted by a chess-board and it is the child's game of hopscotch, which proceeds from square to square. To square the circle is to transform instinctive initiation into an initiation that is conscious and reasoned.

The rectangular Table is a Table of revelation. There can be no intellectual explanation of this. It is the Table of the Last Supper.

Thus, the Tables represent a sequence of three births.

Now for the unforgettable windows. The power of the true Gothic stained-glass window comes less from the colour of the mosaics than from a certain unanalysable quality of both colour and glass. It doesn't react to light like ordinary glass, but seems to turn into a precious stone that itself becomes luminous. No chemist has so far penetrated the mystery.

Luminosity and colour are not caused by irisation brought about by the elements: none of these qualities are seen in stained glass of the XIVth century. The windows, M. Charpentier says, are a product of alchemy - anyone who has seen them in their glory will be ready to believe it. The same thing appeared towards the Xith century in the laboratories of certain Persian adepts, among them Omar Khayam, poet of the rose; and there is evidence in documents deposited by the nine knights with the Cistercians that this is the origin of the windows at Chartres. Towards 1140 the source dried up, probably through the disappearance of some adept whose work was done.

Now there is in light a particle of energy that is penetrating, sterilising and relatively dangerous to life. No alchemical experiment can be attempted in daylight. The experiment in alchemy that is directed at the human being, initiation, must take place in cavern or crypt. The Greek mysteries were enacted at night. The alchemical windows acted as a filter to retain the particle that is harmful to man's evolution within the Temple.

It is sad to have to recall that a good many of the windows were destroyed by a bishop who wished to be seen in full daylight. This, following destruction of the screen in 1763 by order of the Chapter. Not to mention removal of the altar from the vital centre.

On the question of funds,. M. Charpentier argues that only the religious Orders could play the part of banker-treasurer. The Order of the Temple warehoused, financed, bought and became exceedingly rich in lands, benefices, cash and credit

and all was organised in the public interest. They protected merchants and the movement of goods from robbers and from the great seigneurs. Their dwellings were a sort of police station. In fact they undermined the feudal system then in force: so much so that Philippe Le Bel suppressed the Order, had the property confiscated and tortured many of the members or burnt them alive.

There were of course two other sources of wealth. First, alchemical gold, a possibility that can't be rejected out of hand. Next, the Templars may have been able to bring gold from the Mexican mines. But one way or another, M. Charpentier maintains, the Templars were responsible for financing the project.

What, broadly, does it all come to?

It was sought to create an instrument of power, a crucible for the power of transformation. The cathedral is a means of passage from one world to another. Certainly it isn't now wholly what it was, the high altar moved from the place where it should be and other desecrations effected through the stupidities of ecclesiastical rule. Today the tables are crowded with chairs to facilitate the sleep of the right-thinking. But the crucible hasn't lost all its power. Even today no man leaves the cathedral the same as he went in.

Consider the scene in old time.

A man enters. The ogive raises him. He stands as he was created, erect. He is in a world where the more stone weighs the lighter it is, stone becomes spirit. He hears in himself the note of his own affinity with the real. He proceeds by the route of the telluric current. He stands before the round Table, called the labyrinth because of certain designs on the flagstones, in which it is impossible to get lost because the only path leads to the centre. He goes unshod that the feet may be in direct contact with stone that is an accumulator for the properties of the current. Power works in him. The man who reaches the centre, having danced, is changed when he advances to the square, the intellectual Table where the Numbers expressed in the cathedral are perceptible, where they can be rationalised under three great Roses. We note that alchemically the rose stands for the action of fire and that only at the square table is a simultaneous inflow from the three rose-windows perceptible, here where the cathedral speaks to the mind.

To pass to the mystical Table was to renounce the world.

Finally, we note that the Monad was inviolate. Was it, so to say, taboo to prevent access to a place where some especially precious object was hidden? Let us ask a question of our own: if the Ark of the Covenant was hidden at Chartres, where is it now?

Towards the end of the thirteenth century there seems to have been a withdrawal of spirit from the western world. What was required of the Gothic mode has been done. A Cistercian abbot led a crusade against the Albigenses. The Dominicans invented the Inquisition. The Templars were put to trial. The Beauty sleeps once more. But

she will awake at the appointed time.

Survival, Transformation and the Mystery Teachings

Mrs. Anna Morduch

Aldous Huxley said in a flash of insight which frequently comes to people before their death: "If consciousness survives death it survives presumably on every mental level. On the level of mystical experience, on the level of blissful vision and on the level of individual existence. My own guess is that modern Spiritualism and the ancient tradition are both correct."

Every human being is longing to reach conviction that death is not the end - for we all know that any life, however happy and successful it may have been, seems incomplete and unfinished. In this college there are hundreds of books describing the experiences of intelligent and sincere people to whom such experiences have been vouchsafed. But, unless we have ourselves had such a true breakthrough experience, we will remain doubtful. Nothing second-hand will do. And I should say the deeper our love has been the more exacting will be the test we demand. Therefore, I think, we should honour the honest sceptic who has failed to reach this conviction and, on the other hand, give thanks if we are among the privileged who have had such proof, and often against all previous expectations. There is, I think, far too much talk about the hard-worked subconscious which is supposed to have produced evidence because we wanted it. We all have heard and read many accounts of people's search through years, whereas others have had immediate reassurance. So many factors are involved that it would be difficult to give the reasons for this. Mediumship works on many levels, as with any other human occupation and profession. But those who have known mediumship at its highest will not be ungracious enough to deny the tremendous help and comfort we can obtain from it. I shall never cease to be grateful to Lilian Bailey for what her mediumship has given to me. It was not entirely what I had hoped for but it was far more.

However, when encountering the sceptical mood of our time it is good to realize that it is not the natural view which is held by the majority of people today, who consider it self-evident that death is the end of everything but a distorted and purblind point of view. It is in fact an idea which none of the great ancient civilizations have ever held, nor any of the great poets, mystics, prophets or seers of any race at any time. It is truly against human nature, if one considers the true meaning of the word, and the syllable hu which stands for the God of Light in Celtic tradition as well as being the sacred sound of the spirit according to various esoteric traditions. Human then is he whose mind or thought is enlightened.

Edgar Cayce, the American seer, has called death 'God's other door'. Death to the materialist is the obvious fact just as the sun seems to be turning round the earth and yet today every schoolchild knows that this is the reversal of the truth.

In ancient mythology death has often been likened to a bridge. I believe that in our day this bridge must be consciously crossed in a new understanding.

Major Tudor Pole, a contemporary English seer, greatly loved by many people, who found him not only an original and enlightened man but also a friend and adviser in times of crisis and distress, had this to say about death:

“The word death has become associated in Western minds with the belief in the finality of extinction. The time has come to drop the word from our vocabulary altogether and from our minds. Forms can change and they can also be transfigured back into primary energy; but even they cannot be killed outright. If life in any form could be extinguished then the source of all life could become subject to extinction too. In view of all this the time has clearly come for changing radically our crystallized thought and word habits. Part of this change should be the abandonment, both mentally and vocally, of the word death, dying, dead, mortality and their derivatives.”

But how can those of us who aren't seers find that certainty? Most of us will have read descriptions of the astral world - some very beautiful, some frightening, the word 'where the charwoman puts up her feet,' where the dreams which life has not fulfilled create love and homes and gardens. Some of the more bigoted seekers were shocked about the unorthodox conditions which seem to prevail, including whisky and cigars. I think one can say this was a world shaped by thought and desire, very real - perhaps more real than our own quickly changing world but not reality at its highest.

In 'The Return of Conan Doyle', published by the White Eagle Lodge, a plan or scheme is given which draws a helpful map for the explorer. Here he gives three astral planes:

The lower astral.

Two planes of desire, spurring the soul on towards its upward climb. The summerland (Tschir nan Dóch) of the Celts.

After this we may experience the second death, voluntary death to be nearer to divine reality. Three mental planes:

- (1) Intellectual realization
- (2) Intuitional realisation
- (3) Waiting halls of meditation

And here we meet the second veil and when we have pierced it we meet three celestial planes, the third of which is Nirvana which opens up cosmic or universal consciousness or at-onement.

This gives us an idea of the ascent. The spiritualist who wants to cling to the personality level for ever can be as materialistic as the 'materialist' to use these

outmoded labels.

All is a question of levels of experience and, to illustrate this, I shall tell you a story which was told to me by a friend in Cumberland. This intelligent and fine old lady died quite recently and shocked her devoted companion by saying “In two hours I will be dead. What fun!”

Now here is the story. A fisherman came to the pearly gates and was let in by Peter. He never had cared about anything but fishing and so his first question was “Is there any fish?”

“Of course there is,” said Peter. And at once there were rivers and streams teeming with fish, and time and eternity passed while the fisherman had his heart’s desire.

“Any salmon fishing?” he then asked, and again Peter said “Of course there is salmon fishing,” and at once there were mountain streams and pools filled with the biggest salmon anyone could wish for.

And again time and eternity rolled by until the day came when the fisherman said “Is there nothing in heaven but fishing?” Then St. Peter looked at him and asked: “Who says you are in heaven, my friend? You are in hell! Are you ready to go on?”

And this brings us to our next step: transformation. This may be seen as the law of nature and supra nature. The poet Goethe called it ‘dying and becoming.’ In his famous verse, written under Eastern inspiration, he put it like this:

“If thou does not know the law
Of dying and becoming,
Thou art’st but a shadow guest
On the earthplane roaming.”

And for those who, like myself, are continuously delighted and inspired by watching flowers and trees there is another saying of his which I love:

“Man must do consciously what the plant does unconsciously.”

The flower must die to bear the seed, the fruit must be plucked when it is ripe - otherwise it perishes. Everyone of us is a godseed sown and re-sown into the earth until we have brought forth the true seed only we can bear, the divine reflection. When this is done we may go forth home and ‘become pillars of light in the temple of God and go out no more.’

There are various stages and for those who resist change they are hard to bear and to understand.

In recent times a wonderful hymn called ‘the hymn of the pearl’ or ‘of the rainbow glory’ has been discovered. It is part of the treasure of gnosis, and one of the few existing texts in world literature which gives a description of the life of the soul before birth. The realm of the heavenly spheres are described with great poetical beauty, the place where the prince lives in glory in the kingdom of his father and

mother and his elder brother. Then he is sent down to Egypt which here stands for the body to find the pearl and conquer the loud-breathing dragon. He takes leave from his heavenly parents and his brother and, leaving his rainbow robe of glory and the purple toga behind, he descends alone in a robe of skin. The brother stays behind and this may be what is esoteric language of our day we refer to as the higher self. There are haunting parallels with the more familiar story of the prodigal son. He descends and, as soon as he comes down into Egypt, he eats and drinks and forgets his state and goes to sleep. Then, from the heavenly world, a letter is sent in the form of a bird singing into his ear and he remembers his princely status and his tasks; he fulfills it and, following the bird who carries the rainbow robe before him, he returns to the gate of glory and is received in joy and taken home. You can find this sublime piece of spiritual poetry in Meads' 'Fragment of a Faith Forgotten.'

The mysteries of antiquity have always taught what now is general esoteric knowledge. The mysteries of Eleusis, the story of Demeter and Peresphone, did not teach just the nature myth, although the ear of corn was its symbol, but the story of the human soul. The Mystae veiled when they arrived and clad in deer skin to show their animal nature were in the end epoptae, those who could see and were given the white robes. Most of you will remember the beautiful story.

Peresphone, the maiden, sits dreaming over her tapestry in the garden. She has been told not to pick flowers. But when a white narcissus appears before her she picks it up and Eros appears, a smiling youth, to tell her of love. He prepares the way for Pluto, who carries her off in his carriage while she cries in vain for her mother. (There are echoes of this in the story of Little Red Riding Hood, who is forbidden to pick the flowers in the wood by her mother.) Only Hecate, the goddess of the crossroads or by metamorphosis, sees the rape of Peresphone. Demeter wanders the earth in disguise, comes to the house of King Celeus, where she becomes the nurse of Triptolemus, to whom she gives the baptism of fire. It is he who, as a charioteer, brings Dionysus, the heavenly bridegroom, into Pluto's realm and Peresphone is freed and Dionysus, the divine spirit, joined to Peresphone, the human soul, with great rejoicings.

While outside on the road from Athens to Delphi the statue of Dionysus or Jachus, the reborn God, was carried in procession followed by flower-crowned crowds, the mystae were taken through dark passages, had to experience the phantoms of death and were taken into the presence of Peresphone veiled in black. When the first rays of light penetrate the darkness Peresphone, trying to free herself from Pluto's embrace, falls back dead and the Mystae hears the chorus saying 'Death is rebirth.' On the last day of the festival they were allowed to open the sealed baskets which they had been previously given. The objects can still be seen on many vases and temple friezes: an egg, symbol of eternity; a pine cone, symbol of the pineal gland; the third eye-centre, and a copper snake showing man's hidden powers. An ear of corn was held up by the high priestess in the robes of Demeter and the epheboi, the

trumpeters sent their triumphant sound all over the lands of Greece.

Mystery secrets were sacred and the betrayal punished by death. Aeschylus, the great initiate poet, was attacked at the opening night of 'Prometheus Unbound,' in which he hinted at mystery secrets, by ten youths who rushed on the stage crying 'Death to the traitor.' Only by taking off his mask and fleeing into the temple which was part of the stage could he save his life. Later he fled to Sicily, where he died.

Only now we begin to understand the solar religion and the mystery teachings of Egypt. It is a very short time since the finding of the Rosetta stone opened the Egyptian language to the world and with it untold treasure which is only now slowly being understood in its full impact. In the Egyptian mysteries again we have the figure of the great mother, Isis, mourning Osiris, murdered by Seth (the fall of division). In despair she wanders and searches for his dismembered body. Once again after the 14 disjointed parts have been put together Seth destroys the body. But the avenger comes in the form of Horus, Osiris reborn, who is depicted with the uraeus crown which stands for the third eye of the seer. (Statues have been found which were never meant to be seen by human eyes. They were made by the greatest artists and put into the tombs. They all show an expression of serene knowledge as they point to the heart, the secret crownchamber.)

A poem had been found written probably three thousand years ago by such a man looking ahead at death:

“Death is before me today Like the odour of myrrh
Like a sitting under a sail On a windy day,
Death is before me today Like the playing of a fountain
Like the return of the war galley in the home harbour.”

Many of you will have seen the famous frieze in the British Museum depicting the judgement of Osiris and giving the 49 stages (seven times seven) which are described at great length in the Egyptian book of the dead. The parallels here with the Tibetan book of the dead are so astonishing that scholars are now forced to the conclusion that there must have been a common source of great antiquity which fed both the Egyptian and the pre-buddhistic teachings of Tibet. The archetypes of modern psychology are perhaps not as new as our contemporary psychologists would have us believe. They are as old and older than the pyramids; and the descriptions in the book of the dead, which is a textbook on the art of dying, teaches the soul to recognize these phantomes, beautiful or terrifying, as figments of the mind. In every stage there are 'the hook rays of mercy' ready to help the true Self onwards. We cannot do more here than give an idea of the quality of these teachings. Here is a treasure house for the intrepid seeker.

“Oh now, when the Bardo of the moment of death upon me is drawing
near Abandoning attraction and craving
And weakness for all wordly things

May I be undistracted in the space of the bright teaching
May I transfuse myself into the heavenly space of the unborn.
The hour has come to part with this body composed of flesh and blood
There arises a point when the chief turning point is reached
Fear not the bands of the peaceful and wrathful
Who are thine own thoughtforms
Let it come that the blissful Samadhi of the clear light may dawn.”

It is noteworthy that both in the Egyptian and the Tibetan burial service the corpse was put into the position of the embryo to indicate that death was a birth into another world.

I would like to mention two unusual books, ‘Chick Pea’ and ‘Herbak’. They tell a remarkable story of the training of a boy of humble birth into the HerBak, the falcon-headed priest.* The essence of all these teachings is a network leading through all the crafts and all science to the royal art of transmuting the lower into the higher self so that it may go through death, seeing, willing and triumphant.

* Chick Pea and Her Bak by Isha Schwaller de Lubitsch, Hodder and Stoughton.

‘Horror when the end comes is there only if one is clutching the earth with dragon’s claws. But if we have woven our wings in our body of clay then we take our flight with bliss.’

In the weighing of the heart on the frieze of Osiris’ judgement there is a feather laid on the scales. This is the white feather of the goddess of consciousness ‘Maat,’ which proves the soul to belong to one who has attained. This feather is in the cap of the motley fool, the first card in the Tarot pack.

The last words of the Master of the Temple, ending the remarkable book, are these:

‘A bright light has dawned, Her Bak. Altruism is the mark of the superior being. Knowledge that has not taken the measure of human suffering and communed with man in his misery is in vain. It was consciousness like this which forged the master’s heart. Ignorance will not suffer without resistance. The passionate are afraid of losing their pleasure. The crowd distrusts all that lies outside its capacity. Your chief test then will be solitude. Nature will be your school. Heaven your master. Create silence around you. Know your most inmost self and look for what corresponds with its nature. Then there will be communion. Then faith will radiate from you. It will feed the hungry. O Her Bak, O Egypt. You are the temple which the neter of neters inhabits. Awaken him and let the temple fall crashing.”

Now you may well wonder what all this may have to do with our time and the pressing problems of a Christian western world. Everything, I think. It has been said that the coming of Christ into earth existence is the fulfilment of the mystery teachings and I believe this to be true. The truth of the way he has shown will be better understood if we follow the thread through time so that some of the lost meanings can be found anew, and if we experience it fully against the challenge of

our days which demand a new understanding of nature, of life and death. The problem of the young is that they are not being given the food they require. They want the living waters but in their thirst they will drink from potholes and sewers. By the living waters I mean a concept of the wholeness and holiness of all life, a teaching that leads to the portals of the kingdom of love.

“We are all seeking the same kingdom - the kingdom of God. Yes, all of us - poet, harlot and beggar. We may find different names for Him, but each one of us seeks harmony, a sense of fulfilment, a something that will lend reality to all the vicissitudes of experience. We seek it first in the things we can see and feel. We seek it in abyss after abyss. We strive to believe we have found it by seeking to impose our latest illusion on others, hoping thereby to convince ourselves of its actuality and later, when all outside us is realized as illusory, we seek within ourselves to ascertain if that which we sought throughout all the worlds of the visible was in fact hidden away in the invisible universum within us. And at last weary, travel sore and nigh fainting we struggle to the house of our own soul and then on the threshold stands the one we have sought amid the shadows of the many and love surges within us and we grow bold, rise up, stretch out our hands and all the kingdoms of the spirit become one in the kingdom of God.” *

* Comd. Houghton, “The Kingdoms of the Spirit,” C.W. Daniel Co., Ltd.

This is the aim to be found and discovered, not by dreaming or refusing experience, but by living on this very earth, in its darkness, as the seed of God, destined to bring bread for all.

May we all find the kingdom! If we did, our transition from this life unto the next could be experienced in the words of the Sufi poet who said:

Last night I loved - This morning I am love.

Medical Evidence for Reincarnation

Dr. Arthur Guirdham

In the last decade there has been an enormous increase in the number of psychiatric patients with extra-sensory gifts. Their symptoms are often attributable to the repression of these faculties. Psychiatrists have talked a great deal about the disastrous effects of the inhibition of the sex and self-assertive impulses. The repression of telepathy, clairvoyance and far memory can be far more shattering.

It is quite clear, from a study of this rapidly increasing minority of patients with extrasensory gifts, that man is moving with great rapidity to a higher and more psychic plane. These victims reflect, in their inner tumults, mankind's cosmic movement to a greater light. One cannot estimate the number of such people but a small example may well be helpful. In the two small clinics in successive weeks, out of eight children seen three had unmistakable pre-cognitive experiences, such as

dreaming of a specific and unusual incident which was duly enacted in school next day.

What is striking and of immense importance is that so many psychic patients are convinced of the truth of reincarnation. This conviction may be conscious, as in the case of the woman who recalled the details of her life as a Cathar in the thirteenth century with such accuracy that in some details she forestalled the findings of the savants. Sometimes conviction is resisted and symptoms are precipitated or intensified by the patient's struggle against the acceptance of this truth. This occurred in a patient whom I regarded as cured but who had a temporary increase in tension in passing, in a year, from a state of agnosticism to full acceptance of reincarnation.

Patients in this group have almost always a religious attitude towards life but are impatient of orthodoxy. They are mystics with a direct approach to God and reality. It is striking that in their memory of previous incarnations they reach back to Christ and not to the oriental prophets. They are completely uninfluenced by the contemporary cult for oriental philosophy and their belief in reincarnation is not acquired by reading or speculation. The majority are not studious or indeed of metaphysical inclination. As a whole they reject the idea of Christ as a Redeemer atoning for our sins by His Sacrifice. He is essentially the culminating prophet, the Son of God who came to show us how to live and to unlock for us the mysteries of the universe.

The attitude of these patients towards their own religious beliefs is striking. One, a highly competent and intelligent man, had the faculty of precognition. This was revealed principally in dreams of which I will quote one example. One night he dreamt of a curving road with a valley below it traversed by a river. There was a forest on one bank of the river. He was driving along the road when one of two cars, the colour and type of which were revealed clearly, pulled out without warning so suddenly that he had to apply his breaks to avoid an accident. Next day what he had dreamt was enacted in reality to the smallest detail. Make, type, colour and behaviour of the cars, and the details of the setting, were exactly as he had dreamt. This man, while accepting that Christ was of divine origin, denied that He had any function as a Redeemer and insisted that He had come like any other prophet to show us how to live and that the picture of Christianity had been blurred by the Egyptian mysteries.

Another patient had the capacity to fortell what happened to others and had diagnostic vibratory sensations in the hands and arms whenever in the presence of the extremes of good and evil. The turning point in her life was the sudden revelation that the world was Hell, not only metaphorically but literally and that Christ descended to it to show us that it was possible to live beautifully in Hell. The idea that this world is Hell and was created by Satan is one of the basic features of the different versions of Dualism which have existed from time immemorial to the

present day. The patient I mentioned in the foregoing paragraph had also strong Dualist ideas.

Another patient experienced a sudden uprush of memory extending back to before birth and had recurring and agonising dreams of the Crucifixion. She, too, saw Christ as divine and a prophet but not as a sacrifice for sins. It was interesting that she was quietly convinced that current ideas of the time Christ agonised on the Cross were completely inaccurate. She described primitive Christianity as an outgoing, non- introspective religion and told me it was far more lighthearted than people had imagined.

The religious attitude of people of this type has certain interesting and almost constant features. For a start they do not regard themselves as religious at all. Organised religion is essentially a reaching back to something which has been lived and lost. The kind of people of whom I am speaking have lived and felt in a world of emanation, of psychic communication, before reality was obstructed by the shadowy barriers of man-made theology.

It is characteristic of the type of people of whom I am writing that they are not theologically minded but express truths beyond theology quietly, diffidently, but with complete conviction. What they express is not adulterated by their symptoms. The latter are engendered by the conflict between their inner reality and the life of illusion to which they are conditioned by materialism.

Another striking feature of this group is that, in their significant recurrent dreams and in other phenomena in waking consciousness, so many of its members are harking back to the epochs of religious persecution. It is extraordinary how many such nightmares centre round the Middle Ages and the wars of religion. This is because the individuals concerned are recalling past lives in which they felt the echoes and even the resurgence of primitive Christianity. The Cathars and Vaudois of the 12th and 13th centuries, and the Protestant sects of a later date, were seeking to recapture the simplicity of the first two centuries after Christ. Indeed from many points of view Cathar ritual was identical with that of primitive Christianity.

It is clear that in our time many souls are being reincarnated from the periods of religious persecution and in particular from the years of the Cathar tragedy. This phenomenon was remarkably predicted by the troubadour who wrote, in the language d'oc, *Al cap des set cens ans verdegger de laurel*. (After seven centuries the laurel will become green again.) This is exactly what has happened. Today, seven hundred years after the Albigensian wars, there is, on the Continent, an enormous increase in the interest in Catharism. In this country unfortunately its voice is still only a whisper.

These reincarnated souls have a special function. They are here to disseminate and interpret in the modern idiom the basis of primitive Christianity. This was essentially a religion of emanation and of states of being and not of theological

concepts. One knows what primitive Christianity was like from those patients who exemplify Plato's dictum that wisdom is only recollection, and who recall for us by far memory the atmosphere of Christianity before it was malformed by the diabolism of man-made theology.

Belief in reincarnation may come slowly. It may hang on for years on the horizon of consciousness. On the other hand it may come with the suddenness of revelation. One patient with telepathic, precognitive and healing gifts revealed to me, at one of her later interviews, that before her illness started the thought of reincarnation came into her head with great insistence. It was a subject she had never thought about or discussed previously. Another patient had at one and the same time a blinding impression of the presence of God, vibratory sensations such as sensitives experience in an atmosphere of real goodness and a complete, sudden and unanticipated conviction of the reality of reincarnation and of its purifying purpose.

Generally speaking psychiatric symptoms are less prolonged in patients in whom the revelation comes suddenly. There is a tendency for those who accept reincarnation early in life to be less vulnerable to psychiatric disease but this is by no means invariable.

Are there any characteristic signs which lead one to suspect that reincarnation is stirring in, or breaking through, the subconscious of the patient? Firstly, whenever one discovers well developed extra-sensory gifts in a patient, they are commonly accompanied by convictions about reincarnation.* The psychic was, until recently, living in an alien civilisation. His gifts were regarded as mad or bad and he acquired tension in hiding them. He concealed also his belief in reincarnation, as though the latter were a heresy for which he might pay dearly. Often indeed he re-lived in his nightmares and other symptoms the persecution he had suffered in past centuries.

* What I have said in this sentence only applies to medical practice as I have known it in this country. It would obviously not apply to countries where reincarnation is widely accepted.

A second significant clue is that patients with far memory have often a remarkable power to recall what has happened far back in their own lifetime. This may seem pitifully crude, nevertheless it is an observation and not a deduction. Many such patients remember beyond any doubt to infancy. Some even remember being born. I met one case where the patient described the mother's difficult labour. One could trace in the patient a residual deformity resulting from the struggle.

Certain kinds of recurrent dreams are often of great significance. Most people have recurrent dreams and they are only important if their content is specific, unchanging, factually related to their history as revealed by far memory and by other extrasensory experiences, and logically connected with their symptoms. Any hopeful romantic can read a particular significance into this or that recurrent dream but when a patient's repeated nightmare coincides exactly with meticulous historical

detail come to her by far memory and clairaudience, that is another matter. In one case one can even give the date of the event recalled in the recurrent nightmare - May 28th, 1242.

Perhaps the most certain indication that one is dealing with a case in which a previous incarnation is exerting pressure in the present is when, after encountering another individual, a distressing and years' long symptom, particularly a harrowing and recurrent nightmare, stops immediately or in a matter of a week or two. This only happens with psychic patients. It is almost obligatory that the people they encounter should also be psychic. This dramatic cessation of symptoms in persons of this type and under these conditions is always significant. It implies not only psychic communication in the general sense of the phrase but also contact between two psyches who have met in a previous incarnation. One realises that such contact in previous incarnations is used to explain all kinds of loves and likings in our present lives. This may well be so but a great deal of the thinking so directed is sentimental and ill-founded. But where psychic contact of this variety is accompanied by an impersonal reaction on the plane of ordinary human personality it is possible for healing to manifest itself with striking suddenness in the permanent cessation of dramatic symptoms. This happened in the case of the patient whose recurrent dream was traceable to a specific event in 1242. The dream stopped, never to return, when she met and recognised in this life a companion of her former existence in the 13th century.*

* I have dealt with this case at full length in *The Cathars and Reincarnation*, published by Neville Spearman.

Is a belief, and in particular a repressed belief, in reincarnation associated with any particular psychiatric condition? In my experience reactions have been neurotic rather than psychotic, in plain English, nervous rather than mental. Perhaps anxiety- depressions are the most common accompaniments but if the patient's psychic gifts are strongly repressed, an obsessional state may supervene. The latter condition is often a mask for psychic tendencies.

It should be understood that all my evidence has been freely offered, though the patient has sometimes taken years to reveal his deepest symptoms and feelings. At no time have I obtained information by active and specific questioning as to where the patient stood in relation to reincarnation. I have acted as no more than a passive receiver of confidences and, in one case, written up elsewhere in book form, as a historian checking up the minutest details of the patient's statements. I realise that there are more active methods of investigation, that hypnosis and drugs are used to facilitate the recall of previous lives. I have never practiced such methods. It seems to me too easy for the most conscientious investigator to conjure up, by unconscious autosuggestion, what he wishes to find. There are even more serious objections to such methods. I cannot believe it is good for us to know anything of our past lives until we are ripe and ready to do so. What I say may well be erroneous but

I do not claim to do more than give the results of my experience.

I should emphasise that my approach to reincarnation was not deliberate or logical. It was not even willing. It was forced on me and I marvel that during so many years I resisted enlightenment. I am glad I did. The attitude of Thomas Didymus is necessary in this world and is no ill equipment for a doctor practising psychiatry, recently inundated with the psychic and not yet delusional. For this reason I have avoided all discussion of the reasonableness of reincarnation, of how hunger cramps due to pyloric spasm can be attributable to the fact that in a previous life the individual was a glutton, or that impotence in a present existence is due to licentiousness in a past. Because things fit neatly together like the components of a jigsaw puzzle, they do not in my view provide criteria for what we call truth. To me the latter must always be a matter of felt experience. Yes, I know a person, not a patient, who bears the marks of burns sustained en route to be burnt at the stake. I myself can explain my own preoccupations and foibles far better from the fact that I was persecuted and perished in a damp prison in a previous life than from anything which has happened to me in this.

I have only spoken of reincarnation in relation to clinical practice. This is purely and simply because the title and nature of this article presupposes these limitations. Under no circumstances should it be considered that extra-sensory gifts or a belief in reincarnation indicate the co-existence of some variety of mental instability. Better civilisations than our own have accepted reincarnation as logical and inevitable and revered those prophets submitted in our materialistic civilisation either to the scrutiny of Holy Church or to that of the psychiatrists. Truths hidden for centuries are, at the present time, moving with vertiginous rapidity towards the light. Those who are their vehicles must inevitably suffer in the process. Some of one's patients are literally paying in their own flesh, mind and spirit for the illumination of others. It is pleasant to think that, on the other hand, there are isolated pockets of rural stability where direct contact with God, reality and the earth has been maintained for centuries.

Reincarnation as the Way of Progress of the Soul

Dr. Martin Israel

Even among those who accept the survival of personality there is no unanimity of opinion about reincarnation. This is due in part to religious conviction and in part to a natural revulsion at the prospect of recurrent earthly incarceration in the limitation of a physical body. On a scientific level the researches of Professor Ian Stevenson recorded in his admirable monograph 'Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation' (published by the American Society for Psychical Research in 1966) strongly suggest that some young children retain memories of a recent past earth life, both correct in detail and not adequately explained by any non-survivalistic

hypotheses. Such children tend to lose these memories as they grow up, becoming more fully integrated into their present environment. Those who reject reincarnation would explain these cases as examples of entity possession, and indeed it is not possible with our present state of knowledge to distinguish categorically between these two possible mechanisms. In some of Dr. Stevenson's cases the child was born with an unusual birthmark which corresponded with the alleged mode of death in the previous life, e.g. a linear mark on the front of the neck in an Indian boy who remembered having had his throat cut in his past life. Such a phenomenon might support a reincarnationalist view inasmuch as the shock of a brutal murder might so disturb the surviving psyche that it impresses the event on the newly developing body. Indeed, stigmatisation has been explained this way by some psychologists. In this case, the profound imagination of the religious devotee dwelling morbidly on the passion of Jesus is alleged to have acted 'psychosomatically,' producing the physical stigmata dramatically and irrevocably.

Ultimately a belief in reincarnation comes subjectively to spiritually advancing people. Spectacular revelations of past lives in historical epochs are seldom to be trusted. The most that can be gleaned from any such sudden shafts of recollection is that the person may have lived in that period, but in all probability in very much less distinguished conditions than he would care to conceive. Indeed, the more I consider the question the more relieved I am that virtually nothing of the past is revealed to anyone. It is the fact of reincarnation rather than its mechanism which concerns us while in earthly life. As with other pieces of knowledge, popularisation soon leads to various perversions under the influence of the all-pervasive glamour that surrounds and interpenetrates human endeavour. The concept of reincarnation is best thought of as the recurrent limitation of the essential being, or soul, of the individual in the dense area of limitation. By passing through this limitation and being subject to the laws of time and space as experienced in such limitation the soul advances in travail to effect more perfect relationships with other souls until enclosed individuality is subsumed in that corporate unity glimpsed at sporadically by the mystic. A preliminary to this final union is the dedication of souls in groups to greater universal service. Whether the recurrent limitation is always an earthly one we do not know, but it seems probable that this is the most important type of experience for the soul's development.

One of the greatest attractions of the theory of reincarnation is that it explains the obvious inequalities seen in individual lives. While such external misfortunes as poverty and emotional conflict may be recompensed by other qualities of the person, it is difficult to condone lives that are irrevocably addled so that any useful activity is impossible. I refer here, of course, to those who are born so mentally subnormal that they are incapable of any independent activity. Such appalling tragedies are made more bearable once one has a broader vision of eternal life and can see the soul of the person apart from his hopelessly malformed body. Then even such a life is no longer a hopeless tragedy, but rather merely one experience in the soul's long

journey to completion in humility and love. It is all too easy to account for such a tragedy in terms of wrongful action in a past life, and indeed a fatalistic submission to karma, the law of cause and effect, may result. While I do not doubt the fact of karma, which is too obvious in every life, even on a uni-incarnational basis, to be denied, I think there is a dangerous tendency to correlate it too literally with reincarnation. This not only makes reincarnation a glib and superficial doctrine, but also limits the love that is the essential Divine attribute. Indeed, justice is the highest aspiration of the immature soul, while love alone suffices for the mature. The great conflict between justice and mercy is actualised in the belief embodied in survival. It is the ultimate justification of survival, and can be both its degradation and its glorification.

The young soul looks always for the fruits of its action. If it does wrong it learns to expect suffering as the result of its evil actions. In religious parlance it is punished by God for its sins. It therefore learns by experience to do right, according to the prescribed laws of its time, usually codified in a religious scripture. Even if the earthly life is not very successful despite fanatical living by the letter of the law there is hope of reward in the hereafter. Much religion in the past was sustained by this belief; now both religion and the belief in survival are under heavy attack and for good reason too. A religion that teaches right action for future benefits, whether in this life or the life to come, is unworthy of the attention of mature people. Correct action must be its own reward, else it is not correct. It is only the present moment of which we can be aware; if we live it abundantly we experience eternity in it, for eternity is a state of being beyond time and space in which all creation is comprehended and sustained in a unity of love that is called God. In other words the reward of correct action is the experience of God at the moment. Such a transcendent vision will not be granted automatically; it is earned by selfless activity in love to others in that service which is perfect freedom. And this is the quintessence of correction action, and the fruit of real religion.

It is interesting that in the Christian scriptures the prodigal son, once he repents of his foolish, destructive way of life, is in a greater state of grace than his pharisaical brother who has obeyed the letter of the law without love, expecting his just due according to his mechanical obedience. Likewise the publican who acknowledges his dereliction is exalted over the self-righteous pharisee. Right action is a spontaneous outgiving of self in humility, and its reward is an equally spontaneous inflow of the Holy Spirit. It is in this spirit of selfless devotion that one transcends the law of karma. Indeed, in the Hindu and Buddhist tradition the soul's end is envisaged in such perfection that the round of rebirth may no longer be necessary. This is a state of permanent illumination, Nirvana, glimpsed at by the mystic and actualised in earthly life by the Buddha and the Christ. But whether so exalted a soul would ever want to evade rebirth while any living soul still remained unredeemed is doubtful. Two observations concerning reincarnation need to be made. The first is that the advanced soul is not shielded from worldly strife and pain. Indeed, spiritual

evolution is accompanied by the dark night of the soul, and sensitivity to pain is augmented rather than diminished. If anyone has starry-eyed visions of release in the world of phenomena, let him contemplate Cavalry and the passion of Christ as well as the many saintly victims of violence in our own time. The view that a truly great master could use occult techniques to transcend pain is unworthy of true spiritual insight: it is in the participation of the world's travail that the saint can succeed in raising the consciousness of the broad mass of people. This was the supreme act of Jesus while he was incarnate. Secondly, the act of love can supersede karma itself. The sinning soul, once it acknowledges its fault in clear consciousness and flows out in unreserved love to the source of being which we call God, moves on a new level of consciousness. The old way is annulled, and a new life begins. This can occur at any time, during incarnation or at the point of death. If one aspires to the mind of the cosmic Christ in love, the atonement is actualised and a true conversion is effected. And the cosmic Christ is the source of all right action in every religious tradition.

It follows that the mature person, while accepting survival and reincarnation as factual events in the lives of all people (and presumably, in some form, in the life of all creatures), concentrates less and less on these aspects of existence, and devotes himself more and more to the matters at hand. In so doing his consciousness transcends the finite world of cause and effect and lives more permanently in a state of mystical unity with all things and with God. The fruits of reincarnation are not to be found in alleged memories of past lives, but rather in inveterate moral attitudes that are part and parcel of the incarnating 'old soul.' It is the memory of these attitudes, gleaned from the past experience of selfish actions in other lives and their inevitable karmic reward that is worth having. They may form the basis of the categorical imperative stressed by Kant. In this way the law learnt by bitter experience at other times becomes radiant love in the present situation.

Joe's Scripts

Zoe Richmond

[These scripts have a rather interesting history. Joe, killed in the first world war, was a brother of Mrs. Zoe Richmond, author of Evidence of Purpose and a member of the S.P.R. They were submitted to Sir Oliver Lodge, who wrote: "There is a great deal of good matter in them. . . . So many people say that we get nothing of value, nothing about life on the other side, and statements of that sort, that really we ought to be able to show how false such statements are." He then recommended that they should be submitted to Light. David Gow, then the Editor, agreed with Sir Oliver Lodge that parts should be published; he said he found some passages arresting in their significance, and asked Mrs. Richmond to make a selection. Owing to pressure of other work she was not able to do so at the time, and the scripts were laid aside, and only recently came to light again.]

26.6.18.

A Battle field as it is seen from the other side. There is nothing of the din and smoke, and the physical horror, those don't matter at all, in so far as the impression of them remains in the minds of those who come over.

My first impression is of a chaos of forms striving, each striving to free himself, he does not know from what, he does not know what he is striving towards.

Our work is to help them, and I wonder if you can understand how that help is carried out. In reality we have to give them the thoughts and feelings that will help them, first of all sympathy, then the feeling that we understand and can explain things, so that they will trust us and allow us to help them. In reality it is those thoughts and feelings that we give and we have to think jolly hard to see just what each one really needs, and to give it to him.

But in appearance we have to do a great deal to make things easy for their minds. There is a certain amount of harmless pretence, more than harmless, helpful; if they are mortally wounded they are still anxious about the wound, they can't realise that it is left behind with the body, the thought form of their broken body is with them, and we have to humour their illusion; they get the impression of all sorts of marvellous dressings, of doctors with unheard of abilities to close up wounds however desperate, and to start them healing, and of strange new ointments to take away pain.

This is like suggestion, only it appeals to something they already know, their knowledge of themselves which is underneath the conviction in the foreground that they are still wounded and in pain, and nearly all of them are undeveloped that have to have these thought forms, these symbols, created for them to represent the real healing of their troubles that is going on.

They are truly wounded spirits, because the bodily wound is a shock to the spirit, and the spirit carries over with it the sense of that shock, and naturally can only think of it through the symbol of the body. So the thought form of the shattered physical frame is with them, and in a way we can see it, in a way it is like dealing with bodies. It is rather like the way in which you might dress a wound in a dream, if you suppose that in your dream you know all the time that it is not a wound in concrete flesh, but that it is the thought form for a different wound, for the shock to the spirit.

So all spirit life for some little time after separation from the body, is in a world full of bodily shapes. But they are like the shapes in dreams. They are there because they are thoughts.

Those who are killed quite suddenly - shot through the heart or head, or suddenly stunned with a concussion from which they don't recover, or simply in the physical sense are blown to nothing by a shell - come over with the feelings and thoughts which they had just before. Often it is these who still think they have to go on fishing,

and have to be calmed; often they think they must have suddenly gone mad, because the scene has changed. That is not surprising if you can imagine in what a tremendous state of tension, almost like madness, the actual fighting is carried out. Then they often think they have been knocked over in the battle without knowing what happened, which is actually the case, only they think they are now in a base hospital and want to know what did happen to them.

We have to humour them at first and only gradually explain to them what the hospital means. Sometimes they are profoundly glad, those who have come to the limit of endurance, and rejoice to be free from the world of wars. Sometimes, with those who have very strong home ties, we have to let them realise as gently and gradually as possible; most are so weary in spirit that they worry over little, and are soon ready to settle down to their rest.

Others have foreseen that they must be killed, they have seen the shell or bomb about to explode, and have known that when it explodes they must go. These sometimes tumble straight into their period of sleep, because their idea of death was simply obliteration, and the rest period links up with the idea at once. They need nothing explained until their rest is over, but sometimes they sleep a very long time if their conviction that death is the absolute end was very deep rooted.

(Z.) Did you go straight to sleep?

(J.) No; I'd got the idea of it first, I had to have treatment.

I'd known I was wounded, and I knew I was going out. I wasn't quite sure whether it was a dream or what it was at first. It seemed a pleasant sort of dream having such expert treatment all at once. Then I began to get the hang of it a bit, but they just had me in what seemed a very comfortable hospital ward, and after a time when they had got rid of the pain and pulled the blinds down, they said it was time for us to go to sleep.

Then when I woke up I somehow knew it was the other world at once. I think they had more or less told me before, at any rate I'd got the hang of it.

(Z.) Were you pleased then?

(J.) In a way, yes. Got to get used to the wrench of course, only then there is everybody ready to help you.

27.6.18.

After the sleep there is a difference. Before, there is always a certain amount of the illusion that you are still just the same person that you were in the earth life. That illusion doesn't get dispelled before the sleep, only the spirit gets enough quieted, enough reconciled to feel the sense of personal fatigue. You see, the understanding is carried just far enough to relieve the immediate sense of trouble and worry. Then comes the sense of simple tiredness, the spirit longs to rest, there comes the great desire to sleep.

In that sleep a great deal happens but I don't know enough yet to tell you all about it. It is not exactly a sleep, but your sleep in the earth life is very much the nearest thing to it. You know how much can happen to you in sleep that you can't explain. All you know is that you wake up another being. When the spirit comes out of that sleep he knows where he is and what he is, as you sometimes wake up in the morning with some knotty problem solved.

Those who pass over with full knowledge and understanding of the life beyond do not need that sleep at all, unless they come over with their spirits tired by long illness or the worries of life. In practice almost everyone needs the sleep period for a shorter or a longer time. The greater the difficulty of the spirit in adjusting himself to the new conditions, the longer and deeper the sleep period that is necessary.

Now to describe what it feels like when you come out of that sleep. You know quite clearly that you are alive, without any muddle about thinking that you are still in the earth life. During that experience something has taught us and told us. I think perhaps we have been able to reach out and understand more completely than we can realise at once when we wake up, because when we wake up there is a curious inner feeling, a comforting sense that we do understand somewhere, somehow.

But on waking, the first thing that follows the realisation of where we are and what we are, that we are really surviving spirits and that we are really on another plane of experience, is an enormous curiosity, and a very strong desire to explore and understand further. First there are things - that is what first strikes you - of the same kind as you see on earth, only somehow different. They are real, but you have a sense that they are only temporary, that they just belong to that first waking stage.

Then you find, and it seems very curious and fascinating, that you can change those things by wishing them to change. You can only do it with quite small and unimportant things, but for instance - you can look at a pine needle on the ground where you are sitting, and begin to think of it as a real needle, a steel needle, and then it is an ordinary sewing needle and you can pick it up.

You can't change big things, you can't change the whole scene around you. That is because it is not only your scene, it belongs to lots of other spirits too, but you can change any little thing, when the change won't affect anybody else. Then you begin to realise that all the things around you are really thought forms, memory forms, and that it is arranged like that so as to make the transition easy from material life to spirit life. You learn a great deal simply by finding out what you can change by changing your own thought about it, and what remains unaltered however you think about it.

That makes you understand how little belongs to you alone so that you can do exactly what you like with it individually and how much belongs to the whole concourse of spirits of which you are a part. So far I have only told you of one's own perceptions and realisations, but there is also a great deal that cannot be learnt only

from what we see.

First there is talk and interchange of ideas with others who are in the same stage of development. It is just like ordinary speech between people with ordinary bodies and clothes and features, only you have the curious sense, which one often has in earth life, of understanding a great deal more than what is said. You have that sense in the first spirit conversations, only you have it very much more strongly, and very soon you begin to feel that the words are only a kind of artificial framework, almost unnecessary to the thought.

Well, we converse together and help ourselves to understand by helping each other to understand, that is the most important thing about it. Second, there is the further help that we need, and get, from rather more advanced spirits who come and talk with us and explain things. I won't say that they are very advanced because that happens to be the particular job I am doing myself at present, but you can see that it comes just a step beyond helping people before their sleep.

We don't go to lecture them, just to answer their questions, because they want to know more than they can find out, and we who have just not so long passed through their stage and got on a little bit further can tell them just enough to satisfy them. Just as much as they can take in as yet. Especially, we can tell them that they will not get on until they are fit to go back and help other chaps through the first stage before sleep. That makes them keen to shove forward a bit, because it does not do if they get dreamy and just play about with their little thought forms and nothing else.

You see, there you can have anything you like within reason, games and all that sort of thing, and if they did not know about anything they would probably think this was heaven, and just go on playing like children, indefinitely. So they really need us to come and tell them that there is something further to get on to. After they have had enough rest and play they begin to want work, and they are keen when we come along and tell them that there is work, and explain to them how to get at it.

1.7.18.

Halls of knowledge, rather like universities, are in a region where it is not absolutely necessary to have the illusion of concrete buildings and rooms, but where at the same time it is helpful to use those earthly symbols. It is not that the buildings are necessary for any idea of shelter, or the rooms for any idea of dividing one group from another for fear of a confusion of voices. We realise that these practical needs are superseded but there remains the sense of the atmosphere and dignity of the building, something that is expressed by its architecture. All that atmospheric sense of dignity and beauty we cannot yet get hold of as a thing in itself, so we still have the symbolism of building and beautiful architecture, and in that sense the buildings are real to us. It is partly, also, that by keeping to this extent the easy sense of a building to represent an idea, our mental forces are freed for concentration on the purer, more immaterial ideas that we learn to work out within the halls of knowledge. Don't

confuse these with the temple symbolism. There are places for the development of understanding not of the higher mediumship. It is difficult to explain just what is taught here. I will try and give you a picture.

It is in the central hall that all members congregate. There is a high gothic vaulting, in a way it is churchlike but not wholly. But the lines of the vaulting have in them that sense of purity and aspiration which belonged to the genius of the gothic at its highest. But don't get too much the picture of a cathedral in your minds, but rather the picture of an ideal lecture hall. For the lecturer your best picture will be one of those whom you know as guides. It is very difficult to tell you how the teaching proceeds.

In a sense it is speech; it will be easiest perhaps if you think of that stage between friends when thought and speech merge very closely into one another, when the words carry with them spontaneously more thought than they contain. Carry that idea further, and think of the words being used only for their beauty, their rhythm and cadence, just as the architecture is used only for its beauty, its appropriate dignity.

The teaching could flow as a thought stream alone, but words are still used, not so much to convey the thought as to give a kind of illustrative pattern and artistic embellishment to the thought.

I want to give you a picture of the state in which we are gradually leaving behind the earth imagery, only don't think that we are proceeding from that to what you conceive as pure idea or abstract thought. As we dispense with the earth imagery we see feelings and thoughts themselves in an infinitely clearer, brighter and more vivid and more varied imagery in which they are as real, as absolutely themselves to us, as tables and chairs are to you.

It is not leaving realities for abstractions, it is leaving lesser realities for greater realities. It is impossible to tell you about our realities in the language that has grown with and is framed to express your realities.

2.7.18.

We have the words, we are taught by speech, and the teachers use language of wonderful flexibility and beauty, like the language of the greatest poets. But through and behind what they say there shines a meaning far beyond that of the words, and with that meaning we see a radiation of colour, sometimes one colour, sometimes another, and sometimes many colours together, and those marvellous shades of luminous colour become associated in our understanding with different shades of meaning. When you read poetry you feel the different shades between the lines, but you could not express to yourselves, or anyone else, exactly how they differ from one another. We learn simply by learning to feel that one shade of meaning is represented by one shade of colour, another shade of meaning by another shade of colour.

This, you see, is an elementary sifting out of our different perceptions of meaning. To see different meanings as different colours it to be able to hold them apart, instead of having them all more or less merged in a general sensation of beauty. Later, we go beyond this simple colour symbolisation, not that we lose it, any more than we lose the beauty of poetical language.

We lose nothing, but we go further to add new powers of understanding through differentiation. The colour differentiation is an elementary step.

You have fully realised that colour is character, the particular shade which the eternal goodness takes when it shines through this or that personality. So you begin to realise now, those of you who can see, that certain personalities radiate certain colours.

There is a further descent, so to speak, of the power to identify colour with character now being developed for humanity. A descent on the sense that the power to perceive the psychic colourings is no longer to be confined to clairvoyance; an effort is being made to get the esoteric perception through to those who would not call themselves psychic at all. It is being brought; it is being subtly infused into your philosophy, your education. It is coming to have a new significance in your pictorial art. It will very soon make its definite appearance even in your objective science.

A good deal of this you may not yet be able to understand. The last statement does not contain anything that you can trace in the present, it refers to the future. But the earth is reaching a stage at which underlying meanings can begin to be differentiated, and so more clearly held and understood and unified, because unity can only come about through finer and subtler differentiation. And the lesson that we first have taught to us in our halls of learning is just beginning now to be a possibility for those who are still on the earth, not only for their physical understanding, but for their mental understanding too. Watch the progress of thought, present human thought in its various aspects nowadays, and you will catch a hint in one region after another that a deep consciousness is creeping in of the significance of colour as representing the finer shades that no language, even the most perfect, can express.

Remember that I have told you about this colour symbolism, how it is only the most elementary beginning of a new power to perceive and understand.

3.7.18.

Halls represent the study of light and colour. You understand those two symbols and will be able to read into them a good deal of their meaning. You will realise that the life of learning is only part of this development.

The other side is the life of service, which might be symbolised for you as the growing of the spiritual flower of service. That symbol, I think, also conveys a fairly full meaning to you, though there is much more still behind it than you have yet grasped.

You have now an idea of two principal types of service; the one represented by the hospital scene, the other at the opposite and highest end of the world of spirit by the temple symbol.

I will try and tell you of the types of service that belong to this intermediate stage of development, the service to which we are trained in the halls of learning.

It is not service to those on earth, except occasionally and incidentally when there is something that we can do for those with whom we are in touch. It is principally service to those who have passed out of the earth life who have not yet begun to develop in spirit.

These would not listen to higher teachers, but those who are still near enough to them in sympathy and are able to remember and partly to share in their somewhat dull interests, are able to help them a little by degrees, to induce them, through friendship, to take those first small steps outward from their own little narrow circle, which are for them so difficult to take.

That is a very bald summary of a task which is very difficult but highly interesting in its many varieties. It is the task of the rescue of the dull, in many ways more difficult than the rescue of the wicked. The dull are like a lighted lantern of which the glasses are so smoked on the inside that no light can shine through. They can only be rescued by those who have learnt to sense the light within although they cannot see it. That elementary metaphor will hold good so far as to say that the glasses cannot be cleaned from without, but only from within.

The Story of 'Jack the Ripper'

CYNTHIA LEGH

As I remember it being told by Robert James Lees when staying at Adlington.

Robert James Lees was a deeply religious man; he was one of the early pioneers of Spiritualism, and was a member of the group who, together, founded the (then) London Spiritualist Alliance. He was for some years working as a journalist on the Manchester Guardian. About the turn of the century he began writing books with a totally new approach to life after Death; *Through the Mists*, *The Life Elysian* and many others. These were published in London by William Rider and Sons.

Through the Mists so enthralled my mother when she first read it that she wrote at once to ask Mr. Lees if she could come and see him; one receipt of his reply we both left post haste for Ilfracombe, where he lived. As near as I can remember this must have been about 1912.

Subsequently Mr. Lees was a frequent visitor to my parents at Adlington Hall in Cheshire. Often when interested friends came over to see him, to ask about his healing work and his many fascinating experiences, they might say: "What is the real story about Jack the Ripper?" I therefore heard the story myself at least half a dozen

times and hope I may omit nothing of real interest.

To keep strictly and briefly to the point, I must say first that Queen Victoria had upon several occasions sent for Mr. Lees, and she had told him he could at any time ask for an audience with her; she recognised and valued his exceptional gifts. Perhaps I should explain here that Mr. Lees only - as he expressed it - 'recorded' his books or wrote them as 'dictated' by his spirit guides who were, until the first world war, able to 'materialise' quite simply in his much used and dedicated study; they would sit and dictate what he was to write, while Mr. Lees sat and wrote at his table.

When the first murder occurred the public was naturally shocked and horrified. Mr. Lees and his wife had previously done a good deal of rescue work in the East End of London, and he knew something of its underworld and could move amongst them unharmed. When the second murder was being planned one of his guides told Mr. Lees to go and see the head of Scotland Yard. Neither of them, of course, expected him to believe what he had to say, but this was the pattern he must follow. They had met before . . . all pleasant, but nothing to be done! However, said Mr. Lees, I had to come and tell you, and will you please make a note?

The second similar murder took place! The third time his guide spoke, Mr. Lees went back again: "Were we right last time or not?" "Yes, you were, but that was a coincidence, quite extraordinary, but I can't take action on this kind of 'chance'."

The third murder took place! Here I regret that I cannot be sure whether a fourth followed or not, but it was at this point that his guide told Mr. Lees to go to the Queen.

He was given a long private audience, at the end of which Queen Victoria gave him a letter to hold until, and if, a further murder should be planned; this he was to take with him to the Chief.

The occasion unfortunately arose, and every possible facility was put at his disposal. He took with him a man of authority from Scotland Yard. They went together to a house in London and rang the bell; a manservant answered it. Yes, the 'Doctor' was at home . . . he was alone in his surgery. Mr. Lees walked in and greeted him; the doctor looked at him with some surprise and said, "Well, James! I didn't think it would be you who would come for me." These words stayed in my memory, for James Lees himself felt so infinitely sad, for the case of this man was the most complete example of Jekyll and Hyde he ever came across. I think he described him as a 'charming fellow ordinarily.' Late the same evening the doctor was taken (privately) to a place of detention and care, where he died a number of years later.

The Queen had asked Mr. Lees to leave London with his family for at all events five years, and for this period he received from her a pension, as it entailed leaving his job.

People were so disturbed about the murders, and were asking so many questions, she felt they might find themselves in a very difficult situation; also it was a terrible

position for the doctor's wife as she held a position at Court.

On this same memorable day a beggar died in the Seven Dials area, where people in those days often died unrecorded; his body was brought into the house during the night, he had a superficial resemblance to the doctor and was much the same height and weight and took his place in the coffin at the funeral!

The following day the newspaper reported that Doctor . . . had had a sudden heart attack and had died during the night at his home.

P.S. When James Lees died, or went Through the Mists, a well-known journalist went down to Leicester, where Eva Lees lived with her father, and asked her to give him the name of Jack the Ripper. To try and persuade her he offered her £500! Her reply? "His name has gone with my father!"

Mysticism and Dreams

Wyatt Rawson

For most people the phenomena of mysticism are abnormal states of consciousness experienced only by a certain class of persons, called mystics, who are considered (according to the point of view) either as divinely inspired or as painfully deluded. But this is a mistaken view. Mystical experiences of different kinds occur to all sorts of people and seem to be just as common now as in the earlier ages of faith. William James and Emile Boutroux, the two philosophers who have made detailed studies of mysticism, both agree that its phenomena are not the prerogative of any type of person or of any particular period in history, but point to the existence of a level of life in which all human beings are involved - potentially at least.

William James's discussion of the subject in his Varieties of Religious Experience is so famous that I need do no more than refer to it. Professor Boutroux's more radical views, however, are unknown in this country, since the article containing them is not available in English. It was published in Foi et Vie in 1905, and its conclusions have since been confirmed by all that we have learnt from depth psychology.

For Boutroux mysticism was at the heart of all religions. It was essentially a way, a life, a movement with a direction, due to a drive that exists in all of us, although it normally lies below the level of consciousness. Mystic experiences point to the fact that 'there is for all of us as conscious beings besides the individual life a universal life at once possible and in a certain sense actual. Our reflective and distinct consciousness, according to which we are outside one another, is not an absolute reality but a simple phenomenon, an appearance beneath which lies hidden the universal fusion of all souls within a single principle. We thus have two lives, the individual life, public and acknowledged, and the other, the universal life, still almost unconscious but pertaining to a higher plane.'

This mystic level has certain characteristics. In the first place it seems much more

real than the level of ordinary existence. Professor Whiteman, in recounting his experiences in *The Mystical Life*, declares: "I felt that I had never been awake before." Shakespeare appears to be referring to a similar experience when he makes Prospero say in *The Tempest*:

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Secondly, all life at this level possesses meaning, and even its starkest tragedies seem to have a purpose and a value. A friend of mine had a dream when she was in her 'teens, which she has never forgotten since. She was in a field which was being ploughed up. In it there was a little animal, and she was afraid of the ploughshare hitting and killing it. The plough passed safely by, but the following ploughman trod on it and it died. She woke up, but with no feeling of distress. Instead she was confident that there was meaning and purpose even in this death.

A third characteristic of the mystic level is a feeling of tremendous expansion. Those who have read the book that purports to relate Private Dowding's after-life experiences, will remember that he comes to a point where he says: "I am where I am, yet I am everywhere! I am self that is far greater and vaster than I thought." At a deeper level still this becomes an identification with all things - Bucke's 'Cosmic Consciousness' referred to in William James's book.

As this is a 'peak' experience, which is often, though wrongly, considered the only specifically mystic one, I will give two modern descriptions of it. One is by Max Freedom Long, the rediscoverer of the Kahunas' healing methods. He experienced what the Kahunas call the High Self as the One Reality in which were contained the perfect patterns of all things. With this came an impression of 'an existence outside the body and independent of space, time and memory, but always bathed in light of one colour or another,' and he felt that he was 'temporarily, one with this light, a part of it.'

Another description is given by R.H. Ward in his 'A Drugtaker's Notes.' Under the influence of dental gas he seemed to enter a higher state of consciousness, in which the ordinary world became shadowy and unreal. He passed through finer and finer degrees of heightened awareness and was filled with wonder and joy. Then he came to a region of complete lucidity, where he knew all that was to be known and everything was one thing, so that there was a simultaneous knowledge of the universe and of himself. Finally he proceeded into a sphere of rest where all was in a perfection of unchanging light, beyond time and beyond eternity, a realm of final and perfect unity, of absolute bliss.

A similar state has been described by Christopher Mayhew when under mescaline. He seemed to exist in a timeless state of complete bliss, and became aware of 'a bright, pure light, like a kind of invisible sunlit snow.' This experience is not peculiar to drug-takers. Mircea Eliade in *The Two and the One* describes a number of these visions of supernatural light, visions to be found in all civilisations. He believes that

they indicate a meeting with the ultimate reality which is also the true self. He quotes from the Chandogya Upanishad: "The Light that shines beyond all things in the highest worlds beyond which there are none higher, is in fact the same Light that shines within a man."

Let me now turn to dreams. It has been pointed out that we live on three levels, the waking level of conscious life, the level of dreams, and the level of dreamless sleep. Many Hindu philosophers believe that in dreamless sleep we pass out of our physical body, leaving it to rest, and enter another world in what may be called the soul-body. Their belief gains added weight from many of the experiences recorded by the Society for Psychological Research, such as those in the Palm Sunday case.

Three types of dreams can be distinguished. The first seems to be rectifying the one-sidedness of conscious life and may be called psychological. This is the type encountered by psychotherapists when dealing with their patients. The second type is the paranormal, in which telepathic, pre-cognitive and other experiences occur. The third, which is seldom met with, or at any rate seldom remembered, is the mystical type. In practice, however, as we shall see, it is not easy to draw a real dividing line between the three.

Let me start with a psychological dream of my own. One night I woke from a nightmare finding that I had managed to get my head entangled in the bedclothes, so that it was difficult to breathe. In the dream I was being stifled and had taken a gas-lighter and plunged it into the frightening monster that seemed to be attacking me. In a half-waking condition I went on with the dream, trying to discover who the attacker was. A violent face rose up before me. As I gazed, I suddenly realised it was my own face when I was angry. I nearly laughed out loud, and at that the face vanished, and its place was taken by a river of golden coins flowing towards me.

The dream is not hard to explain. There was a violence within me that I persistently ignored. Once it was brought to light, its force was no longer locked up, but streamed towards me as 'coined gold,' that is energy made available for use. All psychotherapists would agree that such dreams are the result of repressed energies. But it is seldom sufficiently recognised that the symbols used by the dream are its own creation. In this sense it acts like the artist, creating images that mirror our inner life, and has an active and purposive character. Whence does this arise?

We now know from carefully controlled experiments that all of us dream during some parts of the night, although we do not normally remember our dreams. In fact many people deny that they ever dream. Yet, as soon as they are convinced that dreams have a purpose and can help them to know themselves, they find that they can recollect many of them. It is the realisation that dreams have a value that brings them to life. But their meaning and purpose belong essentially to a deeper level than the dream itself. For they are a part of the on-going, mystical life, of which we are so seldom aware.

Let me turn now to paranormal dreams. A member of one of our depth psychology groups asked me once to evaluate an experience she had just had. A close friend had been involved in a car accident and was so badly burnt that she died after two hours in hospital. The news reached my friend on a Thursday. She was terribly distressed and unable at first to reconcile herself to such a tragic end to a fine life. On the Saturday night, she had a dream, so vivid that it might have been a vision. Her friend stood by her bed, calmer and more composed than she had ever been in real life. They had a long conversation which ended with her friend saying: "All is well! Remember, all is well." Immensely relieved and comforted, the dreamer woke and her inconsolable grief had vanished. This has none of the characteristics of a psychological dream and seems rather to have been an actual occurrence. The dreamer's religious faith must have been at work on the mystic level, and so made contact with her departed friend who came back to console her.

It is important to realise a point made by Professor Boutroux in the article from which I have quoted. Mysticism is 'a movement with a direction.' It is not just a series of Peak experiences. Though these may help our personal awareness, they do not by themselves bring about a change in attitude, so that they are no substitute for the effort of soul-making. For no mystic experience is vouchsafed us just for personal satisfaction. It is a part of our way, of our pilgrimage through life.

There are three stages on this path, which have been described in laconic terms by a medieval writer: *spernere mundum*, to despise the world; *spernere sese*, to despise oneself; *spere nullum*, to despise no one. This means abandoning external desires and ambitions; learning the far from ideal nature of most of our motives and actions; and finally coming to accept ourselves and others as we and they are, without condemning either ourselves or them.

A good example of the second stage is contained in R.H. Ward's book. When he came to take lysergic acid, ostensibly for experimental purposes, but really hoping to renew the wonderful experiences he had had under dental gas, something very different happened. He seemed to disintegrate, and even had to face the stark terror of the body's death. He realised too that often he was selfish, cruel and a liar, and had no moral feelings about being so. He then gave up the experiment. But it had already taught him to recognise the dark side of himself. This led to a new mystic experience becoming possible. It occurred as he was returning home one evening. Suddenly he rose to another level of awareness, in which everything he saw, even an ugly suburban villa, became mysterious and beautiful. All that he had missed in life no longer upset him but seemed acceptable and right. "Of course God exists," he exclaimed. "He is in everything I look at and in me." And his thoughts flowed out to a friend dying of cancer, for whom he prayed.

These experiences were not dreams. But many dreams are similar. Thus a Quaker friend of mine found it almost impossible to overcome a dislike she felt for a colleague. She hated her hatred, and one night struggled for hours against it, finally

falling into a sleep of exhaustion. Then suddenly she awoke and found herself making the sign of the cross. The result was an end to her tension and a peaceful sleep, after which the whole situation eased. The symbol of the cross, as an acceptance of our all too human nature, would not have been chosen consciously by her as a Quaker, and when she tried consciously to use it on other occasions it had no effect. For it came from the deeper level where all symbols live, and meant nothing unless it was expressing something that was happening in that realm.

Many symbols of the Divine are to be found at this deeper level, and some take curious forms. Some years ago a long series of dreams was sent me by someone who was still suffering from an abortive love affair. In the first dream an old couple, very odd, plain and ugly, but likeable, came to take over her cottage. Knowing her agnostic beliefs, I interpreted the couple as parent-images of the Divine Father and Mother, who were seeking entrance into her consciousness. A year later, shortly after the happy outcome of our work together, she told me that it was this interpretation that had given her the courage to go on with the struggle to understand and cooperate with her dreams. For it had enabled her to see her struggle as a spiritual one, in which a power outside herself was waiting to take possession of her soul.

This gave a meaning to her unhappiness and made of it something more than a merely personal sorrow.

Later the same person sent me a batch of dreams that included one she felt to be quite different from all the others. It was in fact a mystic experience. I give it here in her own words, since it shows how an ordinary intellectual, leading an active life, may have an experience of a kind that we normally associate only with Christian saints. "I was in heaven, but not dead, and there was a man or seraph looking after me and my spiritual self. I had some kind of intense spiritual experience, the nature of which I can't remember. The skies opened, there were wonderful colours, and I knew that something wonderful was happening. Although it seemed to be imaginary, I told myself it must be real because I had actually experienced it. Then I looked back through space to the tiny earth far away in the distance, and I understood why the 'dead' should take so little part in the life of the 'living'. But it did not seem to matter. This was the real, the eternal life."

Dreams, although an essential part of normal existence, act as a channel, a corridor, connecting our conscious with our unconscious life. They have, therefore, a highly practical value. If we attend to them they may help us to discover a new selfhood, one not bound in servitude to worldly desires and wishes, but free to make contact with a less egoistic world.

The Shining Ones

Dennis Gray Stoll

The Feast of St. Michael and All Angels has preserved for us a Collect that claims that God's Angels are allowed to succour and defend us on earth. Almost any clergyman of the twentieth century would, however, be considerably embarrassed by a member of his flock who claimed to have seen, heard, or spoken to an angelic being. He would be torn between sending the poor fellow to visit his doctor, and laughingly passing off the whole thing with the question: "And do you also believe in fairies?"

The Bible is a stumbling block to such easy dismissal, for it not only proclaims the existence of Angels, but gives countless instances of their making themselves visible to the eyes of men, and of aiding men with noble deeds and heavenly words.

Why, then, have the Holy Angels been dismissed for all practical purposes from the Church? Surely they are the true ministers of God, and no clergyman, however modern, can afford to deny them. The New Testament makes it perfectly clear that Angels foretold, announced, heralded, assisted, escorted, comforted, ministered to and strengthened the Christ; yet today most Christians feel they can get on perfectly well without any such embarrassing assistance.

In Christian countries the testimony of Angels is not admissible evidence in Courts of Law. Even on Malcom Muggeridge's television programme, anyone who attempted to convey what Angels had said to him would rapidly be dismissed as 'a nut case.'

Surely it is time to realise that if even the Christ and his Apostles needed the ministry and strengthening power of Angels to survive their trials on earth, we humbler souls have not the ghost of a chance of staying the course without them. To take a negative view of angelic beings is to put up a wall against the light.

The ancient Egyptians believed in what they called the Khuti, the Shining Ones, in a way that was wholly positive. They sculptured and painted them all over their temples. Even their tombs (which they called Houses of Eternity) were full of depictions of these Khuti blessing and succouring the soul in need. These were neither gods nor disembodied spirits. They were reflections of the neteru, those divine beings whom the Greeks called 'gods,' but whom the Egyptians more wisely regarded as spiritual powers energising and directing the Universe. There was a power behind the sun (Ra), a power behind the sky (Nut), a power behind the air (Shu), and so on. Not pantheism in any primitive sense, because all the neteru had divine and ethical characteristics, and were aspects of the One Great God.

Bothwell-Fosse, in his *The Civilisation of the Ancient Egyptians*, wrote: "Many of the inferior gods are seen to be parallel to angels and archangels, to spirits that assist mankind in his progress through their world and through the next, and are by no means to be confused with the great gods."

The great *neteru* of the ancient Egyptian cosmogony minister to men in triads. For instance, we have the triad of Horus, Hathor, and their son Ihy; Ptah, Sekhmet, and their son Nefertum; Amun, Mut, and their son Khonsu; Osiris, Isis, and their son Horus. It will be seen that Horus, who is the first and the last in this list, typifies the overlapping of spiritual relationship that runs throughout the heavenly family. The divine principle may be summed up 'the many in the One, the One in the many.'

Amun, Mut and Khonsu form a particularly powerful triad. Amun literally means 'the Hidden One,' an invisible source of divine love and creative energy. He is said to have left the earth to abide in heaven with Ra, and thus the conception Amen-Ra arose. From 1500 B.C. onwards he was regarded as the supreme being, symbolising on earth the Great God, and all other *neteru* were viewed as manifestations of Amun. The Papyrus of Hunefer, now in the British Museum, states the Oneness of Amun with the evocative words: "Thou art the unknown, and no tongue can declare thy likeness. . . . Thou art One."

Amun is said at one time to have taken the form of a divine child revealed by the opening petals of a lotus. This suggests an earthly incarnation. He is depicted in temples as a man wearing two tall feathers of Truth and Justice pinned with a sun disc, or wearing the white spiritual crown of Upper Egypt.

Mut, Lady of Lake Asheru, was considered to be the loving and divine mother. She is also known as 'Lady of Heaven' and 'the Eye of Ra.' She absorbed many of the characteristics of Isis. Her son by Amun was Khonsu, the Purifier and Guardian Angel of Souls. His name is derived from the ancient Egyptian word that means 'to travel,' and in the popular mind he was identified with the moon as it travels through the sky. In a cosmic sense he is 'the messenger of the Great God.' He is also related to Thoth, the *neter* of Wisdom:

Lest any reader imagine that all this is a fabrication of the writer's imagination, these facts can be checked conveniently in *Egyptian Mythology* by Veronica Lons, a work of impeccable scholarship, and in *Stewart's Symbolism of the Gods of the Ancient Egyptians*.

There is plenty of evidence that in certain states of mind men can see Angels. The modern explanation is extra-sensory perception, but the ancients for thousands of years have described the means as 'the third eye.' In Egypt it was said that the object of life on earth was that the Eye of Horus might be opened. This eye is represented symbolically on the brow of a Pharaoh by the uraeus. They believed that to pass into the Field of Offerings with the Eye of Horus fully opened is to dwell as a spirit among the Shining Ones.

Bothwell-Gosse, quoted above, ends his chapter on Egyptian Religion with the significant words: 'Considering the divine group of Amen-Ra, Isis and Osiris, and Horus, it is not difficult to understand why the Christian religion was at once accepted in Egypt.'

‘Under other names, the Egyptians had worshipped for thousands of years a God who was Father of all; a God-man who died and rose again, bringing immortality to all; and a Divine Child whose mother was also the Mother of God.’

When I read this passage to a reverend Dean the other day, he threw up his hands in horror, crying: “Good heavens! Why does the man have to bring pagan gods into it?”

Plutarch said that there are not different gods among different people, but that they are called by different names by different nations. A Greek writer initiated in an Egyptian temple and the author of the classic *On Isis and Osiris*, he was naturally aware of the similarities between the divine beings of the ancient Egyptians and the Greek gods. He lived towards the end of the first century after Christ when Egyptian religious ideas were beginning to fertilise the new era of Christianity. He claimed no exclusive rights for one faith, nor did he brand those of other religions as pagans.

All religions are really one, yet narrow-minded people and fanatics use them to divide men. Those who are closest in religion often realise this oneness least. Muslim and Hebrew are at loggerheads today despite the fact that they have much of their scriptures in common. Moses in the Koran, for instance, exhorts the Children of Israel to call upon ‘Allah’ when he is leading them out of Egypt. For more than a thousand years Muslims have affected to despise Christians as ‘infidels,’ yet in the Koran the Angel of the Annunciation tells Mary: “Lo! Allah giveth thee glad tidings. . . .” This is the old error of attaching more importance to the name of God than to the fact of God.

It is rewarding to draw parallels between the murder and resurrection of Osiris in Egypt, and the murder and resurrection of the Christ in Israel. It was Set, the fallen Shining One, who betrayed Osiris and tried to destroy him, and Stan who through Judas betrayed and attempted to destroy the Christ. Some say that this is evidence that all these events are historically false. Others see in it evidence that history repeats itself. Over and above factual truth, however, rests the higher truth that in the world of divine beings there is pattern and spiritual purpose.

Plutarch was well aware that the Osiris story was not mere history, but had a deeper and inner meaning. The fourteen *neteru* who judged the dead were, in later times, increased to forty-two. Set cut Osiris’s body into fourteen pieces, and in later accounts into forty-two. Isis, in collecting the scattered pieces, brought together all the parts of the perfected human soul that has become One with God. Here we have the double allegory in which ancient Egyptian thought abounds.

The Papyrus of Ani vividly describes the judgement of Ani’s soul before the forty-two *neteru*. In the Chapters of Coming Forth by Day, it says: “O ye who make perfected souls to enter into the Hall of Osiris, may ye cause the perfected soul of Osiris, the scribe Ani, victorious in the Hall of Double Truth, to enter with you into the House of Osiris. May he hear as ye hear; may he see as ye see; may he stand as ye stand; may he sit as ye sit!” (Wallis Budge’s translation.)

If the soul was judged to be perfect, Ani would become Osiris-Ani, and would hear, see, stand and sit as a spirit among the Shining Ones.

Anyone who visits Egypt with open eyes of the soul will be touched by the numerous depictions in temples and tomb wall-paintings of the Shining Ones shown in various attitudes of affection with man. In a fine sculptured triad from the Karnak Temple (now in the Cairo Museum), Amun ('the Hidden One') and his divine consort Mut ('the Mother') warmly embrace the young Pharaoh Tutankhamun ('the Living Image of Amun') with supporting arms behind his back. Isis is depicted as the Abydos Temple with Set sitting on her knee as she caresses his face with her hand. They remind me of Christ's beautiful description of the beggar Lazarus being 'carried by the Angels into Abraham's bosom.'

It is a strange thing that even those Christians who accept as historical fact the Angel who descended from heaven and rolled back the stone from Christ's tomb, and believe in the Angel who came by night to St. Peter in Herod's prison, and caused the chains to fall from his hands, regarded such 'miracles' in other religions as ridiculous superstition.

Having at least two Egyptian incarnations, I am able to look at a fresco in the small House of Eternity of an old friend, Khabeknet, beside the Western Mountains at Deir el-Medineh, and share his knowledge that the 'Archangel' Nebhet, her golden wings outstretched above him, is as real as the Angel who rolled away the stone. The picture below of the sister 'Archangel' Isis and Nebhet, kneeling beside his prostrate Osiris-Khabeknet figure with Double Rings of Renewal in their hands, suggests to me, as it did to him, that he would have to be born again in human form at least twice before his soul was ready to join the Shining Ones in Eternity. Meanwhile with what great love and care these Shining Ones watch over him as a brother, and even kneel at his head and feet as if he were Osiris himself.

The ancient Egyptian view is that Khabeknet, with all his faults and foibles as well as his many virtues, has a ka (the spiritual double of his physical body) which will eventually unite with his ba (the sublime aspect of his soul), and then enter the light of his Khu (the Shining One who waits for what Christians call his 'salvation'). Once the Shining Ones in the Fields of Peace receive his perfected soul, Khabeknet will unite with the Great God, the Father of All Souls.

It may be of interest to others with Egyptian incarnations that Khabeknet, who in his last human incarnation was an eminent British conductor, has self-sacrificingly postponed his blessed destiny in order to be of help to the undeserving writer of this article. I am now aware why he was able to render the Isis and Osiris music in Mozart's *The Magic Flute* with such assurance and depth of understanding. When I was only eleven years old, I remember him stroking his beard and defining music to me as 'an echo of the innumerable voices of Eternity.'

The angelic pictures of Egypt speak a sacred language that the ancient world

understood and loved, but which too many people in our modern world find difficulty in comprehending. I would suggest that one of the impediments to understanding is the unfortunate and conceited idea that we of this scientific age are somehow intellectually superior to the ancient Egyptians.

‘After all,’ a Cambridge anthropologist once said to me, ‘they did worship idols!’

In our ignorance, we have developed a kind of rabbinic self-righteousness, a ‘Jealous God’ and ‘Chosen People’ complex. How can the Great God ever be jealous of His own Shining Ones? Surely, if any people are chosen by God, it is not for their special virtues, but because in their abject deficiency they need divine help more than others.

Those who flinch from this opinion might do worse than consult *The Assumption of Moses*, a remarkable extra-canonical apocalyptic book that many scholars regard as the lost Testament of Moses. In this we are told that Israel’s leader declared: “Not for any virtue or strength of mine, but in His compassion and long-suffering was God pleased to call me.” Moses is referred to in this Testament as ‘a great Angel’ whose relation with the people of Israel did not cease with the death of his earthly body. It declares that his sacred spirit continues to intercede for them in the spiritual world. No single place was worthy to mark his burial ‘for his sepulchre was from the rising to the setting sun, and from the south to the confines of the north - yea, the whole world was his sepulchre.’

Paul Brunton in his *A Search in Secret Egypt* has written most significantly of the divine hierarchy: “There is room in God’s infinite universe for other and higher beings than man, and even though they took various names and forms, at various times, these deities did not change their innate character. . . . If, apparently, they have retreated from our vision today, their work cannot come to an end. The retreat can only be to realms less tangible to our physical senses, but we are none the less within their sphere of influence. They still watch the world which has been entrusted to their care; they still control the trends of human evolution, even though they no longer descend into visible earthly forms. I believe in the gods - as the ancient Egyptians believed in them - as a group of superhuman beings who watch over the evolution of the universe and the welfare of mankind, who direct the hidden destinies of peoples and guide their major affairs; finally, who are leading everyone and everything towards an ultimate perfection.”

To the sensitive individual the perfection may seem a long way off. But, after all, if we were perfect souls, we would not be here. I disagree with Brunton that the Angels ‘no longer descend into visible earthly forms.’ It is not so much that the Angels are not still with us, as we are not with them. At any moment they can speak to us clairaudiently, and, on the rare occasions when it is necessary for our development, allow us to see them in the glory of their luminous bodies.

The ancient Egyptians erected a splendid monument to remind the world of this

fact. Behind the Sphinx of Giza, they built a pyramid with a casing of pure white limestone that reflected the rays of the sun so intensely in the desert air that the beams could be seen for miles out at sea. Its ancient name is Khuti, 'The Shining Ones' or 'The Light.' With our extraordinary reverence for size, we have called it the Great Pyramid, and entirely missed the point of its existence. When the Arabs conquered Egypt, they removed the blocks of limestone casing to build their mosques and palaces, thus underlying the immense capacity of man for misguided activity.

Brunton relates in his *The Quest of the Overself* how Mohammed was asked by his relative, Ali: "What am I to do that I may not waste my time?" The Arab Prophet answered: "Learn to know thyself!" His counsel was priceless. Why? Let Mohammed answer again, in the words which he wrote down in the Koran: 'He who has understood himself has understood his God.'

'Watch thyself!' was the teaching in ancient Egypt, and at one time it was accepted teaching of the wise men of Christianity. Early Christian writings make clear how much Egyptian religious thought was absorbed into the new faith, especially the teaching of the evolution of the soul towards its Shining One or Guardian Angel. A fully developed soul was called 'Christos,' the anointed of the Divine Spirit. The Egyptian word was 'Karasat,' the embalmed and anointed. In the Dark Ages, the Church declared such teachings heresies, and laid down most untruthfully that the conception of man becoming One with God was a neo-Platonic invention. Atonement then took on a very different meaning from the At-ONE-ment. The Christ who had prayed so fervently in the Garden of Gethsemane "that they may be One, even as we are One," was once betrayed.

We must not forget the most impressive image of a Shining One that exists in Egypt today - the Sphinx, gazing eastwards towards the rising sun, who continues to meditate on his desert throne at Giza. His divine visage, mutilated by the cannon balls of the Mamelukes, still has a sublime expression. Every night the Egyptian Governments lights him up most artistically for a son et lumière show, an idea far more enlightened than they perhaps realise.

Whenever I go to Cairo to conduct the Symphony Orchestra there, I visit the Sphinx. Recently I discovered that the ancient Egyptians called the Sphinx 'Hu.' According to the Hermopolitan cosmogony, Hu is one of the four neteru who, with their divine consorts, created the world. He is known for his authoritative utterances and unendingness. In *The Book of the Great Awakening* (misnamed *The Book of the Dead* by the German Egyptologist, Lepsius, in the last century), there are not many references to Hu, but what there are have tremendous clarity and authority. I quote from the Papyrus of Ani (about 1400 B.C.), the best preserved manuscript of its kind in the British Museum: "I am Hu. Never does the soul fail in my name. I have created myself with Nu. In the image of Khepera. I came into being in the image of Ra. I am a Lord of Light."

There are many Shining Ones, many Lords of Light. Each human soul is attached to its own radiant being. Some men look up to the Egyptian Ihy, the Shining One of music, and the symbol of a fresh beginning. Others follow the light of the noble Ma'at, who leads them into high paths of truth.

A man who relies on other men for guidance, whether they be priest or sage, depends on reeds that may break. But the man whose soul knows its Shining One will be illuminated by a strong pure light that will guide him through any trouble or calamity. The Eye of Horus will be opened for him. He will experience the true meaning of the words of Christ: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

The Ghost seen by Gest Palsson

Einar H. Kvaran

[Gest Palsson (1852-91) was the son of a well-to-do and prominent farmer in the west of Iceland. After the regular six year course at the Gymnasium in Reykjavik (always preceded by two years grounding in Latin and Greek) he went, in 1875, to the Cophnagen University, studying theology to prepare himself for an ecclesiastical office. After two years there he made a break in his studies, went back to Iceland and spent a whole year on his father's farm, Myrartunga, before returning to his studies in Copenhagen. However (no doubt partly because of religious doubts) he did not graduate, but in 1883 again returned to Iceland and went into journalism, first there, but later in Canada, where he died. He was an uncommonly gifted man, and though his output in poetry and fiction is not voluminous there can be little doubt that as a novelist he is the most brilliant man Iceland ever had. On the whole his poetry is not of the same excellence.

His intimate friend, Einar H. Kvaran (1859-1938) was another exceptionally gifted man. Prior to entering the Copenhagen University his studies followed the same course. But though his forbears had for many generations been clerics he there chose political science. However, he never graduated either, but devoted himself to literature, journalism and politics. It was he who initiated the spiritualist movement in Iceland, his interest in the subject being aroused by W.T. Stead's review (in the Review of Reviews of W.F.H. Myers' Human Personality. His account of Gest Palsson's 'vision' he first printed in 1896 in a monthly magazine he was then editing in Reykjavik, and thus some seven or eight years before he had any connection with Spiritualism. When in 1927 he edited the collective writing of Gest Palsson he reprinted it there as an appendix.]

On a day in January 1879, when night was approaching, two travellers arrived at Myratunga Farm, intending to cross the mountain range of Baejardalsheidi the following day, after spending the night at the farm. These men were Hafliði Olafsson, aged 38, a farm labourer of Bessastad Farm in the district of Strandir, and

Guffinn Hjaltson, of Geiradal.

The following morning, when the men intended to proceed on their journey, the weather outlook was rather threatening, and most likely that a snowstorm was brewing. Haflidi, who seemed a man of little stamina and rather weakly, was all against leaving the farm while the prospects were so inauspicious. Gudfinn on the other hand was a robust man, and would on no account be deterred. He was most eager that Haflidi should keep company with him, using much provocative language to urge him on; said he was a coward if he stayed behind. Eventually both men went. Haflidi was poorly clad for meeting rough weather, wearing a short jacket and no overcoat.

As the day wore on a blinding snowstorm arose, continuing like that all through the night and the following day. But when the third day dawned the weather was bright. People at Myrartunga then noticed that something peculiar was moving about on the ice of a nearby inlet of the sea. Keeping an eye on the creature, whatever it might be, people saw that it constantly moved round and round. A man was sent to observe it at closer quarters. When he approached he discovered that it was Gudfinn, who had so utterly lost his senses that he knew not where he was going, though it was now broad daylight. He presented a terrible sight - had lost his cap and replaced it by a small skin-bag, in which he had been carrying his travelling provisions. All his clothes were frozen stiff, and the bag was frozen to the skin of his head.

He was carried home to Myrartunga and undressed into a bed in Gest's bedroom. He was shockingly frost-bitten, and had to be watched over day and night. During the first nights the servant maids watched over him, but had to be replaced by the male labourers. Both these and the girls said there was much haunting in the room, and they refused to go on watching during the night. When things had come to this pass, Gest offered to take the night watch, subject to a girl being available in the common room to go and make coffee for him, should he feel in need of some.

During that night Gudfinn suffered terribly, and on top of his bodily suffering he kept complaining that Haflidi was annoying him. At last the time came when it seemed to Gest that the patient's suffering somewhat abated, and he then asked him in what manner he and Haflidi had parted in the blizzard. Gudfinn said that in the latter part of the day Haflidi became much exhausted, and finally his strength altogether failed him, so that he could go no farther. They then took shelter in a snowdrift under the big rock, laying themselves down and allowing the snow to gather over them.

As they were lying there under the snow, Haflidi began to reproach Gudffinn bitterly, saying that now he would die and that for this Gudfinn was responsible. He also said that when dead he would do his utmost to revenge himself on Gudfinn. Presently his strength gave out and he lapsed into a coma. When he had for a while lain thus in a trance, it seemed to Gudfinn that he suddenly sat up, fixed his eyes upon him with a terrible stare, and then slumped down again. This Gudfinn took to

mean that now Haflidi was dead. He was then seized with such terror that he could no longer remain in the snow-shelter, but broke out of it and into the blizzard. After that he had been roaming about without knowing where he went until he was picked up.

When the patient had told his story he fell into a slumber. Gest took the opportunity to go into the common room to ask for a cup of coffee. Just as he was sipping it a heavy blow was struck on the timber wall dividing the common room from the lobby. Gest quickly ran into the lobby and out into the forecourt. The weather was fine and the moon shining brightly. He saw Haflidi standing on one side of the window of his (Gest's) bedroom, laying one ear against the pane, as if listening to what was going on inside. Gest walked towards him, but he moved on, and so both went along the front of the building until Haflidi reached the corner, where he suddenly disappeared.

Gest had the presence of mind to look on the snow where Haflidi had gone. But he had left no footprints. He then turned his mind on Haflidi's clothing, as it appeared to him - a long overcoat, instead of the short jacket he had been wearing when he left Myrartunga. Then he went inside and to Gudfinn.

"How was Haflidi dressed when you two parted? Was he wearing the same clothes as when he left here?" Gest asked him.

Yes, he had been wearing the same clothes, and in addition a long overcoat, lent to him at Baer Farm in Kroksfjord, where they had called before commencing the ascent of the mountain. The people there had considered him insufficiently clothed for venturing to cross the mountain range in so dubious a weather.

Gudfinn did not recover, but died after some while spent in bed. Haflidi's body was found on Baejardalsdeidi, and in the parochial records of Stad Church he is said to have been buried at Reykholar on 31st January.

Gest Palsson always regarded the overcoat as the crucial element in the story. "If what I saw had been mere imagination," he said, "then I could not have thought of the man otherwise dressed than as he had been when I previously saw him. My imagination could not have clothed him in the overcoat he happened to be wearing when he died. For the overcoat I knew nothing whatever."

Translated by Snoebjörn Jónsson.

Strange Harvest

Anna Morduch

When I returned from Switzerland, where I had given a number of talks in early Summer, I lived with a book which was presented to me by a dear friend - a farewell gift. It is a book on the chakras, or lotuses, which, according to ancient Eastern teachings, are within the light body of man and connected with the nerve centres

within the physical body. Concentration and meditation, according to this system used from time immemorial, brings these chakras to life so that they begin to vibrate and move, becoming, in the truest sense of the word, organs of consciousness in the Higher Worlds.

There are, of course, many books dealing with this fascinating subject, e.g. the Snakepower of Avalon, the books of Lama Govinda, etc., as well as many Eastern texts which have become available in English translations. But this remarkable book by Werner Bohm, which may never be translated into English, has opened new vistas of understanding of this profound and difficult subject for me. What caught my attention straight away was that it was not only written by a Westerner but also by a Christian, belonging to a school of thought which has so far sharply rejected Eastern methods of development for Western man. But he had come to the conviction, as many others have in our time, that East and West must meet in a new and inward understanding, and he gives a new key to the sacred six syllables which have come towards us through teachers and teachings, Hindu, Buddhist, and Tibetan.

Many of us have been touched by these vibrations, particularly because the sacred syllable OM MANI PADME HUM can no longer be chanted in the mountains of Tibet, which are under the rule of the 'red dragon.' The secret of the six syllables, for which no price the seeker could pay was too high, if there was no ink, the life blood and the marrow was offered as ink to write with, has to most of us been no more than a strange intriguing picture, a mantram with little connection to the life we have to lead in the lands of the West and the duties and conditions we have to accept as servers.

What is more, there have been, and still are, sharp controversies between the different schools which use the path of the chakra development. Some warn against this way altogether, others maintain that one can use some and not the others of the chakras, a theory scorned by some teachers who point out that we are dealing with a system of inter-connected forces and that we cannot develop one and ignore the other with which it is linked.

Kundalini, the sleeping princess of saga and fairy tale, lies coiled underneath the lowest chakra; the four petalled muladara, the root lotus, at the bottom of the vertebral column. While it is certainly both unwise and dangerous to try to bring the fire-force into the chakras without the guidance of a true teacher, and one who is perpetually available to check up on breathing and any of the given exercises, there are, I think, great advantages for the many seekers of our time to understand this system of great antiquity which has, and still does, help people to reach liberation and higher consciousness.

It has been claimed that ours is the time of the raising of the snake, and much of the behaviour of the young shows that they are aware of this impulse, at least on the level of emotions. According to Bohm who, as I said before, approaches the chakra

teachings as a Christian, the Muladara is the place where the seed of the world is hidden. It is the first and lowest place where the Grail experience takes place. We are here dealing with the cauldron mixed with all the forces of the subconscious and sex impulses which can and should be raised as we ascend.

Higher up, when we reach the Anahata, the heart chakra, the fourth on the upward journey, we have our second Grail experience when we realise the cup, and the third when we have reached the highest, the sixth, the Third Eye, where we may find the chalice. The word made flesh is the experience of this chakra.

From the Muladara, representing earth and its strength, symbolised by the white elephant with seven trunks, we rise to the next, the six petalled Swaisvara chakra, symbolic of the water region with the half moon and the white alligator called Makara. There is a connection between this navel lotus and the thousand petalled lotus at the crown of the head. In all the six chakras we find a male and female figure, representing the quality of the Divine forces linked with it.

The six petals are connected with the six lower passions, lust, anger, greed, deception, pride and envy. These passions must be turned into their very opposites before success can be achieved, and this can only come about by inner transformation.

The Manipura, or ten petalled chakra, is in the region of the fifth lumbar vertebra. It has been called the brain of the lower man, controlling digestion, breathing, and blood circulation.

Only now do we reach the Anahata, the fourth lotus, which is the centre of transformation and connected with the mystery of the crucifixion and resurrection. In the middle of the red twelve petalled flower we find the six pointed star in a smoky hue (fire turned into spirit). This is the ancient symbolism of the macrocosmos and the microcosmos. The star of Solomon (sun and moon), man in incarnation joined to his higher self. The animal depicted here is the gazelle, the most light-footed of creatures which will, if we let it, lead us to the hidden eight petalled lotus underneath the heart, which the Egyptians called the secret crown chamber of the king.

In our own Bible we are told in the Wisdom of Solomon that the fool's heart is on the left but the heart of the wise on the right. The Isa Upanishad too gives a very precise description of this place in the city of Brahma, the human body where Brahma resides, deathless spirit containing all created forms.

The gazelle can lead us deeper and deeper through the woods where we have to meet and overcome the phantoms of our own lower nature; when they have been overcome we stand before the jewelled Altar surrounded by a grove of holy trees. Here, in the picture language of the mystical Quabalah, the coffin turns into the altar and the higher self is born and the lamp lit which no earthly storm can put out. This is the experience of the Christ within.

The next is the beautiful blue lotus, the Vishudda chakra at the base of the larynx. It has fourteen petals and is connected with sound, the singing of the morning stars together, the music of the spheres, the creative word. Once more we meet the white elephant, marking the end of the connection with the physical vertebral column and the plexi.

From now on we fly up on the wings of the white swan to the Ajna chakra, 'Ajna' means command, and from this awakened highest centre we should indeed give order and command to all the others. This is the gate to the experience of the 'I AM' of which John speaks. When we have reached this, then indeed the snake has been raised. Above the central white triangle we see a sign of the Grail like a half-moon holding the dark side of the sun in its chalice. From here only can we reach the thousand petalled lotus, the abode of Vishnu, Cosmic Consciousness.

Now to come back to the great mantram OM MANI PADME HUM. It penetrates from the height in the sound 'OM" (AO/U) into the very depths of our being, raising the forces from centre to centre to bring into being the jewel in the lotus, the Third Eye, the Uva which is shown on all the statues of the Buddha, the Enlightened One. The Isa Upanishad tells us of this mantram in the following words: 'Om is the ascent towards universality. 'Hum the descent of universality into the depths of the human heart. Hum cannot be without Om. But Hum is more than Om. It is the middle path which neither gets lost in the finite nor the infinite; which is neither attached to the one or the other extreme.

"In darkness are they who only worship the world but in greater darkness are they who worship the infinite alone. He who accepts both saves himself from death by the knowledge of the former, and attains immortality by the knowledge of the latter."

When I pondered the echo of the mysterious sound 'HUM' (which is like a deep flute sound from within) while I was sitting in my tiny garden in the midst of the roar of the city, I suddenly was aware of an accompaniment - the deep hum of the bees coming, bemused and covered in golden pollen, out of my rose bushes. With a gasp of joy I realised that the bees, whom the Greeks called 'little priestesses of Apollo,' had discovered the secret a long, long time ago. I understood that this echo lives like a hidden essence on every created thing, from the conch whispering of the sea, to every bird, and the humming of all the winged family of bees, high and low, celebrating a High Mass of joy. The vibrating powerful sound heard by the ancients at sunrise must have been like this deep spiritual sound of 'Hum.' I thought of the beautiful passage in Teilhard de Chardin's Hymn of the Universe:-

"I thank you, my God, for having in a thousand different ways led me to discover the immense simplicity of things. I have been brought to the point where I can no longer see anything, nor any longer breathe, outside that milieu in which all is made one."

And a prayer rose in my heart that we should no longer throw dice for the seamless robe, as the Roman soldiers did under the cross, but see the undivided glory of all

life in all that is.

Something far more deeply interfused

Sir Kelvin Spencer

I want to start off by defining the way in which I am going to use two terms. I am going to use the term paranormal to cover all aspects of manifestations, physical or mental, which are not at present recognised as real by orthodox science. That means that I shall use paranormal to cover ESP, telekinesis, telepathy, clairvoyance, Spiritualism and a whole lot of other things. I am not arguing that this is the correct way to use the term, but just as a matter of shorthand convenience I am using the term paranormal as a portmanteau word.

The second term that I want to define is one that I've already used - orthodox science. And by orthodox science I mean the science which finds expression in the Royal Society, in the British Association and in publications such as Nature.

In this very difficult subject of the paranormal, the person doing or talking about or listening to research is part of the whole endeavour. Therefore I make no apology for giving a brief sketch of my background and therefore my mental approach to this subject.

I am one of the generation that fitted the first world war in between school and college, and after that war I took a degree in science at London University. Following that I had thirteen years as a boffin at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough. After that I spent the remainder of my career, until I retired in 1959, at various government headquarters in Whitehall, trying to administer scientists. Not only was I associated with scientists within the government service but, as you will know, it is a custom and a very good custom for many government departments to invite eminent scientists from the outside world to serve on advisory scientific councils. I had the job of being secretary, or chief executive or member of quite a number of these councils throughout my odd thirty-three years in the service; which meant that I got to know a number of the top ranking scientists.

One of the things that surprised me more and more was the way in which the great majority of them had completely closed minds to the paranormal. This initially, when I was at Farnborough, was quite shattering to me. During the First World War I, in common with my generation, lost a number of friends and relations, and some of you will either remember or will have read of the sudden outburst of interest that there was in Spiritualism from 1917 onwards. Conan Doyle was one of the major exponents, also Oliver Lodge and Charles Richet. During the years I was at college I absorbed books by them and others and I thought the recognition of the paranormal was a respectable and important field of endeavour must come soon. Surprisingly enough, it hasn't come yet. Throughout all my service career I only found about half a dozen people whom I got to know well, who were willing to take this subject

seriously. This in spite of the fact that in the 1920s Eddington and Jeans had pointed out that the whole basis of materialistic science was nonsense. You remember Jeans famous phrase “the universe begins to look more like a great thought than a great machine.” Now that was published in the middle 1920s. A month ago, in preparation for this talk, I had a chat with a Professor of Physics at Exeter University, and I asked him whether this was still so. After thinking a bit - and of course once you start splitting the atom, and splitting the proton and then mentioning all those curious subnuclear particles you can get the conversation delightfully muzzy, but when you get to bedrock and you say “Yes, but at the bottom, what is matter?” he had to admit that there was nothing to add to what Jeans had said. Now I want to drive this home by reading out two extracts. The first is from A.N. Whitehead, written in 1925. He said this:

“. . . scientific materialism . . . is an assumption which I shall challenge as being entirely unsuited to the scientific situation at which we have now arrived. It is not wrong, if properly construed. If we confine ourselves to certain types of facts, abstracted from the complete circumstances in which they occur, the materialistic assumption expresses these facts to perfection. But when we pass beyond the abstraction, either by more or subtle employment of our senses, or by the request for meanings and for coherence of thoughts, the scheme breaks down at once. The narrow efficiency of the scheme was the very cause of its methodological success. For it directed attention to just those groups of facts which, in the state of knowledge then existing, required investigation”. (Science and the Modern World, Cambridge University Press, 1933 edition, p 22.)

That was Whitehead in 1925. One would think that a person of Whitehead’s eminence, making such a categorical statement, would make some sort of a stir in the pond of orthodox science.

I now come to a second quotation, much more recent, 1966, Alister Hardy. He says:

“Could it be possible that modern humanistic man, excited by the success and neatness of the scientific method, and exalted by a sense of liberation from the intellectual absurdities of medieval thought, has been carried away into a new realm of intellectual folly quite different but only a little less absurd than that which preceded it? Could he be making a gigantic mistake?” (‘The Divine Flame’, 1966 edition, p 18.)

I remember about fifteen years ago I put the substance of this question, but not expressed anything like as well as Alister Hardy, to Sir George Thompson, who was then the chairman of one of the advisory councils I was concerned with. He, as you may know, was one of the leading figures that followed up Rutherford’s work which led to splitting the atom and all the benefits which civilisation has gained from that: Hiroshima, poisoning of the environment and so on. And I remember saying to Sir George Thompson, “Surely we must take account of the purpose for which we do research and whether the research makes sense.” After discussing the matter for

some time he got rather impatient and said, "Well, at any rate it," referring either to atomic energy or to physical science in general, "at any rate it works," and as an illustration he pointed to atomic power stations. Now we in 1970, when we look around the world, can any of us say it works? I should have thought that every time we switch on the wireless, every time we look at the papers, we can see that it doesn't work. I think that what Alister Hardy says here is absolutely right. "Is it not possible that modern humanistic man, excited by the success and neatness of the scientific method and exalted by the liberation from the absurdities of medieval thought, has been carried away into a new realm of intellectual folly quite different but only a little less absurd than that which preceded it. Could he be making a gigantic mistake?" Now my answer to that is a most emphatic Yes. He is making a gigantic mistake. This answer, however, although it may be acceptable to the present audience, is by no means acceptable to orthodox science.

Since I retired in 1959, I've had the privilege of being on the Council of Exeter University and a member of the Staff Club. I've taken the opportunity to have discussions with a number of the professors of physical science and psychology, leading up to the points I've just been making; and with one exception they all of them carry the conversation to a certain point and then become restive and remember that they had to dash away to a lecture.

The other day the Department of Psychology of Exeter University moved into a new and swaggy building and the professor showed me round. It's been equipped very lavishly with all the devices that modern psychologists want. Among many other things it has a dark and completely silent room in which the victim can be isolated from all external disturbances, except those disturbances which are part of the experiment, and then the human guinea pig is instrumented in a most impressive way. He has wires attached to him in all sorts of places so that many reactions of the body are capable of being monitored. The way they use this chamber is to put the individual in it for so many hours, and when they think he is sufficiently cooled off they tell him through a phone that he's got to press a button every time one flash comes on. That's the type of experiment, and one of the things they're getting at is the way in which alertness diminishes as the time of exposure in this dark room is extended.

After he'd been explaining these things and showing me many other gadgets, I couldn't resist saying to him, "This seems to be just the ideal equipment that one wants to get factual information about telepathy. Have you got this in your programme?" So he said "Telepathy, telepathy, oh no, there's nothing in that, you know, there's nothing in that." Well, a lecturer was there who thought perhaps there might be something in that, so we got a bit of discussion going. I found the professor had read next to nothing on the subject, but of course you know that the people who dogmatise mostly on paranormality are the people who've read least about it. The lecturer, however, had read something and he thought perhaps there might be

something in it and he was beginning to take my side when the professor clinched matters by saying, "But you know if we found that there was something in telepathy it would cut the ground from much of the work that we're doing in the Psychology Department."

Now I think that this era of lunacy is, in fact, coming to an end. That may be wishful thinking: after all I thought that in 1919 and here we are in 1970 and it hasn't come to an end yet. But there are reasons from within orthodox science itself why we may now take courage and hope that it is coming to an end. There are more and more things being disclosed by orthodox science which prove to be dead ends; orthodox science can make no progress, it gets so far and then it can get no further. I'll mention a few of them; I've already mentioned one, which is the ultimate nature of matter. That I regard as a most fundamental issue and the way in which orthodox science has completely disregarded that seems to be quite extraordinary. But there are many others. There's the body-mind relationship. You would think that psychologists in particular would be extremely interested in that. A few of them are, but the modern fashion in academic psychology is behavioural psychology, in which you undertake the sort of experiments that I've just referred to. You find out the reactions, the physical reactions, of the person you're experimenting on, to certain conditions. But any interest in introspective psychology is pretty nearly dead, as far as I know, in academic circles.

Then another line on which orthodox science can make no progress is the whole subject of instinct: instinct in insects, birds and fishes. Take fishes as one illustration. I understand that salmon spawn in a certain river, then they go away several thousand miles to the centre of the Atlantic to grow up and then they come home to the same river to spawn. This is a fact which orthodox science has proved again and again, by labelling fishes. I know a number of them engaged in this work. But when you ask them to put up some sort of a framework, some sort of a theory on which one can start to arrange these facts, they are completely at a loss. So that is another dead end, as I regard it, which orthodox science has reached.

The last illustration that I'll give is the endeavour, which has been gathering momentum more and more in the last thirty years, to find the cause and the cure of cancer. You know that that has led medical research people a very long way into the depths of mysterious nature. They're no longer content just to confine their research to cancer itself, but they go in to the whole question of what it is that makes a bit of matter act as something living and what is the controlling factor in a living organism that makes it develop in a particular way. Orthodox science has no intellectually respectable answer to that question at all. The molecular biologists and the biochemists have found out a great deal about it, and I don't want to decry the work that they have done and are doing in this field. I think that it can be very valuable. I think it is likely to be extremely dangerous. But to imagine they are going to get at the heart of the matter along the lines of orthodox science seem to me analogous to

trying to explain the beauty of Westminster Abbey by taking it to pieces and putting the stones under a microscope; alternatively, to try and explain the spiritual impact of music by taking to pieces a gramophone or examining the grooves on a record. To sum up, I think there are grounds for thinking now that orthodox science is realising that it cannot capture within its net a sufficient part of the totality of human awareness to continue to make it a sufficient field of endeavour. It must widen.

We come up against the difficulty as to how this is to be done, and also perhaps the prior question: Why bother to do it? I am going to take the second question first - Why bother to do it? I think that it's overwhelmingly worthwhile, because I regard the paranormal as an extremely important part of human awareness. I regard it as a very difficult field for research endeavour. The total research effort which is at present going into it is derisive compared to the effort needed and compared to the effort which is being put into orthodox science. I instanced a moment ago the laboratory of the Professor of Psychology at Exeter. Now that's only a drop in the ocean compared with the vast paraphernalia of scientific laboratories both in government and out of government control, much of the equipment of which is suitable for research into the paranormal. My present objective is to try and capture the interest of the younger generation of scientists who, unless they are winkled out of their rut, will become orthodox scientists. I think there is quite a chance of doing this. There are a large number now of post-graduate students working in various fields of orthodox science who are looking for new territories to conquer. At present they are rather discouraged because, as I said, there are very few professors who are likely to steer them in this direction. But as we all know, students sometimes have a mind of their own, and perhaps a sit-in strike on this particular issue, to insist on some of the apparatus available being used for research over a wider field than it is at present used for, would be a very good thing. For this to happen one must start, I think, with some paranormal phenomenon which is firmly in the field of orthodox science. It is asking more than we're likely to get if we ask the young scientist, who still has a reputation to make and hopefully a doctorate to achieve, to throw overboard all the attitudes of mind he spent years learning and jump immediately into an entirely different field, a field which I believe is known as mental phenomena. So I think the most hopeful line is to start with a paranormal phenomenon firmly in the field of orthodox science.

Now, of course, there are many such phenomena. One is the simple table tilting, table rapping experiments that I expect many of you have direct experience of. The great difficulty hitherto has been that these phenomena cannot be produced to order; and so having got an orthodox scientist sufficiently interested to set up recording devices, you then find that you cannot produce the phenomena. The literature of paranormality over the last 110 years is littered with disappointments of this kind.

Furthermore, on the few occasions when the phenomenon happens to have

coincided with the facilities for recording and observing it, the monitoring of the devices has often been open to criticism.

It is only within the last ten years or so that laboratory techniques have been sufficiently developed for it to be possible to record a large number of different aspects of manifestation on the same time scale. So, if one could get the paranormal manifestation more or less to order, we could then, in a suitably equipped laboratory, have a self-validating record of a number of things that were happening at the time that manifestation took place. Just to mention a few of the things: you could measure the various physiological characteristics of the medium; you could measure the physical characteristics of the air space between the physical object which was being moved and the group of sitters; you could measure the humidity of the air, the temperature of the air; all these things could be instrumented and recorded so that there would be no opening subsequently for the usual criticisms of fraud or incompetent experiment. This has already been done in a few laboratories but the sophistication of the technique can be indefinitely increased.

You're still up against the second difficulty of producing the paranormal physical manifestation to order, and this of course is a very serious difficulty. But some of you may have read a paper by Colin Brookes-Smith and D.W. Hunt in the June number of the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, and the work there recorded, which took place between about 1965 and 1968, has since then, I understand, been carried forward in a significant way. Very briefly, a doctor in the Exeter region, a doctor of medicine, who was interested in paranormality, thought that it might be possible to get a group of about half a dozen people to meet regularly, about twice a week, and see whether they could train themselves firstly to produce a simple physical manifestation and then to control that manifestation. And they took the usual manifestations of a tilting table and a moving table and a levitated table, all the usual sort of things one comes across in the literature. The significant thing was that after about ten months of this rather gruelling work he discovered that they were beginning to get results; and once they started to get results there seemed to be a reinforcement of those results. The team got confidence in themselves, and they were able to produce these results more or less to order. Well, at that stage the group broke up for one reason or another - and so the work was put on one side. It wasn't published but it was circulated privately, and it came into the ken of a dentist up north, and he thought that he would try this technique. He got a group together, and what seems to me very significant is that whereas it took the original doctor ten months to get control of manifestations, he was able to achieve the same pitch of reliability in four months. Then again the group broke up. I remember that it didn't go out with a whimper, it went out with a bang, because after having got a number of successful manifestations, they laid on all the technique for photography and the like and they thought they'd got magnificent results and were in process of developing the film in the same séance room, in darkness of course, and the chap who was looking at the film in the red light saw some very striking records on the film, and he

shouted to one of his co-workers: 'I say, come and have a look at this - we've got it at last.' And at that moment the table on which he was doing the development levitated itself, all the hypo and the developer was spread over the floor and he himself got mouthfuls. That wasn't the reason for that particular group breaking up, but I thought it would be rather fun to let you know that there was that incident.

I understand now that there is another group that is following on the same lines and I have every hope that they will achieve controllable physical manifestations within even less than four months.

There may well be good reason to think that at long last denial of the paranormal is wearing thin. I think the best point of attack on the citadel of orthodox science is via the younger physical scientists. I think you must start wholly within their own physical science field; I think that that is becoming possible along the lines I've indicated by a controlled physical manifestation, fully instrumented.

Now I want to raise what to me is a much more interesting aspect of the whole subject. Because, don't let us kid ourselves. This work that I've been describing, this research work, is deadly boring. I expect many of you have taken part in it. I don't know whether any of you have taken part in the card guessing games - I'm sure you've all read about Dr. Rhine's work, which has been followed up by so many people, and the many years of mathematics that have been poured into it to show that there was something faulty in the random numbers or in the methodology. The work is very boring and one feels that it's not really getting to the heart of the matter. The paranormal is something much more than guessing a card more often than chance would indicate; it's something much more than lifting a table without any physical means; it is in fact something quite fundamental to human awareness.

At this point I want to read out two extracts; they're both from Tyrrell. The first comes from his book, published in 1930, *Grades of Significance*. He says:

'The avenue of intellectual enquiry is not a road to pure truth. Step by step these higher reaches of realization may be won, but only by development of the whole personality; not by training of the intellectual faculty alone. Do not let this be misinterpreted as an anti-rationalistic argument. It does not mean that reason is to be abandoned in favour of pure intuition. Reason can, and must, be used on the higher grades of significance as on the lower. What is meant is that reason unassisted, when in possession of one grade, can never attain to the root-conceptions necessary to open a higher grade to its use. These root-conceptions must first be grasped by intuition, or, as I have preferred to call it, by the mystical faculty.' (Pages 54-5.)

Then, another quotation from Tyrrell, this time from his book, *The Personality of Man* (Pelican Books, 1946, p. 225).

'We seem to be faced by no less a possibility than that the scheme of space, time, matter and causality may be only a department of nature and that there may be

another order of things behind it, which occasionally shows through.”

When you get to that stage you realise that orthodox science must enlarge its field to embrace many aspects of philosophy, metaphysics and religion. There is a book called *The Psychology of Folk Lore* by Marritt, published in 1920, and this is a quotation from it:

“The moral of the history of primitive religion is that religion is vital to man, as a striving and progressive being. It is the common experience of man that he can draw on a power that makes for righteousness, the sole condition being that a certain fear, a certain shyness and humility accompany the effort to do so.”

I think that that’s extremely important; and why so many physical scientists have got negative results in such experiments that they have done in the paranormal is precisely because they have not had that certain shyness and humility in approaching paranormal research. They have made the entirely unjustified assumption that the further extension of the techniques of orthodox science will ultimately explain everything. It’s interesting to note that it was not an assumption made by the forefathers of modern science. If you go back three centuries you’ll find that the scientists then were quite clear that they were only concerned with a department of nature, they were only concerned with things that they could measure and check by test in a laboratory. But then gradually over the last three centuries that has been forgotten. It has not been forgotten by some of the most eminent scientists but it has been completely forgotten, or never known, by the man in the street. The man in the street has absorbed now, through his education and through his reading, a dogma that orthodox science, although at present it cannot explain everything, ultimately will be able to do so. And the ordinary man seems incapable of grasping that that jump is entirely unjustifiable: the jump from saying that science is definitely confined to those things that can be measured and numbered, to saying that the further extension of that sort of science will ultimately explain the totality of human awareness.

The totality of human awareness is much more than the field of orthodox science. This has been recognised by the great religions of the last 6,000 years, by all the great poets and the great musicians. I would like to end with two well-known quotations from Wordsworth, written about the year 1800, one of them taken from his famous ode on Tintern Abbey and the other from his *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*. Wordsworth refers to:

Those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us,
vanishings; Blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts, before which our mortal nature did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:

Those shadowy recollections, which, be they what they may,
are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make our ninety years seem moments in the being of the eternal Silence: truths that make

To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavours, Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy, Can utterly abolish or destroy!

And the other quotation is:

I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the lining air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man: A motion and a spirit, that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things.

The need for a new Metaphysic

Dr. D.M.A. Leggett

THE NEED

Part I

(i) So much of what is going on in this country today is separative and divisive. We see it in every walk of life. And this is sad because it means that nervous energy, one of our most precious possessions, is being squandered on internal conflict instead of being used creatively. Why is this? How can such energy be channelled into more constructive ends?

Though attitudes of mind present a continuous spectrum about which it is dangerous to generalise, it is none the less true that the outlook of an individual or group tends to be one either of crude self-interest, or of enlightened self-interest or of selfless concern for the well being of the whole. What is striking is that almost everyone, if asked, would agree that the widespread adoption of the last of the three attitudes of mind just mentioned - a selfless concern for the well-being of the whole - would go far to solve our present problems. Yet, attitudes remain unaltered. In practice, nothing happens.

In his Gifford lectures, subsequently published as *The Human Situation*, Professor Macneile Dixon refers to a situation in which a little girl asked her mother, "But Mummy, why should I be good when I want to be naughty?", a question which professional philosophers have found some difficulty in answering. Replacing the little girl by an ordinary man or woman, the question becomes, "Why should I concern myself with the well-being of the whole when all that I am interested in is the wellbeing of myself and my immediate family and friends? Why should I?" And

that, or so it seems to me, is the nub of the problem.

What makes a group of people work together? The answer usually is either a common fear or a common faith; or, may be, a combination of the two. This is well illustrated by the last war during which the nation was united to an extent that it has certainly not been since. We were united by a common fear voiced by Churchill in his unforgettable words, "If we don't hang together we shall certainly hang separately," and by a common aim, "Freedom is in peril, defend it with your might." Is there a common fear or common purpose which could unite the nation today in a manner analogous to that in which it was united during the 1939-45 war?

Let us begin with fear. Is there anything today which warrants universal fear? It seems to me that inaction in the face of the three P's - population, poverty, pollution - comes into this category. A dispassionate study of the literature shows that the problems are real and getting worse. During the past year they have been the subject of much publicity and many talks. But what is actually being done? That action must be preceded by discussion is obvious, but it is essential that talking should lead to doing - for two reasons. First, discussion which does not lead to action is psychologically enervating; the subject loses freshness and becomes stale. Second, unless we do something about the three P's the three P's will do something about us. If words are to be followed by action sacrifice will be necessary, sacrifice of money, time and maybe prestige. But is there the necessary will? That is the crucial question.

So much for a common fear. Have we a common purpose?

Prior to Galileo looking through his telescope in about 1550, the Christian metaphysic had held undisputed sway throughout Western Europe for many centuries. Galileo's suggestion that the earth went round the sun, and not vice versa, had little to do with religion, but the ecclesiastical hierarchy of that time thought that it had, and strenuously opposed it. A long and bitter quarrel ensued at the end of which the church was forced to accept Galileo's discovery as fact. Though the subject of the quarrel was completely devoid of religious significance it marked the beginning of a long and progressively serious conflict between increasing scientific knowledge and the Christian metaphysic as formulated at the time of Galileo.

At this juncture I should like to make it clear that for me the heart of religion is the body of psychological insights which have been distilled by the great teachers in the crucible of their own experience and then propounded in a form appropriate to the knowledge and understanding of the people amongst whom they lived. Though these psychological insights change little with time, this is not true of the philosophical and theological super-structure, the metaphysic must inevitably reflect the general outlook and state of scientific knowledge current at the time, and this does indeed change as the centuries go by. Today, largely due to the scientific discoveries of the last one hundred and fifty years, the metaphysic which has served so well in the past is no longer adequate and is in urgent need of recasting. Two areas of thought in

which the need is particularly pressing are the nature of man and the purpose of life. What are the potentialities of the ordinary man or woman? What happens after death and before birth? Is death really the end and birth the beginning as scientific humanism, the prevailing world view, maintains? Dogmatic statements not susceptible to verification are no longer acceptable. Something more is looked for, but whatever the more may prove to be must be founded on experiment and experience. Any future metaphysic, to be effective, must provide convincing answers to these questions. If and when it does, it will, I believe, go some way to provide mankind with a common purpose.

In this connection, a quotation from the oration given by the Duke of Edinburgh at King's College, London, in December, in 1969, is relevant.

“Material development by itself cannot sustain our civilisation. It is fairly certain that without some acceptable alternative motive the old laws of survival will reassert their authority.

“To make life tolerable and indeed possible for intelligent man there must be some criterion of right and wrong, some positive motivation, some vision of an ideal, some beckoning inspiration.

“Without it we shall never get to grips with the population explosion, with racial prejudice, with starvation, with distribution of resources, with the conflicting demands of development and conservation, progress and pollution, or the control of the complex industrial communities and the liberties of the individual.

“Devising a new system or revising the existing one is a fairly daunting prospect. It will have to take into account everything known about the universe, the earth, ourselves, and the existing industrial, commercial, legal and political structures.

“From this it must distil a theory which commands such a degree of acceptance that people will find the will to make it work, recognizing the need for the restraints it demands and the responsibilities and obligations it imposes.”

(ii) The scientific method is the name given to the three-fold process of collecting the relevant data, i.e. the facts; framing an hypothesis, i.e. making a guess as to what will explain the facts; and checking the validity of the hypothesis, i.e. the guess, by appropriately designed experiments.

In science the inspired guess is all important. But when it comes to the borderlands of science, our subject here, scientists are strangely reluctant to guess. Instead, with comparatively few exceptions, they ask for proof.

Our situation today resembles climbers setting out to scale a hitherto unscaled peak. It is useless to ask for proof that the peak can be scaled before setting out. The only proof possible consists in actually scaling the peak.

We will now survey the peak and select what looks like a possible route.

PREPARATIONS

Part II

(i) Form and Consciousness

In the world around us it is noticeable that everything that lives, be it vegetable, animal, or human, manifests through a form. So far as is known life without form does not occur, and form, unless it is animated by a co-ordinating life, is always in the process of disintegration. This is equally true of a body, a house or a piece of machinery. It follows that whatever lives can be studied either from the standpoint of consciousness or awareness, or from the standpoint of form or structure.

Life on this planet has evolved over millions of years. The forms through which life manifests have become progressively more complex, and the range of awareness of manifested life has both broadened and deepened. The question which naturally springs to mind is: "Has the evolutionary process come to an end, or is it still going on?" In the absence of indications to the contrary, it seems reasonable to assume that evolution is still proceeding.

(ii) Matter

Ultimately, matter is an intensely complex energy pattern. Now energy patterns do not always interact. Like waves on water they may pass through each other without interference. This implies that there is nothing inherently impossible about the existence of different grades of matter or about one grade of matter passing through another grade of matter.

What happens when we see? Considering light as an electromagnetic wave pattern, the eye receives and responds to some of these waves. Then, in an amazing manner, the waves are transformed and fed into the brain as electric impulses. The next thing that happens is a miracle. Somewhere, somehow, quantity is changed into quality. Electric impulses become what I see before me now, a room full of people. What would I see if, by chance or training, I was able to receive, transform and interpret waves from a different wave band? One does not know. But it is at least possible that a different or at least extended world would come into view. If it is maintained that this has already been done, in the case of x-ray and infra-red photography, the answer is that though these give new and interesting information, what is seen when we look at the negatives is limited to that to which our eyes can respond; i.e. what lies within the range of the normal light spectrum. What lies outside this range we cannot tell.

An analogy may prove helpful. Suppose that on this table there is a transistor radio. By turning the appropriate dial I can tune in to one of many different stations, so that at this particular point in space several programmes are present at the same time. Yet, there is no confusion because of the instrument's capacity to select, i.e. to receive and to interpret one programme at a time.

Occasionally some writers and speakers refer to the existence of a fourth dimension - and I do not mean time. If this implies the existence of four mutually perpendicular directions, I beg to leave to doubt it. If, however, an interior dimension is what is meant, cf. (compare) the analogy with the transistor radio, the concept may well be sound. For too long have we allowed current thinking to block the mouth of the cave to which we are confined by the five physical senses.

(iii) Cycles

It seems that nature abhors not only a vacuum, but also straight lines. Apart from light, which travels in a straight line, most things in nature behave cyclically: the alternation of day and night, the procession of the seasons, the rhythms of the body, the ebb and flow of life. Learning, too, takes place in a cyclic manner, the growth of knowledge and understanding resembling the distance reached by the waves on an incoming tide.

A POSSIBLE ROUTE Part III

The Centres and the Rainbow Bridge

I shall take as a starting point what are normally referred to as 'out of the body experiences.' One of the reasons for so doing is the existence of a large and growing number of well attested examples.

(i) An experience told me many years ago by a friend.

"I was wounded and in hospital (in France during the 1914-18 war). Though I had lost consciousness I remember looking down on the body of someone who was severely wounded and whose wound had opened. I remember thinking that if the bleeding continued unchecked the person concerned would rapidly bleed to death. Then, but not till then, I realised that the person at whose body I was looking was myself. I then willed the 'me' who was in bed to press the bell to summon nurse. This I did, and nurse arrived in the nick of time."

(ii) An experience told me by the dentist.

"A patient, on coming round after being given gas, said that he had had the impression of looking down on himself from a point near the ceiling while I extracted his tooth. Seeing my reaction of disbelief, my patient said "And to prove it, I tell you that on the top of that cupboard there are two pennies." As the cupboard was tall and I was busy, I did nothing at the time and forgot all about what my patient had said. But some months later, when I remembered the incident, I climbed up to see what, if anything, was on top of the cupboard. There were, in fact, two pennies."

(iii) An extract from Dr. Crookall's book, 'The Study and Practice of Astral Projection.'

'Mr. Wheeler, almost drowned and pronounced dead, I never was so much alive in my life. But I was apart from my body. I could tell the persons around me everything

that had happened when I was enabled to return. . . . Being dead is delightful; of that I am sure. After I had been engulfed in the waters, I seemed to float away from my body, and soared above the waters of the lake. I looked down and could see my body. I watched the rescuers find it and place it on the bank. Then I floated back to it and became a part of it. Up to the time of that experience I had been an agnostic . . . but I never since have had a shadow of doubt with regard to a spiritual state of existence.'

Of these cases a number refer to a silver chord which appears 'whenever the 'I' leaves the 'me'.' Ecclesiastes verse 6, chapter 12, is suggestive: ' . . . or ever the silver chord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken."

Bearing in mind that there are hundreds of such cases, many well authenticated, what do we deduce? This at least: that someone who is alive can function as a conscious thinking being independently of the physical body. And if it is the case that life always manifests through form, this implies the existence of some kind of body which is separate from, but can interpenetrate, the physical body. During the remainder of this talk I shall refer to this body as the etheric, the golden bowl referred to by the writer of Ecclesiastes. People who have etheric vision, such as the late Mrs. P.D. Bendit, maintain that the etheric can be seen with the eyes by a slight extension of normal vision, that it normally interpenetrates and extends just beyond the limits of the physical body, and that its quality gives a clear indication of a person's physical and psychological health.

At death the silver chord is severed and the etheric, the golden bowl, disintegrates along with the physical body. Has the person who has died then ceased to be? I do not think so. The number of well authenticated cases of communication, whether through a medium or by direct telepathy between the living and the dead, is now such that for me continuity of life after death is the only possible explanation. The nature of this life is open to question but the evidence strongly suggests the following:-

(i) That after death the individual occupies a body, sometimes referred to as the kama-manasic (desire-mind) body.

(ii) That an individual's environment is greatly, and almost instantaneously, influenced by his or her feeling and thinking. That 'thinks are things' is basically true.

(iii) That the quality of an individual's kama-manasic body determines an individual's location. If the body is gross and heavy it will sink. If it is refined and light it will rise. Each man 'goes to his own place.' "In my Father's House are many mansions" (literally, dwelling places).

(iv) That when the purgatorial and refining process has proceeded sufficiently far, a process that may take anything between a few years and many centuries, the kama-manasic body is discarded and the individual undergoes a second death. The individual is then at one with his soul and occupies what is sometimes described as

the soul body, referred to by St. Paul as the body 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Associated with the soul are the spiritual mind, conveying illumination; and the intuitive nature, conferring spiritual perception.

(iv) That spirit, in the Christian description of man as body, soul and spirit - monad or atman in other terminologies - is at a still deeper level of being.

What does this add up to? That the constitution of man in physical incarnation is much more complicated than is usually imagined. He has a physical body, an etheric, a kama-manasic body, and a soul body. The question which now springs to mind is: can someone in physical incarnation use these bodies in order to function consciously in other realms of being? Let us see.

A highly significant feature of the etheric and the kama-manasic body is the presence in each of seven force centres, referred to in the East as chakras - literally a wheel or revolving disc. The etheric centres are situated on the surface of the etheric and to etheric sight appear as vortices or saucer-like depressions of rapidly rotating etheric matter. Their function is twofold: first, to absorb and distribute vitality to the etheric and thence to the physical body; second to transmit to the physical body consciousness the qualities inherent in the corresponding kama-manasic centre. Of these centres three are below the diaphragm and four are above.⁶ The latter are the heart centre; the throat centre; the centre between the eyebrows, the ajna centre, the third eye - "If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light"; and the centre at the top of the head. The qualities especially associated with these four centres, taken in order, are love, understanding, vision and will.

Consciousness in any particular realm of being depends on the extent to which the corresponding centres are awake and functioning. But consciousness in any particular realm of being, e.g. in the kama-manasic body when asleep at night, or at soul level during mystical experience, is not synonymous with the ability to impress such consciousness on the physical brain. This involves the construction of a bridge across which consciousness can travel, known in the East as the antahkarana, and in the West as the rainbow bridge.

From the preceding it seems clear that there exist unrealised spiritual states and worlds of being and that these can be explored. But exploration presupposes the construction of the rainbow bridge and the awakening of the centres. How is this to be done? In a phrase, by study, by meditation, and above all by service which to be effective demands the assiduous practice of self-forgetfulness, harmlessness and right speech. "But seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Self-forgetfulness is all-important in that it protects against a subtler danger - concentration on the development of self. "For whosoever would save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

At this point an allegory may prove helpful - a chariot ready for battle. What do we

notice? Six things. First, the ground over which the chariot is to be driven and which looks in places fairly rough. Second, the actual chariot. Third, the horses, full of life. Fourth, the reins. Fifth, the charioteer. Sixth, and in the background, the ruler. In this allegory, the path taken by the chariot is life's journey, on which the going is sometimes easy and sometimes hard. The chariot is the physical body which it is essential to keep in good order. The horses are the emotions, the driving force without which we get nowhere. The reins correspond to the intellect, in the last resort the only way by which we control our emotions. For most of us learning to drive a chariot is so all absorbing - the reins get tangled and the horses take us whither we would not go - that for most of the time we are oblivious of the ruler and his wishes. I believe, however, that a time will come when we shall have learnt to drive a chariot with ease and that we shall then be presented with a choice; to obey the wishes of the ruler or to go off on our own. I suspect that this decision - 'To serve in heaven or to rule in hell' - marks the difference between good and evil, the distinction between the right and left hand paths.

The Soul and Reincarnation

(a) Extracts from *The Supreme Adventure* by Dr. Crookall:-

"The Day of Judgement does not take place on our immediate arrival here. The word 'day' is incorrect, for the trial is not limited to twenty-four hours. It is not possible to talk of it in terms of earth-time. But there is a special period when we enter the Gallery of Memory and the pictures of our earth-life pass before us. Then our Spirit is our Judge. We face this time when we are fit for it."

2The Judgement consists in being able to see ourselves as we are, and by no stretch of imagination being able to avoid seeing it. It is a Judgement of God on us through our Higher Selves. On earth, even the best are subconsciously avoiding things, or trying to think things are slightly other than they are. . . . No other person could be so just a Judge as we ourselves can be when facing the truth. For many it is a terrible hour. . . . Directly one has realised how, where and why one was wrong, there is an instinctive feeling that one must work it out. And this way of recovery is in helping others who have exactly similar limitations, difficulties or vices."

(b) Extracts from *The Testimony of Light* by Helen Greaves:-

'Somewhere in the deeps of my mind two 'blueprints' are brought forward into my consciousness. These are so clear that I can (literally) take them out, materialise them and study them. One is the Perfect Idea with which my spirit went bravely into incarnation. The other is the resultant of only a partially understood Plan . . . in fact my life as it was actually lived. It was a shock to me, and a very salutary experience, to find that these two plans differed exceedingly.'

'As far as my experience goes, and as far as this new extension of my consciousness reveals facts about earth-life time, I am becoming increasingly aware of a pattern and a Plan. The blueprint of one's efforts, one's successes and failures on all the

planes - physical, material, emotional, mental and spiritual - does indicate that a definite line of advance is voluntarily accepted by the soul before incarnation.”

(c) Extract from a letter from a friend:-

‘The meeting was between A.E. and P.G.B. at a party in Dublin. They had never set eyes on each other before and directly they were introduced, A.E. said, “We have met before,” and P.G.B. replied, “Yes - I know.” A.E. then suggested that they should each go away and write down any memories they might have of the life in which they had been associated. When they compared notes - the description of an episode in Spain at the time of the Inquisition tallied in every detail. They were holding an occult meeting in a room when the soldiers burst in, and in the ensuing fight they were both killed.”

(d) See also *Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation* by Ian Stevenson. What can we deduce from these? Several far-reaching conclusions:-

(i) That the reincarnationist hypothesis embodies a profound truth.

(ii) That human life is evolutionary and purposive.

(iii) That the purpose of human life on this planet is to become a Master of the art of science and living. Perhaps the injunction of Christ: “Be ye perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect” is to be taken rather more literally than is usually imagined.

Two matters of outstanding interest are the laws which determine how one incarnation affects another, and the relationship between soul and personality.

In the East, the laws which determine the pattern of a particular incarnation are referred to as karma; in the West there is nothing comparable, though the sayings of St. Paul – “Be not deceived; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,” and of Christ – “In what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again,” merit more attention than they usually receive.

The relationship between soul and personality is for me a profound mystery, though I have found the following allegory helpful. Consider a singer (the soul), and the singer when learning to sing a particular song (the personality). To begin with the singer’s attention is focused on the notes and phrases to be learnt, the difficulties to be overcome. As these are mastered the singer becomes free to focus his attention on what the song is intended to convey and how this can be achieved. In this context a phrase which is sometimes met with - soul-infused personality - is suggestive, as is also the statement in a Hindu scripture - ‘God is a singer and the Universe is his song.’

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP Part IV

A Hermetic Invocation

‘In the beginning, Earth was without form and void, and Darkness covered the Great Deep. Then from Darkness a Voice sounds, sending its echoes throughout non-

being, and these are the words which it speaks:-

I am all that was. I am all that is. I am all that is to be.

I am all forms; all forms live in Me, but All-Form is not I, but only by fleeting shadows.

I am all power; all power moves in Me, but All-Power is not I, but only my changing aspects.

I am all wisdom; all wisdom shines in Me, but All-Wisdom is not I, but only my fitful gleams.

All knowledge, all power, all substance live in Me, and I am in them and manifest through them, but I am also above them, and beyond them, eternally unmanifest.”

References used:

1 Part I (i) is the written version of a talk given at Brighton in November, 1970, at a Conference organised by the Centre for Spiritual and Psychological Studies.

2 ‘Man’s Latent Powers,’ by Phoebe Payne. ‘The Psychic Sense,’ by Phoebe D. Payne and L.J. Bendit. ‘The Imprisoned Splendour,’ by Raynor C. Johnson. ‘The Secret Science Behind Miracles,’ by Max Freedom Long.

3 ‘The Study and Practice of Astral Projection,’ by Dr. Crookall. ‘The Jung-Jaffe View of Out-of-the-Body experiences,’ by Dr. Crookall. ‘Out-of-the-Body Experiences,’ by Celia Green.

4 ‘Man Incarnate: A Study of the vital etheric field,’ by Phoebe D. and Laurence J. Bendit. 5 ‘The Supreme Adventure,’ by Dr. Crookall. ‘The Testimony of Light,’ by Helen Greaves.

6 ‘Esoteric Healing,’ by Alice A. Bailey.

7 ‘From Intellect to Intuition,’ by Alice A. Bailey.

8 Harmlessness has two aspects. In its negative aspect it manifests as restraint from doing harm; in its positive aspect as preventing harm from being done. Harmlessness manifests most completely when equal importance is given to each aspect.

9 (i) ‘The Occult Way,’ by P.G. Bowen. (ii) ‘The Sayings of the Ancient One,’ by P.G. Bowen.

10 ‘The Wheel of Rebirth,’ by H.K. Challoner.

The Unknown Beloved ‘H’

The scene is set in a bleak spot high on the slopes of a rugged hill of an occupied country which had been overrun and dominated by a great empire. A small group of men sat in this lonely place listening again to their leader who was urging them to be alert and ready at any moment to follow and, if necessary, to fight under the banner of one who was soon to appear in public to drive the enemy from their midst and to

restore their own kingdom. They knew that there were many men dotted about the country who were seething with revolt and were eager to rise when the right deliverer came to the fore. As the leader spoke he glanced down and saw a figure walking along the road which ran its dusty way at the foot of the hill and, jumping to his feet, he shouted, "There is the man."

The whole group sprang hurriedly and excitedly to their feet, while two of them started to dash down the hill careless of the rocks and brambles. When they got to the road the man they sought was some distance away, but he turned as if he had sensed their presence behind him, and waited for them to approach. With a friendly look he said, "You want me? What can I do for you?" Andrew blurted out, "Where are you staying?", for he lived with his brother in a home which would welcome the future leader and King of Israel. Jesus answered with a quizzical smile, "Come and see," and started to walk along the road towards the south, and the two men fell into step on either side of him.

On the way Andrew was amazed and shocked by the apparent knowledge this stranger had of his home life and work and even of things and thoughts which he believed were unknown to any man. They walked some miles before Jesus turned up a rough path on the hillside and they followed him in the heat of the afternoon breathlessly climbing several hundred feet up until they came to a tiny level space overhung by an outcrop of rock to form a hollow cave and shelter. They were glad to fling themselves down on the sparse grass and regain their breath and then Jesus continued to talk, mainly to Andrew from whom he drew some of his hopes for the future. As dusk settles their host went to the back of the cave and brought out some simple food to share with his new friends; and it was not long before they were asleep after the exciting and tiring day.

When the two men awoke on the next morning they found a fire and a meal prepared for them, for Jesus had been up and about for some time. Andrew could hardly eat, for he was filled with excitement and quickly rose to say to his companion, "Come; we must hurry back with our news for we are the first to spread it; I must tell my brother and bring him back with me. Are you coming?" Then it was that his friend looked deep into the eyes of Jesus and, as if he had read an invitation in them, he replied, "No! You go; I shall stay here with the Master and wait." As he spoke he felt the thrill of the welcoming smile of Jesus and knew that he had chosen the right way for him. So Andrew set off at speed down the hill and was soon seen to be almost running along the road on his journey back to the waiting band who were still with John the Baptist.

So far Jesus had hardly spoken to his new friend and even now that they were alone little was said, for they felt they had a link, an affinity which made them one and enabled them to sit in silent and deep fellowship. On this day they made a secret compact that when either of them needed the other he would come at once and they would be together. Thereafter there were many occasions when this unknown

disciple felt the need for the companionship of the Master and found him at his side in some quiet place. Equally there were times when Jesus needed the company of this understanding friend when the problems of his life bore heavily on him. On these occasions when the two were away from others in some secluded spot they talked together; and much that Jesus said was not for the ears of the crowd, for it concerned the deeper things of the spirit and of the true Kingdom of God which would not be grasped by the many. But the words of the Master were stored in the memory of the disciple to be shared with others in due time.

Some months later when Jesus came to what he knew to be the last night of the of his life on earth, he arranged to have a meal with his friends and, to their dismay, he spoke to them of one who would betray them. Peter knew that this secret disciple was very dear to Jesus, and seemed to be closer to him than any of the others, so he prompted him to ask a question about the traitor. This nameless follower was not one of the apostles who were sent out to be active in proclaiming the coming of the Kingdom and to heal, but he was always in the background almost unknown to the public, and the apostles knew and accepted the affinity between their Master and this friend.

The next day, in the midst of the agonies of crucifixion Jesus looked down into the eyes of this dear friend to whom he was bound in such close understanding, and he committed to him the care of his mother. We may call this man by any name, but let us use the common one of 'John'; realising that he is not to be confused with the apostle John, one of the Boanerges brothers, who together strove to claim the chief places in the coming earthly kingdom.

Some weeks passed during which the follower of Jesus were dispersed and the apostles returned to the sea and to their craft of fishing. They had been out all night without any luck and were coming into land when John, the loved friend, looked into the rising sun and saw a man waiting on the beach. He recognised him and shouted, "It is the Lord." His eyes of spirit were keener to see the truth, even as his ears had been attuned during the past months to the deeper teachings of the Master.

The apparent favouritism led to jealousy among the followers of Jesus, and this culminated one day when the Master and Peter were walking along the beach and the latter blurted out an angry question as to the future of this man who did so little, never active in service. With pain in his eyes Jesus looked straight at Peter and said, "If I choose that he should survive until I come again, what is this to you? You follow me in your own way."

This beloved disciple remained behind the scenes in all the turmoil of the following years, sharing his little secluded home with the mother of Jesus. He was never seen with the active propagandists of the new faith nor was he a figure of public vote. Yet there came to him in secret the ones and twos to hear of the teachings of Jesus which had been shared with him, the things of the deep meaning of true life and the spirit, which is man. These words could only be passed on by one who had himself entered

into the companionship of the quiet moments with the Risen Master. It is through the witness of this unknown and almost forgotten man that we have today the words of life which are recorded in the Gospel which is dedicated to his name - John, the beloved. It is through him that we have learnt that 'God is Love.'

Through the centuries there have been many whom the Master has called into his service, and there have always been the few unknown, unrecognised men and women who have found something of the secrets of the true Kingdom in their quiet seclusion. To them have come those who sought to know the strength and peace of the Master. Today there are the active ones, full of good works towards men, and also the few who are drawn to meditate in the silent moments. Both types are ever necessary to the fulfilment of the Master's purpose, and each can draw from the other without forcing either to conform to the methods of the other.

On Meditation

Swami Radha

Meditation is something that more people now want to know about than when I started fifteen years ago. Many people express themselves against meditation because they feel that the West is not prepared for it; and thus they might be harmed. Why should meditation harm us? If we haven't got sufficient knowledge about ourselves we could overlook several points. One is that in these moments of listening with the inner ear we could overlook that we are not really in the proper state of mind, and so many things will rush up from the unconscious mind, and will be misinterpreted. Actually, in this moment of quietness, the doors are opened to the unconscious and all the suppressed material starts welling up and out. From this point of view I would not suggest meditation. We should prepare ourselves by some kind of self-analysis or even in some kind of group work, because in the Ashram our ideal sessions, which differ widely from the psychological sensitivity sessions, we outline what kind of a person we really want to be. And I do this also with students who come to the Ashram as visitors for five-day sessions, ten-day sessions up to two or three years. When you have taken a piece of paper and written down what makes your life worth living, you have answered a very important question to yourself and you have forced yourself to think deeply and come to grips with your way of life.

The next question is: What are my ideals physically, mentally and spiritually? It's very useful to do this because our mind often evades us and memory fades into fog - then we write it down so that we will be confronted every now and then with our own writing. A year later you may write it down again and while in the first year you may have written down that from a physical point you would like to have a nice appearance, a clean look or even be beautiful, in the second or third year you may also write down this kind of beauty is no longer important, that you rather wish that God's light would shine through your eyes. What greater beauty could you have?

So you see that you would make progress in your own self-analysis, and if you then also will look into your dreams, if you will arrange group sessions in which you enter with the decision of being absolutely honest and keeping yourself free of self-deception, I think first of all, wherever you work, even with your family, your friends, you will build a most beautiful relationship and lay a foundation to greater honesty and you will enjoy the freedom also of being more honest yourself. Any group of people that works together should do something like that. The monitoring arrangement should be done by somebody from outside the group. They should invite somebody who knows the pitfalls; it does not need to be, in fact I would rather not suggest trained men in psychology or psychiatry, because they are leaving out a very important part in life. This is in one short sentence of Jesus: "Man does not live by bread alone." This sentence is usually not accepted by the professional people in their field of psychology; but anyone on the spiritual path being absolutely sincere in struggling for the achievement of such ideals is like an older sister, older brother, not older by years but by experience of the working.

Now when you have laid a good groundwork and have cleaned up your deep basement you can safely meditate. If you wish to make another preparation which is even more beneficial and will give you fast results, as much as we can talk of fast results in our spiritual endeavours, train your body to sit first half an hour motionless, an hour, up to five hours. Then you have gained some physical control. Do not think, "Well, first of all I will make a phone call and then and then do my shopping list." Put a clock next to your telephone and check if you cannot cut down the length of your conversation by kindly but firmly reminding the person at the other end that you have something very important to do and would they please be short. You have to make time for spiritual practice, and the first thing that people tell me is "I haven't time." I say then you are not a good householder. Can you manage your money? If you can manage your money you must learn to manage your time. Your time is very precious because you do not know when you will have another human life again. It's not very easy, according to the great Yogis; it may take us two thousand years to wait till the chance comes again, or we could have a very quick rebirth under unfortunate circumstances, being a tenth or eleventh child somewhere born in the slums, which may not give us much opportunity for the development of our inner spiritual nature. Purpose in life is your attainment of self-realisation or God realisation, whichever of the words you prefer. That is the only purpose in life. It is not your purpose even to have a wife, husband, children; no! These are by-products which might or might not make it more difficult and it might make it more difficult if you have chosen the one family to be born in and the one partner to be married to, you may not travel the world together but hinder each other. I have known many people who, after being widows and widowers and having children, were immediately on the lookout for marrying somebody else. The children then also have not been the fulfilment and there is nothing wrong in anybody who puts family life aside to travel the straight road up to their spiritual goal, the divine union. The

word Yoga means to join my individual consciousness with the consciousness of the Cosmos. This is a big mouthful of words! And so we ought to ponder what it means. We have to come really tightly to grips. Now the short cut to successful meditation is when you learn to sit and get your body motionless. You can already observe your mind and you can already observe the immense inflow of thoughts. You can also observe how you scheme. If you work three hours more every week you will get two pounds more, making six pounds for this and the end of the month you have twenty-four pounds, you can buy such and such and in twelve months of the year you have paid off such and such. We all do that; but there must come a time where the decision is: What is the purpose of life and does my scheming fit into the royal highway? That is the decision nobody can make for you. But let me tell you that the best thing is that you do everything in that physical body right now. Why have you many more lives? I find that whatever little happiness in life we can have is very dearly paid for. If you make a good bookkeeping and write down your happy hours and the hours of worry and despair I think you will agree that it is better to do it now than later, because it may be only more difficult then. We miss one opportunity, we do not know if the next is really so much better. So when I say scheming, I mean self-gratification. When the scriptures say two minds can meditate, this is what is meant by that: you do not scheme all the time for the fulfilment of your self-gratification.

Let us go from here - what is self-gratification? Anything that excludes somebody else; if you can't help scheming then scheme also for the benefit of others. By so doing you will reap some benefits for yourself. There is nothing good that you can do that doesn't in one way or another also come back to you. And we cannot imagine we are saints or angels who have only a couple of black feathers in our otherwise white wings; no, let's accept where we are right now and begin to work with the material at hand. So, in other words, we decide to stop all self-deception and to take our little selves, not so terribly important, because even the greatest act is a very little dent in the history of mankind. So we seem to take ourselves to be more important than we really are and when we finally overcome a little shortcoming we think we have made great strides. If you are taking spiritual development in your own life as very important you are bound to develop some sort of ESP. Actually, these things are by-products and are only meant as a tool to help others. However, if you keep your conscious mind on God then these things happen throughout the day. You can find yourself very often saying something to somebody that is the answer to an illness or is the answer to a personal problem or to the next step of spiritual development or a change in the profession.

Now the ingredient for truly achieving the state of meditation is awareness. It does not make any difference what your religious background is: from one of the many Christian churches or sects, if you be an Israelite or Mohammedan or a Hindu or a Sufi. All this makes no difference because those in the Orient practice Yoga anyhow and Yoga has taken the West by storm. For a very good reason America is a country

of do-it-yourself. And I think that quite soon you will have similar situations here too. Before you get anybody to do a repair you may try to do it and find out that you are not all that unskilled but you can do it very well too. Yoga is a do-it-yourself system; you're not depending on any superiors; you're standing on your own two feet and you need all the common sense that you have. In order to assess your development towards meditation you keep a spiritual diary and I think you've become by now aware that I'm also a very practical person, because I find my time too valuable just to talk. I think that you have had hundreds and thousands of lectures and there's probably very seldom anybody who will tell you anything new. So my objective is to give you a few tools. You try to put your ideals into practice. We all suffer from an idea of superiority, but what we do know on the spiritual path we must put into practice also. And sometimes we have to let somebody else reap the benefit. It's like running for a bus; we want to be sure we get in and sit down, sometimes we must also give our seat to somebody else. And it is very well to watch whenever we feel we know something better when we work with somebody else, because we are not willing often to take the responsibility for what we think we know better; if we do, the responsibility will not only be given to us but the job as well.

So what is meditation? All the resentment of human togetherness in the family, with your friends, in the office, this human togetherness between white people, black people, yellow people, red people, has somehow to be brought on to a level of harmony, and if we carry competition into all walks of life, including the spiritual path, then what have we got? And we who consider ourselves anyhow better people than those who do not make such enquiries, who don't accept reincarnation, who don't accept psychic phenomena, we feel so much superior over those, but in our daily life it must show we are superior, that we are having that greater flexibility, that greater insight, we are having the more open mind and we are willing to learn more of the most outrageous things if necessary. Then we must meet the other one with great understanding; but not only this, understanding has to be carried into many areas and we must be able to sit back and wait for the other person to come round and not fight fiercely for our own convictions. One of the very first things you will become aware of through the practice of meditation is that everything is very elusive. And when we think that we renounce, like myself, having become a Sanyasi and Swami Radha, is this the only way? Let me tell you No, you can do the same thing. I have no particular privileges; I have to work on myself just as much. I have to accept my mistakes. But I must also learn and never end the process of learning the acceptance of the divinity within myself. And this is where meditation comes in. Prayer, to put it in a nutshell, is when I pray I talk to God about whatever miseries I have to present or whatever intercession I think I should do for somebody. When I meditate I do not open the third eye but the third ear, the inner ear, and I try to listen to those inspirations I hope are truly of a divine nature. And soon I learn to discriminate between those things that well up from the unconscious, because they have been suppressed, and what is truly a divine inspiration.

Now how do we proceed with meditation? This is not easy. There is no fast rule for everybody because the state of development is different with everyone. And therefore when I said renunciation we have to renounce our very precious concepts which we hold tightly and we believe in and which often are the foundation of our spiritual life. No, in the course of time we all have to learn the wisdom of insecurity. And one who renounces is only trained in the acceptance of such insecurity by beginning on the material level; but the material level is really not such a big job. At least looking back, when I went through it, I thought the roof was coming down on me! But, looking back, it was a valuable experience. It made me aware of how many unnecessary needs I had and how I had found security with my own position, with the state of my family, etc., and I became aware that being a collector of antiques I was not collecting antiques but they were possessing me. So we learnt a great deal in such a process of renunciation. But this was only a beginning. The next step was also the renunciation of my very cherished convictions and therefore I learned to realise that I must stop being in competition - that my conviction is better than yours. It makes no difference. Sometimes we don't even realise we're talking about the same thing, we just use a different set of symbols, and therefore I suggest also the study of symbols and the study of mythology. I will explain that in a nutshell: I have given to student ministers of various churches a course in symbology with the main objective to show them that the Book of Revelation of the New Testament and Kundalini Yoga are really the same thing. It is the lack of knowledge of what each symbol means; when we know that, then things will unfold. I looked at many of the Egyptian paintings when I was in Egypt, as much as when I collected books and Egyptian mythology, and I could see from a number of positions of various limbs of the physical body that they have known some of those practices.

I think it would be wise when you map out the journey of your spiritual life that you have a very direct line. Learn and study as much as you can, but remember that what you don't put into practice is rather a sin. Knowledge not applied is sin - that's one of the big things that any great Guru will tell you. What is sin? Sin is only selfishness. All the mistakes that you may have done in life in ignorance are not sin. This should be a great relief to many of us because we can only learn by mistakes and nothing great in life is ever achieved without them, with a struggle and a fight for it to overcome the lower. It doesn't matter what it has been, nothing just falls into our lap. It is a struggle for the greater and the greater will be achieved. In that struggle we make mistakes and it is not the mistakes that are our sins, but when we know better and we don't do it the sins of omission are the sins. And very rarely also do sins of commission; that means when you know what you are doing.

Now I know this is a College of Psychic Studies and therefore I think I will tell you a little story of what I personally experienced. I had a very good friend who had helped the early days of the Ashram when we didn't know how to pay our taxes, when we didn't know where we could buy our next food and when there was no money even for buying potatoes or grain - there was just nothing. This man and his wife would

often step in and help. He came often to the Ashram out of the blue and he said, "Oh, I thought I'd pick a few nice flowers from your garden," and he would leave a twenty dollar bill behind somewhere. When this man, who had also helped in more than those things, was very ill I was on a great lecture tour. This means I travelled about ten thousand miles by car. I do this often in America because it allows me to visit the little centres who cannot pay three or four hundred dollars for my flight and so I can drop by when I get the travel expense from the bigger places. So here I was, getting very restless and having him constantly in my mind and wondering about this. When I came to Salt Lake City I got up in the break between two hours' lecturing and I made a phone call to Vancouver. He lived in Kootenay Bay, which is 500 miles inland from Vancouver, and here his wife was on the telephone and she said, "You must have gotten my message, I phoned the Ashram to find out where you are." And I said, "Yes, what has happened?" She said, "Arne is in the hospital," and I said, "With what?" "Leukaemia." A man in his fifties having leukaemia, that is serious. You see, I had tried to convince them both it would be wise to turn to prayer of forgiveness of all those things that we have done in past lives, not to be too over eager to know about past lives and what they have been, great personalities, but all the things that have been done wrong in past lives which we carry along into this life like heavy iron chains and that help our development. But being a great intellectual he would look at me and say, "Well, Radhaji, you know I am not the praying type." And I saw myself getting at him again and again, which is actually not my way, but I didn't know myself and one day he felt he had great tension and he said, "They've been driving us along," and I said, "All right, lie down on the floor; I give you good relaxation the Eastern way." And here I heard myself saying something I had no intention to say, and said, "Prayer, too, can give great relief." There's so much that presses on the unconscious mind that wants to be released. And later on he said, "Well, that was a good trick on us." But you see now he was in the hospital he had two weeks to live. However, I got another phone call to go elsewhere, where I very reluctantly accepted, and here I ran into a medical doctor (his wife also being a medical doctor), having living with them a young painter extremely psychic, and this doctor couple knew me; I had lectured many times in their house and they had arranged for all sorts of places in town and their church, and they said, "Oh dear, Ray wanted to meet you always; he wants to know what a Swami is like." I said, "You know, I have something very pressing on my mind; I am not sure if I feel like any conversation tonight; I would rather go home and do the Light invocation for a sick friend in a hospital." And he said, "I will give you a reading." Listen to what he said. It gives you another idea of what reincarnation also can be and how important it is we clear up the past and the subconscious in order to be free for true meditation.

He said, "Yes, your friend was about 10,000 B.C. in a very important position; he was not the ruler but he had a leading position with much power and so had two other of his friends and all three witnessed a bloodshed which they didn't bother to stop, even though they had the power to do so. Now he and his two companions have

to meet the sin of omission in their own blood.” That was a hard message, wasn’t it? So, being overwhelmed with this, I said, “Well, but in this life he has been a good man, and what can I do for him as a friend?” He said, “You have done all you could. You introduced to him the most important tool for his development and you gave him the most precious gift you had - the Divine Light invocation - there is nothing else that you can do.” But because of it he will have a better birth in some other life because that karma now will be removed for the future life, you see? It’s very nice to think I was Cleopatra, I was the Queen of Sheba, I was King David and I was God knows what, but what have we done in those positions? That is something else. Can we not deal with karma? Yes, we can; as I say, pray for forgiveness in this life, in the past lives. And actually I had not needed to go to the East to learn this; it is all in the New Testament. Jesus said forgive seventy times seven. I just have never met a priest or a minister who was able to explain that fully to me. And don’t you say, “Oh, Sunday church, when is the time over and I can go home; I have done my duty?” No, it is damned serious business, don’t kid yourself; very serious business. You see, a psychic gift can be very precious but if there is too much sweet wishy-washy stuff, turn away, your time is too precious. Work on yourself, develop your own psychic insights - you can do that. Listen to the unconscious, keep a spiritual diary and get together with a few people, the group doesn’t need to be large - ten, fifteen, twenty will be fine. Rather make many small groups; do something active, it’s one minute to twelve, there are many things to happen. I think in a place like yours here you know probably more details than I know. It is one minute to twelve for every one of us. We take always for granted we live tomorrow too, but we have no guarantee.

Now let’s ask: how do I meditate? We have first to come to grips. How do we think? Do we think in concrete symbols or in abstract? I will give you just one illustration, that should be sufficient, so that I can cover that rather large field; because you cannot stay entirely with meditation, you must have all those things that I have tried to touch on to take into consideration too. It’s like having five senses; you are not your sight and sound, hearing, the five senses interact all the time. And as a person you interact; your thinking, your five senses and your emotions, and your emotions are something very strong and powerful and therefore we have to look into that. All right, how do we think? When I say the word ‘cat,’ do you see an animal in your mind; how the cat looks? That means you’re thinking in concrete terms. Or do you think in abstract terms and see the letters C A T? According to your way of thinking, your habit of thinking, a meditation can be suggested. I once made a gramophone record on meditation and form; that particular form on the record can be, of course replaced by any other name. It can be Jesus, because the form is how we create God in our own image. It is not possible for an untrained human mind to contact and think of energy as such for a long period during meditation. With energy manifested we have no problems, but with energy unmanifested it takes long years of training and many anxieties have to be removed. I will illustrate that: if you ever reach a state of samadhi, nirvana or whatever you name it - that means a state beyond mind, that

means where you experience things that are no longer interpreted by the mind, on which your mind can no longer safely and soundly hold - that state. I'm making some experiments in the Ashram in having people blindfolded and let them be led by one person; because we have all these great ideas and words, and we really don't know what it means, we have to go into it and act and live and try out and get our own experience. My own experience can only be excitement to have your own, because what good is it if I have here a beautiful blue trout and you starve there - seeing me eating, you don't fill your own stomach. But I can show you how I got it so you can get your own. But it means work; and perhaps man's greatest sin is his indifference and laziness. And we find that many of the great teachers for that reason are stern masters.

Now if we think, we meditate in concrete symbols; then it'll be very well if you create the most beautiful image of Jesus or whichever your favourite deity is, and focus your mind on that. If your mind is more abstract, then you can see the name, the letters written, on some background which comes naturally to you. But you can also take the cross, just the cross as such, and see it as a cross of light. We have in the Orient some other ways and means and this is to take something that is very close to us that we all know exists, because we exist by it; and we do not need to convince ourselves we have it, because if we haven't we couldn't live, and this is your breath. The breath is something I don't have to make great effort to convince you of having, you know you have it. Now if you focus your attention on your breath on a regular inhalation and exhalation like a pendulum, and you really let the mind swing with it, you become aware that the breath is doing the same thing like a pendulum. It stands for a moment absolutely motionless before the pendulum swings back; so does your breath, and if you don't force your breath, if you let it happen, you let it flow evenly at the count of four or ten counts only, it doesn't make any difference, when you become aware that there is that moment of motionlessness and silence you have gained the first insight of what meditation is.

If you meditate on Jesus you can take all that you know about Jesus and you will have another process in which you can realise or recognise better your growth, because you will see this image that you create, sometimes very small in the very far distance, and sometimes it will come to you very close and very large, and sometimes so large it's like standing in front of a mountain, you cannot see the top. And some other time you may have the experience that he stands in front of you, and he may say something like, "See, you are already reaching up to my waist, to the golden girdle; wait when you reach up to my heart, when you have grown up that much." Those are not necessarily Jesus's words, they may be a communication from your own soul and accepted as such, because you're to learn to recognise the divinity in yourself and you're to learn the divinity that you are and function as such.

So then we can take also, of course, some other means; we can put in front of us in a little flower-pot with a vase our most favourite flower and we can watch it and see

the essence of light by the intensity of looking at it and not blinding our eyes. We can see that life force, and if we go back every hour we can see how this life force slowly emanates and goes away from the flower and the flower dies. It is true it may not be falling off for a few days, it may not have dried off or lost its colour, but the lustre on the petal of the flower, the lustre that we can recognise or should learn to recognise, we can see it go. And so we get in touch with that life force in some way and suddenly all living things mean something else to us, have a much greater importance and become a part of life.

Funnily, I had to watch in India one day a mosquito sitting on my arm. My Swami said: 'Killing mosquitoes, oh no.' And matter of having the mosquito sharing a little bit of blood - nothing to it - it's the discomfort.' So he said, 'Look at your arm, there is sitting a mosquito, watch it.' Very interesting for six months after I had overcome this resentment about a mosquito settling on me, for the rest of the time no mosquito settled on my body anymore; because I no longer felt I must get out of the way anything that interferes with my comfort. I have suggested that to others. I had years where I did not achieve it because I had let my anger or sense of annoyance take over and it took a long time before I came around to work at that and get it back again. So we make two steps forward, one back; two forward, one back - but in the end we move slowly ahead of time.

It would take many more evenings to explain even the physical, psychological emotional benefit. You can see that there is enough for each different temperament to find one way to travel on the royal highway toward that cosmic consciousness, toward that divine union.

Healing and the Spirit

Martin Israel

Towards a deeper understanding of health.

The concept of health is much vaster than a casual appraisal would lead one to believe. In its most immediate context health is a state of well-being in which the person is living at the peak of his condition. His body is performing its manifold functions effortlessly and his mind is alert, active, and properly directed to the task at hand. In a state of health there is an absence of awareness of the body as a separate part of the person, and there is such a complete involvement in the matter at hand that the personal consciousness merges with it. Thus there comes about a loss of separate identity in a participation in work that transcends the isolation of personal, selfish existence when the personality is in a state of health.

It is convenient at the outset to delineate man's constitution in terms of the healing process. Man may be considered a triune being - body, mind, and spirit, Of course, this statement itself will arouse violent controversy in many philosophical and scientific circles, but in terms of the total healing process all three aspects of man

must be recognised. A very powerful school of thought accepts only the physical body, and believes that the intelligent responses of behaviour that emanate from it are due entirely to the brain's activity. While such a belief makes for a more scientific appraisal of human behaviour, it is quite inadequate to explain the manifold nuances of human life and endeavour. The aspect of personality that feels (emotionally), thinks (rationally), and wills cannot be adequately equated with mere bodily activity; indeed, it directs much of the body's action and in states of aberration can cause enough physical disturbance to make the person feel ill. The relationship of body and mind is a perennial philosophical problem. It has eluded solution on a rational basis. Some of the most important data have been derived from psychical research, and these seem to indicate that the mental function is distinct from the bodily activity of the individual. At the present state of understanding it seems wisest not to be dogmatic, but to accept that mind is intimately related to the physical body during earthly life, yet can occasionally function at a distance from that body.

An important part of the mind is the inner identity of the person: that which makes him a unique being. This is recognised in terms of moral choice and value judgements. It represents a permanent focus of consciousness, and is largely unknown. In religious thought it is called the soul; in existential psychology the term transpersonal (or spiritual) self is used. The discovery of the centre of true being is the greatest quest in life - indeed, it is not too much of an exaggeration to describe it as life's meaning, and the attainment of this knowledge is the ultimate objective of the healing process. The soul is not to be seen as something apart from the personality (which is the body-mind complex). It is enclosed in the personality and shines through it when there is real health. All too often, however, the lower aspects of personality, based on outer conditioning and the demands of the body, prevail and the person functions more as an intelligent animal than as a human being.

The third component, spirit, is more difficult to define. It is the most exalted part of the soul and is known by its action in driving man on to final completion. The spirit is present in all men; it makes them dare new ventures, and so actualise (or make manifest) their latent talents. It is through the spirit that man knows of God; indeed, the spirit is the inner Christ, or that of God in every man, as the Quakers so admirably describe it. Whenever we move on to new ventures it is the spirit within that draws us on, but in the early stages of development the action is often perverted by lower animal drives from the unconscious realm of the mind. It is only in the fulness of being that the spirit is experienced directly in what is called mystical illumination, of which there are many grades. More will be said of this later on.

The Categories of Health

In considering health one is soon struck by the large number of diseased people. The focus of disease may be a sick body or a diseased mind, or else the soul may lack direction. We are, in addition, all members of the society in which we live, and there can be no individual healing except in the context of communal health. In the words

of St. Paul “we are members of one another,” and a strong indication of health is an inner awareness of this fundamental community of souls. It can be seen, even on this basis, how vast are the ramifications of health. It embraces preventive and therapeutic medicine, psychotherapy, and also aspects of sociology and economics. These fields are now so well established that they require little further elaboration. They tend to be so taken for granted that many people believe they constitute the whole of the healing agencies. Thus it is often believed that if people were properly housed, fed, educated, and under expert medical supervision they would in the course of time reach perfect health. Yet even in advanced Western societies the figures for severe mental disease increase alarmingly, while the abuse of drugs threatens the stability of many young people.

Let it be said at once that the established medical and psychological agencies of healing are the most important ones at man’s disposal at present. Many people are so unevolved in consciousness that only dramatic bodily intervention will make any impression on them. Even those who aspire to a heightened awareness soon learn to their cost that they are not ‘above’ the care of the physician. Likewise, the springs of hatred and jealousy, often masked by superficial piety or even social philanthropy in earnest aspiring people, come to the surface in due course either as bodily disease or mental breakdown, and these need to be dealt with by skilled psychotherapists. There is no escape from the mundane agencies of healing for any of us. Nor should we regret this. Our tradition affirms the holiness of matter, and this includes the body and the earth of which it is a part, and from which it acquires its nourishment. Of course, medical treatment has its own hazards as well as its blessings. Detractors are not slow to point to the incidence of adverse drug reactions, some of which are lethal. There is indeed no cause for complacency in this matter, nor in fact is there any in the medical profession.

But the greatest danger besetting any profession, especially medicine and the Church, is the assumption of an aura of infallibility. This takes the form of the group in question having a monopoly of the whole truth so that anything outside its ambit is false. Any inconvenient insight that conflicts with traditionally held views is denounced as a heresy. But this very heresy arises as a protest against the arrogant exclusiveness of a particular doctrine or creed. The more certain one is of the correctness of one’s position, the narrower is one’s vision of truth. We are all explorers into a world largely unknown, and it is the enclosure of our mental processes that deludes us into thinking that we are in the possession of the way to all knowledge in our particular field of endeavour. The heretic in turn stresses his particular insight past the point of reason to a new fanaticism. This is the real condemnation of heresy that it leads to a fatal lack of balance. In the healing world this imbalance is notorious. There are atheistic materialists, amongst whom are many medical practitioners, who see healing only in terms of the physical body. On the other hand, there are some psychotherapists so deeply committed to various

psychological theories to the exclusion of all else that they believe all bodily disease has a primarily psychopathological basis. All other factors are dismissed as secondary. Then there are other branches of healing, derisively called 'fringe medicine,' that acknowledge psychic and spiritual realms of personality that are usually avoided most assiduously by the orthodox healing fraternity. Many such groups have a religious basis, either an accepted higher religion of the world, or else such recent additions as Christian Science or Spiritualism. Much as such groups have been derided, they deserve recognition for drawing attention to an aspect of personality that cannot be ignored if healing is to be attained. Once again, however, they have erred in claiming a primacy for their particular insight while ignoring or undervaluing other very important factors.

Real healing should transcend prejudices and strive towards the alignment of the complex personality with the world in which it lives. Let us therefore revere the doctor's skill, the nurse's loving care, the psychotherapists patience, the contact healer's psychic gift, and the devotion to duty of the many ordinary people who serve in unspectacular, humble occupations. All are potent forces of healing, bringing order to the chaos of life and guiding the sick and deranged to a fresh awareness of meaning in the world. It is in the co-operation of these various agencies that healing reaches its greatest power. Let it be said finally that the spiritual aspect of healing includes all these channels. It is not to be regarded as something apart from orthodox healing, but rather as the uniting influence that pervades all the modes of healing, organising them into purposeful activity.

Possessed?

Rev. Christopher Neil-Smith

In medieval times the tendency was to treat all kinds of conditions as diabolical, whilst a few years ago nearly everything abnormal was treated as psychological. What many doctors, clergy and social workers are coming to realise today is that what is really needed is a careful diagnosis of each condition to try and discover what treatment would best meet the case. It is important, as a doctor pointed out to me, for doctors to recognise that there are some cases of schizophrenia which are essentially spiritual and will not be cured medically. In the same way it is important that priests should recognise that they should not attempt to exorcise where schizophrenia is due to medical conditions of the brain.

Naturally, it is difficult to diagnose, and mistakes are made on both sides. For myself, I have been able to discern by 'vibrations' whether a person needs exorcism. Such a vibration has been described by a psychiatrist as a 'perception into the unconscious.' It is a modern way of diagnosing whether evil is affecting a person, and differentiating between what is diabolical and purely psychological. It is in line with the modern outlook in communication whereby Marshal McLuhan emphasizes

'percept' rather than 'concept' - directly perceiving a reality rather than conceptualising about it. The important point about 'vibrations' is that they can be perceived by a number of people simultaneously and therefore have an objective reality, and are not purely subjective to the consciousness of an individual. For instance, it was claimed that 'bad vibrations' came from Manson during the Satan's Slaves trials, and these could be felt by a number of people in the court room. Actually, it is 'bad vibrations' which an exorcist can perceive when he is interviewing a person for exorcism.

To give an example of this, a young girl was sent to me by a psychiatrist for exorcism and in the interview I perceived 'bad vibrations' and exorcised her. Shortly afterwards, a young man turned up to see me, saying that the same doctor had sent him for exorcism. I thought this was strange as the doctor had let me know about the girl but not the man, but I interviewed the man just the same. As the interview progressed, I began to realise that the young man had no 'vibrations' and showed signs of psychological unbalance. I did not exorcise but simply blessed him instead. I subsequently rang the doctor and discovered that the psychiatrist had not sent him at all, because he considered him a mental schizophrenic. In both cases, the independent diagnosis of myself and the doctor entirely failed.

In the New Testament, Jesus exorcised those described as 'possessed . . . exceeding fierce.' Clearly, violence was a symptom of the 'possessed.' Michael Harper (in *Spiritual Conflict*) strangely asserts that the Gadarene demoniac (as he is sometimes called) was mentally deranged, but I consider that this is an inadequate presentation of the facts. A doctor once pointed out to me that in his opinion there were two kinds of schizophrenics. One kind of schizophrenic is the person who has a chemical infection of the brain and his condition is medical; the other is the person who is 'possessed' by an evil spirit and his condition is spiritual. Therefore, I submit that the Gadarene demoniac is a 'spiritual schizophrenic' not mentally deranged but demonically motivated.

Recently, I received an unusual request from a consultant psychiatrist in a mental hospital - a very perceptive doctor who asked me to see two of his patients who claimed they were 'possessed.' He asked me to make an independent diagnosis of each of them and gave me the facilities to interview them each individually in the hospital. One of them I considered was a medical schizophrenic, whilst the other I felt certain was 'possessed.' Again my diagnosis entirely tallied with the psychiatrist in each case. It was arranged that I should exorcise the man who was 'possessed' in the hospital chapel with the psychiatrist present because he had not normally been out of the hospital because of his violence. The psychiatrist told me later that the patient had become a changed man who was later able to live at home as an outpatient. Another case was one of a young man who was permitted by a Roman Catholic psychiatrist to be brought out of a mental hospital accompanied by a male nurse for exorcism. He had tried to strangle his mother with a strange violence but it subsided

after the exorcism and he was later able to be rehabilitated.

In contrast to hospitals, I was also asked to go into a prison to exorcise two 'Hell's Angels' who requested exorcism. The chaplain had discerned that they had been involved in black magic. They claimed that they were gripped by an 'evil force' and were afraid that they might go out of prison and murder someone. They had both been admitted for violent crimes and on the face of it they could be considered ordinary criminals. However, a barrister pointed out that there should be a clear distinction made between what is uncontrolled - indisciplined - and what is uncontrollable - due to 'possession' or some external force. There was clearly about these young Hell's Angels a destructive force which drove them far beyond what they would have conceived on their own. Many young people today, not only criminals, become aware of evil through facing it in reality rather than analysing it in abstraction. When I exorcised these two Hell's Angels, one of them went out into 'unconsciousness' and had to be brought round with holy water. When he came round he simply said "It's gone." The force which was gripping him had gone and he responded to spiritual things and was later baptised. The first thing he asked for was a 'bible' and when the fifth chapter of Mark was read about the Gadarene demoniac, he said the bible spoke to his condition. Clearly all these men showed similar symptoms of violence to the demoniacs in the Gospels and reveal the relevance of 'possession' as mentioned in the Gospels to our modern life today.

A psychiatrist recently said to me that he considered that there was a driving force - an objective force of evil - which entered a person through seduction and destruction. He actually brought a patient of his to me and said he could feel the force go out of him as he attended the exorcism in my Church.

A well known New Theologian recently sent me a high powered scientist whom he considered a case of 'possession' in the New Testament sense. Now this scientist, full of grave suspicions and mental reservations, accepted the need for exorcism because 'vibrations' might reveal an 'objective force' which was causing violence. After the exorcism, the scientist reluctantly but firmly acknowledged that the 'evil force' had dissolved.

I particularly mention a scientist because it is often asserted that the very idea of 'possession' is unscientific. Perhaps it takes a scientist to see beyond such terms of reference. We have to recognise that the scientific mode of thinking is fading and a new interest in the supernatural is emerging. It is not generally realised that there is an increasing and widespread interest in witchcraft and black magic. In a Daily Mirror survey, it was reckoned that there were 40,000 witches in this country - 30,000 white and 10,000 black. In an article in the Times, it was stated that there were 400 black magic cults in this country. I have been asked to do TV programmes for C.B.S. (U.S.A.), C.B.C. (Canada), R.A.I. (Italy), as well as radio, and in each case witchcraft has been mentioned in relation to exorcism. It is sometimes claimed that Satan's Slaves in USA is a modern form of witchcraft.

I have recently had the privilege of ministering exorcism to Indians, West Indians and Africans, and it never occurs to them even to mention psychiatry because they are perceptively aware that their condition is one of the spirit and not essentially of the mind at all. Witch-forces or black magic are a matter of spirituality, not psychiatry. The wise psychiatrist sends people suffering from such influences to a priest, but a psychiatrist who attempts to treat them make confusion worse confounded. Britain seems to be so psychologically conditioned that many people fail to see its limitations. No doubt, many may say that West Indians, Indians and Africans are conditioned by primitive animist ideas; but with the growth of education in these lands, this argument is no longer valid. In fact, those to whom I have ministered have been largely highly intelligent men or women - many of whom have a far greater critical faculty than some of the simpler English I have seen. The fact is that Indians, West Indians and Africans have a far more penetrating psychic perceptiveness than many Europeans. It is this lack of psychic perceptiveness which makes exorcism of the English far more difficult. There is also a tendency among English people to deny such forces as objective because of psychological conditioning.

Those who belong to cults or covens have willingly linked themselves with others in order to derive benefit from the 'witch force.' One man said he had given himself to the devil; a witch said she had been married to the devil. Sometimes I have come across cases of heredity witchcraft. One young High Priestess of a witch coven asked to see me because she desired to leave witchcraft and marry outside it. A man witch had put a curse on her because she would not marry him. I abrogated the curse and cleared her of the witch-force.

'Possession' whether by demonic forces or witch forces is a very real thing and far more widespread today than is often recognised. It is therefore all the more surprising that in the recent Exorcism Report of the Bishop of Exeter it is stated that the "concept of demonic 'possession' is extremely dubious." Actually, far from being dubious, the whole conception of 'possession' is far more easily understood by highly intelligent professional men than used to be the case some years ago. It may surprise people to know that I have actually exorcised psychiatrists, doctors, barristers and university lecturers who were fully aware of demonic forces. On one occasion I spoke with a psychiatrist to a branch of the Institute of Religion and Medicine - a group of doctors and clergy - and the doctors were far more aware of the demonic than the clergy, who tended to rationalize it.

It has been held that the word 'daimonisomai' means 'having a spirit' not 'to be possessed,' but I understand from eminent scholars that the root meaning is 'to be possessed,' not necessarily owned but temporarily 'taken over.' However, it should be explained that not all demonic conditions are necessarily 'possession.' Jesus went about doing good healing all those that were oppressed by the devil." 'Oppression' describes excellently the condition of many who feel the weight of evil on them or

surrounding them but are by no means 'taken over.' 'Oppression' is far more common than 'possession,' which is comparatively rare. Nevertheless 'possession' is the only word that adequately describes conditions where a person is not purely 'uncontrolled' but 'uncontrollable.' 'Oppression' is often connected with some form of fear due perhaps to some incident often years before, such as a violent or sexual assault. In contrast to psychological conditions which are built up in the imagination, a demonic fear is conditioned by an actual incident which has left its mark like a wound on the soul. This wound needs divine healing, not scientific analysis.

One woman told me how she had been to a clergyman to ask for exorcism. The clergyman told her that she must not think she was an evil person. She explained to him that she did not think she was evil but she knew that evil had been 'put on' her. When she came to me, I was able to clear the evil through exorcism. She was so glad that someone recognised what she knew to be true. I find that people know when they are 'possessed.' It is not I that suggest it to them, it is they who first mention it to me and are most relieved to find they are believed. Since certain TV and radio programmes (over a period of three or four years) I have had over 2,000 requests for exorcism and undertaken over 1,700 exorcisms. Clearly some requests do not need this ministry, but a very large proportion of people requesting this ministry do need it. I have often been extremely reluctant to believe people when they have pleaded with me to see them. I have been amazed on some occasions when I was about to dismiss the whole matter in an interview without exorcism, I have suddenly been given a sign - a vibration in the hands or the head - and this reveals a condition needing exorcism, even against my own best rational judgement. This is clearly the 'discernment of spirits' - a charismatic gift and part of the Pentecostal movement which is growing throughout the world at the present time. As Jesus Himself said, 'If I by the Spirit of God cast out devils, then the Kingdom of God is come upon you.'

Automatisms and Demons

John Pearce-Higgins

Whatever the mature pundits of the various Psychic Research societies may say in favour of the use of automatisms such as 'writing' or ouija board or the glass and alphabet, it has become increasingly clear to me from the many cases which have come my way, that for a very considerable number of people such practices are extremely harmful, and on occasion well-nigh lethal. No doubt stable personalities, and tough-minded researchers, are immune to these dangers, and whatever the source of the inspiration not only the gifted automatists of the Cross Correspondences but others such as Mrs. Curran, Mrs. Hester Dowden and Miss Geraldine Cummins, to cite but a few, have produced remarkable material. But for adolescents with unformed, and for adults with unstable personalities the position is very different, and it is of course precisely to such people that the thrill of exploring

the occult has a morbid and compelling attraction.

I happen to believe, on a small amount of personal experience and on the basis of study which my experience confirms, that 'possession' by discarnate entities is a possibility. Assuming further as a working hypothesis that some at least of the 'guides' of sensitives may be discarnate entities in their own right, as for instance the four characters discovered by Dr. Progoff in his study of Eileen Garrett who steadfastly maintained that they were (as also did 'Sally' in the Beuchamp case and 'Sleeping Margaret' in the Doris case of multiple personalities), then obviously genuine trance mediumship involving control by a discarnate entity is a form of 'possession.'

It differs however *toto caelo* from the sort of possession exercised over poor Christine Beauchamp by 'Sally' (assuming that she was what she claimed to be), or by those many cases of apparently identifiable discarnates who form the subject of that monumental study by Dr. Karl Wickland - *Thirty Years Among the Dead* (recently reprinted by the Spiritualist Press) - ignorance of which seems still widespread among even some of our leading psychic researchers, and still more among psychiatrists who turn a positively Nelsonian eye to this sort of evidence. Whereas the relationship between the organised sensitive and his or her 'guides' is normally one of co-operation and so is 'benign' possession, the interference with and irruptions into the normal stream of consciousness of the individual in cases of multiple personality, schizophrenia in the Langian sense, and 'possession' is disorganised, and disorganising of the personality - in other words, it appears as a 'malign' possession.

Even to the amateur and lay student of psychology it must be fairly obvious that the multiple personality and Lang's schizophrenic cases pretty clearly show that the morbidity is by no means always on the side of the irrupting psychic forces. In fact the normal 'persona' of the patient, as in the Beuchamp or Eve cases, may itself be subliminal attacks of anti-social or untypical activity (as also in the externalisation of PK phenomena in the 'disturbed adolescent' type of Poltergeist) may well be due to an attempt at self-therapy and oriented towards acquiring a new and better adjustment or adaptation of the 'persona' to its environment *vis-à-vis* the repressed needs in depth of the total personality of the individual concerned.

An automatism is, of course, a mild form of dissociation. When a person takes up a pencil for automatic writing or puts a finger on the ouija board or the wineglass he is in effect saying "Hand, you do not any longer belong to me, you get on with the job on your own." I have sometimes compared this process with someone opening the front door - "Anyone who wishes may come in and do what he or she pleases." In such cases while the visitors might well include known friends (who would presumably behave fairly circumspectly) it might well include undesirable characters. And this is more or less exactly what I am finding in the case of those who are disturbed by the use of the ouija, etc. It seems clear that the greater or lesser

degree of dissociation produced by such an automatism acts like letting down a bucket into the well of the subconscious whose waters may be sweet and pure, or partially or even wholly contaminated. In this way in immature or unstable personalities repressed emotional contents of the subconscious are brought to the surface, which may manifest as anxiety states, compulsions or the hearing of voices and occasionally visual hallucinations. All this is, of course, well known to the professional psychiatrist, but it is not a possibility that has normally even been envisaged by the individuals involved since, in my experience of young people, it is quite astonishing to find how little knowledge of depth psychology the average person possesses. I find when visiting a sixth form to speak on Parapsychology that I nearly always have to begin with a rough and ready outline of the subconscious mind before I can make telepathy or apparitions in Tyrrell's sense intelligible.

In cases where an individual has a mental breakdown which has not involved any previous contact with an ouija board, or with mediumistic séances, it is customary for such a one or his relatives to invoke the aid of a doctor who will probably invoke a psychiatrist. But in the case of persons disturbed by any form of claimed mediumistic practice or experiment, this does not happen, and this brings me to the point of this article.

The normal presuppositions (and these seem deeply ingrained or instinctive even) of those who at all seriously start playing with a glass and alphabet is that they are going to contact 'spirits.' A second presupposition is to believe that the said spirits have greater knowledge than we have. Therefore it follows that messages received in this way have an authoritative, not to say hypnotic, power. Thus, after one talk, an agitated teenager came up to me privately and said "The board told me I was going to die on March 15th - is it true?", and I had some difficulty in explaining to him just why it was not worthy of consideration. This sort of pejorative prognostication is almost the norm at some point sooner or later in such automatic communications which seem resolutely, like Tacitus' famous epigram on Tiberius, 'in deteriora pronus,' or - dare one mention it - the almost uniform pessimism of Old Testament prophecy.

Now since the presupposition of the disturbed automatist is that this is a matter of 'spirit' communication, he or she does not consult the doctor - for fear of being laughed at, and at best given tranquilisers, or at worst sent off to the psychiatrist. Still less does he consult the parson, who usually is almost totally ignorant of all this field of study; or if he does, the parson is likely to give the victim the comforting assurance that it stems from the devil, which can only depress the victim's morale even further!

Tragically the victim of such disturbance goes off to a medium, and it is our experience that almost always he or she is told that there is one or more than one evil spirit around. In many cases the medium, however, regrets that he or she is not able to remove them, and so the victim is sent away rather worse than before with

the firm belief that he is possessed by evil spirits. We have had so many cases to deal with of people in this distressed condition that it is clear that we are soon to be presented with a sociological situation of some seriousness. It is not often that I find myself agreeing with Dr. Dingwall, but his recent comments about the recrudescence of superstition is something with which I find myself largely in sympathy. It is quite surprising how deeply rooted in the collective subconscious is the belief in demons. Recently, for instance, I figured in an article in the Sun in which I stressed to my interviewer that I had never encountered a demon (in haunted houses) and only occasionally discarnate earthbound entities. The Sun invited correspondents to send in their experiences of Poltergeist-type disturbances. In every case they referred to a 'demon.' I am myself agnostic about demons, although these still remain one of the popular stocks in trade of the more evangelical branches of the Christian church, and sometimes shamefacedly of the Roman Catholics, whose reluctance to perform services of exorcism is on the whole to their credit. Identification of demons is not a simple matter and it is clearly at 'the expense of spirit' to perform a service of exorcism unless there is something to exercise. This brings me to my next point on this painful subject.

We have seen that mediums are quick to inform disturbed people that they are in the grip of discarnate evil entities, by which they mean malicious 'dead' persons who are described as earthbound. I would now suggest that this diagnosis is in the main not due to any genuine clairvoyant or psychic perception, as it was in Wickland's cases, but to the climate of thought, for persons ignorant - and most mediums are deplorably ignorant - of psychopathology. It is automatic for someone who is hallucinated to be described as in the grip of evil spirits. This is bad enough if the medium disclaims the ability to get rid of such entities. But it is even worse if the medium claims to be able to rid the person of his unwanted voices or visions.

Even if the diagnosis were a genuine one I doubt if there are half a dozen sensitives in the Spiritualist movements who have sufficient spiritual power to 'exorcise' such an entity. But if, as is usually the case, the diagnosis is faulty, then the treatment is of course bound to fail. If the neurosis or psychosis is a comparatively mild one, it is quite possible that by the kindness shown and trouble taken and the powerful force of suggestion, a patient may be restored to normality. But if the disturbance is really deep-seated - a quite severe psychosis, a paranoia with persecution symptoms, then of course the wretched patient is trailed along for weeks, months, years. Here, the mediums have a number of complete money-spinning winners. "The patient really wants his spirits and so as fast as I get rid of them either he has the same one back or another pops in to take its place."

Just a few samples: one patient (ouija board) was told she had 40 spirits in her body, and when the patient came to us we were told that about a third of them had been removed (at £2 a time) over a period of months. We entirely failed to convince this person that there was nothing there. Another ouija board victim was told he had a

very evil monk with him. Not satisfied he consulted 18 other mediums who each told him something different. By this time he was so hallucinated that he was shadow boxing against the surrounding spirits. The last medium he consulted told him that he would not cease 'seeing things' until he could not see them at all. Next morning his mother, mercifully, arrived in the kitchen to find him trying to put out his eyes with a red hot poker. She brought him to us and once we had convinced him there was nothing there he gradually returned to normality.

Another medium has provided us with three patients - all on the same formula, "He or she wants it back." One paid £250 over a period of 8 months, another £50 in three months, and another about £200 in a year, and all, like the lady in the Bible with the 'issue of blood,' were none the better but rather the worse. The last named had her body heavily smeared over with grease as a protection! We have yet to persuade her that there are no spirits there.

This is the real nub of the problem. The majority of the patients who come to be helped have had the idea of possession implanted into them by the mediums, and it is the first half of the cure to disillusion them of this. Indeed it is probably the first three-quarters of the cure, for once this has been grasped sensible counselling and prayer seem quickly to do the rest. The two healers who work with me, Roy and Joan Broster, appear to me to have received a charismatic gift both for physical and mental healing, a statement which is of course wide open to question and would take too long to consider here. They certainly have also a native shrewdness in advising such patients, and I believe that Mrs. Broster has considerable power of 'discernment of spirits.' She is extremely loth to accept anything 'psychic,' and therefore the rare instances where she does discern some 'possessing entity' are all the more impressive when they occur. But leaving out the complicated metaphysics of the treatments, from the pragmatic point of view we can confidently say that a large number of disturbed persons have been sent away for no charge or fee other than a small donation towards travelling expenses.

I am in a difficult position. I accept on the evidence that a large number of poltergeist disturbances such as Owen or Bender diagnose are due to repressed emotional forces in disturbed adolescents, but I also believe that very similar phenomena can sometimes be produced in haunted houses by discarnate earth-bound entities. I believe on the evidence that the majority of psychological disturbances produced through the unwise use of automatism is due to subjective emotional instability in the person, but I also have to accept that in a small number of cases the 'house of the seven doors,' as Buddha called the body, appears to have been invaded by some external entity. Here the popular press does not help us. The numerous articles always harp on the miraculous, the demonic, the horrific. In view of the widespread incompetence or dishonesty of so many mediums as well as the increasing study of the occult by people of unstable balance, it is surely time that the responsible researchers in parapsychology and psychiatry put out warnings against

possible psychological sickness which may result. The Church, with its age-old warnings against dabbling in the occult, has overplayed its hand to some extent because of its adherence to the demon theory. The frustration and fury of the volcanic eruptions of long repressed emotional forces certainly look like 'demonic' activity, but it is dangerous to hypostatise such forces into 'devils.' Most of the human evil in the world is due, as Bowlby and Gromm and many others would suggest, to love turned sour into hate, thus providing the demonic element in man. As C.S. Lewis said when asked if he believed in devils: "Yes, I know lots of us."

I am the more confirmed in my agnosticism about demons by the fact that in both hauntings and personal possession cases we have had a number of instances where the professional religious demon-exorcists have completely failed, and we have produced a cure. Whatever may be the ultimate cause of the massive evil in the world of human relations, the evidence for demon possession seems weak. Oesterreich, in his classical work on Possession, does not show up the exorcists of the western world as very successful; indeed he produces much evidence to show that where the climate of thought holds demon possession as true the symptoms also are likely to be found. But he also shows from a number of cases that where such subjective beliefs together with typical symptoms have been held, analysis has shown that the underlying causes are guilt or other repressed symptoms which, when brought to the surface, have responded to normal non-religious psychological treatment.

God forbid that our civilisation should gradually drift back to the superstitions of the Papal Bull of 1484, or the Devils of Loudun, which still seem very much to the fore in the popular mind and the popular press, for all the superficial scepticism which masks them.

Inner and Outer

Paul Beard

Some consult sensitives for the outer situation of obtaining positive evidence of survival. Often, of course, an inward situation is involved also. Then the need may sometimes be for counselling by those equipped with different skills. These skills, individual in nature, are likely to relate to the concepts used by depth psychologists, and to be practiced in a highly intuitive way. Members now have the opportunity of obtaining such counselling at the College, in addition to the help of such sensitives whose range can reach discarnate aid in inner as well as more outer things.

In the everyday field of psychical research, many people raise the bogey that all survival evidence may conceivably be drawn from the mind of the seeker. Sometimes, of course, this is a mere psychological resistance against accepting survival. But it often includes a genuine fear of deceiving oneself. Now a counsellor quite consciously seeks for what it is in the mind and feelings of the one needing

help. He wants the client to paint his own portrait, and of course a considerable skill is required to recognise what the client really is saying, which may be rather different from how his situation seems to him; the unconscious part of the portrait is very likely to be the more important part. There is this healing situation: that there is an inner self, which is wiser than the outer conscious self, and is able to form its own wisdom, and with the interpretive help of the counsellor, to produce the required solutions to the problems. This is not only true of the sick man; within the aura of normal healthy beings lies this inner wisdom waiting to be recognised, waiting to play its part in their life.

For those who find reincarnation logical, this inward self possesses knowledge of its owner's total life situation, by which I mean its karma, its life tasks, what life confronts it with. Certain important events in life come to meet one; often it is a past chapter from an earlier life writing its sequel, coming in Walter de la Mare's words, from *All that I was*: "Ere to this world of brooding dust I came."

The sum of this total self is larger than the comparatively small everyday part, and this inner self will be searching for, or waiting for, future events and for the tasks it must fulfill. It may feel no more than a vague unrest, but somewhere it already knows about them. It already has an inner relationship with these events which will confront it. All this is locked deep within. Where else then than within the self can this hidden knowledge be sought, whether by the counsellor, or the sensitive, or a discarnate teacher, mirroring part of it so that it can be recognised and acknowledged by the outer self? So at the level of spiritual perception, it is no longer a bogey to fear that much has been drawn from the inner mind of the one seeking help. Of course it has, for it is here that the problem belongs.

It is in the inner areas of the self that much of spiritual education has its roots. Such areas become more and more important as life goes on; imprint themselves more and more closely upon the life situation. To know about them is life enhancing; they feed the soul. An important aspect of evidence for survival after death is that it can give preliminary confidence that these inner areas in the self already exist and are important. Much of the sort of education I am discussing, which of course is largely self-education, seems to me to lie in joining up the outer and the inner parts of the self; in discovering amongst lesser competing facts the facts which truly belong to one's soul. It is essentially a journey back and forth, between levels of consciousness; learning ways of becoming receptive to spiritual intimations in dreams or immediately on waking, or which whisper themselves in intuition, arise through inner psychological journeying, or which become real through impersonal spiritual reading which produces fruitful material which the soul-life can then take hold of and turn into practical action.

Having something one can work on within is the nub of the process, and here of course the responsibility of the individual takes over. With the help given, his inner soul energy increases. He comes to recognise more and more that his life situation,

as I have said, largely forms a portrait of himself. As he becomes more aware of it, it becomes a changing portrait, not a static one. Obviously it changes as he works upon himself, digs up the weeds in his garden. It also changes in a more subtle way. The tempo of events, in inner or outer life, probably in both, becomes hastened. This process, which undoubtedly happens, in my view closely resembles what takes place in the next life. As my own teacher says, what you gain in the next world is not won without much effort and travail there. The time of early felicity many describe themselves as enjoying there is certainly not eternal bliss, it is not for keeps. You use it up, so to speak, as you experience it, and your difficulties which lie outside this blissful episode will also at the right time rise up and confront you. Whilst trying to live the inner life on earth, constant surprises come up, hitherto unrecognised parts of one's character emerge into daylight, just because one is advancing the tempo, speeding up the journey through one's particular Hampton Court maze. Obviously there is a danger of becoming self-absorbed; it is essential that the process is also accompanied by and expressed in outgoing action. One must not at all be like Oscar Wilde's character, who said he had fallen in love with himself, and it was a life-long romance. Life-long romancing, more likely.

As one accepts the challenge to try and read one's portrait aright, one has to be very honest with oneself. Attempting then to alter it takes a good deal of soul energy. I remember a friend who rode a motor scooter to work, and one day the traffic around him closed in, and he had an accident, because, as he said, he could not see which way to turn. And not seeing where to turn was at that time his precise psychological situation. Obviously life does not usually point to what is happening in so literal a way, but it is likely to present some situation from which there is no real escape (though false escapes may be available). The only true action then open is that described in the Abbe de Caussade's classic: the way of abandonment to divine providence. Then one finds the waters of renunciation or regeneration closing over one's head, what psychologists call a death and resurrection experience. One has to be willing to drown, totally without knowing what the upshot will be. One cannot make a bargain with God about it; one cannot say, if I do this, then I shall expect that in return. One has to do it and be ready to accept what comes out of it, happy or unhappy. When life says: now abandon yourself to what your inner self knows you must do, that is a very testing event. Energy follows thought, say esotericists. Prayer is thought in action, a teacher says. In the spiritual realm, as in any other, without action effectively following thought, little will result.

Perhaps before these testing episodes come about there will have been years of training, of working upon one's own nature, not unlike the years of training and practice before artistic creation, or athletic feats. All this making room for the inner self, getting on good terms with it, can provide a valuable technique before the decisive situations come along, the spiritual hurdles, whether these turn out to be instant and dramatic, or are the process of a long continuing attrition, a guerilla warfare between soul and spirit. But these confrontations can have their source in,

and express themselves in, joy as well as through pain and sacrifice. One can't just go through life as nothing but a walking predicament.

In such situations life itself often takes a hand; a deep spiritual wisdom behind the scenes selects from the karmic knapsack on the pilgrim's back the event now necessary for his progress. It is obvious that nothing can then ward off such a forthcoming situation.

A remarkable piece of self-education of this inner kind came to a woman dying of cancer. Her doctors had consistently lied to her. In doing so they deprived her of her spiritual birthright, for it was only when another doctor, a personal friend, told her the truth, that she had three months to live, that a break-through was able to come about:

I . . . began to realise there had been a pattern in my life I had not recognised and that all that had gone before was in various different ways leading up to the present moment. I felt there was some force in control of all the devious patterns of life and death and that it did not matter what one termed it . . . basically we all needed to believe. Above all it was essential for us to love and be loved. . . . I do not know if there is an after-life and do not consider this important. The main thing is to practise the giving of love and kindness in so far as possible within one's limits. I believed, without being able to give a precise name to my belief, and felt I was part of the whole of humanity. It was wonderful to know I was not alone, but at one with most people in the world. I felt a deep sense of peace and was able to face the thought of death quite calmly.*

* I Know I Am Dying - Sadie Dunnett (Sunday Times Colour Supplement, 25.11.73).

Her inner self knew all this, and now at last was able to tell it to her.

This emotional flowering much resembles what a good many describe themselves as experiencing in the next world. Who can dare to say that what can be felt there could not and should not belong equally to life on earth? This woman's experience was a foretaste, but also very much a thing of here and now.

Inner education is largely a process of self awakening. Often it is a very slow process. In this case fatal illness much hastened the tempo.

Any organisation concerning itself with spiritual matters cannot offer results; it tries to offer opportunities; what an individual takes springs from his own work, his own achievement. True there are a number of encounter-type organisations today which offer a quick growth of spiritual muscle, or an almost instant acquisition of ESP, a general promotion of the powers of the personal ego. But the true life situation does not promote the little persona ego, it demotes it. The elders in the Apocalypse after all cast down their crowns, and I think the accounts of discarnate existence, in much humbler context, really point exactly the same way. One lives on after death in the landscape of oneself until one finds it no longer tenable, and then one learns to dispel the landscape and find a wider one. Here or hereafter, it does not do to think

of this wiser inward self still as a private personality shut in a little box. At the soul level it communicates beyond itself. It is essentially related to other beings, in one sense with all with whom it shares life; in another with its appointed spiritual teacher; in yet another, with those companions of many lives who especially belong together, who are members of the same group soul, and will work more closely together after death, and will then be able to share consciousness with one another more intimately than can be on earth. I believe everyone is basically related to such a group.

The hallmark of group relationship is that it belongs to the soul rather than to the personality. It is all too easy to glamorise a soul relationship and think of it as an exclusive thing. But exclusiveness belongs to the personality. A soul relationship is unique, certainly, but that is quite different from being exclusive. One sign of a soul relationship is that it does not have these boundaries. Its fruits cause it to flow out beyond to others also.

As women come to take their fuller, proper role in the new Aquarian age, creating a better balance between the talents of the sexes, I believe one result will be that a wider range of spiritual relationships, of new tone colours, will become socially accepted. Men and women - those in group relationship especially, but not only those - will find enrichment through the spiritual contributions they will be able to make to one another's tasks of service. This of course is a very subtle area, hard to focus, and to keep within its proper form, but I am confident that as time goes on these special spiritual relationships will become familiar and be established for the common weal. And if one chooses to think in terms of a group, one has to recognise, as Myers has said, that at any one time only a part of the group will be on earth, other members will be linked with it from beyond.

The idea is everywhere derided that in heaven we shall all play continually upon harps; yet, you know, regarded less literally, I believe it to be true if the harp consists of the many strings, or levels of consciousness, in one's nature; to play harmoniously upon each particular string gives admission to the mansion, or landscape, or spheres of consciousness belonging to it; and to learn to be able to play music upon one's total self may take a very long time indeed.

An aunt of mine was a harpist; she was the first, or one of the first women, to be accepted into a symphony orchestra. When the great Hans Richter came over to London to conduct, she made a mistake during rehearsal, and he came over, so she told me, and leaned over her harp and played the difficult passage from above. When musicians talk of the works which Mozart composed for their own instrument, you will often find them saying he composed it out of his particular love for the instrument, and when in his travels he found in an orchestra an outstandingly good player, he would often compose especially beautiful passages for him. Any analogy is incomplete, analogies always are, but I do see a resemblance between this loving bringing about of perfection by Richter or by Mozart and the way in which our

teachers and intimates in the beyond lean down, as it were, and touch the strings in us. They help us execute more perfectly music to which they contribute their part, though the final product is one's own, but not wholly so. I am sure this help and influence exists from compassionate beings beyond, that they are about these very local bits of their Father's business. A kinship arises, between them and us, of learning and doing. In a parallel way, people who have met a spiritual teacher or master say he infuses their aura with part of his own. They learn by this interior contact. He tells them about their essential self, conveying his knowledge of it, whilst he may remain perfectly silent at the outer level.

To listen, to learn, to subdue, and to give; these seem to be the factors essentially involved in this inner education, with its inner love for the world and its sharing in the joy of achieving for all whatever tasks life brings.

Letter from Sally

During a visit to Cynthia Sandys, I wrote (as is my wont) to my daughter Sally, suggesting that she should describe to me her present life - her actual awareness now, compared with her first waking after physical death; her work, interests, recreations: in brief, that she should write an autobiographical sketch of her sixteen years in 'the Beyond.' What follows is her reply written through Cynthia Sandys.

- Rosamond Lehmann.

March 16th, 1974

Mummy, what an exercise you have set me! I will do my very best, but you know, I have been on other planes of vibration and colour and sound for which you have no words. These experiences are outside time and space and individuality, where we lose our personal consciousness altogether, knowing that it is only a temporary exercise - that we have to return to our job in our own personality. But for a space of, shall I call it 'time' for lack of another word, we are able to sink into the Great Consciousness. This is something so superb that it is beyond all explaining; you just have to experience it. But I will try to work up to this point so far as I can.

On coming over with no knowledge or understanding I had to begin at the beginning; all that you know. Then Pat came into my life and I rose from the crowd of 'don't knows' into the mass of lovely outflowing people who 'know,' and I began to live again in a vital way. Now that sounds as though the 'don't knows' were left to themselves; they are, because they go on wishing it so deeply, hugging their old grievances and going on being miserable and lonely to such an extent that no one can penetrate, and if they do, the 'don't knows' brush them aside and go on grumbling. But the moment Light begins to Dawn they are off like me, into a world of light and colour and music.

I drifted about in this wonder-world for a long time. No one urges you to move on until you have completely saturated yourself with the vibes you hunger for; and then when I began looking around Pat came to me and said: "How about a journey?"

“Where to?” I asked. “The question is, shall it be on this plane, the next plane, or the earth plane, to see if you can understand how they all merge together?” I said: “The earth plane; I want to know how I write through Cynthia, and why she can hear me.” So we came back to the coarse vibes of earth, but they had changed, and I began to see both planes; I could see the two bodies in everything and everybody, and I was so excited. I saw your etheric body, mummy, and Cynthia’s, and I understood how sound of a peculiar sort penetrates without any physical vibes. I watched and listened and thought, and Pat took me into churches and on to mountains and down to the bottom of the sea; and here I began to use another set of vibes altogether, they are a mixture of astral, etheric and X vibes. Now it’s the X vibes that I found so enthralling, and I began to find them all over the place. At first I discovered them for myself on the ocean bed. They lay in a mass of scintillating colour, and I asked Pat what they were. She took up a handful and threw them into her aura, and urged me to do the same. At first I just felt rather giddy; then I began to move unconsciously, and I asked Pat what was happening. “You are floating away into the next dimension or plane. Don’t be frightened, I am coming too.” So we found ourselves in another land of exquisite beauty. The scents of this plane were like the most wonderful garden you’ve ever known, and I began to sense the colour and scent all over me. My feet were sensing the same things independently. Now this kind of 3D, 4D, 5D, 6D consciousness was very disturbing at first. It’s so much easier to smell only with your nose, and not with your ears and toes and everything else thrown in. I gasped at the enlarged awareness of my body, and felt quite staggered by it.

Pat stood by explaining and calming me, or I should have become absolutely bonkers; but I did not, and after a time I began to orientate myself and enjoyed this tremendous enlargement. I asked Pat if I could rest for a time before going further and she agreed. I became so excited by this awareness that I couldn’t think of anything else. Pat seeing my obsession reminded me that we can’t go ahead without doing something to help those less fortunate: so before I knew what had happened I was back in a hospital ward among the healers trying to help the children who were leaving their bodies, and beginning the very first stage of their etheric journey.

I have so enjoyed writing that because it clears my head and puts the sequence of the growth of the awareness in its right place.

Evening, March 16th, 1974

Oh, mummy, here we are again - now it becomes more difficult. I had gained the awareness of my whole body, and of course this took time and a lot of practice, but it was in this state that I was allowed to leave earth and penetrate the stratosphere. I stayed there for a long time. When I say stratosphere, I mean the etheric and astral part as well as the material part: I became quite aligned with the vibes in this strange country of the air.

I began to live as though at sea, without grass or trees or flowers, and instead of the actual plant life which I adore, I was among the vibes which go towards the creation

of this wonderfully multiple vegetable kingdom. And in this forcing house there exist all the tiny entities which deal with early growth. They are of all shapes and sizes; they are like little drops of love, each one caring and giving the life essence of love to every embryo seedling before it becomes air-borne towards earth. On a further belt of this life-and-love-giving area I came upon the embryo animals and birds and fishes; and last of all I came upon embryo MAN. The seeds of baby life were all packed away with the divine essences of this sphere. All life appertaining to earth was created and fostered within this belt of all-knowing Divinity. Of course, this was far beyond my capacity to accept; or to understand all the magnificent facets of this amazing vibration. I looked and listened and wandered endlessly in these strange places where Life begins, or seems to begin; and when I had gathered all I could contain within my limited understanding, Pat said: "Now I am going to show you the world of minerals. They have their birth in the planets, and far away in distant stars." I said: "This seems strange to me, I thought minerals were the creation of earth." But no, they above all entities have the durability for distant travel, and upon those tiny pin-prick lights from a thousand thousand stars our minerals were born. The first seeds were born in the nebulae, and they acted like magnets as the nebulae gradually solidified and the tiny seeds within germinated to become a magnetic field, and called to their brother and sister minerals in the distant spheres to grow and replenish them. And so the earth formed itself from the outside help of countless tiny rays borne through space.

I had to see and learn and accept all this teaching, but not all at once. It was only sometimes given to me, when I was able to see and follow the rays into the very heart of earth. It was given to me between spells of ordinary working for those who were less advanced, like the children in the hospital ward I told you about.

I became aware of all this through my entire body; when entering the earth one uses the whole of one's awareness to the last degree. I became very fond of earth, it was so homely and welcoming, and such a change from the stratosphere which had such immense spaces that even to us in advanced stages of awareness it seems rather bleak. Here wrapped within the strata of earth I felt myself back in the stage of metal formation. I became coal and iron; I saw and felt all the memories of growth that they held within their grasp; the sunlit forests, the peat bogs, finally the black coal glistening around me: all this had to become mine. I had to live within the consciousness of every different living thing, moving down through animals and fishes to the very rocks beneath my feet. Each had a whole book of memories awaiting my intake brain; and once we accept a truth it remains; there is no forgetting on these planes or in these bodies.

And so we venture on through space, becoming more and more a part of the universal essence from which all things are fashioned; and with each step of awareness we gain life and yet more life, we become more vital and able to match ourselves in vibratory strength to the great central heart of ALL-LIVING.

Letters from Wellesley Tudor Pole

Rosamond Lehmann

Needless to say I make no claim to being the only friend to whom W.T.P. wrote regularly. He carried on a vast, global correspondence throughout his adult life. But I was privileged to receive hundreds of letters from him from early in 1963 when we first met, up to the time of his final withdrawal (to use a term he favoured) in September, 1968.

Reading and re-reading lately, in order to select from the vast amount of material I have carefully preserved, I am struck afresh by the unique - truly unique - quality of the communications entrusted to me: by their mingling of warm personal affection and concern with profound and mystifying 'glimpses'; by their humility (and now and then it's opposite!), humour, patience in the face of misunderstanding and disappointments, coupled with occasional shafts of malice; above all by the unfailing hope and confidence they reveal in the ultimate destiny of Man. His anger was reserved for prophets of doom, purveyors of doctrinaire theological systems, and for all forms of authoritarian cant.

Spiritual arrogance 'sent shivers down his spine.' He hated to be worshipped.

Looking back to Wellesley Tudor Pole as I Knew Him published in Light, Summer, 1972, I find I wrote:

Who was he really? I don't know. Nobody in his last life knew - except, I suppose, certain fellow initiates, equally anonymous. Once, writing that he was tired from having had to deal with 'a lot of karmic debris' in an old house in Glastonbury, he added, 'No peace on earth for this wicked one, whose identity is fortunately unknown and unrecognised - this being perhaps W.T.P.'s only worthwhile achievement during his present sojourn.'

Of course, his true identity is still a secret; but here are a few more passages of a comparatively personal nature:

"In a way I think my vision in younger days was less earth-soiled, more innocent, less unquestioning, free from mundane complexities. Perhaps less deep, and without the note of 'teaching' or instruction which has crept in since my late maturity. On the other hand, a larger measure of certitude, joy and (even) patience have come to me in later life."

"In a recent letter you commented on the 'important' part of W.T.P. may have played during the recent war years. (He frequently referred to himself by his initials, as if commenting on a completely separate entity.)

He acted only as a crank or a cog in a vast cosmic machine. He is only too aware of failing on too many occasions to rise to such occasions, in ability and in effectiveness.

As a matter of fact his body was in poor condition most of the time. He was often

side-tracked by the need to protect his wife; and also his three children, who were all on active service. He could not even 'protect' his house or office from destruction; and on two occasions the clothes were torn from his back by explosive reflex reactions; nothing to be proud of in all this. And in any case one must preserve a sense of proportion. Wars and all human events produce very minute ripples on the cosmic ocean. One does one's poor best to serve cosmic purposes when the call comes to do so, but we are all small fry, and one's 'best' is usually meagre and unsatisfactory.

Much of the material in *The Silent Road* is based on memories of diary contents lost in the last war. Most of the experiences are set down from the standpoint of when they happened; and sometimes I was not consciously aware at the time of their full significance or background data. Had they been written from my mental and perceptive level in 1960, when the book was jammed together, these anomalies would have disappeared.

For your information, it can be said that I had an important job to finish, not fully completed when I was called down into incarnation. Consequently a good deal of me stayed behind to finish it, and only arrived here in middle life. The same sort of thing is happening now, but in the reverse direction.

Therefore you haven't seen as much of me as would otherwise be the case. Just as well perhaps!

Do not take it that W.T.P.'s method of flitting in and out of incarnation (by stages so to speak) is common experience. It just happens that the jobs he does make for certain mobility, and even freedom from the 'wheel'; but this does not indicate that he is an 'advanced soul,' or separate from the madding crowd."

"What a funny question to ask! I was 'in the flesh' during those terrible days and weeks, in the War Office, in the H. of C. corridors, in the Lords smoking room, in the flat of a prominent Minister's mistress, and never out of S.W.1. (The last named being, of course, the place where up-to-date information could best be found.)

Out of the flesh, of course, I was at Dunkirk and thereabouts. I did my job, but not as well as it should have been done. (Success with 'Elementals' and with climate and winds and currents; but too many, alas, were drowned.)

A much bigger job was helping to stop invasion.

One day when Mrs. C. phoned me late at night, I gathered that the P.M. had some awareness of what was going on; but since, he has warned me not to publicise it. . . .

Curious how great ones after they have gone hence seek rest in quite humble activities which call for no great mental strain and bring relief. When Queen Victoria was asked what she wished to do she opted for running a draper's shop where she herself could do the buying and control the staff and set the fashions. This kept her happy for a long time. Apparently this desire had lodged in her subconscious during

most of her last life on earth.

Pope John is now enjoying the life of a simple village priest.

I once came across Brunel, carving models of bridges and trains and taking them round to entertain children. I should not be surprised to hear that Einstein has (temporarily) become a simple Maths master in an elementary school. Churchill may well decide to run a tobacco shop with an off licence for beer and spirits. You see, such people are not ready at once to undertake spiritual tasks; yet they feel the need for action in ways that possess appeal to them.”

The reference to Churchill is, I feel, not to be taken very seriously. In a letter I have so far been unable to turn up he speaks of Churchill overcoming a time of post mortem melancholy by total absorption in painting; and revelling in the occupation.

In answer to a query of mine about his nocturnal activities au delà, T.P. wrote as follows:

‘An emergency meeting of the College of Heralds was held last night lasting until our dawn. The College is set on the side of a hill, and is surrounded by woods, gardens, springs and an observatory.

It is situated ‘three spheres’ higher than the Borderland region and I ride up to it. My favourite steed has learned how to transform the rhythm of his movements, which has to be changed on passing from one sphere to the next. (W.T.P. has a commuter’s season ticket, and so his transmutations have become automatic.)

I had to leave before the conference was over to keep an appointment elsewhere with the elder brother who is in charge of the large number of groups of missionary volunteers, working in Borderland’s densest jungle, carrying out dangerous salvage operations. Dante’s description of Hades pales before what is to be seen and fought against in these age-old jungles and swamps, black bogs and quicksands. Souls, once human, whose identity is almost lost; deliberate followers of the dark road; distracted wandering beings who have lost their way, many creatures sub-human and animal - all these are to be met with and struggled with, and if possible salvaged. Although one only ventures into these regions clothed in a protective luminous ‘asbestos’ one emerges shaken, sorrowful and at times deeply depressed.

The College of Heralds is a very ancient body indeed. At present there are seventy-seven members of whom seven are what could be termed Senior Initiates. These seven are now exercising their functions as heralds and preparers of the way, for the third time. Their two previous bouts of duty (each lasting over about a century of human time) were preludes to the arrival of the Lord Buddha and the Lord Jesus on earth levels; for the other seventy the present is the first occasion on which they have been seconded for special duties in this way, on the authority of the planetary Hierarchy. I don’t know them all really well, although I am an attendant member of their College.

One of them, however, is a great friend of mine - going back, in fact, to the time of Akenâton. He it was (not A.) who inspired my soldier friend to seek the gift of a daily minute of prayer and silence; this was a few hours before he lost his earthly life in Palestine in December, 1917. As a herald and preparer of the way he was carrying out a mere portion of his allotted job.

The territory, mundanely speaking, where he is active comprises the near and middle East, most parts of Europe and the whole of the British Isles. In Britain he has the full co-operation of two more of his fellow heralds who make up an important triad. Sometimes they work on their own, and sometimes in unison.

Of course, they were behind the purchase of Chalice Well (for their own ends).

In answer to your query: I have met Nostradamus, but not 'here.' He is now a member of the College of Heralds and so comes my way at Council meetings. These are often held in the unique and very lovely herbal garden attached to the College's estate. No use looking into the past to identify W.T.P. with this or that historical figure. I come and go when summoned so to do; but the human race is not my race. I try hard, while I am here, to identify myself compassionately with human problems, joys and sorrows; but this is not my planet. I am a modest and anonymous ambassador from elsewhere."

Readers of *The Silent Road* will have been introduced to the 'little genie' attached to W.T.P. during his last incarnation. Here are a few more fascinating passages relating to him and his activities.

'I was beginning to think that my little genie had retired or departed elsewhere; and in any case, as you know, I never dream of summoning him to fit my needs. Were I to do so, his free will might be endangered; and in any case, such action on my part would be a descent into a form of magic, which is not my line.

My problem has been to try to recover from the past data (prior to 1923) with which to reinforce my memories of personal contacts with Abdul Baha and his times and teachings. Part 2 of my proposed book (i.e. *Writing on the Ground*) is to be concerned with a comparison of the way in which 'Truth' is revealed, as between the first days of Christianity and the early days of Baha U'llah's revelation of the same truths nearly 2,000 years later in human history. All relevant records were destroyed when my Duke Street offices were bombed in 1943. The task seemed hopeless until my genie popped up with an offer to help, and scorned my lack of faith. Suddenly things began to happen. A useful remnant of a half-burnt file emerged from a long disused bureau drawer - wedged in the back of it. And in one of the crates of files stored at Markinch, buried among a mass of letters and rubbish emerged three invaluable scripts dating back to the early twenties.

Abdul Baha gave me a fine amber rosary in 1922, about the time when he gave me his camel hair cloak; greatly valued ever since but not 'medieval' in setting. I mentioned my need to my little genie a few days ago, but not with any really serious

intent. Today arrived from Kansas City of all places, and from a complete stranger, a lovely amber rosary of the period I needed.

The note with it from Mrs. P. said: 'When recently in Palestine I came across the rosary I now enclose - I feel that its original owner would like you to have it.' No mention of who the original owner was or if she knew it! But it is the time element in this case which is so intriguing. . . .

My little fellow comes from the trees. Others emanate from flowers, grass and herbs. They are under the control of the vegetable kingdom's hierarchy. They are of two kinds: (1) 'the little people' and (2) the more etherialized entities we know as spirits and fairies. In soil and minerals another class exist, far more elemental and less 'developed,' not yet being individualized. In air, fire and water there are still other elemental forms: it would take too long to detail and describe them.

My great love for trees may have first attracted M.L.G. to me. He knows that this contact helps him on his way to a larger measure of development and intelligence. But he doesn't like to feel the need to acknowledge my indebtedness. Bless and prosper him nevertheless."

W.T.P. told me once that his 'little fellow' loved the company of children and often played with them (unseen). He was, however, somewhat allergic to women - or ill at ease with them, I can't remember which. Or both, perhaps! I have often asked myself what happened to him after T.P.'s withdrawal.

In 1967 W.T.P. gave me a necklace of Egyptian beads, and wrote of them as follows: 'The beads are mainly dating from the 18th Dynasty, but a few of them belong to the 17th and 16th. Several of them are imbued with the aura of Akenâton's lovely, delicate and faithful wife and devoted comrade. They have both been back together at least twice, in comparatively humble and significant circumstances. He is now on a spiritual level with Zoroaster, who also is a denizen of the solar planet. Each planet possesses its double or interior reflection within which life in myriad forms revolves and progresses, and in many ways influences life on the whole of our planetary system. Yes, my permanent home lies within the solar plane; but I have several homes elsewhere. Not that this fact signifies exalted rank or a special degree of advancement.

As to what I wrote about Akenâton, you have probably been aware that the (to us) strange phenomenon of proxy-incarnation is a fact; even if far rarer than is surmised in some quarters. There are occasions when Initiates who are still in the process of what we call human evolution find it inconvenient to return bodily to earth. Perhaps they are engaged on important tasks elsewhere, yet wish to 'see' into our world at certain times in connection with that they themselves are doing. On such occasions someone is chosen who is being drawn back into incarnation in fulfilment of his own Karma. Permission is then sought from the Karmic Deity concerned to allow the reincarnating individual to be directly overshadowed by the influence of the Initiate

in question.

He may or may not be actually conscious of this overshadowing - one that enables the Initiate (say Akenâton) to co-relate what he is doing elsewhere with certain streams of events and experiences occurring at a specific time in our external world.

However, the greater proportion of those who affirm that they are in themselves the embodiment of important historic and religious figures are indulging in wishful thinking. The direct overshadowing of which I speak is rare, and only happens when the need is great, for higher evolutionary purposes.

However, there are many cases where those incarnating are in fact living within the auric streams of radiation proceeding from this or that great Being who once lived among us.

In Akenâton's case the procedure in question (i.e. incarnation by proxy) has, I believe, only happened twice; but in each case the results proved invaluable.

As to the difficulty of returning to this earth by those whose previous mummified bodies still exist, there may be exceptions. I do know of two such cases where the attempt was made; but in both cases the individuals concerned arrived stillborn.

Of course, in a Christian sense, everyone is overshadowed by the Christos, even if, in the majority of cases, we allow the Christos in us to remain asleep and unrecognised and so unutilised.

Further to what I have written about Akenâton and others, the procedure described enables the overshadower to tune in whenever he so desires to the life and activities of the overshadowed. He can follow all that the latter feels and thinks and does, in a way that is almost first hand. He can be aware of contents of newspapers read, exchanges with other people, spectacles viewed in theatres and cinemas, and every other detail which could have a bearing on the task upon which he is engaged 'elsewhere,' no matter from which realm he is operating. No wonder that this procedure is rare, and so rarely 'allowed.'

A.E. is quoted as saying: "In this life we struggle and progress. After death we only enjoy." How can A.E. have become imbued with such oriental wishful thinking? I am aware that even Blavatsky's followers have tended to perpetuate this very ancient concept - namely, that 'progress,' that is evolution, can only take place on earth levels. Nothing could be further from the truth, even if religion, both pre-Christian and since, may seem to give the impression that physical death ushers us into heaven or a realm of eternal bliss, right away: or else consigns us to a kind of purgatorial negation. No one ever stands still. Either we are progressing all the time, wherever we may be; or for a while we are slipping back in a devolutionary sense, for the express purpose of learning some lesson that we have hitherto missed learning; one which can only be taught us at a lower level of comprehension and rhythm. It is true therefore that progress can on occasion seem to be interrupted by a form of retrogression; but for the individual concerned, this very retrogression is essential to

endure his eventual progress forward; and is therefore no evil thing in itself. How hard one tried to make this truth understood! Its comprehension saves so much pain, suffering, regret and depression when either we or those we love seem to be 'going to the bad.' I hate to watch needless anguish when it can so easily be abated and destroyed, once the truth penetrates effectively."

At a time in 1968 when the subject of transplants of human organs, particularly heart transplants, began to be 'news,' W.T.P. told me that he was being besieged by worried enquirers (including myself). He wrote:

"Artificial surgery of this kind may prolong life but it is not evolutionary in a spiritual sense.

However, the etheric 'double' of the departing soul is not affected by the transfer of an organ or organs from the body of that soul to someone still alive in a physical sense. But the latter may become subject to dislocation of his or her own auric and etheric vibrations.

The magnetic sheath which surrounds and cushions the physical body, and disintegrates with that body, is not a portion of the etheric double. That portion of the magnetic sheath associated with a living organ remains attached to that organ when the latter is transplanted into another living body. The result may or may not prolong 'life' but can cause artificial and unsatisfactory conditions, mentally and physically, in the make-up of the person concerned.

Meanwhile, the etheric double of the donor remains unaffected and intact, and is the 'overcoat' used by the departing soul in its transit en route entering into its new vehicle of manifestation, usually called the astral body, or body of light. During this process the grosser elements of the etheric double disintegrate; but its finer elements are absorbed into the astral form - one that is far more 'solid,' versatile and harmonious than the physical body that has been left behind."

"For the discerning, the following data about the planet Venus may prove useful.

Astro-physicists tell us that this planet is incapable of sustaining 'life.' On the contrary, Venus is a womb in which embryonic life in many forms is in process of incubation, unindividualized in character, primary, and in process over an untold period of being subject to cosmic fertilization. (Since for many - too many - humans, love is equated with sex and fertility, Venus has come to be regarded as the planet of love.)

Venus therefore provides, as and when the need arises, primitive life forms that pass into our own planet and mineral structure and proceed from thence up through the kingdom of nature and finally enter the kingdom of man.

Venus provides other planets in our system in a similar way, and in accordance with the evolutionary needs and purposes of the planets concerned."

Those familiar with W.T.P.'s writings will know of the Glastonbury Vessel or

sapphire bowl, that mysterious and magically lovely artefact whose hidden presence in St. Bride's Well at Glastonbury was clairvoyantly revealed to W.T.P. in 1906; and which was actually recovered by his sister and two of her friends. Here is part of a commentary not, I believe, hitherto published.

“One can only guess how a physical object can become a focus for the light of the healing Christos. Can the touch of an Initiate animate the particles of certain specific objects, raising their vibrations to a point where they take on an independent life of their own? Here lies a profound mystery.

Ever since its recovery at Avalon in 1906, this blue sapphire bowl has spent its 'life' alternatively between activity in unseen realms (apparently 'asleep' in an external sense) - and sleeping 'above' whilst intensely active and awake 'below.'

In recent months it has been very much awake in our midst, and in strange unobtrusive ways has been the agency for remarkable healings of mind and body.

From 1906 to 1914 this vessel's resting place was in our little Oratory in an upper room at 16 Royal York Crescent, then my home. Till the end of 1908 this sanctuary was open to all comers; the Cup was unveiled daily on the altar. It was very much 'awake' on earth during this period. Revelations, visions, healings both absent and present followed one another beyond our capacity to record in detail.

Early in 1909 we were forced to close the Oratory to the general public, privacy in our own home life having become impossible. Then followed a period in which this strange vessel indicated its desire to travel. First to Iona, then an almost desolate and forgotten isle. W.T.P. accompanied by a triad of maidens - K.T.P., Janet and Christine Allen - spent a week in the island, during which time the Cup touched and revived centres and 'places' all over the island, in preparation for its reillumination under the auspices later of George MacLeod.

Subsequently, in my care, it pilgrimaged to Palestine, Egypt, Syria, Constantinople, Mount Athos, the sacred Mount Avala (near Belgrade), Vienna, Budapest, and Michael centres in Italy, France, Germany, Holland, Rome for a while, Paestum, Sicily. All this prior to 1914, when the Cup slept awhile. And then again on and off between 1920 and 1935, when Michael and other centres in the British Isles and elsewhere were touched. It has lain on the Coronation Stone and kept vigil in St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and on the altars of St. Paul's and the R.C. Cathedral, Westminster.

Over the years in question (but not since 1939) this vessel has been held, i.e. handled by seers, initiates, prelates; and by at least one elder brother. From 1939 to 1943 it was in the custody of my sister Katherine. Since then it has been almost continuously in my custody; and its periods of sleep and wake have followed one another at seemingly irregular intervals.

Ancient? Medieval? Modern? The foremost experts here and abroad have been unable to date this vessel or to agree on its place of origin. When will the time be ripe

for its permanent resting place to be divulged and its future destiny unveiled?

‘The Jesus glimpses’ in W.T.P.’s books were brought into focus almost entirely via this blue sapphire bowl.”

In 1965 T.P. wrote me a fascinating account of a luncheon given at the Swan Hotel, Wells, by a certain learned society (he did not give me its name in writing, and I am not absolutely certain of remembering it correctly).

“Fourteen of its twenty members were at the lunch, to which I was invited as the guest of honour - members are elected for life. No suitable applicant can get the chance of joining whilst the present twenty remain alive.”

He then lists some of the distinguished guests, among them Curators of various museums, glass experts and archaeologists - all erudite in their particular fields.

“After lunch, the chairman modestly voiced the wish of all present to be allowed to examine the blue sapphire bowl. This was then produced by W.T.P., handed around the table and carefully examined by each of the fourteen there assembled. There seemed almost a sense of awe apparent - or was it simply deep interest and curiosity? The final and unanimous verdict - ‘We have never seen a similar piece - it appears to be unique, and that being so it is not possible to date its age and origin correctly. However, owing to the excellent state of preservation of this remarkable object, we cannot think it can be of ancient manufacture.’ Then came the questions: Where and when found? What was to be its future? What were W.T.P.’s views and intentions? Were photographers available? Followed by a learned discussion on millefiori coloured mosaic glass in general, and puzzlement as to how the silver foil was inserted in this particular piece.

Now we come to an interesting and unexpected episode. You may remember that three ‘maidens’ were associated with the finding of the Cup in 1906: my sister Katherine and her close friends Janet and Christine Allen. Janet became a R.C. nun, and ‘died’ nearly twenty years ago. Whilst the Cup was being handed round, Janet, wearing convent garb, suddenly appeared to me, standing well up over the centre of the table, holding in her hand a replica or the etheric counterpart of the vessel. She was smiling and radiant, and her garments shimmered with luminosity. After saluting me she turned first to her right and then to her left and waited. Shortly she was joined by the other two, and the triad made a circle with hands held; the Cup meanwhile seemed to be suspended in the air in the centre of the circle. Then Janet, speaking to her two companions, said: “Evidently our mission still remains to be completed. May Christ and his angels be with us in our task.”

The vision faded, but a kind of radiance continued for a while to linger in the room.”

“I met (at Glastonbury) a fellow with whom I was at ‘school’ some 3,000 years ago (a Greek Mystery emporium of a very interesting kind). We meet so very rarely, although approximately of the same grade of Initiation . . . and now, so he tells me, he has been seconded to act as A.D.C. to a forerunner of the Coming One: a

forerunner who is more or less equivalent to a John the Baptist and whom I should like to meet before departing hence. Meanwhile, so pleased am I at meeting such an old and faithful (and still so youthful) friend that I at once invited him to come and stay with me for a while. He is a splendid horseman, and will revel in those fine steeds which honour me by occupying my stables, always ready to do my bidding.

What interests me is why and for what purpose my long absent colleague is visiting Chalice Well? Consequently my spirits improved after some days of depression trying to sort out tangles and solve financial problems.

He had just come from taking an official part in the Wesak ceremonies in that strange far-off Tibetan valley - one that has peculiar associations with Avalon and the vale between Tor and Chalice Well. I chaffed him for keeping such exalted company, forgetting for the moment that in any case he had been on Jesus' personal staff for many centuries.

My colleague of long ago was not 'in the flesh'; and I have now told him on no account to incarnate just when I am on the point of discarnating myself. Some day I may tell you more about this delightful, spirited and courageous character who, I am sure, has far outstripped me in the spiritual elevation of his connections."

"When I visited Devenish and other isles in Lough Erne about half a century ago, the negative forces in those areas were shrouded within a garment of sleep. It was clear then that these centres would never come into their own again spiritually speaking until their negative influences had been aroused any by chemicalisation converted for devolutionary activities to positive and evolutionary purposes.

Before the Christian era and on occasions since, the natural seismic and astral currents connected with Lough Erne have been utilized negatively by certain Intelligences of the left path; and various black magical processes, sacrifices and masses have been employed to try to destroy the true spiritual value of these islands' atmosphere. Similar conditions have surrounded the Tor, where we have been engaged in speeding up the chemicalisation process, thereby releasing and bringing into the open the negative and discordant vibrations created by long past human misdeeds. Similar processes are going on all over the planet, thereby causing all the turmoils and 'distress' through which we are now living, and in accord with Biblical prophecy. These important processes are normally under the supervision of our elder brothers - but on occasion 'releases' take place before the right conditions for dealing with them have been prepared. Energies are available for use negatively or positively; in themselves they are neither good nor evil; but when 'releases' such as I have described take place, their negative vibrations can enter and utilize the thought and emotional processes of human beings, and the results may prove unpleasant. Sooner or later, however, the process of chemicalisation will transmute these vibrations into harmonious and positive ones, and the so-called 'evil' will disappear.

'Evil,' so-called, must never be personalized."

'I have been compelled to spend far more time and energy than usual in hedging and ditching operations in Borderland, cutting through jungles dark and sinister resulting largely from man's misuse of his mental and emotional activities on our planet. Trying to let some light in, with a devoted band of fellow helpers. Enlarging and rehabilitating our own rescue station and building another one, much needed. Trained staff are difficult to find or unwilling, often, to undertake such chores. Watching arrivals from Earth brings home forcibly the fact that most of this planet's denizens at present are little more than children, morally and spiritually speaking. The leaven of reasonably evolved souls now in incarnation is dangerously low - I have told what 'Powers' I can reach that unless this shortage is rectified soon, life on this planet cannot be saved or salvaged, and it is imperative that a number of really advanced beings are persuaded to reincarnate here well before the end of the century.

Whether my warnings will have any effect is in the lap of the Gods - after all it is primarily their concern, not mine, who, in fact, am only a visitor to this particular planet, and not one of its regular denizens.

And now to a more fascinating subject. From time to time while wandering through the immense celestial Halls containing the Archives recording the ever unfolding life upon this planet I have passed, on tip toe, the doubly sealed entry to a secret chamber. Recently, when doing so, I was amazed to see the door ajar. The Guardian absent. So in I went and looked around. Very soon I realized why this place had remained so secret during an eternity of our 'time.'

Indeed, I wondered whether the Door, at long last, had been opened by accident or on purpose. Records within are of a kind to stagger and revolutionize all our man-made theologies and creeds. Here in full detail was set down a record of the life of Jesus during three occasions in B.C. times when he walked the earth as a man in body form and in preparation for the time when he was destined to assume the mantle of the Christos. Revelations of supreme significance, simplicity and purpose, fascinating and inspiring beyond words.

The next time I passed that way, the great Door was once more bolted and barred and the sentinel guarding it totally incommunicado.

One fact I have cleared up - so far as I am concerned beyond further dispute. The Virgin Birth belief was a myth. However, the seed of both parents was infused with a special spiritual quality - or if you prefer theological terms, the Holy Ghost descended into the uniting sperm, just before the conception took place. This phenomenon or miracle did not occur at and before the birth of Jesus on the three previous occasions of his earthly sojourn. In those instances the procedure followed routine human conditions. But in each instance his parents had been very carefully and cosmically selected.

I have never (before) understood how Jesus could have been adequately equipped to

play his great role 2,000 years ago, had he had no previous experience of our planetary conditions and the bodily feel of three-dimensional states of being.

Is the time ripe for casting doubt on the validity of certain aspects of orthodox Christian scriptures?

No doubt one has suspected it all along and taken it in one's stride - we have talked glibly of the Akashic Records and left it at that. But when one comes face to face with a facet of an inconceivably immense and universal computer registering facts alone about Truth - no theorizing, no interpretations - then the shock is immeasurable. These facts have been 'there' wherever 'there' is, all the time, and the computer never ceases to register them. From the standpoint of Authority (that is, of course, if one reads its computations correctly) there can be no escape back into the realm of man-made theories and speculations. Take Christian history, for example - its whole theological edifice, or nearly so, has been erected on half-truths and human speculations - largely for proselytising purposes."

T.P. then proceeds to list certain generally accepted orthodox 'facts' which he found to be fictions or incorrect theories founded on semi-truths; and concludes:

'What all this boils down to is almost to accept Henry Ford's dictum that 'History is Bunk'.'

He then proceeds to set down a passionately felt indictment of the old dispensation in so far as it founded itself on blood, e.g. 'the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church,' etc., etc., etc.

'The Jewish faith gloried in blood sacrifices, based of course on very early pagan rites. Their Passover celebrates the daubing of blood on lintels and the subsequent killing of animals to feast upon. Christianity, so far as the 'Church' represents it, is a bloody affair all through: never ceasing slaughter of Jews, massacres of Moslems by Crusaders, to the glory of Christ. Vicious and prolonged religious wars; the Inquisition, Bloody Mary, Elizabeth, Cromwell, the Huguenot massacres, and countless private killings 'for the faith.' If my sins can only be washed away by someone else's blood then I prefer to retain them.'

'The Christos is not a person but a principle. A person, however Divine, cannot be everywhere at once, whereas a principle can. Available to be drawn upon by everyone and by all forms of life on every level of existence. It is only after you or I or Jesus has received the Christos within us that this principle becomes individualised and can then be regarded pro term as a 'person.'

In this sense, of course, when Jesus was crucified what he had taken into himself of the Christ principle and integrated into his very being would remain with him and partake in his death upon the Cross. But the immense volume of the Cosmic Christ principle, overshadowing Jesus for three years, departed; otherwise there could have been no crucifixion and no death.

This subtlety is beyond most men's comprehension; and why on earth should I bore you by inviting you to stretch your mind and understanding so extensively? You had better tell Sally to bring up a legion of angels to protect you from the momentous consequences of entering W.T.P.'s life. But cheer up! God can make no use of cowards, and protects His own."

I hope I may be forgiven for ending this selection of T.P.'s 'metaphysical chit chat' and 'extensive mind stretchings' on this personal note. The mixture in it of teasing and profound instruction interlaced with semi-serious calls upon my (supposed) moral and spiritual stamina was typical of the whole of our strange and treasured correspondence.

Letters from W.T.P. to R.L. will be published later in book form by Neville Spearman Ltd.

Isle of Man Disaster, 1973 - Letter from Patricia through her mother, Cynthia Sandys

Cynthia Sandys

I know you are wondering why in the world, and throughout the world, you are having so many disasters. Don't you see the reason?

The world has gone so deeply materialistic, people worship money and power and in order to shock them into realization groups have to be withdrawn suddenly in the hope that a change of mind may be engendered among those who remain.

I was in Douglas when this awful thing happened. It was horrific as seen from your side, but there was another side.

Flo was there in charge of the children, and she got them away with a rapidity that had to be seen to be understood. She literally ripped off their etheric bodies. Children can be so amazed on being shown a vision that they are for a moment quite impervious to physical pain. They allow their consciousness to flow into the exciting beauty which is flung within the scope of their vision, and while this moment lasts the bodies are separated; and Flo took them away from the scene in the twinkling of an eye.

But for the anxious parents it was quite another story. I went with a young couple in search of a child of about five who they'd left in the children's playroom perfectly happy while they sauntered off elsewhere. . . . Then it happened! Their first thought was the child, they separated and rushed back by different routes. The mother got there first and found the child's body, and in a wave of deep emotion passed right out of her own body almost at once, and was able to follow the tiny trail of the child's vibration and catch up with Flo's party, including her own child. She had felt the burning suffocation power of fire, but her intense agony over the child had made her indifferent to it; and then suddenly it ceased and she was free, and following the trail that only her finer body could detect.

Flo welcomed her at once, placing her own child in her arms saying: "This is lovely, now you are together for always." The woman was dazed, and delighted beyond words, at finding the child well and happy, and saw no change in herself or in the child.

"Now we must go and find Daddy," was her first reaction after the relief from the intense anxiety had passed. But here Flo intervened with "No, you must stay here with the child, your husband will join you here, we shall find him." So, content for the moment and utterly exhausted by the emotion and all they had been through, both she and the child fell asleep.

Now here is the father's story, which shows you the power we can awaken in those who come over dramatically to our plane. I'm giving it to you in his own words.

"We were properly frightened when the fire started. There were two ways of reaching the children's wing. I went one way and my wife the other. I soon realised that there was very little hope unless someone had got the kiddies out already, but even that hope died when I got there and found the remains in a molten condition. I saw there was nothing to be done excepting to try and help anyone I could.

"I found three children sheltering behind a wall and slowly suffocating from the smoke. I told them to lie flat and crawl with me towards a passage that might still be untouched by the fire. We reached the entrance and the way ahead seemed possible, but the fire was roaring over our heads and as we reached the entrance a great beam or block of concrete fell on us. It was so sudden that I was knocked out instantly and so were the children. . . . The next thing I knew was that I found myself standing on the top of the wreckage. It was burning furiously, but it didn't touch me, and one by one the children joined me and cowered close together. We were all standing on the glowing embers, but we weren't being burnt! I couldn't understand it. I didn't dare to move as there was fire all round us and the children were terrified. I wasn't, somehow; this was all so strange.

"Some queer draught, I thought, had taken the heat from the spot where we stood, and if we could only stay quite still the fire might burn out, or rescuers might reach us. So I told the children to stay quite still and wait. . . . We did so. The fire blazed on and we were caught up in a strange way by the beauty of it, and out of the fire seemed to come shapes and forms of living people; they joined us, seeing we were unhurt, and we became quite a large group.

"Then suddenly we heard voices calling us, saying: "Don't be afraid, walk out of the fire. Lift yourselves, You are free of the fire."

"We took no notice at first. How could we lift ourselves out of the fire? Then a girl of about 15 came up to me and said: "This is exciting, it's like the astronauts walking in space. Have you tried it?" Well, no, I said, how can I? "Like this," and she took my hand and seemed to be stepping into the air. Quite unconsciously I followed her and so did the children who were clinging to me.

“We were all a bit light-headed when we found ourselves walking in the air and looking down into it. Someone said: “Don’t look down, look up.” I did so, and saw a whole mass of people like ourselves walking in the air! I thought this is the strangest phenomenon; no doubt there is some quite natural physical explanation of a gap in the gravitational pull owing to the fire. I was still very wary, I thought it might close in suddenly and then we should all fall down among the blazing ruins; so I told the children to hold on to me and we would move as carefully as we could while this strange pocket of air held us until we were out of range of the burning building.

“We did so and moved quite easily, the current, as I supposed it was, seemed to bear us gently upwards. It was a very pleasant sensation; I was quite enjoying it, and so were the children. Then a stillness came upon us. The roar of the fire and the screams and shouts of people died away and we were alone in space! This was rather terrifying. What should I do next? We seemed to be quite a height from the ground. Could I get down safely with the children? Whenever I tried to drop down, my efforts were firmly resisted. I was growing desperate. Were we sailing off to the moon on some strange current of air? Then I began to hear voices telling me ‘not to worry.’

“I could see no one at this stage, and I thought I must be imagining things or getting delirious. The children were quiet and looked confident. ‘Let yourself go. Relax, you are in safe keeping,’ was shouted into my ear, and a moment later I began to see that we were in a large party being escorted (if you can call it that) on and on to another layer of ether. I longed desperately to feel firm ground under my feet. ‘You will soon,’ said the same voice, and then my hand was seized by a firm grip and, before I knew what was happening, we were among trees and flowers, standing as I’d hoped on firm ground in a sort of garden.

“Where on earth have we got to, I asked? ‘Well,’ said the voice, ‘it’s not exactly on Earth any more!’

“The children were delighted, they’d left me and were running wildly about exploring the garden. Then suddenly, in front of me, I saw the form of a man. He seemed to grow into my vision, at first only a blurred object which crystallised into a human form. ‘Who are you, and where am I?’ I asked. He was still gripping my hand. ‘Take it easy, son.’ He said, ‘You’ve passed over, you and the children have reached the next stage of living; you are now what the world calls dead.’ ‘Dead,’ I screamed, ‘but we can’t be.’ ‘No,’ he smiled, ‘there is no death, that was one of the many illusions we had to discover on coming over.’ ‘But,’ I said, ‘if I’m dead so are my wife and child, I know I saw them.’ ‘They are no more dead than you,’ he said quietly, ‘but at this moment they are sleeping off their exhaustion from this tremendous experience, and you and the children must do the same.’

“I suddenly realized I was dead beat. The children had already come back to me and were lying asleep like puppies on the ground.

“You seem to know all the answers,’ I heard myself saying weakly,’ and with that I

lay down and slept, too.”

The Tycoon

Cynthia Sandys

I asked Pat what happens to the millions of people who come over with no one in their entourage to help? Her reply was “Come and see.”

So I found myself in a rather rich house, with an old man having just passed out of his earth body. He had been a real tycoon in industry, and his poor old wife couldn't face life without him. I sensed that there were no children, so she was now quite alone. He had done everything and been so successful that he had alienated most of his contemporaries, and now he stood outside his body, a grey, frightened individual, completely alone.

I went up to him and spoke some sort of welcome to show that he wasn't quite alone. He heard me, looked round the room, and grunted: “How the devil did you get in?” I laughed and tried to explain, pointing to his corpse on the bed. “What have you done to me?” was his next remark. “Have you killed me?” “No,” I repeated, “you must remember your illness.” He nodded. ‘Well, now you have died, according to the doctor, but you see there is no death, only a change of body. How do you feel?” “I don't know who you are, and anyway you've no right to be here, get out!” “Of course, if you say so,” I replied, “but then you will be quite alone. . . .” “No, I didn't mean that, you can stay, you are only a voice anyhow.” Then he began to see me. “Oh, you're not only a voice, you are a man! Well, how do you see me and my wife doesn't, can you tell me that?”

‘Yes,” I replied, “You are an etheric now, you have left your physical body forever.” “that can't be true, this is just a dream and a very worrying one, I'll wake up in a moment.” Then he went over to the bed and tried to re-enter his body. “Can't do it,” he said in desperation. “Well, come and help me, whoever you are, anyway I'm not dead,” but so exhausted that I was able to persuade him to lie on a sofa in his own room, and in a moment he was asleep.

I knew he would wake before his funeral and need help. So I kept a ‘tab' on him, as Pat says, and sent out messages to find out his condition. When people began to come into his room I feared he would wake, and he did so. Looking up suddenly, he saw me. “Hello, you here again? Who the devil are you?” “Not the Devil,” I assured him, “just a Guide to help you to deal with this new situation.” “What situation? Oh, yes, I know you said I was dead. Well, that's a good joke; I'm fine, simply grand, better than I've been for years. I haven't woken up as fresh as this for a long time.”

“Wouldn't you like to come outside and have a breath of fresh air?” I suggested. “No. I'd prefer to stay here, if as you say I'm dead I'll prove to my wife that I'm nothing of the sort.” “Well,” I said, “go and try, but remember you are in a different body now, and she can't see you.” “Well, that's as may be, I don't feel ghostly or airy fairy, I'll have a try.” So saying, he got up and started to walk out of the room, swaying badly. I

took his arm. "What's wrong with me? I've not been drinking, but I can't walk steady." I explained that he had to learn to walk again with his new body. "Oh, stop talking all that trash, here I am just as I was in my old pyjamas, there's no change." "Well, go and see," I urged. The door was shut, he seized the handle and tried to turn it, but his hand slipped off the polished surface, and the effort he made sent him through the door! That shook him. The stairs were the next obstacle; he held on to me and we floated down quite comfortably. "Like sliding down the banisters as a boy," he murmured. We came to his wife's sitting room; this again was no barrier, and he began to feel rather uncertain of himself.

"Hettie," he called as he saw his wife writing letters, and crying as she did so. "Hettie, don't cry, love. I'm all right." No movement, no reply. He went closer. "Hettie, don't you hear me?" He shook her arm, or tried to, but again he could get no grip. He yelled into her ear, but she took no notice. He turned to me, exasperated. "Has she gone daft?" was his next question. "No," I replied, "but you've changed; you've passed through two doors and floated down the stairs, and you expect her to hear your voice which has no material vibrations. Go up to that mirror and breathe on it; can you see your breath?" "No, but what am I to do? Thank goodness you are here, I can see you and you can see me and hear me, otherwise I'd go mad!"

I asked him if he knew or cared for anyone who had already died. "Oh, yes, plenty, but how do I reach them?" By thinking of them, your thought calls them." "That doesn't sound sensible, but I'm in a fair do. I'll follow your instructions." I urged him out into the garden, I wanted to get him away from his weeping wife. There were some chairs under a tree, and I said "Sit down and think." He sat but not on the chairs; he floated above them, and complained that I'd put one of those damned air cushions under him! All the same he was quieter and he soon began to think of his old friends.

"There was George who died last year, no, he had a terrible illness, he couldn't be alive now." "He is," I told him, "just think of him and call him," so he did. "George, this is silly, but I'd be right glad to see you;" and in a few seconds a form began to appear of a healthy, middle-aged man. "Oh, George," he gasped, "How did you get here?" "I heard your call," was the simple answer. "Have you come over too, Rob? Well, that's great," and for a few moments the two old friends compared notes, and were so relieved to find each other that I thought I could leave them, but Pat said "No, you must see Rob asleep first."

Their conversation rumbled on, Rob became calmer and more content and eventually slept. I asked George if he was an established etheric? "Well, not quite, but I'm getting accustomed, I'll look after him. Thank you for helping old Rob. You know, he's not a bad sort really."

On Suicide

Paul Beard

It makes it more difficult for them, because they can get tied to a situation they are trying to escape from.

It was Athene who rendered Ajax mad, causing him to slaughter numerous sheep and oxen in the belief that they were rival Achaean chieftains against whom he bore a grudge. But he had come to his senses before he impaled himself upon Hector's sword, choosing a patch of sandy soil.

There was no suggestion that Ajax needed the excuse of an unsound mind; nor was this the case with four other suicides that occur in the seven surviving plays of Sophocles. According to conventional Athenian thought suicide, per se, was not unmoral, inexpedient or deemed to have peculiar consequences for the future destination or status of the individual concerned. Ajax merely asks Zeus to allow Hermes to conduct him along the customary route, and to the usual place. This is the last word Ajax bestows on you, the next is greeting to the shades below.

In most cases the canon upon which the dramatist drew was unequivocal about the manner of death, but there were some alternative endings and Sophocles, where choice existed, seems to have gone a little out of his way in choosing the suicidal one. There was a version, in preference to the double suicide in his *Antigone*, which allowed Haemon to rescue her, marry her and send her to live with some shepherds, an ending which would have been chosen by any American film company. Even Ajax may not have destroyed himself, but have been killed by Trojans throwing lumps of clay at him, they having been advised to do so by the oracle.

If the conventional Greek point of view is now sufficiently clear - and one can say the pious and moral point of view because the dramas were religious in origin and Sophocles makes Ajax a moral character - one may ask why it differs from that of orthodox Christianity. We are accustomed to think that Hellenism was not only more logical and clear sighted than most later philosophies but remained rather closer to the source of this kind of wisdom. And yet we are inclined to believe the Greek view was wrong and the Christian churches right, although the latter have at times gone to extremes in their indictments, and the former takes no account of initiates of Orphism and Eleusis, who may have thought differently.

There is a good deal of recent testimony on the subject from discarnate sources, much of it in the context of the doctrine of Karma, and it is consistent.

Dr. Crookall, in *The Supreme Adventure*, is explicit: 'Those who cast off the body deliberately in an attempt to escape the trials, tribulations and duties (which, properly viewed, are inestimable opportunities) of earth life are earthbound . . . the deliberate suicide has not ended it all, he survives the death of the body and takes his

problems with him . . . suicides who communicate typically plead, “Pray for me,” and there must be many who are unable to get through to mortals who also need our prayers.’

In a recently published book *On the Death of My Son*, Mike Swain says: “There is one very foolish method of coming here, by suicide. . [the suicide] is soon sent back to earth to inhabit a new body . . . throughout his second life he will be confronted with the same problems . . . he will be surrounded by the love of the Great One and guarded by his brothers, but he must solve his problems without any help from anyone. And all the time he is developing the strength that he will need when he eventually learns to be a creator.”

Clearly we should not only pray for them but withhold our judgement. ‘While of unsound mind’ is not a doctrinal passport only. Suicide however sane must be the consequence of interior conflict. One can imagine the severity of the conflict necessary and can pay respect to those characters who karmically have been set, or have set themselves, this stiff examination. They have not passed first time but they may be scholarship material.

It happens that the only time I was in an athletics stadium while the high jump contest was in progress I never saw a jumper clear the bar. It was the end of the competition, only one athlete remained, and he knocked it down twice, three times. An epitome of failure? Yes, until I learned the height at which the bar was set. He was only trying to beat the world record; he had already won the contest.

Nature Spirits of North America

Signe Toksvig

My childhood was spent in a European country where what is called folk-lore still persisted. It was nothing in which grown-up people believed, neither in town nor country, except perhaps old people on out of the way farms, but the fact that the tales had once been believed gave them something genuine which no manufactured stories possess. Definite locality was a help. If one had been told of elf-maids, trolls, mermaids and other dramatic or helpful nature spirits of various sorts it meant something at dusk to see white mists winding in and out over one particular low meadow and remember that here the elf-maids danced. Or to pass a certain hill, having been told that once a year it rose on four gleaming pillars and trolls or dwarfs might be seen capering inside. Then there was a spring with powers of its own, an old tree which it was just as well to venerate, and near this a lake from which a figure might rise, for good or ill. The woods had unseen inhabitants; the sea swelled with mysteries. We were not the only beings in the world.

This lore was gentle on the whole, not leading to screams in the night. It quickened one’s steps at dusk - delightfully. Then one believed enough of it so that steps did quicken. In the daytime it helped to establish an entente with nature which had

nothing forced or mawkish about it. That feeling remained long after the little thrill of childish belief had passed. Because of it the familiar inflections of the earth's surface remained dearer, more personal.

Transferred from that countryside to a manufacturing town of the United States, the practical realities of human life became the one fact of existence. When, after long captive years of this, the American countryside was at last available it seemed to lack something. It was either impersonal or inimical, or else, since anthropomorphic terms were no longer used, it was dull - empty of something which the countryside had been expected to furnish. Reason was at hand to provide the answer: no childhood recollections animised it. No attempt was made to penetrate its unfamiliarity, indeed whenever a tree or a hill tried to creep into consciousness as a personality it was dismissed except as beauty of form and colour. The tree was cellulose, the hill a lump of dead matter - 'I too have lived in Arcady', no more remained.

But there was a loss. It was felt especially as the world became one in which death was the servant of evil, not of life, a world from which relief was longed for, the kind of relief that only a feeling of unity with nature could give.

The continent of North America, however, is so vast as to give one agoraphobia. Some time passed before one discovered that it has small islands attached to it, but at least Martha's Vineyard was found. Here was the relief of gentleness and subtle inflections. It felt like home. It looked like home too, this is one of its tricks, to look like that to every soul, no matter from where, who is homesick for quiet beauty and a welcoming countryside.

Martha's Vineyard led to a person with a manuscript in an attic. It had been there about ten years because the author, a clairvoyant (Mrs. Dora van Gelder Kunz), attaching no importance to publishing, had forgotten it. She rejected my charge that the American continent lacked something. The lack, she said, was in me and largely due to my having put up a mental barrier which no extrasensory fact of the fairy-kind could cross. The folk-lore figures of my native country were what remained, she said, of the perception of nature spirits experienced by less dulled people, which they had transmitted as facts that time turned into legends.

If her manuscript had had a title, it might well have been Nature Spirits of North America. To my delight I was allowed to quote from it.

All of the fairy spirits, she said, have certain features in common, and to illustrate them she described one which 'is found in various sizes and colourings nearly everywhere on earth. He happens to be a green fairy of the New England Woods.'

'He is small, some two feet six, and rather human in form, but the material of his body is in the nature of a cloud of coloured gas, and in fact is exactly that, only so fine that it is beyond the lightest we know. But this does not prevent it from being held together in a form, since it is not just chemical substance but living substance,

with life saturating and holding it. . . . His movements are due to his desire to be somewhere and to do something. The denser part of his body is emerald green, and it has an inner organ, a glowing, pulsating centre. On rare occasions when he is curious or tries to think, his head glows a little also. . . . His heart centre has one peculiarity. He can control it and that is how he gets into touch with things around him, especially living beings. When he wants to respond to the plant, he makes his heart beat at the same pulse rate as the plant. This synchronism unifies them. Each kind of nature spirit comes into the world with a limited and definite range of rhythmic power, according to his personal nature and his species. . . .’

His work, and his pleasure too, is to help growth in nature. That seems to be the function of the whole realm of nature spirits, from the primitive ‘elementals’ through the fairy kingdom and to the ‘angels,’ or the highly developed beings who are at the top of the line of evolution, or hierarchy. They are as superior to the fairy spirits as man is to the animals.

The fairy spirits in this description are not unlike animals and children, to whom indeed they respond most willingly. They like to play at dressing up, which they do by drawing ‘the denser part of the ether about with will power, and conceiving a thought garment, or even changing their form. Most of them are deficient in concentration and so they do not keep up the show for any length of time.’ And she describes amusing scenes of this kind.

Her accounts of things seen in this realm are as simply done as any good reporter’s account of a street scene. Had she been an engineer in search of facts she could not have been more every-day in her descriptions. This is in her favour. It is hard to believe in the fairy world of A.E., W.B. Yeats or James Stephens; one knows they are capable of imagining it; not so this reporter. She writes in a clear unaffected way, but in trying to explain what the nature spirits look like she has no great imagery at her command. The beauty, serenity and majesty in the upper reaches of the hierarchy she does certainly convey, but simply by stating it, and, unconsciously, by the ring of her own pure, candid personality in everything she says.

It would take spiritual Darwins and Linnaeus’ many years to describe and classify the varieties of nature spirits, as they inhabit all the elements, earth, air, fire and water. Most of them do not have physical bodies, but some of them do.

Trees and rocks, for instance. If you have ever lain on a lichened, sun-baked boulder, feeling a curious communion with it, you will not be altogether surprised to hear that the clairvoyant perceives in it the faint stirring of personality, inarticulate though it is. Like and dislike are known to the rock. But with trees we are with our equals if not our superiors. According to their kind, the tree spirits which are their souls have as marked and differing personalities as the races of mankind. My friend’s chapter on trees is a justification for whoever has surreptitiously hugged a beech.

Why is a dip in the sea so renewing? Because among the water-spirits there is an off-

shore kind which is small, merry, round and full of an energy which they enjoy conveying to the dippers and even to those who walk by the sea.

In the Rockies great spirits dwell, ruling the peaks. 'They convey a sensation of strength and royalty,' and kings they are, ruling over many inhabitants of the fairy kingdom.

Of all the earth spirits, that is, those who dwell in the earth, the aristocrats are in the Grand Canyon. Unlike the little green spirit of the New England woods, their colouring is vivid. One is purple and fire colour, another is brown streaked with red. There is, by the way, great local variation even among the common wood and garden fairy spirits. In Florida there are scarlet and purple ones, horizontally banded. In California golden ones, sometimes in solid colour and sometimes striped with pale shades. In the North-western states they are blue and also of a delicate lavender. But those in the Grand Canyon are 'unusually intelligent . . . and they have greater power of concentration.' They also convey a sense of great joy, made understandable in a deeply felt chapter in which the Angel of the Grand Canyon is described. He is the Master of a workshop in which even the most obtuse feel a closeness to the innermost secrets of nature.

Those 'angels' about whom she does not want to write here are however often touched on - unavoidably, because they are the beings who guide the much more elementary spirits in their work. Protesting against the conventional ideas of angels as 'beings with all sorts of virtue and very little character,' she insists that they are very positive and though they sometimes have to do with destruction it is always in the service of life. Through a process which she describes as thinking not in words but in images, with, if possible, a strain of feeling, she is able to 'talk' with most of the nature spirits. This process is slow with the less evolved, and too fast with the higher. She had a talk with the Angel of Biscayne Bay about the hurricanes that struck Miami in the nineteen-twenties.

'We were in Miami not long after the two hurricanes. I asked the Angel of the Bay to tell me about it. He did so by giving me a great number of mental pictures combined with feeling. There is only one difficulty in talking with an angel. What he considers to be one idea is to us about twenty . . . and one is always behind him in catching his ideas.'

It seems that a hurricane is a necessary discharge of accumulated energies, and the nature spirits of the land don't like it, but, being fatalists and realists, knowing as we do not know that life is a flowing in and out of forms, they accept the disaster and only try to save what they can.

'The Angel of Miami through it all gave off strong waves of steadiness to people and to his fairy spirits. He is a large calm person, who has a sense of enjoyment in living, encouraged by the country in His charge and its climate. He feels rather kindly towards Miami, in distinction to angelic attitudes generally towards our cities,

because he appreciates the fact that indirectly it means more farms and fruit orchards, which are all life and experiment and opportunity for him and his workers. But he did not like the boom, because it meant wanton destruction of verdure, and this, like the useless wiping out of forests in the North-west, is resented.'

The Mississippi is a Being, not an Angel, but really quite Old Man River, a magnificent personalized force, only a trifle clumsy in his amusements.

The giant redwood trees in Northern California also have giant personalities, but with them it is not easy to talk 'because their thoughts are concerned with remote ages, and it takes time for them to take an interest in new things.' Still, she did succeed, and one great tree spirit called up for her a scene from the past 'when trees and people understood each other and saluted each other as they went by.' Now they feel that humanity is alien. The attendant fairy spirits around were interested, however. 'They wanted to know about motor cars. They thought it funny for people to sit in little boxes in order to move about. I tried my best to explain it to them, but they did not take it in readily.'

But there are those who understand that beings who have racked themselves in little moving boxes and some of man's other inventions need special care. They are island angels. In the San Juan group, off Seattle, there is an angel in charge whose very aim it is to make a haven for weary humanity. My friend says that he has saturated the group with his friendly atmosphere. He is of a steady, slow temperament, full of kindly wisdom. His fairy spirits follow his wish that they are to be welcoming to human beings, there must be no barriers. He tries to help island visitors to develop along their own line of growth, 'and I think,' she says, 'many people feel his benign presence even if they do not know of his existence.'

The lover of Martha's Vineyard will surely understand. It does not matter whether he will look on my friend's lore as something out of the unconscious imagination of a rare soul, or whether luckily for him he can bring belief to her account of the world of nature spirits brimming around us, and to her claim that 'happiness would result in the mere belief that such a world exists, and knowledge and certainty would come in due course.'

A Christmas Story

Evelyn Bremner

She had climbed on a rock, and, with her hand shielding her eyes from the level rays of the rising sun, was gazing intently into the valley below, where the mist shrouded the distant curve as it swept round the hill.

About nine or ten years old, her thin face accentuated the size of her dark eyes. Her black hair fell in untidy ringlets over the shapeless dress held at the waist by a rough skin belt. To the boy, whom she awaited so impatiently, she was beautiful now - to

the men who looked at her in passing, she would be beautiful one day. The goats she herded had wandered out of sight before the boy David breasted the steep slope, to fall panting at her side on the flat top of the rock.

“What kept you, David,” she asked.

“This,” said David, as he took out from under his shepherd’s cloak a parcel tied tightly with a leather thong.

“Is it for me?”

“Yes, I have worked for six months to get it for you, Mary. Look, is it not lovely?” and, as he spoke, he rolled out on the stone a white lamb’s fleece cut into the shape of a small cape. “When you wear it, you will look like the daughter of chief, and I, the son of a chief, will ask for you in marriage.”

“Sarah will not let me wear it. She will sell it.”

“She must not see it. Have you no place where you can hide it?”

“In the goats’ cavern I have a cleft in the rock into which I have put everything I care for; I will put the cape there, and only take it out when Sarah is not looking.

“Good, now wear it, and I will go into the thicket yonder. It will be as the tents of my fathers, and I will beg of the big tree that I have you for my wife.”

In such play the children passed the day until the lengthening shadows warned them it was time to take the goats home, and so they stood for a look at the setting sun on the same rock on which they had met in the early morning.

In these last few minutes, they were no longer children. This was a serious business; the business of all true shepherds - to tell the weather of the following day from the sky of the evening.

These two kept a tally of their forecasts. When their judgement was similar, no record was kept, but if they disagreed upon the portent of the of the clouds, that one who was found to be correct next day would scratch a mark with a sharp flint on the handle of his, or - as it quite often happened - her crook.

Today no disagreement was possible. The whole sky, from horizon to zenith, was a most glorious golden colour. Small, horizontal, blue-grey clouds, with flaming linings, stretched around to right and left, and above the rim of the disappearing sun. One only, long, dull, narrow cloud rose out of the dying splendour like a huge plume of smoke from a woodman’s fire in the still quiet of a windless day, and, as it grew darker in the failing light, another cloud - a horizontal one - crossed it to form two arms; and the boy, who had been to Jerusalem, clutched the girl’s hand as he muttered, half to himself, half to her who did not understand: “That is the sign of the Roman death.”

So they parted; he down to the valley and round the shoulder of the hill to the tents of his tribesmen; Mary back to Bethlehem, as it lay in the gathering darkness of the

slopes behind them.

It had been a lovely day, but it was Winter, and the snow lay on the mountains. As the sun that had warned her fell below the edge of the world, Mary shivered and used her crook freely to hasten still more the steps of the hurrying goats, eager to get back to the shelter of the cavern before the dangers of the night overtook them.

She slipped her hand inside her ungainly dress to feel the soft warmth of the lambskin cape that she hid under its folds. How David must love her to bring her such a costly gift. How she loved him. One day she would be his - his alone. She would bear him sons; she would work for him till she got old like Sarah.

“Old like Sarah.” What a hateful thought! Would she be like Sarah one day? Bent and gnarled and ugly. Would the young wives seek her, as they now sought Sarah, to bring their babies into the world? Would some other little child be awakened in the night, as she so often was, to carry the skin bag, the stool, the earthenware water-jar that went with Sarah on her professional visits?

She clenched her little fists? She would never be like Sarah. She would be the wife of David, who would one day be the chief of the tribe that lived in the tents. And if not that, then what? She did not know, but her whole lovely little body revolted at the idea of ever becoming like Sarah, the old, the wise-woman of Bethlehem.

She thought of her own mother who had died, so long ago, she hardly remembered what she was like. Sarah said she had been beautiful as the young roe-deer in the glory of summer. She, Mary, would be beautiful like that. David had told her so, and David knew.

She drove the goats through the house into the cavern behind it, where they lay safely through the night. Before milking them, she took the cape from under her dress and carefully hid it in the crack where already lay the white linen veil her mother had given her, and which she treasured above all things on earth. Later, carrying a stone jar of warm milk, she came through to the hovel in which Sarah was crouching over a flickering fire, stirring meal into a pot.

Silently, Mary set down the jar and knelt to warm herself at the flames. The meal was cooked and cooled, and the two ate - the old wise-woman and the child, crouching side by side before the fire in the growing chill of the winter's night.

“We go out tonight,” said Mary. “Ugh,” grunted the old woman. “We go out tonight.”

“No,” said Sarah, “no babies will be born tonight. Not until the next moon will anyone knock at my door.”

“We go out tonight,” repeated the child, “I know.”

Sarah grunted again, and relapsed into silence, poking the fire with a hard stick to awaken the glow left in the ashes, as they waited for the knock Mary was so sure would come.

The cocks had crowed and gone to sleep again before the rap of knuckles came on the heavy, barred wood door. As Sarah rose stiffly to pull back the bar, Mary slipped like a shadow into the cavern beyond, and with loving hand lifted out the linen veil and the warm, white lamb's fleece from their safe hiding-place. She buried her face in their softness and quickly tied them within the folds of her dress.

"I shall need you tonight," she whispered, and ran back to the door which let in the cold wind as Sarah unlatched and opened it.

A lad stood there.

"Good mother, you are wanted. I have been sent to fetch you to the inn where a traveller is in labour. I was to bid you to come quickly. The woman cries out."

"I come, I come," said Sarah, shutting the door as the lad sped away home. Sarah reached for her cloak. Mary stood ready, cloaked and laden.

Sarah went on her way up the hill path, grumbling to herself and to Mary, who followed behind. The woman was in the stable of the inn, so the boy had told her. Why should she have been called out at dead of night to attend a woman lying in a stable? Why should they have called Sarah, the wisest woman in all Israel, who attended the wives of chiefs and of the wealthy? Sarah grumbled, but Mary knew that the kind heart hidden in the old woman's breast never refused a call when it came to her, be it from the poorest in the land.

All was dark and quiet as they groped their way to the stable. A man opened the heavy door for them and closed it as they entered. He stood outside and waited.

The scene in the stable, with the beasts chewing the cud and moving uneasily, was too familiar to Sarah and Mary for them to spare a glance at it. A smoking rushlight showed the shape of a woman lying on some straw thrown down in a corner. She was young, not more than some five or six years older than Mary, and Sarah noted that her garment was of finely woven and beautifully dyed wool. This was not the beggar she had expected to find. Yet it was strange she should be alone.

"Where are the women?" she asked.

"There are none. The inn-keeper's wife is sick, and my husband could find no woman who would come out in the night for one who is a stranger in their town."

Mary then gazed around her. How different this scene from that to which she was used on such occasions. Except for the cries of the woman on the straw, there was no sound. None of the chatter and bustle inseparable from the coming of a child into the world. Who would take the babe from Sarah's hands? Who would wash it, and where were the clothes to wrap around its little limbs? The mother had no friends in Bethlehem, and she had brought nothing to cover the child that she had not expected so soon.

As Sarah waited, Mary blew on the small fire she had lit on the earthen floor to heat the water. Then the eyes of the girl's spirit were opened, and she saw the glory of

Heaven descend on the labouring mother on the straw. It seemed to her as if a shaft of dazzling light rose high through the cavern roof and was lost to sight among the stars. And the ears of her spirit were opened. She heard the music of the spheres; heavenly music that filled her whole being with an ecstasy so intense that it was almost a pain.

The rushlight flickered; the flames licked the sides of the iron pot. The woman waited within, and the man stood at the door without.

There came a moment of anxiety, of pain and cries, of labour and relief, and the tiny, red babe lay in Sarah's hands.

There was no woman to take it from her; no grandmother, or aunt, or relative - only the child Mary; but Mary knew what to do with it. She had watched the women of the household many a time, and sometimes too, she had been left, as now, to care for it.

With the water she had warmed, she washed it, and with the soft towel the mother had, she dried the tiny thing. There were no clothes to cover it, but from under her dress she drew the fine linen veil and swathed its limbs, and she laid the white lamb's fleece down and put the child within its warm folds. Sitting on the ground, she hushed the babe to quiet and sleep in her lap. Sarah tended the woman.

When Sarah was ready to leave, Mary rose, and laid her precious burden within its mother's arms, and went to the door and called the man.

Mary lingered a moment. She could still see the heavenly light, still hear the celestial music, and she was loath to follow Sarah out into the blackness of the night.

She heard her name: "Mary," and she stepped back quickly to the group on the straw. Kneeling, she drew aside the wool for one last look at the babe: she took its feebly waving feet in her strong, brown hands, and laid her lips upon them.

"Who are you, child," the young mother asked, "that I may tell my Son who clothed Him when He was naked in Bethlehem?"

"I am called Mary," she answered, "they call me Mary of Magdala," and with a bound she was gone into the darkness.

Retrospect

P.W. Cole

In the year 1937, Light published an article which was written because I did not agree with the opinion, expressed at that time, by Mrs. Eileen Garrett, that her 'guides' were facets of her own personality. I felt that my own experience disproved that.

Also, I had the disquieting feeling that Mrs. Garrett was, during that same period, too much under the influence of the psychologists who were studying her

remarkable personality.

Since modern psychology teaches us that 'psychic influence is the reciprocal reaction of two psychic systems' (Par. I, 'The Practice of Psychotherapy. Coll. Works of C.G. Jung,' Vol. 16), my feeling of undue psychic influence was perhaps justified.

My own directly conscious experience of the unseen began in the year 1928. We were passing through a time of doubt as to whether we were doing the right thing in going to Australia. We wanted to go on account of our son's health, but in the middle of a world depression we knew only too well what we were to face. Also, we had to get over the coming rush of a seaside business, with insomnia affecting my usually good health.

It was early in March, on a bright sunny morning, that I woke up from a very vivid dream. There was a lady still standing by our bedside as I slowly became conscious. She was dressed in a dark blue dress with a head-dress and veil, rather like a nun. Her face was serene and beautiful. In the centre of the veil over her forehead was some kind of brooch, which I tried in vain to see clearly as the figure slowly faded. It seemed to me important. I thought that it must be a scarab, and the lady Egyptian. It was not an ordinary dream. The effect of that vision was enormous. I ceased to worry, slept well and felt full of vitality.

Wondering what lay ahead of us, but no longer in doubt, I thought I would send a letter to Ronald Brailey, well known as a psychometrist. I carried it about in my pocket for two or three days beforehand and then sent it on to him with the bare request, "Will you please psychometrize this letter?" He lived seventy miles away and could not have known that such a person as I was existed.

To my great astonishment, a letter of advice came almost by return post in which he showed that he was quite aware of our personal problems. With it came two sketches of my 'guides' who had given him the information, one of which was the lady of my dream. There was the same dress, the same emblem in the veil. I wrote again, asking for more information. "Was the lady Egyptian?" But he could tell me nothing more.

Just before we sailed for Melbourne I had an interview with Mrs. Hester Dowden in Chelsea. There, again, the same lady came to speak to me, giving her name as Dorothea. She said that she was my 'guide,' her influence being confined to things of the spirit. She said that she had lived in Italy in the twelfth century, and while not being a nun, she belonged to an order of noble ladies who were interested in spiritual exercises. The emblem, worn under the veil, was a large diamond set in gold, which her mother had given to her when on her death-bed. She was not sure if she had been able to make me see it. The man whose sketch I had was not actually a 'guide' but a communicator, whose interests were similar to my own. Then another man, a Parsee, was mentioned by Mrs. Dowden's 'guide,' Johannes, as probably being my wife's guide influencing me through her.

In Australia, between the years 1928 and 1937, the same lady was mentioned several

times.

It was she who came to me in two warning dreams before I had a number of teeth extracted. She did not want me to have a general anaesthetic, but since the doctor thought it would be quite safe I did so, and found myself outside my body. I had a long conversation with the lady herself, looked into my own mouth to see how the extractions were getting on, noted the conversation of the doctor and dentist (correctly, as I afterwards ascertained) and, seeing the almost empty bottle of ether, I thought, "What a lot they've used." This, I also confirmed afterwards.

Dorothea told me that I was now on their side, she was not sure if I would be able to get back, but I could stay with them if I wished. I had stopped breathing, noted the concern of the doctor and heard him shout, "Breathe, breathe, Mr. Cole!" The desire to stay was very strong, when suddenly I heard a dog bark from just under the open sunlit window. I thought what it would mean to my wife and son if I did not come back. So, although I was not in my body but standing at its head, I forced myself to breathe, and when Dorothea said, "If you are going back, you must go now - and you must put up a fight for it," I turned away into a long dark tunnel, and woke up in bed feeling very sick indeed. I had indeed put up a fight for it, and for some time was afraid that I might slip back again into that long dark tunnel.

It was not long after this event that I had a sitting for clairvoyance with a lady who lived close to our flat. She not only spoke of the lady dressed like a nun, but said, "She tells me that you have been on their side and she nearly kept you there." Also, she mentioned the man who lived in Warwickshire, giving details of his surroundings, but not his name. She also said that with me was 'an old man, with a long white beard, who put the symbol of the serpent on my forehead.' This was obviously Jung's 'wise old man,' an archetypal figure. The psychic centre at that place, the chakra of Kundalini Yoga, is represented by a serpent. But at that time I knew nothing of Kundalini. I am certain that the medium, a Mrs. Pulfer, knew nothing about it either.

We spent the summer of 1937 back again in England, and while in London I took the opportunity of making an appointment with the artist Frank Leah at the Grotrian Hall.

The studio was in total darkness, not the faintest glimmer of light; with a small table at which I sat on the one side, while Mr. Leah was on the other. He used a small red torch to find his drawing materials. Almost at once, he spoke of the Italian lady who had come into the room. He could both see her and hear her; so I looked hopefully into the pervading inky darkness to see that bright figure of which he spoke, but it was in vain.

At last, after he had been discussing the sketch with our visitor and had made one or two alternations under her direction, he suddenly said, "Can you see that?" as he held his arm across the table. "Yes," I said, "I can." "Well, now look down at

yourself.” I saw that my whole body was suffused with a soft golden glow. It was bright enough for me to see the table and round about me. “While I have been sketching her, she had condensed over you,” he said.

The portrait was excellent; but Mr. Leah was unable to see the emblem, the diamond set in gold, in the headdress. He knew something was there, he told me, but since he only drew what he could actually see he did not put it in the drawing.

Dorothea had earlier in the same year been mentioned by a Mrs. Mason, who confirmed my own impression that it was not wise for us to stay too long in England.

Nearly twenty years had to go before I had quite definite evidence again about the presence of Dorothea or other members of the same group, although from time to time there were hints of their continued interest, either by dreams or in some other way. My wife had always been anxious to return home, so when I retired in 1956 we came back again. Some Australian friends who had benefited very much from his healing abilities were very anxious for us to have a sitting for clairvoyance with Mr. Joseph Benjamin. After a year or two of delay, I was able to see him in 1958. He had no difficulty in making contact with a number of relatives who had passed over, and gave me advice on some personal affairs that were puzzling me at the time. Then quite towards the end of the interview, he spoke of a lady who was connected with me in some way. Not knowing whom he could mean, I brushed the question aside. But he was very persistent and finally said, bluntly, “I know that you are married - but have you a lover?”

Now, since I was nearing seventy years of age, I began to feel rather amused at his persistence; but he continued with, “You have her portrait in your house,” then, “She looks as if she has been brought up in a convent.”

“Oh, I see,” he went on, “the portrait is by Frank Leah.” Since we had been talking about my family affairs, I had not thought of her.

Looking back over the past seventy years, I can see that the Italian influence began when I was about fourteen years of age, at least that is when I first became aware of it; but I do not doubt that it is true when Dorothea says that she had been with me throughout my life.

She is entirely distinct from Jung’s ‘Anima.’ The archetype who might be mistaken for her. The latter I have seen several times. She has a very pleasant face, but is not all like Dorothea. The other communicators apparently belong to the same group, since they have been mentioned both in Australia and England.

All this is quite in accord with the ideas put forward by the eighteenth century mystic, Swedenborg, and celebrated by Frederick Myers, both during his lifetime and through the hand of Geraldine Cummins, after his death, as coming from him.

Even Jung, in his autobiographical work, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, recorded by Dr. Aniela Jaffe, speaks of ‘the people in whose company I belonged.’ (Page 323,

Fontana Library.) This is in spite of a certain ambiguity in equating 'spirits of the dead' with archetypal figures.

We know now that all energy is invisible. It becomes visible only when in contact with matter. This applies not only to the obviously physical forms of energy - heat, light, sound and electricity - but also to that much more subtle form of energy: psychic energy. Dorothea was quite invisible and inaudible to me until, freed from the trammels of the flesh, she made her 'body of light' glow with such a golden intensity that even I was able to see the light from it. Otherwise, I should have had to take the statements of the artist entirely on trust.

It is there that the churches of all religions, not only Christian but all the great world religions, will have to bring their teachings into conformity with physical facts, before it can be expected for those whose minds have been trained in modern physics to look at their claims seriously.

It is of no use for the theologian, trained in the thought of the middle ages, to make such statements about the Deity and His Divine Son as being of 'like substance' when the physicist is quite well aware that there is no such thing as substance at all.

The world around us is merely our mental awareness of some external physical stimuli which our minds, through our brains, translate from its effect on our senses in to coherence which is usually, but not always, common to most of humanity.

Each of us lives in his own little world made out of sensory stimuli, which are basically apparently electrical.

So far as I know, the Roman Catholic Church is the only Christian Church which has a permanent interest in these matters, keeping the mediaval conceptions of such Church Fathers as St. Thomas Aquinas in a line with modern science.

Protestants generally refer one back to the Bible, the Revised Version of James 1st, translated from the Latin text of the Vulgate into English at the behest of a monarch who would not allow anything that did not agree with his bigoted outlook to sully its pages. Hence, we have no mention in it of earthbound spirits, nothing is said in it about purgatorial spheres, both well known to Spiritualists, to followers of Swedenborg, as well as to all non-Christian religions.

Although the theologian has been told that God is a Spirit, he has insisted on providing Him with a tripartite body, and has put a lot of stumbling blocks in the way to any sort of rational belief. Surely it is quite time that a council of modern churches brought light into the darkness of ecclesiastical thought, insisting that some fairly modern book, such as Eddington's *The Nature of the Physical World*, be made compulsory reading for all students of Theology. It is forty years since that was printed; its contents should have been household knowledge by this time. It is easy enough for any intelligent person to read.

It is much more important that such facts should be widely known than the opinions

of the apostles, which although applicable to their own day and surroundings, are only relative to modern thought. The mere fact of the existence of four hundred different Protestant sects, all founded on the same book, shows how necessary informed, intelligent criticism must be.

It is in discounting modern psychic phenomena that these latter, like the Marxist State, have cut themselves off from their spiritual roots; and as our present history shows, the love of the early New Testament as soon becomes injected with the bitter hatreds of the Old Testament.

I am not much interested in theology, excepting that I know how distressed a man killed in his early life, brought up to believe that he has to sleep until a faraway 'day of Resurrection,' feels when he finds himself alive immediately after his death.

Even if he has been what we call a 'good' man, the great desire to get into contact with his friends or relatives, to console them in their grief, to let them know that he is all right, may be a cause of great distress when he finds them entirely unaware of his presence, deaf to his words of comfort. So I never have very much patience with sects that emphasise the prophecies of the Apocalypse, that residue left in Hebrew thought after the Persian captivity.

My own opinions are very much in a line with those of the greatest of psychiatrists of this century, C.G. Jung. It is only within the past ten years or so that I have definite personal reasons to believe in reincarnation as a fact; but because they are personal and concern other people than myself, I cannot make them public without permission. Also, I have come to much the same opinion as Jung about the relation of the Unconscious mind to the conscious. It is the former that is the important and the permanent, the latter is the passing and ephemeral, although important enough while it lasts.

The rather 'cock-eyed' idea which Freud had about the matter was, I believe, due to his almost ignorance of the modern physical sciences and of philosophy. He worshipped 'sex,' and had the bitterness of spirit of those who (quoting Jung) have found their god has let them down. Yes, in the end his god did let him down very badly.

Dreams, both my own and those of my late wife, have led me to the conclusion that the unconscious does prepare the way for conscious events years beforehand. We may not like what our greater self has prepared for us, but we have to face it.

It is how we behave, what we do with our lives that is the important thing. All life is individual - therefore, however imposing, however venerable the institution may be, it is the personal experience that counts, the small circle of the spiritualistic medium, the artist working alone, the poet meditating alone, the writer writing alone, who reaches nearest to ultimate truth.

THE COLLEGE OF PSYCHIC STUDIES

16, Queensberry Place,
South Kensington,
London, S.W.7.

(Two minutes from South Kensington Underground Station)
Telephone: 01 589 3292/3

The College exists to foster a spirit of free enquiry into the psychical field. The word College is not used in a formal academic sense, but in its original meaning of a society of persons engaged in a study of common interest, however varied its aspects. The field it examines is a complex one; after a hundred years of investigation a very great deal in it still lies outside our present understanding. The College endeavours to maintain an outlook upon the subject which any reasonable person can respect. Its purpose is not to commit its members to any particular belief, but rather to encourage investigation, thought, and intelligent discussion. Each must be left to form his own and it occupies a position somewhat different from that of any other body, offering neither propaganda nor an apologia. It is not a religious organisation. Having no dogma or doctrine, it welcomes enquiries from those of any religion or none. Thus the fullest opportunity is given to men and women who wish to make up their own minds as to the value of psychical experiences in an atmosphere free from intellectual or emotional pressures.

WEEKLY EVENING LECTURES

(Distinguished lecturers have included Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., Algernon Blackwood, Geraldine Cummins, Sir Ronald Fraser, K.B.E., C.M.G., Sir Victor Goddard, K.C.B., C.B.E., Sir Alister Hardy, F.R.S., Dr. Martin Israel, M.B., M.R.C.P., Elizabeth Jenkins, Dr. Raynor Johnson, Prof. G. Wilson Knight, C.B.E., Rosamond Lehmann, Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., P.W. Martin, The Worshipful Chancellor The Rev. E. Garth Moore, M.A., J.P., Prof. H.H. Price, Kathleen Raine, Dr. Hugh Schonfield, Sir Kelvin Spencer, Dr. R.H. Thouless, Sir George Trevelyan Bt., and many others.)

LIBRARY OF 10,000 VOLUMES

MEDITATION.CONSCIOUSNESS TRAINING WORKSHOPS.

PROGRAMME ON REQUEST.