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Sept. 12.—*The Work of Cynthia Sandys.* Rosamond Lehmann.

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Oct. 10.—*Journey to the Light.* Nina Merrylees.

Oct. 17.—(Title to be announced.) Mrs. Frances Campbell-Preston.

Oct. 24.—(Title to be announced.) Don Northcott.

Nov. 7.—(Title to be announced.) Rev. Harry Williams. (Author of "The True Wilderness" and "The True Resurrection.")

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Editorial

Of all the millions of animals, Man is the most complex and the least complete. A gorilla thumping his chest has a certain wild magnificence. A man thumping his chest is something less than civilised. The reason is simple enough. A man has the capacity to know that a little humility becomes him. He is not as important as all that; and there is always something bigger than he is.

A man is less complete than a gorilla because his range of desires is so much larger. Desire is a sign of incompleteness. When hungry, one desires a meal and desire dies temporarily on completion. Men and women desire one another because, separate, there is something lacking. If one cares to put it negatively, love is a sense of incompleteness. In a rather more positive sense, each person is richer for the other's presence. Often, this happens so quietly and naturally that it isn't till one of them dies that the one who is left is aware of the extent of the mutual dependence.

Animals would seem to be content with a fairly narrow band of desires. So long as they can move about freely, have enough to eat and drink, have the right number of companions—zebras need more than hawks—the opportunity to mate and rear families, they do not appear to ask more. When not actively pursued or pursuing, they may well retire into a private world not entirely different from the mystic's. Who has not, at one time or another, envied the look of wonder and contentment in the placid eyes of a cow?

Man's incompleteness is more dangerous; and also in the end more creative. His sense of ultimate powerlessness makes him want to fight his destiny. He knows he is more than his surroundings, and he tries to inflate his ego at the expense of other egos. The result is what is called history: battle, murder and sudden death, lightened at times by incidents of outstanding courage and selflessness. Indeed, it is one of the phenomena which make the spiritual so obviously true that those who have reached the heights of purely worldly achievements become suddenly bored and discontented. The world is not enough.

It is, of course, one thing to know this: quite another to try

to live it. Our animal heritage is so old, so immensely powerful and attractive that the still, small voice of the spirit must wait until the animal part has got us into trouble! Only then can we attempt the heights which wait to be recognised in our depths. Meanwhile, the wheat and the tares grow together in our oddly-shaped fields.

When a certain point is reached, our incompleteness can be seen to be both infinite and eternal: a void that can never be entirely filled because "never" is part of time. This, I believe, is what the present ghastly Age is shouting in our ears. Go in, explore the infinite.

When we begin to listen to these shouts, the Age will become less ghastly. We shall have begun to detach ourselves from gorillas.

Moment of Truth

P. WILSON

It was during the War; my young daughter and I were in the air raid shelter in the garden. My husband was on night duty at the Town Hall. There was a very bad air raid, so bad in fact I thought a plane had been shot down in the next garden as "things" were flying all over the place, and there was a lot of cracking.

I put my daughter on the floor and myself on top of her to protect her. After what seemed a long time it died down and an air raid warden looked in and asked if we were all right. After a while I put her back in the bunk and she went to sleep. I couldn't rest so sat on my bunk thinking, it was about 2 in the morning. Presently the garden gate clicked and I thought it was the warden back, so I looked out and found it was a beautiful sunny day and the birds all singing; and there was my father. He stood at the entrance to the shelter, looking about 35. He was brown and healthy looking and wore a white flower in his button-hole with a blue suit. He said, "I've just come to see you and to tell you that you will be quite safe in there, and how cosy you have made it. Now I am going down the garden to see your new pond," and with that he was gone and it was night again. My father has been dead for eight years.

The Summing Up

P. W. COLE

I HAD been turning over the former dream phantasies in my mind, while lying awake on the night of April 19th, 1970, when just before dawn I fell asleep, and had the following dream.

I was standing in a field among tall stalks of corn, which were not only withered but blackened too, very dead to all appearance. A moment later, these had fallen into the soil and disappeared entirely, but in their place was a golden band of grain which curved right away round the whole field. It was only about four or five inches wide but completely covered the soil where it lay, forming a huge golden circle.

Then as I stood at the corner of the same field, some men were playing cricket nearby. I must have asked a question, because one of them came towards me with a smile on his face and said: "That's Cole's patch."

Before falling asleep I had thought, "I wonder what the end of all these dream phantasies will be." This was my answer.

The golden circle is well known as a dream symbol of the Deity, together with the square and the cross. The grain which formed the circle is the symbol of rebirth. The remark about "Cole's patch" is a reminder that here is the personal application of the universal "will of God."

I have only once before had a dream of a golden circle. I have always said that I have no "faith" in the ordinary Christian sense of the word. Then I had a dream of a circular golden shield. Engraved round the edge in Latin were the words "You have faith." (In my dreaming state I can read Latin quite easily, although I have forgotten it almost entirely.) Since that dream I have never denied that I have faith, although it might not be quite in accord with orthodox ideas.

The dream of the golden grain has a definite relation to Dream No. 7 (*Light,* Autumn 1968), where "whisky," the spirit of the grain, is the symbol.

Since I wrote these words, I dreamed that I was in a big empty cathedral. As I walked towards the gothic archway which framed the entrance a huge stream, which was flooding the streets outside, poured in through the open doorway, covering the flagstones where I stood knee-deep in water. I looked round and found that, apart from myself, there was only the sacristan. He did not seem at all perturbed by the flood.

Water symbolises the "unconscious mind"—the complete "self" which contains all those things which modern man has forgotten about—the forgotten gods, the neglected religious culture of our past, the soil from which all religion springs, without bounds. In comparison, the conscious mind—the "ego"—in spite of all its scientific achievements, is petty and ephemeral.

So, flooding back into the churches, it appears that the collective unconscious mind of mankind will once more find its home in revived religion—revived by a new interest in the roots from which all religion comes, the psychic phenomena which spring spontaneously in all healthy communities. This should find a place in all churches of all religions. Without it, there cannot be spiritual health. No plant can live without its roots.

Some would say: "Why religion—why not the state?" It is because the "State" accords with the lowest denominator and rules the masses by the herd instinct.

Democracy itself is only good so far. Carried to extremes liberty becomes licence, a negation of all inherited good, all culture, stifling the spirit of man and destroying all attempts to live a life that does not keep step with the "march of progress" of the ordinary man.

The new hope for mankind lies in the interest in psychic research, which is gaining ground in the present day. If science will examine its phenomena, instead of denouncing them as impossible, it will have at least taken the first step. For, as I hope the analysis of these few dreams of the "old" will show, there is a great deal more in the unconscious mind than the Freudian term, "dustbin of the spirit," would seem to indicate.

A Letter of Condolence

Dear Henry,

When I asked for a copy of the Gazette I did not guess it would carry such heavy news. I might have expected it, for your report on Betty previously was not encouraging, but I suppose I preferred not to think of death. And yet I have been doing a lot of thinking about it, as you will have seen if ever you read my *Swedenborg,* and now if you read the book on "survival" which should be coming to you soon, but the official date isn't till August 19th for publication.

I feel I don't care to offer you the usual condolence, that is not necessary with you. I am sure you know that Francis and I had the kind of partnership which you and Betty had, and therefore if there is anyone in the world to whom you can speak frankly it is I. The nurse was both right and wrong when she told you that you wouldn't want her to live on when Betty was so withdrawn. No, and I couldn't have wished for Francis to live on when he had become a sort of cripple with heart trouble. But no one knows beforehand what the gulf is that seems to separate you when the body is not there any longer. I nearly went mad, and probably should have ended my life, if I hadn't been the only one who could finish his work, just as you are the only one who can carry on Betty's work, and—most of all—if I hadn't for the last twenty years or so devoted whatever I have of brains to the sober study of what real evidence there is for the survival of consciousness after death. I received complete conviction of it, and so did Francis; he wrote so to a friend who sent me the letter. Well, after the first anguish was stilled, that conviction kept me and keeps me alive.

But I won't hide from you that even with this help those weeks and months after the break were almost unendurable. It is actually like a physical wound. I asked a good friend, herself bereaved of her husband a couple of years before Francis died, whether the wound continued to hurt so dreadfully. She said, "It continues to hurt, but a kind of membrane grows over it." Well, I should say that is true, but even more than that is true. The piercing pain does get less, or I suppose one simply couldn't live. I shouldn't say that "the sorrow continues, but one gets used to living alone." What I solemnly assure you *can* happen is that sorrow nearly vanishes *because* you are made to realise that you are not alone. The only thing you can do to bring about this is to keep yourself "open" to the possibility and to try to control grief as much as possible—for "they" find it hard to reach us through the black curtain of that grief.

At the beginning perhaps there are very few and brief glimpses of the one you long for, but they somehow carry you over the abysses in between. Then a state comes in which you can, just about, stop the outbursts of grief, and your life is supportable, even though it is flat and grey. But then, if you still carry on and *work,* and perhaps this is the stage in which travel, if possible, changes the black waves to grey ones, then a time may come in which you have stretches of a strange serenity, the surest of the sure, the calmest of the calmest certainty that you are not alone. I wish I could describe it to you, but it doesn't

fit into any words, and there isn't any sense-experience with it either. Well, you are suffused with each other. I had it the other couple of days when I just raked up hay in the garden and the sun shone. It's like a sudden discovery, why, instead of the dreadful place that hurt so much there is peace and security of knowledge that we are still one, and more than ever!

Stewart Edward White, who was no fool, says in one of his "Betty Books" that it is like a married couple who are sitting in the room; one is perhaps reading and the other is writing, neither paying any attention to the other, and yet securely aware of each other. His Betty died, you know, before him.

Now I don't mean that I am as happy as before, far from it. But I can say that I feel in one way as if Francis had had to go on a long journey and I have to wait for him, but I am sure we will reunite, and, in a sense, I get messages from him, other than the blessed feeling I've been trying to describe. But that feeling is the essence and the core of everything. I shouldn't call it "happy." It is far greater than that, and far quieter. Dear Henry, I have not told this to anyone else, they wouldn't understand, but I feel I can to you, for you and Betty knew what love was. And IS. And it does me good to tell you, because you and Betty appreciated Francis.

Yes, and still it is devilish not to be able to carry on the gay tennis of talk we always had; and it has taken me long to look at great beauty without pain that we weren't sharing it. But I'm not so sure about that now, maybe we do.

I could tell you much more about this truly united life that can be given you if you will regard it as possible, but maybe I have ventured out too far already.

You and the staff and friends have set Betty a splendid monument in this issue of the Gazette, I do thank you for sending it to me. I send you both my love.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

Wellesley Tudor Pole as I Knew Him

ROSAMOND LEHMANN

YOU will realise from my title that these are personal experiences and impressions, and that I am not attempting an objective account of Wellesley Tudor Pole's life and work. Indeed I wonder if anybody could succeed in such an undertaking, so baffling and mysterious was the well-loved person known to many as T.P.:

and moreover so referred to by himself in numerous letters to me: as if someone speaking from another level of being was watching and commenting with detachment upon a semi-separate entity. Needless to say, I am not speaking in terms of schizophrenic split in his personality. Most of us, I think, become aware of this watcher in times of acute physical or emotional crisis; but T.P. seemed always conscious of an *alter ego.*

Who was he really? I don't know. Nobody in his last life ever knew for certain—except, I suppose, certain fellow initiates, anonymous, in incarnation. 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."

Another time he wrote: "I come and go when summoned so to do; but the human race is not my race. I try hard, with the deepest compassion I can muster, to identify myself with human problems, joys and sorrows, but this is not my planet. I am a modest and anonymous Ambassador from elsewhere. . . . Give it thought and tell me who *you* are. Then perhaps W.T.P. may respond."

This was a tease, of course. He was a great tease. "I've been a Lone Wolf for many a long day" he said once. "I'm a rough sort of fellow—very rough. My anger can be terrible." Only once did I see this famous anger blaze out: that was when I was foolish enough to pass on a somewhat loaded question about the identity of the Initiate known as the English Master.

On this occasion the anger seemed transpersonal. He trusted me not to probe, and of course I never did; though it was a little tempting when he casually dropped such remarks as: "I've been in Rome, Tibet and Peking since we last met, and have much to do in consequence"; or: "At present I am living in 600 B.C., the 1st Century A.D. and in the 21st Century, and finding it rather a strain. . . ." It is no secret that he was supremely adept as an astral traveller, but that he was a traveller in time—on this scale —is perhaps less well known.

I met him early in 1963, and it was my great privilege to become his close friend and confidante, right up to the time of his final withdrawal (to use a term he approved of) in September 1968. My path crossed his at a time when I was struggling to recover from a shattering bereavement. He gave me fresh hope and courage, cherished me and made me laugh again; above all

gave me the solid, acceptable metaphysical grounding I was seeking and had always lacked. He drove me somewhat ruthlessly, exhorting me to wake up and stretch my own dormant faculties, enlarge my dim spiritual horizons. Harnessing me to his dynamo, he called it—pretending to deplore the demands he made on me as his scribe, his collaborator and occasional bridge-builder in the matter of useful or potentially useful social contacts.

It was an immense privilege to be of service to him as "a sort of anvil on which he could strike sparks that would help him to recover clarity of vision": or so he says in his Foreword to *A Man Seen Afar.* Sometimes I fear that I ring much less brightly now than I did then, when I was under his discipline. Not that I was all that bright: but nobody more suitable for his purpose hapened to be available, and he did give me a sense . . . a tingling electric sense, as of being lightly showered with fiery particles; and sometimes lightly stung by them.

We had many jokes together; and this was good for him as well as me. He knew the importance of laughter; and his life was incredibly arduous by day and by night. I shall never forget his amusement when I told him that my meeting with him had been foretold by a numerologist at the C.P.S. Christmas Fair in 1962. A new friend, male, round about the age of 78, was soon to come my way and change my life. Old gentlemen, she said, could be such wonderful companions. "Well yes . . . of course . . . sometimes," I agreed, without enthusiasm, as I later confessed to him. It was a story he particularly relished and often repeated: pressing me to admit that it was a spot-on prediction.

When I first met him, which was for coffee in the St. Ermin's Hotel, I had a distinct sense of shock. I don't know if this was due to some stir of subconscious recognition, or to a deeper, one might say a metaphysical malaise. I was in the presence of someone quite formidably *awake;* and my nerve ends got the message which his old-fashioned courtesy, his cordiality, the shield of banter he put up between us, tried to mask. Later he dropped the banter, and we became more and more at ease with one another; but I noticed that it was an armour he often re-assumed in unfamiliar company. It could be slightly disconcerting—Puckish.

T.P. was a very proud man, and a shy one; and certainly after the death in the early fifties of his beloved wife, lonely in his domestic life. (By then, of course, his daughter and his two sons were grown up and married.) I think he set considerable store by his distinguished Pole and Tudor ancestry. His moral standards were fastidious; but at the same time he showed deep

and practical sympathy with human frailties. He could be caustic, a trifle imperious, like one accustomed to command and be obeyed; yet he could radiate benevolence and charm, as well as dynamic spiritual and intellectual energy. What he hated most was self-importance, sanctimoniousness—anything smacking of an inflated or a self-centred ego; of cant or "uplift"; of what, to his amusement, I called fragrant thoughts. While careful to respect the "path" of any seeker, he deplored all that was rigid, dogmatic, in orthodox religious doctrines and systems. He really did change some people's lives radically for the better—by some occult process of re-harmonization which was one of his many secrets.

The gifts he gave so generously were unobtrusive, intangible, invaluable; yet, such was his humility, he told me more than once that he looked back on his long life with a sense of failure: he had, he said, "missed so many opportunities of service."

While he still had a London office and controlled wide business interests, as well as Big Ben and Chalice Wells affairs, I saw him chiefly in London. Later, during his last years of failing health and eyesight, I drove down whenever I could to spend a few hours with him in the country. His house was a modest one on the outskirts of Hurstpierpoint (bought after the destruction of his London house during the blitz), semi-detached, with a plot of lawn, and rose beds, and a very neat small living room, reminiscent of a Victorian parlour. He lived frugally, ruled by an elderly housekeeper, who concealed her genuine devotion under a rebarbative front; and by a noisy tyrannical old corgi called Kipps, to whom he was greatly attached. One went up steep stairs to the tiny sanctuary at the top of the house, where a lamp shone perpetually and where the wondrous sapphire bowl reposed in its fine carved wooden casket. There was an indescribable peace, a sense of mystic Presence in that sanctuary.

He frequently wrote of expecting this or that visitor—quite a stream of visitors, some from overseas; but I always saw him alone. I have since wondered whether some of these visitors could have been discarnate friends.

He carried on an immense, a global correspondence. He told me he wrote at least two hundred letters a week; and I am sure this was no exaggeration. To me he wrote, sometimes at length, sometimes briefly, two or three times a week. I have kept all his letters, and at present am engaged in sorting and filing them, with a view to publishing a volume of extracts from them, as he wished me, I am sure, to do. Of course, I am not suggesting that I was the only person to whom he wrote important letters, or that

I am the only friend who valued them enough to keep them. I believe, for instance, that he wrote daily to a friend of his youth during the First World War, when he served as an officer in Military Intelligence; and that trunksful of these letters are stored in the care of this friend's son, Sir David Russell, T.P.'s godson. These will surely be examined one day, and may well be found to contain records of historical importance.

If I had realised that his time on earth was running out, I would have stayed nearer to T.P. during that last summer; but alas! I did not realise it; and strangely enough for a person of such insights, I don't think he did either. He got it into his head that he had left one or two entrusted tasks unfinished, and that he would be granted an extension of active life before obtaining his order of release. But his body, that for two years had endured atrocious bouts of pain with scarcely a murmur, had become too broken even for a spirit such as his. I was by his bedside three times during the final fortnight. It was a cruelly hard death, and agonizing to watch for those who cared for him. No one deserved it less. Maybe some great souls willingly assume a portion of the world's pains at the time of their departure. At least, he told me so once—speaking of Pope John.

Have I been in touch with him since he went over? Yes, several times—through the clairaudience of Cynthia Sandys, whose remarkable scripts are known to many of you. T.P. himself completely accepted her as a mental channel of communication, "the purest known to me," he said; so I venture (with her permission) to quote part of a fairly recent letter from him.

"I want Alexias (his name for me) to know, now that she is so kindly speaking about me, that all my old secrecy has gone. We are all trying all we can to explain the next phase of life, so that no one may come over in fear. When you speak of me, can't you say that when I was on earth I felt so strongly that the hour had not come to reveal too much of the truth too publicly? I was wrong. There are no hours. I could have brought it into being much earlier. I was aloof and secretive (yes, he was at times!) because I valued the privacy of these great truths; but they must stand or fall in the market place today, and be the common knowledge of all who seek."

He goes on to speak of his present happiness in working with Lord Dowding, with whom, during the last war, he had not always seen eye to eye; thinking the publication of his psychic books a mistake, or anyway premature. But then T.P. was always distrustful—sometimes over-distrustful I think—of psychic publications.

"My days as an Alchemist have taught me many ways of producing and distilling new contacting vibrations. No training is ever lost. This chemicalizing process is an unending joy to me, because with each new experiment I am freeing vibrations which can be used again for multiple purposes. I am no scientist, but the science vibrations are easy to acquire in this Age, and we are filling them with God power, so that to those worthy atheistic scientists will be brought a knowledge that in the end they will be unable to refute.

"When the moment is ripe, do please go to Glastonbury and re-kindle the vibrations on the Tor. They are all ready to be used as a great transmitting station. We have had a huge international flow of entities. The Citizen of the World is becoming the real man of 1971. I have been with Indians, Chinese, Russians, Egyptians on the Tor, and together we have devised new channels for the sending forth of the Rays. That's quite an easy thing. But now we have to arrange for the acceptance of the Rays. Sally and Pat (my daughter and Cynthia's), bless them, are very quick and clever in this line. . . .

"And now, my dear Alexias, I have still told you nothing of the world of Light in which I live. I am all over the place—all is within my sunlight area. I can spread sunlight where formerly I spread only gloom. Yes, I was a selfish person. But that person is DEAD."

I include these few words to show how sternly and with what humility he still judges himself, as he always did on earth. If he did "spread gloom" I never was aware of it; though occasionally I did notice that his presence, or his conversation, engendered a sort of puzzled nervousness. Sometimes he was very weary and despondent; but in the main his temperament was sanguine. He had boundless confidence in Earth's ultimate spiritual destiny, and prophecies of cosmic doom annoyed him very much.

I take it that T.P. has now given me leave to speak more openly than otherwise I might have spoken. Many passages in his letters were marked *Confidential* or words to that effect; or else he would tell me to use my own judgment about sharing them. This could not fail, while he was on earth, to have an inhibiting effect. I dreaded the thought of inadvertently twitching his cloak of secrecy, and getting my knuckles rapped in consequence. The problem still remains, of course, of reducing the vast mass of material at my disposal to something like its *pur essence.* A few brief samples, taken almost at random, may serve to show the unique quality of what came to me, over the years, in his conspicuously large, clear, individual handwriting;

sometimes headed MEMO, sometimes embedded in two or three (or more!) pages of what he called chit-chat.

Here is his *Diary of an Average Night's activities to fit a period of 3-5 hours' sleep in every 24 hours.*

"*First hour.* Arrive at my own home which is situated in a mountain valley two levels of rhythm above the Borderland region which surrounds and penetrates our own planet. Met by my Arab servitor who prepares the bath (light-colour-liquid waves) and sets out fresh garments for each visit. If time allows, visit my stables, farm and garden. Then mount my favourite steed and make the long descending journey into Borderland to visit the Rescue Station which I have helped to build, equip and extend during the last 60 years. Cosmic light cannot reach down to this level. We have therefore our own generators, powered by swift streams which cascade down the mountains and ravines by which the Station is protected. The area contains hospitals, farms, gardens, children's playgrounds, rest homes, lecture and concert halls—and an animal, bird and insect sanctuary. The population is rarely less than 25,000 and the staff consists of doctors, healers, teachers, nurses, artists and musicians—all voluntary workers willing to delay their own evolutionary ascent towards spheres more delectable. The sentinels should not be forgotten. They stand guard all round the Station, keeping at bay the pressure of the waves of darkness ever encroaching on this area.

"*Second hour.* Conferences with Senior Staff. Meeting and greeting newcomers or visitors from other levels. *Prayer.* If there has been a large intake due to some accident on earth, then my stay is usually prolonged into the third hour. Otherwise I ride round the Station's outer walls, visit the sentinels; sometimes act as one myself.

"*Fourth hour.* Nowadays spent with the College of Heralds, of which I am a member. The plane is situated three levels of rhythm above Borderland. Listen and take part in discussions upon all kinds of problems—such as how best to train forerunners, whether or not in bodily incarnation. Study of the 'temperature' of human consciousness among various tribes, races and individuals on earth.

"Usually by now I am watching the clock, as I dare not overstep the five-hour period allotted to me, or my bodily vehicle would collapse. So I return to my own home, stable my steed, go into my library, try to get a little rest: not for long, because there is always a queue of people waiting outside, seeking solace, counsel, healing, or merely companionship.

"Long before the end of the queue has been reached I have

to call a halt, disrobe, take a bath, put on my return-to-earth-level garments, and prepare (most reluctantly!) to re-enter my mundane frame."

I cannot comment upon this stunning glimpse of W.T.P.'s true self and mission. For me, it carries his unmistakeable "touchstone" ring of authenticity; and I locked it away without questioning it—or him. He challenged me once to discover why he rode a (white) horse during his extra-terrestrial absences. I could not answer.

Many other themes he expounded in his letters: variations on those included in *A Man Seen Afar* and *Writing on the Ground;* further disclosures relating to Jesus which would, no doubt, be dynamite to orthodox theologians. For instance, he writes of Jesus's "three previous incarnations of preparation, one in the Far East, one hidden from me at present as to identity and date." Other Jesus incarnations, he wrote, "ranged from princely status to farmer, mountaineer, recluse and saintly healer. And on one such visit to our planet Jesus was an elephant boy in India."

He wrote often, also, of Akhenaton; and of the Akashic records—a highly complex subject which he had clearly mastered.

Here is his explanation of his position "as a Universalist rather than a Christian."

"The whole eternal sweep of Life manifestations is my concern, and as much a part of me as I am of them. This seems to suggest a form of egomania, but in fact the very opposite would be nearer the truth. . . . In the context of the cosmic background, the Christian story, not yet 2,000 years old, is an incident of great note, but a very minute fragment of a film that has been unrolling for many millions of years. Our need is to widen our vision and become consciously a part of the whole panorama of life throughout the cosmic realms as well as within all the natural kingdoms."

There is a great deal in the correspondence about Glastonbury, about the excavations undertaken by Dr. Philip Rahtz; about Chalice Well on levels both mundane (letting-off-steam letters!) and esoteric. While *A Man Seen Afar* was slowly getting written, letters came in torrents: a bombardment of instructions, queries, commands and counter-commands. He was a terrible fusspot; and I am sorry to say that once or twice I threatened to throw in my hand: an act of egotism and disobedience shameful to contemplate when I recall it. But it was a strangely troubling assignment—confused with the kind of confusion that I tend to associate with attention from the

so-called forces of the Left.

He wrote once from Chalice Well:

"My old friends the Enemy made another valiant attempt to secure my exit on Friday last. I was picked up and then hurled down on to the stone flags outside *The Copper Beech's* back door. What can my bones be made of? Elastic? Rubber? Metal? . . . Every one of them should have been *smashed up.* Black and blue do I remain—and I only hope the pain I was enduring was not too apparent."

This seems to have been only one of a number of occasions when he acted as a sort of lightning conductor for the earthing of forces impregnated with destructive power.

Here is a strange letter about two antique rings bequeathed to him by an occultist friend and contemporary.

"The larger, an inscribed cornelian, still possesses almost unbelievable sexual potency. The other, an Osiris scarab, still has attached to it a semi-tame elemental who begs me not to detach him from his home in the ring. 'I have lost touch with my group, and if you send me away I shall be alone and even lose the identity which my present contact has given me.' My own genie is of course more advanced and hoping soon to be promoted from the Vegetable Kingdom (he comes from the trees) to the Kingdom of the Air. Whereas this poor solitary mite is linked with the mineral world and stones, and has no wish for change or promotion."

T.P.'s compassion for this forlorn scrap of consciousness seems to me strangely touching. Readers of *The Silent Road* will have been introduced to the little genie attached to him, it would seem, for certain services, and also for his protection during a part at least of his last incarnation. "Curious," he wrote, "how my little genie will never say how he works or through what agencies. When I lose something of value his intervention does not seem to depend on my own wishes. If I tried to force his hand no doubt I should never see him again, and a wonderful pal would be gone for ever."

I can vouch for the reality of this "pal," whom I encountered on at least one occasion, when I had lost my way late at night while driving T.P. back to his son's home in Twickenham. At the time I was too startled to do anything but meekly follow the directions given me—or rather shouted at me through the car window by a miniature motor-cyclist in a frenzy of irritation with my feminine incompetence. It was only a few moments afterwards that the "happening" suddenly presented itself to me as most unaccountable. T.P. remained silent when I remarked on this.

There was much of the Devic in his make-up as well as of humanity and of seership on higher levels. He was not afraid of the word "magic"—equating white magic, which he certainly practised, with so-called miracles of a spiritual nature.

The following extract is headed: *Never set down in writing before*—and refers, I think, to The Silent Minute—that "secret weapon" which, it was known after the war, baffled the German High Command.

"Late in 1939, when I began to storm the gates of Heaven for a special purpose, the plan I had in view was placed before 'Authority.' The promise then amounted to this: 'If you carry out to the full what you have in mind, we can give you this assurance. A sheath of protection will be arranged, rendering invasion of your Island, and subjection, impossible. The war itself will be shortened by two years.' The story of how invasion by sea was averted has never been, and can never be told in full, but it could be classed as a 'miracle.' The shortening of the war, if it really took place, can never be proved historically.

"We should never underestimate the potential value of effort, even by single individuals, in launching a spiritual activity. This is a lesson *every one* of us should learn and practise. Therefore say to yourself: I am a child of God and am able to play my full part in service to the Community. I will live and act in the sure knowledge that one plus God the Creative Principle is a *majority.*"

Two final extracts, one serious, one in lighter vein.

"It is evident to the discerning that the time is now ripe for the gradual upliftment of human consciousness from the level of phenomenal communication to that of spiritual communion. Metaphysical telepathy, through prayer and meditation, is the goal to aim for. In this manner the Christ within awakes and is able to act as guide and comforter forthwith."

"This will make you laugh. If I hadn't overheard it myself I wouldn't have credited it. A very great lady who went over recently was asked by one of her helpers if she was in need of any assistance. Her reply was: 'Well, I'm getting on very well, thank you; but I do miss the company of men *as such*'."

Sally's few lines about T.P. from *au delà*—lines which he allowed me to print as epilogue to *A Man Seen Afar*—still seem to me to come closer than anything else I know to summing up the enigma of his being.

"Yes, he has had many lives before, and has known the Mysteries and used them, forgotten and re-discovered them. His spirit goes out and out and his mission is veiled from me. Perhaps it will only receive real fruition over here."

(*From a Talk at the College, Autumn,* 1971.)

Moment of Truth

ELIZABETH COLE

NINE years ago today I lost a beautiful daughter of seventeen with leukaemia. She had been ill for eleven months and during that time I picked up a book in the library called *Beyond The Horizon* by Grace Rosher. It was the first book of that kind that I had ever read and it completely changed my way of thinking.

As I read it I could hardly believe it could be true, and yet it seemed to give me hope. I remember saying to my daughter: "According to this book, in the next world there are houses and trees and flowers. If that is what it's like I wouldn't mind going there, would you?" And she said: "I certainly wouldn't." She had no idea she had a fatal illness, but, of course, I knew, although I never gave up hoping that she would be healed.

When my daughter died I bought this wonderful book and when I read it again I believed it. I met Miss Rosher and was even more convinced. Three months after Patricia's death I visited Mrs. Ena Twigg and for a whole hour my daughter communicated with me. One of the things she said was: "I am very happy and I shall be happier still when you stop grieving"; and although I missed her very much I didn't grieve any more.

Since that day she has spoken to me many times. But I shall always remember the joy that filled my heart when I realized that she was alive. I came out of Mrs. Twigg's house floating on air and I remember how I wanted to dance down the road. When I got on to the bus I had to restrain myself from shouting out loud to the other passengers: "My daughter is alive!"

In my search for the truth about life after death I was helped by joining the Churches' Fellowship for Spiritual and Psychical Studies. I read a lot of books and was convinced of reincarnation when I read a book by Alice Gilbert.

I know that the certainty of eternal life has changed me into a better and kinder person, and I thank God for this knowledge and the comfort it has given me. I am a nurse and when the opportunity arises I always tell people about my wonderful experience. I look forward to the day when I shall meet my daughter, and until that day comes I know she is leading a rich and full life.

The New Chimney

LILIAN NORTHCOTT

IN one of my stories about my life I mentioned how I can put the hab-dabs on people if they try to do me down. Here is an example, to show how it works.

Some time ago I had to have a new chimney to my cottage. Someone found a small builder (a complete stranger to me) to come and give an estimate. It was probably a reasonable one, for these times, but it seemed a lot to someone living on the State pensions. However, I arranged to borrow the money from Tom, my brother-in-law, and pay him back a bit each week.

When Parsons—the builder—called to fix things up with Tom, to my annoyance he asked for £40 down in cash. I thought this was unreasonable. Unfortunately, Tom had £20 on him and he handed it over, saying he'd bring another £20 the following week. It made me mad that Tom should give in so easily. Of course, I couldn't say anything in front of him, but I made up my mind what I would do.

After Tom left I sat down and wrote to Parsons, asking him to call and see me urgently, as I felt uneasy about the arrangement.

My letter brought him round quick enough. He wasn't half in a mood, too. He flung down the £20 on the table and shouted, "You can have the money back and find someone else to do the work. You don't trust me!"

I look at him straight and replied, "Of course I don't trust you after the way you treated my brother-in-law. All the same, you can have the job if you want it, and take the money. Only, mind, that work's got to be well done. I can't climb up on the roof with my arthritis, but I shall know how things are getting on up there."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, beginning to fidget.

"Well, you see I'm psychic," I told him.

"What on earth's that?"

"For one thing it means I can see into the future. I can see into yours, you know."

"That's a load of rubbish," he said. Then he picked up the money. "All right, I'll do the work and you won't have any cause for complaint."

He went to the door, but I called after him: "If I have, I'll

put the hab-dabs on you good and proper. And as it is, you'd best take care."

He came back in, looking a bit wary. "Why?" he asked.

"Well, I'm not saying all I *could* do, but I will say this—just be extra careful when you drive your car round the corner of this lane."

"Whatever for? There's nothing wrong with my car."

"That's as may be."

"What's wrong with the corner, then?"

"All I'm saying is, just be careful."

He went a bit pale, then he left, and a few minutes later I heard his car go creeping round that corner. Did I laugh! I thought to myself: he'll be in to see me again tomorrow, though I knew the work couldn't start till the scaffolding came.

Sure enough, I was right. He came in the morning.

"Fancy seeing you so early!" I said.

"Well, I thought I'd just look in," he replied, sitting down on the Windsor chair.

"Mind what you're sitting on!" I called out. He jumped up with a kind of yelp. "I don't want those magazines spoiled before I've read them." He picked up the magazines and put them on the table, then sat down again.

Now, you must remember that this man was a complete stranger. I started to tell him a few things about his life, which surprised him.

"How do you know all that?" he asked.

"I told you yesterday, it's all on account of my being psychic."

He got up to go.

"I could tell you things about your future, too, like I said," I went on.

He sat down again. "Look, missus, you mustn't go frightening me like this, I suffer from my nerves and it's getting me down."

He was in a proper state by then. He got up and walked to the door, then he came back again.

"Prove what you say, then. Tell me something about my future, then we'll see if it comes true."

"Well, I shan't tell you everything I see," I said, "you couldn't stand it. But I'll just say this much—your nerves run ahead of you and you can't keep up with them, and one of these days they'll land you in trouble. You'll have bother with your prostate gland, too."

"Whatever's that?" he asked.

Having done nursing I knew all about anatomy and such things, so I explained where the gland was and what it was for and all. He got more and more frightened, especially when I said:

"Now, the hab-dabs will be on you till that chimney's finished. I'll be on the back of your mind when you're eating and when you're sleeping. When the work's finished, if I'm satisfied with it, I'll take myself off."

He picked up his hat. "I'm making your chimney a rush job. Me and my mate will get the bricks along tomorrow and we'll start work as soon as the men put the scaffolding up."

"All right, then." Off he went.

Parsons came along sometimes while the work was going on, but I noticed he was leaving all of it to his mate. On the following Saturday Tom was there again. Parsons got him round a corner. (Tom told me this afterwards.)

"Here," said Parsons to him, "I don't understand that sister of yours. She just about frightens me. She says she's a *cyclist!* What does she mean?"

Tom said that "cyclist" wasn't the exact word but he couldn't think of the right one. "It means she can see into the future and that sort of thing. I've never known her wrong."

"Oh, dear!" said Parsons.

All the time they were talking the other man was working up on the roof.

"Here," said Tom, "why don't you get up there and lend a hand?"

Parsons only said, "Not I! You don't catch me going up a ladder on your sister's house after all she said to me!"

The next day his man had to go and finish a job somewhere else. Parsons came as usual and hung around, sometimes coming inside for a chat, or else he'd tidy up the yard. As nervous as a cat, he was, and it gave me the willies to watch him. So I called out, "Mr. Parsons, would you like a *safe* job to fill your time?"

He came inside, very cautious. "I wouldn't mind, if it's really safe."

Well, I'd been seeing with my inner eye what the back of the chimney was like, where the base joined on to the roof, and I saw clearly that the mortaring was faulty, which the man might not notice. I described this to Parsons, and said, "Now, that'll be extra to our contract, so if you like to use the ladder while you're man's away, I'll take the hab-dabs off for today and you'll be quite safe."

"All right," he said, cheering up a bit. "I'll do that." Then he said, "Look here, how did you know about that mortaring?"

"My dear man," I said, "if I couldn't see through a chimney and over the other side of the roof with my special gift, I wouldn't think much of myself! But find out for yourself." Which he did, and found it just as I said.

Tom paid the second £20 on that Saturday, and the rest of the money when the chimney was finished. He said that as far as he could see the work was well done. I *knew* it was well done, for I could see all round that chimney, which Tom couldn't.

Mr. Parsons thanked us, most polite and pleasant, and I told him that the hab-dabs were taken off. But I couldn't do anything about that prostate trouble. It's written up, and there it is.

PRAYER ON AWAKING AT DAYBREAK

SIR RONALD FRASER

Our Father who art in Heaven
Hallowed be Thy name . . .
Thus we were taught to pray.
What name shall we call Thee,
Thou that hast no name and all names?
Shall we call Thee God, Brahman?
The Incomprehensible, the Invisible, the One?
Shall we call Thee That?
Thou from whom we came, in whom we are,
Along with the sheep and the goats,
The seas and the rocky mountains,
And have no being except as we are in Thee and Thou art in us?

And it is only as they are in Thee and Thyself in them
That man and world have reality.
For Thou art the reality of Man and worlds,
Visible in the splendour that pours from the sunrise
Thou that art Horus, Apollo, Christ, Light itself,
Yet Thou are not in Man Light as it is in itself,
Nor truth, nor being.

Then give us each day our daily bread
The life we made for ourselves
And undertook that we might transmute ourselves as we have become
Into ourselves as we are to be in Thyself.
And pour us the golden wine
That we may transform our daily bread into Light
And Thou mayest be in Man as Thou art in Thyself.

The Psychic Reality of Hell

DR. A. GUIRDHAM

HELL exists. The condition which follows after death is a psychic state governed by earthly attachments. Hell is the refusal to go farther. It is the negation of the second world and the clinging to the frontiers of the first. Hell is the force of magnetism exercised on the psyche. The latter is a vibrational system drawn back to earth by the negative force of its old attachments. Hell is the after-death psychic consequence of the sins of hate and of love without attachment. Men create their own hells. This does not mean that they are trapped in their own hates and desires. This is something which happens on earth. It is a pseudo-tragedy discussed with great solemnity by the intellectuals and false mystics. The truth is that we create an actual materialised hell from a zone of negative magnetism which impregnates our psyche and because of which the world still exercises its compulsion upon us. Hell is a shifting materialisation of shadow and light. It is an emanation from an earthbound psyche confused by the poles of light and darkness. There is that aspect of the psyche which moves towards the light of the individualised spirit and from thence to the universal consciousness. The other is drawn back to the darkness by the magnetism of the world it has lately abandoned.

Hell is spatial not in the sense of a pit filled by demons and a fire stirred by a vicious Jehovah. It is spatial because it is a reality located in time, and space is a function of time. Hell is a fact of chronology because the psyche, still tethered to the earth, is governed by past, present and future. The discarnate entity which clings desperately for years to the margins of the world is more deeply involved in time. It is poisoned, in its darkest roots, by the insidious toxins from the turbid waters of human personality. We are all ghosts and *revenants*, for a varying time after our passing. So it comes about that hell is not directly spatial but only in so far as it is an expression of time, and the latter exists for us for a space after the death of our body. This is the uttermost hell, that the psyche after death should still be tethered to the pickets of time. Because even in this world the psyche is greatly freed from chronology. In clairvoyance and telepathy the barriers are broken and nothing but their debris remains in the worlds of far memory and prophecy. This is a great hell, to have died, to have anticipated before dying either the numbness of annihilation or the emancipation from time, and

to awaken again without the impediment of flesh but with the insupportable yearning of a psyche turning back to the first world when the sun of the second has risen beyond its frontiers. This is the supreme torture, greater than any hell on earth or any human agony, and not because it is contrived by a vicious God or imagined by a semi-mystic drenched in psychology. It is an actual and sentient hell, to carry over into the psychic zone between the first two worlds the hopes and ambitions we felt on earth and the long drab torture of prolonged regrets. Worst of all is the retention of our passion for form. In those, who before dying, have outgrown their attachments there is no magnetic zone between this world and the next. This self-created psychic zone between the two worlds is the Hades of the ancients.

The psychic reality of hell is worse than that of this world because here we are not constantly tortured by our desires and ambitions. Even on earth there are times when what we call love is stronger than death. There are mornings when ambition itself is a noble name and we carry our greed with our own and the world's approval. Also on earth, when we are living without aspiration within the limits of our flesh and egos, we have many narcotics. Our lusts can be partly fulfilled. We sleep through the long hours of our most frenzied activities. The soul can always sleep. But there are no anodynes in the mist of consciousness which comes after death and which drifts from one world to another. The vibrations of lust in our psyche cannot be assuaged because in abandoning the flesh we have lost the instrument for so doing. The hate which consumed us was in part assuaged by its own violence. We are no longer granted the tarnished blessings of exhaustion. Hell still persists as an indefinable disharmony in the psyche. For the psyche in hell is a composition of torturing discords, a dark music which threatens to shatter the universe itself. The psyche in Hades oscillates like flotsam on an after-world ocean, rocked by the tempest of our lost desires.

Hell is waking from death to find ourselves duped. The rationalist is cheated of his dreams. Death is not the wooden inertia of suspended consciousness. He learns not only in but through agony that all energy is indestructible. Others are robbed of their summer day hope of lotus-eating and suspended tension. These two extremes are looking back on an ill-supported earth from an uncreated Heaven. Hell is essentially a reaching back instead of going forward. Nor is it even reaching. It is the process of being drawn back because hell is always negative.

So the hell which is a reality is created for us by the negative

emotions we feel in life, by hate, lack of love and all which is destructive and impedes our growth. But hell is also precipitated by the negative fact that in this world we have not prepared for Heaven. Heaven is given us in this world without price or asking. It is built here below in its visual and harmonious aspects. I saw it between the trees. The trees were weary with the weight of summer. The autumn was mild and the leaves unfallen. The branches were encrusted with lichen and eroded with time and the memory of rainfall. Between the trees the fells were empty in the shadow of Skiddaw, with the long day ended and the world gone home. The doves were a volley of sound and whiteness across the light of the sleeping valley. In dreams, in the hour between sleep and waking, I saw them expressed in sharper vibrations. The image was more real than the view. It grows sharper, clearer and its colour deepens. It is incorporated so deeply in the psyche's vibrations that after death it will be projected against the haze of the first few days. You not only see, from this world, your aspect of Heaven. You must see it as an image and a presage. You must not wish it because that is desire, which is not an evil as the puritans see it, but a kind of cloud, a mist which dims our reflection in a mirror. The Heaven of the first world is different for us all. It is moulded from the substance of our earthly loves. Our loves, in this world, are seen and felt and heard and tasted. In the nearest worlds the vibrations are fused in music. Whatever we love in earth is translated into music in the first worlds, because the vibrations between the planets are a mysterious harmony of sound and numbers. The music of the spheres is the exhalation of the higher consciousness represented by and governed by the stars. I think this music extends to the third or fourth worlds but I do not know because my ears are not attuned to it. My deafness began at the age of four when they told me to sleep on the night I awakened.

The Heavens we create are as much the vibrations of what we have loved as the hells are of what we have hated.

Hate is a reality and a materialisation. It is a work of the devil to say that there is no hell. It is the work of the devil and a product of the myopia of modern science. The two things are the same. The social workers for whom hell is non-existent and a departed concept, are agents of the devil in spite of their mild manners and the material good they do to a great number. They shower the world with caviare while the soul is empty. They are dangerous because they are innocent and their souls are sleeping. The devil prefers always the inert, who accept the teachings of

their time, to the actively vicious. The vicious may even have minds of their own. The agents of the devil are ignorant because ignorance is the worst evil. The makers of Heaven know because knowing is the first virtue. It is seeing and knowing that the making of Heaven is possible, which enables us to create it with our own hands in this world and to be unaware that we are so doing. But above all hell is not the torture chamber of the puritan and the grand inquisitors. The puritans and inquisitors remain longest in the real hell they have fabricated by their desire for power over others. Because love of power is the most intense and consuming vibration. It is the tidal wave which carries the memory in the psyche back to the world it has scarcely quitted. The psyche claws at the rocks of the world from the unrelenting ocean of its darker memories. This is the hell of the grand inquisitors.

Hell is as real as a mother's voice heard at the moment of her passing. It is as real as the presence felt behind your shoulder. Hell is as real as the reality of those who love you and know you to be sick when they are separated from you by continents.. It is as real as these things because it is of the same nature. It is a materialisation of psychic forces. If you accept the reality of telepathy and clairvoyance, and only those disbelieve who have stopped their ears or whose psyche is sluggish, then you can only accept the reality of hell.

It is because of the reality of hell that always we must pray for the dead. If we utter no other prayers then certainly those for the dead are supremely necessary. But we must not mutter like priests to ask a distant, feelingless and half-imbecile deity to divert his attention to another poor sinner lost after death and still entangled in the world. There are no sinners and no sins. There is good and evil and individuals who are the blind instruments of forces they do not comprehend. We must prepare for the dead a kind of music for their passing. As doctors loosening the grip of pain with healing fingers, we must pray so that, not the rhythm of our words but the deep harmony of our silence, releases the bonds which attach them to the earth. We must hold them with the energies of love, in their passage through the first darkness. With the memories of their instincts they turn backwards to the transitory attachments and sorrows of this world and away from the light beyond the first grey zone.

The materialisation of hell, for a single psyche unloosed by death, is a reverberation in reverse of what it felt at birth. The soul reaching back to the world of matter suffers the same torture as the soul born out of the Cosmos into the world of form. The

soul reaching back has a twofold sorrow. There is first the remembered horror of dying and second the regret for the fact of death. Those who regret most having moved away from the world's violence are those who died of it. There is a peristaltic wave of anguish which moves the psyche towards the world it has abandoned. This merges with the vibrations of the psyche entering matter, of the psyche in agony at the moment of conception. There is a crossing of vibrations which go in different directions. This is possible because the psyche is greatly emancipated from time and because, at the last limits of the psychic, where its tide flows into the zone of the spirit, what has been will be, and what one awaits has already happened. This agonised "to be or not to be" is remodelled in the woman giving birth to a child in a protracted labour. There are waves which propel the child into this world as a witness of her love and maternal feeling. There are antiperistaltic waves which move in the reverse direction, to save it the anguish of contact with matter. These waves of vibrations in contrary directions meet after death, because in the veiled consciousness between this world and the next, in this half-awakened state with the sleep of the world still weighing heavy on the eyelids of the soul, time as measured by the clock is shrunken and diminished. It is diminished but not sufficiently and this is the apotheosis of hell, that the souls of the dead feel, in the brain of the celestial body, the mercy of emptiness and nevertheless reach backwards to the world of time not with the flesh but with its memory.

In this materialised, fleshless but real and vibrational hell, all the obsessions felt in life will be realised. All our worst premonitions are fulfilled because in an immaterial world there is nothing to prevent the fleshless fulfilment of our worst fears. On this earth we experience only a shadowy fulfilment of our deepest desires and our worst apprehensions. At the zone of entry of the next world all our worst fears and the clawed shapes of our nightmares will be realised. Because our worst obsessions were born out of time. In this life they came out of the mass and ancestral unconscious. The idea that we generate ourselves by our conflicts is a comforting illusion. Even the arid philosophy of Freud is comforting compared with the psychic materialisation of hell. At least it implied that whatever we suffered on earth we passed finally into a black, wooden and unbreathing opacity. In this earth our worst fears arose in the forests we left centuries ago. Our terrors are the memories of old evils. We are only the bow-strings which transmit the messages of past sorrows and evils. We hear sometimes the chords from the end of a glade

with the sun behind it. The latter is the memory of a lost heaven and an image of the next of the worlds.

There is nothing to prevent the realisation of our worst premonitions in the beginnings of the next world because, just as the flesh in this world was an impediment to joy, it was also an insulation against our worst agonies. So, after death, moving out of time, we live the horrors we have feared because what we have feared has already happened. In the world we go to and in those nearest to it, what will be has already happened. Therefore we should pray, not in words but with our hearts and in the deeper recesses of our brains and tissues, for those in hell after death.

But for those who die quietly, who are ready to go, whose end is not precipitated, the hell is brief. There is a looking back and, once again, this is something which has already happened. There is also a mysterious reverse process. There are those in our world who die and who, as they sink to the depths, see all their lives unrolled behind them. So, in the days after death, there are those who live in an anticipated hell and see fulfilled the unrealised horrors of their worldly premonitions. In each world to which we ascend we re-live the lives we have passed in the others, but after the first world there is no more pain. As we pass to the higher worlds the reel of life is unwound with increasing rapidity. In the last of the worlds there is no vortex of memory but a tiny point, like the ultimate centre of the smallest wheel, and this is the memory of life on earth as seen from an infinitely extended circle. The outline of the circle is the last line traced before the formless and timeless sea. But this is not visible or comprehensible because, when we look at the darkness or this single point, we are already level with the gods.

We must pray and lead those in the first days following death as a doctor silently, unknown to himself, praying with his heart but not knowing he is praying, takes the sick through the crises of pain. This is a weariness and the watcher can be spent while the patient gathers strength. And just as it is the lot of some doctors, even in this world, to take the pain of their patients, so we must sometimes turn and twist at night and take in our dreams the agony of others as they pass through hell. Our worst nightmares are not generated in ourselves. In our darkest dreams we are caught in the coils of hell because in these hours we are living the agonies of the dead in their hours of remembrance of the world they have quitted. Just as in sleep we ascend into heaven so also we descend to hell; and there are nights when we fear to sleep because we have lost the courage to take the pains of

the dead. Because in this world and the next of the worlds we are one another and cannot escape the pains of others. Our nightmares are the realities of the hell of other people. This is indeed our prayer for them. When we are contorted in our nightmares it is a kind of dervish atonement for the agonies of others.

I tell you this is true. There is a mass unconscious which governs our lives. This is when, in this world, the individual psyche, freed by sleep, is drawn towards the adherent psyches of vibrations from which it was detached when it entered matter. After death the psyche is drawn along the path traced by the individualised spirit to the primordial light. It is exposed also to the magnetism of the agglomeration of vibrations which endows us with the mass unconscious. The psyche is drawn back to the earth, not only by the compulsion of lost loves and unrealised desires, but by the magnetism of the mass of adhering psyches which initiates and determines the functions of the herd. Our psyche, freed of sleep, is drawn towards the adherent psyches of the mass unconscious. In our impact with it we are still tethered in time, and because of this we writhe with the departed soul which is turning again to the world and to the spurious conflicts of the mass unconscious. Our nightmares are the struggles of our psyche with the tribal compulsions of the mass unconscious. This is the battle of the psyche of the dead. For them it is the more intense because of the compulsion of this world of memory. We must therefore pray for the dead.

Hell is being lost. It is seeing the earth from above, its beauty, its vanity and its capacity to perish. Hell is being drawn to the psychic mass which hovers constantly above the world and sends down its vibrations as the mass unconscious. Hell is to see the world, and the psychic mass draped like a veil around a harlot's body, and to feel that we are separated by only a thin cloud from the light above us. But the light is still fearful even in the farther zone of the second world because the psyche is searching always for a higher self. What it looks at seems infinitely far and the psyche feels its own emptiness. There is no higher self. There is only the self we reach in God and one mind, and this is always with us even from the instant of the psyche entering matter.

In these first days after death the vortex of memory is a great compulsion and the wish to return is anguish. This is above all true for those who died unexpectedly and by violence, because they have missed the easy education of disintegrating bodies and impaired faculties. With senility we acquire a veiled wisdom.

We escape from the flesh in our disorientation in time and place. Senility is one of the forms of wisdom. We lose sense of time and place because we know that our ultimate destiny is beyond it. But for those who died young and of violence, except for those who did not need to live and who descended among us by choice and from compassion, there is always a bitter morning in hell. We must therefore always pray for the dead. In these prayers no form of words and no pattern of thoughts is necessary. It is enough to know that the dead are living and that in the first days, measurable in terms of the world, their sufferings can be immeasurable.

What are we Doing ?

PHILIPPA TORRENS

SOME time ago readers of *Light* were invited by the Editor to submit their answers to the question "What are we?" Being unable to get at the meaning of meaning this reader did not venture into the arena. Now, informally, and with no claim to be presenting a final answer to any question, I would like to share my reflections on a contingent theme: which will to some exent imply the other.

Accepting the premise that I am, I find myself wondering what I am *doing*.

Strangers in the valley

Questions of life involve questions of death; metaphysical speculation is at one end of a scale and the anguished quest for hope in bereavement at another. Many seekers after truth have begun at the lower point, and I was one of them. But everyone has heard that death is no respecter of persons. We may notice that he is no respecter of occasions either, not the most dignified, the most poignant, the most urgent or the most ridiculous. Clearly, whatever controls the order of things sets no store by treasure on earth. Suddenly, or not so suddenly, the golden bowl is broken and incredulously we reject the hint: this vessel was not end but means. This is how, after much respectful consideration of that hint, I answer the question "do we survive?"

Of course we survive, whether we like it or not. Let us drop that querulous question and get started. There is nothing but life, in ever-changing play. I think the nucleus which we call our

SELF is likely to persist a long time, or even for all time—if the word be relevant—but on that I will not be dogmatic; and with that caveat, I am ready to be less undecided on some subordinate issues.

What then is death? All is relative in our experience and if you do not know that *we* are the dead—relatively speaking—you do not know anything and the sacred and occult scriptures of the world are closed books to you. This is what the twenty-third psalm is about. We are in that valley now, we set foot in the *shadow* of death when we entered new-born, and we don't belong here. The grotesque aspect of the adventure has been well illustrated in the surrealist image of a chest of drawers afloat in polar seas; but I think we are neither so completely cut off as that nor so accidentally situated. We are, however, strangers in the valley—what are we doing here?

The primary polarity

Newton told us why the apple falls from the tree but he did not explain how it gets up there, root pressure and osmosis are supposed to take care of that. But there is a school of thought which retains an older picture, one that I find satisfying. Let us look at gravity as the all-contracting force and see another, expansive and complementary, in interaction with it; by which interaction alone are the forms (vessels) of life raised from the dust for transient existence; and let us call this opposing force levity. Levity thus defined became *persona non grata* some three centuries ago, but there is always hope that it may make a comeback. Meantime, I for one think that the phenomenal world probably represents the present and by no means fixed and absolute equilibrium of these two primary forces, differentiations by polarity of one Divine force. Gravity is the basic element in our experience here, the tyrannical Prince of this World against whose influence the frequency of our atomic vibrations is scarcely to be sustained at all, under whose iron rule we exhibit "selfishness" or the acquisitive, contractive characteristics of the self which is identified with the dense physical body. Gravity, the consolidation of all things, if given full play would be death. As it is, so heavily oppressed are we that we little dream of levity and its operations, which, however, may be equated with those of "grace" by which we live. (And life, by the way, is one thing and existence or stance outside is another; and the valley where we have our existence has also been called the world of opposites.)

While on this subject of levity let us not overlook the phenomenon of levitation, demonstrated involuntarily by some of the saints and mystics in prayer. Have they raised their

vibrational frequency to the point where the normal stability of the two forces is disturbed?

Signals

In esotericism these forms which we inhabit, but which to many of us do not seem to be really us, have been called vehicles, tenements (of clay), coats (of skin), vessels, there was even specifically a pitcher. I suggest that while all these analogies are true, one nearer to the popular understanding of our own age will be that they are electronic or supra-electronic devices. Here I will extend the metaphor of the valley a little. I know as much and as little about electronics as the next housewife, but I do follow the adventures of the astronauts and I can't help wondering—are we on some sort of moon-mission? Because, for as long as we are to be identified with our present function, I think we are something analogous to passive target-reflectors. I think we flash our reports back to base quite automatically, knowing nothing about it—nothing, that is, in the rational concrete mind by means of which our overt mundane business is carried on. I think we transmit our signals in a code we can't read. The transmission apparatus is built-in.

To anyone able to observe the signals going out, in visible form, they are presented as an aura which may be seen to contain "thought-forms," and these figures, as described by the seers, are not strictly pictorial but symbolic. The constancy of relation between the figures and the thoughts and/or emotions which initiated them, together with the changing hues of the aura in a like regular correspondence, gave data for systematic study and eventually formulation by C. W. Leadbeater. His findings have not been challenged by other seers so far as I know.

This hidden activity varies very much in quality and extent as between individuals. If the aura be an index of our efficiency, and efficiency the touchstone, all men are not equal after all, unless potentially so: but in this potential equality I do believe, invoking reincarnation to support the argument. Are we, oscillating between this state and a higher, developing a luminosity—and a lucidity too—which will make of us (or give us!) more serviceable instruments? I think so. Our performance is poor at present, or we could hardly be in our present predicament, I mean the predicament of humanity in general riding a wounded tiger through the inhospitable heavens. Two factors encourage me to cherish the hope that performance will improve, two factors indicating potential: the rare but recognised occurrence of cosmic consciousness, and the fact that nine-tenths of the human cerebrum is almost universally dormant.

The beams

"And we are set on earth a little space," said the poet-seer, "that we may learn to bear the beams of love."

Interesting things those radiant beams. He could see for himself that we don't generate them, too.

"So-and-so is here," said my mother suddenly to me one day. "I can see him quite clearly. There's a sort of shining rope, or ray of light, going from him to another person—I can't see who. Oh! It is Granny. The ray is going from *her* to *him.*"

I did not know what to make of that, nor did the unsophisticated medium.

In due course: "Your mother is here," said another sensitive. "There is someone with her, a young man in the brown uniform of a soldier killed in the first war. They are joined by a great arc of light."

Arc of light? How odd.

But light did at last struggle through to me, and I saw. Of course! Of course! The more experienced, the one who had been "over" longer, and who therefore drew more deeply on the source of all, was in each case helping the novice to manifest; projecting a beam of power, of life-more-abundant, of 'love" upon the other. And there was another sensitive who said: "Your Guides tell me you try to send thoughts of love and healing to people. They can use these thoughts. Keep on with it, you will get better at it."

Did I try any such thing? Well, yes, now I came to think of it, I did. It had started with heartfelt "happy landings" to the Spitfires, or do I mean the pilots?, and somehow a habit had been formed, quite a blind one. I had not known, rationally, that we really effect anything by that means. Now I was learning, and getting a glimmering of the Hierarchy too. Behind our personal encounters at "sittings" is an immense organisation with far ulterior ends in view. We with our small purposes are necessary, and maybe we have chosen to serve those same ends in our limited state of understanding. That would be before we set foot in the shadow.

P. E. Cornillier, who made his investigations with the assistance of a medium and her Guide, reported the progressive variation to be found in the character of images (thought-forms, signals) created by the astral Hierarchy and passed down from plane to plane. The scale descended from signs indefinable in words, through abstract, symbolic and geometrical forms, to representations of the concrete which we know and from which representations the forms on our level are derived (in interaction

with the gravity constituent). Right up there, it seems, the state of affairs is inconceivable to us. But so it is down here, did we but appreciate the spectral hieroglyphics for which we are responsible by way of feed-back.

The aura, that unseen register of the human mind and heart, is begining to make sense in terms of fields of force, wave-forms, and I know not what other protégés of science, while research into telepathy has become the province of at least one eminently pragmatic world power. I think that our signals do go out loud and clear for those who can pick them up; and I recall that when the Prodigal Son turned for home at last, his father saw him *when he was yet a great way off.*

The objective

In this bearing of the beams it is all too easy to see we are beginners. I am interested in the system of control whereby our education in the business is carried on, but also in the object of the exercise. This feeble mismanagement of the creative force by which we are to be distinguished, these tell-tale signals which we don't even know we are sending—registered, no doubt, filed, interpreted and used for what they are worth—what *are* they worth, potentially speaking? Why improve the instruments and with them the thought-forms? Could we be learning to handle power in such a way as will make us at last "gods," creators of dynamic form? Is that why we must learn to bear the beams? Jesus said very nearly as much. Was He also saying that we are passive reflectors until we organise our spiritual faculties to become active reflectors?

The Hierarchy seems to be more competently active than we. And we shall go each to our own place in it, when we move on, as infallibly as do the deposits on a lake bed: if that gravitational simile may be permitted in the context.

Moreover, in overcoming the opposition we meet in these gravity-bound conditions, as overcome we must if we are to realise potential, do we change those very conditions for the better? Do we alter the play of the primary forces, quicken the tardy vibrations? I think we do at last, in some way not productive of the anomaly of levitation. I suspect the coming of the Kingdom is to be equated with a new equilibrium, laboriously striven for and suddenly consummated.

A digression on dreaming

My notions are, of course, not original. When I began thinking of the acknowledgements which are due to those who have assisted me, from a standpoint very much in the shadow, through germinative ideas to my present tentative conclusions:

first to the one who went before, then to all the authors ancient and modern, the poets and mystics, the sensitives including my mother, the—well, I saw I would have to draw an arbitrary line or acknowledge my indebtedness to everyone who ever figuratively speaking crossed my path. And this I now gladly do, not excepting four-footed persons from the array of my benefactors. Which brings me to a relevant train of thought.

Those other units of the universal energy, let us call it what it is, the Divine energy, are registering impressions of their experience and exhibiting reactions, or in other words processing data, just as we do, in their own way. Who is to say their signals are not received where they are awaited? Their function may be less complex than ours, in essence and possibly in potential they are what we are.

When my cat, profoundly slumbering as he is wont to do, begins to twitch and groan, when all the visual evidence is present to show that REMs and all those other newly-noticed indices of nervous excitation are taking place, do I still "wonder if he is dreaming"? I do not: of course he is dreaming, and why? The dream, as Freud said, is the guardian of sleep—but not primarily for the reasons he stated. The dream preserves the state of sleep by inducing in the lower organism the illusion that it is awake; and among other good reasons this illusion is necessary to the continuing discharge of the cosmic force by which the organism is being fed meantime. (As to the mechanism by which this nutriment is obtained or life-force discharged, see the better authors on astral projection: and as to the source of dream-material, bear in mind the facts that the etheric double or vehicle of vitality is the seat of mortal memory, and that it does not separate in sleep, and draw deductions accordingly.) The force cannot be discharged unless the parts of the composite body are in separation (*vide* aforesaid authors); and with no dream the stimulus would wake the sleeper (shock the parts into coincidence) and so defeat the object. Instead, the stimulus does its job and provides the sure means to success at the same time—provides a dream.

You may psycho-analyse your dreams as much as you like and find much real and added value in them, but you do not thereby negate their primary function, which is to keep your terrestrial instrument receptive to the life-force. The higher the degree of potential realised the higher the significance which can be found in this basic, but always basic, activity of dreaming. After all, life in all its manifestations resembles its imitator the best literature in containing level upon level of meaning, from

that available to the "groundling capable of mere inexplicable dumb show and noise" to that for the metaphysician. Complex organism, complex dreaming. I think it likely that all sentient beings dream in their fashion, even the ant, even the plant, and by virtue of the same fundamental necessity. (By the way, what are trees really doing? Apart, that is, from their functions as discerned by the exponents of plant physiology, climatology and soil science.)

Other reflectors: and transcendent targets

However, that digression by which I sought only to place on record my conviction that cats dream, brings me at last to my point, that animals are target-reflectors as we are. Like us they are directly powered in sleep and provided with the perfect device to ensure receptivity, like us they are unwittingly feeding data into the biggest computer that ever was. In the light of St. John's great affirmation let us take heed how we influence the outgoing signals of these different, but complementary, instruments of the One Who alone is really making sense of it all!

Blake said some things about that too.

I should add that I believe the communion of saints, taught but not explained by the Church, is sustained during our waking existence by those beams of love which we are learning to bear in our transitory experience of sorrow. Go on loving the so-called dead, and never mind if you are not a Christian, two-way transmission through the veil is important anyway. Perhaps they even elected to go before, and you to stay, to establish the two stations necessary to this vital exchange.

In conclusion I would like to quote some verses which have a bearing on the matter under review.

THE WIND, THE NIGHT, AND THE TREE

The wind took the tree, white cones riding
High green billows of lifting boughs.
The wind bore the towers, the flowery pinnacles,
On aerial surges seeking the sky.
Opal the west, pale veils of evening
Spread for a canopy arching above;
In the empyrean suddenly shining,
Lo! the bright planet, watching afar.
Darkling the gardens grow, spangled the heavens,
Still the tree tossing dream-blossoms on high
Gravely in glory with intricate motion
Treading a measure old as the world.
Beautiful being! Blessings be on thee,
Child of the earth beloved of the stars.

The measure old as the world is that play of the primary polarity with all its secondary manifestations, some of which constitute the material of our scientific disciplines. And the stars . . . but no. It is too soon to tell you all that I think I am beginning to believe about the stars.

Interpersonal Communication

A PERSONAL RECORD

A. GRAHAM IKIN

I FIRST became aware of those who had passed through death in 1918. My brother Alfred had been killed while flying in the R.F.C. One night I felt his presence, and he showed me a picture of himself standing by mother trying to tell her he was all right. But he could not make her realise he was there. So he came to ask me to let her know he had been to her. At the time I was many miles away. When I told her of this she said it had been the time she had felt his death most keenly, and she was greatly comforted.

Later I discovered this capacity was not confined to awareness of relatives. On one occasion I had been brought into touch with a woman dying of cancer, and though I did not know her well I promised to keep in touch with her until she died. As she drew near to the end of this life I became aware of this—though again miles away—and of those waiting on the other side to welcome her, including her mother whom I did not know. I knew the time of her death without being told of it through earthly channels and kept in touch with her while she was awakening to the life beyond and was in the charge of those ready to care for her in it.

There have been many other occasions since then when I have been privileged to be sufficiently in tune with those making the transition to the life that is still recognisably one with that known on earth. So that over the years the capacity to bridge the planes has been maintained.

This level of active awareness and participation has developed spontaneously and is not the result of any training in mediumship, which in the light of later mystical experience is significant. In all paranormal experience the initiative came without being sought. On one occasion I was helping someone badly crippled with arthritis up three steps from the cloakroom. Suddenly a voice said, "Use your left hand" and the air was filled with a vibratory power. I felt intuitively that the being who had spoken to me was not human and realised this must be what

was meant by an angel—or messenger of God. It was more than human and yet was not God. The vibratory power then loosened some of the pronounced arthritic contractions in my friend.

Many years later I was brought into touch with this same being very dramatically,* and I asked him to "think his name into me," or at least a name I could use. He then gave the name of *"Norman,"* No-man. And I smilingly accepted this, realising it was not his real name as that would be beyond my comprehension. Moreover, this did confirm that he was not human.

Some years later this contact was renewed again and he confirmed that he was the same being who had first made himself known to me in 1926. This was in 1969.

One day I became aware of a "presence." I knew this was not an angel, but was human—though human with a wisdom beyond our present earthly level. I did not know who it was or why the presence had manifested. Shortly afterwards I was brought into touch with a man and wife who were interested in psychical research. When they came to see me, this "presence" again made itself felt. So I knew this contact must be significant. Later I learnt the couple had been members of a particular communicating circle, and I wrote to it to ask if the one around whom it centred was the presence that had made himself known to me. And found this was so.

That was one step in a complicated story of increasing inter-plane activity. Apparently independently of this I was brought into touch with two gifted people who had for some years been working on their own. One, Juliet, had a friend Marianne, whose fiancé was killed in the last war. He had been able to keep in touch with her since then, and can work at bridge building through Juliet, who is a sensitive. He seems to be the equivalent on the other side of a skilled interpreter, especially of telepathic communications, and will be referred to henceforth as *The Interpreter.*

As communication developed the presence previously referred to became known as *The Teacher.* Some of those with whom Juliet and Marianne had been in touch wished me to co-operate with them in building a true bridge of communication between their world and ours. It was suggested that I should write a book on this. Norman said, "The reason you were chosen to write the book was because you have the capacity for understanding and synthesising the work of many people who have sensed some aspect of universal consciousness. You have both the spiritual and mental training to relate the parts correctly to the whole, and you have the dedication to bridge building for

redemptive love." This was 31st of January, 1969. The book is not yet written as material continues to come to hand, but the selection here may provide an outline on which to build further. "They" said that I would realise when I started to write that these bridges of communication are on a quite different wave length from any kind of Spiritualism, even the highest.

In addition to *Norman, The Interpreter* and *The Teacher,* another very highly developed soul, who has been an assessor priest, can be consulted, can adjudicate and communicate occasionally. He will be referred to as *The Assessor.* There are others, of course, who contribute from time to time, but for the purposes of this group each must be working for the same end and able to tune in on this selective line. No trance is used. Juliet is able to get the messages direct by dictation as they find she is a clear channel. It will be seen later that many of these communications are connected with my work and in answer to questions sent in by me. While I myself can now register the presence of any of the team known to me directly with no break in ordinary consciousness.

For example, one evening I felt the presence of one who acts as a guardian angel to a relative of mine and realised she was in need. Not long afterwards I had a telephone message from her father (still, of course, living on earth) to say she was indeed in need of help, asking me to pray for her. Later I asked Juliet if I had missed some message from the guardian angel, and was told no, he had just come to alert me to the one in need, as they could reach her much better through me than directly just then.

One day I asked through Juliet if the one who seemed to me to be identical with the Norman first sensed in 1926 really was the same being. On 31st January, 1969, he wrote through Juliet: "You are correct in your recognition of me—and I belong to a non-human order."

I then asked for information as to how he, Norman, had conveyed his meaning to me using words which registered directly in English when he was not of our race, when first making me aware of him in 1926. On 8th February, 1969, the answer came from The Teacher via Juliet: "No-man cannot communicate in words with the exception of a sentence or two. The Interpreter clothes his thoughts with words. Nor can he read the printed page. So this has to be translated into the language of his spiritual understanding. When he spoke to you those many years ago what happened was, so far as it is possible to describe it, that through the interaction of your spirit with his it was made possible through your concern for your friend's trouble to level

down his directives into their earthly equivalent. The vibratory power became a voice."

This threw more light on the methods of communication involved within this group, which has no outer organisation.

It was then suggested that I might perhaps write an article including some of the messages of general interest that had previously been given. This seems to indicate a deep concern from "them" for our troubled world and gives some hope for a linking up with other groups, inspired, though not controlled, by some of "them." Each group seems to have a different function. One of special interest has just had *Gildas Communicates* written by Mary Swainson and Ruth White, published by Neville Spearman.

A request was made for a description of the Communicators which could be passed on, and the Assessor replied: "We are your elder brothers who were in ages past even as you are. Some of us walked your earth not so long ago, others were born and evolved in earlier life waves of the earth or other planets. All these were created individual divine sparks with free will for evolution or involution, as also were the archangels and angels. I will not give you a teaching about the countless entities with their differing functions who live beyond the bounds of time and space. I am only able to lift a corner of the veil and transmit in earthly tongue that which is necessary to answer your question: 'Who are They?'

"We are evolving souls, living our lives with ever increasing individual consciousness and capacity for experiencing love in the light of truth. But there are also in the cosmos, as you are aware, numerous powers who have group rather than individual consciousness, though they can take on individual clothing for a season for the purpose of manifestation. Belief in these powers in the true sense of recognising them as spiritual beings cannot be linked with the science of psychology, there is no bridge between the two. It may sound as though the archetypes could be equated with the powers as both appear to be abstractions, but the one is a divine creation, the other a human concept.

"As doubtless you are aware there are materialists who seek with much fervour to disprove the existence of any life beyond the physical, and this, of course, involves finding an alternative explanation for the communications which purport to come from non-material planes. For this explanation they look to depth psychology and they have dug a tunnel which has its end in man's own mind. I do not believe it is possible to give scientific proofs, or even right to try. Spiritual truth should be accepted through

inner awareness when the soul is ready. This truth can only be discerned by the spiritual part of man, which is eternal, not by his scientific brain, which is but temporal.

"I do not know whether these remarks will help you to write your article about us. I am sorry the one you sent for our assessment cannot build the bridge which you intended: but would it be possible to build another much needed bridge by using the psychological part which gives a very clear and true picture of the distorted attitudes of mind which make barriers between men and women, and bedevil their relationships. What you say may be new knowledge to many who seek solutions to their problems and a signpost to further enlightenment."

This suggestion was adopted and an article written on "What Are Archetypes?" published in *The Science of Thought Review* in November, 1971, before "Who Are They?" was completed for December. This included the above message which is reproduced here by kind permission of the Editor.

To go back somewhat, a message from Norman through the Interpreter on 24th January, 1969, may now be given.

"For Graham: Your writings have within them the needed ideas, but in their present form would be unlikely to convey the true contents to any who have no knowledge of Christian terminology. It is necessary to use a more universal language in order to be understood by new age seekers after truth, and shun words whose true meaning has been altered by general usage. Christianity has a kind of code language worked out by the founders of the Church.

"What does the word 'angel' convey? Every word has a corresponding vibration and when there is no resonance the word, even though it be literally correct, does not convey truth. The communion you speak of with other planes of being should not be called 'angel communion.' In some instances you mean powers, do you not? In others discarnate humans, in others messengers. Perhaps you entertain angels unawares, but not in the context in which you write.

"You will no doubt develop further the theme of the inner light which you mention in connection with the Quakers. This is a good and important point."

A further note on methods of communication came from The Assessor on 28th February, 1969.

"I think I did not express clearly what I meant about subjective registering. The inability to reply verbally applies only to the questions you do not ask verbally, but register direct to us. One method is on the communion level, or wave length, the other

on the communication. There are, of course, interaction points but we do not know where these are until we happen to tap them, but *that is part of the adventure we are in together* (italics mine). If we try to interact at the wrong points the message is likely to become confused.

"It is profoundly true that as you say there is much to be done through getting clearer how to bridge and blend the subjective and objective planes. In ancient Egypt there was not such a chasm between them, and we are now reaching a point on the spiral which equates to that time.

"As you realise, this is for many a crisis point, for there is a stirring in the unconscious, a resurrection of uncleansed evil in those who have what is called ripe karma and in pride are not yet wholeheartedly repentant. You will recognise this condition in several souls who have been drawn into your life in this incarnation. At this time are the resurrection and the day of judgment of the unconscious minds, the wheat and tares of Egypt, the midnight hour wherein the ages meet and all souls must unmask."

The question of the nature of redemptive suffering had been raised and on March 14th, 1969, The Assessor wrote:

"The question of redemption is a vast one with many aspects, and yet it can be a quite simple one through the conscious alignment with the powers of love and truth. Be attuned to the note of cosmic truth in all contacts and that which is distorted cannot fuse therewith, so that the soul by holding to the truth can through this vibrational integrity act redemptively for another if this other will co-operate.

"As I have said before, since Jesus of Nazareth as the earthly vehicle for the Cosmic Christ left within the earth's atmosphere redemptive forces, no longer was it the task of the priesthood to redeem through the powers they had used in former ages. Those ages in which the will was used in spiritual work have given place to the age of wisdom sounding its note which resonates to the truth which redeems."

Later, on 16th May, 1969, another message from the Assessor takes up the thread of this.

"I would speak to you of your method of earthing spiritual power, for at this point of life this should no longer be done according to the way of physical mediumship. In times past this way was right, and you had skill in earthing power, as you still have, but you must no longer do this physically. The power of the Cosmic Christ now penetrates the earth, and the way to earth spiritual power for human need is to unite it with Christ.

"In the new age the emphasis of all spiritual work is on uniting. Not bringing down or raising up, but discovering and accepting what is already there, the buried treasure."

A further note on 18th August, 1971, shows the importance of seeking to bridge this gulf.

"Redemption is a cosmic force which is brought into manifestation by each soul who prays in faith for themselves, for others, for the whole world. In the new age redemptive love will be manifested through groups such as ours and in your case it is used through your group contacts on both planes. Answers to these profound questions cannot be given in earthly terms, only revealed in the depth of the spirit."

I had, has as been mentioned, adopted "their" suggestion of using the psychological part of the first draft of "Who Are 'They'?" as a separate article on Archetypes. The Assessor followed up the above message with "I thank you for sending the further part of your article on Archetypes. It has the right resonance and should be enlightening to those who read it. May your work be blessed on earth as in the spiritual realm."

Reader's True Story

A PROPHECY FULFILLED IRIS JOY

It happened in 1944. My husband had just lost his little trap mare and he was looking for another. I warned him to be careful in his selection as I had had a dream wherein a mare named Molly had bolted with us, and I was hurt and lying prostrate in the old gravel lane leading to the market town of Ringwood.

My husband didn't take much notice of this and bought a killer mare named Molly. She had a very bad reputation, having killed her previous owner.

When I saw Molly I said: "That's not the dream mare, although she's a killer. The dream mare is a big chestnut mare." *This* Molly was black.

My husband used little black Molly for some time and was quite happy with her until one day she broke down and we discovered she had a cancer of the hip-bone. She was then put to sleep.

Some weeks later a local farmer offered my husband his son's chestnut mare. His son was killed in Egypt during the war, but he had said *no one* else would ever use his mare, and if anything happened to him, if he were killed in the war, he would prevent any other person from having his chestnut. He had thought so much of her and she was his alone.

The father thought it wouldn't matter just to *borrow* the mare until my husband found another, and when I saw this gentleman I thanked him very much and asked what her name was, as this would help in handling her.

He replied in his Dorset accent: "Her name be Molly." This then was the dream mare!

My husband took no notice. He put her into the trap and I was asked to go with him to the market town. He wanted my help; I didn't like it at all!

When we got to the spot of my dream, Molly slipped the bit and away she bolted full speed towards Ringwood. She was out of control and was just coming into the gravel lane and making her way towards the busy shopping centre.

My husband acted very quickly and pulled the shaft into the vicarage wall. Molly broke right out of harness, upturned the cart and left me stunned in the lane with the cart part way over me. My husband received minor cuts but I was badly shaken and bruised, and Molly was galloping away right through the town scuttling people everywhere! My husband caught her eventually and tried to lead her all the way back home but once again in harness. When she got to our old Chapel wall she turned right round with the cart and tried to pin my husband with the shaft up against the bricks. She was aiming to kill, but he was rescued.

The mare was returned right away to the farmer, who decided Michael, his son, really meant what he said. Molly was turned out to grass and never again did she leave her own native fields. This was indeed a prophecy fulfilled! Michael had had his way. He still claimed all rights to his mare!

BOOKS.

Dream Power by Ann Faraday (Hodder and Stoughton, £2.50.)

The Aquarian Age is gathering pace. This means in simple terms that within the inevitable violence there is a fresh seeking after reality. One notices more and more the spontaneous grouping together of small pockets of people attracted by a common wavelength.

Dream Power is part of these phenomena. It has all the Aquarian signs. Dr. Faraday is a trained physician who has made a study of dreams, beginning with her own. She has thrown aside the dogma, realising that dogma is only useful when it fits the individual case: the dogma is made for man. Dreams are most personal things, perhaps the most personal we have. They come from our fiction department, from our novelist self: which

often happens to be truer than straight documentary. It tells us in pictorial language the state of our inner life, hinting at what we must do to achieve an inner wholeness.

After mastering her own dream-patterns Dr. Faraday began to hold seminars. It is not the kind of exercise which the vain could endure for a moment. Only those who are basically humble, who know they have wandered off the track and hope to get back on to it, can stomach the piercing truths which come curling up from our basement.

Dr. Faraday had a lot of publicity when her book first came out. She deserved every moment of it. She has written a brilliant and helpful book for those who are ready to profit from it.

The Childhood of Jesus by Geraldine Cummins (Psychic Press, £1.50.)

I am never quite sure how to take the scriptural revelations of Geraldine Cummins. Innocent fiction? Fact dictated from Beyond? They are, of course, always interesting, with a mass of convincing detail which seems to satisfy some clerics. But are they more than the work of the intelligent novelist that all of us have in the basement? I ask because the only one of her automatic writings of which I have personal knowledge—the purported reminiscences of Col. Fawcett—was nonsense from start to finish. It is only fair to say that Miss Cummins herself distrusted it. She was not interested in the Fawcett saga; it rather disgusted her. She only did her writing to please her friend Miss Gibbs, who was passionately and inaccurately enthralled. Also, it would appear from the narrative, in Rider Haggard's *She*.

I would say without any doubt that Miss Cummins tapped Miss Gibbs' mind, as she once did that of Yeats, and reproduced almost word for word the less than sensible newspaper speculations of the time. Is it possible that, quite unknowingly, she also tapped the mind of a stranger passionately interested in the life and times of Christ?

I Ching edited by Raymond Van Over (New English Library).

I Ching is an ancient and venerable Chinese oracle. It is quite easy to play: one asks a question, tosses coins or yarrow sticks which, by the way they fall indicate the proper section from which to get a reply. Many of my friends whose judgment I trust swear by it. It seems to connect with something in the basement and thus make sense. It is one of those books with which one has to experiment. I found it, as a novice, fascinating.

Carry On Talking by Peter Bander (Colin Smythe, £2.50).

This is the behind-the-scenes story of Dr. Raudive and

Breakthrough, which readers of *Light* have been following with such passionate interest for some years now. It is valuable to have it all in one volume, but I found Mr. Bander's partisan enthusiasm a little excessive at times. He may well be right in believing that here is something entirely new: time will tell. But he really must not impute unworthy motives to those who are a little more cautious.

Breakthrough is one of the most interesting experiments of the century; but it has not yet reached the point where it would be intellectually disgraceful to doubt it. I would now like a book from Mr. Bander called *Carry on Experimenting,* especially with regard to his Great Dane, Rufus, who hears things before human beings. For instance, is the switching on of the tape-recorder a signal for a rush of communicators: or are they muttering to themselves all the time? What is it that Rufus hears?

JULIAN DUGUID.

Letters

Dear Mr. Duguid,

I write in response to your invitation to give an account of some "moment of truth." The two instances that follow both occurred in 1939 or 1940; their impact has not grown less with time.

I was then living in a remote Cumberland dale with my two children: my days occupied with physical tasks, my evenings with such writing as I could. On one such evening I was sitting at my writing-table, looking absently at a hyacinth growing in a glass. As I looked I saw the flower transfigured. It was made—I now saw—of a substance of immaculate purity, slowly flowing and circulating; living, liquid light. I watched this miracle for some time before the flower resumed its habitual aspect; whose familiar beauty was like a closed surface into whose depths I could no longer see. I knew that I had perceived more of the reality of the flower than at other times. It was said to me recently that I was seeing what Gerard Manley Hopkins saw. With due respect to that great nature-poet, I find nothing in his exquisite descriptions of natural appearances to suggest that this was so; for what I then saw was not what we normally see but in a more intense degree; the change of perception was *in kind.* While the experience lasted I was also aware of being one with the flower; the normal sense of distinctness from it, as an object, was beautifully suspended.

The second experience was of a different kind. I was lying in bed longing to cross the distance that divided me from the

person I then imagined myself to be in love with (I mention this to show that there was nothing moral about my aspiration). Suddenly I found myself sitting up; my physical body remained flat on the bed, while "I," with a sense of freedom, freshness, youth, joy, sat upright with outstretched arms. This lasted only for a short time; I was drawn back into my physical body as into an old sack. I seem to remember—but I am not sure of this—that my surprise at finding myself out of my body caused my inability to remain so. I began to observe instead of to experience.

In neither of these experiences was I merely seeing or feeling more intensely than usual in the normal mode; that is why I mentioned above Gerard Manley Hopkins, who did (to judge from his poems and journals) precisely that. In each case there was a shift of consciousness, in each case the difference was not in degree but in kind. In each case I was aware of perceiving (not of imagining)more of reality than normally. How did I know this? As with normal perception, because "seeing is believing."

KATHLEEN RAINE.

Dear Mr. Duguid,

The letter addressed to you last year by a number of signatories who were eager for scientific research into mediumship aroused my interest. Here are some thoughts.

That there is a decline in the quality of mediumship is sadly apparent. But there is also a decline in the quality of life of the sitters! Mediumship, as I feel you will agree, is very subjective, and both medium and sitter react upon each other as persons. Because of the parlous state of the world one feels that many people go in fear of the future, and their real object in seeking a sittting (though they may be unconscious of it) is the allaying or confirmation of those fears—hardly a good basis for a sitting. The medium senses that their quest is not for spiritual development, and his or her psychic faculty (exquisitely fragile and variable as it is) is overwhelmed by the emanations from the sitter. The result is "fortune-telling" or comforting messages of no more than momentary effect from friends and relatives.

It is my hope and belief that there is going to be a fusion, a synthesis, between psychics ("the things of the spirit") and science, and that to this end we must all, including the mediums, reorientate ourselves towards far wider conceptions of life—towards the immensity of the unfolding universe and a new consciousness.

In ordinary daily life it is having things to look forward to that carries one on: just so in regard to the unseen world about

us. It is not enough to know that after the transition which men term death we continue to live in finer form and at a higher frequency of vibration. Mankind needs glimpses of immortality to enable him to evolve: without them he is faced by a vagueness, a nothingness, very much akin to the lack of belief of those whose certainty it is that life ends at death and there is nothing more. Those mediums who are able to make such revelations are worth their weight in gold, but do their sitters help them forward and upward or are they content with lesser things? In a world which is rapidly becoming more intelligent, the quality of mediumship must improve too. New energies are working within mankind; a tremendous cleansing process is taking place all over the world; the tempo of the whole of life is being quickened; new thoughts and hopes are being brought to bear upon old problems. Should not the mediums of to-day try to be more impersonal—to rise above the emotional plane to the level of the intellect and the soul? Like the rest of us, they too need to set their sights on higher forms of beings. Can they not try to do this, and in so doing raise the consciousness levels of their sitters? Can we not together seek and find again, and cherish exceedingly, "the iridescent, beautiful, sterling spirit that illuminates and reveals life in all its truth and simplicity"? Surely, this should be our aim.

The time is coming, I rather think, when we shall all be able to sense the actuality for ourselves to greater or lesser degree, and shall not need the "go-between" of the medium. It may be that the mediums of to-day are at the halfway point, so to speak, between human beings as we know them now and those of the future who will have, and use, that sixth sense (the psychic sense) which mankind had at the time of the Fall and until Biblical times.

I rather think the scientists are going to "rediscover" the soul; and thereby the long, slow decline of man since the Fall will be halted. The ancients knew man to be a triune being—body, mind and soul—but successive civilisations have concentrated more and more upon the intellect at the expense of the soul, so that too often we think of him as merely a body and a mind (the latter swayed by emotions). Mankind has become unbalanced, and just as beauty languishes and dies when none care whether it survives or not, so can the soul die when mankind is scarcely aware of possessing one. Can we not find a way of emphasising the soul, so that from being the "fluttering emblem of futility" as Dr. Theodore Stephanides sadly describes it, it is seen to be the core of his being, and mind and body the attributes thereof?

If scientists are to be invited to participate in research, evidence must be provided. What form should it take? Does

it not lie in states of consciousness, and is not a new consciousness being born? The childhood of mankind is at an end and we are moving into a new phase of evolution. Perhaps there will be a sudden realisation on the part of the scientists that there is indeed far more in this world about us than most men dream of, and their own new consciousness will lead them into psychics ("the things of the spirit"), and an inspired understanding thereof. But psychics is not an end in itself—it is the language of the soul, it makes the intangible tangible, it points the way. We must follow that untrodden path to adventures of the mind and spirit which will lift us out of the darkness of turmoil into the light of a better understanding of life's immensity.

It has been said that "without vision the people perish." Do we of to-day have the vision to enable us to take a great step forward in evolution? And can mediums strengthen it for us? Is not this the goal towards which all mediums should orientate their lives? Others of us (not mediumistic) must learn "to span immeasurable distances, fathom unknown depths, solve our most difficult problems" by means of our soul-consciousness. It was man's ceasing thus to turn for guidance that occasioned the Fall. The passage of the slow centuries has strengthened his intellect and his use of the five senses but has caused him to add more and more dense matter to the once much finer clay of his physical body.

Truth has a myriad faces and inclines toward us those to which we shall respond at any given moment. If we all seek and try to follow our particular "star," "climb every mountain," we can influence the scientists *and* the technologists to a greater breadth of vision. But let us have a light touch. Life is too serious to be taken solemnly! BETTY I. GIBBS.

Dear Mr. Duguid,

I have been following with interest the correspondence in *Light* on the Raudive voices, and was particularly intrigued by your editorial in which you were reminded of your own subconscious voices muttering in argument—suggesting that the subconscious was recording itself on tape. This explanation, in essence, is exactly what Professor Bender has put forward. I find that in considering the phenomenon since I first heard it at Dr. Raudive's home on June 21, 1968, that transmission from the subconscious most parsimoniously explains this intriguing phenomenon.

My initial reaction (*Breakthrough*, p. 384, under the misspelling Alson Vaughon) was that the voices were "evidential." I would now add, evidential of paranormal origin, but not

necessarily of the "other world." In reading over the transcripts in *Breakthrough* one can quickly see that the most common word occurring is the name of Konstantin Raudive, especially in Slavic diminutives. Might this represent the subconscious concern with one's own ego? Amusingly, in an example offered by Manfred Cassirer, Dr. Raudive hotly contested a voice saying "Raudivka." In Russian, such a diminutive is usually reserved for addressing a naughty child; hence, perhaps, Dr. Raudive's reluctance to hear it.

Psychokinesis under conscious control has been experimentally demonstrated by such psychics as Nina Kulagina. A similar phenomenon, though deriving from the subconscious, has been shown by Ted Serios in his thought photographs. Ted very seldom knows what will appear on the photograph until it is developed. The evidence from the Raudive voices suggests a similar phenomenon—that voices are psychokinetically impregnated on tape from Raudive's subconscious. Incidentally, Mme. Kulagina has recently been able to impregnate photographic film with images. Perhaps the next step would be for her to attempt to impregnate recording tape with voices?

That the Raudive voices should differ one from another is not surprising considering the mind's ability to store remembered sounds. Try to recall your mother's voice calling your name. How many other voices are stored away?

The Raudive voices, as you note, consist entirely of words spoken in languages known to Raudive, often combining them in a single phrase. Any linguist knows how difficult it is to separate in one's mind one foreign language from another—start off in Russian and you might end up in German in a confusion if you momentarily forget the desired word. Somehow the subconscious is more satisfied with a foreign word, regardless if it is the appropriate language, to finish out a thought begun in another tongue.

Some observers have argued that telepathic and precognitive material appearing in the voices constitute evidence for their origin in the other world. Now, this extrasensory material in the Raudive voices is quite rare—no more, really, than one might expect to occur in momentary flashes to any psychic sensitive or even more ordinary folk. In a large number of mediumistic sittings I had in England, many predictions were made to me, most of them by the mediums themselves and a few by ostensible communicators. In no case did a prediction made by a communicator come true, while, on the other hand, many of those made by the mediums were fulfilled. In fact, I had myself a

number of precognitive flashes which proved true; again, a better "score" than that of the communicators. ESP in such messages recorded by Raudive could be easily accounted for by his own extrasensory talent.

When the standards of assessing mediumistic communication are applied to the Raudive voices, one notes the lack of convincing detail and evidentiality. Personalities of ostensible communicators distinctly do *not* come through. Instead, with a multilingual "medium," "John Kennedy" speaks Latvian and German, not English; "Jung" and "Freud" speak Latvian, not German. To some observers, the Raudive voices are mindful of Ouija-board nonsense—perhaps mutterings from the unconscious, or perhaps "earth bound spirits." Certainly the Ouija, when used by many people, produces only rubbish. Yet a recent *SPR Proceedings* gives, in a report by Alan Gault, some impressive evidence that in the right hands (mediumistic hands?) the Ouija can be the instrument for evidential communication. Perhaps, too, Raudive's method could eventually result in such evidential communication if the right mediums can be found to "sit" with a tape recorder.

Certainly Dr. Raudive is to be congratulated for dedicated and fruitful work in the area of paranormal recording. He has experimentally demonstrated that it is possible to psychokinetically influence magnetic recording tape to produce "voices." It is indeed a breakthrough—but not to another world. *That* breakthrough may have to await more suitable mediums.

I should not be surprised if the search for the energy responsible for the "voices" will eventually lead us into lines of research presently being undertaken in the Soviet Union where "bioplasma" is the term for psychic energy.

ALAN VAUGHAN,
Eastern Editor, *"Psychic,"* New York City.

Dear Mr. Duguid,

In 1929 I was taken to Guy's Hospital seriously ill and needing an operation. The sister of the ward told me some days after a long operation that the surgeon said I must be put in a quiet corner of the ward as it was a case of "touch and go." This was when I first went in.

The night before my operation, I reached for my prayer book which was beside my bed. I intended to look for a Psalm that would be of help and comfort to me as I did not know if I should survive the next day's ordeal. I did not open the book, for I suddenly found myself in a tent of golden light, which came from a point high above my head. I felt at great peace and I seemed

to absorb great power and strength. I do not know how long this lasted, but when normal again I wondered what had happened.

The next day, after the operation, I was told that I had taken very little anaesthetic. As I lay on the operating table I felt my spirit leaving my body—coming from my feet upwards slowly, until it reached my head, and the last thing I felt was what seemed like a great crash. I remember no more until I regained consciousness two hours after leaving the operating theatre.

I was never ill after the operation and was carrying on a conversation with the lady in the next cubicle to me during the late afternoon and evening. The surgeon, ward doctor and the sister were amazed at my recovery, which was instant, after such a serious operation.

I went home the 16th day after the operation and was very soon doing gardening and spring cleaning. My own doctor was amazed at my recovery in such a short time. He said he expected me to be an invalid for a year.

At the time I did not associate this miracle of healing (for that was what it was) with the "light" experience I'd had, but as time went on I realized that was the reason. As the years have passed, I've had several psychic or spiritual experiences which have given me guidance and help. During the war I had another "tent of light" experience, and I was then given the knowledge that no harm or danger would come to me, my home or my family, and this proved to be true, although we were living in S.E. London and had lots of damage around us.

I am now 83 years of age and can look back on a life guided and helped from the Spirit side of life at all times. The start of it all was this "light" experience the day before my operation so many years ago. (Mrs.) M. L. THOMAS.

Dear Mr. Duguid,

A misleading impression might have arisen in some people as a result of remarks in the Raudive correspondence concerning the status of the Perrott Warwick Studentship. I believe it advisable to point out that this is administered by the Council of Trinity College, Cambridge, but conferring of the studentship does not give membership either of the University or of Trinity College. The academic status of para-psychology at the University should be understood, therefore, not to go beyond the above. In my view, well meaning sympathisers should avoid any unintentional upgrading of the status of parapsychology in English universities at the moment. PAUL BEARD, *President.*

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