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LIGHT

A Review of Psychic and Spiritual Knowledge and Research

Founded in January 1881

Published quarterly in March, June, September and December by the College of Psychic Science Ltd.
16 Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7

Vol. XCIII No. 3493 *Summer, 1973*

Edited by JULIAN DUGUID

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Editorial

In my youth, the word "morality" was suspect. To begin with, theologians seemed passionately interested in only one of the commandments: the one they themselvs could not transgress without losing their means of livelihood. It seemed a little too pat that this one sin should be so much more important than the others.

From that, it was quite a short step to questioning morality itself. Who said that God commanded it, and why? The idea of Him as a sheep-dog, and ourselves as sheep, was a little too pastoral for the twentieth century. Presently, the Age of Technology intruded. If God was no longer acceptable as a nosy and prudish old man on a cloud, perhaps He could be likened to a Power Station: with the saner saints and more advanced mystics as transformers, able to reduce the power so that we, the light-bulbs, could enjoy the light without exploding. That did begin to make sense with sin as the human stupidities which prevented the current from flowing, like putting treacle on a contact. One could think of them as electricians, sent to expound the rules about allowing the power to flow.

In that spirit of electrical engineering, it was possible to look afresh at the sayings of the major mystics . . . so curiously similar to each other across the planet and across the centuries.

Take "Judge not that ye be not judged."

At first sight, this sounds simple enough: even commonplace: don't judge others. But, like most of the sayings of Jesus, it is not simple at all. It is very subtle, and goes very deep.

"Judge not." Why not? For at least two reasons.

First: to judge in this sense means to take up a superior moral position on something that the judged one has done. But this is totally unjustifiable. Let us look for a moment at a murderer. When he comes to the moment of killing, he is the sum of all the pressures he has encountered, most of them unconscious, from the day of his birth . . . and genetically much earlier. At that disastrous instant, he is what he is: he behaves as he is. He is also unique. No one else in the world has been exposed to exactly those pressures on exactly that character. Therefore, no one is in a position to judge from a moral height: to do so, he would have to *be* him . . . which is what many people think is the self-judgment after death.

Some people have deduced from this that, because he could not help himself at the moment of killing, he should not be taken to Court. This, I believe, is to misinterpret the injunction not to judge. What seems to be intended is that no one in the Court should feel morally superior to the prisoner. The job of the Court is, first, to discover whether in fact it was this man who did this murder; and, if he did, how long he must be put away for the protection of his neighbours. It is extremely unlikely that Jesus meant to issue a general licence to kill: only a warning not to be so certain of one's own unbreakable innocence.

This brings us to the second part, which goes much deeper . . . "that ye be not judged." Why?

An explosion of *moral* indignation is often an indication of personal involvement at some level of the psyche. It can be comparatively shallow. Bishop Heber's blast against Ceylon, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile" turned out to be simple bad temper because the natives had stolen his baggage. But those who boil perennially at adultery, homosexuality and so on are often, even usually, expressing a desire to do the same thing, though forbidden by some inner taboo. To an intelligent eye, such violent denunciation is revealing, not of the supposed sinner . . . but of the speaker. Sometimes, one sees it in Court, when a judge is too violent in his sentencing.

But the chief value of such sayings is that they enable us to dredge up a mirror from the passionate darkness of the unconscious and begin to see ourselves as we really are: more animal than spirit.

Spadeadam

JOYCE ARMSTRONG

I HAD been thinking of Gildas' remarks about contacting one's own guide wherein he says: "The way to contact is open to all: the rewards are great. It cannot be too highly recommended as the inner way which each should eventually strive to follow. Pray for the conscious knowledge of your guide, be receptive, trust hunches. . . ." We were travelling by car at the time and a signpost direction to Spadeadam had caught my attention.

The following morning I was thinking about this incident when I had a strong conviction that Spadeadam had some significance for me, either with the guide or being guided. We examined the map and determined to visit the place when the time was "right."

The "right" time came on a day early in February—bright and blustery with intermittent bursts of sunshine.

We soon found that although there were various direction signs to Spadeadam, the nearer we approached, the fewer these became until eventually they ceased altogether and only a close scrutiny of the Ordnance Survey map showed us where to go. Even then, a few abortive attempts down side roads ending in cul-de-sacs or farmyards were necessary before we found ourselves on an old Roman road, straight as an arrow shooting to nowhere across a bare, barren plain. Later I discovered that this particular stretch of country is known as the Spadeadam Waste, and well named indeed it is! Eventually we were brought to a halt by an iron gate set immovably into the road, barring the way to further progress. Beyond the gate, the road stretched on to an abandoned and deserted farmhouse and out-buildings.

We knew that Spadeadam had been a nuclear rocket station and that "Blue Streak" had been tested there, that the project had been abandoned and "Blue Streak" escorted to the coast by massive police patrols and eventually shipped across the sea never to be heard of again. We also learnt that when Spadeadam had been in operation, the prototypes had been chained to the ground during the testing process.

But how does all this connect up with the guide? There was no difficulty in seeing a general symbolical "tie-up," but I felt that there was more to it than that. I wanted a personal contact and wondered if perhaps my guide was called Adam! Should I try to contact him with paper and pencil as Gildas suggested? Yet, I could not feel that this was right *for me*—but I seemed to be getting nowhere. . . .

Then came the second "directive." Some time ago I had been given Jane Sherwood's *The Country Beyond* but had not read it; now I felt that this was something I should do. My attention was caught by a passage in Chapter 8 describing the four planes of being and the activities relating to each. The plane of Thought and Meaning where, as it were, thought latches on to thought, seemed to be my answer. Not for me the waiting with paper and pencil in hand, or the voice in my ear, but the consecutive following through of the thoughts triggered off by Spadeadam, the use to which it had been put and the work carried out there. So I settled down with the dictionary deciding to see what I could make of it all.

Not knowing the original derivation of the place name *Spadeadam* in north Cumberland, I had to be content with: *Adam* —the first man, and the need for him to till the soil, the ground of being, and to dig deep.

Nuclear—having the character or position of a nucleus, and *nucleus*—kernel or inner part.

To Test or Testing—that by which the existence, quality or genuineness of anything may be determined; the earthen vessel or pot by which this is done. Also the testing of beliefs or opinions in religion.

Station. Action of standing. Posture of standing on the feet. Condition of standing still. A halt. (ii) A place to stand in, especially a position assigned to a man on duty. A point at which one may obtain a view. A place for some particular kind of work or research. (iii) A stopping place on a journey; a temporary abode in a course of migration. (iv) Holy places visited by pilgrims.

Blue—the colour of the sky and sea, of constancy, of the Logos and the spiritual principle. Closely linked with sound and stimulating intuition. It represents the bonds one draws around oneself, the sense of belonging, and is a prerequisite for empathy, aesthetic experience and meditative awareness. The fulfilment of at-one-ness, a reunion with Gaea the Earth Mother. The timelessness of eternity.

Streak—to flash forth and move fast (like a streak of lightning).

Rocket—an apparatus which may be projected to a height or distance.

So what have we got from all this?

Adam—the first man, who, cast out of Eden, started his Inward Odyssey, his exile and return. But in order to do this he must till the soil—the ground of his being—and dig deep. He must penetrate the nucleus—the kernel—around which the aggregate of his personality has been built up. This is exemplified by the earthen vessel. Only through the use of this container can the "existence, quality and genuineness" be ascertained. This vessel also provides the means to test beliefs and opinions—especially in religion!

But in order to do this one must be at rest, i.e. "standing still" and moreover "standing on the feet." One must call a "halt." Also this position must be a vantage point (what better example of this than the wide expanse of the Spadeadam Waste?). It is a "position assigned to a man on duty" for there must be no relaxation of effort. We are standing here for a specific purpose and have set up the "apparatus."

This is a stopping place it is true, but only "a place of temporary abode in a course of migration"—how apt a description of the stages of the inner journey! It is one of the "holy places" visited by a pilgrim on the way.

So now having halted at the place at which we are, what of the *means* for further exploration into the unknown? The Rocket may be "projected to a height or distance" it is true but we should also remember that the rockets at Spadeadam were tethered to the ground and that "Blue Streak" never got off the ground at all. So what went wrong? Was the project undertaken in panic, or for self-aggrandizement; solely for aggression and defence? Was the means of propulsion ill-conceived? And what of "Blue Streak" itself—a symbol of aspiration which somehow came unstuck? Is it perhaps injurious to bind with iron chains the ascending spirit?

For blue represents limitless space and depth. It indicates dedication and endeavour and how can these be circumscribed? "The timelessness of eternity" is in that fathomless blue. Would it be too much to say that it is the colour of the Void itself, in so far as the Void can be said to have a colour? And will that fulfilment, that at-one-ness, flash forth like a streak of lightning? So is there here the promise of the end of the quest, a return of Adam to Gaea, of the dewdrop into the shining sea?

Ah! Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the Law!
I take my refuge in thy name and thee!
I take my refuge in thy Law of Good!
I take my refuge in thy order! OM!
The Dew is on the Lotus!—Rise, Great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave
OM mani padme hum, the Sunrise comes!
The Dewdrop slips into the shining Sea!

Ah! Lover! Brother! Guide! How could I have been in doubt? I take my refuge in thy name and thee!

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Automatisms and Demons

JOHN PEARCE-HIGGINS

WHATEVER the mature pundits of the various Psychic Research societies may say in favour of the use of automatisms such as "writing" or ouija board or the glass and alphabet, it has become increasingly clear to me from the many

cases which have come my way, that for a very considerable number of people such practices are extremely harmful, and on occasion well-nigh lethal. No doubt stable personalities, and tough-minded researchers, are immune to these dangers, and whatever the source of the inspiration not only the gifted automatists of the Cross Correspondences but others such as Mrs. Curran, Mrs. Hester Dowden and Miss Geraldine Cummins, to cite but a few, have produced remarkable material. But for adolescents with unformed, and for adults with unstable personalities the position is very different, and it is of course precisely to such people that the thrill of exploring the occult has a morbid and compelling attraction.

I happen to believe, on a small amount of personal experience and on the basis of study which my experience confirms, that "possession" by discarnate entities *is* a possibility. Assuming further as a working hypothesis that *some* at least of the "guides" of sensitives may be discarnate entities in their own right, as for instance the four characters discovered by Dr. Progoff in his study of Eileen Garrett steadfastly maintained that they were (as also did "Sally" in the Beauchamp case and "Sleeping Margaret" in the Doris cases of multiple personalities), then obviously genuine trance mediumship involving control by a discarnate entity is a form of "possession."

It differs however *toto caelo* from the sort of possession exercised over poor Christine Beauchamp by "Sally"(assuming that she was what she claimed to be), or by those many cases of apparently identifiable discarnates who form the subject of that monumental study by Dr. Karl Wickland—*Thirty Years Among the Dead* (recently reprinted by the Spiritualist Press)—ignorance of which seems still widespread among even some of our leading psychic researchers, and still more among psychiatrists who turn a positively Nelsonian eye to this sort of evidence. Whereas the relationship between the organised sensitive and his or her "guides" is normally one of co-operation and so is "benign" possession, the interference with and irruptions into the normal stream of consciousness of the individual in cases of multiple personality, schizophrenia in the Langian sense, and "possession" is disorganised, and disorganising of the personality—in other words it appears as a "malign" possession.

Even to the amateur and lay student of psychology it must be fairly obvious that the multiple personality and Lang's schizophrenic cases pretty clearly show that the morbidity is by no means always on the side of the irrupting psychic forces. In fact the normal "persona" of the patient, as in the Beauchamp

or Eve cases, may itself be extremely sick or inadequate, and the break-up of the personality and subliminal attacks of anti-social or untypical activity (as also in the externalisation of PK phenomena in the "disturbed adolescent" type of Poltergeist) may well be due to an attempt at self-therapy and oriented towards acquiring a new and better adjustment or adaptation of the "persona" to its environment *vis-a-vis* the repressed needs in depth of the total personality of the individual concerned.

An automatism is, of course, a mild form of dissociation. When a person takes up a pencil for automatic writing or puts finger on the ouija board or the wineglass he is in effect saying "Hand, you do not any longer belong to me, you get on with the job on your own." I have sometimes compared this process with someone opening the front door of the house of the mind and putting a notice on the door—"Anyone who wishes may come in and do what he or she pleases." In such cases while the visitors might well include known friends (who would presumably behave fairly circumspectly) it might well include undesirable characters. And this is more or less exactly what I am finding in the case of those who are disturbed by the use of the ouija, etc. It seems clear that the greater or lesser degree of dissociation produced by such an automatism acts like letting down a bucket into the well of the subconscious whose waters may be sweet and pure, or partially or even wholly contaminated. In this way in immature or unstable personalities repressed emotional contents of the subconscious are brought to the surface, which may manifest as anxiety states, compulsions or the hearing of voices and occasionally visual hallucinations. All this is, of course, well known to the professional psychiatrist, but it is not a possibility that has normally even been envisaged by the individuals involved since, in my experience of young people, it is quite astonishing to find how little knowledge of depth psychology the average person possesses. I find when visiting a sixth form to speak on Parapsychology that I nearly always have to begin with a rough and ready outline of the subconscious mind before I can make telepathy or apparitions in Tyrrell's sense intelligible.

In cases where an individual has a mental breakdown which has *not* involved any previous contact with an ouija board, or with mediumistic seances, it is customary for such a one or his relatives to invoke the aid of a doctor who will probably invoke a psychiatrist. But in the case of persons disturbed by any form of claimed mediumistic practice or experiment, this does not happen, and this brings me to the point of this article.

The normal presuppositions (and these seem deeply ingrained

or instinctive even) of those who at all seriously start playing with a glass and alphabet is that they are going to contact "spirits." A second presupposition is to believe that the said spirits have greater knowledge than we have. Therefore it follows that messages received in this way have an authoritative, not to say hypnotic, power. Thus, after one talk, an agitated teenager came up to me privately and said "The board told me I was going to die on March 15th—is it true?", and I had some difficulty in explaining to him just why it was not worthy of consideration. This sort of pejorative prognostication is almost the norm at some point sooner or later in such automatic communications which seem resolutely, like Tacitus' famous epigram on Tiberius, "in deteriora pronus," or—dare one mention it—the almost uniform pessimism of Old Testament prophecy.

Now since the presupposition of the disturbed automatist is that this is a matter of "spirit" communication, he or she does not consult the doctor—for fear of being laughed at, and at best given tranquillisers, or at worst sent off to the psychiarist. Still less does he consult the parson, who usually is almost totally ignorant of all this field of study; or if he is, is likely to give the victim the comforting assurance that it stems from the devil, which can only depress the victim's morale even further!

Tragically the victim of such disturbance goes off to a medium, and it is our experience that almost always he or she is told that there is one or more than one evil spirit around. In many cases the medium, however, regrets that he or she is not able to remove them, and so the victim is sent away rather worse than before with the firm belief that he is possessed by evil spirits. We have had so many cases to deal with of people in this distressed condition that it is clear that we are soon to be presented with a sociological situation of some seriousness. It is not often that I find myself agreeing with Dr. Dingwall, but his recent comments about the recrudescence of superstition is something with which I find myself largely in sympathy. It is quite surprising how deeply rooted in the collective subconscious is the belief in demons. Recently, for instance, I figured in an article in the *Sun* in which I stressed to my interviewer that I had never encountered a demon (in haunted houses) and only occasionally discarnate earthbound entities. The *Sun* invited correspondents to send in their experiences of Poltergeist-type disturbances. In every case they referred to a "demon." I am myself agnostic about demons, although these still remain one of the popular stocks in trade of the more evangelical branches of the Christian church, and somewhat shamefacedly of the

Roman Catholics, whose reluctance to perform services of exorcism is on the whole to their credit. Identification of demons is not a simple matter and it is clearly "the expense of spirit" to perform a service of exorcism unless there is something to exorcise. This brings me to my next point on this painful subject.

We have seen that mediums are quick to inform disturbed people that they are in the grip of discarnate evil entities, by which they mean malicious "dead" persons who are described as earthbound. I would now suggest that this diagnosis is in the main not due to any genuine clairvoyant or psychic perception, as it was in Wickland's cases, but to the climate of thought, for persons ignorant—and most mediums are deplorably ignorant—of psychopathology. It is automatic for someone who is hallucinated to be described as in the grip of evil spirits. This is bad enough if the medium disclaims the ability to get rid of such entities. But it is even worse if the medium claims to be able to rid the person of his unwanted voices or visions.

Even if the diagonsis were a genuine one I doubt if there are half a dozen sensitives in the Spiritualist movements who have sufficient spiritual power to "exorcise" such an entity. But if, as is usually the case, the diagnosis is faulty, then the treatment is of course bound to fail. If the neurosis or psychosis is a comparatively mild one, it is quite possible that by the kindness shown and trouble taken and the powerful force of suggestion, a patient may be restored to normality. But if the disturbance is really deep-seated—a quite severe psychosis, a paranoia with persecution symptoms, then of course the wretched patient is trailed along for weeks, months, years. Here, the mediums have a number of complete money-spinning winners. "The patient really wants his spirits and so as fast as I get rid of them either he has the same one back or another pops in to take its place."

Just a few samples: one patient (oujia board) was told she had 40 spirits *in* her body, and when the patient came to us we were told that about a third of them had been removed (at £2 a time) over a period of months. We entirely failed to convince this person that there was nothing there. Another ouija board victim was told he had a very evil monk with him. Not satisfied he consulted 18 other mediums who each told him something different. By this time he was so hallucinated that he was shadow boxing against the surrounding spirits. The last medium he consulted told him that he would not cease "seeing things" until he could not see at all. Next morning his mother, mercifully, arrived in the kitchen to find him trying to put out his eyes with

a red hot poker. She brought him to us and once we had convinced him there was nothing there he gradually returned to normality.

Another medium has provided us with three patients—all on the same formula, "He or she wants it back." One paid £250 over a period of 8 months, another £50 in three months, and another about £200 in a year, and all, like the lady in the Bible with the "issue of blood," were none the better but rather the worse. The last named had her body heavily smeared over with grease as a protection! We have yet to persuade her that there are no spirits there.

This is the real nub of the problem. The majority of the patients who come to be helped have had the idea of possession implanted into them by the mediums, and it is the first half of the cure to disillusion them of this. Indeed it is probably the first three-quarters of the cure, for once this has been grasped sensible counselling and prayer seem quickly to do the rest. The two healers who work with me, Roy and Joan Broster, appear to me to have received a charismatic gift both for physical and mental healing, a statement which is of course wide open to question and would take too long to consider here. They certainly have also a native shrewdness in advising such patients, and I believe that Mrs. Broster has considerable power of "discernment of spirits." She is extremely loth to accept anything "psychic," and therefore the rare instances where she does discern some "possessing entity" are all the more impressive when they occur. But leaving out the complicated metaphysics of the treatments, from the pragmatic point of view we can confidently say that a large number of disturbed persons have been sent away happy for no charge or fee other than a small donation towards travelling expenses.

I am in a difficult position. I accept on the evidence that a large number of poltergeist disturbances as Owen or Bender diagnose are due to repressed emotional forces in disturbed adolescents, *but* I also believe that very similar phenomena can sometimes be produced in haunted houses by discarnate earth-bound entities. I believe on the evidence that the majority of psychological disturbances produced through the unwise use of automatism is due to subjective emotional instability in the person, but I also have to accept that in a small number of cases the "house of the seven doors," as Buddha called the body, appears to have been invaded by some external entity. Here the popular press does not help us. The numerous articles always harp on the miraculous, the demonic, the horrific. In view of

the widespread incompetence or dishonesty of so many mediums as well as the increasing study of the occult by people of unstable balance, it is surely time that the responsible researchers in parapsychology and psychiatry put out warnings against possible psychological sickness which may result. The Church, with its age-old warnings against dabbling in the occult, has overplayed its hand to some extent because of its adherence to the demon theory. The frustration and fury of the volcanic eruptions of long repressed emotional forces certainly looks like "demonic" activity, but it is dangerous to hypostatise such forces into "devils." Most of the human evil in the world is due, as Bowlby and Fromm and many others would suggest, to love turned sour into hate, thus providing the demonic element in man. As C. S. Lewis said when asked if he believed in devils, he replied "Yes, I know lots of us."

I am the more confirmed in my agnosticism about demons by the fact that in both hauntings and personal possession cases we have had a number of instances where the professional religious demon-exorcists have completely failed, and we have produced a cure. Whatever may be the ultimate cause of the massive evil in the world of human relations, the evidence for demon possession seems weak. Oesterreich, in his classical work on Possession, does not show up the exorcists of the western world as very successful; indeed he produces much evidence to show that where the climate of thought holds demon possession as true the symptoms also are likely to be found. But he also shows from a number of cases that where such subjective beliefs together with typical symptoms have been held, analysis has shown that the underlying causes are guilt or other repressed symptoms which, when brought to the surface, have responded to normal non-religious psychological treatment.

God forbid that our civilisation should gradually drift back to the superstitions of the Papal Bull of 1484, or the Devils of Loudun, which still seem very much to the fore in the popular mind and the popular press, for all the superficial scepticism which masks them.

The Illusion of the Senses

CLARE CAMERON

YOU are so dull, grovelling about in the dust, opaque. If only you knew the Shining Being that dwells within you, as it lives in everything, you would not become so encased in your dense outer skins, not be aware of only the outer skins of all you see, feel, and think you can understand with your senses. For these

too have dense outer skins Only the quickened, mercurial and vivid Being within you can see what is in everyone and everything. And then the barriers fall, and you know there is no division.

Your senses deceive you. There is wonderful movement, pattern, interplay, all forever changing most marvellously, between all things, all people. You believe there is only the air, emptiness, that everything is divided from everything else. But the interplay, the movement and patterns are nearer the reality though not of course absolute reality, which is beyond the comprehension of all but the adept and the occasional saint.

Your reactions, emotions and thoughts are part of this ever-living changing atmosphere since everything is radiating and vibrating. From higher and finer realms a purer and more harmonious one impinges upon you, and is forever seeking to flow into the atmosphere which *you* create. But you lower the vibrations, you coarsen the tone, and you introduce discords into the rhythms, and then you blame anyone or anything but yourselves. See how dependent you are on appearances, on the false evidence of the senses!

Do not take them too seriously. Let them go sometimes, making room for these more beautiful atmospheres to flow in and take over. The atoms in these dance with the speed of light, the colours are pure and dazzling, and there is such expression of joy in the dancing. The memory of it, the faint consciousness of it, is in the flight of insect and bird, in flashes of sunlight falling on a landscape, in the sudden and quick response of the heart to love, in the sudden rush of inspiration in the mind. It is with you always, this multitudinous dance of joy, but "having eyes you see not, and having ears you hear not." It is not the physical eye and ear that are referred to here, for even your inner seeing and hearing are closed.

Your span of life, in the view of eternity, would be seen as but a few minutes in what you think of as time, if only you had this larger, more rounded, more in-seeing view. Where is your in-sight? It can meet every situation and problem whatever, not because you see the whole pattern of events which is nigh impossible for you, but because you could draw on the Powers that weave the pattern, and which uphold you and guide you at all times.

Escape the net of illusion! The holes in it are bigger and less binding than you imagine. That which is your Self can slip through in all directions. Then you will be *consciously* playing the part appointed to you to bring through the living, vibrant, mercurial and meaningful pattern into manifestation, and thus

help others to find their creative parts in it also. Your Self, thus released and in action, will touch and quicken the Self which is hidden and bound in others.

Thus will you break through the deceptions of the outer skins of the senses, because you will have broken through your own apparent limitations into a thrilling freedom where there is LIFE as it has been, is, and forever shall be behind the scenes of what is miscalled life.

Communication — Comprehensive

HILARY BRAY

"I DON'T know where this state is that I am talking to you from this afternoon. My teacher said to me, You have got to get closer. Because I have been a very long way away, though I've been in touch with you all the time, not remote or removed.

So he brought me into this wonderful park. There are deer here, which will please you, do you remember how we used to watch the deer? And trees, like the woods we walked in, and water rippling over stones. Share it with me. And remember this, that all I have gained from finding out hasn't been just for me, it has been for both of us, and for any others who could be helped or reassured. People may say we don't bring anything back about our world. But it isn't a world you can understand in a tangible form, it's a state of being. We can only give you the reflection, the reflection of the light, of the light on dancing water.

Do you remember sometimes when we were at home we had that sense of peace, of timelessness, and a feeling that there was a universal good will? It was a mood then, but now it is the state I am working in, and it is truly universal. And we are all trying to accumulate—does this sound very odd?—something we can add to the centralised force. And in order that our contribution to the essential force can be strong and real, we are trying to rid ourselves of some of the poornessness in our make-up. I wasn't thinking of spectacular faults, but mean things like malice which are just as bad. All this you are presented with when you die; the things you were fairly successful at, and the things that were a complete failure. It's a continuous process of washing, my teacher said, washing, washing, washing. I said, I loathe it. Call it anything you please, he said, which means that things aren't cancelled for you, you have to deal with them. But the idea of Judgment Day isn't true, you know. It's a case of looking at yourself and by honest observation saying, I could have done so much better. Then the teacher says, If you couldn't understand

this better when you were on the earth, understand it now. Don't let's worry about it, because there is still this marvellous opportunity, where by serving those on earth still there is a means of taking some of the lesser parts of yourself away.

But I must tell you about my adventure—we have digressed badly you know—my teacher said, We are going to go further, and we are going to get closer to the central force. I thought somehow it would be like a gigantic revolving light, doesn't it sound stupid? It wasn't a bit like that.

And we went forward, and we seemed to be going upwards and inwards and all ways. And then we stayed. I don't know whether it was for a period, or a moment. I've no idea. But we stayed. And he said, Here we meditate. And we meditated on love, and we remained in that state. And the whole of my personality became impregnated with light and love and understanding. And I thought, O, I think I must be God. And my teacher said, At last you are beginning to realise that indeed this is what you are, what we all are, a part of God.

* * *

Canterbury, one of my favourite places. It always was. But you don't have to hear a service taking place. You say, when there's nothing going on—but there can be a great deal happening without there being any noise. Can I tell you something about prayer?

My teacher took me to some place, he said it was a store house of prayer. And I said, Show me what I have to learn. And he said, Let me show you people praying. And it was as though I was looking down on many many people who were praying.

And he said, That one is a mother praying for her child. But she is not praying that God will restore him to health if it be God's will, she is telling God to make him well. And God is perfect law, so if it is not in the scheme the child cannot recover. That prayer does not reach very far. It is intense and it is pure, but it is conditional.

Then I saw a man dressed in a sack. And he was praying, and he said, God, I am an unworthy part of you, but if I can be used, use me. And the man in the sack had a great light come down, and it caught his prayer. And my teacher said, That prayer has been accepted.

And then we were looking at a mass of people in uniform, and they were devising weapons of destruction. And they were praying that the weapons would be successful. And darkness came over. And my teacher said, Those prayers are not accepted, only by the dark forces.

And we went round and round, and we were looking at an old lady who was praying for her husband who was dying. And she was saying, He belongs to you, God, and although I love him and will miss him, I give him to you. That prayer reached out. And again a great blaze of light came down—O, it was such a wonderful experience—and my teacher said to me—I was weeping —and he said, Have you learnt anything?

And I said, O how much I have learned from looking at this thing, much more than I ever learned from my own prayers.

* * * *

Can you imagine a world where there's no compulsion? And can you imagine a world where there's no having to hold on to anything? To things, or to people, or to possessions, or to situations? Where there is a complete sense of freedom and trust? I don't know about other parts, but it is true of where we are. But we do sometimes have moments, if you can call them moments, when we are caught up in memory's pangs as it were. And instead of my thinking it's just a question of waiting patiently and keeping the lines open, I think why could I not have stayed another ten years? And I mustn't think like that because it takes some of the brightness out of this atmosphere.

No, there's no question of any holding back, as you call it. You must understand this, it's as though we can be in more than one place at a time, although place is the wrong word, so that a piece of me—this sounds very odd—is always near you. It's as though I am free and exploring other states and dimensions but a piece of me is with you. I know how you are feeling and when you are sending your love as though a segment of me was in you. I can send serenity and I can send protection, and I can send quietness, when you need these things. And now that I know the people here I would ask for their additional support. And they would give it, they would give it.

* * * *

Sometimes I do see old friends, but they are not necessarily of the greatest importance to me, would you understand that? When I am over in my world it's a general conglomeration of thinkers and friends and relations, but when I'm talking to you it's difficult to explain about some of these people because I cannot remember properly, unless there are special messages from special people. I don't want to be bothered, forgive me, with trying to remember, when the most important thing is to tell you I love you, and to tell you of my wonderful world. I haven't told you properly about the animals yet, and this is important.

When I go and see the animals, you know they have a proper

existence? The domestic animals find their owners, and do you know something else? Don't think that because an elephant wasn't somebody's pet that he doesn't exist.

And I had to re-learn all this because I wanted to make a line of demarcation. I could accept household pets, but not bats and beetles. I found this very difficult at first. And then my teacher said, Now look here, if you are going to learn at all you've got to learn the things that are necessary and not just the things you want to learn. Then I began to see the animal kingdom as a unit, very difficult for you to understand. Yes, they are progressing, because it's natural evolution and Darwin wasn't as far out as you think. The same process goes on in our world. There's a gradual increase in awareness to the point where they can take on another shape, another form, a more evolved one. And I found this difficult to grasp at first—what's the point if they just evolved, evolved, evolved, and just became more enlightened tigers and hippopotami, do you see? And where have all the dinosaurs gone? And my teacher said, No, when the group soul evolves to a certain point, then it can take on almost a human form, because forms are transient. Very difficult, very profound; I'll tell you more another time. This is my new period, you see; I like this very much. I wondered about the rampaging ones, but my teacher said, Like calls to like, they will want to be with their own. The dogs and the cats and the horses they like to come and visit us; they are not with us all the time.

Sometimes when animals are killed in fear they come over here with all their misery. And I do know that there are places where the animals are where the air is blood red with their fear. And you know there are people who again go to their rescue. There are wonderful people in our world who are wholly dedicated to all kinds of help, they go anywhere where there is suffering or distress. They don't think of their own evolution or their own growth, they are solely concerned with this aspect of suffering. And do you know what happens? As a result of their selflessness they are away above those who are studying to be selfless.

* * * *

I wanted to tell you that I've got my painting back. Well I didn't lose it, but it's different. Somehow I seem able really to paint what I want to—you known I never was satisfied with anything I did—and I feel now that at last I'm beginning to paint as the real me.

And I have found a greater understanding of harmony. We both believed so much in harmonious relations, but they were partial rather than universal. But I didn't know how this could

be extended and amplified in my new world. I am learning to understand the beauty of words and of rhythms, of music and of painting, and finding out how they relate to one another and form part of a whole. They are all parts of a person's spiritual experience. All great things dedicated to beauty and truth bring us closer to God, though this aspect of heaven is sometimes neglected.

And you know the limitations that exist in understanding music? I loved music but some of it I didn't understand. Now I sink myself into the harmony. I absorb it. This is something that only we who are here can fully comprehend. I try to tell you in words. But does it make a picture?

At present I am drawn towards painting and I'll tell you why. I am learning the value of colours. It's very important and quite impossible to convey. Can you imagine a world that has thousands and millions of facets? Like a diamond? We are drawn to one particular facet at one particular point in our evolution. If I told you that we see these facets as colours, for the moment and perhaps to begin with, would you understand? You probably wouldn't, because you have so few colours; few and shallow if you see what I mean.

The sense of detachment I now have about material things bothered me at first. We liked beautiful things and I felt sorry at having to leave them just when I had begun to understand them in depth. Now it doesn't matter; I want you to have lovely things around you but remember that the true value does not lie in possession. I think we always knew that, but remember too to look at the creative force behind the beautiful things, because they are only an expression of a vision. And I now realise that the interpreters of the vision, the great artists, were in touch with our world, and in virtue of inspiration received these things. I think in my humble way I receive some of this in my painting. I think you will see a great difference.

I wish I had been able to write better also, to write better poetry. But all the things I wish I had done better on earth I have the opportunity of doing here. And there are other things, when I look back on them, I realise I should have understood better. Because I now know that at certain points in my life inspiration was there and insight was there. I was, as it were, noticing and listening at a higher level. And I would impress upon you to capture these precious mystical flashes and to become part of them and, instead of thinking they are beyond you and are only for a special group, to realise they are for everybody and that it is only a question of a person's own aspiration.

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Some people here are static because they want to be. They live in their little communities, and their community minds have isolated them. When we start, when we first die we have these copies of earth life, they give us a sense of location. But that is past with me now and I've become a little more attuned to the feeling of universality. And I feel so privileged when I come back to talk to you because I see the needs of so many people in our world for whom this experience would be a starting point. But nobody listens. Nobody bends their ear.

And I had to learn this, that unless you are as receptive as a child and are pliable and ready to absorb, all our intellectual attainments mean nothing. Rather they hinder. And to store up in the brain an accumulation of other people's thinking isn't experience. And experience is what you and I are now undergoing, and experience of a more real nature.

But I just do not understand why this truth which Jesus taught and talked about is not understood. Aren't people interested? He said we had to have open minds, didn't he? Like children have. Well this is what we have to do. We enter the Kingdom when we have dropped all our inhibitions and become ourselves.

Some people are so dogmatic when they come over here. Some even want to be "dead" dead, if you know what I mean. And the teachers say, They think they have got to wait for the resurrection day, and until they make their own resurrection day there's nothing we can do about it. Even God couldn't wake them up till they are ready. But I couldn't be like that. I just want to learn and learn, this to me is what the exercise is all about.

* * * *

I think I'm gradually washing the soil off the hem of my garments, you know the earthy bits. This makes us more free to explore. Things I feel I could have done better. Certainly when you look at what you could be and see what you are it makes you realise you must aspire more so that you can make those marvellous adventures of the mind.

I feel I must try to convey to you this wonderful sense of rhythm and order and law. It's a passive law, not a coercive one, even for people who have been really wrong in their thinking and acting. This goes much against the orthodox that in some cases there's no hope. But it isn't true, because there is always opportunity. And even the most cruel and bestially minded people, who have done the most fiendish things, are not destroyed. They are in a state of, not limbo, but of waiting to grow. Do

you understand my meaning? Waiting to grow. And this cannot start automatically; it has to begin from within themselves, reaching outwards. Even the smallest measure of regret, or recognition of some of their failings, this brings a response from those on the teaching and healing level who can measure up to the needs of these dark ones. O, there are wonderful, wonderful people in my world.

I didn't have to go through anything like that, because when I woke it was like a golden summer morning, very early. And I am so happy that I've been given the ability, and the means of putting thoughts into words. They are not very adequate, they don't explain all I want to say. It's an onward going life. Nothing is stationary, everything is in a state of movement. And one of the lovely things about our world is that once you have made a move forward you don't go back. On earth one can slip back into old habits. But here, once we have achieved something we don't have to do it again. Once you have accomplished it, it's done. That's my message for the day.

* * * *

No, I don't think you should just leave that kind of problem to me, and I don't think you should thrash it either. You should keep it in your thoughts and we will try to give you the right guidance when you are asleep. You see everybody talks about accident and chance, but it really is, you know, deliberate and careful planning. Thought is one of our most potent things. So although I am talking to you like this now, and I know you will listen to it again and register the most important pieces, I want you to remember that I am in another dimension and therefore you are more, not less, accessible to me through thought and through love.

And this I meant to tell you; I saw a little community in one of the bright places—no, states. And I said, What is this? And they said, O here are people who believed in the miracle of healing. And though they died before their bodies were healed they are still going on with the healing. But now they are doing the healing for others. They are healing their hopes—I thought that was rather lovely—they are healing the broken hopes. It was like a little Lourdes, you see.

* * * *

Now look here, this is terribly important, healing and dying. Healing never stops people dying when they ought to die. So healing is never wrong. Just imagine having a fifth rate car which keeps breaking down when you need it for something essential, it's important that the car is in working order. It

needn't be a Rolls-Royce but it must be in working order. That is how we see the usefulness of the human body, that if it's going to be used it should be used as God intended, in perfect harmony. You can never waste healing. If you give healing and it doesn't heal the body, it goes right into the spirit of the person and gives them peace."

* * * *

And the Princess Scheherezade seeing the approach of morning discreetly fell silent.

Pocket guide to Heaven

SIGNE TOKSVIG
(copyright)

NEAR the end of the second world war, it was realised in the United States that their soldiers might have to go into countries whose ways and customs were unfamiliar to them. People with special knowledge were then asked to write simple little pocket guides for such soldiers. Pearl Buck did the pocket guide to China. Francis Hackett and I did the one on Denmark But I thought that "Heaven" or "the other world" was a country many were likely to arrive in with even less knowledge than they had of China, so, more for fun than for publication, I wrote "Pocket Guide to Heaven" on the model of the army hand-book.

In a brief introduction the soldier is told that if "the other world" turns out to be a fact, you'll be far better off on your arrival there if you have a line on it than if you have none, so let us consider the gist of whatever information is available as if it were true and might be useful. Many wise and even learned people do believe there's at least a good chance it is true. Well, wars go on and so does the need for guides to all unfamiliar countries.

Forget Your Old Notions

The *Pocket Guide to China* tells you right away to forget your old notions. That's even more true for "Heaven." And the notion which it is most important to forget is your belief that your present body is your only one.

Every schoolby and girl knows that when you work right down into what, for instance, a "solid" table really is, you find it's made up of atoms, and they are made of "energy," which may be electro-magnetism. There is no such thing as solid matter. There is matter in different states of density—solids, liquids, gases. And beyond that there is electro-magnetism. And beyond that? Something subtler still: matter as it exists in "the other

world." It comes in different states of density there too (at present being investigated in Russia!), but for guidebook purposes let us call it "etheric" or "astral."

You have such a body right now. If you hadn't, you wouldn't be alive. This body is what you think and feel with. Each "cell" of its subtle matter is the life of the cells of your dense "physical" body. When that dense body is knocked out, or "dies," it's as if an electrib bulb was broken, the light goes out, but the electric current remains.

First Impressions

Your subtle body remains, and as that is what you think and feel with, it very often happens, according to many reports, that the "dead" don't know they're dead, especially if this change in the state of their affairs comes suddenly, as it may well do in war.

If a man has been attacking the enemy when his dense body is felled, his subtler self often rushes on in the charge, carried by fierce excitement, coming to a stop only when he realises that something is queer.

He may well not know he is "dead," because to himself he feels just as solid and real as before. He may even break his heart trying to make his comrades see him or speak to him. It's usually a waste of time, for unless one of them is "psychic" [to be explained later] he won't be able to see the subtle matter of the surviving body, the real YOU.

The man, whom it's wrong to call "dead" and equally wrong to call a "spirit," may realise he's in a new state, whatever it is, by seeing his former body lying on the ground as lifeless as a cut-off toe-nail. Then he may "faint," or become unconscious with the shock, unless he knows his way about.

Next Step

If he does know, he'll realise that he is now in a world or a state of being where his mind is like the most perfect radio apparatus, both for tuning in and for sending. He'll send out a mental call to friends or relatives who have passed over before him. Then they'll be there, quick as thought but real as life, to help him through the first bewilderment. They may even be waiting for him, because they sometimes have a flash of fore-knowledge: they can peek a little around the corner of time.

If he knows no one or can't think of anyone on whom to call, still someone will come, just as someone will be ready to help the frightened newcomer out of his "faint." With these wars we go in for, a great many people have come into the other world who devote themselves to this kind of Red Cross work,

but it is rare that some personal friend or relative doesn't make his appearance to demonstrate the ropes.

The Big Difference

What is it? All the reports seem to show that at first it is hard for the new arrival not to believe he isn't carrying on much as before, except that he feels much better. The immediate state into which he is likely to come resembles the earth as he knew it, even to the kind of people and scenery and houses.

The big difference is in the direct power of thought.

On this earth, of course, it is really thought which builds houses, plants gardens, etc., but it must work with physical arms and tools because matter here is so dense.

"Over There" it is done more directly by imagination. A very subtle, invisible-to-you kind of matter pervades everything, its chief characteristic being that, with a little effort, it can be *thought* into the form you want, or that you come expecting to see.

What Is To Be Seen

The last is very important. It accounts for the apparent fact that people of different religions usually at first see what they have been taught to expect to see, even if it's something that frightens them. So many have had the same kind of thoughts that several objective set-ups of this kind really seem to exist. If you expect a gate, you'll probably see a gate. If you have no strong feeling about religion one way or another, you'll probably not see anything of the sort, but life as usual, you think. If you're worn out you probably will have a long sweet sleep in a sort of rest-camp.

Judgment and Punishment

In any case you mustn't expect the real "Heaven," unless you're a saint (when you won't expect it), and you need not expect the conventional "Hell." Yes, there is judgment. Your past record, short or long, is considered, registered and kept somewhere, it influences your subsequent fate, but you won't know anything about it for ages.

As for punishment in that other world for what you may have done wrong in this, an English psychic has summed it up neatly: "Dread no evil that you don't bring with you."

There is one great law, as fixed as the law of gravity is here: It is, like attracts like.

This works out fine for decent people, and it contains the chief punishment for the bad. Irresistibly attracted to each other, the mean, ungenerous and the cruel have nobody to persecute

except each other. They do a thorough job of it. They also have to look at pictures passing before them of the evil they have done. As their minds are so dingy, they are said to sink to a dark and dreary region—go to live in the slums as it were—but even in them, if a spark of humble desire to improve should flash forth someone will come to their aid. You might call it the right kind of social worker.

Amusements

Yes, work. Sooner or later the rest-camp seems to pall, and people "over there" want to work. They don't have to. They even can, and do, let their imagination give them exactly the kind of good time they liked in this world, or even the kind they wanted and never had a chance to get.

Imagination, creative thought, is able to shape the subtle matter of that sphere into almost any seemingly physical enjoyment. If you lack imagination, there will be "stage-door canteen" people ready to help you out.

Food, Drink, Clothes

This is hard to get: all your old notions are in the way. Do all former bodily functions still go on? The answer is: they do if you think they do.

Have you ever had a really vivid dream where you drank a perfect and fragrant cup of coffee, or heard truly heavenly music or saw intensely lovely colours? Have you then waked up and felt that what you had experienced was more real than reality?

Most people have. But those sensations were felt without using the physical body, weren't they?

In dreams of that peculiarly vivid kind you are already in this life using the subtle, or etheric, or astral body, which is the one, remember, that you even now feel and think with. Indeed, some communicators from the other side report that their sensations of every kind are much more exquisite than the ones they had when hampered by the dense physical body. They like their new frame better; naturally enough, since defects are corrected in it.

As for actual clothes, that again depends on your imagination. You can burst forth like a jungle parrot, if you want to, or wear white flowing robes if that's what you think proper. And harps are no doubt provided for those who hanker for them.

Girls and Boys

This new country, or intermediate condition, called by some the "astral" region, sounds so much like the Land of Expressed and Fulfilled Desires that it would be incomplete without girls

for boys or boys for girls. Reports happily indicate that such is indeed the case. Still, there is a spiritual difference. Unless there is genuine love, dissatisfaction soon sets in—not unlike the earth.

Do earth-marriages last?

They may for a while, but not for any length unless they were founded in genuine companionship. Then there are marriages that break up while one of the mates goes looking for new experience. Still, if the first relationship was spiritual it will re-establish itself and more securely than before.

Language

You can use spoken words, just as here, but the real language is mind-reading. Suppose you want to tell a Frenchman that you crashed in a P38, and you don't know French. Doesn't matter, you picture in your mind what happened, and he sees it like a moving picture on a screen.

Is your mind a goldfish bowl with no curtains? No, it can be shut off. Except to higher-ups, from higher regions. That makes it unwise to try to lie. The higher-ups don't object to your having the kind of good time that an early death seemed to deprive you of, but selfishness, meanness, cruelty are checked up against you and can't be concealed. Those commanding officers have lie-detector eyes.

Work

Sooner than you think you'll get tired of play and want to work. You can, for instance, to a certain extent, help your former comrades. Air-Chief Marshal during the Battle of Britain, Lord Dowding, said in a public address in London on September 1st, 1943: "There is a great organization of Air Force men on the other side, and I receive frequent messages from them." He also said that the theme of the messages was: "We're the lucky ones, we've never been so happy as now. Don't grieve for us."

Inter-World Communications

This is a problem of getting through to our dense physical brains. That takes some special training on your part, and usually it takes a special ability on the part of the person still in the flesh-body. There are people still wearing this body who are more "psychic" than they know. They're able to dissociate, or slip the cables of their subtle body enough to reach your mind, or they might be able to if they would only try.

Those who know and try and succeed are called "mediums" or said to be "psychics" or "sensitives." Joe may want to get a message through to the girl he left behind him, but if she is not

sensitive that way she may get it only as a wave of feeling or as the fragment of an idea floating into her mind, and she may sigh and think of Joe. If she doesn't get it at all, Joe will have to look around for someone to give it to, who can bring it to her. That is—a "medium."

The people with this special ability are said to be discernable from the other world by a kind of light coming from them. They can, sometimes, tune in on the mind of the person wanted, say, Joe's mind. But, of course, the girl would have to get in touch with a medium first. The latter would have to be both skilful and sincere. There are quite a few such, but even these genuine practitioners aren't always able to run their communication service without break-downs. Also they may badly misinterpret the pictures Joe is trying to flash to them, or what he is saying, if they work by hearing rather than by sight.

The chances are he'll give up trying to communicate with his people in this world, and will rather concentrate on helping them as much as possible, even if they aren't aware of it. *He* knows that sooner or later they'll all be with him, and he can probably seen an end to the troubles that beset him. Perhaps he may even be advanced enough to realise that these troubles, both theirs and his own, are an education.

Promotion, Heaven

Promotion is for the way in which you meet your troubles, and for unselfishness, if it is practised without the idea of getting promoted for it.

Beyond the first region into which you arrive, there are others, infinite ones. They are the real Heaven. But those states of being need not preoccupy most people: they are neither fit for them, nor would they much care for those purely spiritual joys.

Yet, even in the region of first arrival, glimpses can be had of breathless beauty, or echoes can be heard of such music that yearnings rise towards its home. Then the progress towards true reality has begun.

It needs no pocket guide.

Healing and the Spirit

DR. MARTIN ISRAEL

III. FORGIVENESS: THE HEALING OF SIN

HOW is one to be forgiven for a great injustice done to another?

How in turn can one forgive an injustice done to oneself? These are immense questions. Let it at once be said that

forgiveness does not occur merely on a rational, or intellectual, level. Certainly one can affect to forgive someone else for a wrong committed by pardoning him and shaking hands together, but apart from the attitude of superiority this engenders that militates against a real reconciliation, there will be left a rankling reservation in the heart that destroys real trust. True forgiveness comes from a much deeper part of the personality than the rational mind. It comes from the soul, indeed from the Spirit, and its source is God not man.

It is only when we are able to forgive ourselves our deepest faults that we can start to forgive another person in earnest. When we commit a sin, which, to recapitulate, is a self-exacting action done to the detriment of another person, we soon become acutely aware of our fault. This is due in part to the action of the injured person, but mostly to our own inner judgment. We are in fact judging ourselves the whole time, and our inner feeling of guilt is a measure of the distance we have fallen short of God's glory which is known in the heights of the soul. As we have already noted, it is the spiritually advancing person who is most aware of his sinfulness; indeed, at times his burden of guilt may be unbearable. Isaiah expresses this very forcibly: "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isaiah 64:6). But this burden of sinfulness and guilt can distort a person's whole life and cause severe mental disturbances, which may in turn have important physical consequences. A sin-conscious religion is a loveless affair and it tends to emphasise personal salvation at the expense of God's universal love. We have first to learn to love ourselves so that the forgiveness of sins may be a meaningful transaction.

Self-Acceptance

To love oneself is a lifetime's work. This love means an acceptance of ourselves as we really are, so that we do not need to boost ourselves with external attributes. A selfish person is one who is, at least unconsciously, aware of his inadequate personality, and he tries to shield himself from this admission of insufficiency by grasping from those around him. In this way he hopes to supplement his lack. Thus a person who is insecure in himself, due almost always to inadequate love at an earlier part of his life, will strive for security in wealth, power, or social position. Such a person is in fact dominated by his sense of inadequacy and driven to the acquisition of money or prestige. The end-result of this type of life is very well known to doctors and psychotherapists: increasing alienation from the community

and ultimately a breakdown of body and mind. If only we realised that we are lovable as we now stand, because God created us and loves us, we would not need to boost ourselves with things that are not essential. It is frequently a complete mental or physical breakdown that brings the person to his senses, that his real value lies in what he is and not in his external attributes. When we love ourselves in this way, we do not need to seek for wealth or power for self-aggrandisement, and at last we are free from the thraldom of outer things. From this we see the necessity for accepting ourselves as we are, and loving ourselves, including our shortcomings. The important thing is always to be oneself fully, and not simply the pale image of some imaginary or real hero. To accept the limitations that our incarnation has thrust upon us is an act of great wisdom. To work within those limitations to the best of our ability in order to give something unique to the world is an act of faith and courage. It is our very weakness that is the stepping-stone to self-mastery. This is something everyone with a defect that resists healing should remember: "My strength is made perfect in weakness" (2 Corinthians 12:9).

The ultimate basis of healing is the entry of the Holy Spirit into the whole personality through the soul. It is our feeling of guilt, or unworthiness, that impedes this inflow. There are, as has already been made clear, some aspects of guilt that are thoroughly destructive to the personality, and these should be expunged by critical analysis. Among the most important of these destructive feelings of guilt is our failure to accept ourselves as we now stand. How can we start to accept ourselves? By diverting our concern away from our own personal problems and becoming more aware of the world around us. It is by active participation in the world that our place is found within it. This is not simply an act of personal will; it is also the grace of God taking us, as we are in this moment of time, and placing us lovingly in the full community of man. As we give of ourselves in faith to the world around us, aware as we may be of our great shortcomings, we are accepted for what we are by the world, and in this transaction we find we are able to accept the world with greater affection and respect. Let it be repeated: this acceptance is God-given, a thing of grace, for in our weakness God's strength acts. It strengthens us and aligns our will to that of the cosmic purpose in which the will of God is known. As we are accepted by God in the world for what we are, so we begin to accept other people for what they are, and not for what we believe they ought to be or can be in the future. To be able to see ourselves and

others as points of divine development in a cosmic process of evolution is to be able not only to accept but also to forgive and to love what is in existence now. To love a present infirmity is the way to its ultimate healing, a healing not of itself alone but of the entire personality.

But what are we to say of the serious sins we have committed against others? These cannot be dismissed merely as inevitable episodes in our spiritual evolution. While we are all in the process of becoming more fully integrated people, we are also perfect in ourslves at any moment of time. Thus do the two antithetical processes of becoming (in time) and being (in eternity) converge in the moment of action. It is the betrayal of another in a moment of high tension that exposes the weakness of both parties. As we sin against another so we leave him bereft of that which he holds dear, and at the same time we are shorn of our mask of morality and decency. It is this process of mutual unfoldment that makes the act of betrayal, the commission of sin, an inevitable part of the incarnational drama. In a world of cosy goodness where people were always pleasant to one another there would be no growth to Christ, Who is neither cosy goodness nor formal pleasantness. He is the way, the truth and the life. He is the truth that sets men free, free from dependence on things, on ideologies, and even on conditional friendship. So long as a relationship depends on mutual deceit, on evasions of essential truth, that relationship is merely temporary and is doomed to collapse. So many human contacts are of this type: superficial conversations and meetings masquerading as friendship. Much religious observance is likewise a scratching on the surface of the concept of God rather than a transforming encounter with Christ in the depths of one's being.

We thus begin to fathom the paradox that a personal betrayal, a sin of great magnitude, may be the means of our first glimpse of divine justice and mercy. It all depends though on our state of awareness. The unaware will sin on, oblivious of the havoc they are causing and the suffering they are courting. But one who is spiritually awake sees, as a result of the sin, both his own dereliction and his means of transformation. If he can only humble himself sufficiently to acknowledge his shortcomings both to himself and to the person he has offended, he will move to a new level of awareness and be no longer susceptible to that particular temptation. It might be deduced from this that we should do all in our power to ensure that the sin is forgiven by those whom we have injured. But this is not the important part of forgiveness. Indeed, in many of the disreputable things we do,

no one else is aware of our action or thought. If we were to exteriorise our feeling of guilt, the listener might, in all charitable indulgence, forgive us willingly, and yet the knowledge of the sin remains within us. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" asks St. Paul. And his answer is, "I thank God through Jesus Christ, our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with my flesh the law of sin" (Romans 7:24-25).

The Act of Forgiving

It is Christ in us that both judges the sin and forgives it. The very perfection to which we strive is the knowledge of God in Christ who is enthroned in the Spirit, that most exalted place in each soul. Inasmuch as we have acted, spoken, or thought in a way that diminishes another person (and therefore ourselves, for we are all members one of another in that body of creation that is the Body of Christ to be consummated fully on the day of total redemption from sin), it is Christ in us, the working of the Holy Spirit, that judges. How can we ever bear the pain of that judgment which tells us how greatly we have fallen from what we might have been? There is clearly nothing that we ourselves can do to repair our action. The forgiveness comes from Christ, not from our own intellectual faculties. And yet the glory of this judgment is its absolute mercy when we have confronted our defect in courage and in clear vision. We have only to dedicate ourselves in true selfless service to the world for the Divine Energies to infuse our souls, and then we are reborn. A new vision of reality opens to us, and we see our erstwhile defects in a new light, the light of Christ. He not only forgives but also redeems. Thus when we are shown, in our own being, the radiancy of God's unconditional love, a love that we have only to receive in childlike openness, the past can be faced not only with equanimity but also with a love and wonder that surpass description. This is the experience of forgiveness: we are able to forgive ourselves because Christ, embodied in radiant love, has forgiven us. He makes no demands, nor does He dictate our further actions. He sets us free from the bondage of guilt so that we may start a new spiral of life. This is the experience of forgiveness that the prodigal son first felt in his own heart when he was in greatest desperation, and it was fully realised in the total acceptance by his father.

Let it be said at once that this forgiveness does not in any way erase the effects of the sin we have committed. Justice is not cancelled out by mercy, but it is made bearable, even helpful,

through mercy. Thus the person we have wronged must be recompensed to the best of our ability, and a crime may require a severe penalty in the judgment of the law. But none of these penalties assumes the terrible aspect of self-dstruction that it would to the unforgiven man. Indeed, such punishment is seen to be the fulfilment of the world's law, and thus is a new adventure in living. Since we have been redeemed from sin by Christ, it makes little difference whether the world at large thinks well or ill of us. The seat of judgment is on high, and we are both the judge and the accused. This is why we are told, "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: for with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again" (Matthew 7: 1-2). We are, in our unenlightened state, in no position to judge ourselves, let alone anyone else. But when Christ lives in us the judgment brings its own remedy, a change in consciousness to a new understanding of God's love for us.

The ultimate result of unassuaged guilt is remorse. This eats into the personality and destroys it. We cannot forgive ourselves, but through faith in God our sin can be redeemed. And as we begin to forgive ourselves, so we find that we can tolerate others better and really begin to love them. This love is not a false view of other people, averting our full vision and pretending the marring features do not really exist. On the other hand, true love is honest. It sees straight, neither judging nor condescending. It values the other person for what he is, and makes no demands on him. It flows out in spontaneous blessing to God that His creatures (including oneself) are as they are. And when we behave in full consciousness as we are, the false valuation we place on external attributes will be exposed, and we will look for a deeper understanding of our true nature. It is thus that we see Christ. The mystics believe that He rose from the dead, because they know He is risen—risen in their own souls. Thus the Incarnation has to be repeated in the lives of all believers before they can know Christ. A mere credal affirmation on an intellectual level—often mistakenly equated with faith—does not transform the personality. Unless Christ is seen to live in the personality, one's belief is of little account. And let it be said that Christ grows in one as one progresses in the spiritual life. The true conversion is a life-long process; it may indeed be punctuated by remarkable inner experiences, but the real growth is unobtrusive and largely unnoticed by the person himself. Those around him, however, are aware of the change. This change is not one of militant enforcement of a new way of life but of a broadening-out of the personality so that one becomes more loving, more understanding,

more open-hearted, and less dogmatic in one's views. Dogmatic sentiments are usually props to uphold a shaky ideology. Once Christ is known there is less need for dogma. Instead dogma is seen to be merely the gateway to a more complete understanding of life.

The Atonement

In the forgiveness of sin we begin to understand the Atonement. We believe that Jesus, though sinless Himself, took on all the sins of the world, and that in bearing this terrible load even to death on the Cross atoned for the world's sin. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself" (2 Corinthians 5:19) is St. Paul's statement of this action. When we atone for our sins, we are reconciled to those against whom we have sinned. But how can the atoning sacrifice of Jesus relieve us now of the burden of sin? It is evident that there is still much sin in the world two thousand years after the Incarnation. Yet Jesus shows us, in His passion, the way to reconciliation. So sensitive was He psychically that the full load of the world's grief and woe were known to Him, and at the time of His agony in the Garden of Gethsemane he felt this burden fall directly on Him. He had to bear the full shame of the world's guilt and even experience that momentary doubt of God's all-pervading presence on the Cross; He asked, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Mark 15:34). But he persisted to the end, and death was swallowed up in victory. The sin of the world was consumed in transcendent glory. In this way man was shown a new view of Divine Love, one that immersed itself directly in the human situation and sank to the depths of man's degradation—even to the darker regions of the after-life which are called Hell or Hades. But all, even the most sordid, could be redeemed from the darkness of sin (which is dark, because it excludes the light of communion with others from the self-exalted sinner) by opening itself to the Light which is Christ. Thus the level of awareness of the whole world has been raised by the witness of Christ Incarnate. This applies not only to those who call themselves Christians but to the world at large. The witness of Christ extends to all men who sacrifice the smaller self for the greater Self, which embraces the community of man and is of God. The spiritual evolution of all men has been quickened by His witness, and He is with all those who sincerely repent of their sin and flow out in unreserved love to their fellows. It is to such that the word Christian should apply. It is a mark of the poor spiritual state of Christianity that so few of its members have reached this level of awareness. When the Christian community knows of the Atonement of Christ in its

own experience, the Body of Christ will really have formed, and all men will eventually be included in it by their own inevitable choice.

How frequently Jesus told those whom He had healed, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." He forgave while incarnate, and now He forgives through the Holy Spirit all who have faith in the cosmic process, the flow of life. It is the spirit of forgiveness that guides the mentally distraught slowly back to equilibrium. It brings about the slow, undramatic healing of the body, and above all it is the integrating centre of the personality, for it works at the level of the soul. Eventually it takes man above the concern for personal justice to the realm of universal love.

(By kind permission of Dr. Israel and of the Mysticism Committee of the CFPSS.)

THE OLIVER LODGE RESEARCH GRANT

A number of interesting applications were made for the first year's grant, and the Electors, by unanimous vote, have made the award to Miss Mary Scott, M.A. (Hons.), for a research project to examine critically current academic research which appears to endorse an inter-relation between the physical and subtle bodies of man. Miss Scott has a wide background of study and experience on which to draw, and some of our members will have heard her lecture at the College, and have read her contributions to *Light*.

An experience of Death

JOSEPHINE WESTREN

Prelude

The day preceeding the experience was uneventful. I was contented. No thought of death, or of anything philosophical or mystical entered my mind; in fact, it had been a physical type of day. Prior to the night of January 1st, during which I was to have the experience, I had two sherries before the evening meal; one prescribed tablet of rautrax for high blood pressure (or hypertension) from which I was suffering unless I took the tablets; and on going to bed, the prescribed half tablet of mogadon. As usual by bed-time, because of the high blood pressure, I felt very fatigued; and as usual, when I lay down my heart-beats were noticeably present—inside my chest I could feel the heart beating unevenly with the kind of thrusts that a fish

makes when taken out of water. There was the usual feeling of mild suffocation on lying down; this gradually eases off.

The Experience

On sleeping I remember no dream, the sleep seemed deep and complete. Suddenly I felt something cataclysmic happen, a confusion, like being bombed. Then, immediately following this I was alone in an infinity of dark blue space, dark like a midnight sky when there is a moon. The dark blue infinity of incalculable space was continually moving and changing form, although almost imperceptibly. In the ultimate distance there was a thin lightening of the dark blue almost to a look of far distant sunshine. The air was beautifully cool and fresh. I was fully and calmly cognisant of having just passed through a barrier which I knew was death; of having lived immediately previously among material factors of some kind, as though I had opened a door and stepped out into infinite space, but knowing only that there had been a door, not what had been within the building itself. I felt a great relief, a calm, joyful lightening of the spirit, at no longer being trapped in matter, although I had no idea what that matter had been. I felt set free and at peace. I was without memory of any kind, and so without sorrow.

Although I was conscious of the sensation of having form, I had no body. Yet I was still entirely I, myself entirely and essentially; I was the self that had always been inside my body, but now free of everything that had imprisoned and altered it. I was calmly happy to be now truly the self, the child almost, that was my essential personality, with all the tortuous additions to it now fallen away. I recognised the true self I had once known, with surprise, because I had for so long not known that self. I thought very clearly. I thought that death was not terrible at all, it was a setting free of the true essence of the spirit. I knew, rather than remembered, that I had been terrified of death, but I knew nothing more of what or who I had been, and didn't question that I had no memory; memory did not exist, there was only the immediate present. I questioned, though, what was going to happen to me, because here I was in this dark blue infinity of atmosphere, and still alive although I had passed through death.

And at once a voice spoke, from somewhere, everywhere. The voice was neither markedly male nor female, though more male than female; it was like distantly-heard thunder, but gentler. It was benign and spoke slowly. It said that life was really governed by time; that I was an integral part of that time, and that because of that I would go on forever because time goes

on forever; that my essential self, as I now was, was indestrucible, that every person was indestructible after death, because the essential spirit, the essential personality was indestructible and constant. The voice said that there were many worlds, that each was complete, with its own evolution and civilisations; and that men were born into one world, died, and were born again into another world; that each time a man died he retained his essential personality intact, even though he moved on in the destined sequence of death, birth, death, birth, which was a circle and so continued ad infinitum; that is, he comes back eventually to the same worlds (like fingers feeling round and round a string of beads—this last was not said by the voice, but is my own description, to make the sequence more easily understandable). While I was speaking to the voice, in fact, throughout the experience, there was a density of lighter blue vertically in the near distance to my left, and I was turned towards it when I "came to" from having passed through the barrier; the density and my own position remained throughout the experience.

I thought, how could I travel from one world to another? And the voice said, as though I had spoken, that now I was still aware of myself, my personality, because I had only just passed through death, but that I had yet to go through the final stage of leaving the world I had been in. It said I was now totally to lose consciousness of myself for a period; during it I would know nothing whatever. I would then be born into the next world on the time band or sequence; I would have no memory of this present experience of death. I would be born again. I found it difficult, bewildering to comprehend all that was being told me, it was so new and so incredible; without my asking, the voice repeated all it had told me about being continually a part of time, and that it was not the time I knew, but something completely different; time meant progress through infinity from one life experience, and one death experience to another; and that the progress, or time, is the sole motivating power and meaning of the whole universe; a relentless, unending force which governs all there is, here and hereafter.

I was in great fear of the next world, the world to come, yet hopeful too, because it promised life, although I was apprehensive of what kind of life lay ahead. I thought that the distant light was probably the world to which I would go next. I feared the moment of total annihilation, when my consciousness would be eliminated. Instantly I lost consciousness. In what felt a short time I awoke, not feeling ill, although tired, to an ordinary morning. The reality of the experience of death was over-

whelming, and still with me. I recalled it in its stark reality. I did not record it, until today, three weeks after, to see if I had any difficulty in recalling it; if there had been difficulty I would have doubted—although only slightly, not entirely—that it had been a dream; but it is as clear today as it was when I experienced it.

Because the whole experience was entirely that of another world and dimension, it is very difficult, nearly impossible, to explain it in earthly language, because it was an experience not of words but of feelings—for this reason I understood what the voice was saying, although I cannot recall any phrases or words it used, yet can clearly recall the sound of the voice and all it said, because I understood with a knowledge which it is impossible to describe in earthly terms. It was like being able to understand what the thunder is saying. The feeling of purest happiness, however, *is* also of this world as well as the next—it has its beginnings here on earth in love; love both given and received, in any way and for any reason: of a mother and her child, of music, of beauty, kindness, and of nature; the lifting of the heart, the joy, felt for any reason at all is the same feeling experienced after the new birth beyond death.

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The Science of Thought and William Blake

WALTER TAYLOR

"Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonished at me, Yet they forgive my wanderings. I rest not from my great task! To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought, into Eternity. Ever expanding in the Bosom of God, the Human Imagination."—William Blake.

From "Jerusalem," 1. Chap. 1 (5).

HELPED by Blake I wish to put forward certain ideas. Some of these ideas may seem revolutionary to some people, but I hope to develop the views presented so that they will be clearly seen if not accepted.

First of all, then, I believe that the theory of man as a physical species will prove to be incorrect. On the contrary I think that man, to use a religious term, is a "Fallen" Being, though that term is not quite right, but my meaning will be understood better.

It would be more correct to say that whilst we are deeply involved in the sensuous world we are like "fallen" beings, but as we gain freedom from the limitations of the senses we become "ascending' beings.

My second point is that language is a barrier to thought. Thought, if we will consider the matter deeply, is an indication of immortality. Language does not deal adequately with thought. When we realise that action is always preceded by thought (no matter how swift the action may be) we can begin to presume the existence of an immaterial world. A world not subject to Time.

When people say: "We acted without thinking," they mean conscious thinking, but reflection will assure us that the thought did precede the act.

My third point on the question of Time will be confined for the moment to Blake's—"Time is the mercy of Eternity." For Blake the mercy of Time meant that "time" is an opportunity for the individual man to seek his own salvation, and change from a "fallen being" into an "ascending one." For the reader who would like to know the context in which—"Time is the mercy of Eternity" is written, they should refer to Blake's *Milton*: Book the First, at the end of section 26. The next 14 words which follow the quotation are meaningful:

"Time is the mercy of Eternity; without Time's swiftness,

Which is the swiftest of all things, all were eternal torment."

In introducing my fourth point I put forward the view of the existence of a "link" that would, by the acceptance of my previous points, replace or reverse the general theory of evolution with the knowledge of an expanding universe beyond the capacity of man at his present stage to contemplate because of the limitations imposed by his senses.

Strangely enough, the "link" I write of can be seen in the *divisions* which exist in nature. Let me use one or two illustrations to try to make my meaning clear. When a man is about to step on a worm the worm, though possibly aware of danger, is not aware of the man, as such, about to end its existence, as a worm.

Similarly, a caterpillar is not "aware" of its fellows who have "grown" wings and now fly in space, whatever space may be. In the same way man, though he is aware of space, can in no way be aware of anything "outside" the limit of his senses. And yet the worm and the caterpillar and the man are in the *same* world. Who said that man is the *last* in the material world? If different orders of being can exist in the same world unaware of other beings in that same world, why cannot there exist other beings of whom man himself is unaware?

Indeed, we have plenty of evidence of interruptions and impacts from other regions in man's physical world, just as man himself makes his impact felt on lower orders of being. *They* are not to know anything about man except the impact of the phenomenon. But man himself will not admit that there are forces outside himself which make their impact upon him. One example of this should suffice: the visions and visits of Emmanuel Swedenborg to the Spiritual World, which must lie very near to this world.

My fifth and last basis for further discussion is that once the reality of psychical phenomena and the spiritual potential of man are more and more recognised, an inner world of Reality will be revealed, and will take its place as an actual *extension* of the known material world. The reader may not be able to swallow that pill, but all that it means is that neither man nor any other form of energy can die. It means that there are no beginnings and no ends. William Blake summed it all up this way:

"For all are Men in Eternity, Rivers, Mountains, Cities, Villages,
All are Human, and when you enter into their Bosoms you walk
In Heavens and Earths, as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven
And Earth and all you behold; Tho it appears Without, it is Within,
In your Imagination, of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow."

Jerusalem: 111 (71).

Having presented my leading ideas under five headings I now begin a general discussion of the science of thought. The question that naturally arises is—What is Thought?

For the materialist there is no problem; thought is what the brain *does*, it has no existence apart from brain function. The

term—mind, is a *description* of that function, and has no physical existence.

Most religions postulate the existence of a "soul," which is resisted by the materialist because there is not, and *cannot* be any real evidence of a soul or any after-death state. The religious person's views are based on Faith supported by Belief: A faith and belief no doubt devoutly held, but for which there is not an atom of proof. There cannot be proof, *because,* as Blake says: man is "bounded" by his senses. What cannot be apprehended by the senses cannot exist. We shall see later how Blake deals with this situation.

Before leaving this point about proof it is interesting to note that in Blake's note-book we find these lines:

> "He's a block-head who wants a proof
> Of what he can't perceive:
> And he's a fool who tries to make
> Such a block-head believe."

The only counter to the materialistic position is psychical research. Though there is a great weight of personal evidence in favour of the phenomena, which has been accumulated over the years, this does not satisfy the scientific demand for repeatability. The case for human survival after bodily death, if it has to be scientifically demonstrated, must be scientifically met, by those who make the claim.

The difficulty with psychical phenomena, which I have no doubt do occur. is that the senses are involved and we should have no inkling of their occurrence. The discovery we have to make is that psychic realities are part of, and also an extension of, the material world to which the "normal" person is limited. I would say that the psychic field is the next scientific adventure opening up for man.

But again, notwithstanding the digressions, What is Thought? We must have some definition of thought before we can begin to talk about the Science of Thought. Having said that, my own view is that there is no definition of thought. We can only define thought in so far as the words used to express the thought give it meaning. Only at the point of utterance can the science of thought begin. What cannot be spoken in words remains in its own dimension until it is utterable.

This must be so in the nature of the life of the senses. No matter how inspired and lofty a thought may be it has to be brought down to, and interpreted by, language. And language—any language, has its limits. A thought must be expressed in

sensible and logical terms to be intelligible. When an intellectual, a seer, or a mystic, become unintelligible it is due (most likely) to the inadequacy of language.

Thus it is that at certain levels thought cannot be contained within verbal terms. This explains why Blake and other mystics have devised their own mythological systems, hoping to make clear their "message." Blake's *Jerusalem, Milton,* and other symbolical works are meaningless to most people. Very few know the secret key which gives them meaning. We have to "listen" as we read the symbolical works with deep concentration in order to "catch" the inspiration which runs through them. To put it in another way we have to learn to read between the lines by using a second language, which is telepathy. Significantly we only learn the art of communicatng telepathically as we devote more time to gaining spiritual insight.

All the mystics agree that the *real* world is within. Blake called this real world *Imagination.* He meant far more than we do by that word. Edwin J. Ellis in his Biography of Blake—*The Real Blake*—says this:

"We must not consider that this occult mental power, which Blake called "Imagination," was like our ordinary imagination, though it had a kinship. It exceeds it sometimes as the fancied fourth dimension of space exceeds the usual three, has its own *Here* and *There,* its own *Before* and *After,* a Time where Successivity does not rule, and a Space where Place has other laws. So he called it Eternity, and by it the Real Blake is yet with us, his posterity, as he was with Catherine his widow."

Let us take a look now at Blake's basic thinking. In his *There Is No Natural Religion* he first of all makes this point—that man, in nature, "is a natural organ subject to sense." By this he means that man is limited, as a natural man, to his natural bodily organs.

From this it follows that man, by his reasoning powers alone, can only compare and judge by his natural organs of sense. Therefore, if we only had three senses we would not be able to deduce a fourth or a fifth. That is to say, if we had never had the sense of hearing we should not know what was meant by the "World of Sound." Arising from this it is easy to see that we could only have what Blake calls organic thoughts if we had nothing but organic perceptions.

So, we see in turn that our *desires* must be limited by our perceptions: we cannot desire what we have not perceived. Consequently, if we only possessed organs of sense alone, we would be limited to objects of sense. The conclusion reached

by Blake was that if we did not have perceptive powers *other* than the normal senses, the wider realms of inspiration, poetry, imagination, etc., would be closed to us, for we should be restricted to our organic senses. If this were the case we should indeed be in a dull world, repeating the same dull round over and over again.

Blake then goes on to argue, of course, that man's perceptions are not "bounded" by organs of perception, because he perceives more than the senses, be they ever so acute, can discover. This leads to the conclusion with which most people will agree, that they who are "bounded" by the senses find the universe a mill with complicated wheels, which, again, means the same dull round over and over again.

I would suggest that the last four paragraphs constitute a Science of Thought well worth further study, but the reader wanting more of this must go to Blake himself. Space only gives me time to deal with one last aspect of Blake's genius, otherwise I could go on for a very long time dealing with his contribution to the Science of Thought.

Blake says man innately desires Infinity because he is Infinite. And adds—to see the infinite is *to be* the Infinite! He carries this still further by saying that he who sees the Infinite in all things, sees God, but, he who uses his reason only, sees only himself. And then he makes what I think to be a most illuminating statement:

"God becomes as we are that we may be as He is!"

When we realise the truth of that statement by experience and not as an intellectual concept, then we are near to understanding what Blake meant by two oft repeated words—Eternal Delight! And the only hint I can give you of what he meant by "Eternal Delight" is by quotng him again:

"How do you know but ev'ry Bird that cuts the airy way,
Is an immense world of delight, Clos'd by your senses five?"

Whenever I read those two lines I am reminded of a Zen Buddhistic Koan. It can give instant enlightenment.

Less than Infinity for man, says Blake, is not enough, and yet we are already Infinite, without knowing it! We make our own illusions. One is that we have to die in order to gain Immortality. Another is that we have a body *and* a soul, when really, our richest possession is—"Eternal Delight."

Now is all that is. Whatever is *thinkable* is. But there is only *now*. Not "now" in the sense of time, but *now* in Eternity—Eternal Delight; and *"Thou art that."*

I cannot conclude this article on "The Science of Thought &

William Blake" without mentioning what is an important study for the lover of Blake—the "*Continual* Forgiveness of Sin." In the preamble to his *Jerusalem* he says this:

"The spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of sin: he who waits to be righteous before he enters the saviour's kingdom, the Divine Body, will never enter there. I am perhaps the most sinful of men. I pretend not to holiness: yet I pretend to love, to see, to converse with daily, as man with man, and the more, to have an interest in, the Friend of Sinners. Therefore, *dear* reader, *forgive* what you do not approve, and *love* me for this energetic exertion of my talent."

Beeing and Being

ANNA MORDUCH

WHEN recently I was re-reading a book which I had greatly loved in my youth I was struck in a new way by its impact and quality. It was Maurice Maeterlink's *Life of the Bees,* and I sincerely advise everyone who can lay hands on it to read or re-read it. It seemed to crystallize and seal some of the thoughts which had occupied me for some time and to give wings to others.

What strikes one first in this carefully researched and authentic life story of a bee-hive is the exact order and timing of all tasks and actions according to the rank of its different inhabitants, from the queen downwards to the workers and drones. The whole evolving drama seems to be planned down to the smallest detail by an invisible producer, and the theme running through it is that of the sacrifice of all to a higher law which seems to demand the life of everyone when his function has been fulfilled. The male who follows the queen in the rapture of the nuptial flight is dismembered as he impregnates her. She then is fed with royal jelly which none of the others touch while she is laying her eggs. Then, when the young queen is ready to replace her, she is stung to death. Maurice Maeterlink, who was a poet and mystic as well as an apiarist, gives the story something of the pathos of the mystery dramas.

My afterthoughts, having read the book again very slowly, due to restricted eyesight, were numerous and varied. I remembered that in ancient Greece the bees were called the priestesses of Apollo and that, according to certain esoteric traditions, they had come from the planet Venus. Be this as it may, one cannot fail to sense something awe-inspiring and miraculous in watching them and their life circle.

Honey has, of course, been known as a wonder food all through the ages, and as a salve for wounds. Some of the physicians of ancient Greece even used it for the cure of eye diseases. What touched me deeply above all was what I hinted at before, the archetypal pattern of sacrifice which is part of all mythology and sacred literature. According to the esoteric tradition of every known religion the principle of creation is based on the law of sacrifice of the higher for the lower. There was such a tradition in early Christianity as well as in Hinduism. The Lords of creation or the angelic hosts had to give of their very substance so that man could be created. In the instinct of the animal world this knowledge is still alive. We in our day must reach up to the equivalent of it—*intuition* or Buddhi, which must supplement our intellect. The sacrifice of Isaac and the supreme sacrifice of the Christ are part of a pattern which we have not made and which, with our limited intellect, we can analyze but never understand. It seems to me that some of the schools of thought which are rather vociferous about "God not wanting us to suffer" and many other slogans which often cause people to be lacking in true compassion, should think more deeply about the mystery that lies behind it.

Now to come back to the gathering of honey, which is part of our life pattern as well as that of the bees. For a long part of our life we do just this. Flying from place to place, from flower to flower, searching, *beeing* as we might call it. And it is right that we should do it, as long as we do not seek the honey for our own pleasure and appetites, but want to share it, while making it as rich and varied as we can. Honey can be gathered from clover, lime and heather, from the humblest as well as the most glorious flower, provided we can penetrate to the centre and come back richly laden with pollen. But *beeing* comes to an end when *being* is reached!

"Be and it is," says the East. But we all know that this state is the highest, and though seemingly simple the most difficult to reach and to maintain. It means balance, mutation, inclusiveness. It is not a passive state but one of vibrant activity, though it may be very quiet, very silent.

The Zen Buddhists often quote a story of a man who came to the Buddha with presents in both his hands. When he approached the Enlightened One, he heard the words "Drop it" and obediently he dropped the present he held in one hand. Again he heard the same word and obeyed. Dropping the second gift he took one step nearer, approaching the Lord Buddha empty handed. Then he heard for the third time the quiet words "Drop

it." It is said that at this moment he reached enlightenment.

This story bears out two things very clearly. We must first have something to bring before we can take the next step of throwing it away and becoming "poor in heart" that we may enter the kingdom..

A remarkable if rather difficult writer on esoteric subjects, Dane Dudyar, has given us in his book *New Mansions For New Men* the golden flower of the heart chakra, wide open. When the inner petals are rolled back we can see in the innermost centre the holy of holies, the six-pointed star containing the five-pointed star and within it the jewel of eternity, the Christ light. In the outer wheel of petals there are three bees representing the three souls, or parts of man, as Son and true image of the triune God. He calls it the meditative symbol for the Aquarian age. When this stage of being is reached we can become very simple. We will need to say and hear fewer words. We shall teach our lips to be as sentinels at the palace gates, the king within.

We will no longer be concerned with tiresome arguments and reach a state where love and awareness are one and be at peace and joyful in the midst of all trials and difficulties. There will be less and less advertising of the personality even on subtle levels. We shall no longer fall into easy traps of false Nirvanas but be active servers of all.

Mary Fullerson has, in her remarkable little book, *The Form of the Four*, put it in a very clear and inspired way when she says:

> "Many glimpse the outer courts of the pure state of being, but mistake the way to enter. Turning inward they turn inward selfishly. One does not come that way. One comes into the inner place, holy of holies, as priest of high awareness for the All—all of all and unto All—not to be lost in nothingness without sensation but to find completion in the whole as a perfect unit."

When we have truly reached this state we will become pioneers of a new sacredness, mediators and transformers, knowing death and life as gates through which we come and go, with no other concern left on the level of self but to bring the seed of our lives to fruition so that it may be of use in the great harvest.

Many Lifetimes: One at a Time

A. GRAHAM IKIN, M.A., M.SC.

Reincarnation

THIS topic seems to be in the air just now, with many pros and cons being expressed in connection with it. The works of

Joan Grant are well known. Her many novels which describe life in Ancient Egypt, including the training for priesthood, are said to be actual memories which, under certain conditions, she can recall, and dictate a rapid record to whoever is waiting to act as a scribe for her. In *Many Lifetimes,* she and her husband in this life, who is a psychiatrist, describe many cases in which she has been able to "shift level" and tune in to the previous life of a patient; and as a result it has been possible, with this and her husband's work, to free him or her from the traumatic consequences of a former life, when ordinary treatment had failed. The evidence is very convincing.

Dr. Arthur Guirdham, in *Cathars and Reincarnation,* has devoted a whole book to the story of a single case, which he has been able to check in quite minute details from a life in France in the 13th century. The woman (now Mrs. Smith) was then a Cathar, a member of a heretical sect. In her teens she found memories coming in fragments which she jotted down, that were quite outside the boundary of the school teaching at the time. Eventually she came to Dr. Guirdham as a patient owing to recurrent nightmares, which were always the same. She at once recognised him as the most significant figure in that previous life. It is like reading a detective novel to see how from tiny clues Dr. Guirdham was able to prove the reliability of her "far memory." Amongst others he was able to check up on records of the Inquisition—under which both had been tortured and died. There is no space here to give these details, the book must be read for that. But some points arising out of it are relevant to the concept of reincarnation.

Dr. Guirdham suggested to Mrs. Smith that in the decline of Western civilisation it might help people to realise that reincarnation was a fact, though he admitted that it was not necessarily a cheerful concept, as the "its all to do over again idea" was a little wearying. However, that depends on "not doing it all over again," but on a wider awareness of the possibilities of bringing new factors into relation to old problems and rising to ever higher levels of being as experience is gained in life after life.

Mrs. Smith stated in a letter to him that she used to think reincarnation was for people who had led bad lives and who were obliged to return "to right wrongs of the past and make a fresh start." But she now believed that some people have to come back because the world needs them to fight the forces of evil. This fits in with the idea that old souls, with much assimilated experience to guide them from within, may play a part in redemptive activity to transmute the consequences of

previous evils. It could also account for the genius who seems to start very early in life with capacities that only a few attain to even in their maturity. Mozart, for example, in music, and some who showed great mathematical ability without being taught. They lead, not learn, because in some way the learning has gone on before and become available in a later life, which had facilities for such skills.

Reincarnation raises many questions, not all of which can be answered now. What or who reincarnates? We know more today about the physical factors in bodily inheritance than ever before. And these breed true. We can see the likeness to parents in some respects, and yet each is an individual blend of universal characteristics. If we come back in some form with a different body, different parents and a change of social environment and customs, we cannot come back just as we were. Living in any life involves inter-action with the physical, social and spiritual environment. Some make more use of opportunities for growth than others. Some waste them, not realising the spiritual possibilities inherent in our make up, which unfold with use and diminish with neglect. And this must affect whatever potentialities carry over into any other life.

One Life At A Time

This is where the idea of "many lifetimes: *one* at a time:" is relevant. Whatever our degree of development, whatever memories, dim or clear, fragmentary or detailed they may be, life is *living now*. I once heard Krishnamurti say, many years ago, that for him reincarnation was a fact, because he remembered past lives. But he advised people not to try to remember, but to concentrate on making the best of all the opportunities presented in the present life.

But it can help to realise that some of the conditions of our present lives may have come as a result of the past, both opportunities to match some capacities, or limitations that frustrate our desires. The laws of *Karma* are very far-reaching. The synchronisation that brought Mrs. Smith's memories of a 13th century life in France to her in her teens in this one, and then led her to Dr. Guirdham, who as "Roger" had played such a part in it, seems almost incredible—since he would seem to be the only one who would have taken the time and trouble to verify and reconstruct the whole background of her memories. How were they brought together at this particular juncture in life?

This is paralleled in other cases by the recurrence of some stress situations that had been ill-adjusted to previously, under

circumstances which then make a better adjustment possible—though not inevitable—until some weakness is genuinely outgrown and need never crop up in another life. Dr. Guirdham, for example, found a strong hatred for Roman Catholicism in his present life. And now that he has traced his life to the 13th century in which he was tortured by the Inquisition and Mrs. Smith was burnt alive, this becomes intelligible. Now it can be seen to be rooted in this past, it *can* drop out now and *never recur in any other life*, if he can forgive now in the light of greater maturity. This is akin to the discovery of specific traumas in childhood which make it possible to outgrow their paralysing effects through the *realisation* that they were no longer relevant. It is striking that the nightmares which led Mrs. Smith to go to Dr. Guirdham ceased after this—they were traced to an actual memory from the 13th century, which he was able to check as valid.

Living A Life Of One's Own

We are all socially conditioned to live in whatever form of society we are born into. We are born into families on various levels of social and cultural life, with opportunities and limitations of native endowment accordingly. Yet in each life there is some keynote, some central core of being, that has within it potentialities for growing ever more fully into its wholeness of being, taking advantage of all that helps towards this from outside, and rejecting all that hinders its own true inner development. Reformers and pioneers would be impossible if we were wholly conditioned by our immediate environment. Is it fanciful to think of progressive development of an inner life through the experience of many lives, into ever more interiorly determined form—less at the mercy of emotional tides or crowd determination? In "IF," Kipling wrote: "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you": this describes such an inner integrity.

May I put this personally? I do not think the particular "go-togetherness" that is Alice Graham Ikin will come to earth again. But I do think that through all that this particular go-togetherness involves, with the limitations of a specific physical body and all the interactions with the immediate environment entail, what is truly made my own will shape an essence that will be recognisable by any who really knew me as "Graham" if we meet in other bodies and other civilisations; and that this essence will be only one of many such expressions in any one life of an underlying spiritual being which in some way transcends, includes

and uses all the earthly "personas" developed by each incarnation. Strangely, the more we live a life of our own, with more and more of such memories and personas integrated into a wholeness that is distinctive, the more universal our outreach becomes. Wisdom increases as lives unfold—wisdom not just of the day, but of the ages in which it has been assimilated. Some have easier access to this hidden wisdom than others. Spiritual leaders may be those who have grown through many lives—not remembering them all, perhaps not even remembering any, but able to draw *intuitively on the fruits of such experience and so truly living a life of their own.* There is so much to learn, enjoy and do that no one life of 70 or more years is adequate to rise to the higher levels of experience that progressively open out as we assimilate the lessons of the earlier ones.

Reincarnation, however, does not seem to be an endless process, but a training ground for soul making. And after many lives, which will differ with the speed at which we learn the lessons of each, there may be no need for further incarnations in a physical body. Some after this may go on to become the advanced "guides" who seek to awaken humanity to its spiritual heritage. Some of these are giving "teachings" today through specially trained sensitives and this will be considered further in a later article. But one such old soul recently said that it was not usually wise to awaken far memories until the soul had reached the stage of being able to forgive all that was past. I would agree with this, and with Krishnamurti that it is wiser not to seek such memories, which would only confuse our present lives, so long as we know their influence is persisting and playing a part in shaping our future too. When the time is ripe for recollection they will emerge significantly, and we will be led to others who can share some aspects of such recollections, as in the course of our karma we are brought into touch again. This may be either to resolve some discord, pay a debt, or have one repaid to us, in order to clear something from the past right away, no longer carrying an entail into any other future – but opening out the transcendent good all was designed to elicit. The idea of reincarnation thus seems to me to offer great hopes for the future. We can learn and explore so little in any one life, however full it may be. But if we can see other lifetimes ahead, in which to outgrow some of our limitations, and also realise there is a deep centre within us that is *storing all the gains,* we can go forward with hope.

Christ and Reincarnation

Early Christianity included a belief in reincarnation, the

course of history might have been different. The "Communion of Saints" might have enabled the incarnate and discarnate to strengthen each other in the growing fellowship of the Holy Spirit towards the fullness of the humanity Christ came to redeem from its failures, and equip for its ultimate harmony in the Kingdom of God.

(N.B. This is reproduced by kind permission of Clare Cameron, Editor of "The Science of Thought Review," in whose pages it first appeared.)

Books

Out of the Mouth of Babes, ESP in Children, by Aileen H. Cooke (James Clarke & Co. Ltd., 1968).

When seven to eight years of age, the author of this excellent book had an experience strongly suggestive of astral projection. Many years later, she received evidence from her son (aged three and a half), their terrier and another dog, that her husband, a clergyman, had survived physical death. When Mrs. Cooke published these and similar matters in 1948, in *Light*, the Rev. Canon J. D. Pearce-Higgins urged her to proceed and collect further evidences of ESP in young children. Such cases are valuable since, apart from other considerations, fraud and copying from the accounts of others can usually, if not invariably, be ruled out.

The work of assembly could not have been carried out with greater insight or skill. The experiences described and discussed include astral projections (17 cases), phantasms of the living (20 cases), visions of the dead (50 cases), precognitions (7 cases), mystical experiences (18 cases), etc.—a rich harvest. There are also instances of alleged recalls from previous lives, suggestions of reincarnation (33 cases).

There are two Appendices, the first containing cases from Dr. Louise Rhine's *The Hidden Channels of the Mind* and the second representing a résumé of studies made by an American psychiatrist, Dr. Berthold E. Schwartz (published in a contribution entitled "Telepathic Events in a Child Between One and Three-and-a-Half Years of Age").

This is a splendid, well-produced book. It is eminently readable and demands no protracted study. The accounts given are most convincing and illuminating. The author asks that similar, well-attested cases should be forwarded to her.

ROBERT CROOKALL, D.SC., PH.D.

Letters

Dear, Mr. Duguid,

WELLESLEY TUDOR-POLE AS I KNEW HIM

I HOPE you will allow me the courtesy of your columns to offer an observation on Rosamond Lehmann's interesting account of my father (*Light*, Summer 1972) based on her friendship with him during the last six years of his life.

Miss Lehmann prefaces her words by explaining they represent personal experiences and impressions and that she is not attempting an objective account. In the light of that acknowledgement I have pondered whether one may comment usefully upon what is, in fact, subjective and which therefore, perhaps, tells one more about its author than the subject of the account.

This subjectivity applies to the passage in which she suggests my father is announcing—through a distinguished sensitive—that he was mistaken during his lifetime in the caution he then displayed towards psychic phenomena. The passage in question reads: "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."

If this is to be accepted in any sense beyond the purely subjective one personal to its author, the question inevitably arises whether he was not mistaken in other directions during his lifetime. Who is to say? Are there to be further announcements retracting, amending or reversing any or all of what he then said, wrote and published?

Let me add that I am sure it is not Miss Lehmann's intention to encourage doubts in the minds of the thousands of readers of my father's books that their contents are now subject to amendment by means of psychic communications. Both at home and abroad numbers of people, including younger members of the community, have found and are finding much of interest, inspiration or guidance in my father's published word. That work is available to all and reflects his ideas, his attitudes and his approach to life. It came from his pen and carries his authority and responsibility. Whilst comment and the expression of differing views are perfectly acceptable (not least to my father, the least dogmatic of men) anything even remotely in the nature of a withdrawal or reversal of my father's views would appear to raise a considerable issue that could cause dismay to many beside myself.

May I conclude by expressing my appreciation of the integrity of the Editor of *Light* in allowing me to mention this problem not as a theme for controversy, but for quiet reflection in the undogmatic spirit my father never failed to show himself and recommend to others?

Yours sincerely,

DAVID W. TUDOR-POLE.

* * * *

Dear Mr. Duguid,

Thank you for the opportunity of replying to David Tudor-Pole's letter. I am sorry that he now takes exception to an article which (judging from letters I have received) gave great pleasure to a number of his father's friends.

I do not understand in what sense the passage quoted can be taken as "a purely subjective one, personal to its author." I am in no sense the author: I am here quoting the words of "a distinguished sensitive" whose integrity has never been in question, and whom W.T.P. in his life-time particularly trusted and admired.

David Tudor-Pole must know, even better than I do, how insistent his father was that he should not be made, after his death, into a "sacred cow," whose every word must be given irreversible authority. A passage in *A Man Seen Afar* which I took down from his dictation (on this very subject of psychic communication) makes it clear how open he was to the amendment or qualification of formerly held views. More than once, in letters to me, he emphasised his possible human fallibility of judgment. I always considered this one of the marks of his genuine humility and trustworthiness as a spiritual counsellor.

With regard to the sentence beginning: "Are there to be further announcements," etc, etc., it appears to suggest doubts in Mr. D. Tudor-Pole's mind as to my fitness to be his father's literary executor. I hope and believe he does not intend to suggest this. Yours sincerely,

ROSAMOND LEHMANN.

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Printed by the Almorris Press, Ltd., London, W.11, and published by the Proprietors The College of Psychic Studies Ltd., 16, Queensberry Place, London. S W 7