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Editorial

It makes it more difficult for them, because they can get tied to a situation they are trying to escape from.

It was Athene who rendered Ajax mad, causing him to slaughter numerous sheep and oxen in the belief that they were rival Achaean chieftains against whom he bore a grudge. But he had come to his senses before he impaled himself upon Hector's sword, choosing a patch of sandy soil.

There was no suggestion that Ajax needed the excuse of an unsound mind; nor was this the case with four other suicides that occur in the seven surviving plays of Sophocles. According to conventional Athenian thought suicide, per se, was not un-moral, inexpedient or deemed to have peculiar consequences for the future destination or status of the individual concerned. Ajax merely asks Zeus to allow Hermes to conduct him along the customary route, and to the usual place. "This is the last word Ajax bestows on you, the next is greeting to the shades below."

In most cases the canon upon which the dramatists drew was unequivocal about the manner of death, but there were some alternative endings and Sophocles, where choice existed, seems to have gone a little out of his way in choosing the suicidal one. There was a version, in preference to the double suicide in his *Antigone,* which allowed Haemon to rescue her, marry her and send her to live with some shepherds, an ending which would have been chosen by any Amercian film company. Even Ajax may not have destroyed himself, but have been killed by Trojans throwing lumps of clay at him, they having been advised to do so by the oracle.

If the conventional Greek point of view is now sufficiently clear—and one can say the pious and moral point of view because the dramas were religious in origin and Sophocles makes Ajax a moral character—one may ask why it differs from that of orthodox Christianity. We are accustomed to think that

Hellenism was not only more logical and clear sighted than most later philosophies but remained rather closer to the source of this kind of wisdom. And yet we are inclined to believe the Greek view was wrong and the Christian churches right, although the latter have at times gone to extremes in their indictments, and the former takes no account of initiates of Orphism and Eleusis, who may have thought differently.

There is a good deal of recent testimony on the subject from discarnate sources, much of it in the context of the doctrine of Karma, and it is consistent.

Dr. Crookall, in *The Supreme Adventure,* is explicit: "Those who cast off the body deliberately in an attempt to escape the trials, tribulations and duties (which, properly viewed, are inestimable opportunities) of earth life are earthbound . . . the deliberate suicide has not ended it all, he survives the death of the body and takes his problems with him . . . suicides who communicate typically plead, "Pray for me," and there must be many who are unable to get through to mortals who also need our prayers."

In a book discussed on another page, *On the Death of My Son,* Mike Swain says: "There is one very foolish method of coming here, by suicide . . . [the suicide] is soon sent back to earth to inhabit a new body . . . throughout his second life he will be confronted with the same problems . . . he will be surrounded by the love of the Great One and guarded by his brothers, but he must solve his problems without any help from anyone. And all the time he is developing the strength that he will need when *he* eventually learns to be a creator."

Clearly we should not only pray for them but withhold our judgment. "While of unsound mind" is not a doctrinal passport only. Suicide however sane must be the consequence of interior conflict. One can imagine the severity of the conflict necessary and can pay respect to those characters who karmically have been set, or have set themselves, this stiff examination. They have not passed first time but they may be scholarship material.

It happens that the only time I was in an athletics stadium while the high jump contest was in progress I never saw a jumper clear the bar. It was the end of the competition, only one athlete remained, and he knocked it down once, twice, three times. An epitome of failure? Yes, until I learned the height at which the bar was set. He was only trying to beat the world record; he had already won the contest.

Nature Spirits of North America

SIGNE TOKSVIG

MY childhood was spent in a European country where what is called folk-lore still persisted It was nothing in which grown-up people believed, neither in town nor country, except perhaps old people on out of the way farms, but the fact that the tales had once been believed gave them something genuine which no manufactured stories possess. Definite locality was a help. If one had been told of elf-maids, trolls, mermaids and other dramatic or helpful nature spirits of various sorts it meant something at dusk to see white mists winding in and out over one particular low meadow and remember that here the elf-maids danced. Or to pass a certain hill, having been told that once a year it rose on four gleaming pillars and trolls or dwarfs might be seen capering inside. Then there was a spring with powers of its own, an old tree which it was just as well to venerate, and near this a lake from which a figure might rise, for good or ill. The woods had unseen inhabitants, the sea swelled with mysteries, we were not the only beings in the world.

This lore was gentle on the whole, not leading to screams in the night. It quickened one's steps at dusk—delightfully. Then one believed enough of it so that steps did quicken. In the daytime it helped to establish an entente with nature which had nothing forced or mawkish about it. That feeling remained long after the little thrill of childish belief had passed. Because of it the familiar inflections of the earth's surface remained dearer, more personal.

Transferred from that countryside to a manufacturing town of the United States, the practical realities of human life became the one fact of existence. When, after long captive years of this, the American countryside was at last available it seemed to lack something. It was either impersonal or inimical, or else, since anthropomorphic terms were no longer used, it was dull—empty of something which the countryside had been expected to furnish. Reason was at hand to provide the answer: no childhood recollections animized it. No attempt was made to penetrate its unfamiliarity, indeed whenever a tree or a hill tried to creep into consciousness as a personality it was dismissed except as beauty of form and colour. The tree was cellulose, the hill a lump of dead matter—"I too have lived in Arcady," no more remained.

But there was a loss. It was felt especially as the world became one in which death was the servant of evil, not of life, a

world from which relief was longed for, the kind of relief that only a feeling of unity with nature could give.

The continent of North America, however, is so vast as to give one agoraphobia. Some time passed before one discovered that it has small islands attached to it, but at last Martha's Vineyard was found. Here was the relief of gentleness and subtle inflections. It felt like home. It looked like home too, this is one of its tricks, to look like that to every soul, no matter from where, who is homesick for quiet beauty and a welcoming countryside.

Martha's Vineyard led to a person with a manuscript in an attic. It had been there about ten years because the author, a clairvoyant (Mrs. Dora van Gelder Kunz), attaching no importance to publishing, had forgotten it. She rejected my charge that the American continent lacked something. The lack, she said, was in me and largely due to my having put up a mental barrier which no extrasensory fact of the fairy-kind could cross. The folk-lore figures of my native country were what remained, she said, of the perception of nature spirits experienced by less dulled people, which they had transmitted as facts that time turned into legends.

If her ms had had a title, it might well have been *Nature Spirits of North America.* To my delight I was allowed to quote from it.

All of the fairy spirits, she said, have certain features in common, and to illustrate them she described one which "is found in various sizes and colourings nearly everywhere on earth. He happens to be a green fairy of the New England woods."

"He is small, some two feet six, and rather human in form, but the material of his body is in the nature of a cloud of coloured gas, and in fact is exactly that, only so fine that it is beyond the lightest we know. But this does not prevent it from being held together in a form, since it is not just chemical substance but living substance, with life saturating and holding it. . . . His movements are due to his desire to be somewhere and to do something. The denser part of his body is emerald green, and it has an inner organ, a glowing, pulsating centre. On rare occasions when he is curious or tries to think, his head glows a little also. . . . His heart centre has one peculiarity. He can control it and that is how he gets into touch with things around him, especially living beings. When he wants to respond to the plant, he makes his heart beat at the same pulse rate as the plant. This synchronism unifies them. Each kind of nature spirit comes

into the world with a limited and definite range of rhythmic power, according to his personal nature and his species. . . ."

His work, and his pleasure too, is to help growth in nature. That seems to be the function of the whole realm of nature spirits, from the primitive "elementals" through the fairy kingdom and to the "angels," or the highly developed beings who are at the top of the line of evolution, or hierarchy. They are as superior to the fairy spirits as man is to the animals.

The fairy spirits in this description are not unlike animals and children, to whom indeed they respond most willingly. They like to play at dressing up, which they do by drawing "the denser part of the ether about with will power, and conceiving a thought garment, or even changing their form. Most of them are deficient in concentration and so they do not keep up the show for any length of time." And she describes amusing scenes of this kind.

Her accounts of things seen in this realm are as simply done as any good reporter's account of a street scene. Had she been an engineer in search of facts she could not have been more every-day in her descriptions. This is in her favour. It is hard to believe in the faery world of A. E., W. B. Yeats or James Stephens; one knows they are capable of imagining it; not so this reporter. She writes in a clear unaffected way, but in trying to explain what the nature spirits look like she has no great imagery at her command. The beauty, serenity and majesty in the upper reaches of the hierarchy she does certainly convey, but simply by stating it, and, unconsciously, by the ring of her own pure, candid personality in everything she says.

It would take spiritual Darwins and Linnaeus' many years to describe and classify the varieties of nature spirits, as they inhabit all the elements, earth, air, fire and water. Most of them do not have physical bodies, but some of them do.

Trees and rocks, for instance. If you have ever lain on a lichened, sun-baked boulder, feeling a curious communion with it, you will not be altogether surprised to hear that the clairvoyant perceives in it the faint stirring of personality, inarticulate though it is. Like and dislike are known to the rock. But with trees we are with our equals if not our superiors. According to their kind, the tree spirits which are their souls have as marked and differing personalities as the races of mankind. My friend's chapter on trees is a justification for whoever has surreptitiously hugged a beech.

Why is a dip in the sea so renewing? Because among the water-spirits there is an off-shore kind which is small, merry, round and full of an energy which they enjoy conveying to the

dippers and even to those who walk by the sea.

In the Rockies great spirits dwell, ruling the peaks. "They convey a sensation of strengh and royalty," and kings they are, ruling over many inhabitants of the fairy kingdom.

Of all the earth spirits, that is, those who dwell in the earth, the aristocrats are in the Grand Canyon. Unlike the little green spirit of the New England woods, their colouring is vivid. One is purple and fire colour, another is brown streaked with red. There is, by the way, great local variation even among the common wood and garden fairy spirits. In Florida there are scarlet and purple ones, horizontally banded. In California golden ones, sometimes in solid colour and sometimes striped with pale shades. In the North-western states they are blue and also of a delicate lavender. But those in the Grand Canyon are "unusually intelligent . . . and they have greater power of concentration." They also convey a sense of great joy, made understandable in a deeply felt chapter in which the Angel of the Grand Canyon is described. He is the Master of a workshop in which even the most obtuse feel a closeness to the innermost secrets of nature.

Those "angels" about whom she does not want to write here are however often touched on—unavoidably, because they are the beings who guide the much more elementary spirits in their work. Protesting against the conventional ideas of angels as "beings with all sorts of virtue and very little character," she insists that they are very positive and though they sometimes have to do with destruction it is always in the service of life. Through a process which she describes as thinking not in words but in images, with, if possible, a strain of feeling, she is able to "talk" with most of the nature spirits. This process is slow with the less evolved, and too fast with the higher. She had a talk with the Angel of Biscayne Bay about the hurricanes that struck Miami in the nineteen-twenties.

"We were in Miami not long after the two hurricanes. I asked the Angel of the Bay to tell me about it. He did so by giving me a great number of mental pictures combined with feeling. There is only one difficulty in talking with an angel. What he considers to be one idea is to us about twenty . . . and one is always behind him in catching his ideas."

It seems that a hurricane is a necessary discharge of accumulated energies, and the nature spirits of the land don't like it, but, being fatalists and realists, knowing as we do *not* know that life is a flowing in and out of forms, they accept the disaster and only try to save what they can.

"The Angel of Miami through it all gave off strong waves of steadiness to people and to his fairy spirits. He is a large calm person, who has a sense of enjoyment in living, encouraged by the country in His charge and its climate. He feels rather kindly towards Miami, in distinction to angelic attitudes generally towards our cities, because he appreciates the fact that indirectly it means more farms and fruit orchards, which are all life and experiment and opportunity for him and his workers. But he did not like the boom, because it meant wanton destruction of verdure, and this, like the useless wiping out of forests in the North-west, is resented."

The Mississippi is a Being, not an Angel, but really quite like Old Man River, a magnificent personalized force, only a trifle clumsy in his amusements.

The giant redwood trees in Northern California also have giant personalities, but with them it is not so easy to talk "because their thoughts are concerned with remote ages, and it takes time for them to take an interest in new things." Still, she did succeed, and one great tree spirit called up for her a scene from the past "when trees and people understood each other and saluted each other as they went by." Now they feel that humanity is alien. The attendant fairy spirits around were interested, however. "They wanted to know about motor cars. They thought it so funny for people to sit in little boxes in order to move about. I tried my best to explain it to them, but they did not take it in readily."

But there are those who understand that beings who have racked themselves in little moving boxes and some of man's other inventions need special care. They are island angels. In the San Juan group, off Seattle, there is an angel in charge whose very aim it is to make a haven for weary humanity. My friend says that he has saturated the group with his friendly atmosphere. He is of a steady, slow temperament, full of kindly wisdom. His fairy spirits follow his wish that they are to be welcoming to human beings, there must be no barriers. He tries to help island visitors to develop along their own line of growth, "and I think," she says, "many people feel his benign presence even if they do not know of his existence."

The lover of Martha's Vineyard will surely understand. It does not matter whether he will look on my friend's lore as something out of the unconscious imagination of a rare soul, or whether luckily for him he can bring belief to her account of the world of nature spirits brimming around us, and to her claim that "happiness would result in the mere belief that such a world exists, and knowledge and certainty would come in due course."

A Christmas Story

EVELYN BREMNER

SHE had climbed on a rock, and, with her hand shielding her eyes from the level rays of the rising sun, was gazing intently into the valley below, where the mist shrouded the distant curve as it swept round the hill.

About nine or ten years old, her thin face accentuated the size of her dark eyes. Her black hair fell in untidy ringlets over the shapeless dress held at the waist by a rough skin belt. To the boy whom she awaited so impatiently, she was beautiful now —to the men who looked at her in passing, she would be beautiful one day. The goats she herded had wandered out of sight before the boy David breasted the steep slope, to fall panting at her side on the flat top of the rock.

"What kept you, David," she asked.

"This," said David, as he took out from under his shepherd's cloak a parcel tied tightly with a leather thong.

"Is it for me?"

"Yes, I have worked for six months to get it for you, Mary. Look, is it not lovely?" and, as he spoke, he rolled out on the stone a white lamb's fleece cut into the shape of a small cape. "When you wear it, you will look like the daughter of a chief, and I, the son of a chief, will ask for you in marriage."

"Sarah will not let me wear it. She will sell it."

"She must not see it. Have you no place where you can hide it?"

"In the goats' cavern I have a cleft in the rock into which I have put everything I care for; I will put the cape there, and only take it out when Sarah is not looking.

"Good, now wear it, and I will go into the thicket yonder. It will be as the tents of my fathers, and I will beg of the big tree that I have you for my wife."

In such play the children passed the day until the lengthening shadows warned them it was time to take the goats home, and so they stood for a look at the setting sun on the same rock on which they had met in the early morning.

In these last few minutes, they were no longer children. This was a serious business; the business of all true shepherds— to tell the weather of the following day from the sky of the evening.

These two kept a tally of their forecasts. When their judgment was similar, no record was kept, but if they disagreed upon the portent of the clouds, that one who was found to be

correct next day would scratch a mark with a sharp flint on the handle of his, or—as it quite often happened—her crook.

To-day no disagreement was possible. The whole sky, from horizon to zenith, was a most glorious golden colour. Small, horizontal, blue-grey clouds, with flaming linings, stretched around to right and left, and above the rim of the disappearing sun. One only, long, dull, narrow cloud rose out of the dying splendour like a huge plume of smoke from a woodman's fire in the still quiet of a windless day, and, as it grew darker in the failing light, another cloud—a horizontal one—crossed it to form two arms; and the boy, who had been to Jerusalem, clutched the girl's hand as he muttered, half to himself, half to her who did not understand: "That is the sign of the Roman death."

So they parted; he down to the valley and round the shoulder of the hill to the tents of his tribesmen; Mary back to Bethlehem, as it lay in the gathering darkness of the slopes behind them.

It had been a lovely day, but it was Winter, and the snow lay on the mountains. As the sun that had warmed her fell below the edge of the world, Mary shivered and used her crook freely to hasten still more the steps of the hurrying goats, eager to get back to the shelter of the cavern before the dangers of the night overtook them.

She slipped her hand inside her ungainly dress to feel the soft warmth of the lambskin cape that she hid under its folds. How David must love her to bring her such a costly gift. How she loved him. One day she would be his—his alone. She would bear him sons; she would work for him till she got old like Sarah.

"Old like Sarah." What a hateful thought! Would she be like Sarah one day? Bent and gnarled and ugly. Would the young wives seek her, as they now sought Sarah, to bring their babies into the world? Would some other little child be awakened in the night, as she so often was, to carry the skin bag, the stool, the earthenware water-jar that went with Sarah on her professional visits?

She clenched her little fists? She would never be like Sarah. She would be the wife of David, who would one day be the chief of the tribe that lived in the tents. And if not that, then what? She did not know, but her whole lovely little body revolted at the idea of ever becoming like Sarah, the old, the wise-woman of Bethlehem.

She thought of her own mother who had died, so long ago, she hardly remembered what she was like. Sarah said she had been beautiful as the young roe-deer in the glory of summer. She, Mary, would be beautiful like that. David had told her so, and David knew.

She drove the goats through the house into the cavern behind it, where they lay safely through the night. Before milking them, she took the cape from under her dress and carefully hid it in the crack where already lay the white linen veil her mother had given her, and which she treasured above all things on earth. Later, carrying a stone jar of warm milk, she came through to the hovel in which Sarah was crouching over a flickering fire, stirring meal into a pot.

Silently, Mary set down the jar and knelt to warm herself at the flames. The meal was cooked and cooled, and the two ate—the old wise-woman and the child, crouching side by side before the fire in the growing chill of the winter's night.

"We go out to-night," said Mary.

"Ugh," grunted the old woman.

"We go out to-night."

"No," said Sarah, "no babies will be born to-night. Not until the next moon will anyone knock at my door."

"We go out to-night," repeated the child, "I know."

Sarah grunted again, and relapsed into silence, poking the fire with a hard stick to awaken the glow left in the ashes, as they waited for the knock Mary was so sure would come.

The cocks had crowed and gone to sleep again before the rap of knuckles came on the heavy, barred wood door. As Sarah rose stiffly to pull back the bar, Mary slipped like a shadow into the cavern beyond, and with loving hand lifted out the linen veil and the warm, white lamb's fleece from their safe hiding-place. She buried her face in their softness and quickly tied them within the folds of her dress.

"I shall need you to-night," she whispered, and ran back to the door which let in the cold wind as Sarah unlatched and opened it.

A lad stood there.

"Good mother, you are wanted. I have been sent to fetch you to the inn where a traveller is in labour. I was to bid you come quickly. The woman cries out."

"I come, I come," said Sarah, shutting the door as the lad sped away home.

Sarah reached for her cloak. Mary stood ready, cloaked and laden.

Sarah went on her way up the hill path, grumbling to herself and to Mary, who followed behind. The woman was in the stable of the inn, so the boy had told her. Why should she have been called out at dead of night to attend a woman lying in a stable? Why should they have called Sarah, the wisest woman in all

Israel, who attended the wives of chiefs and of the wealthy? Sarah grumbled, but Mary knew that the kind heart hidden in the old woman's breast never refused a call when it came to her, be it from the poorest in the land.

All was dark and quiet as they groped their way to the stable. A man opened the heavy door for them and closed it as they entered. He stood outside and waited.

The scene in the stable, with the beasts chewing the cud and moving uneasily, was too familiar to Sarah and Mary for them to spare a glance at it. A smoking rushlight showed the shape of a woman lying on some straw thrown down in a corner. She was young, not more than some five or six years older than Mary, and Sarah noted that her garment was of finely woven and beautifully dyed wool. This was not the beggar she had expected to find. Yet it was strange she should be alone.

"Where are the women?" she asked.

"There are none. The inn-keeper's wife is sick, and my husband could find no woman who would come out in the night for one who is a stranger in their town."

Mary then gazed around her. How different this scene from that to which she was used on such occasions. Except for the cries of the woman on the straw, there was no sound. None of the chatter and bustle inseparable from the coming of a child into the world. Who would take the babe from Sarah's hands? Who would wash it, and where were the clothes to wrap around its little limbs? The mother had no friends in Bethlehem, and she had brought nothing to cover the child that she had not expected so soon.

As Sarah waited, Mary blew on the small fire she had lit on the earthen floor to heat the water. Then the eyes of the girl's spirit were opened, and she saw the glory of Heaven descend on the labouring mother on the straw. It seemed to her as if a shaft of dazzling light rose high through the cavern roof and was lost to sight among the stars. And the ears of her spirit were opened. She heard the music of the spheres; heavenly music that filled her whole being with an ecstasy so intense that it was almost a pain.

The rushlight flickered; the flames licked the sides of the iron pot. The woman waited within, and the man stood at the door without.

There came a moment of anxiety, of pain and cries, of labour and relief, and the tiny, red babe lay in Sarah's hands.

There was no woman to take it from her; no grandmother, or aunt, or relative—only the child Mary; but Mary knew what

to do with it. She had watched the women of the household many a time, and sometimes too, she had been left, as now, to care for it.

With the water she had warmed, she washed it, and with the soft towel the mother had, she dried the tiny thing. There were no clothes to cover it, but from under her dress she drew the fine linen veil and swathed its limbs, and she laid the white lamb's fleece down and put the child within its warm folds. Sitting on the ground, she hushed the babe to quiet and sleep in her lap. Sarah tended the woman.

When Sarah was ready to leave, Mary rose, and laid her precious burden within its mother's arms, and went to the door and called the man.

Mary lingered a moment. She could still see the heavenly light, still hear the celestial music, and she was loath to follow Sarah out into the blackness of the night.

She heard her name: "Mary," and she stepped back quickly to the group on the straw. Kneeling, she drew aside the wool for one last look at the babe: she took its feebly waving feet in her strong, brown hands, and laid her lips upon them.

"Who are you, child," the young mother asked, "that I may tell my Son who clothed Him when He was naked in Bethlehem.?"

"I am called Mary," she answered, "they call me Mary of Magdala," and with a bound she was gone into the darkness.

Annette and Braida — A Record of Group Reincarnation

From a talk given at the College of Psychic Studies

DR. ARTHUR GUIRDHAM

I APOLOGISE at the beginning to those who have heard the word Braida before. I have mentioned her in lectures given elsewhere but I have to reintroduce her in order to demonstrate her relationship with Annette. Equally I have referred previously to Miss Mills. The latter, who has an immensely wide range of psychic gifts, had a great friend called Jocelyn, who died of cancer some four years ago. Both believed in reincarnation and that they would meet again but they had never discussed any specific incarnation nor had Miss Mills (at that stage) any knowledge of any previous life. A year after her friend died—she did not realise till the next morning that it was exactly a year—her telephone never stopped ringing. Every time she took it off and replaced it it went on and on continuously. Miss Mills

rang me and asked me if I had happened to ring. (At this time we were not very close acquaintances. She came into my life when her car broke down and she asked to use my phone to call the garage.) On this particular night I told her I had not phoned her. After she had spoken to me the incessant ringing ceased. I told her to attribute this phenomenon to the nature of the local telephone service which has to be heard to be believed.

Next morning she received a letter from Jocelyn's daughter, Annette, saying, "Doesn't it seem odd. It was a year yesterday since Mummy died?" Neither Miss Mills nor I connected this with the previous evening's telephone calls.

Miss Mills, a healthy Anglo-Saxon extrovert in colouring and interests, had given me some previous inkling of her make-up when she told me blushfully that two names, Raymond and Albigensian, kept repeating in her head. I had not yet recovered from my bad illness in 1968 and I was not interested. I had been through all this before with Mrs. Smith, the central figure of my book *The Cathars and Reincarnation,* and I could not hope for two such revelations in a lifetime. I said that Raymond was the Christian name of all the Counts of Toulouse and that Albigensian is the Anglo-Saxon name for the Cathar heresy. I said that she must have encountered these names in a book of European history. She said that she hadn't and we left it at that. In actual fact the information that I gave her was quite erroneous. The Raymond she spoke of had nothing to do with the Counts of Toulouse.

Several months after the episode of the constant telephone she began to hear a voice. I haven't time to go into detail of how the voice started, but it said that she had to trust me, which I thought was a very corny beginning and perhaps indicated undue confidence on the part of the discarnates. She had also to pass on the message to me to refer in writing and verbally as often as possible to Catharism. I was not impressed at first but then things began to happen which made me sit up and take notice. She received by the voice, messages about the nature of time which interested me very much and which were oddly familiar to me. In the last several years of my life anybody who has read any of my quasi-medical writings will know that I am very preoccupied with the nature of time and that I talk about time in relation to healing. When I say that this was strangely familiar to me I don't mean that anybody was picking my own thoughts out of my mind. I know now that these were not my ideas, that they were injected, you might say, subcutaneously into my consciousness, and that what I heard now were the shreds

which had stuck in my mind over the previous years before I was ripe for enlightenment.

Then the operation began in earnest. One morning Miss Mills woke up in a real sweat because she found on the table by her bed, on the writing pad she keeps for business appointments, messages about the nature of time scrawled in her own handwriting and the nature of which she did not understand at all. As time went on these messages changed to obscure names which were meaningless to her. In the course of time I was to accumulate a mass of such writings. I had not the slightest doubt that Miss Mills' obscure names were from the thirteenth century. They were *not* names which repeated those in *The Cathars and Reincarnation.* I set myself to see whether this was a valid experience like Mrs. Smith's and embarked on another epic of verification. I had what you might call a bit of luck. Among the first bits of paper which came through was one on which was written "Raymond, treasure no, money no, books yes." By now I did know enough about Catharism, having turned myself into an amateur historian to verify Mrs. Smith's story, to know that whoever was responsible for these messages was referring to the treasure at Montségur. There has been a great deal of discussion about the Cathar treasure which was evacuated from the fortress during the siege by the Catholic Royalist army and in the course of the truce which followed the capitulation. Some people say this treasure was the Holy Grail, which appears to me to be absolutely impossible. Others opt for money, some for sacred books. It was the name Raymond de Perella which put me on the track. I knew already that he had been the owner of Montségur. On another piece of paper the names Sorba, Cecilia, Philippa and Arpaïs were written. I knew nothing about Philippa or Arpaïs but Sorba rang a bell. I felt that she was a relative of Raymond Perella but I could not remember exactly what. To cut a long story short I found later that Sorba was really a rapid writing down of Corba, who was the wife of Raymond de Perella. On another morning the word Lantar came through. This I ultimately discovered to refer to Raymond's mother-in-law, Marchesia de Lantar. In time we got the names of members of three generations of this family. A representative of each generation was burnt for heresy at Montségur on March 16th, 1244.

At this stage we were at least looking back to the siege of Montségur, which has been heard of by anybody who knows anything about Catharism. We were soon confronted with more obscure problems. The word Queille appeared on a piece of

paper. I had not a clue as to whether Queille was the name of a place or a person. Then we had Queille and Montserver, later Isarn de Montserver, and then Montserver 609. Again, to cut a long story short, I found that Isarn de Montserver died in 1235 at Queille, which was his family estate. Braida, his wife, later became a Cathar Parfaite, that is to say priestess. Montserver 609 was the item which really shook me. At this stage I was beginning to accept that truth by revelation was at least as important as the scientific variety but I didn't realise that the former could provide detailed information that was historically valid. By this time I knew that Montserver referred to a family and was important to me. On my next visit to France I went to my friend Jean Duvernoy, the biggest living authority on the history of Catharism, and he gave me some translations into French of the Latin of the Inquisition. Being a real savant, when I collected the papers ready to travel on my road to the north, he said in a shocked voice, "Don't you want the number of the folio for future reference if you're writing an article?" I said, "Oh yes, of course, how silly of me," etc. The folio number he gave me was 609 in the archives of Toulouse. Montserver 609 merely meant that in the Folio of that number I would find all the worthwhile references to the Montserver family. In short, the discarnate entity, whoever she was, was identifying herself in a way ideally suited to my sceptical nature. As she herself said afterwards to Miss Mills, "You have to give him things in writing. He is the kind of person who never believes anything until he sees it." This was actually true. For years the family's name for me was Doubting Thomas, a tribute to the training of my mother who brought me up on the principle, "Don't believe anything you hear and only half of what you see."

The written messages included a multitude of scriptural references. There was a clear preponderance of quotations from St. Paul. St. John came a poor second. The references to St. John were easy to justify. Cathar preaching was heavily based on the Gospel according to St. John. But why St. Paul? Because in his discussion of bodies corporeal and incorporeal he is dealing more than the evangelists with life from the spiritist aspect and Catharism, like other kinds of Dualism, is saturated with this sort of thing. Among the Pauline writings references to 1st Corinthians were by far the most common. There could be no doubt that this Epistle was the main preoccupation of the entity delivering the information.

Then there was a burst of North Italian place names. I identified these later as centres of Catharism. Then the guides

bewildered me by straying to the Balkans. Trogarium, I was to discover, was the ancient name for Trogir. According to no less an authority than Sir Steven Runciman, formerly professor of mediaeval history at Cambridge, Trogir was one of the centres of the Dualist heresy from which the Languedoc was missionised. The name Nikolski written by Miss Mills took months to elucidate. I discovered that it was the name given to the Gospel of the Bosnian heretics who preceded the Cathars.

In addition, Miss Mills found on her bedtable drawings of crosses, chiefly of Dualist type, very often of equal-armed crosses with solar discs around them. Miss Mills was obsessionally interested in one cross almost to the exclusion of the others. This was a Maltese-type cross in that it was narrower in the centre and broader at the periphery. At the extremity of each arm were three little T's, or if you like Tau crosses. She could not get this cross out of her mind. I consulted Professor Nelli, formerly a professor at Toulouse University and a great authority on the metaphysics and folk-lore of Catharism. He made a number of useful suggestions which to me were eminently reasonable but none seemed to satisfy Miss Mills. Then the day came when she was awakened by the barking of her spaniel who sleeps in her room at night. She saw standing by her bed a woman of below medium height, with a face criss-crossed by a lot of lines, with white hair and what she described as something like a Juliet cap, and wearing a dark blue robe, that is to say in the uniform of Cathar priests as worn in the Montségur area. (This business of the dark blue uniform came up in my experiences with Mrs. Smith which I describe in *The Cathars and Reincarnation*. As a girl of thirteen, in the 1940s, she insisted that Cathar priests wore dark blue while everyone else in the rest of the world said they wore black. That they could also wear dark blue was only announced by Duvernoy in Autumn 1965. (Before that date I had already been informed of this on several occasions by Mrs. Smith, in writing and verbally.) The old lady wore a silver girdle round her waist. Attached to the girdle at the left hip was what Miss Mills described as a dingle-dangle. On the end of it was a medallion which was exactly of the design she herself had drawn several months previously. The old lady was giving her credentials as Braida de Montserver. How I discovered her identity is described in my next book, *We Are One Another*. Braïda became a Parfaite after a serious illness, a gastric ulcer, during which she was nursed in the house of my brother at Limoux on the road between Carcassonne and Perpignan.

After our encounter with Braïda I encountered a string of five people, living well away from each other in different parts of the country, who had clear and unmistakeable recollections of their life as Cathars in the thirteenth century. I have no time to produce here the detailed evidence for what amounted to a group reincarnation because I wish to get you to the appearance of Annette. Nevertheless there are a few points I ought to mention. There was a woman we will call Penelope who died of cancer. Among notebooks found after her death were references to the only Cathar sacrament, the Consolamentum, and to the event which has concerned all the Cathars I have met, that is to say the massacre of the Inquisitors at Avignonet which occurred, according to the historians, on May 28th, 1242, but which I regard as having taken place on May 29th.

However limited our time I must quote to you one of our most striking pieces of evidence. In 1933 or 1934 a girl of seven whom I will call Betty was recovering from scarlet fever. Her mother bought her a sketch book in which she made some drawings which her mother carefully preserved, she herself having had a revelation of her Cathar incarnation when she was pregnant with this child. On the first page of Betty's drawing notebook there is a little picture of trees, with brown trunks and green leaves, and of little stylised men in blue. Scrawled underneath is the word Antok. This gave me a clue straight away. We have to go back years before the appearance of Betty to Mrs. Smith, the central figure of *The Cathars and Reincarnation.* The latter's main trouble was a nightmare in which Pierre de Mazerolles returned to her after the murder of the Inquisitors at Avignonet. The murder of the Inquisitors, two in number, was similar to the operations of Resistance movements against the Gestapo in the last war. This region, the Lauragais, was saturated with Catharism and the minor nobility were concerned to protect themselves against the Inquisitors with knowledge of their activities. A group of horsemen, under Pierre Roger de Mirepoix, set off from Montségur and met, at a place called Gaja la Selve, another group led by Pierre de Mazerolles. They met in a wood near Gaja. The name of the wood stuck in my mind because it was called Antioch. It was the kind of thing one remembers because of its incongruity. Why should one encounter a near or middle eastern name in the Languedoc? Can we assume that Betty's Antok means Antioch? Not yet, but when you turn over the pages of Betty's notebook you find that there is also another primitive little drawing, the only one in which any of the stylised figures are lying on their backs. There are two

recumbent, and then there is another stylised figure who seems to be taking a swipe at them. Written underneath is Avioney which, with all the evidence pouring in from other sources, I am absolutely certain was this child of seven's attempt to write Avignonet. That was just one example of the group which spread out from Miss Mills and Braïda and which was focussing all the time on two targets. The massacre at Avignonet in 1242 and the siege of Montségur in 1244.

In terms of this incarnation that takes us to Spring 1972. In August of that year somebody else came into my life. Annette was 26. She was married to a nice, considerate, healthy lad who played full back at rugger for the local club. It was unlike him to complain of headaches. He played his symptoms down and remained cheerful. Annette got bothered about him and took him to the doctor. The latter was not as cheerful as the patient and didn't like the look of him. He was sent to the nearest neurologist, who was still more concerned. Inside a month he was dead of a cerebral tumour. He was just over thirty. Annette came down to Claire Mills for comfort. This was understandable because she was the daughter of Miss Mills' friend Jocelyn. (It was Annette who had written the letter which Miss Mills received the day after the telephone bell kept ringing.)

Annette rang me up and said, "I've been asked to ring you by Auntie Claire." (They were not related but she always referred to Miss Mills as her aunt because of the latter's close friendship with her mother and because she was remarkably short of relatives. She said, "I've been told to ring you because you might be able to help me. Have you ever heard the word Consolamentum?" I played it down. Consolamentum was the only sacrament recognised by the Cathars. In a way it was a renunciation of the flesh. The average individual postponed receiving the Consolamentum until he was dying. Those who received it in the prime of life became Cathar priests and were called Parfaits. Annette had absolutely no knowledge of Catharism. If any of you could have heard her prattle over the telephone you would exonerate her from any accusation of scholarship. In any case, girls who have been educated at day high schools must surely be unacquainted with the Consolamentum, which surely is known only to a tiny fist-full of English people. I doubt if half a dozen could give you quotes from it in English.

She asked me whether the phrase, "Make me a good Christian," meant anything. I told her as gently as possible, because she was suffering so much at the time, that any Christian

organisation from the Plymouth Brethren to the extremes of Roman Catholicism, could use such words within or without its litany. "Oh yes," she said, "but there's something else that follows about a good end. Can you tell me that?" This was also something I remembered. The full quote is, "Make me a good Christian and bring me to a good end." I told her that this was part of the Consolamentum. Miss Mills had also heard this sentence a year or more before when listening in to her discarnate entities. I had given her the same answer, which in actual fact was erroneous. The words quoted by Annette were not from the Consolamentum but part of a ceremony called the Amelioramentum in which the believer lowered his head and bowed three times before a Parfait or Parfaite, if he met him or her indoors or outside. Then she asked me if the word Muret meant anything. I had the idea that she was using part of a verb and searched in a Provencal dictionary in my possession to find its meaning. (This was the best I could do because I had no Occitan dictionary. Occitan is the modern name for the old language of the Languedoc. It is less similar to Provencal than one might imagine.) But then Annette added that Muret was the name of a battle. This I knew well enough. It was at this encounter, fought in 1213, that Pierre, the Catholic king of Aragon, joined with the Counts of Toulouse to resist the menace of the expanding French army. The Southern forces were terribly defeated in the flat country round Toulouse. This was really the death blow to the independence of the Languedoc. As such it was a disaster for Catharism which had long been implanted there.

Annette rang me on September 11th. The battle of Muret was the 12th. At this time other members of the group were recalling tragic dates in the Cathar epoch on the anniversaries of their occurrence. Annette seems to have been a day out, though I think she may have failed to pick up that whoever was talking to her was saying that it was the eve of the battle. In any case it was a good effort for a beginner.

Annette was positive that she had been through this kind of experience before. She said, "I've a recollection of having gone through this kind of training before." It became clear to me later, from psychic synchronisations, from Miss Mills' communications with the discarnates, and later from my own contact with them, that she had started training as a Parfaite. At that time it was common among the minor nobility of the Languedoc to have one daughter trained as a Parfaite. She failed to make the grade and discovered that she had no vocation.

By this time I had a strong suspicion that Braïda was Jocelyn returning to us but in her thirteenth century disguise. You may think I was slow to come to this conclusion. I can only record that this was the case. I then began to see that Annette had been the daughter of Braïda in her thirteenth century incarnation. I discussed this with Miss Mills who replied, "I can but ask." I said I felt sure that she would not get an answer because at this time Braïda never answered direct questions about dates and certain other concrete factors. The family relationships were usually revealed tangentially in the course of conversations about other subjects.

I did not have long to wait. Annette rang me shortly afterwards. She said her mother had appeared to her last night. This was a common and, over a long period, a regular phenomenon. What caused Annette to ring me in a state of excitement was to demand why her mother had persisted in calling her Cecilia, a name she had never heard before. I was able to answer that Braïda de Montserver had one son and one daughter. The latter was called Cecilia de Montserver. She married Arnaud-Roger de Mirepoix, cousin of the captain of the garrison at Montségur. Annette recalled her life at Montségur in vivid detail. Her recollections corresponded with amazing accuracy with those of other members of the group.

I have spoken about Braïda and Annette because it was my first encounter with the phenomenon of a mother and daughter retaining the same relationship in a subsequent incarnation and also because these two, with Miss Mills, myself and others I have not had time to include in this lecture, represent a group of people, together in the Middle Ages, who reappeared in England in the twentieth century and who were either born, educated or lived for one period of their lives in a circumscribed area of the west of England.

As an appropriate memorial to Percy Cole we publish an article, suitably entitled "Retrospect," which he wrote and submitted just before he died. It was accompanied by a characteristically courteous letter in which he expressed thanks for criticism and gave the editor freedom to make any excisions or alterations he pleased. Nothing has been altered or excised.

Retrospect

P. W. COLE

IN the year 1937, *Light* published an article which was written because I did not agree with the opinion, expressed at that time, by Mrs. Eileen Garrett, that her "guides" were facets of

her own personality. I felt that my own experience disproved that. Also, I had the disquieting feeling that Mrs. Garrett was, during that same period, too much under the influence of the psychologists who were studying her remarkable personality.

Since modern psychology teaches us that "psychic influence is the reciprocal reaction of two psychic systems" (Par. 1, "The Practice of Psychotherapy. Coll. Works of C. G. Jung," Vol. 16), my feeling of undue psychic influence was perhaps justified.

My own directly conscious experience of the unseen began in the year 1928. We were passing through a time of doubt as to whether we were doing the right thing in going to Australia. We wanted to go on account of our son's health, but in the middle of a world depression we knew only to well what we were to face. Also, we had to get over the coming rush of a seaside business, with insomnia affecting my usually good health.

It was early in March, on a bright sunny morning, that I woke up from a very vivid dream. There was a lady still standing by our bedside as I slowly became conscious. She was dressed in a dark blue dress with a head-dress and veil, rather like a nun. Her face was serene and beautiful. In the centre of the veil over her forehead was some kind of brooch, which I tried in vain to see clearly as the figure slowly faded. It seemed to me important. I thought that it must be a scarab, and the lady Egyptian. It was not an ordinary dream. The effect of that vision was enormous. I ceased to worry, slept well and felt full of vitality.

Wondering what lay ahead of us, but no longer in doubt, I thought I would send a letter to Ronald Brailey, well known as a psychometrist. I carried it about in my pocket for two or three days beforehand and then sent it on to him with the bare request, "Will you please psychometrise this letter?" He lived seventy miles away and could not have known that such a person as I was existed.

To my great astonishment, a letter of advice came almost by return post in which he showed that he was quite aware of our personal problems. With it came two sketches of my "guides" who had given him the information, one of which was the lady of my dream. There was the same dress, the same emblem in the veil. I wrote again, asking for more information. "Was the lady Egyptian?" But he could tell me nothing more.

Just before we sailed for Melbourne I had an interview with Mrs. Hester Dowden in Chelsea. There, again, the same lady came to speak to me, giving her name as Dorothea. She said that she was my "guide," her influence being confined to things

of the spirit. She said that she had lived in Italy in the twelfth century, and while not being a nun, she belonged to an order of noble ladies who were interested in spiritual exercises. The emblem, worn *under* the veil, was a large diamond set in gold, which her mother had given to her when on her death-bed. She was not sure if she had been able to make me see it. The man whose sketch I had was not actually a "guide" but a communicator, whose interests were similar to my own. Then another man, a Parsee, was mentioned by Mrs. Dowden's "guide," Johannes, as probably being my wife's guide influencing me through her.

In Australia, between the years 1928 and 1937, the same lady was mentioned several times.

It was she who came to me in two warning dreams before I had a number of teeth extracted. She did not want me to have a general anaesthetic, but since the doctor thought it would be quite safe I did so, and found myself outside my body. I had a long conversation with the lady herself, looked into my own mouth to see how the extractions were getting on, noted the conversation of the doctor and dentist (correctly, as I afterwards ascertained) and, seeing the almost empty bottle of ether, I thought, "What a lot they've used." This, I also confirmed afterwards.

Dorothea told me that I was now on their side, she was not sure if I would be able to get back, but I could stay with them if I wished. I had stopped breathing, noted the concern of the doctor and heard him shout, "Breathe, breathe, Mr. Cole!" The desire to stay was very strong, when suddenly I heard our dog bark from just under the open sunlit window. I thought what it would mean to my wife and son if I did not come back. So, although I was not in my body but standing at its head, I forced myself to breathe, and when Dorothea said, "If you are going back, you must go now—and you must put up a fight for it," I turned away into a long dark tunnel, and woke up in bed feeling very sick indeed. I had indeed put up a fight for it, and for some time was afraid that I might slip back again into that long dark tunnel.

It was not long after this event that I had a sitting for clairvoyance with a lady who lived close to our flat. She not only spoke of the lady dressed like a nun, but said, "She tells me that you have been on their side and she nearly kept you there." Also, she mentioned the man who lived in Warwickshire, giving details of his surroundings, but not his name. She also said that with me was "an old man, with a long white beard, who put the

symbol of the serpent on my forehead." This was obviously Jung's "wise old man," an archetypal figure. The psychic centre at that place, the chakra of Kundalini Yoga, is represented by a serpent. But at that time I knew nothing of Kundalini. I am certain that the medium, a Mrs. Pulfer, knew nothing about it either.

We spent the summer of 1937 back again in England, and while in London I took the opportunity of making an appointment with the artist Frank Leah at the Grotrian Hall.

The studio was in total darkness, not the faintest glimmer of light; with a small table at which I sat on the one side, while Mr. Leah was on the other. He used a small red torch to find his drawing materials. Almost at once, he spoke of the Italian lady who had come into the room. He could both see her and hear her; so I looked hopefully into the pervading inky darkness to see that bright figure of which he spoke, but it was in vain.

At last, after he had been discussing the sketch with our visitor and had made one or two alterations under her direction, he suddenly said, "Can you see that?" as he held his arm across the table. "Yes," I said, "I can." "Well, now look down at yourself." I saw that my whole body was suffused with a soft golden glow. It was bright enough for me to see the table and round about me. "While I have been sketching her, she has condensed over you," he said.

The portrait was excellent; but Mr. Leah was unable to see the emblem, the diamond set in gold, in the headdress. He knew something was there, he told me, but since he only drew what he could actually see he did not put it in the drawing.

Dorothea had earlier in the same year been mentioned by a Mrs. Mason, who confirmed my own impression that it was not wise for us to stay too long in England.

Nearly twenty years had to go by before I had quite definite evidence again about the presence of Dorothea or other members of the same group, although from time to time there were hints of their continued interest, either by dreams or in some other way. My wife had always been anxious to return home, so when I retired in 1956 we came back again. Some Australian friends who had benefited very much from his healing abilities were very anxious for us to have a sitting for clairvoyance with Mr. Joseph Benjamin. After a year or two of delay, I was able to see him in 1958. He had no difficulty in making contact with a number of relatives who had passed over, and gave me advice on some personal affairs that were puzzling me at the time. Then quite towards the end of the interview, he spoke of a lady who was

connected with me in some way. Not knowing whom he could mean, I brushed the question aside. But he was very persistent and finally said, bluntly, "I know that you are married—but have you a lover?"

Now, since I was nearing seventy years of age, I began to feel rather amused at his persistence; but he continued with, "You have her portrait in your house," then, "She looks as if she has been brought up in a convent."

"Oh, I see," he went on, "the portrait is by Frank Leah." Since we had been talking about my family affairs, I had not thought of her.

Looking back over the past seventy years, I can see that the Italian influence began when I was about fourteen years of age, at least that is when I first became aware of it; but I do not doubt that it is true when Dorothea says that she has been with me throughout my life.

She is entirely distinct from Jung's "Anima," the archetype who might be mistaken for her. The latter I have seen several times. She has a very pleasant face, but is not at all like Dorothea. The other communicators apparently belong to the same group, since they have been mentioned both in Australia and England.

All this is quite in accord with the ideas put forward by the eighteenth century mystic, Swedenborg, and elaborated by Frederick Myers, both during his lifetime and through the hand of Geraldine Cummins, after his death, as coming from him.

Even Jung, in his autobiographical work, *Memories, Dreams, Reflections,* recorded by Dr. Aniela Jaffe, speaks of "the people in whose company I belonged." (Page 323, Fontana Library.) This is in spite of a certain ambiguity in equating "spirits of the dead" with archetypal figures.

We know now that all energy is invisible. It becomes visible only when in contact with matter. This applies not only to the obviously physical forms of energy—heat, light, sound and electricity—but also to that much more subtle form of energy: psychic energy. Dorothea was quite invisible and inaudible to me until, freed from the trammels of the flesh, she made her "body of light" glow with such a golden intensity that even I was able to see by the light from it. Otherwise, I should have had to take the statements of the artist entirely on trust.

It is there that the churches of all religions, not only Christian but all the great world religions, will have to bring their teachings into conformity with physical facts, before it can be expected for those whose minds have been trained in modern physics to look at their claims seriously.

It is of no use for the theologian, trained in the thought of the middle ages, to make such statements about the Deity and His Divine Son as being of "like substance" (or in the Eastern branch of the same Church, of the "same substance") when the physicist is quite well aware that there is no such thing as substance at all.

The world around us is merely our mental awareness of some external physical stimuli which our minds, through our brains, translate from its effect on our senses in to coherence which is usually, but not always, common to most of humanity.

Each of us lives in his own little world made out of sensory stimuli, which are basically apparently electrical.

So far as I know, the Roman Catholic Church is the only Christian Church which has a permanent interest in these matters, keeping the mediaeval conceptions of such Church Fathers as St. Thomas Aquinas in a line with modern science.

Protestants generally refer one back to the Bible, the Revised Version of James 1st, translated from the Latin text of the Vulgate into English at the behest of a monarch who would not allow anything that did not agree with his bigoted outlook to sully its pages. Hence, we have no mention in it of earthbound spirits, nothing is said in it about purgatorial spheres, both well known to Spiritualists, to followers of Swedenborg, as well as to all non-Christian religions.

Although the theologian has been told that God is a Spirit, he has insisted on providing Him with a tripartite body, and has put a lot of stumbling blocks in the way to any sort of rational belief. Surely it is quite time that a council of modern churches brought light into the darkness of ecclesiastical thought, insisting that some fairly modern book, such as Eddington's *The Nature of the Physical World,* be made compulsory reading for all students of Theology. It is forty years since that was printed; its contents should have been household knowledge by this time. It is easy enough for any intelligent person to read.

It is much more important that such facts should be widely known than the opinions of the apostles, which although applicable to their own day and surroundings, are only relative to modern thought. The mere fact of the existence of four hundred different Protestant sects, all founded on the same book, shows how necessary informed, intelligent criticism must be.

It is in discounting modern psychic phenomena that these latter, like the Marxist State, have cut themselevs off from their spiritual roots; and as our present history shows, the love of the

early New Testament so soon becomes injected with the bitter hatreds of the Old Testament.

I am not much interested in theology, excepting that I know how distressed a man killed in his early life, brought up to believe that he has to sleep until a faraway "day of Resurrection," feels when he finds himself alive immediately after his death.

Even if he has been what we call a "good" man, the great desire to get into contact with his friends or relatives, to console them in their grief, to let them know that he is all right, may be a cause of great distress when he finds them entirely unaware of his presence, deaf to his words of comfort. So I never have very much patience with sects that emphasise the prophecies of the Apocalypse, that residue left in Hebrew thought after the Persian captivity.

My own opinions are very much in a line with those of the greatest of psychiatrists of this century, C. G. Jung. It is only within the past ten years or so that I have had definite personal reasons to believe in reincarnation as a fact; but because they are personal and concern other people than myself, I cannot make them public without permission. Also, I have come to much the same opinion as Jung about the relation of the Unconscious mind to the Conscious. It is the former that is the important and the permanent, the latter is the passing and ephemeral, although important enough while it lasts.

The rather "cock-eyed" idea which Freud had about the matter was, I believe, due to his almost total ignorance of the modern physical sciences and of philosophy. He worshipped "sex," and had the bitterness of spirit of those who (quoting Jung) have found their god has let them down. Yes, in the end his god did let him down very badly.

Dreams, both my own and those of my late wife, have led me to the conclusion that the unconscious does prepare the way for conscious events years beforehand. We may not like what our greater self has prepared for us, but we have to face it.

It is how we behave, what we do with our lives, that is the important thing. All life is individual—therefore, however imposing, however venerable the institution may be, it is the personal experience that counts, the small circle of the spiritualistic medium, the artist working alone, the poet meditating alone, the writer writing alone, who reaches nearest to ultimate truth.

In Memoriam — W. T. P.

April 23 1884—September 14 1968

AN ALLEGORY by O. G. V.

Part 1: His final departure

I see a man open his front door and close it carefully behind him. Then walk down to the bottom of the garden, turn round, and give a lingering look. Abruptly he closes the gate, and proceeds down the village—as he used to do when taking his beloved dog Kipps for daily exercise; but, this time, the dog is not with him. A couple of miles from the village he comes to a well-known signpost which he usually passes; on this occasion, however, something compels him to look at the three arms, one of which reads "MONTPASS"—this being the old abbreviation for Mountain Pass. Some unfathomable urge makes him choose his path; the road becomes steeper as he proceeds, and all the time the rich pastures of the fields become less and less green and, finally, when about a few miles from the entrance to the mountain pass, the whole scenery competely changes to a dry scrub and dotted trees. Just as he is about to enter the pass he feels impelled to look back down to the rich valley where in the distance he can just see the little village. The pass is long with many twists and turns. Suddenly, after a steep decline he turns a corner and there is startled to see a wide expanse of water, stretching far into the horizon . . . his mind now fills with wonder and a new feeling of something which must be accomplished. The feeling is more insistent than ever, and urges him on so that he continues down the path; turning sharply to the left where he sees a small bay with tiny waves rippling to the edge of a green bank on which he now sits . . . his mind now takes on a note of very deep contemplation. Suddenly his mind vibrates perceptively quicker . . . and he sees a small canoe drifting towards him. He holds his breath for the something in his mind becomes clear—the canoe touches the bank. . . .

Now he knows that the recurring dream has come true and that he must get into the little craft, for in this way he must take his last long journey.

Being a methodical person he looks at his watch and sees it is 7.40 p.m. Kneeling on one knee he takes the paddle and with firm strokes heads the little craft out to sea. The stars come out. Unknown to him a tall figure is standing astern with arm uplifted, holding a lighted lantern.

Part 2: His Homecoming in the Spirit World

Across the wide expanse of water on which we left the traveller in his canoe, a great spread of golden sand leads to a broad road that stretches ahead for about three miles. On both sides it is bordered by flowering trees and scented bushes . . . this road leads up to a small city built in crescent shape . . . the eyes are at once focused on a truly majestic temple not unlike St. Paul's Cathedral, with its three tier steps which are surrounded by tall stately columns richly carved. On the centre of the huge square roof is a large golden dome on which is standing a magnificent statue of St. Michael, in bronze, holding a trumpet with his right hand up to his lips, as if about to give his clarion call.

From left and right the small houses are terraced within the half moon shape, and small roads branch outwards joining up with the main road. One can almost hear a general movement of people. Yes! the Temple doors open and down the steps they now all come. Simultaneously the doors of the houses open and before long one can see a multitude of men and women of all ages joining up and advancing towards the big highway that leads to the golden sands.

Perhaps the most noticeable in this ever-increasing throng are the little children skipping along; the little girls wear on their heads circlets of daisies or bright yellow buttercups, some with rosebuds and others with yellow honeysuckle, for this is a day of great happiness. All have arrived on the golden sands. The excitement grows and then a group of people are seen pointing out to sea . . . all chattering ceases for all eyes are now focused on a small object far out to sea, with a pin-point of light rapidly approaching. The small object, now nearer, is shown to be a small canoe with one occupant who appears to be paddling rather wearily. It can also be seen that the pin-point of light is that of a lamp held high by someone standing upright in the stern.

The little craft is now very near the shore—something has happened—the person with the lantern has disappeared (he was, of course, W. T. P.'s Guardian Angel).

With a few strokes of the paddle the little canoe glides gently on to the golden sands and the man who has travelled so far steps ashore. With head erect, his eyes aglow with a new light, as Blake so aptly said . . . "he was looking not with his eyes, but through his eyes."

From the centre of the waiting assembly, a majestic figure steps forward. It is apparent that he is from a very high spiritual plane . . . since he is robed in a long white flowing garment

hemmed with one broad band of gold, the edges of the sleeves encircled with two golden bands, and around his waist is a belt of woven gold fastened with a golden buckle studded with twelve magnificent emeralds. The most striking part of his robe is seen to be over his left breast—it is the outline of a Chalice, worked in pure gold thread. An aura of shimmering dazzling white surrounds his figure.

He steps forward, hands outstretched towards those of the traveller, saying in a commanding voice, full of love, "WELCOME HOME, WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

Thus it was that Wellesley Tudor Pole once more came back to his Spiritual home.

* * * *

Notes by O. G. V.

All those friends of T. P. who visited his house, "Rosewood," knew how devoted he was to his beloved dog "Kipps," who used to accompany his master on all walks.

In my descripton of T. P.'s last walk over "Mont Pass" down to the sea, some may have wondered why I carefully mention that his beloved companion Kipps did not accompany him. The reason for this, I am sure, will interest many. Prior to the commencement of the Memorial Concert, I was talking to his sister Katharine, who told me the following—on the 9th September T. P.'s mind was particularly clear. It was towards the evening when he suddenly said to his sister . . . "Hello, my little Kipps has come." Katharine at once realised that he was seeing his beloved dog in the Astral and she, therefore, decided to tell her brother what had happened. The family had realised that T. P.'s days were numbered and when that day came, Kipps being already old, would be too miserable to live. It was, therefore, decided to have him put gently to sleep early in that week.

Lastly, the reference I make to the man about to enter his canoe appears to be a piece of pure imagination; this, however, is not so for the following reason: one day when talking to T. P., we mentioned the subject of recurring dreams and after having discussed mine he then proceeded to tell me of his own. He said "I find myself standing on the edge of a small bank at the end of a small inlet of water . . . I see a small boat approaching . . . it comes very near and then suddenly turns and goes back. When this dream occurs, I know I have to face a grave crisis which invariably comes about. With this warning I am able to prepare myself for what lies ahead; but I also know that should

this little boat actually touch the bank on which I am standing, that that will be the time for me to commence my final departure." (T. P. coined the phrase "Final Departure" as he disliked the word death.)

Inroads on Dying

THOMAS BLACKBURN

MY college students, who range from eighteen to thirty years of age, have no prejudice against what I choose to call the supernormal. They rarely, if ever, go to church but supernormal experience is an absorbing topic to them and they have no prejudice against what does not accord with the defensive circle of our ego, with which we tend to ward off the wider reaches of experience. They have no prejudice against the kind of experience I am about to relate, and this new openness is indeed both hopeful and refreshing. On the other hand, I do find that those of my own generation (I am fifty-eight), have a very definite prejudice against the spiritual modes of being.

Because of the reaction of the latter generation I would mention that I have held, continually, various responsible academic posts for the past thirty years and have the appropriate qualifications, that my hobby until recently was mountaineering and that I had the honour of introducing Christian Bonnington to the sport. It is true that some two years before the experience I shall relate, I was ill for some six months with what used to be known as "The Dark Night of the Soul" and is now called "Clinical Endogenous Depression." But that was two years before I had returned to my work at a well known London college and is only worth mentioning because certain of the incidental experiences did influence my concern with dying.

The experience I am going to relate took place in the early morning of August in our small Welsh cottage, some twelve miles from Snowdon. I had then been out of hospital for some eighteen months and had not only fully readjusted to my academic vocation but completed my tenth book of verse, which is being published by Messrs. Hutchinson in the coming Spring. I mention first certain hospital impressions, as they had brought me to a concern with death of more than usual intensity; a kindly sister allowed me while recuperating to assist in the wards for geriatrics with other patients who were also on the road to recovery. It was an unforgettable experience and one that convinced me of the folly of the contemporary attitude to dying, and of the necessity of libidinising this experience if we are to

live with greater serenity. Old, demented, speechless men and women I hand-fed with spoonfuls of sweetened tea and little morsels of bread and butter. Some of them had been in this state of incontinent inertia for well over a decade, and their bed sores were dusted down with penicillin powder. I was not a witness to this, but was told that often when octogenarian patients passed into a coma they were withdrawn from their so longed for destination by oxygen and revitalising injections. For me it was the nadir of materialism and set me brooding on the ethics of death.

I did not have much time to consider my hospital experiences till the long summer vacation in our Welsh cottage when, cornered by the exceptionally wet summer, I did a great deal of writing, often working through till the beauty of the first light over our neighbouring mountain. I noticed that both my poems and prose seemed obsessed by an attempt to come as close as I could to the experience of dying, not in a suicidal sense (I have never had any inclinations that way), but with an extreme interest. I see now that this concern was relevant to the vision which followed since, although I never pray except in the sense of writing poetry, the effortful longing was a condition of the half dream, half vision that was granted to me.

It took place round about two in the morning and started as a dream of exceptional intensity and then continued as a vision, half spoken to my inward ear by an invisible chronicler, half projected in coloured images on the whitewashed wall opposite the bed in which I was sitting. The fact that I had put the bedside light on and had taken up the pen and pad I keep beside me to record significant dreams did not hinder the clarity either of the voice or the visions, and I must stress that they were dictated to me and although for the most part, I now think, accessible to my daylight intelligence, they had at the time a revolutionary novelty.

In my dream I was dying and for a few moments felt an extreme terror, sensing an invisible hand feeling for certain nerves in the region of my throat. There was a slight gripping sensation and I felt the fingers were undoing a ganglion, almost a knot of nerves. The knot came free, there was a click and my next impression was one of blinding light after the mist I had been enduring. The light was particularly associated with flowers, lilies and irises of blue and red, although the whole light was of an intense gold I have only seen on some dawn in the Italian Dolomites. I knew that part of my job—and it soon dawned on me this was by no means a state of being associated

with that nauseating phrase "Rest in Peace," but of intense and strenuous though delectable activity—was to realise these colours with an ever increasing power of vision, including the blue of the sea, since my unpractised eyes were only aware of a minute part of the capacity for seeing. It will be realised that I use such terms as touch, see, or walk, in order to help the reader whereas in fact all senses seemed blended into a single sense whether of speaking, hearing, walking or touching. A voice, or rather a direct communication to my brain since there was no speech here or language, only a direct communion of thought and feeling, seemed to be insisting that I stroke the flowers and in doing so increase my vision. At the same time I saw a silver garment suitable for either male or female, and if it fitted me, then I would have already have achieved a certain wholeness, in that I would have come into communion with the female component of my soul. I merely state this last fact and confess that although familiar with Plato I am not fully aware of this extremely important garment and its meaning. One thing was clear, that there was no sex in this—to use a shop-soiled but necessary word —celestial being. This absence of sexuality was the opposite of repression and implied that the communion attainable between inhabitants of this region was of such fulfilled intensity as to imply sexuality but to make its localisation in the genitals without meaning. I cannot say whether or not the creatures of this world were sexless in the sense of some of Blake's drawing since, although I saw natural objects and heard many and varying "voices," I saw no celestial being.

The second dream part of my experience that puzzled me was that I was told I would soon return and that it was vitally important for me to get across one message, that schizophrenics are unable to adjust to time because they cannot give up the dimension of eternity, and that to withhold them in time was rather like condemning them to the kind of hell which was imaged to me as a car which cannot change from one gear to another, but endures the grinding associated with being between two gears. I have not fully understood this and my knowledge of schizophrenia is too rudimentary for me to make any significant generalisation. I hope to repair this ignorance. In my dreams, besides the voices telling me of my return, of the apparition of colours and of schizophrenia, I could hear moaning and what can best be given a physical metaphor by the gnashing of teeth and— the climate was usually so clement as to be unnoticeable— occasional zones of intense cold, and it was after experiencing such a frigid spasm that I woke up.

I took my pen and paper after switching the light on, lit a cigarette and wrote down all the dream that I could remember with a sense of intense relief and excitement. But when I had finished and lay back to look at the plain whitewashed wall opposite me, to my delight and amazement an image appeared, and this time to my waking consciousness, although I shall try not to allow its tendency to rationalise to interfere with a direct transcription of what I saw and heard. First, by a blue sea I saw a man. In the vision of waking those denizens of eternity appeared who were as if not adjusted to the celestial dimension. He was trying to build a ship, since he had been a shipbuilder with considerable wealth and success. But although he went through the motions of building his efforts were futile, since there was no material for building and such mundane chores were here irrelevant. I watched his futile bending and wrestling with nothing, then he disappeared and the voice—the wall had gone white again—began to dictate in my waking ear. It seemed imagination was of significance, and those mundane acts which had been performed for their own sake and with—the word used was "innocence" but I am unable to qualify it—were of immense significance and not only "stored up treasure in heaven," but fitted the soul for eternity so that it was born into death adjusted to its dimension. As if in illustration of this, on the white wall and as if hanging on those paper screens which used to appear at Chinese festivals, but half obliterated with gold dust, appeared the writings of Sir Richard Burton that had been destroyed after his death by his puritanical wife. I gathered that they were still in need of editing and that my guide was about this task. The fact that these destroyed writings were about Burton's report on male brothels in India suggests that the morality of eternity has little to do with the negations of *time*. Moreover, those maladjusted to eternity were often, indeed I might say always, those who had done good for reward and out of repression and a feeling of superiority to the innocent. They were horrified at the company they had to keep. Moreover, since it was not a question of seeing through a glass darkly but face to face, no lies were possible, only direct communion of immediate feeling. This entailed a revelation of the poverty of those who had done "good" by repression and a desire for the material rewards of heaven, and they were as maladjusted to the area of the celestial dimension as is a neurotic to the temporal world. No crime was possible so that those who had lived by some form of criminality however respectable were without occupation. Crime was impossible since there was a direct perception of motive and no

chance of deceit, and in consequence those who had preyed on others by the use of their pompous, self righteous and authoritative mask were revealed in the almost cretinous reality of the deeper levels of their own being. Also in the spiritual world physical violence is impossible.

Hell, in fact, was no external torment but a maladjustment to eternity by those who had lived by material values. In consequence, a multitude of disembodied spirits were in pain at having only cultivated an external man and being "time-fixated" while in the dimension of eternity. I gathered there was an eager surplusage of souls awaiting reincarnation through a suitable conception and I had a vision of a haggard crew waiting on the edge of a river.

Incidentally neurosis, being time-conditioned, did not exist, provided the neurotic, in *time*, had tried to understand his predicament and not found some useful rationalisation to enable him to use his neurosis for material success and the exploitation of others, as opposed to the inner war within the Armageddon of the soul and spiritual creativity. These are the true and eternally significant fruits of that mental and emotional disturbance which is the lot of all people who, having while in *time* a sense of the eternal, must have a certain sense of being maladjusted to this merely temporal existence. The absence of neurosis was one of the conditions of the amplitude of spiritual communion which is a characteristic of eternity.

I also—this may have been conditioned by a film I had recently seen—saw a Yogi with his tongue extended and his stomach wall contorted and remember laughing in my bedroom. It, so the voice told me, is not life denial that is significant—but the amplitude of creativity both in work, for its own sake, and relationship, for its own sake. And how silly to attempt to achieve oblivion when heaven is not oblivion but supreme consciousness and the delight of that continued and exploratory knowing. As for "dying in life" to the various subterfuges of the "Ego" and its various time fixations, yes, but only for the sake of a greater amplitude of spiritual being. I realised, too, rather to my sorrow since I enjoy their intellectual gymnastics, that for the most part theologians like Rudolf Bultmamm, Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Paul Tillich are a complete waste of time, even Teilhard de Chardin. Learned men playing gymnastics about what they have scarcely experienced, like eunuchs making generalisations about sex. I shall not read them any more and realise why after his vision in—was it Turin cathedral—St. Thomas Aquinas gave up writing his Summa.

One last vision appeared on the whitewashed screen. It was of heart cases and cancer cases moving slowly and be-slippered from bed to cloaca in the terminal ward of a hospital. A voice said to my inward ear, "Do you think that is the nearest state to death? On the contrary, it is life in extremis, the greatest inrootedness in the traffic of the human body. What is nearest to eternity are the intense moments of living whether in creation, love, relationship, mountains, thought, or contemplation, where you are almost (you will never have it entirely here) at one with your activity."

I have tried to set down as accurately as I can this experience between sleep and waking, whether or not it is valid for eternity or, that useful label for the unknowable, "The Unconscious." All I am certain of is the joy it has brought me and the sense that although I wish to live as long and fully as possible, the process of ageing is no longer a fear to me but a source of considerable happiness. One last thing—and I trust it was my personal unconscious speaking when I woke up, although I did not realise I had written it—there was scrawled, obviously on the brink of sleep, "Priests are the gangsters of eternity."

Communication — Extra-Mural

(Continued)

HILARY BRAY

In order that the man in the street should say: I can't afford to disregard this, if this is my next state of being.

NATAL is a close community in the sense that, within the larger community of the Republic, it is tightly knit, largely homogeneous both in racial origin and tradition and in its attitude towards the burning and divisive issues of South Africa. Distances are great; internal communication good. People drive a hundred miles to lunch with friends. Everyone knows everyone.

Such was the seed ground into which Mike Swain was born via a family of prominent and respected citizens. His father is a magistrate in a Zulu community. With a generous share of good looks, charm and the gift of friendship Mike led the outdoor life of his age and class, an extrovert in the modern jargon. He owned a racing motor cycle, a Suzuki 250 c.c., and teased his younger brother about borrowing it. He was engaged to be married and about to study architecture at Durban University when he was killed in a motor accident.

There is no evidence, in Mike's book (*On the Death of My Son,* by Jasper Swain, Turnstone Books, 1974) of his having at

that stage in his life an introspective or even a contemplative side to his nature; far less had he been a child mystic of the type in Emlyn Wiliams' *The Wind of Heaven.* And yet when the purpose of this particular episode in the serial story was completed, on the Johannesburg-Pietermaritzburg highway through the intervention of a black Duits saloon, it can be seen to have been a major one.

When Mike began his post-mortem discussions with his father the network was there. He had a personal alignment with the young. Already a thousand people had attended his funeral, many of them on "buzz-bikes." His ordinariness (past tense) made him credible. "Down to earth," is the phrase used by Noel Langley, who wrote the foreword to the book.

It has been said that discarnate signals are imprecise: read the account of Mike sending for his father to meet him—their first re-union—at a sugar mill forty miles south west of Durban. There, through a remarkable trance medium hitherto unknown to all parties, the dialogues began which first convinced Mike's father and then, working through concentric circles of sceptical members of the family, reached a wide public. One guesses that Mike gained credibility fast. His book was first privately printed in South Africa; one wonders how far it has got so far, how far it will get.

What does he have to say? Some of his immediate experiences—and he had not had "time" when the book was written for any that were not in that sense immediate—are corroborative of most answers to the general knowledge questions; some show familiar conditions, reactions and emotions in a new light or with a different emphasis; some things are new. Readers who have a personal touchstone may find it useful to apply it. This reader has done so, in italics.

Mike's chief aims, as are most peoples', are the assertion of survival; that the universe is governed by a loving law; that we reap what we have sown; that the only judgment is self judgment; that we must forge our own progress, particularly by the acceptance, expression and creation of harmony and unity. This has all been said before but seldom, one thinks, with more telling familiarity with the audience, very often in slang.

His account of a violent death is as follows: "The sun was glaring on the windscreen of the black car. All of a sudden this silver radiance is changed to gold. I am lifted *out* of the car. In one second I see the little Mini and the large car collide head-on. There is a noise like the snapping of steel banjo strings . . . we descend beside the Mini and see two crumpled bodies

lying *in* it. We are vaguely sorry that this should happen to them and we both fully understand that we are now, so far as mortals are concerned, dead."

As simple as that. One moment you are dazzled by the reflection from an on-coming windscreen, the next this silvery light has changed to the golden glow we so often hear about. Frank Smythe after falling on the Gröhmannspitze (who survived) and the armoured car officer in 21 Army Group (who did not), both quoted by Dr. Raynor Johnson in *The Imprisoned Splendour,* have said this before. But what could be more appropriate at present than an example from an automobile accident? Relevant, idiomatic and reassuring. Good news for racing drivers, pilots, and all who are in risky professions, including—a not impossible conjecture—perhaps Jody Sheckter, the South African driver and, as more likely to catch his eye, putting in perspective the deaths on the track of Jim Clark and Jochen Rindt.

"We, all of us, have lost our terror of death," Jasper Swain writes.

Mourning is put in its place, as by the Getae of ancient Thrace who rejoiced at funerals and grieved when anyone was born. "Believe me, it is ten times more dangerous and unpleasant to be born into your world than it is to leave it. None of us here contemplate the former with any degree of pleasure. And yet all you people on earth fear death. I feared it when I was there, the few times I thought about it." *Our big plan is the release of fear both of disaster and disease; they themselves can't be eliminated, they are part of evolution.*

Mike continues: "But perhaps the most important message we can send from here, if you can get it across for me, is that grieving . . . is the worst thing you can do to someone who has just died. I know it is impossible to ask people to rejoice, yet we on this side rejoice when an old friend comes here . . . send wave upon wave of love. This will help the newly dead. This is perhaps the most important thing I want you to put in the book." *I was like a creature with its hands tied. I longed to comfort you and reassure you, but I couldn't get through that terrible wall of grief.*

Mike's involvement and that of his much younger passenger with his contemporaries is expressed in his concern with drug addicts, before and after. They are casualties but, if asked, he might perhaps describe them, as he does the subjects of nervous breakdown, as wounded in action. Of his own death Mike says: "It was okayed well ahead of the accident, to be exact on the

previous Monday at the Kyalami races. I suddenly knew my life was coming to an end though I didn't know the exact moment. I didn't regret it because I was aware of the wonder, the love and the beauty of the world that awaited me."

I can now realize that among the people I am with over here we have found that we had a dawning awareness that we were soon going to leave the earth, we couldn't put it into words but we all said the same thing.

Like Karshish in Browning's poem the reader experiences a growing surprise as the narrative proceeds. In so little "time" Mike seems to have not only mastered the skills of lucid communication and adapted to a new life style, but has become conversant with some of the grand strategy which stretches beyond the vision of most recent discarnates. "This world is the right one for me at this stage but . . . I shall be able to visit higher planes. One day I may find that a higher plane suits me better than the one I'm in." One hears for instance that *some degree of suffering before I died has burnt out some of the lesser bits of me, enabling me to miss a class as it were.* But Mike seems to have thrown a double six without any previous purifying fire.

The dénouement occurs on page 72 of the book. The dialogue up till now has been between son and father. Though it continues in the same familiar slang, or nearly so, the vocative changes from "father" to "brother," and there is no doubt in the reader's mind as to which is the elder brother. There is very little assertion by the writer of this identity discovery; equally little, except implicitly, by Mike. ("But for the time being," he continued pleasantly, "I think we'll all feel more at ease if I retain the outward form of Mike.") Thereafter the wisdom becomes deeper, but always without pedantry. On the importance of an open unconditional mind—*I've had to learn that until you become as receptive as a child and are pliable and ready to absorb, all our intellectual judgements mean nothing; rather they hinder*—Mike, who is pleased with his father, says, "Well done, Dad, spoken like a true lawyer. Now you are beginning to stand on your own feet." One feels that Mike has been standing on his own feet for a long time.

"The very God, think Abib; doest thou think?" No, we do not, except in so far as in Mike's own words, "Always remember that you are a son of God in your own right." But should we, who are so accustomed to the great historical Disguise, be surprised at this one? Given the seed ground, the timing, the need and opportunity for this particular argumentum ad

homines, can we think of a better one? And it seems worth reflecting, when we try to assess the purpose and achievement of an earthly embassage even of one whose purpose, in Dr. Raynor Johnson's words, is not to learn but to help mankind on its way, that this one consisted of a road accident in a green Mini on the Johannesburg-Pietermaritzburg highway.

And the very bright ones, they have to be extremely selective. And when they return to the earth they come under a cloak. It's like a shining presence behind a dark cloud.

Letters

On Clare Cameron's poem "Eden," from Over the Rim. (Outposts Publications, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. 55p.)

It was Milton, I think, who wrote, "Time may run back to fetch the Age of Gold." This lovely line evokes for me an exultant sense of great antiquity. Thousands of years ago, even before Hermes Trismegistus, when the ancient and true one religion of the world was practised and there was a sense of the holiness of all life, every creature had its appointed place in the hierarchy.

To-day, the majesty and grandeur of life have faded—people, in their millions, are interested only in lesser things. And as Carel Capek has told us, "When the sense of the holy goes, the moral sense goes also.

But there are those amongst us still who understand and perhaps "remember," and I feel that Clare Cameron is one of them. Her poem reveals this and I like to think, and to hope, that for one flashing moment she experienced that Age of Gold: that her spirit was "stabbed broad awake" by its prophetic revelation. For all is *not* lost—traces of the ancient oneness of created things still linger. This kind of "remembrance" was unconsciously expressed by St. Francis of Assisi in his love for, and happy fellowship with, all the creatures of the woodlands, the hills and the fields. A few centuries later, this lingering consciousness had trickled down into the mind and spirit of Giordano Bruno. Her poem tells us with moving and poignant beauty that Clare Cameron is one of those of to-day in whom a similar "memory" rests.

For me, this poetry is not so much a lament for things past as an expression of springing hope for the future. Why should the poet have had this vision, were it not to inspire a longing possible of fulfilment?

Perhaps God will bring back the world to its first beauty,

after it has passed through its present "dark night of the soul." Perhaps, as Frances Yates has suggested, ". . . man, who was created divine, with divine powers, is in process of again becoming divine, with other divine powers." Perhaps mankind will once again "join in the dance of the Universe" and respond joyously to its ordered rhythms.

These thoughts, and more, have been inspired by Clare Cameron's poem, which reinforces my feeling that another Eden is coming into being and will be one of the manifestations of "the Second Coming." BETTY ISOBEL GIBBS.

The poem "Eden," in Clare Cameron's *Over the Rim,* reminds me of a passage in *The Strange Journeys of Colonel Polders* by Lord Dunsany. The Colonel is changed into various creatures in turn (as a result, if I remember rightly, of having been rude to an Indian gentleman with unusual powers), and one is a fox. He describes how in this incarnation he was aware of a one-ness with the rest of creation which gave each experience a magical quality, and he says how sorely he misses this mystical union now that he is back in his human body. . . . "But now, if I go for a walk in the country at evening, I know there is something there that welcomed me once, and something I understood; and now, for the life of me, I can't overtake it. . . . It will have nothing to do with me; and I was a part of it once. . . ." I could quote this wonderful chapter at length, but have only space to recommend it. DAPHNE SLEE.

Book Reviews

Uri, by Andrija Puharich. (W. H. Allen, £2.95.)

Puharich's book is often fascinating. The purely biographical sections make good reading, but elsewhere he is all too often vague and anecdotal in the worst sense of the word. While we owe him a great debt for "discovering" Uri and persuading him to be "validated," we cannot stop ourselves from exclaiming, "Non talio auxilio, non defensoribus istis!"

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Water Springing from the Ground. An Anthology of the Writings of Rolf Gardiner, edited by Andrew Best. (Obtainable from The Springhead Trust, Fontmell Magna, Shaftesbury, Dorset. £3.75.)

We have been given so much theoretical psychic and spiritual

teaching, but how can New Age values be earthed into our tortured planet? Here is an instance of what one man, imbued with a clear vision of our world's sickness and of the remedy, can achieve in a lifetime.

Rolf Gardiner foresaw the breakdown of industrial society; he suspected that a new Dark Age was upon us, involving withdrawal to "islands of example" where relationship with natural and cosmic rhythms could be established. C. H. Becker wrote to him: "Someone has to have the courage to build new cells for the life of the spirit. You do this . . . from an instinctive and natural wisdom." His main "cell" is the old millhouse at Fontmell Magna in Dorset where, symbolically enough for the Aquarian Age, seven springs of very pure water bubble out at the foot of the Chalk, and where, despite his death in 1971, the work continues.

He agrees with Yehudi Menuhin that modern man is ill because he is cut off both from his vegetable roots and from the invisible world of the Divine. "Unless we re-root ourselves in the Cosmos, and accept the rulership of a Heavenly Order, our discarnate culture will starve not only our senses but our souls." Therefore, seeing history as the unfolding of man's search for eternal values, Rolf sought to embody these values, believing the forms—the archetypal patterns—to be incarnate in the physical world. Hence his work as a farmer, forester and ecologist; in reclaiming derelict land on the bare Chalk down, he planted three million trees. Drawing inspiration and power from the ancient camps and magnetic centres of the Wessex heartland, he realised that art forms, particularly dance, drama and music, were mediators connecting the life of the soil with that of the spirit. "There is a point in which a transition from play to ritual occurs which . . . affords experience of a high order." Further, such rituals could evoke and activate life and healing; on tour with his folk-dance team in Europe he found that these magical forms of art drew out "the regenerative and inspiring powers which lay hidden in the places to which we went."

These tours took place early in his life, the first ones being a gesture of friendship to a war-ravaged continent, not in words but in shared culture. It is significant that an Austrian doctor of eighty years came to the London memorial service during the electricity strike in February, 1972, and also to the German memorial in a pea-soup fog in November of the same year, to show his immense appreciation of the fact that Rolf, as an Englishman, went to work for six months in a remote Austrian village to help re-build the devastated place immediately after

the war. In later years came his public service in forward-looking planning. It was truly remarkable that he got people from six European countries, sponsored by their governments, to attend his conference on the development of Europe with particular concern for the fate and future of the Alpine regions of Switzerland, Austria, Bavaria and France.

Rolf Gardiner has been recognised as a practical prophet of the Age of Aquarius. "We are now," he writes, "in the midst of the terrible storm, of the break-up of the traditional forms of life and economy which we have known for two thousand years. And we have now got to live through the storm, and know that we are going to come through it to a New Harmony and a New Order and a New Reality." He understands our present darkness, not necessarily as evil but as the dark part of the cycle in a cosmic rhythm—a winter—from which will arise new life based on the wholeness of natural and divine laws. This is the Age of the Holy Spirit when, through the joint husbandry of the soil and the soul, our poisoned earth will blossom again. To support this conviction, he quotes the vision of Adalbert Stifter, an Austrian poet who, 150 years ago, saw that at the end "the Spirit will triumph over things, and we shall enter a new order of consciousness and of Cosmic Harmony in the world and in the universe of which we have no conception today at all."

For those concerned with planning and policy for the coming years, this book is a "must." For us all it is hope and realistic inspiration. MARY SWAINSON.

The Sphinx and the Megaliths. By John Ivimy. (Turnstone Books, £2.95.)

". . . Hecateus and certain others say that in the region beyond the land of the Celts there lies in the ocean an island, no smaller than Sicily. . . . The following legend is told concerning it. Leto was born on this island, and for that reason Apollo is honoured among them above all gods, and the inhabitants are looked upon as priests of Apollo, after a manner, since daily they praise this god continuously in song, and honour him exceedingly. And there are also on the island both a magnificent sacred precinct of Apollo and a notable temple which is adorned with many votive offerings and is spherical in shape. Furthermore a city is there which is sacred to this god, and the majority of its inhabitants are players on the cithara, and continually play on this instrument in the temple and sing hymns of praise to the god, glorifying his deeds. . . ."

Thus, in a quotation by Diodorus of Sicily from a lost work of the fourth century B.C., does Stonehenge make its first

appearance in the pages of history.

Mr. Ivimy's theme in this fascinating and thought-provoking book is, briefly, that Stonehenge (which he considers to be the eighth wonder of the ancient world) is related in an actual way to those other wonders, the Great Pyramids of Giza; that Stonehenge was in fact constructed by priest-scientists coming to Britain from Egypt for that purpose; and that in the Pyramids and Stonehenge these priestly architects consciously enshrined, in a kind of architectural code, the secret of the immortality of the soul, demonstrating by means of the *pi* and *phi* ratios the mathematical relation "between soul and earth or between mind and body."

This challenging theory is supported by many persuasive geometrical equations on the constructional side and by a masterly review of religion and science from the dawn of history onwards—or perhaps before the dawn, since proof is offered in a particularly interesting section about ancient geographers that the mapping of the *round* world was achieved by a pre-Sumerian civilization of perhaps the fifth millenium B.C. Religion and science in those early times are seen as having been one, with priests as mathematicians, astronomers and engineers. This in fact was the Secret Wisdom, passed down from initiate to initiate in the temple colleges and brought to Egypt from the earlier river cultures by the founder of the Nile civilization, Atum, here equated etymologically with Adam.

The key which unlocked the secrets of the universe lay in the science of astronomy ("as above, so below," said Hermes Trismegistus) and Mr. Ivimy suggests that Stonehenge was built as an observatory at some time in the third millenium B.C. by priestly colonists from Heliopolis, after many centuries of observations on that latitude had proved it to be insufficiently accurate for precise measurements of the moon's movements. "An observatory on the line of latitude 51° 50'N, the angle of the Great Pyramid whose secant is the sacred number *phi* would increase the accuracy of lunar observation by a factor of three compared with Heliopolis."

Not every reader will be able to accept the fairy tale that is told with a wealth of invention to illustrate how the colonization of pre-historic Britain took place; but in the setting of the scene—the comprehensive survey of Egyptian history, the presentation of the scientific evidence, the use of ancient literary sources—an immense amount of information is purveyed and many significant facts emerge; the existence of a common unit of measurement in the ancient world, the use of the sexagesimal

system by the Sumerians for greater ease in the calculation of fractions, the function of eclipses of the moon in determining longitude, the evidence for the existence of the pre-Sumerian world images showing the Alaskan-Siberian land bridge and the shores of Antarctica, accounts of yearly traffic between Britain and Delos in the golden age of Greece, evidence that the enigmatic structure we call Silbury Hill contains at its heart a mini-pyramid of chalk blocks—these are but a few of the nuggets awaiting the delver in a rich mine of facts, supositions and quotations ranging from Pindar to Pigott, from Herodotus to Hoyle.

It would be possible to feel discomfort under the constant suggestion that the priest-scientists of the Old Kingdom used their knowledge to trick the people and to enrich their temples; for this runs counter to the claim that the priests were initiates of the Secret Wisdom, the first rule of which is that knowledge must be used for the general good, never for oneself. It would be possible also to quarrel with the suggestion that the profoundly symbolic representations of aspects of the Godhead in early Egyptian art can be equated with Shamanism and other primitive animal worshipping cults; for another rule is that the Divine First cause may not be named or depicted. On another level one might wonder, in the archaeological context, how it could be that a race which left behind such multifarious evidence of existence in its homeland could spend up to two millenia in a colony without, as far as is known, inscribing a single hieroglyph on the rock faces of Prescelly or on the monoliths of Avebury and Stonehenge.

But, this being said, what riches are contained in this book! One cannot do better than conclude with J. A. West's words: "Most religious traditions insist that at one time science, art, religion and philosophy were complementary and interdependent, not mutually exclusive as they are today. . . . Egypt was such a civilization and its comprehensive knowledge of cosmic laws is embodied in its art and architecture, a permanent secret to those unaware of or immune to such knowledge, but a permanent source of instruction to those in possession of the key."

Here is one key, at least, to try in the lock.

DAPHNE ARCHIBALD.

The Medium, the Mystic and the Physicist, by Lawrence LeShan. (Turnstone Books, £3.50).

Dr. LeShan is a research psychologist who served as a practising psychologist in the U.S. army, and later became Chief of the Department of Psychology of the Institute of Applied Biology and was on the staff of Trafalgar Hospital, New York City. Like Dr. Shafica Karagulla, M.D. (author *Breakthrough to*

Creativity, 1967), he came to the conclusion that orthodox psycho-therapy was inadequate. A decade or so ago he decided to expore alternatives. In this book he gives an account of his findings after wide reading, discussions, experiment, and practice of psychic healing. It is written, like Karagulla's book, in a simple clear style congenial to English readers.

He soon realised that the everyday world so generally accepted as the only one is, in fact, by no means a unique approach to reality. In this everyday world—

> clairvoyance and precognition are impossible. They simply cannot exist in the world as we commonly know it and respond to it. To make the problem worse, this picture we have of reality, the "everyday" picture, is clearly valid. We are too successful in predicting the effects of actions and events when we use this conceptual scheme to believe that it is based on false premises. Not only does it work too well to be false, but we know in our hearts that it is valid; clairvoyance and precognition cannot occur. The problem is that they do occur. The evidence, and it is there—hard, scientific, and factual—for anyone who looks at it, is not refutable. We must do something about the paradox. (P. 79.)

The everyday world and the physicists world he had early come to terms with, as most of us have. But the world that seemed to be experienced by sensitives, mediums, and mystics, was closed to him. He decided to remedy this if he could, and chose psychic healing as his field of endeavour. This was because in this field he could establish success, or lack of it, by whether he could acquire some degree of mental control over biological changes.

> Using contemplation as a central exercise, I gradually devised a series of techniques which it seemed would, if practised enough, lead me to a state of consciousness that appeared to be associated with the positive biological changes that occurred in successful psychic healing. It took me about a year and a half of experimentation and practice until I felt I could achieve this state (p. 117).

The outcome was that he developed in himself some degree of psychic healing ability; furthermore, he developed a technique for training others which he is now using with success. He selected as pupils those who had had no psychic experiences and had not been involved in any way with psychic healing. His teaching was surprisingly successful—both to him and to the orthodox majority.

But this book is far more than a text book of psychic healing.

Its major achievement is in showing how strikingly similar are the conceptual worlds of the medium, the psychic and mystic, and the physicist. The answer to the paradox stated in the first quotation above is to be found in the realms of philosophy and metaphysics. Most educated people nowadays with some knowledge of physics have come to terms with living in two incompatible worlds: the common sense one in which matter is reality, and the curious one of the mathematical physicist. The challenge to us all now is to accustom ourselves to a third way of experiencing "reality." LeShan's book is a very helpful guide to those prepared to make the effort.

In the first eight chapters LeShan claims with justification that he goes no further than is in keeping with being

> a member in good standing of the company of those who followed the best in the traditions and practices of modern science. Up to this point I would assume that most "true and free inquirers" would agree that I have followed the rules of the game in my explorations and adventures into the Clairvoyant Reality. There would be comfort and security in the comradeship of colleagues, if I could leave it at that (p. 144).

But that was not to be. Among those to whom he submitted his MS were some who

> were disturbed and unhappy about something I could not understand. Rosalind Heywood hinted something was missing, and said that I should look into myself for it. . . . Finally, Dr. Edgar Jackson, a Methodist minister of vast experience in healing, told me—in no uncertain terms—that it was time he and I went to Europe to look at some of the great Gothic cathedrals of northern France and do some serious talking. (p. 145).

He followed this advice.

> I visited the cathedral at Metz, one of the great ones of the Gothic period. The vaulted roofs appear to tumble endlessly upwards, inviting and urging you to an experience if you are ready for it. . . . The altered state of consciousness I then experienced was a profound shock to me. Looking back on it afterwards, it seemed to make sense out of a great many things I had read about and to pull them together into the beginning of a new insight into the problems of healing.

Readers of this book will look forward hopefully for another book from Dr. LeShan giving us an account, so far as this can be done in words, of his expanding awareness of the mystery of the cosmos and of mankind, and the sense in which those two are ultimately a unity. KELVIN SPENCER.

Methods and Models for Education in Parapsychology, by D. Scott Rogo. (New York: Parapsychology Foundation, 1973. Parapsychological Monograph 14. $2.)

Scott Rogo, in his mid-twenties, is a prolific non-experimental Californian researcher, review editor of *Psychic*, and author of a half-dozen books, including two on "psychic" music. Unlike the American parapsychology establishment, he emphasises the history of psychical research, the value of spontaneous phenomena and the reasonableness of survival.

This short study discusses with special reference to the United States, how parapsychology is offered to new students, and suggests possible improvements. Lecture courses in American colleges are now common, but their quality, balance and integration into the curriculum are variable. A survey of psychic books borrowed from the library of a California state university disclosed neglect of older works, and a predominant interest in ESP. Mainstream psychological textbooks are becoming fairer, but bookshops hinder by retailing copious junk.

Discussing possible curricula for parapsychological courses, Rogo notes "Unfortunately most of the germane material is either buried in the hundred-year old archives of psychical research—in out-of-print volumes, or in technical journals." (This problem is serious today, and even recent work is often neglected because of inaccessibility of the publication.) The author also regrets that there is little recent mediumship research about which to teach the student.

In conclusion, Rogo suggests that because parapsychology deals with the inexplicable, its subject matter is likely to be inconstant as knowledge advances, and some topics (like hypnosis) enter established disciplines.

"Actually, from my own point of view, only the survival issue is the one stable subject of perennial psychical concern; it is the one fundamental issue of parapsychology which has not changed its position in the study of psychical phenomena over the years. Since I doubt there will ever be any general agreement on the survival problem, I can safely say that the study of the possible interplay of post-mortem intelligence in various types of psi phenomena will be an enduring one, whatever direction parapsychology may take in the future."

He is perhaps too pessimistic. Meanwhile, his book constitutes a challenge to the psychical research societies whose record in educating their members is so deficient.

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