LIGHT

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Editorial

MAGNETIC COMPASS

"When I came back, it was a different world, I was a different person."—Chris Bonnington, 1975.

"There is a soul above the soul of each, a mightier soul which yet to each belongs."—R. W. Dixon, 1833-1900.

The Cincinatti Reds finally won the 1975 World Series in the seventh game, and in the notorious Fenway Park. Pete Rose, the Reds' third baseman, asked whether transcendental meditation had helped, said "I can't even spell it." A participant in the *Workshop* of Barbara Somers and Ian Gordon-Brown contributes to this issue an account of experience in transpersonal psychology and, although agreeing with Pete Rose about spelling it, succeeds admirably, we think, in doing so.

The search would seem to be for oneself, not inwards but outwards, not for the smaller but for the greater. And our contributor makes it perfectly clear that skilled guidance and leadership are needed to prevent one holding the telescope the wrong way round. Yet this search would seem to be universal, though with most it is unconscious or deeply disguised, sometimes wrongly directed, usually inefficient. Besides the mystic on his lonely route march there are those however who are more consciously aware than others of where they are going. Of these some are in the public view and can be observed as they make their discoveries and express them with art or intellect, in imagination or life: for the search leads to discovery bit by bit; not hunt the thimble but treasure hunt with clues. Artists of all kinds have a magnetic compass, especially poets; many physicists; mountaineers like Mallory and Smythe; astronauts sometimes; lovers always.

An early Mediterranean philosophy supposed that human beings were once egg shaped and consequently so successful that the gods became fearful and bisected them all down the middle. Ever after, each half has been searching for the other. This is one of the earliest expressions of the doctrine of affinity, since interpreted variously as déja vu, chemistry, love at first sight. This recognition, the identification of oneself with another, is the most outspoken claim to have found oneself, as it is one of the most direct routes towards the mystical realisation of the unity and the harmony of the universe; although, as with direct routes, it is apt to cut corners.

An early, anonymous, German love poem begins unequivocally, "I am thou: thou art I." If, like Pete Rose, we cannot spell it, it is only because of the primitive German. For this theme, poets from Sappho to Elizabeth Barrett Browning have laid aside all others to reach for their highest magic. Here, in C. E. Montagu's phrase, they are writing a little above par. Sometimes they have touched the stars, so that between the ideal and the real the boundary vanishes—Romeo and Tristan, Juliet and Isolde.

We would like to know more about Miss Austen's ghost of a love affair with the clergyman met at Sidmouth. We never shall, but we do learn something of an interior love affair, ideal but equally real, which ends all her writing in the last pages of *Persuasion*. We are so accustomed to admiring the skilful artifice of the narrative—Captain Wentworth supposedly writing to Captain Benwick, coming back to collect his gloves and leaving the letter on the table (with a meaning look)—that we are distracted from giving our full attention to the letter itself. Read in isolation this is a statement of such truth and passion that it almost takes the breath away. Jane Austen was a fine artist. Here she is something more. She too touches the stars while she writes from herself to herself.

H. M. B.

The Deepening Crisis: Perceived Patterns

PART II: MARCH TO NOVEMBER, 1974

This teaching, given in response to questions arising from current international, national and personal affairs, represents a progressive education in perceiving specific crises in the context of a more meaningful pattern. The communicator endeavours repeatedly to sustain us in a cosmic view as we react to the passage of events in time.

March

(General election in February. Problem of rapid Government changes.)

Do away with the idea of separation, but remembering how the body is *within* the self, and remembering how the selves merge more and more, do away with the idea that I am in one mode of being and you in another; just think that for the extremely difficult

conditions where your present consciousness is functioning, the opening to other modes of consciousness is that much more urgent. This means of communication is one way; and because, and just because, we can be, and are, so close on the higher vibrational rate which at the moment you can't always, or even at all, recall, so is it the more urgent for this kind of communication to take place. So when people say to you: "Oh yes, they gradually move away to other realms, don't they?" the answer is both Yes and No. Yes, we do. And no, we don't lose touch but on the contrary we keep touch.

Particularly at this time of crisis. The pressures are now very severe. You know how in the physical world pressure leads to an eruption elsewhere at the weakest spot. So it is now. The pressures are from every quarter: the elements in floods and abnormalities of weather; famines; oil and the whole search for other forms of energy; political pressures; human pressures; the violence expressed in so many ways.

All this is going to have a unitive, constructive side and is accelerating the thinking and the research and the climate of public opinion which is going to facilitate the breaking in at all levels of the new way to harmony. You find it hard, when you see humanity in the mass, at a football stadium, in the underground rush hour, to visualise a turning of hearts, a new belief in a Divine origin. But this is the function of the whole hierarchical host and they know how it is to be done, and how fast it is to be done. After all: consider that man has from his earliest beginnings believed in a God and practised contact with his environment even though he killed for food. There is all that background in humanity to build on, and it is not beyond the power of the great beings now concentrating upon the new break-through on earth to call these race memories into play and to build on them. You do have to have tremendous faith.

Here there is no doubt at all about the outcome. Some sources on your side talk darkly about the spiritual battle and the threat that the earth planet will be destroyed, or blow itself up, or be abandoned by the Hierarchy. This is NOT what we are experiencing or being taught. There is a great acceleration of both pressures and of results. We see already the fermentation breaking out like bubbles all over the place. I am convinced that it is going to go much faster than you think. But not faster than you can go. Yes, the way of life will change. But not cataclysmically. Think already how far the way of life has changed in the brief years of your lives. Change is not cataclysm; it is not disruption or disaster. Change in this case is a great

world-wide move towards co-operation, towards harmony, which will mean sharing and helping one another, but it will not mean a joyless police state of communism and a massing and overcrowding of ill-assorted people into buildings. The communist way of life will itself become modified, as the work and lives of the great selfless torchbearers are already indicating. I said before: this is the tunnel, but the sunny landscape is at the end of it. There will be increasing dawning of relief, of a feeling of return to sanity, as the forces and the pressures converge. The realisation of the oneness of all manifestations of life and of the universality of God, the Primal Cause, will bring people together in a way which now seems to you almost impossible and incomprehensible. So I say to you: Banish anxiety and fear. Keep your eyes wide open and salute the new ways and new ideas wherever you see them. Know that it will go fast, but not too fast, and that the pace is very carefully graded to what mankind can take.

If this all seems utopian to you, never mind. You will see more and more clearly how things are shaping. Who would have prophesied, a year ago, how this year would shape for England? The whole world is under stress. This country has tremendous riches, spiritually and culturally, from the past, and a tremendous function in the future. That is why things are being particularly pushed here at the moment. I think there will have to be a national government and out of that a moving together across the political divisions and a search for the common good to rescue the nation, and out of that search on the material, political level will germinate unnumbered possibilties and examples of a new approach.

May

It really isn't required that you should agonise over the potential results of over-population, and the frightening possibilities involved. It *is* necessary that far-seeing people should intimately concern themselves. But it is far better that you (who are not experts) should deal with that part of the totality of problems which washes up at your feet. The final working out in the future is always different from what one expects or forecasts and foreboding is not creative. By all means be prepared for a shift in a way of life, but see it as a joyful return rather than a ghastly threat, and try, try to think of Love and Beauty and Bounty and the joyful return of the soul to the loving Creator rather than allowing the temporary thunderclouds to obscure the sun.

(During the Spring and Summer: corruption charges in Great

Britain; Ethiopian famine; U.S. Senator kidnapped; German bank crash; Cyprus invaded; jail mutinies in France; mass murders by ex-mental hospital patients in U.S.A.; inflation very high in Japan.)

August

Things are going very rapidly, aren't they? The breakdown is now obvious—cracks everywhere—so that your duty to think positively is that much more urgent. Out of the collapse of the monetary system will come a new international co-operation. Out of the shortages and difficulties will come a new evaluation of essentials. Then it will be possible to build the new. The new is, of course, building rapidly all the time. It is just like the amazing power of a small plant to grow up through paving stones and eventually to crack them. The New is pulsing with life and is shouldering the stone out of the way. And in what other way could the stone be moved? The stone is the whole disastrous system and the materialistic way of thinking that has grown up. And only by collapse and disintegration can it be shifted. Don't be dismayed: this doesn't mean cataclysm and disaster. It means collapse and disintegration of a way of thought, not physical horrors. The release into joy, as hope, and co-operation, and a new way of life begin to dawn, will bring such a wonderful relief of tension, such a relaxing into sunshine. So be very constant, very brave, and know that it is all leading to happiness and peace.

September

(EEC farmers in revolt; very bad hurricane in Honduras; hijackings.)

I am within a group of most congenial spirits, directed ultimately by exalted beings who are working with great joy for the regeneration of values. The knowledge has all been there before. The breakdown of the old ways has led to such obvious impoverishment, and the new thing is the remembering of the old plus a new enlightenment which is coming not so much from alert psychic and spiritual faculties (as was the case with the leaders of the races and civilisations and religions of former times) but from a development of Mind which is reaching out beyond everyday appearances to the forces, influences, essences and primal principles behind creation. It is fascinating to see this coming into being, to see this new light of understanding flickering from countless individuals and fostered in all sorts of ways by countless groups.

The spiritual forces of Balance are very much involved just now as they brood over developments, and where one new movement or flash of enlightenment is incomplete, it is then, you

will find, balanced by something very much like its opposite. I will give you an example. The highly intellectual and spiritual teachings of Steiner and Teilhard de Chardin, for instance, vital for the break-through of new understanding, stand over against the more popular un-intellectual movements of people like Fundamentalists. This is partly what makes everything so bewildering.

In the political field the great principle of sharing and of caring for all one's members and of being members one of another is twisted for the time being into its very opposite in manifestations such as communism and the extreme aggressions of some Trade Union leaders. Therefore the apparently tiny, totally insignificant efforts of small meditation groups, of reactivation of old centres, of invocation of healing powers, are of more value than you can perhaps apprehend because they are all helping to draw down and focus the spiritual, real "charismatic" powers which are poised to pour out of the watering pot of Aquarius, but which do need the co-operation of humanity. So they have to be asked for. You need to offer yourselves as the insignificant but willing channel.

Nearly everything that is happening is of vital significance at the moment. You can't be sure whether it is the breaking up of a paving stone which has killed the life beneath it and must therefore go, or whether it is a letting through of a new life force. Often it is both: as you instanced in Watergate, which can be looked at both as a great step in creating and strengthening a national conscience, a new organ of perception common to a vast nation, and as something destructive and sordid.

November

(More hijackings. Food shortages.)

The time of tremendous upheavals of the paving stones is upon our beloved country. Always believe that the gifts of God are infinite, inexhaustible. There is His law of supply, and what you need is there, and will be there. So admit no darkness, no fear, no apprehension. Do what you have to do, step by step.

(To be continued)

The Inner Journey of the Poet *(Continued)*

KATHLEEN RAINE

Perhaps there should be more than one word for poetry; the Irish bards, for example, were the historians of their tribes, praising the deeds of kings and heroes, or the beauty of queens

and palaces, ridiculing and satirizing enemy kings and queens, and so on. In our own society this function is fulfilled by the newspapers and the professional historians, and it would be very difficult to find, in terms of the materialist philosophies now current, any serious function (other than entertainment) which the arts are supposed to perform. Perhaps it might be said that architecture, for example, and music, by following and expressing the harmonies which are the laws of physical nature help to attune us (literally) to the "music of the spheres"; and this is certainly arguable. In a most literal sense music has been held, since Pythagoras, to correspond to the physical structure of the universe. This can be said of harmony; though Blake asked what, then, melody could be, in such terms; for melody, like poetry, can be called the meaning, the statement, of music. But what of poetry?

Poetry nowadays is thought of as suitable for children, and children are encouraged to write it (seldom to read it) because children are still allowed to see the world, like primitive people, in an animistic way. For adults, "art" (again as an activity, not as a serious study of great works) is thought of as "therapeutic"; the objectification of neuroses seems to have moved from the psychiatrist's consulting-room to the art-schools, from the art-schools to the galleries. But even admitting the usefulness of this form of self-expression to the patient, of what use are such psychological waste-products to anyone else?

Serious adults seldom read poetry unless they reject (sometimes even unconsciously) the materialist's description of the universe as a closed natural system. Those of us who reject this view look to the poets, as have other civilizations, for news of a collective inner world, shared indeed by all, but made accessible to us through the arts.

The current view that one piece of self-expression is as good as another would be valid were it not for the archetype. It is not for self-expression that we look to the arts; or only in a secondary and minor way. In great imaginative art it is not the individual who speaks, but the collective, the archetype. From this level comes the inspiration of the poet, to this level in us the poem speaks. Or, of course, the work of music or painting as the case may be. So understood the arts have a function to perform in society; they hold before us images of an inner world all share; of an eternal order which (since it is the archetype) is the measure of our values, the pattern, the scale to which we, as individuals, attune ourselves. Without such works—expressions of what we call "beauty" because "the beautiful" is what

corresponds to this inner order, brings us back to it, harmonises us with ourselves, and indeed with others since this is the level at which we are nearest to one another, most akin—human society must suffer the kind of moral and spiritual sickness we see at the present time. The necessary food of the spirit is seldom being supplied by the arts of our own time. The buildings in which people live; the music to which the populace listens and the visual images presented to any modern society are more likely to destroy and to darken, than to illuminate and harmonise the psyche. Of course there are exceptions, but all too few.

Plato long ago taught that all knowledge comes from memory —recollection. There is an omnipresent eternal mind which knows all things; as we should say, the Self—the higher Self, or the collective unconscious—has a knowledge not gained from individual experience of the physical universe. Our relationship with this higher Self (which is the same for all) is mediated through the arts; poets are rememberers of the timeless. Have we not all the sense of some knowledge lost, or just out of reach? By common consent, within any traditional society, the poet is "inspired"—derives his knowledge, that is to say, from the "other" mind, from the timeless world.

To those who believe, with the behaviourists, that all knowledge comes through the senses, what meaning have Wordsworth's lines,

> Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar
> Not in entire forgetfulness. . . . .

For the behaviourists (as for the eighteenth century philosopher Locke), the new-born come trailing no clouds of glory, bring with them no memories of another state. But for the Platonic tradition (our European mainstream of the Perennial Philosophy) poetry and the other arts are the chief and indeed the normal means by which we relate ourselves to the timeless.

The Platonic philosophers held that we, in our natural state, are "asleep"; our ego-consciousness is less than our total self (to use a modern paraphrase of their teaching) and our relationship with the timeless is expressed in a number of myths of sleep and waking, remembering and forgetting. A similar view is taken by Jungian psychology; but whereas the Greeks held that the "other" mind is wakeful and conscious, the omniscient mind of the "blessed gods," the very term, "unconscious," though descriptive of our empirical situation in our relation to the "other"

mind, is misleading because it suggests that conscious knowledge is in some respects more perfect; that the knowledge of the unconscious is in some sort of rudimentary state, merely potential in relation to our own. This is not the teaching of the ancients; nor is it of the Indian philosophers, nor the Christian theologians who taught the omniscience of God and the relative ignorance of man. As against Locke and the behaviourists who hold all knowledge comes through the senses, Plato believed that all knowledge was through remembering—recollection—*anamnesis,* which means, literally, "unforgetting." Plato attributes our forgetfulness to the limitations of a material body. The myth in the Tenth Book of the *Republic,* to which Wordsworth's lines finally refer, tells how the souls about to enter generation "descend," like shooting stars, and cross a desert between the two worlds or states. They come to a river—the river Lethe, or forgetfulness. This is interpreted by the late Platonists as matter; of which water is a universal symbol. The souls are thirsty for matter's sleepy draught; and some drink deeply, so that their forgetfulness of the eternal state is almost complete. Others drink less deeply, and arrive here "not in entire forgetfulness" All the Greek myths relating to inspiration—our relation with the timeless—assume that we may in certain circumstances draw upon our former knowledge. There are, according to Plato, three kinds of souls who are rememberers: the philosophers, who have knowledge (philosophy for Plato included, of course, metaphysics); the lovers, who through the adoration of beauty come to knowledge of "the beautiful itself"; and the "musical souls," the artists. It is the function, and task, of these, to create in this world copies of the eternal "original," the archetypes, in stone or metal or music or dance or words, according to their skills. These copies will awaken in those who behold them—even if only for a moment—recollection of the eternal order. And in a certain sense this is so, for inspired art does not come from the personality of the artist but from that other mind we all share. The knowledge it communicates is self-knowledge.

The poet's "muse" is more than a literary convention: it is an experience of every creative person that inspiration comes from elsewhere. According to Plato there are nine muses, each giving guidance in some one particular art. The poet is said to have the gift of flying to the garden of the muses, where he gathers, as bees gather honey, the sweetness of his song. I think every poet knows what is meant by the muse or daimon who seems to give us knowledge we do not normally possess. Milton invoked the "heavenly muse"; and so did Blake, with a difference:

Blake knew that the muse is within, and, paraphrasing Milton, he summons the "Muses who inspire the Poet's Song":

. . . Come into my hand,
By your mild power descending down the Nerves of my right arm,
From out the Portals of my brain where by your ministry

The Eternal Great Humanity Divine planted his Paradise . . ." Blake was a modern man. The Divine Humanity is Blake's (and Swedenborg's) name for the higher Self or omniscient eternal mind. Shakespeare's Ariel is the very essence of the spirit who flies free, but who will serve the magician who knows how to control his inspirer. Robert Graves's *The White Goddess* is a modern tribute to the Muse; who is often a personification of the *anima,* in the form of some half-imaginary woman, like Dante's Beatrice, or Bloch's "beautiful lady." Plato wrote of the daimon of Socrates. To speak for myself, I cannot remember a time when I was not aware of the presence of my own daimon. I never thought of this inner companion in terms of religion, as a "guardian angel": an inner companion so free, so living, so real could have nothing in common with religion and its precepts. This daimon spoke always of freedom and delight and beauty, never of such restrictive matters as religion dealt in. Nor was this daimon a tempter; the whisperings of Mephistopheles were as far removed from this higher Self as the monitions of the superego. Carnal desires served to banish this delicate companion. When I have been the poet and not the heavy mortal woman I have known that my knowledge has come through this inspirer. Of the twin demi-gods, Castor and Pollux, it is said that one is incarnate, one in the other world or state. Like Yeats and Dante my birth-sign is Gemini; and I wonder if one of the characteristics of this astrological sign may not be the closeness of the relationship between the conscious and the unconscious mind? Yeats had his "instructors," Dante his Virgil and his Beatrice. There are of course many levels; and as the aspiration, so the inspiration. Porphyry tells that the Delphic Oracle revealed that Plotinus was inspired by the God himself; the universal spirit.

I attempted, in a poem, to express the relationship with the daimon:

Long ago I thought you young, bright daimon,
Whisperer in my ear
Of springs of water, leaves and song of birds
By all time younger
Than I, who from the day of my conception

Began to age into experience and pain;
But now life in its cycle swings out of time again
I see how old you were,
Older by eternity than I, who, my hair gray,
Eyes dim with reading books,
Can never fathom those grave deep memories
Whose messenger you are,
Day-spring to the young, and to the old, ancient of days.

The story is well known of the nine daughters of Pierius who challenged the Muses, daughters of the gods, and were turned into magpies for their presumption. They would have fared better in the twentieth century, and probably been given prizes for their "realism." For there is always a kind of art of imitation which is the product not of imaginative inspiration but of the human personality. Such work may or may not contain some element of inspiration; but it is typical of such verse that the poet writes from personal experience and not inspiration; and instead of the lyric gift, he constructs his verses by imitation and practise. Such verse may be amusing enough; but "allegory" and "vision," so Blake wrote, "ought to be known as two distinct things for the sake of eternal life." For the sake of eternal life, because it is through vision, or inspiration alone, that contact is made with the eternal mind. Blake wrote of the "daughters of memory" (the daughters of Pierius, in the Greek fable) and the "daughters of inspiration," as the mortal and the divine inspirers of the poet.

Of these things we can only perhaps speak in symbolic terms —the river of forgetfulness, the sleep of the soul, the garden of the muses. But is it not a truth of experience that when we are moved deeply by some work of music, or one of the other arts, we have not, as it were, to learn from the artist, as we might commit to memory some technical thing previously unknown: in a flash of enlightenment we share the experience, participate in it as if it were the work, not of some other mind, but of our own. We accompany Dante on his journey and know the place. To me this is the test of a truly imaginative experience. Often the clever poet who is writing from the inspiration of the magpies seems difficult, or obscure; we do not recognise his references, we need footnotes. But with the true work of imagination, "Ah yes," we say, but how did Shakespeare, or Hopkins, or Schubert, know this? For the poet seems to be speaking out of our own deepest knowledge. A work of talent may require for its understanding information we do not possess; but inspiration tells of a world that is common to us all. Works of imaginative

genius seem anonymous, or seem our own creation. But while they are not "difficult" to understand, the demands they make upon us are much greater than the mere gathering of information needed for the elucidation of a difficult text: such works demand *anamnesis,* recall us to our lost selves, our memories of the eternal harmony, beauty, reality and holiness that we might prefer to forget because sleep is easier and less demanding and less painful than wakefulness; which is, nevertheless, that to which we must grow.

But if memory be the inspirer of the poet, of what use is it to dwell on what is past? Is not this mere escapism? But the Platonic recollection is of another sort: it is not remembering the past, but remembering the timeless. "What we remember we shall know again" is the secret message of all beauty. These memories are also hopes, and aspiration. Imagination tells of both beginning and end; "mixing," as T. S. Eliot wrote, "memory with desire." We desire what we remember—we could not desire what we do not, in some sense, remember. Since end and beginning are one, the work of imagination evokes not mere nostalgia, but also hope; the longing to be where we truly belong, to be what we truly are. In the words of Plotinus, the soul "makes its memories the starting point of a new vision of essential being."

Finally, let us consider a well-known poem by the last and greatest of the Platonic poets of the English language: *Sailing to Byzantium.* For Yeats the "holy city of Byzantium" was both type and symbol of the city of the arts, built in imitation of the heavenly original. One might call Constantine's city an architectural *mandala;* and although Constantine's pattern was the Heavenly Jerusalem, the Christian city to be built "on earth as it is in heaven," the philosophy that inspired the Christian Emperor is still Platonic. It was Plato who first dreamed of an earthly Republic, whose laws and arts should reflect, in every aspect of life, a "divine original," "laid up in heaven." In *A Vision* Yeats wrote of that city:

> "I think that in early Byzantium, maybe never before or since in recorded history, religious, aesthetic and practical life were at one . . . the painter, the mosaic worker, the worker in gold and silver, the illuminator of sacred books, were almost impersonal, almost perhaps without consciousness of individual design, absorbed in their subject-matter and that the vision of a whole people. They could copy out of old gospel books those pictures that seemed as sacred as the text, and yet weave all into a vast design, the work of many that seemed the work of one, that made building, picture, pattern, metal-work or rail

and lamp, seem but a single image; and this vision, this proclamation of their invisible master, had the Greek nobility. . . ."

The "invisible master"—the Christ Pantocrator of the Eastern Christian world—was indeed the Logos, the Self, the "omnipresent eternal mind" of God; so inadequately described by the phrase "the collective unconscious."

Yeat's *Sailing to Byzantium* summarizes the Platonic teaching upon the nature of inspiration; confirmed, again and again, by the experience of the poets, and now, it seems, by what is coming to be known of the nature of the psyche itself. The poet begins by evoking all the beauty of generated life:

> That is no country for old men. The young
> In one another's arms, birds in the trees
> —Those dying generations—at their song,
> The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
> Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
> Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
> Caught in that sensual music all neglect
> Monuments of unageing intellect.

In the second stanza the poet rejects the world of mutability, and sets out the Platonic doctrine of *anamnesis,* which conceives the work of art as at once the expression of the soul—its image—and the means by which we are awakened to self-knowledge. In contemplating its image in the arts the soul learns to know itself. There is no other means of coming to know the nature of the soul than through images, be they of art, or immediate in our dreams. Because he believed that in Byzantium the arts were indeed expressing and evoking this knowledge of eternity, the poet leaves the sensual world to contemplate "monuments of unageing intellect."

> An aged man is but a paltry thing,
> A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
> Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
> For every tatter in its mortal dress,
> Nor is there singing school but studying
> Monuments of its own magnificence;
> And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
> To the holy city of Byzantium.

The poet has "sailed the seas" of mutable natural life, as Odysseus made his stormy voyage to Ithaca; or as it was said by the Delphic Oracle that Plotinus "swam" to the Isles of the

Blest. He addresses the gold mosaic figures of saints, like those he had seen at Ravenna; icons of the Eastern Christian Church. And here we should remember that the icon is not conceived of as a copy of nature, but as an expression of the spiritual essence of the archetypal being it depicts. Therefore the icon itself is in this sense "sacred," and can, literally, "teach," or impart, knowledge of the being it depicts.

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
And be the singing-masters of my soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

It is the art of the poet to speak in symbols which communicate meaning on every level. The last stanza of the poem describes, literally, that glory of gold mosaic and hammered gold of Constantine's city; which might very well have served to keep an emperor "awake," as the stories of the *Arabian Nights* kept Haroun al Rashid from boredom. But the lines also embody doctrine: it is the forms of art which keep the soul from falling into the "deadly sleep" of forgetfulness. Edgar Windt once remarked to me that he greatly admired Yeats because he was able (like those Renaissance painters of whom Windt has so illuminatingly written) to communicate the deepest truths in the lightest, the most elegant vesture. And so we read of a golden bird singing on a golden bough; such an image as might come to any of us in a dream:

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

The golden bird is real upon several levels; for the Caliph did send to the Emperor of Byzantium a golden tree, on which mechanical birds were made to sing, as in Hans Anderson's story of the Emperor and the Nightingale. But at the same time the bird is the type of the "musical soul" who sings on earth the music of eternity. Therefore the poet, "once out of nature," aspires to

be the voice of the soul and to speak from a knowledge not to be learned on earth, of "what is past, and passing, and to come"; a timeless order of "things," as the Gospel says, "both new and old."

Workshop

FRANCES GRENFELL

"*THE term Transpersonal Psychology has only been in use some ten years. It represents a fourth force in psychology, to distinguish it from the behaviouristic (first force), psycho-analytic (second force) and humanistic (third force) approaches. As such it is concerned with the normal and supernormal states of awareness, and the various ways by which ultimate values and transcendental states may be explored, discovered and used in everyday life. As an umbrella term Transpersonal Psychology covers a number of related approaches.*"

In government language this is the "remit" for Workshops, and there are no better words to explain what they are about. There are three courses of Workshop, I, II and III, which take place from Friday evening to Sunday mid-day, and there are follow-up workshops such as Training Workshop in Guided Phantasy and Imaging Techniques, Meditation Workshop, and Relaxation, Body Awareness and Movement Workshop.

I am not capable of defining accurately, assessing intellectually or analysing objectively all this work. The subject defies generalisations. All I can give is an individual account of the experience and the result, so far, for myself.

I came to Workshops, like most of the people I met there, to seek something; in a curious way, with half of myself, ready to call their bluff. What did all those long words mean? Did any of those transpersonal whatnots stand up to scrutiny? Could I find myself, in a practical way, in the middle of it all? I am no expert in force one, two or three, but at some points in my life I had become aware of the dangers of these forces when expressed in tabloid form and served up as guidance to social workers or magistrates. It can be disturbing when these are applied to the treatment of deprived children. The message is often sadly materialistic, even hopeless. I wanted to know if there was an extension of this form of teaching, and an expansion.

All this means that my approach was fairly naive, and when it came to the crunch I was hazy about my future for the next

two days. By six o'clock on a Friday evening, as we collected at the College, I had considerable misgivings. We had each to provide ourselves with a rug and a cushion. What had I let myself in for? One of those exercises in togetherness, stripping, physically and mentally in front of strangers? You know these psychological types can be very unreliable people with weird ideas —my mother always said.

We stepped into the lecture room, bravely and smugly, sat down singly in the chairs arranged in a circle, the latecomers filling the gaps. We eyed each other like a compartment of railway passengers. Death or disaster might draw us together but nothing much else would. How usual this atmosphere is at the start of workshop I don't know. But it says much for the quality of the two leaders that they disperse it quickly and, with us, the mood changed from nervousness to anticipation almost as soon as battle was joined.

I suppose one could say that the study in Workshops is based on Jungian teaching, expanded and interpreted by nearly two generations of followers who have studied and worked and written on the lines originally researched by him. At the outset we were warned that our knowledge of the psyche was at an early stage; that this was not a subject to delve into lightheartedly, or even without a certain amount of professional supervision; to consult on a personal basis at any time during the course if we felt in need of it; to heed the advice which would be given from time to time about the solitary practising of certain exercises. I think we found these warnings reassuring rather than otherwise, in that damage in any situation is morely likely when blind optimism refuses to recognise the danger.

The study began with a lecture on the structure of the psyche in the light of present day knowledge. This was followed by an exercise of relaxation and a form of meditation, and we were asked to draw any inner pictures we had conjured up. At this point no doubt a little girl sub-personality took over, and I felt despairing at the thought of displaying half-baked efforts while everyone else was drawing away without a pause, no pencils being sucked except by me. But mercifully it turned out that all drawing and writing are private, exercises in interior expression. Confidence returned. By the end of the first evening, though puzzled, I was beginning to think I might be on to something. Force four did have a spiritual insight and could answer some misgivings about the other three. The spiritual side of ones own nature was involved, that part of oneself at least which can only be described as "a feeling."

During the next two days there were explanatory talks by the two leaders, discussions, and more exercises designed to draw us along a path of self awareness. This began to be tremendously exciting, glimpses of oneself in a way that was quite new. I have been asked by friends if this search into onself was not unhealthy, introverted and egotistical. I found that looking at oneself as a larger psyche with many other levels of personality besides the immediate one helped me towards understanding the paradox of individuality and indivisibility. Whether that makes one more or less of an egoist only one's friends can judge. I did not feel more self-centred.

By the end of Workshop I I had enjoyed myself on many fronts, meeting wth a certain degree of intimacy other like minded people, being stimulated by fresh discoveries. But my chief feeling was one of thankfulness for the professionalism with which the two leaders handled the whole subject and us as learners. There was a refreshing crispness, and a reasonable scientific approach without any loss on the imagination or emotional side, yet all without overstatement or undue emotionalizing. I found that this led to a feeling of relaxation and vigour.

Even so I left with a problem or two unsolved. One of these was a question of honesty. I found that in some of the exercises I appeared ludicrously backward. In an exercise to discover sub-personalities, done through a form of meditation, other peoples' personalities, as I discovered in the later group discussions, were real and beautifully detailed, whereas I couldn't believe in mine. For one thing I was sure I had invented them, so I discarded a few as obviously ridiculous and thought up a few others. Also I found, in meditation, that I never saw the Parthenon descending in a white light or an illuminated crystal cathedral. I am quite lucky if I "see" my washing bowl or "hear" the telephone. I wondered if these questions would be answered eventually.

In the few months between Workshops I and II I did a certain amount of home work, some of it quite hard in a life of ordinary family chores. A diary of my dreams entailed anything up to forty minutes' writing in the early mornng; and I read three of the recommended books. These I found intensely interesting and I did wonder if I had got the cart before the horse and would have gained by reading the books before Workshop I. I am still undecided about this; it is possible that the books would have meant little to me before, while they were now like searchlights on a scene already glimpsed. So Workshop II was much looked forward to and did not disappoint. We were, except for one or

two, a different group but there was no nervousness this time. At the start we were asked to introduce ourselves with a short description, and the cross section was an interesting one: a few radionic practitioners, art teachers, an astrologer, a medium, several housewives, an engineer, a counsellor in training, a teacher of relaxation. The whole group acquired a wholeness, perhaps cheerful lunches contributed, in a local café, washed down with a measure of red wine. The programme was on the same lines, and an enjoyable moment came in one of the discussions when the question of the honesty of "inner sight" came up, and we found that this was a difficulty for several of us. We had a discussion on the interpretation of symbols and decided my washing up bowl might be as valid for me as the crystal cathedral was for someone else. It was a relief to discover this openly, also to realise that the exercises are not necessarily achievable at the first try.

In this and many other ways the exploring of our own psyches went on, and I found my vision clearing on personal problems and difficulties, and a developing capacity for standing back and looking at myself and others with a sort of loving objectivity. I felt I was on a road where I may learn better to understand some things I would like to understand; and as I understand myself I can come to understand others more sympathetically. The long term result of the last Workshop is a strange and compelling feeling of energy. Quite simply I feel ten years younger. It would be interesting to know how many others come away from Workshops with the same feeling. One last meditation taken by one of the leaders moved me considerably, and my washing up bowl was overtaken by a deeper insight which I felt I could accept in honesty and with gratefulness.

I would not recommend Workshop to anyone rooted in the security of a certain belief and sure faith, nor to anybody out for the kicks. I do not think it is only a flash in the pan episode in my life. I feel as if I had started up a ladder whose end is out of sight. It will often be a hard climb. The foot will slip; there may be giddiness, although there is a chance I may defy gravity and fall sideways rather than down. I am writing from the standpoint which faces towards the end part of life. To have a new awakening then is of course heady stuff. What of younger people? I wish I had been able to attend Workshops at the start of my adult life. I feel I might have lived more efficiently—in the deeper sense of the word—and with even greater enjoyment. For those who in their working life are subject to responsibility and stress, and who feel the need for renewed inspiration, here

could be a life line. This might depend on whether the energy I felt was true for others; for some it might mean more work rather than less.

Workshops, and the attendant literature, seem to give a glimmering of how New Age religious thought may develop. To quote from P. W. Martin in *Experiment in Depth*:

"In sum it is time we saw the living myth in its true light . . . as the greatest of all instruments of good known to us, the transforming symbol by which men and communities may become whole. *As and when this understanding of the human spirit is reached psychology, science and religion can work as one.*"

Dreams of Truth

(continued) A. V. A.

"FOR God speaketh once, yea twice and man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night in deep slumbering upon the bed, then he opens the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." *Job,* 33, xv.

Among the dreams we have received in answer to our request for what Jung calls "big" dreams, which appear to come from some source beyond the personal unconscious, we have selected three which seem to us of special beauty and depth of meaning. The first, like the dream of Thomas Blackburn, of a sea-crossing in a stone vessel, seems, like his, to express the soul's awareness of its own immortality. The dream entitled *Journey's End* tells, also, of a sea-crossing and reunion with one recently dead. The symbols of this dream—the river of life, the dividing sea, the accompanying companion—are ancient and universal, yet experienced by the dreamer with an immediacy more convincing than any traditional myth.

We include a third dream on another theme; no less immediately compelling, and yet, also, rich in meaning all can share, of the two birds of wisdom and the bird of song.

We invite further contributions to this series of dreams whose character seems to the dreamer to be visionary or revelatory rather than the work of the "personal unconscious." Dreams of the latter kind may be of great value to the dreamer, but, because they arise out of personal situations and often make use of private allusion and association, do not speak so directly to others.

A Miracle

DAPHNE ARCHIBALD

I DREAMED that I was a prisoner of war in ancient times on the banks of what I knew to be the Euphrates. I was one of about 40 prisoners confined in a fort made of mud bricks. When the time came for our execution we were chained to the seats of a boat shaped rather like a modern life-boat with high sides and rows of thwarts for rowers, which was poised on the steep baked slopes of the river as for a launch. We knew this boat was made of stone and that we were to be carried helplessly to the bottom of the river, which at this point was like a deep canal with sloping mud banks. Our boat set off down the slope before a great crowd of our captors. We knew we must die—and yet when this stone craft touched the water it floated buoyantly and remained dancing on the wavelets created by its arrival with a motion that I can still feel vividly after more than 40 years (or perhaps 4,000?). I can also never forget the feeling of astonished, astounded awe and thanksgiving, the uplifting of the whole being in praise and homage when this miracle of grace took place.

Journey's End

EILEEN BARKER

FOR two nights while the dream was coming to fruition, I lay in torment. How to carry out the impossible command that kept echoing and re-echoing through my aching head?

"You must walk on the water," the still voice repeated endlessly. "You *must!*"

As Peter had done? I trembled. There would be no Hand outstretched when the waters closed over *me.*

"You must: you must!"

Desperately I appealed to the presences about me.

"Oh, that is difficult!" they said—no more. Their very silence confirmed my dread. This was yet another test for the earthling in their group; something I had to accomplish on my own. There was no choice.

But where to "embark" on this perilous journey? One by one I considered rivers and lakes and pools, and dismissed them as too swiftly flowing, or too wide, or too deep. I needed a stretch less heroic and more familiar—and all at once the little broad at South Walsham presented itself. How many days during his last illness had my dear one and I sat there, looking out over the quiet water.

By this time, my mind had accepted the challenge, but my heart had not. Try as I would, I could not bring the dream to life. On the third night, I was at the point of despair.

"I don't know how to start!" I cried.

Out of the nothingness that surrounded me came our healer's gentle voice.

"It's quite easy," said William. "Just put one foot in front of the other, heel to toe, heel to toe, and don't look down. There may be a little movement, but no need to worry."

The dream was born.

I found myself standing, alone and frightened, in a strange place. It was not the broad I knew and remembered, but somewhere completely alien. It was dark, so that I could see no landmark, although a kind of light seemed to come from the water itself. This revealed the wooden edge of the quay heading.

In my dream, I had already placed a foot upon it when I became aware of a sudden weight upon my shoulder. It was the Holy Child. A feeling of amazement and intense joy filled me. Miraculously the burden of fear was lifted from me.

Stooping, I unlatched my shoes and left them lying in the grass. Then, cradling the Babe close in my arms, I stepped on to the surface of the broad. For the first few steps I followed William's advice, and then walked on unthinkingly in perfect safety. And as I walked, always mindful of the Child, I talked softly to the water over which we were passing so easily. I said that we came in peace, asking a safe crossing; I thanked it for its quietness, and wished it joy at the passage of its kingly guest.

So, in a space, we came to the further reed beds and halted, not knowing which way to go.

A brightness on the left attracted me, and there I found a stream I had never seen before. It was so clear and ran so strongly beneath my feet, that I knew it to be the Water of Life.

It wound across a vast chalky plain, wherein was neither sound nor movement. Nor was there colour in the light, which cast no shadows.

A few charcoal-black trees stood on the shallow banks, and once we met a noble swan. Tranquilly I moved on in silence until, as we rounded a bend, we were confronted by a waterfall. It cascaded soundlessly from some invisible height, seeming to block the stream from side to side.

At the foot of the torrent stood a figure—Christ Himself. His head was turned as He waited for someone coming through

the fall. I saw my husband, and knew it was for this I had made my journey. Embracing him with joy, Christ brought him to me through the spray, and placed his hand in mine.

We knelt side by side on the moving water, and for an infinite moment shared with Him the bliss of at-one-ment. Then, as He raised His arm to bless, He vanished, and the dream faded.

The Birds

EILEEN BARKER

DAWN was breaking and the clumps of purple and white heather amongst which I stood began to glow with the morning light. Gradually I became aware of an insignificant bird about the size of a pigeon, but which for some reason I knew to be a lark, bobbing up and down, or rather strutting, a little to the left of me. It was pouring forth the most glorious song, like all the dawn choruses rolled into one. I stood there, not daring to move in case I disturbed it. The song went on, but I became aware of another bird a little further off. This was the most beautiful long-eared owl. The wonderful, striated pattern of the breast feathers stood out in the increasing light, and its amber eyes looked steadily at me with love and penetration. Again I dared not move, the intense beauty so struck me, and above all the privilege of being allowed to see such a creature.

Once again my attention was drawn aside to another bird, also an owl, the same but larger, a little to the right and behind the first one. A faint breeze ruffled the feathers on the breasts of the two owls. Then I became aware of the first bird, the "lark," and I turned towards it. It was still singing, but now it seemed to swell and swell as it sang, and to become suffused with a golden light—singing and praising God I thought. Then the first owl began to do the same thing. It too became suffused with golden light, almost glowing all over, with shafts of light radiating from it. And then the second owl became transfigured in the same way.

All this time I was filled with wonder and reverence, and with humility at being permitted to look on such a scene. I was full of love and praise for God. This love seemed to overflow to all creation. Gradually the scene faded, and as it did so the interpretation came to me. "God the Father (the large one), God the Son (the small owl), God the Holy Spirit (the lark)." Just before the scene faded completely the lark ascended to Heaven, still singing.

At this point I awoke, still filled with the feeling of love for

everybody and everything. This intense feeling continued for several days, and even now, as I write, when I think about the dream it can be evoked.

This waking dream also bears a striking resemblance to the sea-crossing in a stone coffin described by Thomas Blackburn, in "Light," Summer 1975, "The Outward Journey."

The Boat

INGE WAKEHURST

I WAS very physically there in this vision. It was not a dream. As I dream every night, I know the difference. For many years before this incident I have involved myself in the Tristan and Iseult legend—it has always struck me as such a pity that Iseult arrived too late when he lay dying. But the pity was resolved in my vision.

We were both consigned as corpses in a boat and sent across the sea, by the magnanimity of King Mark. It was a shallow open boat, the sea was quite still and the full moon shone over the waters, making a lane for us to find the way. There were no sails, no rudders. We just drifted along the moon-path—destination unknown, lying side by side and the boat only just fitted our two bodies.

There was such harmony, forgiveness and content in this floating. Then the vision ended.

George Fox and the Psychic

CYRIL HARRISON

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS arose in a charismatic period of religious history, when there was a widespread belief in the immediate presence and activity of the Holy Spirit, with a consequent belief in the miraculous. Like the Catholics, the Puritan sects not only affirmed that their religious principles included a firm belief in the operative reality of the "gifts of the Spirit," but that the validity of their faith was demonstrated by the testimony of miracles.

George Fox (the founder of Quakerism) was himself convinced of the existence of supernatural powers, which he regarded as a re-manifestation of the miraculous activities of the primitive Church. In fact he called his movement "primitive Christianity restored." Fox did not think of supernatural events in terms of psychic phenomena, as we do today, but rather as

special manifestations of Divine power, testifying to God's glory and sovereignty. The total emphasis was a religious one: any other interpretation would have been regarded as impious, even blasphemous. If any supernatural deeds were performed by non-religious or heretical agents, then those deeds were readily condemned as works of the devil, manifestations of witchcraft or sorcery. Though opponents of Fox frequently challenged him to perform miracles in support of his claim to special revelation, they somewhat inconsistently viewed all actual claims to wonder-working as blatant lies or demonstrations of the demonic.

Now one of the principles which sharply distinguished Quakers from other religious contemporaries was that they openly declared that spiritual truths do not require miracles as a testimony to their validity, and that the Spirit of Truth evidences its own revelations directly and sufficiently. They much preferred to speak of restoring sight to the spiritually blind, or raising to new life the spiritually dead than to speak of healing or restoring men in the purely physical sense. William Penn said that "the Christian religion had been once already confirmed by miracles and therefore such things were now needless among Christians." Further: "We have received and maintained our faith in Christ by more noble and sublime arguments than that of miracles, namely the truth, reason, equity, holiness and recompense of the Christian religion, which miracles can never render more or less intrinsically so."

"Not that we put a low estimate on miracles. . . . And to say that they are ceased is in no other sense true than that wherein vision or revelation is: I mean they have ceased [only] to them that have not faith. For many have [faith] and so the power to take up their sick beds and walk, and whose faith in God's power has made them whole."

That George Fox was aware of possessing what we today particularise as psychic gifts is evidenced from his famous Journal, supported by the testimonies of his more intimate associates. He appears to have had highly developed gifts of clairvoyance, clairaudience, intuition and precognition. He seems, too, to have had a remarkable power of recovery from the injuries inflicted by brutal assailants, as well as a keen sense of personal danger. One instance of his clairvoyance is given in his Journal when, in Derby Gaol, he was imprisoned with two petty thieves, who had been tried and sentenced to death. Fox, while admonishing them for their crime, comforted and encouraged them to face their doom with fortitude. Incidentally, he made a protest to the magistrates against the savagery of the Law in punishing the petty criminal

as severely as it punished the murderer. After the two men had been duly executed, Fox wrote in his Journal that "a little after they had suffered, their spirits appeared to me as I was walking, and I saw that the men were well." His Journal also evidences many striking instances of clairaudience, as well as of profound insights and intuitions, which he called "openings." His precognitive endowment (mainly of the prophetical type) was also of a remarkable order. There can indeed be little doubt that the Quaker leader, apart from his deep spirituality and his intense religious consciousness, was a gifted and powerful medium. But the gift he most valued and employed was that of spiritual healing; which he regarded as an integral part of his ministry. He also organised healing groups, mostly composed of women, whose duty it was to care for the sick, the distressed and the needy. Some of his colleagues, too, were powerful and successful healers; notably James Naylor.

While believing medical men to have only a partial knowledge of the cause and cure of physical and mental diseases, George Fox was not antagonistic towards them or their practices. In fact he had physicians amongst his personal friends, and there was a number of practising physicians amongst his co-religionists, some of whom applied both natural and spiritual healing. On occasions Friends co-operated in acts of healing; some healed at a distance.

Although Fox was an essentially humble man, he was sufficiently sensible of the value and importance of his extraordinary personal endowments as to compile a Book of Miracles which, however, was never published, and which ultimately disappeared. He submitted all decisions as to the publication of his voluminous works to his executors, along with all responsibilities of editing. His executors took their responsibilities seriously and responsibly; because of this, in order to avoid creating a legendary leader, coupled with their wish to subordinate his peculiar gifts to his essential mission as a religious teacher, they deliberately suppressed the Book of Miracles, though they included it in a general index of his works. In preparing the first edition of Fox's Journal, Thomas Ellwood left out all the references to the Book of Miracles which appeared in the original manuscript, as he also toned down many of the incidents in Fox's life which were of extraordinary psychical interest. Of all the charismatic "signs and wonders" manifested by the Primitive Church, those most sought after and prized by the Quakers were of a purely spiritual and ethical nature. They took the marked reticence of Jesus regarding his miracles as the model

of their own attitude towards them.

The one-time existence of the Book of Miracles was largely confirmed by the research of such Quaker scholars as Henry J. Cadbury, who was also able to present some coherent idea of the actual nature and content of the missing work. He subsequently published his findings with a comprehensive introduction and copious notes.

The infirmities and diseases cured by Fox and his fellows were many and varied. Unfortunately they all too frequently used the vague term "sickness" in their accounts, and this, of course, makes it difficult to specify the full range of their activities. At all events, James Naylor is credited with the raising of a dead woman (Dorcas Ebery) in Exeter Gaol in 1656; while there are a number of instances of the full, and sometimes sudden, recovery of the dying, for whom all hope had been abandoned. There are abundant records of the restoration of people suffering from a variety of mental sicknesses—even to stark insanity. Paralysis, stiff limbs and joints, lameness, were all treated successfully. So, too, were cases of blindness, deafness and dumbness. Agues, fevers, ulcers, palsy, gout, digestive disorders, small-pox and issues of blood were all commonly treated, and even such minor ailments as toothache have their place in the score.

But apart from the record of the "miracles" which established the powers of George Fox as a great spiritual healer, there can be no doubt that he was by nature a man of great compassion, even as his Master; for, like him, he healed men purely out of love and pity, not seeking to profit in any way by his powers like a self-glorifying or self-benefiting thaumaturge.

Book Reviews

The Catalpa Bow. A Study of Shamanistic Practices in Japan. Carmen Blacker. (Allen and Unwin, £8.75.)

Why is Japan at once so enigmatic and so attractive to the West? Perhaps because from the first records of Western visitors there has been the recognition of a civilization no less learned, elegant and rich in culture than any in the old Western Europe, but whose premises were totally different from our own. All the emphases fall differently; and westerners have found something at once attractive and frightening in a culture that speaks so directly to a side of our experience long denied open expression in the materialist West. I well remember how as a schoolgirl I read my mother's treasured volumes of Lafcadio Hearn's stories

of ghosts and visitants from the Japanese "other world." How different were these stories (heroic, pathetic, or deeply religious) from Western "ghost stories," whispered from generation to generation without ever becoming a part of our way of understanding the nature of our own existence and the universe we inhabit. But for *Hamlet,* what part, since Dante, has that "other world" of the discarnate played in forming our culture? Whereas our ghost stories are mere entertainment, in Japan the cult of the dead has been the foundation of national life and the national Shinto religion; it has inspired the great classical drama of the *Nó* theatre, heroic legend and poetry. The presence of that world is taken for granted.

The intimate Japanese relationship with "the beyond" goes back, according to Dr. Blacker, to pre-history; it has in part been assimilated into Buddhism, but at a popular level archaic otherworld beliefs and mediumistic practices have continued to luxuriate in country shrines and village society; but not, perhaps, for very much longer. Her account is written just in time, in a book that seems likely to become a classic not merely for ethnologists but equally for those concerned with the psychic or with the psyche. While in Japan western materialism is killing the complex organism of a surviving archaic culture based upon an acceptance of the reality of a discarnate world, we are ourselves just beginning to rediscover the reality of that misty frontier.

Carmen Blacker is much more than a scholar; she links the present to its roots in the past, but she writes above all from first-hand knowledge. Her studies of the "New Religious Cults" have occupied her for ten years, but she has known Japan for much longer, and is a gifted traveller whose descriptive writing is a joy to read. She is herself a professed Buddhist and as such has been able to penetrate places inaccessible in more senses than one. Her attitude, while detached and at times sceptical in particular instances, is not at all that of professional academic disbelief. She herself does not question the premises of all those cults, from the simplest village ceremonies in which the medium is bombarded with questions about the rice crops and the bean crops, to the highest level of Buddhist spirituality. There is another world, and under certain conditions communication is established. Why (the western anthropologist might ask) do many Japanese believe anything so foolish as that some families keep fox-spirits? Answer—because they have been seen sitting on the roofs of houses. The answer (for what it is worth) is the mere truth and Dr. Blacker leaves it at that. The fact may be explained in more ways than one, but not explained away.

The roots of this characteristically Japanese cult of the "other" world are thought to go back to Siberian shamanism. When she came to know Japan Dr. Blacker discovered that "there were still to be found men and women who were believed capable of communicating with this other world. By means of trance they could see the supernatural inhabitants of the other world, speak to them and hold colloquy with them. Some of them could, in a discarnate, out-of-the-body state, travel to paradise and the underworld. Others could summon the beings to come to our world and speak through their mouths."

There are two main types of shaman, though with many intermediate gradations : the medium, who is the transmitter of communications; and the ascetic, who is primarily a healer, capable of banishing malevolent spirits or transforming them into powers for good. With the medium it is the spiritual beings who leave their world and come to ours; with the ascetic the reverse is the case. It is he who (in vision or in trance) must leave our world and visit theirs. The "journey" into the other world is the characteristic mark of Shamanism. The Shaman who makes the "other world" journey in a state of trance becomes "a cosmic traveller, a healer, a master of spirits, a psychopomp, an oracular mouthpiece."

Nowadays that journey is more often a symbolic than a real out-of-the-body journey. As once the Eleusinian Mysteries re-enacted in a symbolic journey from Athens to Eleusis the stages of the goddess Demeter's search for her daughter, descent into Hades, and the promise of resurrectoin, so in Japan to this day there are ritual ascents, by *yamabushi* (members of an order of mountain ascetics) of holy mountains. These are themselves considered as mandalas, symbols of the Buddhist cosmos with its heavens and hells, its ten realms through which all sentient beings must pass on the Wheel of Life on the road to enlightenment. The ascent of a holy mountain is intended to evoke a corresponding inner experience; as at one time pilgrimages to the "Holy Land" must have opened, for at least a few of those who made the journey, some inner sense of the holy. Even now certain places are, like Lourdes, or (in principle) the consecrated *temenos* of any Christian Church where the Host is present, regarded, and even experienced, as "sacred." But so to experience them requires a certain inner disposition. Only a certain receptive attitude of the psyche can bring about that crossing from one world into another. For the materialist Western mind to achieve the orientation required to make that journey, whether inwardly or symbolically, is very, very difficult.

Her account of making such an initiatory journey in the company of the *yamabushi* is one of Dr. Blacker's most remarkable chapters. She quotes a description of how, in 1757, a procession left the capital (Kyoto) to walk on foot the forty miles to the three holy Kumano mountains. It was nearly six miles long and took several hours to pass the dense crowds of spectators who had risen before dawn to line the route. In 1961, the company, in their archaic clothes, numbered about fifty, who "bravely marched through the roaring morning traffic . . . past the banks and department stores as far as the station" where they boarded a fast train to the nearest country station. By 1972 the entire party piled into a large air-conditioned 'bus, which deposited them in a large concrete car-park at the top of the new motor-road up the hill. A few more years and will what was once a pilgrimage have become a tourist attraction?

But if traditional ascetism is in decline, mediumship in modern Japan has in the last hundred years undergone a nation-wide popular revival. With a rapid rise in the 1920's and a further rapid increase in the troubled years after the last war, innumerable "New Religious Cults" have sprung into being, typically centred round some holy woman.

Although these cults are new the figure of the seeress has always been present. In classical Japan the Shinto *miko* (medium) was a powerful Sibylline figure of majestic presence. She was to be found in the Emperor's court, transmitting the admonitions and instructions of deities to the Emperor himself. With her panoply of ceremonial garments, metal mirror, bells and magical beads, her hair bound with bunches of vine, the sibyl would be seized with frenzy, in which she shouted and stamped as if possessed by the "god." (The Catalpa-wood bow was a magical instrument whose string was strummed as an aid to trance). Japanese mediums have a style all their own, which would hardly be popular at the College of Psychic Studies. To this day, in the villages, the more the medium shakes and roars, with heavy breathing and violent gestures barking out monosyllabic replies, the more convincing she is considered. These weird and violent symptoms are thought to bear witness to the non-human character of the communicator.

Like many western mediums, these women possess a personal *kami* (we would say "spirit guide") "who is in fact the apotheosis of her own ancestors, and who provides her with a direct link with the spirit world. Her residence is in a shrine where these ancestors have their tablets and where her special panoply of

clothes, which include necklaces of *magatama* beads and sometimes a bronze drum, are kept."

There are strange accounts (both in literature and by contemporaries) of the "call" of such women to the sacred life, which is (as with some western mystics) often accompanied by physical symptoms as well as hallucinations and terrifying dreams; all of which disappear once the acceptance is made of the new life in service of the "god." (The word "god" is, of course, a matter of terminology; the name serves as well as another for the invasion of consciousness by the "other" mind.) Sometimes the medium thus called is considered as the bride of the "god." It is accepted that such women are able to communicate with spiritual beings without trance or alteration of consciousness. Others are so totally taken over by the deity as to be regarded as themselves "goddesses."

Dr. Blacker has herself met several of these "living goddesses" revered by the "New Religious Cults." They too tell of early experiences of hardship, ill health, personal grief and neurosis culminating in an interior experience of a mystical kind. Their former weakness gives place to "remarkable strength and magnetism and personality, which is conferred on them, together with supernatural powers, by the deity who has possessed them and who henceforth governs their slightest move. The exercise of these powers and the proclamation of the deity's message result in the course of time in believers gathering round them and forming a new sect."

Ogamisama, for example, foundress of the Tensho Kotai Jingukyo sect, which numbers nearly four hundred thousand followers, became aware, in 1944, of "another being inside her body," who explained many things to her, of past and future and her own former lives. "She soon found that she had only to open her mouth for sermons and songs to pour forth from inside her." Her formerly timid character underwent a transformation, and she would often abuse her congregation in the roughest and coarsest terms. She explained to Dr. Blacker that she had taken to wearing men's clothes because she did not feel that such language was becoming to one wearing female attire!

She taught her followers to give themselves up to a slow, ecstatic dance; hence the sect is known as the "Dancing Religion." These worship her as a divine Messiah; countless miracles are ascribed to her, and to similar "living goddesses." Dr. Blacker has obviously been moved by the authentic spiritual beauty of some of these cults:

"Outside the gate of the cult headquarters lies the rest of

Japan, but it is as irrelevant as the white mount surrounding a picture. For those within, the primary allegiance is paid not to the Emperor, not to any government, nor to any set of abstract principles, but to the figure of the living goddess in their midst, whose clairvoyant eyes penetrate to their very souls, and whose utterances, coming straight from the divinity within her, give meaning and hope and purpose to their lives."

There are of course humbler practitioners of the medium's art; survivals of the past rather than manifestations of the vitally new. Some of these live in communities, going their rounds of nearby villages on seasonal visits. These are expected to advise on the customary trivial problems of daily and seasonal affairs; and by no means all are above helping out inspiration by invention. There are also the temple *itako,* blind women trained as mediums simply because this profession is traditionally reserved for the blind, so that they may have a means of supporting themselves. Young blind girls are apprenticed in the house of a teacher. There, for several years, they undergo a severe discipline of asceticism—fasting, long hours of prayer at some nearby temple, and such harsh physical ordeals as the daily pouring of twelve buckets of cold water over each shoulder. Initiation follows; but without the supernatural "call" such mediums often lack the necessary gifts and fall back upon a kind of patter that covers most of the human situations they have to advise upon. There, as elsewhere, human credulity helps out. "On their audiences," Dr. Blacker writes, "the effect of these hackneyed effusions was pathetically touching. Round each *itako* was to be seen a little group of sobbing women, old and young, their faces screwed up with emotion, paper handkerchiefs pressed to their eyes."

Carmen Blacker tells of exorcism and healings, village rites, fire-walking, and her own traveller's eye vividly records the strange and the beautiful. All the same, some may ask whether Japanese society is in any way better or wiser than our own, for all the help and advice offered by the spirits and the ancestors. But strangely alien as these things must seem to the average member of our own society surely all those interested in the psychic or the psyche have much to learn from a culture characterized, even in its present decadence, by the permeation of life at every social and intellectual level by the "other world." Trivial as village mediumship may be, doubtful as may be the credentials of the "gods," or the prophetic pretensions of peasant "goddesses," these things do at least open windows and doors on inner worlds, good or bad; which, because they are indubitably

a part of reality, we cannot afford to neglect.

Is not our own chief lack, in these matters, precisely the wholeness of a tradition within whose context both conscious and unconscious, both living and dead, find their due place and meaning? Psychical research, Jungian psychology, and investigations of the "paranormal" all suffer from the want of such a context. To Japan the Buddhist cosmology (less suspicious of the gods and the demons and the communications of the dead than Christendom has been) gave and perhaps still gives a spiritual meaning and dimension to many experiences which in our own world might seem merely bizarre, disturbing, or data for "research."

But behind that imposing cosmology lies mystical experience many times verified: the shaman's visionary journey into the inner worlds which has been transmitted, so Dr. Blacker believes, in forms however attenuated or distorted, from Japanese prehistory to the present day. K. J. R.

Krishnamurti: The Years of Awakening. Mary Lutyens (John Murray, £6).

Mary Lutyens has written a fascinating book, notable not only for its subject matter but also for its scholarly presentation. Her most striking achievement is perhaps the way in which, half a century after the events she is recording, she can evoke in the reader the immediacy of almost personal involvement in this strange story of the man introduced to the world by the Theosophical Society as the vehicle chosen for Christ's Second Coming.

K, as Krishnamurti is called in this book, was a prolific letter-writer. Much of what Mary Lutyens tells us is derived directly from his letters to Lady Emily Lutyens, Mrs. Besant (his guardian) and Charles Leadbeater (his chief mentor) The skilful way in which the excerpts are used to bring out character and situation highlights the drama of this extraordinary tale while at the same time giving one the opportunity of reviewing events with an objectivity few were able to achieve at the time.

Few, at least, at the centre of the action. Some of us on the periphery experienced a bewildered scepticism, especially after the Ommen Star Camp of 1925 when a group of T.S. leaders appointed themselves apostles of the Second Coming in K's absence and on the say-so of one of their number claiming to be in the confidence of "the Masters." I was only a teenager, but my parents had been theosophists in India when K was "discovered" and I had gone to a theosophical school armed with

K's "At the Feet of the Master," so that I knew enough to be astonished that a World Teacher should have his disciples chosen for him. Moreover the speed with which the apostolic group were hustled through one initiation after another smacked of high jinks in high places rather than something to be taken seriously. However, as Mary Lutyens makes plain, members of the T.S. and the Order of the Star took it all very seriously indeed, some even quarrelling passionately about it.

After 1925 I attended every Ommen Camp up to and including the one in 1929 when K finally dissolved the order built round him. Each of these Camps was a very special experience and I can vouch for what Mary Lutyens says about the effect K had on one being more than a response to what he said. One did not merely attend to words: rather one's whole being seemed to take in meanings with extraordinary directness. The sort of participation mystique which comes easily in adolescence seldom survives one's youth. I do not think my reaction to the K of those years was a phenomenon of adolescence, however, because it ended more or less concurrenty with his dissolution of the Order of the Star. After that I got the feeling of something missing. There was never again the sense of a complete absence of boundaries between speaker and listener. Gradually I too came to feel "the Coming has gone wrong," but not as the Arundale-Wedgwood faction implied, because of deficiencies in K. My impression was rather that the happenings of 1925 had led to a situation which could no longer be used; that a great presence had been withdrawn leaving K bereft.

I had few opportunities to hear him speak after 1930, but when I did he struck me as a tragic figure, strained and inclined to be irritable. I was also among those who found his talks repetitive and his vocabulary limited. Reading Mary Lutyens' book I think what I was latching on to was the effect on him of what few knew of at that time, "the process." This involved intense pain in his head and spine and was to wrack him periodically for many years. The process and what Mary Lutyens tells us of his early life make his strained look, his irritability and also his linguistic deficiencies, very understandable.

The process baffled the T.S. leaders who seemed to think it should not be necessary to suffer in this way. This seems extraordinary until one recalls that, during K's formative years, Freud and Jung were still unknown to the general public; John Bowlby had yet to write "Maternal Care and the Growth of Love" and it was to be even longer before the body's participation in spiritual development was to be given honourable status by Bapak

Muhammad Subuh. One wonders if K and Muhammad Subuh ever met for certainly Bapak would have understood K's intuitive certainty that his process was not a morbid activity. He would probably have understood more since K was fundamentally an oriental. It was in interpreting the curious antics of Westerners during the spiritual exercise he called the latihan that Muhammad Subuh confessed to often finding himself at a loss.

Mary Lutyens' book is of interest to the psychologist not only for her account of the process but also because of the light it throws on the origins of religious conflict. The spiritual ambitions and passionate ideological certitudes of Arundale and Wedgwood fortunately roused no answering spark of spiritual pride in K. Because of this the feuds in the T.S. never became lethal. It and K agreed to differ and still go their separate ways quietly catering each for their own brand of seeker.

The character that emerges from these pages is of a teacher in his own right, forged in suffering, limited by deprivations in childhood, affectionate, courteous, loyal and blessed with an innate and saving sense of humour. One ends up not minding about whether or not K could have been the vehicle of an even greater teacher. One is content to admire one who achieved so much against truly formidable odds. One finds oneself also grateful to the Lutyens, particularly Lady Emily, without whose devoted mothering his achievements would have been more difficult, perhaps even psychologically impossible. M. S.

The Fourth Dimension, by Anthony D. Duncan. (Mowbrays, £2.75.)

The Church's Neurosis and Twentieth Century Revelations, by C. Edward Barker. (Rider, £3.75.)

Father Duncan's most recent book (in paperback) is an intelligent and open-minded survey of the confusing area known as the Occult. Students of the Ancient Wisdom in its various forms and branches will find it a valuable *vade mecum.* The author emphasizes that his approach is a specifically Christian one, his main purpose being to stress the revival of the great mystical tradition of the Church upon the one hand; and upon the other, the resurgence of interest in the Qabalah and other Western mystery traditions. Both of these streams can, in his view, be linked with the emergence of three great men—namely, Teilhard de Chardin, C. G. Jung, and Rudolf Steiner, whose works provide the essential, long-sought bridges between metaphysics, science and psychology.

His chapter on the Qabalah is particularly illuminating—for instance, in the useful distinction he draws between the

Gentile and the Jewish Qabalist: to the former, the Tree of Life is a statement about *Creation;* to the Jew, it is a statement about *the Creator.* The chapter on Ritual Magic, in which he quotes extensively from Gareth Knight, is also admirably lucid and objective.

In dismissing New Age teachings—"not," as he says, "easily definable, but based on a conviction . . . that there is a divine dynamic beginning to be felt in creation," he draws attention to Alice Bailey and her communicated writings, to the Wrekin Trust and to the Churches' Fellowship. Regrettably, to my mind, he ignores the College of Psychic Studies and the long and honourable career of its journal *Light*! Nor does he mention that great adept W. Tudor Pole, whose profound spiritual insights are still too little known or understood.

Writing, I feel sure, from grim personal experience, Father Duncan underlines the appalling dangers resulting from ignorant and reckless dabbling in the occult, from "kitchen table necromancy" and hallucinogenic drug addiction—the entire Waste Land, in fact, littered with human wreckage, of our sub-pagan society, which, as a Christian minister, he is too often called upon to salvage.

"Occult theology," he concludes, "is a hotch-potch and a shambles. It is high time the whole field was illuminated by the Light and Love of Christ." A noble aim: but it is here that certain difficulties arise for the non-totally-dedicated, non-orthodox Christian. Father Duncan believes that the Incarnation of Jesus Christ was a unique event; that the Jesus of history was in His person also the Cosmic Christ. Doubtless many devout believers unquestionably accept this traditional mystical paradox; others see Jesus as the last and greatest of many "bearers of the Christ force"—that is, of the Divine Principle, the eternal Light shining in darkness and ever awaiting man's co-operation to descend further and further into human affairs. These latter may find it hard to accept that "the demands of both Torah and Karma have been fulfilled *upon the Cross;* and may reject as anachronistic such mystical concepts as "the heavenly Bridegroom," the "Bride of Christ," "the body (because one flesh) of the Faithful." And it puzzles me that the author should, in this day and age, dismiss reincarnation as "a troublesome doctrine." However, no Christian, orthodox or somewhat less so, will quarrel with his main affirmation of the paramount importance to man of a living, loving relationship with his Creator.

The Church's Neurosis and Twentieth Century Revelations pulls no punches in its attack on certain aspects of Christian

theology. "It is high time," says Edward Barker, distinguished psychotherapist and one-time Methodist Minister, "that we discarded the evaluations of Paul and the early Fathers . . . and that we study afresh the meagre but valid accounts of what Jesus said and did that are to be extracted from the Q documents and the fragments within the synoptic gospels that retain the stamp of genuineness." That, in his view, is the only hope for a sick Church, and for an ecumenical movement which is "a strategic retreat rather than a far-sighted advance."

He rejects totally the concept of Jesus as the "only begotten son of God," and declares that there is no such thing as God's final revelation. He holds St. Paul responsible for the tragic distortions imposed upon Jesus's true, ineffable dynamic—the tidings of comfort and joy implicit in His life and teachings. According to him, this "Pauline artifact" has led to a morbid concentration on guilt, sin and suffering; it has encouraged moral masochism, false humility, false piety: one might add moral and physical sadism, e.g. the burnings, tortures and other blood-stained episodes in the Church's history.

Mr. Barker finds that his psychotherapeutic work reinforces these conclusions; and is led to the conviction that St. Paul, genius though he was, bore many marks of serious mental instabiltiy. For twenty centuries the Church has followed, theologically speaking, in his footsteps; while the experience of intimacy and identity with God—so strong in Jesus—has been overlooked. With regard to the miracles, he considers that Jesus's supreme insights into states of guilt and despair, His ability to console and reassure his "patients" sufficiently explain them. (But what about the raising of Lazarus?)

Having long considered Douglas Fawcett's concept of Divine Imaginism "a great glimpse," I was delighted to find it discussed with sympathy and admiration. But the section devoted to psychical research strikes me as slightly perfunctory, despite the extensive quotations from Dr. Crookall and Dr. Raynor Johnson. One or two of the examples he gives of discarnate communication do not seem to me well chosen.

To conclude: the present reviewer heartily agrees with the late Dr. Leslie Weatherhead and Canon Pearce-Higgins in considering that this book contains a highly important and challenging message to all Church leaders. She would, however, beg him, in the name of great art, particularly of poetry, not to include the myths of the Nativity in his somewhat sweeping dismissals. No amount of twentieth century revelations can

destroy the eternal beauty of the legends of the stables, the angels, the shepherds, the Wise Men; and some of us would still be tempted to follow Thomas Hardy into the dark on Christmas Eve, to see the oxen kneeling—"Hoping it might be so." **R. L.**

The Supreme Adventure, by Robert Crookall. (James Clarke, 1975. Pp. 286. £3.)

This is a new edition of Dr. Crookall's first book, published in 1961. Apart from additions at beginning and end it is in effect a reprint. Taken together with its counterpart, "The Study and Practice of Astral Projection" (Aquarian Press, 1960), written as one book but published separately, the work forms the solid basis upon which all Dr. Crookall's later books stand. Despite "The Supreme Adventure" having a necessary counterpart, it is a classic in its own right and within its covers contains the essentials for establishing survival, giving information about the nature of life after death, of out-of-the-body experiences in earth life and vital information on how to conduct oneself whilst here on earth and from what motives.

Dr. Crookall makes the distinction of sudden death in the prime of life and natural death in old age and the consequent results in each instance. The outstanding value of Dr. Crookall's work is that he uses the method of Darwin, i.e., of collection, classification, comparison and inferences drawn therefrom. That there are certain discrepancies in some of the alleged "communications" is to be expected. They could be the product of lack of established knowledge on the part of such communicators, of misinterpretation or conscious or unconscious wilfulness on the part of the "sensitive," or of a combination of these factors. Allowing for this there is an amazing similarity, almost identity, between the plethora of communications, ranging from hundreds from the well-authenticated instances in the archives of the S.P.R. to an equal number of instances from all over the world and of all ages of which we have documentary knowledge. Despite 36 years earlier work in the field of psychical studies it was this book that finally convinced the reviewer of the fact of survival.

For the ordinary reader Part 1 is the most important and easiest to read. To go no further than Part 1 is to have much more than one's £3's worth. What follows in Parts 2 and 3 and in four of the five Appendices is an essential continuation of the scientific method so admirably used in Part 1, methodically and systematically testing and elaborating on the content of Part 1. For the ordinary reader this remainder of the book will be tedious and for the expert in scientific method a ploy in concentration.

There is much necessary reiteration but if the ordinary reader has the necessary stamina to read through the remainder of the book the outcome will be particularly rewarding as it is shot through and through with information of considerable value.

The reviewer finds two amendments necessary. At the bottom of page 232 Dr. Crookall could be thought to indicate that intellect is to be denigrated. On the contrary intellect is a vital tool to be used to the full during earth life. The 18th century notion of arid intellect was effectively dismissed forty years ago in de Burgh's Gifford Lectures and instead intellect was established as an essential and integrated aspect of mind, mind being a diversified unity of many interpenetrating and interacting components.

It is high time alleged intuition was similarly analysed into its respective manifestations, i.e., genuine intuition, pseudo-intuition, which is really lightning quick reasoning often of doubtful quality, and "crack-pot" notions that come into the mind in one way or another and are then affirmed in an "ex cathedra" fashion.

In the fifth and final Appendix one could get the impression that individual decision on earth and for that matter amongst "discarnates" was secondary to the influence of God (and by inference members of God's hierarchy). That such influence abounds and is necessary is not in dispute, but the best findings of moral philosophy and the communications of experienced "discarnates" clearly indicate that individual decision is ultimate, else the individual could not have intrinsic ethical worth and God would be landed with puppets instead of persons. These two amendments do not lessen the value of an outstandingly important book which has been far too long out of print. **G. W.**

Apparitions, by Celia Green and Charles McCreery. (Hamish Hamilton, 1975. 218pp. £3.75.)

This book records the outcome of appeals by press and radio to those who had seen ghosts to send an account to the Institute of Psychophysical Research, Oxford. The aim was to see whether there were common factors which would make possible a systematic classification or taxonomy to give clues both for further research, and for evolving a theory to embrace these odd happenings which do not fit into the current world picture of educated modern Man of the Western World.

I mention "ghosts" above, but the authors use the more respectable word "apparitions," and they give to this a wide connotation. It covers all ESP experiences involving any of the

senses and not just visual ones, e.g. experiences of hearings (sounds and speech), of being touched, sensations of cold, and sensations of "Presence." The common factors looked for are frequency of occurrence of the same apparition, its uniqueness or otherwise to locality, how many experienced it at the same or at different times, whether it conveyed information, and whether the background at the time was the ordinary everyday one or was hallucinatory too. Also noted were the circumstances at the time, such as whether the percipient was awakening from sleep or whether an event of emotional content coincided with the experience though the event was not heard of until some while afterwards.

Some 1,800 responses to the appeals were received, these presumably being what remained after the inevitable useless ones were rejected.

A selection of the first-hand experiences is given in the words of the percipients. Previously published material is included from the Journals and Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, and from the classics of Myers, and Podmore; and from Sidgwick & Johnson's *Census of Hallucinations* of 1894.

To those reasonably familiar with the subject the book contains nothing new. But it is, I think, aimed at the man-in-the-street who still regards ghosts as nothing more than a topic of tittle tattle. *Apparitions* will, I think, serve this purpose well. No attempt is made to describe the immense efforts of early SPR pioneers to validate the accounts, but the book is none the worse for that. Most of those who have studied the subject have become reconciled to the fact that *no* spontaneous ESP experience can be established in such a cast iron way as to be proof against criticism from compulsive sceptics. And, anyway, the audience to which the book seems to be addressed would be bored by any account of the painstaking techniques used in attempting validation.

Within the limits they have set themselves, the authors cannot of course do justice to the subject or to themselves. One needs to read other publications of the Institute of Psychophysical Research to realise the informed background of knowledge which underlies this popular account of apparitions. Vide Celia Green's *The Human Evasion,* published 1969. The book under review leaves the reader new to ESP literature with a sense of frustration: the failure to evolve a satisfactory taxonomy for apparitions is so very apparent.

The fact is that such happenings *cannot* be brought within the highly selective field of orthodoxy recognised by modern man

as giving, or at any rate ultimately capable of giving, an adequate account of all that is. This orthodox field, generally known as scientific materialism, has been under increasing attack for over half a century, and the attack is now beginning to make an impact. The attack is all the more impressive because it is led by some of the most eminent workers in that most rigorous of all the sciences: physics. Jeans, Eddingtin, Heisenberg, Einstein, and many more have gone on record as being disillusioned with the inadequacy, indeed the credibility, of the theology of scientific materialism. Those eminent in other branches of knowledge have also spoken up in support of this Critique of Pure Science: A. N. Whitehead, Eisenbud, Alister Hardy, among others.

It is the fact of the inherent incompatibility of ESP with scientific materialism which, surely, should now be the focus of thought and research. Man's conceptual awareness needs to be vastly expanded. Greater recognition is needed for the obvious fact that knowledge is a partnership between the knower and the known: that the classical distinction between objective and subjective is blurred.

Many are now working in this wider field of helping mankind to find a new "paradigm"—in the usage of that term made familiar by Kuhn's *Structure of Scientific Revolutions.* More and more books on this wider aspect of ESP are being published every year; for instance, those of Raynor Johnson, Arthur W. Osborn, E. W. Russell, Charles Tart, Lawrence Leshan, Robert Crookall, Shafica Karagulla, John Hopkins. All of these go well beyond the current scientific "grade of significance" (Tyrrell). It is disappointing that few such books find a place in the bibliographies (all of them too brief) of the publications of the Institute of Psychophysical Research.

In the "Open Letter to Millionaires" which precedes the text of *Apparitions* the authors claim that the "Institute exists to carry out research into hitherto unexplored [sic!] areas," and that it "represents a unique collection of talent especially equipped to open up this field of knowledge." The last page of *Apparitions* is an appeal "To Young People in Search of their Destiny." Parts of this make one feel uncomfortable, e.g.: "To be a genius has never been too easy."

Well, Miss Celia Green may be a genius. But it is a pleasant convention to leave others to proclaim it.

Some of us find it chastening to re-read at times the old age musings of Isaac Newton recorded in Brewster's Memoir of him:

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself

I seem to have been only a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me. K. S.

Science and Subtle Bodies: Towards a clarification of issues. Mary Scott. C.P.S. Paper No. 8. (The Oliver Lodge Research Thesis for 1973-74.)

This important paper is an excellent contribution to the raising of the level of discussion of psychic matters. The old argument between the credulous and the incredulous is now obsolete, and Miss Scott follows the newer and more enlightened example of Robert Crookall, Raynor C. Johnson and others who accept the testimony of centuries of human experience but who are prepared to examine and classify this evidence with the rigorous discipline of scientific method.

But while scientific method is never out of place, scientific premises may well be so. Lyall Watson's *Supernature* is an example of the attempt of science to extend its frontiers without changing its premises. Such experiments as Dr. Watson describes, commendable in themselves, evade the important question now at issue: is the scientists' premise, that the universe is in its nature a material phenomenon, finally tenable at all? The reluctance of Science to sacrifice the belief that "matter" (whatever that may be) is the real substance of a quantitatively measurable universe is understandable. That hypothesis, after all, has produced a model of majestic and ordered intelligibility. No doubt open-minded scientists are always prepared to admit that there may be phenomena as yet undescribed and unmeasured, that the frontiers of their universe will have to be extended. But the great stumbling-block is causality; and materialist science is unlikely to be persuaded by the phenomena of ESP and the rest to forego their long-cherished belief in material causes.

Platonist, Buddhist ,Vedantist or Theosophist would, on the contrary, subscribe to Blake's word, "Every natural effect has a spiritual cause and not a natural. Natural cause only seems."

Miss Scott, who grew up in Theosophical circles, has courageously attempted to break through this impasse. It is a tenet of Theosophical cosmology that there are seven planes or worlds or levels of being, from the order of pure spirit through increasing densities, of which the "four elements" of our own world, and a fifth etheric level or element immediately above these, may be called physical. It is Miss Scott's view that we do indeed inhabit (in different states or phases, sleeping or waking,

incarnate or discarnate) different fields or levels or planes of a single reality, and that some of these may shortly prove accessible to scientific investigation. She does however (if I have understood her) hold the traditional view that causes are spiritual, descending in an ordered chain of proximate causes from the spiritual source to the natural world, which is not, as the materialists hold, the first cause, but the last effect in the universe. On the unity and coherence of the universe scientists and theosophists may agree; only perhaps, the question of causality is one upon which the Perennial Philosophy must always hold Western materialism to be heretical.

With evidence from such credible witnesses as the Bendits, and especially from Robert A. Monroe's *Journeys Out of the Body,* Miss Scott begins her attempt to define her terrain. There is no agreed terminology in this field, in which Vedanta and Buddhism, Cabbala, the Orphic theology. Anthroposophy and Theosophy have each their own terms. Nor is it possible absolutely to correlate these, because, although there is general resemblance, the frontiers are differently defined, when it comes to detail. However, the purpose of Miss Scott's work is not to produce a set of terms universally acceptable but to demonstrate that an area of knowledge awaits description; worlds, planes or, in Monroe's terms, "localities" as objectively real as this world.

For the general reader her account of Monroe's "localities," accessible in out-of-the-body states, touches a response of that recognition we all have of some truth that belongs to our deepest nature. These "localities" above the physical are three in number, the first not without its terrors. The third is called, simply, "home." We wish Miss Scott well and hope for more. K. J. R.

Flight Towards Reality, by Victor Goddard. (Turnstone Books, 1975. Pp. 176. £2.50.)

This is a discursive book written in the autumn of the life of a distinguished and particularly able man whose career has many integrated aspects. The latter part of Sir Victor's life, via the psychical, the intuitional, the mystical and the spiritual, has been spent in the quest for Reality, or for the path or paths that may lead towards that Reality. The author is engagingly frank and writes with a distinctive and charming style that is all his own. Much is sound, a great deal is speculative, all is challenging and stimulating. Subjects range from dowsing to fairies, precognition to Atlantis and Lemuria, but the thread through all is an honest attempt to gain a spiritual understanding of what life and God's total universe is about. Some will accept the book

in its entirety. All should find it helpful. In essence it is a plea for open-mindedness in the fields of science, accomplishments in the arts, psychical studies and mystical and spiritual experiences. Sir Victor was the closest friend of the philosopher, Douglas Fawcett, best known for his *Zermatt Dialogues* (Macmillan, 1931) and his *Oberland Dialogues* (Macmillan, 1939), the central theme of which, Divine Imaginism, is so well exposited by Dr. Raynor Johnson in his *Nurslings of Immortality* (Hodder and Stoughton, 1957). Sir Victor's book is written for Fawcett (1866-1960) and abounds with references to and assessments of Fawcett the man, and his work. He writes (p. 169), "Fawcett's philosophy was . . . essentially a quest for truth about intuition: I think he found is was not properly the child of reason or of will, nor of any of the five psycho-physical senses. It is, I feel quite sure, the child of love. May that be my exoneration for the view that philosophy is not the way to find Reality."

For Sir Victor, not intellect, but intuition and controlled imagination bent to good ends, are the way to Reality, and love is outside the scope of the philosopher. What now follows is not by way of criticism but of constructive amendment. In his Gifford Lectures in the 1930's, the philosopher, de Burgh, killed stone dead the 18th century concept of arid intellect, and in its stead established "mind" as a variegated and inseparably integrated unity. In his classic three-volume work, *Logic,* Dr. W. E. Johnson shows that intuition is not independent of thought processes and likewise reasoning is impossible without the presence of an intuitive element (Part II, p. 192). The metaphysician is required to be well aware of the latest findings in all forms of human inquiry or experience, including intuition and mysticism; and the moral philosopher is particularly concerned with love. Intuition, controlled imagining, feeling, will, mysticism, spirit, logic, intellect and ethics, are best seen as correlatives, component parts of an integrated whole and, on analysis, each shot through and through with the qualities of the others, each essential and all defying their man-made labels.

Rightly or wrongly, one senses that Sir Victor is not at ease about his strictures of Fawcett, the man and his works. He could have made all his points without his constant reference to Fawcett. A friend is one who, so to say, takes all he knows about us into the palm of his hand, wheat and chaff together and then with the breath of kindness, blows the chaff away. **G. W.**

Psionic Medicine. J. H. Reyner. (Routledge & Kegan Paul, £2.)

This review is written from the view of an allopathic physician who has learned through the years of the validity of

unorthodox methods of treatment—so much so that he avails himself of such tools as the pendulum and "spirit healing."

The book was read with hope. The result was disappointment. The book is self-defeating. The author's clearly stated purpose is to interest medical practitioners in Psionic medicine (a combination of dowsing and homeopathy) so that they will be willing to take the time to learn how to practise it. One is invited to write the author in care of the publisher to make arrangements to learn Psionics via courses individually given to those applicants "who seriously intend to pursue the techniques." In order to do this one must make a value judgment. For such a judgment the book is insufficient. It is not enough to say Psionics cannot be explained in a book. It is the duty of the author at least to try. The book has a series of case histories in which claims are made of relieving and curing a number of chronic intractible illnesses by the use of the "appropriate homeopathic remedy." It is embarrassing for the reader to be left in the dark.

One is also forced to take exception to the author's negative attitude toward orthodox medicine and the proliferating fringe techniques. Particularly when he in the same breath refers to Psionics as the key to communication with the superior level of intelligence which governs all life including man. Very humbly one accepts the existence of a superior level of intelligence, but from this book one cannot accept Psionics as the key, or for that matter as the answer. L. S.

The Essence of Yoga. A Contribution to the Psychohistory of Indian Civilisation, by George Feuerstein. (Rider & Co. Paperback £2.15, hardback £3.75.)

In his preface, Georg Feuerstein refers to the "intergrating mutation of consciousness" apparent in the world today, but which nevertheless necessitates the committed co-operation of each individual. He does not agree that Yoga as a means to this integration is unsuited to Western man and considers this view arises from inadequate understanding, not only of the different structures of consciousness in Eastern and Western minds, and of how this gap may be bridged, but also of the meaning and aims of the various Yoga teachings. To clarify these and bring them into a coherent relationship he traces the development of Yoga through the fundamental psycho-historical causes which give rise to the various teachings, illustrating the process with the underlying characteristics of the different schools. He ends with an assessment of the value of Yoga in the world today. There is an appendix on the little-known *taraka-yoga.* His study is a

valuable contribution to a deeper understanding of Yoga in the West. He includes an extensive bibliography. B. M.

Superminds: An Enquiry Into The Paranormal. John Taylor. (Macmillan, 1975. £3.95.)

I put off reviewing this book until I had heard Professor Taylor in person, and some of his opponents, and until I could check on various documents. At the outset one should say that this work is presented in a very disappointing—even misleading—way, and at first sight appears to be a "coffee-table" book, with "coffee-table" illustrations among the serious examples; but this is not the author's fault. Professor Taylor holds a chair in mathematics at King's College, London, and is a formidable figure in the scientific establishment; his book is therefore a very welcome addition to the literature of parapsychology. The main object of the book is to describe the author's own experiments in metal-bending with both Uri Geller and with a group of school children, who can also bend many other materials. He then goes on to discuss other paranormal phenomena, but these are very briefly, if ably, dealt with and cannot be considered here.

The main point for the reader is made clearly and unequivocally; and that is Professor Taylor has conducted a run of tests on metal (and other bending, and has come firmly to the conclusion that both the children and Geller do in fact bend materials by paranormal means, and also cause them to bend even when not touched. This, I believe, is the first time a man of John Taylor's scientific standing has conducted such tests and found that the bending claims are true: this is in itself a landmark in the history of psychical research. Here are his own words: "What could now be said with complete confidence was that the Geller effect does occur, and can also occur at a distance."

Professor Taylor then pursues the possible force which can effect such behaviour in metal and other materials, and comes to the tentative conclusion that it is a form of electromagnetism. I would hazard a guess, in this connection, that he will later be forced into a dualist position and be obliged to reckon with the mind as a second sphere to the mechanistic world in which he was trained.

A curious and pathetic feature of this important book is the author's comments on the attitude and behaviour of his scientific colleagues: the latter, in their ignorance and stupidity, display a collective mentality which only prolonged psychiatric treatment might dispel! Some of the science teachers of the children tested even refused to attend the experiments. What sort of teacher

calibre, one wonders, are we entrusting our children to? The next red-letter day in psychical research will come when scientists, as a group, exhibit some degree of humility in the presence of phenomena they cannot understand. C. H. G.-S.

Note

The Editorial Board regrets that in condensing Mr. Leslie Price's review of Allan Angoff's book on Eileen Garrett (Winter, 1975) a factual inaccuracy crept in. The C.P.S. and the British College of Psychic Science in fact always remained independent of one another. Mrs. Garrett was passed by the College to Mr. McKenzie to receive from him further training in mediumship. Later she worked at Queensberry Place. Our apologies to the reviewer.

Moments of Truth

V. Z.

IN early September this year I was faced with a surgical operation and a great deal of uncertainty on my mind. I was relieved that things were moving very fast, in a way too fast to give time for my anxiety to develop. Two and a half weeks only elapsed between my discovering the growth and the day of operation. Naturally, I could not help thinking that I too might be a victim of the dreaded illness, yet I was feeling calm, no panic at all. At times my heart seemed to sink deep down at the thought that something could grow in my body to such proportions before being noticed! No signs: no pain, no swelling. Frightening, yet I felt calm.

Suddenly, again I had plenty of time to meditate on myself, on other people, on the world and on death. I remembered that a while ago a medium had told me of a guide attracted to me, a French nun by the name of Marie-Therese of the Roses. She insisted that I should remember her by that name. Now I thought, suppose this being so, why should I expect her to be with me at this time when I, needing help, remembered her? After all, it is often said that guides come and go. Who are they? If only I could have some kind of confirmation! This was a passing thought, no more than that.

A friend of mine, whom I had not known very long, came with me to hospital on the morning of admittance. About mid-day that same day I received by post a bunch of flowers, sent by this

friend. They were yellow and orange roses. The following day was the operation and the day after the first visitors were allowed to come and see me. My next-of-kin-friend arrived first and brought me a small bunch from their garden—beautiful buds of the Peace rose. Later on another friend arrived and brought a bunch of flowers—deep red roses. The final surprise I had that day was when I received the last bunch of flowers from another friend in the country—pink roses! None of the four people, although my friends, had met one another, nor could they communicate. The medium, Mrs. Marie Wheeler, I saw only once, in May 1969. Roses are not my favourite flowers although I am fond of them. September is not exactly the month for roses, yet I had no other flowers but sixty-four roses by my bedside! Coincidence? Maybe; or could it be an answer to a deeply felt incidental thought?

Letters

Dear Sir,

In answer to V. S. Staff's letter in the Spring, 1974, *Light*, it is quite true that dreams will play an extremely important part in our lives. But it is because we will begin to understand what they are really telling us.

I believe that all dreams have a beneficent purpose—no one is ever told to do anything contrary to the Spirit of Life. When we lie down to sleep, we open a direct channel to the Highest, never to anything lower. But most dreams are in symbolic language, and we must learn it if we are to understand the instructions being presented. The dreamer's everyday life is the alphabet out of which his dream language is built.

There is no other purpose to a dream except spiritual progress. We do not dream in order to learn how to live on earth better, we are here to learn earth lessons so our spirit can live in the Universe better.

I also believe that there are no trivial dreams, only dreamers focussed on trivial things. Under such circumstances, that trivia is all the Highest Source has to work with. It's a matter of silk purses and sows' ears. But, fortunately, God has all eternity within which to do His work.

Sincerely,

JOAN BUCKLEY.

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