LIGHT

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In Memoriam: Iso

In Jauary 1968 heavy and prolonged snowfalls precipitated hundreds of avalanches in the mountains of the Grisons in Switzerland and in the Austrian Vorarlberg. Houses previously considered out of range were crushed or swept away as thousands of tons of powder snow poured down slopes deemed to be short, gentle and immune, or followed known tracks with an increased power which carried them across the valley and up the reverse slope. Plantations of spruce and silver fir, planted for protection, were crushed like match sticks or scattered like spillikins. In the Vorarlberg, the blast of air preceding a powder snow avalanche blew a sixteen seater bus into a ravine, killing seventeen. Within a small area in the Prättigau region, known to skiers as the Parsenn, in spite of precautionary evacuation of threatened houses, twenty-five people in one village alone were buried. Of these, eleven were found by dogs, four of them living.

In between such climacteric years of disaster there is a constant trickle of casualties among skiers in the high mountains. In the Parsenn district is the Swiss Federal Institute for Snow and Avalanche Research, and integrated with it is the Parsenn Dienst (service and patrol) system whose task is constantly to assess the safety or danger of certain slopes, interdicting to skiers some descents, pre-empting avalanche danger on others by bombing down with mortars over-burdened mountain sides and, in the last resort and frequently at great personal risk (in 1951 six men lost their lives when searching for one) sending a patrol to the place of a reported avalanche with the possibility of finding someone underneath it. The experience, the precautions, the discipline are such that only ignorance or folly can cause accidents to individuals or parties. Yet these occur. In this district an average of three or four people die every year from ignoring both general warnings and specific injunctions where not to go.

At the summit of such rescue operations, whether after meteorological catastrophes or resulting from sporadic foolish escapades, is the dog. Twenty trained men need four hours to probe with special instruments an area of a hundred square metres. One dog, with his nose, can do it in twenty minutes. According to the nature of the snow, the temperature and the terrain, an avalanche can consist of blocks of frozen snow like gigantic lumps of sugar, or fine powder compacted at depth to the consistency of concrete. A body overwhelmed, or even carried down upon it as on a tidal wave, may come to rest at any point at any depth, and death can occur instantly from

compression or more slowly from suffocation. Speed of discovery is everything.

The German Shepherd dog is a race of which the Alsatian is a local dialect, with a strength, sagacity and perseverance which is known throughout the world. Nowhere, even in police work or as a guide dog for the blind, has it a more heroic role. An avalanche comes down, with a body or bodies underneath it, known or suspected. A patrol of the Parsenn Dienst will have arrived first and begun the systematic probing of the avalanche at half metre intervals. The dog, Iso, or one of his successors, has earned his dramatic entrance, whether by ascending or descending hundreds of feet of deep snow on foot or coming down with his handler in a parachute or even from a helicopter. The god from the machine. The whole area is now cleared of men and their equipment, and ten to fifteen minutes of an empty stage is needed to neutralise it from human scent before the dog can begin his brilliant performance. He will work to exhaustion and his handler must call him off after about thirty minutes, to rest. All the dog's concentration is focussed in his nose. When he smells something, dog and man begin digging together. After a few seconds a body is revealed, living or dead.

There is at least one instance of a dog using a physical sense other than his nose. Under a crushed building a man and a boy were believed to be buried. Human rescue attempts had confused all scent, but a schieferhund, Iso, was seen to prick his ears. That was enough for his handler. Beneath tons of wood and metal the boy was found alive, his rasping breathing audible to the dog. But of the existence or exercise of a animal's psychic ability there is no record, either in the experience of handlers or in the annals of the Parsenn Dienst. The function of what would be described as "animal instinct" could be invaluable. But it seems that the intense concentration on one of the physical senses precludes the other abilities, and that psychic and sense perception are mutually exclusive as is apt to happen with man. The British collie, like the schieferhund, has evolved towards a human orientation and a partnership which depends for communication on whistle, voice and occasionally gestures. The annals of guide dogs for the blind contain some instances of telepathy and precognition because the relationship is between guide and pupil; not many, because the blind man having been deprived of one of his senses the dog is busy replacing that one. At the other end of the scale, that of animals undomestic but fairly highly evolved, the behaviour of a hind group among wild Red Deer shows an almost constant network of extra sensory

communication with only occasional sensory additions in the form of grunts. Such a generalisation would be certain to provoke instances to the contrary: of dogs alerted to the arrival at the station two miles away of their owner at an unusual hour by a train never used before; of dogs and cats finding their way home after transport to a strange locality—although many dogs, cruelly dumped, do not, possibly because the tie of affection, the strongest thread, has been abruptly and brutally broken.

Nevertheless the generalisation seems to hold. The higher range of evolving animals, porpoises and dolphins posibly excepted, seem destined to follow the human evolutionary route. Can the process be, not reversed, but expanded along two separate lines? What would happen if, in avalanche practice drill, the dog's handler were to submit to being the "body"? One would like to be there to see it, choosing perhaps Konrad Lorenz to fill the role and to report upon his "finding."

The assumption however may yet be wrong. Iso himself may have refuted it. In March 1958 two German skiers, a doctor and his wife, skied down from the Weissflujoch to Wolfgang via the Meierhoftäh, but diverged into the Meierhof gully, untracked after new snow. There they were seen to be caught by a wet snow avalanche fully a hundred metres wide. When it came to rest no trace of either of them could be seen on the surface. When Schild, Iso's handler, received the summons he had to choose between a long descent from the Joch and a shorter ascent. He decided on the first. Through deep snow made heavy by a midday March sun, over a distance of two and a half miles with a vertical descent of three thousand feet, the man on skis and the dog accomplished the descent in twenty minutes. When they arrived, Schild gave the order, "Revier" (quarter the ground) "such den Mann." Iso quickly found a scent but, before he could dig, was recalled and sent to search the rest of the area. Within a few minutes he registered a second spot, showing much more excitement. Schild marked the place with his eye and ordered Iso back to the first place to begin digging. Iso would have none of this, but plunged back to his second find barking vehemently. Leaving the patrol men to dig the first place, where they found the doctor, Schild joined Iso and in a few seconds they uncovered the body of the woman. They were just in time. She was very far gone, in much worse case than her husband, unconscious and with teeth so clenched that an eye tooth had to be pulled out on the spot to admit the oxygen tube. Iso's dictation of the right priorities might have been due to the woman's body being nearer the surface and giving out a stronger scent. But this was not the

case. She was, if anything, rather deeper.

After two days the doctor and his wife were able to walk out of the intensive care unit. Iso too went back to work. But this and other exertions took an early toll. He died at the age of nine.

The Deepening Crisis: Perceived Patterns

PART III: APRIL 1975

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.

(Questions concerning the state of Britain, also on the interaction of individual and group karma vis-à-vis Vietnam and the Kurds.)

April, 1975

The country? This dear land? This is indeed a year of crisis. A lot depends on how soon the forces of reconstruction can consolidate, and how soon they can be seen to be the new pattern. Once they make their impact, things will change very fast into a building up from a breaking down. Thinking has widened and deepened enormously on many levels, and the various efforts towards co-operation in new ways of living are gaining momentum. There is a very delicate balance at the moment between the forces of destruction which look so black and which are breaking down the established system, and the forces of building which still look so tenuous, but are growing into immense strength.

You must not harbour any fears—neither for the ultimate outcome nor for the period of change and reconstruction. Try rather to feel it a privilege to be alive, and indeed asked actively to contribute, to this great evolutionary step forward, to this tremendous stride of soul.

The spiritual need to empty oneself of self-will and obstacles of thought and the need to fire the imagination and to pursue that vision with energy is an apparent contradiction. Because in place of self-will you need even more will power. It is more than this: you see what you think to be the right; you say, if

this is indeed right the help is there and the outcome will be blessed and will be fitted into the overall pattern, and you put all your strength into achieving it, because nothing will happen if you don't work; yet at the same time you hold on to the thought: Not I, but the greater thing that I serve, the greater goal that I strive for; so that it is less your ego than the greater self which works through the ego that is doing the directing and the guiding. Anything that flatters and builds up the *lesser* ego has to be examined with suspicion.

The problems you touch on stretch right into fundamentals, into the nature of God and the problem of evil. Usually people try to face these two great mysteries on the 3D level with their 3D minds—and therefore the problems remain insoluble. The question of "Why does God allow evil?" is unanswerable because it is the wrong question. This is treating God in anthropomorphic terms. But God is not definable or comprehensible. As you know, there are the two ways of approach: the affirmation of images and the negation of images. When you have said all you can about God, that He is light and love and beauty and goodness and peace and joy and power, and when you have said it all over again in the negative way, that He is not just love or power, etc., but more than any of these, when you have said: "This also art Thou" *and* "Neither is this Thou," you are left with an incomprehensible, indefinable, Cause of all causes.

Similarly, you run into insuperable difficulties when you try to define evil. Because in terms of God there can be no room or existence for evil. In terms of the world, there it is. So there is no quick answer in finite terms.

As regards the events in the world, there has to be activity on many different levels. There is a great releasing of power at present which is necessary to help humanity to take the new step in evolution. Power is manifesting negatively also, in violence and self-seeking, in threats and kidnappings and holding both individuals and whole countries to ransom. This is power used inordinately in the sense of not following the Divine Order. But it has a purpose in perhaps battering those who would otherwise not be able to understand intellectually the kind and the scale of change in attitude needed. This is a gross simplification. I use it to illustrate the saying that all things work together for good. You see, what is happening is so vast, so complex, on so many levels, that upheaval is essential. You must try to see, and if you can't see, to believe, that under all the chaos is a plan, and that the spiritual forces are at work on a scale that is unique at least in historic times for the planet. There is an infinity of

ways in which the evil, that has taken hold of human thinking and ways, is to be rectified. The complexity is beyond human grasp, and this is where faith and constancy are necessary. Group karma is at work. Individual karma is at work. Voluntary suffering is at work. Immense spiritual power is engaged. The end-product is a tremendous release into simplicity: by which I mean a release from the accelerating pressures of producing more and more into a relaxation into the peace of simpler being, and simpler living, and, at the same time as this simplicity, a new step of what Chardin would call complexification, because new spiritual powers of awareness are being developed. If I over simplified it I might say that the aim is the meeting point of intuitive race wisdom, of the spiritual teaching of all the ages, and the discoveries of science, so that a new awareness of unity in diversity is being achieved. The subject is so vast that it is difficult to put it into words. There are parts of the world that still have more of their former awareness of oneness as a race, or tribe, or group, and therefore where group karma plays a dominant part. And there are the countries of Western culture where these race memories and consciousness have been further submerged in intellectual development and where possibly more people are being put through it on individual levels. The whole process is being directed outside of time and therefore is only partly comprehensible to you.

If you accept that the change needed is a shift of values; if you see that man is busy cutting his own throat, making life intolerable for himself by no longer living in conformity with the laws of his being and the laws of the planet, then you will see that this is a more critical time than any other. At the same time I am not saying that every disaster, every happening, is a signal of doom. All down the centuries there have been floods, famines, wars, plagues, eruptions, shifts of the earth's crust. These were not, and are not, all of them to be interpreted as the wrath of God. You hear far more of what is going on all over the world nowadays because of news and communications. It is not necessary to use the weapon of fear in all situations. The great outpouring of beneficent power is upon the planet. In all walks of life, in all corners of the continent, on all planes, goodwill and re-discovery and new discoveries are at work. Even the natural world has fields of force, influences, powers that can transform exploitation into growth and harmony. It is far more important to seek for and cherish the positive than to look for and expect the cataclysmic and the negative. It is a moment of balance; this is true. The world is now poised. But the forces

at work are the divine forces, therefore they are the forces of infinite love, infinite providence, infinite good, and infinite beauty. Dwell on them. Seek them. Rest in them. It is not anger and punishment, but a new growth, which is at work.

* * * *

(In reply to questions concerning work on a small scale in villages; the link with Findhorn.)

The contacts are not haphazard. There is a fine network of union between all centres of light, and between all who are striving, in however small a way, for the New Age. Don't be misled by the concept of size. In this case small can indeed be beautiful. Intensity, and opportunity, and the wonderful timing of opportunity dovetailing in with needs, are of far greater importance. The proliferation of small contributions to the whole is of great value at this precise moment. You can't legislate from government offices for the transformation of the concrete jungle. But examples stimulate thought; thought and discoveries and experiments stimulate example, and through this fructification a whole new approach emerges. We hope it will not be a catastrophic change, but a growth of the small experiments into larger and better known ventures. This is what happened at Findhorn. Everywhere this process of learning, of growth, of change of heart and change of patterns of thought is preparing the way. Therefore all the preparatory plans and seminal thoughts are of untold importance as the old order cracks.

* * * *

(In reply to questions on the international situation.)

We are waiting for the spiritual impulse to come from the West. It is the idea of endless growth, of the gross national product, of endlessly stimulating demands for inessentials in order to have more and more factories and a steadily rising standard of living—it is all this, coupled with the ruthless exploitation of the reserves of the planet, that are the real causes of the present situation. The troubles with the third world can really also be put at the door of the West. Slavery and the sugar plantations paid for many a stately home; the scramble for colonies broke down the old tribal order and left undigested Western ideas in their place. Therefore revolution of black power in Africa, or mass starvation in India, or threats and even war from the newly rich Arab countries are not going to be the factors which herald the New Age. It is the West which mistakenly brought in the ideas that caused the chaos and the crisis which has to experience the change of heart. Therefore from our point of view the urgent, the essential thing, is that in Europe, above all in this country,

and in the United States, totally new ideas should grow, and grow like the grain of mustard seed until they have shot into a new tree in which the birds can nest. Because when that happens, the cessation of exploitation of minerals, the better distribution of food, and the turning to alternative means of power will *ipso facto* take the sting out of the complaints of the third world and the new-found power of the oil producing countries.

Concerning the change of balance between communism and the West: there are two points here. One, which you have already discussed, is the effect this is having on American thought. In a vast country like America, where news tends to be dealt with locally rather than nationally, it is necessary that there should be situations which really touch the rank and file of the nation. Hence the effect of Watergate. Hence the effect of Vietnam.

The power of communism is a second question. Any system so based on secret police and terror, and on drab, cheerless everyday life with no revivifying spiritual life, is not a living force which will mould the New Age. Therefore communism itself will have to experience a metamorphosis, until it is possible for joy and worship and individual freedom to flourish once again.

When you review the history of the last fifty years, or maybe hundred years, you see what futile, agonising waste war really is—waste of material, waste of lives, destruction on an almost incredible scale. This is not going to be the weapon that is needed. It is not conquest of bodies but conquest of souls that is going to change the direction of the planet. If unchecked, the present trend could lead to disaster. It is not force in the old pattern that is going to reverse the trend and save the planet. It is *thought*—thinking in a new way about the care of the planet, the unity of all living things, the substitution of harmony for greed. Don't allow yourselves to be daunted by the problem. Remember how small a handful of human beings were privileged to experience the first-hand teaching of Christ. They were sufficient. So will small examples of New Age thinking and living be sufficient. Suddenly the ideas will be seen to be catching on, the new pattern will emerge. And once they have become established in one region they will spread like wildfire. I do not say there will be no disasters. I do say that the spiritual Lords of the change of heart are working to keep disasters to a minimum. It is the change of heart and thinking that really matters.

The winds of change are being very carefully tempered to the strength of the people now in incarnation. One of the things that will have to happen is the revival of small communities and

the decrease in size of the big industrial cities. A great deal depends on the pace. If it is possible, the change in thinking and in life style will come sufficiently gradually to enable a run-down of industry to take place. There will be a switching of manufacturing processes here, a closing down there. But I cannot give you a blue print of how it is to be brought about. I can only tell you that it is in the last instance in the hands of very exalted beings. *(To be continued)*

Some Phenomena Observed

BRENDA MARSHALL

MY husband and I were both deeply aware of a meaning and value in life beyond the material. In me, when we met, this was little more than an instinctive feeling but he, from his early twenties to the end of his life, was committed to this truth in action, professional or private. (After active war service he joined Reuters and later was Latin-American correspondent of *The Times*.) I had not thought about psychic phenomena but he attracted them spontaneously. We did not talk about these much. In the early days I sensed that he felt they were beyond his understanding and later that they were a form of experience that lay outside verbal explanations. Now that I have read some of the framework of ideas to which these episodes may be related, I feel how wise he was, and how lucky I, that we never overlaid the experiences themselves with speculation, for though some of them may be recognised as falling into categories of explained phenomena, others are more open ended and I do not myself feel that any formalised explanation is big enough for the whole. That all such experiences derive from changes in consciousness takes us only so far, because a change in the subjective consciousness of one individual is accompanied by objective physical manifestations of a different order, and possibly of diverse orders.

After the war we spent some years in Rio where my husband was head of Reuters bureau. My impression at the time, which I hold more firmly now, was that the two following manifestations were linked with his war experience and, I believe, with discarnates from the war. We were living alone (without the customary domestic help) in a small flat when, late one afternoon which we had spent together in my husband's study, I found the pictures smashed in the dining room and finely broken glass scattered over the floor. The kitchen was fairly chaotic and, most curious detail, a piece of liver sausage left over for supper

was now nothing but an empty twisted skin. Another feature, and one which over these early years I came to recognise as presaging and accompanying out-of-the-way occurrences, was what one might describe as a miasma of tension, unpleasant and paralysing, in which I felt myself caught against my will. I now think, and later experience confirms this, that it was involuntary resistance, the inability to receive correctly a change in consciousness which was being lent to me by my husband, which caused this distressing tension. After surveying the wreckage we went out, leaving the flat as it was, and came back some hours later. The liver sausage was fully restored and quite edible but the shattered glass had to be removed from the floor and the pictures reglazed.

The emotional tone of this episode was rowdy but not, one felt, ill-intentioned, in this quite unlike a subsequent occasion in another flat. One stifling, airless night when sleep was impossible, the atmosphere was so humid and still, the heavy central chandelier started slowly swinging back and forth. I watched this and saw my husband recoil. It was an elaborate, rented flat with heavy red floor-length curtains. These rose up till they lay almost horizontal in the motionless air while the chandelier went on swinging. My husband became deeply distressed and agitated in a way I only saw him on one other occasion; he felt this to be a demonstration of active malignancy directed at him.

In the following years the experiences tended to become more inward. We had an Indian friend and quite often when he and my husband were together some glimpse of another dimension would show. One evening my husband needed to go and see this man but our attempt to get a taxi proved hopeless and we had to abandon the idea. Some time later the doorbell rang. It was a couple we knew only slightly who lived a considerable distance in the opposite direction from where we wanted to go. "We've come to take you to X's house," they said, declining our invitation to come in. Like bewildered somnambulists they drove us there and left us on the doorstep.

An experience of a different kind occurred years later when we were settled in England. Our son was 11 when we were lent a house on the Suffolk coast. It had been described as a 1920's speculative builder's horror, and so it proved to be. It stood alone in a field at the end of a lane of red-brick artisan's cottages. It was larger than we had expected and the view across the marshes was magnificent. But when I opened the door of the ground-floor room which we had been told was the main bedroom I reeled back, an air of such malevolence seemed concentrated

there; it was quite peculiarly horrible. My husband and I barely needed to exchange any words in deciding we would camp out in the living room, which seemed the most neutral area of the house, though this was a relative term. I made up a bed for our son in one of the upstairs rooms. Here he appeared to sleep but could be heard talking at any time of the night one passed his door. (On subsequent visits he would never sleep in that room again.)

My husband, I knew, was enduring with difficulty a most distressing week. (Later he told me that when he went into the garden, to get away from the house, "the bushes attacked him.") In the evenings as we walked along the lane, past the red-brick cottages, to the pub, the acrid smell of burning rose sharply in the air. Only on the third evening did I realise there were no bonfires, not a sign of flame or smoke anywhere to be seen. "I wondered when you would notice," said my husband. That evening the pub was not so full as usual. Shortly before ten, I noticed a stranger, in fisherman's garb, sitting on the oak bench by the window. I think it was his old-fashioned air that made me think of him as a stranger in this haunt of fishermen. He sat there gazing at me intently across the small smoke-room which was now empty except for my husband, who was sitting up at the bar. After a while I felt some casual remark was called for, and started thinking about changes in the village, but could find no words with which to address this man.

It was time for me to go back to the house; my husband said he would be coming later. Our son was in bed. I went downstairs and waited apprehensively. Soon my feelings were approaching terror. I sat in one spot of the living room, cold and afraid to move. At some point during this vigil I realised the stranger in the pub had not been in the flesh, but he had seemed friendly rather than otherwise. It was the atmosphere of the house that was inducing something very near panic in me. An hour went by; and another. Then, quite suddenly, I was no longer afraid; I knew also that my husband was all right. He came in about half past midnight, exhausted but assuring me that the remainder of our stay in the house would be all right. He had, he said, been wandering over the marshes with the strange fisherman who had told him of Viking raids on this part of the coast, of burning and massacres, of the children of the area being rounded up as hostages, slaughtered and buried in a pit under the foundations of this house.

He would never go there again, but I did a number of times with my son. I was always frightened crossing the hall at night.

On one occasion we took also a young friend, Tony, aged 20. I asked him how he had slept. "Oh, quite well," he said, "except for the animals on the roof which made rather a noise all night." I made no comment on this curious remark and Tony himself seemed unaware of any oddity. The front door knocker would sometimes be heard unaccountably. On one occasion when it rapped particularly sharply two neighbours were with me and we could see through the window that no one was there. One morning, while I was staying there, even my sceptical friend who owns the house heard her son playing overhead then realised he was, in fact, on the beach. The house has now been modernised with much rebuilding. When I last stayed there, alone this time, to me it seemed no longer malevolent but a non-place, a limbo: time there hardly seemed to pass at all and the sense of isolation was hard to bear.

Over the years I absorbed my husband's ever-present sense of the reality of discarnate life, though unable to share his contact with it. Often he would sit up late into the night, apparently in a state of communion. "Can't you see them?" he would sometimes say when I came downstairs again in the early hours. I never could.

The three years before his death were marked by many unusual occurrences. These were years of an organised and sustained attempt to contact other planes of consciousness, an endeavour which lies entirely outside the scope of these notes and in which I had no part. A feature of this period was a striking sense of joy and gaiety which accompanied many events. On occasions, indeed, this joyous force would seem to use my husband as an instrument so that total strangers would come up to him in the street and smile and shake him by the hand. Patches of light from no discernible source would appear on our bedroom wall. Occasionally objects would fall off the coffee table. Scentings were very frequent. Sometimes we would hear the hootings of ocean-going ships. One Sunday afternoon when we were alone in the house my husband called me to the dining room. A pool of water which I had to mop up into a bucket lay under a chair; its seat was drenched but everything else in the room, including the ceiling, was bone dry. Perhaps one of the oddest occurrences was when, over a period of several days, large naked footprints would appear across the floor and up the wall of his study. When he wiped them off they would promptly reappear.

One characteristc common to these episodes is that they remain in the memory with a peculiar clarity. I have not here spoken of interior experiences nor of the telepathic contact that

existed between us when he was travelling. These were some of the outward manifestations we encountered and I look upon them merely as phenomena along the way, illustrations of how incomplete are the generally accepted ideas of natural laws. It was, of course, only his unfolding spiritual consciousness that had value in itself.

Dreams of Truth

VISION OF THE SECOND COMING

THETIS BLACKER

I WAS in the cemetery at Quarr Abbey where my uncle had been buried the day before. I knew he was distressed in spirit that his body had been laid in the wrong position. He was agitated and frustrated because he could not alter the position of his corpse. I seemed to hear his voice protesting, but no one else could hear him. Then I tried to calm and comfort him. I tried to tell him not to worry about what had been written in the traditions about burial, but to think instead of what was the true and eternally real event about which these traditions were symbolically concerned.

"My feet should be pointing to the east," he kept repeating. "I must face Our Lord at the Second Coming."

"Envisage it so!" I replied.

Then as if we were looking into the glass of Eternity, into the prophesied future of the world, we saw the beginning of the end.

A great light began to shine from the east with rays spreading upward and outward as if from a mighty crown of gold.

"Look," I cried, "He comes from the East, and He brings all the East with Him!"

I could see that He was coming not to the Christians alone, nor was He coming through their traditions alone. He came bringing all the traditions of the East, like a scroll of the world rolling up, like a tidal wave of light drawing all with Him. Beyond the horizon of the Abbey cemetery I knew He was coming, His cloak was as wide as the sky, bringing all the souls of earth with Him.

"Look," I cried to Ronald, "He comes from the lands where traditions are opposite to ours. He comes from the lands of the Hindus, from Indonesia and India, where to point one's feet at a person is a grave and terrible insult!"

Then it seemed that the ancient priestess, a hundred and twelve years old, whose cremation I had attended in Bali five years ago, stood with us. She was of equal wisdom and equal

authority with my uncle. Her frail and immensely old body was now clear and somehow transparent. Her Kembakian ceremony had been a ritual almost as magnificent in its own way as my uncle's Requiem Mass at Westminster Cathedral. I had seen her corpse within its basket coffin lying in state before the tremendous procession accompanied by great gongs to the funeral pyre. Her body had lain for three months while the family gathered enough money for her cremation. A "mustika" had been placed under her tongue, and because of this magic jewel her body had not decomposed. During the actual immolation outside the temple I had seen an Australian girl sitting on the ground with her feet pointing towards the body within the pyre, and I had to explain to this mannerless young woman exactly how insulting her posture was in Balinese custom.

Now in my dream this ancient priestess was, as it were, standing with us, although at the same time she stood in her native land. We did not speak, but there was a communion of spirit between us.

Then for a short while I seemed to see various scenes or tableaux of people all over the world. There were now no separations between races or religions. All the past was resurrected in this moment, but reconciled. All the people who had ever lived were now in this moment being restored in their purified bodies to life. And they all wore the vestments of priests, for these were the clothes of worship, and it was in and because of their worship that they had been resurrected. I can only say that it was as if a total purification of the past had taken place: that here and now in this moment of time all time was fused and made tangible and manifestly real. All the past was reborn in the present moment of worship. I saw people of many different races and religions, but there were no barriers between them any more, for each had been made wholly and truly himself. Their partiality, which in the past had caused their separations, was now knit together into a marvellous unity. I saw the maroon coloured vestments of the Quarr monks woven, as it were, with the maroon robes of the Tibetan monks, in such a way that I saw the Buddhists wearing the Christian robes of worship and the Christians wearing the Buddhist robes of worship, so that thus each form of worship became an integral part of the all-embracing harmony of the whole.

Then again I seemed to be in the cemetery of Quarr, and I no longer felt myself to be a separate person. I could not say that I was I and that I was not my uncle or the ancient priestess or the others about me. I was not on the ground nor under the

ground nor in the air, yet I was more intensely there than I am anywhere in my everyday life.

Then I saw them coming. They came not directly from the east, but more from the north-north-east, and they came in tremendous procession across the earth passing us by the south. At first I saw priests with Aryan white skins wearing black vestments with gold. Then I saw African priests with black skins wearing white vestments with white hoods embroidered with gold. They passed singing. The chant was of three notes: A, A flat, A, each note of equal length and all sung on the open vowel of Ah. Within these three notes all music seemed to be contained. As one man or woman finished a note, another would fill it with his voice so that at no time was there emptiness of sound. The distance between the A and the A flat seemed enormous and also minute. In this second was contained all the prayers of all the nations and of all the religions, much as the colour white contains all other colours. It was as if all words and notes were drawn into this pure stream of sound, and the separation of one note or word from another was no longer necessary for the one and only prayer now contained all other prayers.

I saw the procession with a wider and wider vision as it grew in the glory of the Coming of Christ. All the people, all the creatures who had ever lived were now resurrected and were going before Him in glory and worship. It seemed as if the whole skin of the earth had come alive and was being drawn across the world. More and more and more and more people arose. Their bodies were shining and were more real than they had ever been in their former lives. The light of the Crown became brighter and clearer illuminating the multitude so that none seemed dark or in shadow. Yet as this vast procession surged across the countryside, the earth was not trampled flat but seemed to join in the glory of praise, and the grass and the trees and flowers were not crushed but held themselves up, their existence being their jubilation.

At this moment I saw death: not as a shadow but as a crust to be broken. I could not join the procession until I had broken this dark and terrible shell that covered me. I saw it as hard and black and solid as the mask of Shiva. It was like gnarled ebony, like the crusted skin of a mummy, like the hard withered face of the Bog man. It had the face and beak of the Morigu, the protruding eyes of Kali. It was terrible in its solidity. Its hardness was the strength of mortality, yet its hardness was static. It had no power to destroy me, but only to encase me. With all my strength I tried to crack and break this crust that

covered me. I struggled to breathe and I felt that I would burst my lungs against it. I knew that it was with living breath that the crust of death must break. I took a mighty breath and pushed upwards with all my might. Then in the very instant I knew the body of death was splitting asunder, in that same moment I awoke.

From Darkness to Light

(Extract from "Shadow Land" by E. d'Esperance, 1897)

IT was a Sunday morning, a bright summer day. I had thrown myself on my sofa with a book, but my mind was occupied with projects so that I did not pay much attention to its pages. I felt a curiously faint sinking sensation, and the printed pages I had been trying to study became strangely indistinct. Was I going to faint? Everything became dark and I felt sure I was going to be ill again. I would call someone, but I remembered there was no one on that side of the house.

The faintness passed away almost immediately, and I was glad I had not disturbed anyone. I glanced at my book; strange, how far away and dim it seemed. I had moved away from the sofa, but somebody else was there and held the book! Who could it be? How wonderfully light and strong I felt. The faintness had gone and in its place had come a marvellous sense of health, strength, and power which I had never before known.

Life was waking up within me, springing, bubbling, coursing through my veins like electric streams. Every part of my body was glowing with new vigour and a sense of absolute untrammeled freedom. For the first time I knew what it was to live.

How strange! The room looked so small, so cramped, so dark and that dim figure on the sofa? Who was she? I seemed to recognise something in the quiet form, some faint recollection of having known her, but this irresistible sense of freedom must be indulged; I could not stay in this place, but where should I go? I moved towards the window. Strange how curiously dim my surroundings seemed. The walls appeared to approach me, to disappear; but whither I could not tell.

This phenomenon did not greatly surprise me, though I wondered somewhat, for there away a little distance off, I saw a friend whom I recognised, not as one usually recognises friends through familiarity with face or figure Even at this moment I could not explain, nor say if he had a single familiar feature. All I knew was, he was my friend and had been my friend through ages—a friend, better, wiser, stronger than myself. I needed a friend and the friend had come. He spoke, or perhaps he did not

use language though I understood better than any tongue could explain.

"Did I see where I was?"

Yes, I could see, though curiously enough the sunshine had faded and we were in a narrow road, not a pleasant one either, and as I looked around me I held my friend by the hand and felt assured of safety. It was a strange place, yet there was a curious familiarity about it. Dark gloomy overhanging rocks were on each side, obstructed here and there by projections which seemed to block up the passage. The ground was strewn with rough stones and tangled brushwood, with here and there deep holes into which unwary travellers must stumble. My eyes searched as it were gropingly along the road, inch by inch, foot by foot, an apparently insurmountable obstacle was reached, and, as I came near it, I was conscious of a feeling of exultation for the difficulties shrank as I stepped forward and passed them with ease.

A pitfall yawned open-mouthed in my pathway and, dismayed, I saw no hope of avoiding a disastrous fall into the miry depths. I looked boldly forward and as I advanced a narrow track was visible. If I did not turn dizzy, and could step firmly and carefully, the gulf might be safely passed.

It was a long weary way and though I was with a friend now it was only for a short time, but I was not afraid, for though it was dark and cheerless, surrounded by cold mist that chilled the blood and damped the courage, yet here and there gleamed out a warm clear light which filled the heart with joy and thankfulness.

Looking backwards along the road, I felt a curious sense of proprietorship. The light which had come in transient gleams seemed to have diffused itself over the whole, and I could see my footprints over its length where I had diverged from the road, wherever I had endeavoured to go around obstacles, and where I had been driven back and compelled to surmount them.

I saw the pitfalls into which I had fallen and from which I had had to drag myself painfully out again, only to find that I might have avoided the dangers had I seen the light which now lay over it all.

Looking eagerly forward again I saw the light gleaming out in the distance, while the shadows lay at our feet, and I felt a burning desire to press forward towards it, even as I felt this, a beam of light crept towards me and guided my steps.

"Can you travel the road alone?" asked my friend. "Is your courage equal to the task?"

"Yes I can if it be necessary. It is not as difficult as it looks.

But I must have light, without it I should not be safe. But why should I? Are there no better roads?"

"Look farther!"

I looked farther, and, as my eyes searched, the darkness lifted itself little by little, and at the end of the road afar off a brilliant gleam of light burst out, flooding the road with glory inconceivable. I could not bear it. I was ashamed and hid my face for the light penetrated me through and through and I saw myself as I really was and not as I had in my arrogance thought myself. Could it be that others could see me as I now saw myself?

I clung to my friend and asked, "What is it? Tell me what it means."

"It is truth. It is what you have resolved to find."

"And this road, must I travel it to reach it?"

"It is the road you have made; you have no other."

"Then if I travel it, I shall find the truth. I cannot fail. I feel I cannot fail."

"You have found it already. You have only to grasp it and hold it close."

"Help me, let me see more, teach me to understand. How shall I reach it, how hold it fast?"

"You have reached it; you have seen it before, but you did not recognise it. It has lighted your pathway but you would not acknowledge it."

"It has been so faint, so dim, I did not know," I said humbly.

"You have felt it, but you put it aside, and raised barriers between it and you, and hid it from your sight."

"I did not know, I did not know."

"You closed your eyes and walked blindly into snares and pitfalls; you preferred to trust to your fancied wisdom rather than to the light; you turned aside for new paths which led away from it."

"I did not know, I did not know."

"You had the light within your grasp. You saw it gleaming, but it offended you because it discovered things which were offensive to you. You preferred to let darkness cover them out of sight and tried to believe they did not exist. You cast the light behind you and walked on into darkness and despair."

"I did not know, I did not know."

"You thought in your heart: 'I am sufficient unto myself. I will do this thing, I will do that thing,' and so you stumbled, fell into the mire, and when you were baffled at every turn you turned back, thwarted in your plans, deceived by your own desire; then and only then you asked for truth."

"I did not know; help me to understand truth, to hold fast to it. Help me to approach this wonderful light; let me understand the meaning of life. I will not let you go. Oh help me, help me!"

I clung to my friend. We turned aside from the contemplation of the road. A sense of motion, bewilderment, increasing light, intense living radiance, and then—Who can describe the indescribable? Time had disappeared, space was no longer existing. I was overpowered by my own insignificance. How mean, how small an atom I was of this unutterable greatness; yet one with it, born of it, belonging to it. I realised this, even with my sense of smallness, and knew that, mean and poor as I was, I was yet a part of this undying, infinite, indestructible whole; that without me it would not be complete.

The light of this great life penetrated me, and I understood—*understood that thoughts were the only real tangible substances,* and why, between my friend and me, utterance was not needed. The secrets of life and death were unveiled and the meaning became plain. The reason of sin and suffering, the everlasting struggle towards perfection were evident; how each atom of life had its appointed place into which it fitted as no other atom could; how each change and evolution brought it nearer to its goal. As desire arose within me I found the means of grasping it. Knowledge was mine. I had only to desire and it was in my grasp.

I stood with my friend, overcome with this new sense of reality, this wonderful truth I saw other beings, living radiant creatures, and felt humbled and ashamed of my own inferiority; yet my soul went out to them in love, friendship, and adoration. I longed for their friendship and their love.

My longing went out from me as a stream of silvery light. It reached them; a line, a cord of communication, born of my very desire. I could go to them, they could come to me; they were conscious of the aspiration, smiled on me, and I felt that I had been blessed beyond my deserts.

ERROR IN THE PREVIOUS NUMBER

The Editors apologise for attributing "Journey's End" on page 21 of Light, Spring 1976, wrongly to Eileen Barker. The article, it was a dream, was received unsigned. The Editors wish to extend their apologies to the dreamer.

Inward Learning

(From a talk given at the C.P.S.) PAUL BEARD

A GOOD deal of spiritual teaching has been indicating that after a somewhat difficult time which will take us into the next century, an age will follow where woman will come into her own and be more free to find and express her inner self. But this freedom will have to be paid for in spiritual coin, by soul-work. Part of man's task will be to learn how to respond to this lead from womankind. Men and women alike will move towards a more inward dimension through this soulwork, and there should come about a better and fairer distribution of tasks between the sexes.

The other day, a friend of mine was saying: "Woman is man's best friend, and man is woman's best friend"—a sentiment with which I heartily concur. But beside being true in an external sense, it is true as well in an interior sense, for many sensitive people today appreciate that each of us bears within both masculine and feminine aspects of consciousness. These fortify, refine and support one another. So when we say woman will come into her own, we also include that aspect of the feminine which a man is wise to welcome in his own being.

Bringing this change and preparation down to the here and now, in what way can the College of Psychic Studies play its proper part in working to overcome the heaviness, through which mankind has for so long lived, much of it due to masculine ways of organising life, and replace it by the heightened, more intense perceptions needed for the future? Well, we have three activities of a forward-pointing kind already at work. First there is meditation, one of the best ways for either sex of making oneself accessible to those delicate inner promptings always present but so often unheard; or, if heard, unheeded. The second lies in spiritual advice by teachers from the inner world. And the third is psychological counselling. As most of you know, we now offer a caring service in personal and psychological counselling by trained counsellors. Basically all three tasks work in the same area, that of the complex human psyche. They meet and overlap there. Unfortunately, the human mind does rather like distinctions and divisions rather more than at present it likes unity. This is rather ridiculous, but such is human limitation. Distinctions are merely convenient conceptual tools in order to look at, to focus, upon one part of the picture at a time.

In receptive meditation we become aware that there is a part of us superior to the everyday self (which everyday self, by the

way, we don't know as well as we often think we do). This superior part of us has important things it wants to tell us. It can do so by whispering in our inner ear or it can reach us in symbolic picture language, or it can simply make us feel happy or unhappy, harmonious or uncomfortable. As we persevere in the meditation process, perhaps over quite a period of time, we come to see these are all ways of getting its message across to us. And part of the art of meditation lies in making interior room for these delicate impressions and not blurring and blunting them by allowing the conscious mind to shout its own wares at the same time, and thus obliterate them. But where does this superior inner self get its knowledge from? It certainly has a better memory of past psychological and spiritual events in the life of everyday self. You may say that the everyday self already knows these perfectly well. But this is not really true: it has at times kidded itself in order to avoid acknowledging the truth about some of its actions. Sometimes it forgets the truth. And with some acts it has been blind all along to the real motives which brought them about.

So this inner self is better equipped to assess the present and past of the everyday conscious self, better equipped than that self is.

But there are other elements in the story too. The inner self is not simply, as it were, a more skilful reader reading between the lines of one's everyday ups and downs. It has other sources of information. Once more I must emphasise here that this superior self is not at all a separate being, it is a part of the same complex psyche which lies behind the everyday self. What then are these further sources of information?

Somewhere within it, though not necessarily wholly accessible, lies a knowledge of the total past of the self, both its many past lives and its intervening periods between lives. In short, it knows its own karmic story. It also knows the lessons planned for this particular life journey. Through meditation a little of the wisdom of that total self gets through to the everyday self. Whether it heeds it and takes action is, of course, up to the daily self.

By meditation I don't only mean sitting in silence alone or in a group, which some of us find very hard to do, but also the more informal ways in which the inner self conveys its meanings to us; by a flash of thought at the kitchen sink, a bright idea in the bath, a walk on the hills; through prayer, of course, or music, or reading—the everyday mind becomes in some way lifted or pointed in a new direction. And in this broad and admittedly

vague sense all of us meditate at some time or another.

But what if this meditative process proves too intermittent or feeble in one way or another, so that the everyday self goes its own way, making a fearful mess resulting in all sorts of mental and emotional problems? It is here that the caring help of the counsellor is needed: when parts of the personal life have got or are getting outside control. The car of the self is running down a twisting road, or maybe is stuck at the foot of a steep hill and the engine won't start and the driver sits there at the wheel despondent and hopeless, not knowing how to help himself.

As the Aquarian Age comes in, a process which is likely to take several generations, we already find ourselves under pressure, obliged to live at an increased tempo. Young people in particular in this permissive age often find themselves before the age of 30 with many of the classic life situations already behind them: love and courtship, marriage, parenthood, unfaithfulness, perhaps, or a number of broken relationships. With this increased tempo these experiences have all happened too quickly, and one might say too easily. So the counsellor is called upon to show that the person already knows in his inner being how to put himself together and take hold of life again. I emphasise that it is the inner being which the counsellor is really concerned about, although often having to talk in terms of outer problems. The counsellor never works, of course, by giving external advice, but instead by interpreting the client's true life situation from the information, the self-portrait, which the client consciously and unconsciously provides. So the counsellor honours the inner self of the client, whatever his age group, and finds out what it is trying to say; for, as I said when talking about meditation, it is a great deal wiser than the everyday self.

Counselling is a highly taxing and demanding profession, dealing as it so often has to do with clients at a crisis-point or facing a depression, and asking for a great deal of support at varied levels of the psyche.

Now what different thing does the spiritual teacher impart with the help of the sensitive or medium? Again, we must be careful not to make water-tight distinctions, for the teacher like the counsellor is concerned with that sensitive tender plant within the client's nature. Both recognise that freewill must never be impinged upon. The counsellor is encouraging the client to make his own right decisions and the spiritual teacher is doing exactly the same. Both are concerned in preventing the client from becoming dependent upon them in the wrong way, from leaning upon them. So the spiritual teacher makes suggestions and he

does not say do this or do that. Or if you hear him saying it, it is pretty certain that it is the medium who is intervening and these are not the true words of the teacher. The spiritual teacher is not so concerned with the immediate life situation as the counsellor, who tries to help his client to clear up the present confusion and uproar. The teacher steps back a little.

For a spiritual teacher's advantage is that living outside the flesh his vision can be longer and can take sight of factors not necessarily available to a counsellor. His disadvantage of course is that whilst working through a sensitive he has to borrow part of the sensitive's mind and accept its limitations. He does not have a complete control over that mind, nor does he have such ready access to many factors in the client's everyday life. So the counsellor approaches the inner self of the client from the hither side, the spiritual teacher perceives it from the thither side. It is not pertinent to ask whether one or the other has the superior role. The counsellor does better with one sort of problem and the spiritual teacher with another. In no sense are they rivals or competitors. They are colleagues united through disinterested service.

Now I wish to make a diversion. Recently two books have been published on the spiritual meaning of the Tarot cards. The Major Arcana of the Tarot cards are really concerned with those mysterious happenings which fall upon human beings in unexpected and inscrutable ways, what in a popular way might be looked upon as their fate or their destiny.

A good illustration of this is the card which shows a tower struck by lightning with two people being thrown out of it on to the ground. Another is that of the hanged man suspended from a rope at the top of a card with his feet arranged in the form of a cross and with his money falling out of his pockets, and yet he is smiling. The real meaning of the hanged man is that he has turned all worldly values upside down, so that what seem to others affliction, disaster or disgrace are now matters to which, as an awakened man, he has become indifferent, and in spite of them he goes on his way rejoicing. Because he is no longer cares about worldly values, to those still in the world he seems upside down.

In the other card one of the men thrown to the ground from the struck tower finds himself unharmed. Unlike the other one, he is wearing a crown and this symbolises that in his spiritual self he has become developed enough for any event to be bound to benefit him, however things look. The catastrophe happens, yet is not what it seems. The real inner Tarot has nothing

whatever to do with fortune telling, for at such a low level of consciousness, its spiritual meanings remain silent, go unperceived. It only comes into its own when a man addresses to it his spiritual attention.

Here we have a good example of how things are only true at the level of consciousness to which they relate. If you interpret spiritual things at a material level, or vice-versa, confusion will result. So the Tarot deals with all those unexpected gifts or blows of fate which a man can do nothing to avoid, which turn his life upside down, yet which when properly received are spiritual catalysts. Such events fall closely into the realm in which the spiritual teacher operates. He does not of course tell his client's fortune, although he does to some extent know what is to come about and what the inward purpose of it is.

When the teacher sees one of these mysterious spiritual events approaching, whether fortunate or seemingly unfortunate, what he does is to try and say something which will alert the person and will help build up those qualities needed in the armoury of his character in order to meet the forthcoming event. The teacher plows the soil, the earth, within the client's character. When the stroke of fortune comes about, it drops into the client's being a spiritual seed, so that then the client draws nourishment from the event by meeting it in the right way. In time it brings forth its intended spiritual crop.

The spiritual teacher is often obliged to be less explicit than a counsellor. It is clear there are laws, although we do not understand how they operate, which allow the spiritual teacher to say some things but not others. In a broad sort of way this is to do with never taking away from the client his opportunities to learn. Life down here has to be mysterious because thus we learn best, exercise initiative and judgment, respond to the challenges of hardship or of love; in short, grow, and the whole mysterious business and confusion of living is to do with growth.

It is obvious to anyone with experience in the psychic field that it is not the task of all sensitives to reflect the insight of a spiritual teacher. Some are there to give evidence of survival, reassurance and love from relatives much nearer to the level of consciousness of the one on earth than is the spiritual teacher. My advice is always to make sure from what level information is offered. Is it from someone who loves you but is not yet necessarily deep in spiritual wisdom? There are moments, too, in every interview, when the psychic power wanes, and until it flows again the sensitive may fill in and speak from her own worldly experience, which of course is subject to ordinary human error.

You will find the teacher won't answer a wrong question at its own level, otherwise he will obliterate the level of meaning, the spiritual level, at which he wants to speak, at which he wants his pupil to listen. He will not discourage the pupil's own effort by seemingly offering a kind of guarantee of events. A true spiritual teacher is recognised by his impersonal love: he is not going to help you avert any event if it is the very thing which rightly taken will prove to be beneficient.

So one has to take spiritual advice on its own terms, and this area is one of fruitful hints and not precise instruction. It has to be allowed to work inwardly as a spiritual yeast. Truth does not lie in guarantees, whether from meditation, counsellor or teacher. It is found through effort and danger and discrimination and search.

It is clear that within the College no true conflict need ever arise between the counsellor and the spiritual teacher. By providing in the same building meditation, psychological counselling and spiritual teaching, we are making it easy, and without any false competition, for any individual to decide which he or she immediately needs. Finally, however, whatever any member or non-member comes to seek, we want to offer help in real terms, and this always involves the client learning how to help himself, and thus gradually becoming something nearer to his own true self.

Memories of a Celtic Church in Cumberland

DR. ARTHUR GUIRDHAM

MY book, *We Are One Another,* was the story of a group of thirteenth century Cathars who reincarnated in England in the twentieth century. I regarded this as the apotheosis of my experience and could not believe there were still more striking revelations to come. It was fascinating when a new member, a girl called Annette, was revealed by her own detailed memories and by the statements of discarnate entities, to have been a Cathar who failed to qualify as a priestess. Something still more mystifying occurred when, recently widowed, she went to Iona, the celebrated shrine of the Celtic Church founded by St. Columba in North-west Scotland. Here she was visited by two discarnate entities. The first was her mother, who had died three years previously and who told her that her late huband had been a priest in the Celtic Church in a previous incarnation. The second

was a man in dark robes who, Annette learnt later, was her husband in his Celtic guise.

Following this there were several significant happenings. Of the five members of our group still living in the second half of 1972 four had visited Rievaulx, a mediaeval abbey in the North of England, built on the site of an earlier Celtic church. All four had visited it separately from each other at different times and before any of us were aware that we had a Celtic incarnation. One, Miss Mills, had fainted immediately on entering a certain part of the ruin. As far back as the early nineteen-sixties I myself had felt dizzy, as well as an indefinable sensation in which I felt that the whole of my history was being played back to me as by a kind of cosmic tape recorder. The two other members of the group who visited Rievaulx, separate from each other, had heard chanting in the ruins. I learnt later from the discarnates that our memory for Rievaulx was acute because the primitive Celtic Church there, built on the site of the mediaeval Abbey, was the last refuge of Miss Mills and myself. We had both belonged to the Celtic priesthood in the seventh century A.D.

In the early months of 1973 Miss Mills and I were bombarded by several discarnates, but chiefly by Annette's deceased mother, with instructions to visit my native county Cumbria. At this time I also received a telephone call from Annette, who was now living in Canada. The previous night she had seen her deceased mother. The latter had sent a message to me, "Tell him to look for the intertwinings." I had not the slightest idea what she meant. At the same time Miss Mills, residing in the West of England, was visited by her deceased father, who had been the Cathar bishop Bertrand Marty. He undid the bishop's belt he wore over his robes and demonstrated to her the intertwined cable pattern which decorated the buckle. In Switzerland Kathleen, another member of the group, was visited by a second Cathar bishop, Raymond Agulher, who did the same thing. It became clear later that, "Look for the intertwinings" meant that the intertwined cable patterns used by the Cathars were the same as those employed earlier in history in the Celtic Church. I was to see numerous examples of these patterns on Celtic crosses when I revisited my native county.

In exhorting Miss Mills and myself to go to Cumbria the discarnates were very concerned about a mysterious stone which they said was vital to us. When Miss Mills, my wife and I visited Cumbria in April, 1973, we discovered the stone in the wall of a barn in a farmyard in remote country near Ennerdale Lake. I do not give its exact location out of respect for the wishes of

the farmer, who values it greatly and does not welcome too many casual visitors. The stone was obviously very old. The discarnates later verified it as dating from the seventh century A.D. Its head was in the form of a Celtic cross. There were also traces of intertwinings. Most important of all it was decorated with symbols which had been used as early as the cult of Mithras and had persisted among the Cathars and still later. The discarnates told us two important things about the stone. Firstly, it was evidence that our group had had a Celtic incarnation. Secondly, it contained symbols of all the known incarnations we had lived.

At Castle How, a small hill near Bassenthwaite Lake, Miss Mills saw Betty, a member of the group who had died early in 1972, standing behind me. Later that year Miss Mills passed into a state of trance in which, in my presence, she re-lived the murder of Betty by a fanatical mob inflamed by a priest trained in Rome. Betty was the head of the Celtic Christian community in West Cumberland which had its headquarters at Bassenthwaite Lake. She was a specialist in healing and was regarded as a witch by the Romanising element, who became strong in the middle of the seventh century A.D. and who wished women excluded from the priesthood and the cult of healing to be suppressed.

Betty was buried outside the tiny church dedicated to the Celtic St. Bega, situated near the shore of Bassenthwaite Lake. Annette telephoned from Canada to say she had had a vision of a lake, a small chapel with a reedthatched roof on its far shore, a wood with a clearing in its centre surrounded by a ring of stones, and a mountain with a conical summit in the background. Kathleen telephoned from Switzerland to describe the scene she had dreamt of on several successive nights. It was identical with that described by Annette. I had no difficulty in identifying this panorama, which was familiar to me from childhood as Bassenthwaite Lake, the church of St. Bega and the mountain Skiddaw. It was proved later that the clearing in the forest was the place at which Miss Mills, myself and other priests had done our healing in the Celtic incarnation. Later, in another state of trance, Miss Mills re-lived the burial of Betty outside the church of St. Bega. After thirteen hundred years the spot is still identifiable by a flattish stone tilted at an angle.

At this time we received a flood of evidence from living and discarnate sources. A considerable amount of this evidence came through what Jung called psychic synchronisation. Details of direct far memory, of visions and symbolical dreams would be relayed to me from Canada, the United States, Switzerland,

Somerset and the Home Counties within a matter of a couple of hours and sometimes even within minutes. It was quite common for me to put down the telephone after receiving a call from Canada and to be rung immediately from the Continent. The cycle of synchronisations was usually completed by Miss Mills who, on particularly active days, I frequently met in Bath without prior arrangement and who added what she had been told by the discarnates and what she had remembered by direct far memory.

Miss Mills played a special role in these revelations. In addition to what she told me by direct far memory and the instruction she received from the revenants, a great deal of material of enormous interest was acquired from states of trance and amended consciousness in which Miss Mills' psyche was transposed to the seventh century and she not only remembered but re-lived her life in Celtic Cumberland. Some of these episodes occurred when she was alone. Most took place in my presence when she ignited me to a considerable extent with her own capacity to re-live the past. Many such episodes were re-lived on the anniversary of their occurrence in the Celtic incarnation. The discarnates constantly verified what Miss Mills reported from her cosmic expeditions.

It was by such means that we discovered that all the central figures who had been with us in the Cathar incarnation had been previously grouped together in the Celtic epoch in the seventh century A.D. That we were also together in the Rome of the fourth century A.D. and in nineteenth century France is an inevitable part of the pattern but is not related to this story.

I received a great deal of fascinating information about the nature and beliefs of the Celtic Church in Cumbria at this time. I am using the word Cumbria to denote the modern county of that name. Most of the action occurred in a limited area in the west of the county. When I speak of Celtic Christianity I am referring to its practice in seventh century Cumberland and also in the Isle of Man, where the beliefs held were identical. It is very important to emphasise this question of locality. As we shall see later the theology of the Celtic Church varied in different regions. This provided the Roman Church with its main argument for centralisation and the establishment of a uniform doctrine. Differences of opinion as to the date of Easter served merely as an alibi for stringent action by Rome.

The priesthood of the Celtic Church was recruited from both sexes. Priests of either sex were allowed to marry. The ceremony was very simple and involved the use of bread and

salt. The robes were a very dark purple. The dye used was derived from bilberries. There was a kind of cape attached to the shoulder. Both priests and priestesses could pull the cape over their heads and use it as a hood. The priestesses wore a crinkled, circular head-dress of pie-crust pattern, rather like the new style caps worn by nurses in some hospitals in contemporary Britain. It is often said that in the Celtic Church the front part of the skull in male priests was tonsured. This was certainly not the case in Cumberland, where the hair was worn shoulder length. It may have been the fashion in the Celtic Church elsewhere, as in Wales and Ireland.

The Celtic Christians favoured the equal-armed cross representing love. Sometimes it was surrounded by a circle. The latter symbolised the sun and testified that the Celtic Church had distant roots in the cult of Mithras and in Druidic lore. The cross of St. Andrew was especially common. The point of intersection of the cross represented the earth as the meeting place of the forces of light and darkness. The Latin cross was not favoured. It was believed to be a pre-Christian symbol mistakenly adopted by the Roman Church to represent the Crucifixion. The crucifix itself was anathema. In this the Celtic Church anticipated the attitude of the Cathars in the thirteenth century Languedoc. This attitude to the crucifix was logical because certainly in Cumberland the Celtic Church rejected the doctrine of Redemption.

The Celtic Church in Cumberland believed that the soul was purified by constant reincarnations, that two forces of good and evil were present in the universe from its beginning and would continue to the end, and that the world was created by a lower entity, either Satan or Lucifer. Its beliefs were analogous to those of the Bogomils and Cathars, who appeared centuries later in the Balkans and Languedoc respectively. A good deal of work is being done by savants to prove that the Celtic Church owed much to Eastern Christianity. I am not competent to judge on this question. What was made clear by the discarnates was that the doctrine was brought to Cumberland by an itinerant priest from the Balkans long before the Dualist Paulicians established themselves in that part of Europe in the sixth century A.D. and before the Bogomils appeared in Bulgaria and elsewhere in the ninth and tenth centuries.

The Celtic Christians claimed that their own beliefs, and those of the primitive Christians up to two hundred A.D., contained aspects of an ancient wisdom first propounded in Europe by Pythagoras around 500 B.C., incorporating Plato at

a later date, reaching an apotheosis with Christ and manifesting itself later in various forms, in Gnosticism, in Neo-Platonism and in the later Dualist creeds mentioned in the preceding paragraph. What is quite clear is that the Celtic Church leaned strongly towards the Hellenic sources of Christianity and away from its Judaic roots. It is as though the Eastern and Western extremities of Christianity had much in common and that, in their shared mysticism and high perceptive qualities, they reached towards each other across the heart of a Europe riveted in Roman dogma.

The Celtic Church resembled primitive Christianity in being a religion of emanation. The faith was spread less by doctrine than by a kind of divine contagion. According to them St. Matthew left the seat of custom not because he was convinced by Christ's teaching but because he recognised Him as a special kind of being. The priests and priestesses of the Celtic Church were chosen because of their intuitive and emanatory qualities and because of their capacity for psychic and spiritual development. In this they resembled both the fathers of the early Christian Church of the first two centuries after Christ and the Parfaits of the Cathar community.

Christ was not regarded as the Son of God, but as the greatest prophet. He was a special kind of being inhabiting a special kind of body. What we think of as matter is inert spirit and what we regard as spirit is highly etherealised matter. Christ was so constituted that He was able to escape from His own material substance and to reveal Himself in light to the apostles at the Transfiguration. The emanations of Christ permeated the early disciples. A positive vibrational energy was transmitted to them. This scientific attitude to religion was maintained by the Gnostics. The Celtic Church in Cumberland still believed that enlightenment was attributable to the emanatory power of the light which had lived in Christ.

The Celtic Church had no highly ritualised Mass regularly celebrated with bread and wine. There was a ceremony held at intervals of months, in which Christ's life and death were celebrated with gratitude. This ceremony was more concerned with thankfulness for his life and for the evidence he gave of his gifts, than for his death. The service was held round a table. Bread was broken and shared. Sometimes the bread was replaced by little wheaten cakes. No wine was used. Water was passed round the company in a common receptacle. Priests and priestesses sat round the table with ordinary believers. This ceremony was repeated several times at the same meeting to include all believers in the community who wished to partake of it.

(to be continued)

Moments of Truth

THE ARRIVAL: A VIEW FROM THE OTHER SIDE

WE were all there, all of us in Eternity waiting upon a moment in Time. But when all those arriving had been met, I called out, "Someone hasn't come. Has anyone seen her? Her name is—— About medium height I think, slim and with rather long legs, though I don't know what she'll be wearing."

Then I saw her. She was the last, positively the last to come off the ship. She ran towards me. They had cut her hair very short, as though she had been ill, or perhaps in prison. I touched it gently and said, "I thought you were never coming. Couldn't you get away?" She shook her head. Then she said, "I can stay longer this time—don't you want to know how long I can stay?" I nodded, I hadn't dared to ask. "This time," she said, "I can stay for ever."

Letter

Dear Sir,

I warmly endorse P.B.'s comment on Colin Smythe's letter (Autumn 1975, pp. 134-5) concerning the mediumship, psychism, sensitivity or whatever of Matthew Manning.

There is indeed a chronic shortage of competent and emotionally stable mediums. When an articulate and intelligent young man like Matthew Manning comes along providing evidence for formidable paranormal faculties, it is distressing to suspect that he may be embarking on a career as a sort of psychic pop-star rather than developing his talents (which need not involve their concealment beneath bushels) and allowing us all to share in the knowledge that must result from thorough study of them.

If Mr. Manning were to spend a training period at the College of Psychic Studies, and then a period being examined by the Society for Psychical Research, I feel everybody would benefit, especially Matthew himself. He would, I am sure, be able to write another fascinating book on his experiences both at the CPS and the SPR, and Mr. Smythe would certainly publish such a book as willingly as I would buy it.

Yours sincerely,

GUY L. PLAYFAIR.

Book Reviews

The Occult, by Gareth Knight. (Kahn and Averill, £2.50.)

Gareth Knight as a writer on the Western esoteric tradition is well known for his robust good sense and clear exposition of subjects too often regarded as sensational or mysterious. This excellent simple introduction for intelligent beginners falls into two parts. The first half of the book is a serious historical essay on "the Occult" in Western Europe; which is in fact a body of excluded knowledge of various kinds ranging from Gnosticism, Neoplatonism, the Hermetica and the old pantheons, to modern spiritualism, psychology, theosophy and psychical research. The author argues with much justice that the excluded knowledge of one age may (or may not) prove relevant in another. Much that is "superstition" in terms of the material science which has been the dominant "knowledge" of post-Renaissance thought may be understood in an altogether different sense by, for example, depth psychologists interested in mental structures. The occult is concerned with mental phenomena; and these seem likely to become of ever-increasing importance in many fields of modern study. Alchemy is a case in point: dismissed by chemists as obsolete science, the processes of transmutation are seen by C. G. Jung as a psychological, by Titus Burckhardt as a valid metaphysical symbol.

The second half of the book is an alphabetically classified glossary of "the Occult"; a very mixed bag, including the Tarot and divination, Quabala, Psychical Research, Ufos, meditation, Lost Continents, Ley lines and exorcism. A few reliable and obtainable books are recommended on each of these. (But why not C. G. Jung on "Flying Saucers," a work surely more significant than the fantasies of a canteen waiter at Jodrell Banks?)

The author himself studied in Dion Fortune's offshoot of that famous school of Western esoteric tradition, the Society of the Golden Dawn. His Christian affiliation (he is a practising member of the Church of England and a friend of the Rev. A. D. Duncan, whose works on a Christian approach to magic are well known) does not prevent him from giving his due even to the notorious Aleister Cowley for what remains valuable in his work when the popularized persona of "the wickedest man in the world" has been discounted. There is more truth than most people not concerned in these things realise in Gareth Knight's statement that "a sense of responsibility and dedication . . . makes the work of White Magic a practical form of intercessory prayer."

He is less than sympathetic to Indian schools of thought,

dismissing the law of *karma* and Eastern ideas of reincarnation as unchristian. Here too his bibliography is confined to Western exponents. While we may agree with him that the Western temperament can probably best understand our native Neoplatonic and Quabalistic tradition, we may feel that in his dismissive attitude towards the great Indian mainstream of metaphysical knowledge he is biassed and not altogether just.

One of the many good phrases may serve to give a flavour of the book; of divination he writes: "As in much of occultism, one tends to get a combination of what one expects and what one deserves."

A final criticism: I have seldom read a book with so many misprints, misspellings and uncorrected typographical errors.

K. J. R.

The Creative Ethers, by Ronald P. Beesley. (Neville Spearman, £2.50.)

Another volume of essays by the Principal of the College of Psycho-Therapeutics, to whose students these lecture-texts were first addressed. Mr. Beesley has a luminous intuitive understanding of the cosmic whole of which we are each a part, and of the ways in which we can learn to attune ourselves, psychically and spiritually. The transposition of intuitive perception into discursive form tends to be confusing, or confused; but this is a book rather to evoke than to explain some profound theosophical realisations.

K. J. R.

The Wisdom of the Tarot, by Elizabeth Haich. (Allen & Unwin, £6.25.)

The Mystical Tower of the Tarot, by John D. Blakeley. (Watkins, £4.50. Paperback.)

Both these books treat the Tarot Cards in a serious way as symbolic pictures of the mystical ladder to be climbed by all on the spiritual path. They show the changing stages of consciousness which arise as the pupil enters various parts of the path. Elizabeth Haich makes use of the Oswald Wirth cards, because designed by "an initiate" and thus picturing best their inner meanings. She says:

> In this great task of awakening the unconscious and raising it to consciousness, thereby attaining perfect self-knowledge, the tarot cards are of unique assistance. . . . We understand that the reasons for our fate lie within ourselves. Therefore we must change ourselves in order that our fate may also change.

A set of the Major Arcana cards accompanies her book; she relates each to its corresponding Hebrew letter and numerological significance, and describes the inner feelings which arise when

each strange and separate step on the path is reached, with its awakening force on the soul. People do not all take the steps in the same order, so that one who finds himself confronted with the effect of card 17 upon his life is not necessarily more advanced than one undergoing the phase of say, card 2 or 3.

Mr. Blakeley's book is scholarly, giving the history of the cards and correlating their meanings to an esoteric Sufi account of the ascent, "The Mystic Rose from the Garden of the King" (Fairfax L. Cartwright, 1899), and to many passages of esoteric import in Greek mythology, mostly drawn from the writings of G. R. S. Mead. Mr. Blakeley embraces a wide and genuine knowledge of the esoteric, and his book plants the meaning of the Tarot cards int very firm spiritual soil. At times perhaps, due to scholarly detail, the wood become obscured by the trees, but his book is valuable and profitable. Those who respond to direct and forceful spiritual teaching may prefer Elizabeth Haich's volume. P. B.

Intelligence Came First, edited by E. Lester Smith, D.Sc., F.R.I.C., F.R.S. Contributors: Arthur J. Ellison, D.Sc.(Eng.), C.Eng., F.I.Mech.E., F.I.E.E.; V. Wallace Slater, B.Sc., F.R.I.C., M.I. ChemE; Corona G. Trew, Ph. D., D.Sc.; Forbes G. Perry, C.Eng., M.I.Mech.E., A.F.R.AeS.; H. Tudor Edmunds, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.; Marian E. Ellison; K. B. Wakelam, B.Sc. (Theosophical Publishing Co., 1975. £1.90. Paperback. 188p.)

For millenia philosophers have discussed the reality behind appearances. Two themes have been dominant: whether ideas or matter are primary, and whether the cosmos is purposeful. Darwin started a line of thought which ever since, in various forms, has been the dominant philosophy: that *chance* mutations, acting over hundreds of millions of years, have produced all forms of life, including ourselves.

Intelligence Came First lifts this discussion above emotion-ridden speculation. Here are a few quotations:

(Introduction) ". . . the entire universe gives eloquent testimony of being a product of mind and intelligence . . . let us reverse the hypothesis . . . that creative intelligence is the *last* thing to emerge as the culmination of a long series of lucky accidents of evolution."

"The postulate of a primal cosmic intelligence provides a logical coherent framework for all we know about the creation of the universe and the emergence and evolution of biological life."

"Random chance is displaced by a non-physical information matrix."

A *life field* has long been postulated, under various names, by those doing research beyond the confines of scientific orthodoxy. But there is a strange resistance within that pale to admit it, even as a working hypothesis.

This book expounds clearly the findings of molecular biology and their bearings on evolution and the origin of life. That very phrase begs the question. For it accepts as self-evident that life emerged from matter—from a cosmic soup which, according to current ideas, may have started with the explosion of a tiny bit of very concentrated matter.

Dr. Lester Smith and his associates maintain that this is putting the cart before the horse. The difficulties and paradoxes that mechanistic molecular biology brings when interpreted according to contemporary scientific dogma are clearly set out.

> "Molecular biology describes a mechanism and does not reveal the secret of life, as has sometimes been suggested" (p. 123).
> "The secret of life is surely that life was there all the time, though in its primordial state it is more aptly named 'order' or 'intelligence.' When conditions on earth were suitable, life 'emerged' in the form of primitive biological organisms, but was not created *de novo* out of chemical substances" (p. 133).

Implicit throughout the book is a concept of evolution that transcends Neo-Darwinianism.

> "The human kingdom has evolved values other than those of mere survival. . . . This is a new phenomenon, a new factor in evolution . . . expressing a purposeful spiritual and altruistic drive" (p. 187).

In Man evolution has reached the stage when he can deliberately choose to go along with the evolutionary tide or to oppose it (p. 183). Man's intelligence can be his undoing or his salvation. Which is it to be?

> "This is a challenge. But it is also a tremendously hopeful outlook, which contrasts strongly with the gloomy forebodings current in some circles today" (p. 188).

This book will appeal to minds still open to unorthodox concepts stated with all the scientific authority of Dr. Lester Smith, F.R.S., and his associates. Maybe many now influential in the scientific firmament will ignore or deride it. Scientists with established reputations have such a strong vested interest—emotional and (until they retire!) financial—in resisting the wider view that they lack the courage and mental agility to respond to such a challenge. The hope lies with the young, particularly undergraduates reading biology, history, or philosophy.

University bookshops please take note! K. S.

Harvest of Light: Approaches to the Paranormal. Edited by Neville Armstrong. (Spearman, £3.25.)

It is an excellent idea to gather together some forty contributions to our College journal *Light,* and issue them as a single volume—it might, incidentally, have been better to say so on the title-page—as one of the most disturbing aspects of psychical research is the monumental number of vital papers now lost to view for most people in the bound volumes of periodicals in the College, the S.P.R., and elsewhere.

The selection offered here is catholic in scope and of a high order individually; it will, in the words of the President, in his introduction, "prove to be like an entrance gate into a wide and unusual estate": or, in that dislikable phrase, there is "something here for everyone." This series of articles could well provide a textbook for the newcomer to psychic research, or rather to the vital questions of survival and reincarnation; but even more valuable, I feel, to the man or woman already immersed in the subject. Such an individual, for example, can find some fine accounts of how some of the writers came into the subject in the first place, and here I feel Rosamond Lehmann's "How I became interested in the paranormal" is especially moving.

To give some idea of the range of interests represented here one might single out Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard's famous account of his pre-cognition in seeing an airfield in the state it was four to five years later, Sir Ronald Fraser's piece on "The Mysteries of Chartres Cathedral," and Cynthia Legh's "The Story of Jack the Ripper," where she reports what Robert James Lees told her concerning the revelation to him that the Ripper was a well-known physician, a "theory" which myself and others have for long felt to be the true explanation.

It is to be hoped that a second such volume might appear soon, with—and it is only a very slight criticism of the present collection—the dates of the original contributions. **C. H. G-S.**

The Magic of Findhorn. Paul Hawken. (Souvenir Press, £3.50.)
Passages About Earth: An Exploration of the New Planetary Culture. William Irwin Thompson. (Rider, £2.50, paperback.)

Findhorn is an extraordinary community where—if we are to believe the dustjacket of Mr. Hawken's book—"man co-operates with plants, where people are transformed, where nothing is impossible and legends are reborn."

In spite of such a fulsome "off-putter" *The Magic of Findhorn* is by no means an adulatory piece of infatuation about the place. It is well written, entertaining, and although the author is obviously impressed with the Findhorn community, he portrays

an honest picture which makes the book eminently worth reading.

Whether or not the flowers grew virtually on sand, the cabbages weighed 40lb and the delphiniums shot up over 8 feet as a result of guidance from God, communing with nature spirits or through being on a psychic power centre each reader can decide for himself. Short of going to Findhorn this book gives an opportunity to learn something about the place and its founder, Peter Caddy.

How a redundant hotelier with the brusque ways of an ex-RAF officer managed to build such a community of diverse new-age oriented people is perhaps as much a miracle as any of the vegetable wonders. But the book includes the story of how Peter and Eileen Caddy founded Findhorn from the most unprepossessing of beginnings and it is an endearing and even inspiring account—with much also for those who care to read between the lines.

William Irwin Thompson, the author of *Passages About Earth,* has also been to Findhorn, and confirms much of what Mr. Hawken says. Mr. Thompson, since he abandoned teaching in an American university in order to find a deeper significance to life, has been to a number of other places too, physically and intellectually.

His book is an account of his exploration through a number of alternative cultures and world views currently on offer. They include those of Paolo Soleri, H. G. Wells, Werner Heisenberg, Aurelio Peccei and his Club of Rome, the Integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo, W. Warren Wagar and the Institute for World Order, Yogi Gopi Krishna, Erich von Daniken, Doris Lessing, Teilhard de Chardin and Ivan Illich. It ends, after a flirtation with Findhorn, with the foundation of a teaching centre at Lindisfarne.

Whether or not one intends to follow the author to Lindisfarne and the Lindisfarne Association, his account is a balanced and intelligent one and he has the facility to write in a lucid fashion that strikes a happy balance between a journalistic skating over the surface of ideas and an egoistic dredging of personal cosmic prejudices. He presents an intelligent person's guide to modern movements although within the limits of his personal experience—which is probably fair enough because the whole range of new age communities and teachings present a vast archipelago too extensive for any one man adequately to traverse.

B. W.

That Myriad-Minded Man. By Henry Summerfield. (Colin Smythe, £8.75.)

Wordsworth once said: "I have known great men and I have

known good men, but I have only known one wonderful man, and that was Coleridge." Quoting this remark in her *Conversations with Six Friends,* Constance Sitwell adds: "How many would say the same of AE (George Russell) instead of Coleridge?" Indeed, Professor Summerfield's admirable biography makes one long to have known this enchanting, humorous, compassionate man for all seasons, whose presence seems, by all accounts, to have radiated a mysterious quality of spiritual peace and happiness. The portrait is a deeply researched and sympathetic one, preserving objectivity and avoiding the pitfalls of a plethora of detail.

The most sane and practical of mystics, one who developed his remarkable faculty of seership, also his phenomenal memory, by unrelenting exercises in self-discipline, AE's entire adult life was dedicated to the service of Ireland: his aim being the establishment of a rural, democratic, uniquely Irish civilization He became one of the most distinguished journalists of his time, writing in a style so flexible, vigorous, unselfconscious, that his contributions—for instance to the *Irish Homestead, The Irish Statesman*—are still a pleasure to read. Unfortunately, political journalism however excellent is unlikely to endure beyond its day; nor is it possible to recapture the magic of those monologues that held AE's audience of acquaintances and friends enthralled. (Yeat's amusingly sour comment: "For God's sake get Russell a harp" does throw a light on the occasionally abrasive and always ambivalent relationship between these two giants of the Irish Renaissance.) Yeats was incomparably the greater poet, as Kathleen Raine emphasised in her fine talk on AE to the CPS last year; but he was a considerably less lovable, less spiritually illumined human being. Mrs. Yeats is said to have described AE as the nearest to a saint she had ever known: adding, to her husband: "You are a great poet, but no saint."

Herein lies, perhaps, a clue to the sad fact that much—by no means all—of AE's poetry is second-rate. He himself lamented that he could only write melancholy poetry, the product of "a very solemn person"—the antithesis of the person he actually was. It is also over-melodious, insipid, packed with images which fail to resonate in the imagination. How can this be explained? (and, incidentally, how explain his dislike of Shakespeare?). Is it that prolonged concentration on psychic and spiritual disciplines and studies (e.g., theosophy) is injurious to the creative faculty? Is it that one of the ingredients that go to the making of a great poet is an exceptional measure of ruthless egotism (e.g., Wordsworth, Milton, Yeats, to name but a few); and besides

this, a vivid awareness of, and conflict with, the Jungian concept of the shadow?

In both areas, AE was deficient. He was a religious man; he suffered fools too kindly, patiently. He was, one might say, too light-filled to cast that essential shadow.

The Candle of Vision, an account of the development of his mystical life and of the wondrous visions that opened on his extended sight (but what *did* he see?—nature spirits?, Devas?, objective god-like forms as well as shapes conjured from his imagination and subjectively embodied?)—will assure AE of immortality among the western mystics. It is a beautiful book, whose devotees are many and increasing—yet here again his bardic prose, its tendency to artificiality and archaisms may well prove an obstacle to some readers.

"Mercilessly," says Dr. Summerfield, "AE flayed the cant of militarists (during "the troubles") and their relentless allegiance to political abstractions." He should be living at this hour. . . . Though, would not even he be tempted to despair today? R. L.

The Case for Possession. Cynthia Pettiward. (Colin Smythe, £2.50.)

Cynthia Pettiward is scholarly, stimulating and modest in her approach to the question of possession—not by the devils and demons of Christian theology—but by unhappy, vindictive, frustrated or simply plain ignorant discarnates. She stresses the now well-established fact that immense numbers of the so-called dead do not realize that they have left their bodies. She describes the subtle body, and emphasizes the importance of recognizing its reality. Her sources of information and her examples are mainly drawn from Dr. Crookall, Dr. Carl Wickland, Dr. Ferreira, Canon Pearce-Higgins, Jane Sherwood.

In one passage she writes: "I have always hoped that the story of the Gadarene swine concealed a misunderstanding." If she will refer to *A Man Seen Afar* by W. Tudor Pole she will find her hope confirmed, and a fascinating esoteric explanation offered.

Altogether a book to be recommended not only to the beginner but to the more advanced student in the psychic field. R. L.

Towards Human Unity. Anthony Brooke. (Mitre Press, £1.60.)

Anthony Brooke's ambitious subject is the New Age, the rapidly accelerating changes in the Universe, the numerous proofs —as he sees them—of a vast outpouring of cosmic energy; and the importance to every individual of a corresponding inner transformation. What phenomena does he not grapple with?

The Second Coming, etheric surgery, UFOs, the revelations of Sun Myung Moon of Korea, the translation (minus her dentures) of Annalee Skarin of the Mormon Church, the strange and (to me) extremely disturbing case of the Weeping Angel of Worthing, together with the subsequent appearances and pronouncements of "an Archetypal Christ-like being" calling himself Truth, or Limitless Love. It is not always easy to suspend disbelief, or at least a measure of scepticism. For instance, Truth's announcement that *there will be a moment when the whole earth will stop because of the power* (italics mine) provokes, in one reader, a murmur of "Strewth!" But it is impossible not to be moved by the author's courage, enthusiasm and selfless dedication to the service of humanity. R. L.

Psychiatry and Mysticism. Edited by Stanley R. Dean. (Chicago: Nelson-Hall, 1975. 424 pp. $15.00.)

Most papers in this volume were presented at three successive annual meetings of the American Psychiatric Association, where panels on psychical phenomena were arranged by Dr. Dean in 1972-4. From a first visit to a Japanese Zen institute in 1963, via an investigation of shamanism in Bali (reported here), he was led to intensive psychiatric studies, now in progress, of sensitives. "I was impressed," he says, "to find that great numbers of sensible, rational people in all walks of life, lay and professional, believed in mystical states of consciousness, had themselves experienced various manifestations of it, and had derived constructive benefit from it."

Though most of the writers will be unknown to British readers, researchers will be familiar with LeShan on healing, Simonton on cancer therapy, Karagulla on higher sense perception, Moss on Kirlian photography, and Elmer Green on biofeedback. Of the twelve papers reprinted from elsewhere (out of 26), perhaps the best is "Meditation and the relaxation response" (Benson, Beary and Carol). Several authors will not be to the taste of parapsychologists because neither here nor in other writings do they adequately document their claims.

Dean has for several years been reported as organising an American Metapsychiatric Association. Metapsychiatry he defines as "the important but hitherto unclassified interface between psychiatry and mysticism." He claims psychiatry is the speciality best qualified to study this area, but surely transpersonal psychology has a stronger case? Apart from the vagueness and rehashing which are noticeable in some of the book's essays, the most serious error is the editor's prominent inclusion of psi under the label "mysticism." Mystics certainly have psychic experiences.

But serious study of mystical experience by Stace, Zaehner, Raynor Johnson and the experients themselves emphatically distinguishes the mystical level from the psychical level. It was because of popular misunderstandings of mysticism that Dr. Johnson avoided the term in the title of "Watcher on the Hills." I regret to say Dr. Deans adds to the degeneration of the word mysticism, and parapsychologists too would have preferred a better title.

It is good to see an index! L. P.

Philosophy and Psychical Research, edited by Professor Shivesh C. Thakur. (Allen & Unwin, 1976. 215 pp. £6.95.)

Parapsychology and the Nature of Life. By John L. Randall. (Souvenir Press, 1975. 256 pp. £4.)

Professor Thakur's book is a symposium. The first article is by the psychologist Alan Gauld on "E.S.P. and Attempts to Explain It" and, as would be expected, is a workmanlike job. "The Metaphysics of Precognition" by Associate Professor Bob Brier is an ingenious and suggestive article. "E.S.P. and the Materialist Theory of Mind" by David E. Cooper, Reader in Philosophy, expounds a materialistic explanation of E.S.P. which ignores the difficulties of the general materialistic position. "The Sources of Serialism" by Professor Antony Flew combats Dunne's attempt to explain precognition and succeeds in ridding psychical studies of unnecessary clutter. "Religion and Psychical Research" by Professor Jonathan Harrsion deals with ten aspects of psychical studies in twenty-one pages and makes the utterly false and astonishing statement that: "So far as is known, there is no correlation between one's faith or works in this world and one's state in the world or worlds revealed to us by these (i.e. discarnate) communications." "Some Aspects of the Problem of Survival" by Pamela M. Huby, Senior Lecturer in Philosophy, is good. "Religion and the Paranormal" by Professor Hywel D. Lewis displays a deal of commonsense. He puts the materialistic position in a general context by saying "if materialism is false, it must be shown to be so as a general account of behaviour and consciousness." "On the 'Psychic' Powers of Non-human Animals" by Professor C. W. K. Mundle is an exposition and assessment of alleged psi capacity in animals. He fails to see that psi in animals dismisses the notion that psi in humans is a development in a materialistic process. Psi is so spasmodic that it can be no more than a useless excrescence for materialism, but existing in humans, animals and probably plants, indeed in all forms of life, it could be regarded as intimations of a spiritual interpretation of the universe. "Explanations of the Supernatural"

by Professor Michael Scriven tries to show how the alleged supernatural can be reduced to a naturalistic position that is by implication materialistic. "Telepathy, Evolution and Dualism" by Professor Thakur is outstandingly good. The approach is empirical rather than linguistic. Professor Thakur finds mind in all life. It is not necessary to agree with him that minds merge into Mind. Individuality can so develop that individuality and community are correlatives.

With exceptions, the articles in this book display the aftermath of Logical Positivism and Linguistic Analysis. Until this aftermath becomes a thing of the past, scientists rather than philosophers will make the main contribution to psychical studies.

John L. Randall's book is in three parts, "Mechanism Triumphant," "Counter-Attack" and "Towards a New Synthesis." The first part is a masterly account of the development and increasing influence of materialism from the time of Darwin to the present day. The detail is exceptionally sound and shows a really thorough knowledge of the subject matter, presented fairly and without bias. In the second part he gives an exposition and history of the varying fortunes of parapsychology. Rightly he points out that despite the hope of the founders of the S.P.R. that psychical studies would lead to a spiritual interpretation of the universe, their approach was as scientific and objective as the science of their day. He further lays bare the bias and lack of true objectivity of the materialistic approach from Darwin to the present day. He notes that quantitative experiments in parapsychology and qualitative spontaneous instances confirm each other. He further demonstrates that experiments in parapsychology are repeatable, but not necessarily on demand, which is a different matter altogether. The author is just as much at home in the field of physics as he is in biology, and, after showing that the Newtonian concept of space and time led the 19th century physicists to create divisions in their picture of reality which have no basis in reality, he stresses how these false divisions still plague us despite the great and bewildering discoveries of modern physicists. The nub of the second part of the book is that to understand psi we need a greatly expanded concept of reality going far beyond that of present day science. The third part of the book is twofold; a devastating exposure of the defects of the general theory of materialism, some of the defects defying the expectation that time will remedy them; and a well supported conviction that the discoveries of modern biologists only press the question of the origin of life further and further back, until Mind has to be brought in to account both for the origin of life

and its direction from time to time throughout the processes of evolution. For example, much has been made of the possible production of life by experiments with amino-acids, but this was not a random process, yet randomness is a basic requirement of materialism, and it is most improbable that there could be time for such randomness to result in the emergence of life. Some experts hold that no amount of time would enable randomness to produce life. One can talk as much as one likes about modern materialistic views; they still boil down to the chance play of blind physical forces. Materialism works within a closed circle and by definition will get results within that circle, but this means that much has to be left out, including the data of parapsychology. For us the universe is an open system, requiring open minds in any attempt to understand it. Cuttingly the point is made that the field of the materialistic biologists ultimately rests on the mysterious and bewildering field of modern physics.

The author rightly holds that scientific method can be applied to all disciplines and well illustrates this view in his book. Indeed for him parapsychology may now claim pride of place among the spiritual sciences; for it was parapsychology that pioneered the world beyond the senses. He shows how mind can use the brain from birth, how another mind can use it in trance and how such a concept of mind is compatible with reincarnation.

The author cannot equate Mind with God because of the imperfections of the physical universe. This view is also held by one of the contributors to "Philosophy and Psychical Research." There is indeed much apparent waste and seeming cruelty in the physical world for which man is not responsible. We may well ask, however, do we really know enough to say that such apparent waste and seeming cruelty has no explanation consistent with the idea of God? It is most interesting that when one takes the best of alleged discarnate communications they are consistent and portray justice, infinite patience and love, qualities all consonant with the idea of God. Here are two planes of being, the physical and the one beyond the physical. If the second is consistent with the idea of God, then it would seem that if only we knew enough, so would be the first.

This is a really excellent book by a teacher of biology at Leamington College. It would appear that lofty academic status is no criterion for measuring the ability to make a telling contribution to the field of psychical studies. Readers of *Light* can safely recommend "Parapsychology and the Nature of Life" to those of normal intelligence who through no fault of their own have been conditioned by the materialistic climate of opinion.

G. S. W.

Jackson Knight: a biography, by G. Wilson Knight. (The Alden Press, £5.)

Jackson and Wilson Knight are brothers of strange distinction and shared destiny, as if some great inhuman writer chose through these siblings to make a related and extremely important statement. G. Wilson Knight, well known among many achievements for his Shakespearean studies, and now Emeritus Professor of English Literature in the University of Leeds, has performed a labour of love, acute interest and scholarship in this biography of his brother, the late Jackson Knight (1895-1964), once Professor of Classics in the University of Exeter and author of a number of extremely significant works on, among other topics, Vergil and Homer.

Both are and were bachelors, with original attitudes to the daemon of Eros, both eminent scholars, both had and have a great love for their remarkable mother and both—this is perhaps most significant to readers of *Light,* are and were dedicated Spiritualists.

The book is interesting on the family history of the Knights and is a penetrating and moving study of the brothers' relationship with their mother with whom, after her death, they kept in touch through mediums. It also has some valuable insights and criticisms of university life, schools and poetry. Their spiritualism was largely confined to mediumship and I am not aware that Wilson Knight or his brother had any more personal revelations of the supernormal. But they share a conviction that death is a mere means of entry into another mode of being, for which—just as the unborn child matures in the womb—we grow in this present dimension of time.

Jackson Knight is not only a very well written and readable book but full of that profound understanding of men and women which is a characteristic of Wilson Knight, and of which when Gregory Fellow of Poetry at Leeds I had personal experience, and a guidance for which I shall always be grateful. **T. B.**

The Loom of Creation. By Dennis Milner, D.Sc., F.I.M., F.Inst.P., and Edward Smart. (Neville Spearman, 1976. 320 pp. £4.95.)

It has long been known by physicists that if a high voltage pulsating electric current is passed through a photographic plate, visible light being excluded, patterns will be formed on that plate. Hitherto no special significance has been given to the various patterns that are produced as the characteristics of the apparatus and the nature of the alternating pulses are changed. Dr. Milner and Mr. Smart have, so far as I know, broken new ground in that they have made systematic experiments to find correlations

between the electrical conditions to which the sensitised plate is exposed and the patterns produced on the sensitised plate.

The experimental technique adopted is, in essence, simple. The photographic plate is incorporated in a sandwich in which it is placed between two metal plates and opposite to another glass or photographic plate, with an air gap between provided by a cardboard spacing frame. Then a high voltage (5,000 to 20,000 volts) is applied across the plates for a short period of time (p. 161). Further extensions of the experiments explore what happens when substances, both inert and living, are introduced within the sandwich.

The first step was to determine which of the many factors manipulated were significant in producing particular patterns. "Some types of phenomena were registered again and again; in other cases we registered something interesting and then 'lost it,' in the sense that some factor was involved which we could not determine and we therefore could not reproduce the result" (p. 159). They therefore simplified the experiments by replacing multiple ill-defined electrical impulses by a series of precisely reproducible single impulses. For instance, three such variants are illustrated (Fig. 54) by voltage-time graphs: (i) a sudden peak rising and falling in a very short period; (ii) the voltage rising rapidly, and decaying slowly, over a period some four times that of (i); (iii) voltage rising slowly and decaying rapidly, over same time period as in (ii).

Having evolved the apparatus and technique for obtaining reproducible results, the authors were faced with the difficulty which faces all pioneers working just beyond the fringes of established knowledge: the need to postulate a hypothesis. No well established structure of knowledge seemed to them as being capable of extrapolation into their field of investigation.

In seeking for an hypothesis the authors spread their net widely indeed. Their ultimate aim is "to gain some better understanding of the development of the human being and of the human situation in general" (p. 11). They called in aid depth psychology and the more extreme manifestations of the human mind classed as parapsychology. They write:

> "During these studies we became aware of substantial evidence for the existence of subtle forces underlying and associated with the physical world. These forces appear to have potential for understanding the psychic and psychosomatic phenomena that we have been studying and also for explaining form and function (life) in Nature . . ." (p.12).
>
> "Some aspects of the phenomena that we have observed would

be expected from known concepts of electrical behaviour; however, many other observations do not appear to be explicable in terms of such concepts, but they do appear to correlate with the etheric force concepts of objective mysticism. Thus we have had to seek to perceive also the relationship between objective mysticism, with its etheric force concepts, and the findings of established science" (p. 155).

To most conventional scientists research arising from such concepts as these may be uncongenial. It must be admitted that the presentation of their experimental *facts* (and few will want to cavil at the genuineness of many of the experimental results described) within a framework far transcending any theoretical thinking that has so far won general acceptance does not seem the most hopeful way of persuading other scientists to follow up their work. Yet followed it will be, if not in English Universities, then in those of USA and maybe Germany and Russia.

Any student contemplating research leading to a Ph.D. and seeking for a field of endeavour with more potential for breaking new ground than subjects usually chosen for such a purpose, would do well to read this book, and follow up some of the many lines of research it will suggest to him.

"We de not claim to have evaluated clearly any aspect of the field of study, we have sought only to determine whether there is such a field to be evaluated" (p. 230).

In my opinion, *this they have done.* There *is* a genuine field of study. It could, and should, be studied. And such study could be of a kind that need cause no blush to the cheek of the most orthodox and timid university don. K. S.

Lives To Remember—A case book on reincarnation. By Peter Underwood and Leonard Wilder. (Robert Hale, £3.60.)

Grandiose titles making extravagant claims by implication have no doubt helped to increase the number of those interested in the paranormal, but sadly, the books they have introduced have, too often, disappointed the serious seeker. So it is with relief that I find I can commend the title, form and content of this simply, but cleverly, entitled book.

The two authors write in tandem; together but separate. Leonard Wilder carries forward the story which tells how he, as a dental surgeon, became interested in the use of hypnosis about twenty years ago, and used the technique to regress a friend, and how in the state of trance, material was produced which could be interpreted as evidence of reincarnation. Peter Underwood, a psychical researcher and author, assesses and discusses the material. After Wilder's first three introductory chapters they

take turn about, so that each narrative chapter is followed by one assessing it. While some readers may find this a distracting procedure, I certainly appreciated this systematic opportunity to pause and think. The book is rounded off with bibliography and index.

The regression material is, for the most part, unremarkable, but what makes it valuable may be this very quality, allied to the obvious honesty of approach. This dental surgeon, one feels sure, is not out to capture the headlines. So one looks with sympathy into the "lives" of Sally Fraser in an 18th century farming community, of the elusive Liza, a London kitchen maid around 1800, and of Alice, the young crippled daughter of a rich man living somewhere in London. Alice is difficult to pin down; address uncertain, century uncertain, as though she were not taking the interrogation all that seriously. But she finally admits to the late 18th century, then casually and decisively enters the question-and-answer game herself by asking suddenly, "Are you one of my pretend people?" I confess to a moment of excitement there, for if we are indeed communicating with other lives, in other times, we must ask oursleves, how does (did) the act of communication affect them, and how is (was) it accomplished? During sleep-dreaming, during day-dreaming; how?

Peter Underwood's assessment and discussion treatment I found very helpful indeed. He succeeds in turning thought towards reincarnation as an explanation, but also reviews other possibilities such as role-playing, and allows one to remain uncommitted. Is the Akashic record idea a possible explanation? Steiner writes: "Now, there is something singular about the Akasha Chronicle. If we discover some person there, he behaves like a living being. If we find Goethe, for example, he may not only answer in the words which he actually spoke in his life, but he gives answer in the Goethean sense. . . ." Am I fanciful in taking this as a kind of commendation of this book's ability to stimulate? M. M.

DREAMS OF TRUTH

So remarkable is the quality of some of the dreams we have received from readers of *Light* (Thetis Blacker's dream of the Resurrection in this number is surely a revelation of inner reality beyond the personal) that we again ask readers to send us dreams that seem to them to have this character.

A. V. A.

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"The gap between mystics, occultists and scientists is now not nearly so wide as it was even a few years ago, as Mary Scott, an eminent psychologist of long experience, proves in this booklet." (*Science of Thought Review*, January 1976.)

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