LIGHT

WINTER, 1976 45 new pence

ROSAMOND LEHMANN

KATHLEEN RAINE

EDWARD AUBERT

MARY SCOTT

CHARLES GIBBS-SMITH

BRENDA MARSHALL

A JOURNAL OF PSYCHIC STUDIES

Single copy 45p, plus postage Yearly, post paid, £2.00

HARVEST OF LIGHT

Edited by NEVILLE ARMSTRONG,
published by Neville Spearman at £3.25.
(Please include 42p for postage if ordering from the C.P.S.)

A selection of articles which have appeared in LIGHT during the last ten years.

Contributors include:

PAUL BEARD
SIR RONALD FRASER
SIR VICTOR GODDARD
DR. MARTIN ISRAEL
DR. RAYNOR C. JOHNSON
ROSAMOND LEHMANN
GABRIEL MARCEL
W. TUDOR POLE
CYNTHIA LADY SANDYS
PETER UNDERWOOD

A Caring Service of Psychological and Personal Counselling

by trained counsellors at the
College of Psychic Studies
is now available both to members and non-members

Enquiries as to appointments and fees should be made to the Administrative Secretary, Miss Anita Somers.

LIGHT

A Review of Psychic and Spiritual Knowledge and Research

Founded in January 1881

Published quarterly in January, April, July, October by the College of Psychic Studies Ltd.

16 Queensberry Place, London, SW7 2EB

EDITORIAL BOARD

ROSAMOND LEHMANN *KATHLEEN RAINE*

PAUL BEARD

Vol. 96 No. 4 *Winter 1976*

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Editorial		146
Psychology, Reincarnation and the Permanent Atoms	*Mary Scott*	148
The Angels of Mons	*Charles Gibbs-Smith*	153
Discovery Group Script: Walter de la Mare		155
Living As If . . .	*Brenda Marshall*	167
Dreams of Truth	*"Pat," and Martha Hodgson*	170
Energy Fields Surrounding the Human Body	*Dr. Edward Aubert*	175
Home in Eternity	*"H"*	181
Book Reviews	*Dr. Kathleen Raine, A. G. E. Blake*	183
Books Received		188
Letters to the Editor		189

Copyright in all matter appearing in LIGHT is reserved to the authors and the publishers. It may not be reproduced or translated, either wholly or in part, without written permission.

LIGHT exists for the reasoned and courteous examination of all aspects of spiritual and psychic exploration and experience. The College does not necessarily endorse any opinion on any subject appearing in LIGHT. Those expressed in signed articles are the authors' own.

Editorial

A notice by M. H. of Martin Israel's latest book *Precarious Living* appeared in the Autumn number of *Light*. The views she expressed are deeply felt; and this Editor has no wish to quarrel with her main appreciations. His testimony, both personal and transpersonal is, as she says, moving and impressive. One area, however, is left unexamined: that in which M. H. touches on the subject of psychism and psychical communication—an area of particular interest to readers of *Light*. "He casts," says M. H., "a composed eye on psychic phenomena. . . ." It seems to one reader that the eye is not so much composed as grudging, sometimes severe, often curiously bifocal: that is, he appears at times to contradict himself; also—which is more disquieting—to become a shade dogmatic and prone to generalizations.

Dr. Israel's authority as a Christian mystic and theologist extends far beyond the Anglican Church in which he is now a priest. No adult students or experienced investigators in the CPS would reject his emphasis upon the paramount importance of spiritual values, or disagree with his strictures, e.g. on the dangers of self-delusion, of frivolous "dabbling," of becoming a mere message-addict; nor would they react except approvingly to his warnings of "treacherous undercurrents," "hazardous terrain," etc.; also to what he says of the empty rhetoric which characterizes certain psychic teachings. Who could disagree with Dr. Israel when he declares that "advocates of spiritualistic communication do not grow into fullness of being"? Who does, in our state of limitation here below? Again to quote: "Not every psychical current is divine." No indeed: nor every religious current. "True saintliness does not follow psychic communication." But what constitutes true saintliness? It "follows" no conscious activity or plan; it is no one's conscious aim or aspiration. It is a grace. "The psychic path comes to a dead end." Yes, for those of us who seek a spiritual path; not, presumably, for the "competent trained psychical worker" whom Dr. Israel recommends, whose aim is scientific and to whom God is on the whole irrelevant.

Finally, Dr. Israel declares that "psychism substitutes meretricious phenomena for God-inspired love in action, and self-inflating sensations for the peace of God which passes all understanding": A confused statement, though one takes his meaning. However, self-inflating sensations are surely the last to affect human beings in the darkness and despair of bereavement, and tremulously seeking hope and reassurance through mediumistic communication. True, mistakes, disappointment, disillusionment can follow, often through lack of preparation, not knowing what to expect, what to avoid, through general fear and tension (see Paul Beard's invaluable pamphlet *Hints on Consulting a Sensitive*); but often the outcome is relief, joy, humble gratitude, strength to put away grief, face loneliness, perhaps later support fellow beings in similar affliction.

It is true that isolated selves, both here and "on the other side," are endeavouring to reach out to one another; but why should this be condemned when the motive is a longing to break out from the prison of isolation? And why, I seriously wonder, should communication not be initiated from the living to the dead? Experience teaches us that when the spur is love, a deep human love, the initial attempt comes equally from both participants. It is a matter of reciprocity: that old bogey of "drawing them back" is instantly disposed of.

The Vision of God, says Martin Israel, is man's ultimate (if well-night unattainable) experience; but surely human love does, or can, help us to lead life sacramentally? After all, God is in human love, and human love is one of the myriad aspects of the divine. Even if we never manage to establish mental communication without the mediation of a sensitive, love can be trusted to provide a kind of spiritual asbestos suit, armoured in which we need not fear to burn our fingers; can begin perhaps to grow in compassion, reverence, insight, humility; above all in that spontaneous gaiety, that total non-solemnity which is a touchstone of true spirituality.

To conclude with another quotation, from a letter from a recently widowed friend: "He is so obviously with me all the time—as he said he would be—not only in this house . . . but everywhere. I don't want to be blasphemous, but it has given me a new view of 'Lo, I am with you always'."

Not blasphemous: the living truth.

R. L.

Psychology, Reincarnation and the Permanent Atoms

MARY SCOTT

IN my Oliver Lodge research thesis I explored some occult theories and concluded that, before they can be useful in developing parapsychology as a science, they need to be compared and systematised. At present there is a good deal of confusion both in the way terms are used and to exactly what they are being applied. This is to be deplored because science could do with some help from occult science. Academic interest in parapsychology is growing but, at the same time, orthodox science is not really equipped to deal with it. It simply will not fit the Procrustes bed of scientific method. Science deals with the general characteristics of classes of things, which is why it sets such store by repeatable experiments and mathematical formulations. It is not good with the uniqueness of individual things and tends to want to ignore it. This makes it a clumsy tool in the hands of the psychic researcher because in the exercise of paranormal skills and gifts individual differences are as striking as are common characteristics. Each healer, dowser, metal-bender and sensitive reacts in terms of himself as well as to the objective situation.

The more one ponders this dilemma the more one realises that as far as the study of human beings is concerned science has manoeuvred itself into a strait-jacket. It has itself created the paranormal by pushing so much of nature out of science into "supernature." To deal with people adequately it must re-think itself radically, or we must devise some supplementary discipline to treat rationally and systematically what science leaves out. I would prefer a modification of science and would like to see occult scientists helping to bring this about.

In *Science and Subtle Bodies* I tried to make out a case for a comparative study of occult theories as a first step in this direction. I will not rehash my arguments here but will try instead to carry a little further the enquiry into occult permanent atoms and molecular compounds, entities I mentioned only briefly in my monograph but which merit fuller treatment. They are, as it were, the fundamental particles of occult science. It has not been easy to dig out the relevant material which is scattered widely through the more abstruse branches of

theosophical literature. E. L. Gardner's lucid little pamphlet summarising the original work of H. P. Blavatsky, *The Imperishable Body,* was a valuable aid.

Blavatsky's permanent atom is an atom in the true sense. It is the ultimate, indivisible constituent of matter seen as a cosmic energy tending towards form. Matter everywhere is partnered by a principle of vivification which vitalises its forms. This principle of life or spirit is elusive. All energies such as electricity, magnetism, vitality, consciousness, which must be inferred but cannot be isolated are spiritual as opposed to material forces. All "bodies" at all levels are composed of both sorts of energies in different proportions. Evolution from an occult point of view is therefore not only cosmic but psychosomatic. Spirit and matter, life and form cannot be separated and creatures and the creation evolve together.

Prior to the genesis of our solar system the universe, according to Blavatsky, was a sea of seven types of permanent atom in a living flux. Some great being, called in *The Secret Doctrine* the Solar Logos, is predicated as putting a ring-pass-not round an area of this flux within which the solar system begins to evolve. It is part of this conception that Man is a cosmic archetype existing potentially in all created things as the human body is latent in the genes. In a sense the permanent atoms are cosmic genes and the whole solar evolution the slow unfolding of the potential Archetypal Man into Adam Kadmon, the Divine Man in full panoply. As on the physical plane structures develop under the influence of experience so also in the cosmos. Reincarnation is, therefore, as implicit in this evolutionary theory as the law of cause and effect; what reincarnates depending on the state of the evolving system. The Solar Logos must be presumed to be an Archetypal Man who has flowered elsewhere and can now produce solar systems as men build cities.

Once an area of "living stuff" is circumscribed the seven types of permanent atom seem to come under the influence of a solar field which organises them into seven spheres of activity. The two highest appear to consist of a formless fiery region structured only by the Solar Logos's will to create a universe. The nearest one gets to form seems to be the intention that accompanies this act of will. Sparks are then thrown off from this central fire, each of which is a monad containing five different permanent atoms. These atoms arrange themselves in spheres from the relatively structureless region of intuitive and oceanic mystical experience to the highly structured world of physical

activity. At each level the permanent atoms act as field forces gathering round themselves molecular compounds out of which develop the forms characteristic of their plane.

Each plane is thus a storehouse of material structures and at the same time a sphere of spiritual activity. The physical plane is the world we know in our physical bodies and within which we act in physical terms. Physical here includes all that is covered by chemistry and physics, and is divided in the thesophical literature into the sensible and the supersensible, or dense physical and "etheric." We already know a great deal about the behaviour of "animate" and "inanimate" matter on this plane. Orthodox science, however, has developed its atomic theories from the denser extreme and so is still discovering new atoms beyond the atom. Occult scientists would say it is discovering more and more of the plane's many molecular compounds.

The astral or emotional sphere is one which psychologists know something about from the consciousness side but which physical science cannot by definition enter on the form side; its instruments are of too low an order. Here, action is in terms of feeling, desire, instinct, and its forms, according to clairvoyants and astral travellers, share the fluidity of emotions. I suspect that scientists can only have direct access to this world if, like Rudolf Steiner, they systematically develop their own higher sensory apparatus. This is even more true of the form side of mental, intuitive and mystical experiences.

As the monad's permanent atoms gather round themselves structures of increasing complexity and solidity the forms which first eventuate are not human. Matter and bodies evolve through millenia, as we know. The point made in *The Secret Doctrine* is that all are parts of an essentially man-oriented evolutionary process, a collecting together and testing out of equipment from which man can finally be fashioned. After that it is the turn of humanity to undergo an inward tempering in the direction of the God-man implicit in the solar genes from the beginning. If this interpretation is correct, until the arrival of humanity the universe lacked a dimension called by theosophists the causal plane. The causal plane is the sphere of action of self-aware specifically human intelligence. It is a mistake, common in modern thinking, to regard man as another vertebrate animal. He is a distinct phylum with characteristics shared by no other species. He is the only creature which can manipulate objects subjectively before acting or deciding not to act. In this sense

he is the only creature with free-will. He does not adjust to his environment by slow modifications of his own structure over aeons of Darwinian time; he modifies his environment with increasing skill to suit his existing structure. The pace of his inward evolution, his capacity to create and destroy, has accelerated over the last 150 years not arithmetically or geometrically but by powers. To try to account for this without treating evolution as a psychophysical phenomenon hardly makes sense. It is the product of feedback between human intelligence and man's cultural heritage, the outward aspect of his *inward* evolution.

As the causal plane emerges out of the solar system as part of a cosmically determined process, the Ego comes into existence as the bearer of the blueprint of the individual's archetypal form. It must be distinguished from the ego with a small "e" which plays such a dominant role, often disastrously, in our ordinary earthly lives. If I am correct so far, each individual monad is a potential Adam Kadmon, containing within it a development programme covering the whole of cosmic time. The Ego's responsibility only arises when the human stage is reached. It is, as it were, the programme of the human growth period with no responsibility for the pre-human phases of the monad's existence.

Birth from this standpoint starts on the causal plane; the Ego, in a descending process, clothing itself in sheaths of molecular compounds deriving in turn from the mental, emotional and etheric levels until it finally reaches physical manifestation, birth as we know it. This is presumably what might be called a true birth, a complete incarnation. Dr. Ian Stevenson's work on reincarnation shows that many physical personalities closely resemble ones the individual appears to have worn in a previous life. In all the instances he cites where there is total recall of previous life circumstances the shared memories suggest shared sheaths. Birth into a new physical body here seems a special case of split personality rather than the incarnation of an entirely new person. This makes it easy to understand why most of Stevenson's cases involve recall of lives lived quite recently. More puzzling are cases like that of Edward Ryall whose book *Second Time Round* purports to describe in detail a life he lived in the seventeenth century. On a cosmic time-scale, however, there may not be much difference between ten and three hundred years; but it is noteworthy that Ryall has no recall of anything between his death in 1685 and his present life. As in schizoid splits of personality changes can be conscious, but how or where the change is initiated is unconscious.

The focal core of I-ness does not appear to be, on the basis of Stevenson's work, in the sheaths but to be, as occult theory suggests, in the Ego. This is quite compatible with the evidence that drugs and other physical factors can induce changes in one's *experience* of I-ness. One does not have to die and be born again to seem to be two persons in one skin. The experience can be produced hypnotically; actors can become the characters they play while they are playing them; schizophrenics like Eve of the Three Faces can suffer from a chronic propensity to it. "Reincarnates" like Edward Ryall may have changed their physical genetic patterns to adjust to a changed physical environment without undergoing a complete "death" or return, with progressive dropping of sheaths, to the Ego on the causal plane. Perhaps complete re-programming is not always necessary, and the lessons of a new life can be quite competently mastered without it. It is perhaps relevant that Ryall, as Fletcher, was a farmer who died by misadventure in the prime of life, while Ryall, as Ryall, again a farmer, did no such thing, having already topped his three-score years and ten.

In the light of these distinctions it seems possible that classical reincarnation theories may be oversimplifications. Stevenson's systematic collection of data is an instance of how a mind trained in scientific method but open to unorthodox explanatory concepts can bring about the sort of widening of science to include the paranormal which needs to be more generally practised. Sensitives and healers are not so much paranormal as human beings with faculties which have not yet been adequately researched. Like Stevenson, scientists want data. In the field of parapsychology this means facts about people prone to certain kinds of experience currently regarded as not "normal" and believed by many to involve a special psi faculty unevenly distributed through the population. As I suggested before, to regard psi phenomena as abnormal is an assumption of science. As I have tried to show here, it is not an assumption of occult science but rather the reverse.

Science has created "supernature" as Freud postulated "the unconscious," as a dumping ground for all the recalcitrant bits and pieces which do not fit on the Procrustes bed of the acceptable. The upshot of this is that science tends to split the material world into two, nature and supernature, and to accept responsibility for only its natural half. Similarly Freud split man's inner world into two, his conscious personal self and the wild and woolly Id, and absolved him from responsibility for what goes on in the latter. Thus there is a sort of 4-way split in our

thinking about ourselves made by the combined dualisms of natural science and psychology. This results in a muddled overlapping of the supernature bits pushed out of science and the paranormal bits pushed by psychologists into the unconscious. Compared with the damage this does to our knowledge of ourselves the tendency of those interested in "psychics" to generalise in advance of the data is the merest trifle.

No one with a scientific training can ignore the fact that occult science leans heavily on the seership of a relatively few great sensitives and many lesser ones. Its literature needs to be examined with the dangers of misinterpretation and subjective bias clearly in mind. It nevertheless has the great advantage that it makes distinctions within a single explanatory system. The major dichotomy between mind and matter has been avoided by cosmologies like the one I have been discussing because the "living stuff" of the universe is kept psychosomatic throughout: nature is never parted from supernature and conscious and unconscious are seen merely as manifestations of spiritual energies animating different kinds of mental structures.

The great weakness of occult science, as I have tried to show, is that the terms used are applied rather differently in different theosophical treatises; and it is not yet sufficiently clear to exactly what phenomena they are referring. This is why a comparative study of "the theosophies" is important and overdue. Until there is consensus about basic terminology it is difficult for those of us who wish to do so to offer our academic colleagues usefully edited esoteric theories in an unambiguous form. It is up to science to widen its ideas: it is up to occult science to bring together its various schools so that it can speak with a single voice.

The Angels of Mons

CHARLES GIBBS-SMITH

IN August of 1914 the outnumbered British Expeditionary Force fought a famous battle at Mons, in which they successfully kept at bay a huge German force until part of the hard-pressed French army could withdraw and take up new defensive positions.

From late in 1914, and throughout the War, men wrote, or told their families when home on leave, that friends at the front

had seen at Mons battalions of ghostly bowmen standing between the opposing armies, and either firing lethal arrows which killed the enemy, or scared them out of their wits, thus giving the British army the necessary support in their hour of need. The story is now an established legend, or even treated as a fact in some people's minds.

The truth is that there were no spirit bowmen, or angels of an avenging kind, at Mons. But the legend has passed into history, and only a few years ago I was quietly asked by my hostess at a party not to discuss the matter, as the dead husband of another guest had seen the angels or bowmen at Mons. But although there were neither angels nor bowmen, I am convinced that something just as interesting was seen on that famous battlefield in 1914.

On September 29th, 1914, a month after the battle, a short story appeared in a London newspaper entitled "The Bowmen," by the then well-known writer Arthur Machen. This was a story which told how St. George had conjured up his bowmen of Agincourt decisively to aid the British at Mons, and that these warriors were seen by the British troops. The story became extremely popular, and was reprinted widely by other journals, with Machen's permission. The idea of angels, by the way, soon came to embroider the story, and ultimately took it over, since we now always hear about the Angels of Mons.

In August, 1915, Machen republished his story, with additional material, under the title *The Bowmen, and other Legends of the War* (the Angels of Mons), in which he was at pains to point out that the Bowmen story was entirely his own idea, and was based neither on fact nor rumour of any kind. To his evident surprise, there then appeared next month a booklet, this time by Harold Begbie, with the title *On the Side of the Angels, a Reply to Arthur Machen*, in which the author disputed Machen's explanation, and suggested that the latter had received—without knowing it—a telepathic communication from a wounded or dying soldier at Mons, who had had a vision of the heavenly hosts. This, of course, could never be proved or disproved by anybody, least of all by Machen himself, who obviously could not explain how the idea of the story happened to enter his head.

Many years ago I explained in a BBC broadcast how the legend had been born, and how a very fine drawing by Forestier of the Bowmen—the caption giving full credit to Machen and

accepting the event as purely imaginary—appeared as a double-spread in the 1915 Christmas Number of *The Illustrated London News* (pages 22, 23); this illustration probably went to reinforce the legend.

What I now believe happened was that Machen either did receive some sort of telepathic communication—but ill-defined—or that a soldier on the battlefield was clairvoyant and repeated what he saw, which became twisted around and linked with Machen's story in the later and widespread repetition of the tale. And what he saw, or what Machen received by telepathy, was in fact not any other-worldly intervention by force, but the great throng of spirit-aids, or "deliverers," who always descend on battlefields or other disasters, to render their vital service of comfort and guidance to those who have been suddenly and violently killed, none of whom would have had time to make what Dr. Crookall describes as the call ahead to friends and relatives on the "other side," who can then attend the earthly dying to ease their passage across the frontier. There have been various accounts by clairvoyants—and indeed by others sufficiently gifted—who have been present at great battles, and have witnessed the amazing spectacle of thousands of deliverers constantly descending and ascending, taking with them their new "patients" to rest and recuperate, and finally to help them realise that they were no longer inhabitants of earth-bodies in an earth environment. It was someone who saw these deliverers at work who, I feel sure, started on its way the whole legend of the Angels of Mons.

Discovery Group Script: Walter De La Mare

In 1975 a group was formed whose purpose was to try to make contact, through "Chan," the spirit-guide of Mrs. Ivy Northage, with discarnate minds of outstanding quality and at a deeper level than is usually involved in mediumship of a more personal nature. This "Discovery Group" consisted of writers and others themselves engaged in intellectual pursuits.

The arrangement was that each member of the group in turn should take the part of leader, choosing the discarnate

person with whom we wished to communicate and bringing questions to be put, through Chan, to that person. Other members of the group would later join in the discussion that developed.

The group leader on this occasion was Rosamond Lehmann, the discarnate with whom we asked to speak, the poet Walter de la Mare.

DISCOVERY GROUP NO. 14. 8.11.74.

M. Now I wonder whom you have chosen today.

R. L. I have chosen a poet whom we all love and some of us remember. One or two of us had the privilege of knowing him on earth—Walter de la Mare. I knew him at the end of his life; occasionally I went to tea with him in his beautiful house; and he gave me two or three of his books. I had several letters from him: he might even just remember me.

M. Oh, I'm sure he does. Incidentally, he has a replica of his house here, that last house, the one I think that you must have visited. It was his favourite. He had many houses, but it was of the last one, the one that I think you must have visited, that he has made a replica.

R. L. There was a great tree outside the window which he loved to look at.

M. Exactly. He tells you that he has everything as it was. It had a beautiful prospect; which he felt was a great privilege in an overcrowded city.

R. L. I think he was one of the people who must have been very happy when he was released; he must have felt very much at home.

M. Yes. Yes, and without a great deal of mental adjustment. He was without a great deal of prejudice, of conviction that had to be eradicated, "tram lines," not so much of conviction, as various beliefs.

R. L. Well, he was a person of the true original romantic tradition of questioning, and of the inner world, the inner drama. He was a very tentative believer, with a great despair—a romantic despair.

M. Yes. He says, did you realise that he was constantly dissatisfied with what he wrote; not in a literary sense, but rather

that it was always so inadequate to express what he felt was there to be expressed. Not from his own want of technical ability but because of the truth that was untapped. A very gentle man; he had no sharp edges to his voice, which is a little unusual with such ability. And he had no jealousies as such, he coveted nothing, only knowledge. If someone had, or appeared to have, an acquisition of knowledge that he felt was beyond his scope, he would then say he envied them; but not in a malicious sense: he envied only their capacity to reach that level.

R. L. And yet I can feel that the person of great humility that he was would always be dissatisfied; and I would say that he had, he wrote out of, a deeper spiritual experience than most poets of his time.

M. Yes, indeed, and he wrote from hunger, from this longing to find words to meet the effect of that which he felt, and knew was there to be discovered, and therefore the words seemed always inadequate.

R. L. And yet they were so beautiful.

M. Oh yes, but you must understand he was the bearer, the creator of his own composition. He had not many close relationships—did you know that? Not many close friends, though he knew lots of people.

R. L. Great admirers, and different women. He speaks often in his poetry as if he'd had a great grief, a great tragedy, in love, a great betrayal, but I don't really know.

M. This could have come in his early days, I think, when he was quite unaware of his own sensitivity. Living in that somewhat protected Victorian England, protected in the sense that the standard was really, in a sense, of the period and very inhibiting, I think he would have poured out his heart probably to somebody who was not ready to receive his fullness. If he did have such an experience he sublimated and redeemed it through his poetry, but he does not mention it factually. He speaks of his somewhat eccentric dealings with the society in which he moved, in which he was never properly understood. I don't mean eccentric in any odd behaviour, merely his separation from standards of propriety.

R. L. Yes, that's true. I wonder if you can ask him this: why was his world such a miniature world? He published a remarkable novel called *Memoirs of a Midget*; in fact his eye seemed microscopic.

M. Yes. I think this was due to his incapacity to get the breadth of what he knew was there. Everything therefore became reduced in scale in his understanding; and yet he knew that the reduction was an involuntary one. But nonetheless there was an expansion beyond it, if only one could see beyond the miniature approach. I think this limited size of everything would also be a manifestation of his frustration.

R. L. I see; that's very interesting. I never understood it, and I've never heard of anybody who wrote about him explaining it in that way.

M. I don't think he could have explained it himself, in those days. You must remember, what I am getting at is the breadth of spiritual expansion which enables the individual to interpret and understand. The discarnate can see themselves now as they really were in spiritual terms, and understand the limitation and frustrations of physical restrictions.

R. L. Yes, the sense of that is very strong in his poetry; and beyond it this enormous expansion which he tried to grasp.

M. Yes; he knew it was all there, you see; and he would offer this kind of miniature example. It might also interest you to know that he found a great deal of his poetry in colour—that words were colour to him; when he was searching for the right word for his thought or inspiration, he would frequently identify it with colours. Certain colours related to certain words.

R. L. Yes, there is a great deal of colour in his poetry: brilliantly plumaged birds, and flowers; but there was very little sun; and a lot of stress on moon, stars, twilight and dawn.

M. Yes; again these half discoveries, these vergings upon; always the real thing was out of reach, you see. Your spiritual sensitivity, now, is inhibited by your mental restriction whilst in the body; but when you are released, all these things will be as easy for you to understand as they were for him, once he was released.

R. L. Yes, I understand. I am a lover of romantic poetry, and what he wrote appealed to me when I was young.

M. Oh yes, it would, because of your own spiritual sensibility. Another very interesting thing: he had a great capacity for love, and yet could not identify with what the world would have called, in his time, good works; he had no use for close proximity with humanity. He himself would have said

he had no real compassion; of course, he did have compassion, and his feelings would have been completely devastated by any close proximity with real distress. He protected himself by a certain detachment which he rather deplored; but because he was much too honest, he did nothing to alter it. He was not at all a benefactor to society, not in any practical sense.

R. L. Was he a conscientious objector during the war?

M. He says No to that; but he was not a participant, so if it was a voluntary thing then he did not volunteer. No, definitely not, he says not, because he had every respect for those who felt that fighting was the way to protect their homes. "I had nothing to protect, therefore there was no justification in taking up arms." You see there, again, his complete detachment. He was an isolationist in many, many ways.

R. L. A great deal of his work is full of a sense almost of nightmare, isn't it?, and horror of a sinister kind; a witches' world, the world of witches.

M. Yes. There is a very real awareness of the dark side of life and the recognition of the need to protect; and yet at the same time of the awful fascination, of the reality of its existence. The shades of creative art are such that they know no demarcation lines, so you can move very easily from one shade to the next.

R. L. He seems to have had an affinity with the Devic world.

M. Yes, this too.

P. B. You spoke rather as if he had many surprises after he went over. Would he like to say anything about that?

M. Not surprises so much as a realisation that what he thought was an inhibition or a restriction was a doorway, an entrance to a room; that if only we had trusted ourselves a little more we would have found our way into this room. Surprises in the sense that the key was in our hands and we didn't recognise that it was a key; I think that would be one of his greatest surprises. You see he worshipped knowledge; not knowledge for knowledge's sake, but knowledge in the sense that it translated what he understood as the inspiration, or the beauty, that he tapped by way of his poetry and his other writing. He was a very serious minded man; he pondered, and in his reflections he would write essays, and various notes upon his

thoughts. He was constantly seeking; and so when he discovered that he had his key all the time, he realised what it would have been to have made use of it, instead of the interminable searching and frustration. The searching seemed only to give rise to yet another obstacle, and yet another. The surprise, the joy was in this discovery.

R. L. I was re-reading a poem of his called "Self to Self" in which he almost comes to a positive conclusion but not quite.

M. No, he could never quite conclude it, but so nearly; and this was, again, the surprise to which you refer.

He speaks of a hereafter as something he had slight experience of in his own "travelling." He would not have known this as astral travelling, as it obviously was, but he definitely knew the experience of spiritual release that gave him access to levels of consciousness that he thought were dreams. He thought these were manifestations of a type of consciousness of which he was aware, but never understood; and when he got here yet another surprise was that his travellings, as he called them, had reality in the spiritual environment. He talked, to himself, about his "soul travelling." You may or may not know about this, I can't quite get from him whether he made written reference to it; I rather doubt that he would have done so, simply because it would have had a nightmarish effect; people might have considered that he was a little unbalanced; and so perhaps he didn't mention it; but certainly he experienced it.

R. L. Certainly dream was one of his favourite words.

M. Yes, he had a great field of experience in dreams; he would say "I dreamed it," and then he would find, as nearly as possible, the words to clothe his dream. This brings us back to "colour." The English language is immensely fluid in this sense, that you can find many words meaning the same thing with different degrees of emphasis—and he would differentiate between the degree of emphasis according to its colour; the colour in which he experienced that particular aspect or part of his dream. Again, he wouldn't talk about it to anyone. This was the essence of his own composition. The means by which he produced it is not usually of great interest, unless you have such a gathering as this. In normal circumstances people are only interested in end results, not in the way you obtain them.

R. L. Was he—I can't remember much about his background, whether or not it was just an ordinary middle class

background—was he always a poet and nothing else? Did he have a profession?

M. He seems to suggest some legal possibility; I don't know whether he was encouraged to read law, or do something of that nature; but no, he never trained for anything; he calls himself a sort of wanderer. I think he would attach himself to various activities but very quickly realise that they were not for him. He seems to have been reasonably, if frugally, well off financially; either he had a private income or an allowance that was enough for his somewhat moderate needs.

R. L. He had a wife, of course; I never knew anything about her.

M. It was a companionship rather than a love match; very compatible, a very easy relationship. She did not attempt to understand his mind, so there was a kind of mental starvation in that respect; but since he did not expect anything else, there was no frustration involved.

E. J. The most vivid sensation of colour I think I've ever received was through a poem of his—I think it was called "The Land of Nod"—it was about the rose-drenched sky. The context is so vivid, it's like seeing it.

M. He talks about this word-colour a great deal, and now recognises the significance of it much more clearly. He related it to what he called his dream-stages, which were in effect spirit travelling into a spiritual sphere where he received his inspiration.

R. L. Yes; stepping "out of the dream of wake into the dream of sleep," as he wrote once.

M. He was very much influenced by these experiences and he's just told me that you'll be interested to know that in a previous incarnation he was a monk, and that that would explain his aesthetic sense.

P. B. Could he have been an English monk?

M. I don't know, I must wait for that—No, no, no, French.

Q. His name perhaps suggests a connection with that.

R. L. It's a beautiful name—Walter de la Mare.

M. You might be interested also in his comment upon modern poetry—for myself I know nothing whatever about

poetry, but he remarks upon your modern poetry as being much too angular. He said there is no flow of rhythm.

P. B. His life as a monk may very well explain his temperament in this life, but not necessarily how he arrived at his poetry. Might there have been seeds of his poetry in an earlier life?

M. Yes, this could well be; but you must remember that incarnations are, or can be—they need not necessarily be so but they can be, entirely unrelated. In many of your lives you tend to explore and concentrate upon one thing to the neglect of another; not deliberate neglect so much as that your inclinations and purposes have removed you from experiences of a certain kind. In his case it could well be that he separated himself entirely from the world, and as an interim stage towards coming back into the level of physical or human contact, he undertook this middle path, this intermediate state. Again you get the persistence of his characteristic withdrawal from humanity; this could have been something left over; but then he had to deal with people, in that he was of the world, not out of it as in his days as a monk. You do find such intermediary stages, frequently with those who have been almost fanatical in their religious withdrawal from the world.

P. B. I would think they would find it very difficult to adjust to a new life.

M. Exactly. Many homosexuals were monks—again this intermediary state.

G. G. You spoke, Chan, of his remembering his life as a monk; on passing over is there a recall of previous lives—can one perhaps see causes and effects, aims and so on?

M. Not immediately; you must understand that this has a truly spiritual importance, it really has no connection with physical experience. Your physical experience is merely the overcoat, or the machinery that you have used to manufacture your tool, as it were. So it is really an experience that you will enjoy only when you have become dissociated from this immediate incarnation.

R. L. I imagine you'd live it rather than watch it.

M. We have no memory as you have. As you talked about your delight in his beautiful house, he was with me immediately and showed me the replica he was still aware of. Had he not been already there, he would have been immediately there again.

R. L. Would he say he'd had a happy life? I get the impression from reading a lot of his poetry this week that he was melancholy.

M. I think he had a sense of his separation (which could be left over from the monastic life), or dissociation from the things that pleased his family. He seems to have been a person who didn't fit in with the pattern of his contemporaries in age, or of his elders; and he seems to have been very early in his life aware of this separation. This would produce not so much a melancholy as a loneliness of spirit. He wasn't, strictly speaking, an unhappy man; he was solitary, and he was lonely in the sense that he recognised that he had nothing really to share with those around him.

R. L. He had a great sense of the horrors of cruelty, in his poetry.

M. He would be horrified by cruelty, he could not understand people behaving in this way, but he wouldn't take any active steps to prevent it. I think this could well be the density that he still requires. I think he is too light in substance, and this could well be something through which he has still to pass.

R. L. Yes, there is something—a sort of gossamer—in his poetry.

M. Yes, a kind of transparency. There is in his spiritual identity definitely what I can only describe as a transparency, an unrelated contact. It's not unreal; it's not the unrelatedness of somebody who lives in fantasy, but an absolutely honest dissociation from the reality of the world around him. He wasn't an unhappy man in your sense of the word. It was definitely an acknowledgment of his difference that at first could have caused him unhappiness as a young man perhaps, or even as a child. One does dislike, at that age, being different; but when he had learned that it was impossible for him to be other than he was, I think he learned to love himself in his own particular identity.

R.L. He had a great deal of recognition; he wasn't neglected.

M. Not at all; he didn't care about this one way or the other; and this often creates an atmosphere of success, paradoxical as that sounds. Very often the very detachment can create something in people that is unrelated to the usual standards of success. I think people instinctively recognise worth; and we can negate our worth by our efforts to convince people that we are worthy. If you can produce something

unadorned, whose quality people can see, it's that much more acceptable. But I don't think it is thought out logically or in any way rationally, it's a purely instinctive response. A publisher, or a critic, or a lover of poetry, could respond to it. His imagination moved in a world of blue-stockings, and the various types of somewhat dried-up persons, spinsters and such, rather outliving their time. He had a great regard for such people; he felt intensely sorry that they were misfits. He had this lovely penetration, but it was never followed by any desire to do anything in a practical sense. That deep coloration is almost always accompanied by a desire to minister, to instruct, a desire to serve; he had the penetration, but he didn't care whether you liked what he said or what he did about it; this was his picture, his painting, or photograph, and what you did about it was no affair of his. But he didn't want to come down and share it with you.

R. L. Yes, that's what made him so original and delightful. I hope he knows how grateful his readers are for the gratitude he expressed for the beauty of the world, and its delights and marvels.

M. This was his love, his harmony, his association with nature. This was his way, if you like, of thanking God. He talks of having very muddled concepts of God; he had, he says, bouts of religious excursions; in his own dream world, again; I'm not talking about any practical participation. He talks about his dream-like excursions, his religious excursions through this dream-like experience.

R. L. Nothing orthodox.

M. No, nothing orthodox, but the sure knowledge that there was something. And his hunger, his longing to be sure, comes over very well.

R. L. Is he interested in the world—I mean our world, now?

M. Not particularly; except that he says it is an age of literary mediocrity. I was about to tell you that he has had many conversations with Charles Dickens, whom he says he met briefly, so I think he must have known him perhaps in his very young days. He talks of meeting him briefly; but Dickens has a graphic, pictorial way of writing that would appeal to your friend.

R. L. A similar taste for grotesqueness of character.

M. One note would respond to another. He says he met him only briefly, he does not stress that he knew him intimately. I don't think his writings would have appealed to him in those early days, but at a later date he came to value the pictorial energy of Dickens's writing.

R. L. I would have thought Thomas Hardy would appeal to him too.

M. No, a little too slow I think, a little too ponderous; he doesn't have the sharpness and colour.

R. L. Somebody suggested Emily Brontë—I can't see that myself.

M. No, he dismisses that entirely. Of Emily he says she was much too dictatorial, again in a literary sense; "she declares, she does not suggest," he says.

R. L. What about poets like Henry Vaughan, poets of the 17th century? I'm sure he liked them.

M. Again there was a peculiar dimness about that; a mist that comes from something not entirely real in the consciousness of the communicator. I suggest that Vaughan doesn't, or hasn't, made a very deep impact.

P. B. A poet with whom he did seem to make a good, if brief, relationship was Edward Thomas; I wonder if he had met him?

M. Yes; he seems to relate that to some kind of military connection; would you understand that?

P. B. Yes, you're perfectly right.

M. As soon as you said that I felt there was khaki, and marching, and that atmosphere, so I can only deduce from that that it was a military one. He talks of his being somewhat intermittent in his grasp of his own idealism—again poetically—and of his needing to have more stability; I wonder if that's the right word; something that required a greater hold. When you talked about Henry Vaughan, you see, with whom there is not a clear association, it is as if I go into the mist; I'm looking for something that's a little bit beyond my vision. But when you talked about this Edward Thomas, immediately I was looking at the puttees and boots and khaki of that particular war. These had a solidity that would confirm a positive relationship.

R. L. He had a friend—the friend who took me first to see him—called Eleanor Farjeon.

M. Oh yes, the lady with the vivid red hair, he says; but perhaps she hadn't vivid red hair.

R. L. Not when I knew her, no.

M. He refers to her as the lady with the vivid red hair—and the musically tinkling laugh. She was extremely vivacious. Yes, I think he must have known her in her younger days.

R. L. I think he must have, I think they were the same age. And she became very deeply religious.

M. He seems to have wiped that out; he seems to be knowing her more when she was younger. That has no solidity for me, I see her as a very beautifully gowned, very elegant lady with hair piled rather high, and an extraordinary vivacious and magnetic personality. He found her tremendously attractive then, but apparently the later personality has no appeal, because he doesn't bring that into it at all. He knew one or two statesmen at that time too.

R. L. Towards the end of his life he was obsessed by time, wasn't he? He wrote and thought and talked interminably about time.

M. He had no clear concept of a hereafter; he wanted to believe, but he wasn't by any means sure that there was anything. All his life he had been pursuing this concept, and old age was overtaking him. I think he must have a very close link with your thought, because he relayed almost instantaneously to me: "I had no concept of old age until I was old, and then I panicked." Somebody asked me if he had much association with the present world. I think the answer to that is no. He doesn't really have any warmth towards the world. I think he would respond on the thought wave of anyone finding comfort or beauty from his writings, because this would be a bond, this could not help but bring a flow of response; but apart from this I think he has very little association with the world as such; he's not at all interested, but then he wasn't when he was here. When we talk about their not coming back to the world, we don't mean they're dissociated from you on the level of thought; indeed he has proved to you, he instantaneously responded; and in the same way were you writing, and something you wrote made you think of him, he would instantaneously respond to that thought. While there is memory there is love. But I do want to reiterate that one's

knowledge here in the spirit world is limited to the level that one occupies, and that someone perhaps more elevated, more advanced, might give you, not so much a different picture but a wider field; so that when you ask your questions and get your answers alway bear that in mind. I don't want to give it to you as the whole truth, only the truth as far as I'm able to understand and explain it.

Note: I was a good deal puzzled by Walter de la Mare's reference to Eleanor Farjeon's "vivid red hair" and other attributes. She was elderly and white-haired when I knew her, but I felt almost sure she had never been a redhead!

A few months later I went to see a friend called Sara Jackson, poet and actress; and noticed (not for the first time) how she wore her still bay-red hair piled high on top of her elegant head. I was impelled to ask her how well she had known Walter de la Mare. "Very, very well," was her reply. She had often sent him her poems and had clearly had a close friendship with him. Everything in his description of her fits!—her laugh, her vivacity, her beautiful taste in clothes. It was S. J. he so vividly remembered—not E. F. He and I were, in fact, talking at cross-purposes! Names still eluded him—as they did on earth. One must assume that he and E. F. were not "affinities."—R. L.

Living as if . . .

BRENDA MARSHALL

ANY serious seeker after life's deeper values, and particularly one who has found his way into a religious or Ageless Wisdom stream of teaching, may question whether accounts allegedly from discarnate worlds tell us anything that is not contained in the classic streams of religious and spiritual thought. Like the sceptic, he may well ask what is the point of seeking knowledge from discarnate sources in face of the obvious difficulties and pitfalls.

The quality of spiritual teaching, from whatever source, is something that only individual resonance to it can measure; at a general level, accounts of life after death, in all their variety, have this great value: their message is immediate and relevant.

These accounts may be no more than hypothesis but they are not a theory; they speak of personal experiences, of consequences that follow courses of action. Growth is shown not as accretion but as a stripping down. Discarnate communications offer in a peculiarly accessible way an idea of the fluidity on which the life process is based: that it proceeds, whether in or out of the body, by affinity. Their message is inescapable: responsibility cannot be shifted, it is placed in an immediately intelligible way on the individual. Furthermore, they enable one to grasp the essential continuity of life, the lack of arbitrary divisions between earth life and what follows. This concept of continuing consciousness is the only hypothesis of survival that satisfies the demands of reason, whether sceptically inclined or not. By showing us not sharply contrasted images of "Heaven" and "Hell" but how it might feel to continue life at various levels of being, these accounts provide a framework for exploring the ideas at a deeper level and testing them against life experience.

Albert Pauchard speaks of a rich man who lost much of his wealth, though retaining modestly adequate means. However, so obsessed was he by his own feeling of poverty that after a premature death he appeared clothed in rags and shrinking away in shame from contact with others.[1] Many accounts tell of discarnates encased in the shell of their own ideas and imprisoned in the often most unpleasant circumstances that reflect these. (Even lofty ideas, while held too rigidly, can form a barrier it would seem.) Only as they become less impervious and learn to open themselves to a different state of awareness can these unfortunates change their surroundings.

> ". . . feelings and emotions . . . attract their likes and *bring together those who have cultivated them—for their mutual joy or mutual discomfort, according to each case.* So that there forms all around us a *world created according to our own nature.*"[2]

All the great religions, of course, contain the teaching that we reap what we sow, but the impact of this as a moral precept is not so immediate. Systems of spiritual or moral law can lead to man-made ideas of justice. We think we know what we are: that we *could* be better if only we made the effort, and tomorrow we will. But the picture that emerges from discarnate accounts strikes home and shakes this complacency. It shows a process

[1] *The Other World,* Albert Pauchard, p. 22.

[2] Idem., p. 26.

actually taking place now and which will continue inexorably after we die, whereby we experience precisely what we are at every level of our being; and the only way to stop the unpleasant affinities is actually to change that part of our being. Affinity would seem to be the mechanism by which one's prayers are answered, and likewise the sometimes disastrous three wishes in the cautionary fairy tale.

Some traditions have created a taboo which still deters many sincere people from considering seriously the possibility of discarnate communication, still less allowing it to have a place in their lives. They feel it is somehow wrong and may even be harmful to loved ones now adapting to life in other worlds. This taboo has become more than a needed warning about sensation-seeking and the dangers arising from wrong motive in this, as in any other, human activity. Sceptics sometimes even speak as if comforting the bereaved by telling them that life continues after death is not only false but in some way morally wrong. But supposing they were right, that life ends with the death of the physical body and has no meaning in any wider context, of what possible harm could one more illusion be? If one looks at this subject with a fresh and open mind, it is surely not possible to find anything wrong or harmful in directing thoughts of love, support and interest to those not physically with us, as we would do if they were separated from us in the world; and to hope to evoke a response that we may become aware of, either directly or through the help of a sensitive. Such thoughts maintain the relationship in a positive way and must make for a more meaningful reunion. Myers talks of ideas being dropped into our consciousness, sometimes without awareness of this on our part. Simply being open to the possibility that this might be so can open new horizons.

Ideas are sterile until one relates to them and as with other relationships can only be explored through experience. To open oneself to the picture of osmosis, of like finding like, which emerges from discarnate accounts, and to live with it for a while, profoundly affects one's ideas of the nature of consciousness. Understanding life as a process of affinity has practical value as a compass, enabling us to glimpse inner bearings from the totality of our outward circumstances. Like water finding its own level, it seems, the various layers of a person's being will be in contact with what corresponds to the balance point of his nature at any given moment. Thus our circumstances mirror what we are. This seems obvious in some cases, not so in others; it is complicated by the manifold layers of our being. What we are,

and what our outward circumstances reflect back, is an aggregate of the various levels of our total being, moving or stagnating, each at its own pace, resulting in the stresses and imbalances inherent in growth.

This from another angle, of course, is akin to the individuation process indicated by Jung: the regeneration of our total being. Each individual is a universe of consciousness and the only way to cast off base elements is by transmuting them. What is needed is not the attempt to remain in one's "highest" part, but by its light to start redeeming the whole. Systems of esoteric thought, at the level at which they are often taken, can tend in practice to foster the idea that there is a difference between "life" and "spiritual life." Yet some part of our being must necessarily always be in contact with what, relatively, is evil or limited. The need is to be conscious of where this border lies at any moment and to handle it in the direction of transformation. This seems something that will be demanded of us in discarnate life as a mode of being. All spiritual teaching is about changing the direction of the energies, the elemental life in involution, man striving towards evolution. When the dividing line of the body is removed at death, it appears that one will have to experience the totality of what one is.

Openness, it would seem from the accounts, is the technique we are going to live by when we leave the body. Openness is the technique of love, personal or the kind that makes the world go round: not to exclude or separate, nor cling to what we have. It is the means by which man will ultimately be brought into harmony with the Divine Unity. From the picture which emerges of a life process in constant motion in which all are inescapably and unceasingly involved, it becomes apparent that ultimately the only valid motives for human behaviour are love and joy. Perhaps a special contribution of discarnate testimonies is that they make this unlikely truth intelligible.

Dreams of Truth

"PAT"

The series of dreams that is given below are the record of a remarkable inner experience of a mother who in tragic circumstances lost her only son. Following his death came first a long period of blank despair and anguish and the break-up of

her own life. Gradually grief gave place to inner transformation; and the dreamer has emerged from her sorrow with a knowledge so deepened that she is able to help many who come to her. At a certain stage in her inner transformation she found that she had been given unusual powers of discerning the spiritual condition of other sufferers, and the power of healing both physical and spiritual ills. Her experience is one more moving confirmation of the truth that the valley of sorrow may be a well where we can drink the water of life, and experience the depth of God's mystery. The writer tells her own story:

Dear friends,

Around three years ago, and following six months after the death of my son, I became clairaudient, and began to experience a violent uprush of psychic and mystical experiences, precognitive dreams and visions, pictures and emotions from the past lives of myself and others, communications from the dead, and out of the body visits to the living. This relentless and unbalancing activity led me from death to rebirth, to an initiatory inner journey leading back from Teresa of Avila's dark corridor ending in a muddy hole, to a point where it was only sensible, and obviously required of me, to offer my free will and consciously replace it with the will of God for the rest of my life's pattern.

At the same time I was completely ignorant of anyone, or any societies or literature, who might have reassured me that this experience, which I regarded as a supreme misfortune, was not unique, except for Joan of Arc (voices) and Job (tribulations), neither of whom offered comforting analogies. I harboured, and perhaps still do, a grievance, a worried feeling that perhaps this whole situation had been set up around me, depriving me of any choice: a sense of being manipulated.

The first dream after the transformation started was a crying dream. I had a little girl and we were in Blackpool, there were seas of people and we were both very small, the child was 7 or 8. I held her hand tightly but she was wrenched away, I knew if she went to the swimming-pool she would drown. I rushed about but I never found her, and knew she was drowned, waking in tears. When I was a child I spent a few days in Blackpool, hating it and refusing to go anywhere but the swimming pool, it seemed like hell, people everywhere and noise. I thought the child was wish fulfilment, having lost my son, but afterwards felt it was myself: this new life that had started when the old one finished, was young and could not cope with crowds of people,

could easily be overwhelmed and drowned. Actually I was having a lot of trouble with my friends, who felt that hearing my son's voice was a mental breakdown, and I ought to go into a mental hospital and have treatment. The litle girl wasn't very attractive, but she was mine.

During this time the visionary experiences stopped being so frightening; there had been a period when I had to think about good and evil, the vision was a statue of God, all light and beautiful, then a blink and the same statue became black and menacing; he was telling me that he was both good and evil. I had to work out the apparent duality of pain, suffering, evil, through to the oneness of God. I'm just reaching the beginning of the awareness of this now, and certainly wasn't up to it then. Everything was in paradoxes at one stage, my mind was painful with tiredness.

Then in a vision I was given what was called the true communion. I thought it was something religious people would know about—I asked the Abbot of Downside if he knew what I meant, and was upset when he didn't. It was given in the presence of God, and after that I realised I'd not be allowed to go too far wrong, though I still had a lot of anguish. It is not possible to describe it fully, it was in the presence of God, and I was comforted by feeling that whatever happened now the responsibility was off me. I hadn't before then accepted the idea of formal communion, believing that life ought to be a state of communion and that it is wrong to set up different levels. However this happened to me: in a state of heightened consciousness I was given to eat of the body of Christ, and into my cupped hands was placed a little shallow saucer dish, in which was one drop of his blood. I was told it would remain for ever on my tongue, and my job would be to kiss the foreheads of the children of God and the hands of his messengers, and kindle the eye of the soul through the raising of consciousness, which I was told is raising the vibrations of people, also of animals and minerals, to work for the raising of the vibrations of the planet, which we need to save us from destroying ourselves. I perceived God as a "full empty space," which is the only way I can describe it. I had no doubt that what was taking place was utterly real, but couldn't understand it, and particularly why it should be happening to me. I think perhaps some of the situations I was placed in were of extreme psychic danger, and this was a form of protection.

Realising more, I offered myself for the rest of my life to

be a channel for whatever he wanted to work out. The night I was brought to the point of offering my self-will for the rest of my life to God's purposes, I experienced a kind of hallucination, what Jung calls a big dream. I was in a large dark old house, all heavy black beams and panelling, candle lit. A party of soberly dressed elderly people stood around a white clothed buffet table having a meal. I observed this from a white draped coffin, propped up on the table and surrounded by candles in branched torah candlesticks: I thought of Hildegard of Bingen, whose transition at the age of eight to the life of a nun was symbolised by a night spent lying in a coffin in the convent chapel.

At the same time I was frantically searching through the guests, trying to identify the owner of the house into whose service I had rashly, I felt, bound myself as a sort of housekeeper nurse. The job was to be for life, and I felt I had made a mistake in agreeing to such a commitment without finding out first what he was like, as I had not yet met him. I gathered from various guests that he was very old, never appeared downstairs—he lived all the time at the top of the house; he seemed to be unpredictable, perhaps even frightening: each observation added to my uneasiness.

At last all the guests had gone, and, terribly afraid, I decided to escape. I ran to the enormous old door, and started to undo a series of heavy bolts, in a panic to get away unobserved; only to find that the door was locked, there was no key, and escape was impossible, as all the windows were barred. I woke up with the realisation that I was trapped for ever.

(I was worried about what I'd let myself in for, I think; I didn't really trust him and I'm not sure I do now.)

This dream closely symbolised my waking feelings, only more dramatically. Neither a childhood filled with religious and psychic experiences, nor adult Quaker convictions, had prepared me for falling into the hands of the living God, for a realisation that immanent in every molecule of matter, and transcendent throughout all eternity, there is neither escape from this Love, nor concept to explain it. Comfort comes from reading the words of others who have had the same experience, because although it is an evolutionary step which is unique to each individual, yet it becomes easy to identify one's fellow journeymen, and more than a little courage can be gained by finding oneself of their company.

The third dream was helpful. I was made to understand

I was going to be given some help; so far I'd had to battle alone, but now I was going to be sent to talk to an elderly man, a doctor, who would know what it was all about and would help me. I was shown the kitchen of his flat, and told certain things: he was very old, over 80, lived alone, with a part-time housekeeper who brought food and put it into the fridge, tidied up, etc. I saw myself looking in the phone book, I saw the address and phone number; I vaguely knew the block of flats on Lansdown Hill, but in the dream was worried about parking the car; so in the end I decided not to phone him. It was a cheerful dream, I felt help was on the way, having tried lots of people to get explanations without much success.

Shortly after, through a long chain of coincidences, it was arranged for me to have a talk with Dr. Guirdham, and though he lives at Bathford I thought of course he must be the doctor of my dreams; he was very kind and helpful, you can't imagine the relief! I couldn't tell him much about it, but what I did manage to tell him he took quite calmly and confirmed what I really knew, and know—that I'm a very sane person, despite all the pressures. His housekeeper opened the door, and as I didn't meet his wife, I thought most of it fitted.

(The most recent dream was communicated in a letter dated October 1976:)

The other night I had another of those hallucinatory dreams, sort of night visions. There was a girl sitting at a round table in a state of indescribable woe, insupportable to me because I couldn't see how to help her. Lots of people come here like this, this girl I think was a composite: I knew she was "my children" and the round table she was leaning on was the world. I was in unbearable agony, she was there with the pain of experiencing life's harshness pouring through her, and I couldn't take it from her. So much she needed a mother; I could touch her but not fuse with her, our flesh met through clasping her in my arms but could not fuse. It was the anguish of wanting, somehow, to save her through making her my child, but it was impossible.

Then I realised that if I were to marry her father—the same "old man upstairs," I could make her my child. There was no choice really, no time to work out implications that I somehow felt I ought to weigh up; I had to say, yes, of course I will, it IS the only way, so of course I must.

Sunrise not Sunset

MARTHA HODGSON

TOWERING clouds were gradually swept from an overcast sky, leaving behind an even amber glow. A dark finger of land obscured the right side of the horizon but by a slight movement I could command an uninterrupted view—calm, lucid, empty of all but sky and sea. Unimaginable colours gradually intensified themselves above me, carmine, citron, jasper, flame, cerulean, violet. The sea became a brilliant azure, sparkling, vivacious, transparently clear, but without waves. Presently the white rim of a huge orb appeared above the horizon.

"But I was waiting for the sunset," I said aloud. "This must be sunrise." As the orb slowly revealed itself I marvelled increasingly at its immensity. When half of it became visible it stretched over the entire horizon. Milk-white, opaque, and with a subtly veined surface, it threw neither shadow nor reflection.

"What can it be?" I asked. "Is it the sun? No. Is it the moon? No. Could it be the face of God?" The orb arose in awesome fullness and hung motionless in the dome of heaven; and presently I awoke. I drew back the curtains and saw that it was dawn. Below my window the garden was slowly flooded with the identical golden glow of the beginning of my dream.

Two days later I was at Holy Communion where the celebrant used the new (to me) Part 3 service. We stood in a semi-circle round the altar with the priest behind it, facing us. At the moment of consecration he held one large wafer over the chalice in the precise position of the orb over the sea. I instantly recognised it as the orb of my dream and it reached over the consecrated wine from side to side, just as the orb had dominated the ocean. Then the one bread was broken and shared by all.

Energy Fields Surrounding the Human Body

DR. EDWARD AUBERT

OF the major influences in our lives, one of the least understood is emotion. It is only comparatively recently that medical science has begun to study it, a study which is being given impetus

because of the disruptive effects on individuals and communities which misdirected emotion can have.

We are familiar with the effects which emotion has on the physical body. Shame produces the blush, fear is accompanied by palpitations, knocking knees and uncomfortable abdominal sensations. We are also aware of the fact that emotion can spread from person to person, and through crowds and communities. But when it comes to explaining how emotion has these effects, we are forced to admit that not much is known. Indeed, most people know surprisingly little about their own emotional lives. In matters which touch us closely it is often very difficult to be sure of our motives. Rather than admit to motives which would injure our self esteem we allow them to appear in consciousness in disguised forms, or refuse to see them for what they are, or even prevent them from entering consciousness at all. We are apt to know more about other people's emotions than about our own, and frequently recognize in others motives and feelings of which they are quite ignorant.

The physiologists and the psychologists are at last beginning to study this extremely important field. They are not finding emotion easy to study; much of the research takes the form of a study of behaviour, the underlying emotion being inferred. Thus, studies are being made of what is called by American psychologists "behaviour contagion" between individuals and between groups of various sizes.

This is not the moment to go into the medical and psychological aspects of the problem of emotion, but for those who would like to study the type of approach being made, I recommend a publication by the New York Academy of Sciences entitled "Experimental Approaches to the Study of Emotional Behaviour."

We are familiar with emotion as feeling, but I want this evening to consider emotion in terms of energy. Emotion is in essence that which moves one. It may result in an obvious expenditure of energy, as when fear prompts one to run away. I am not suggesting that all the energy for running is provided by the emotion of fear, for much of it is muscular in origin, but there is a correlation between the emotion and the ensuing activity: the greater the fear the greater the response, as anyone knows who has witnessed the turn of speed of which a cat is capable when a dog is after it. Emotion can provide the motive power for all kinds of individual and collective activities. Furthermore, the

physical changes produced in the body by emotion obviously involve the expenditure of energy of some kind.

The fact that emotion can spread from person to person is consistent with the theory that something, some kind of energising force, passes between them. The work of Dr. Harold Burr and Dr. F. S. Northrop, both of Yale University, points to the fact that all living forms, whether plant, animal or human, possess and are controlled by electromagnetic fields. These are quite different from the current measured by the electrocardiograph, the electroencephalograph, or those caused by the activity of muscle or nerve fibres. They are measured with a vacuum-tube voltmeter of such high resistance that it draws virtually no current from the field and therefore does not affect the voltage pattern in the field being measured. There is also evidence to suggest that these energy fields exist prior to the material forms with which they are normally associated.

This work is being linked up in a fascinating way with investigations which are being carried out by Dr. Shafica Karagulla in the United States.

Dr. Karagulla was born in Turkey, and received her early education at the American School for Girls in Beirut. After this she went to the American University of Beirut, where she qualified as a doctor in 1940. She then went to Edinburgh, where she underwent a thorough training in psychiatry under Prof. Sir David Henderson at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disorders. She obtained the D.P.M. in 1948, and the M.R.C.S. Ed. in 1950. She won several prizes during this period, and her research on electrical shock treatment received international recognition.

In 1952 she went to Canada to study the effect of electrical stimulation on the brain of conscious patients during neuro-surgery, working for 3½ years in Montreal with Dr. Wilder Penfield.

In 1956 she moved to the U.S., and became a citizen of that country. In 1957 she was appointed Assistant Professor in the Department of Psychiatry of the State University of New York.

She was then asked to study the claims of Edgar Cayce from the psychiatric point of view.

(For the benefit of any who may not have heard of Edgar Cayce, he possessed the ability to lie down on a couch, pass into a kind of "sleep state," and while in this state observe and report

on patients hundreds of miles away. He also had many remarkable precognitive experiences.)

Dr. Karagulla found herself unable to explain these phenomena on any known basis, nor could she dismiss them as fraudulent. She began "cautiously to enquire among her friends about people with such exceptional gifts." Eventually "her tentative enquiries blossomed into a fully fledged scientific research project which has become her life work."

This work has taken the form of research into the energy fields surrounding the human body. These fields can be visualised by some sensitives, to whom they are known as the aura, but in the absence of a method of recording these fields scientists have remained sceptical and indifferent.

Dr. Karagulla over a period of time met doctors with the ability to feel within their own bodies the pains and discomforts present in the bodies of the patients consulting them. She met others who were able to sense through their hands much that was wrong in the bodies of their patients. She also met some who possessed the ability to see these energy fields, who used this ability in their professional work, and one or two of whom were anxious to find some way of photographing what they saw.

A few of these doctors saw vortices of energy at certain points along the spine, connected with or influencing the endocrine system.

One of the sensitives with whom Dr. Karagulla worked described what she saw as a web of light penetrating the whole physical body and extending outwards from it for an inch or two. Within this web were eight major vortices of light and many smaller ones. Five of the major ones are located along the spine in association with the endocrine glands and corresponding with the chakras described in the literature of the East. Any disturbance in the physical body is preceded by (and is subsequently accompanied by) disturbances in this light web (or energy field).

Dr. Karagulla's work with other sensitives led her to the conclusion that, in addition to the energy field just described as being in close association with the physical body, there is also an "emotional" field extending a foot or eighteen inches beyond the body, and a "mental" field extending to two feet or more beyond the outline of the physical body. A few sensitives possessed the ability to "focus" each of these fields separately.

It seems that we live and move in a vast ocean of interlacing

energies. These energies move in and out of our individual fields in a manner analogous to the process of breathing. Each person appears to have his own method of selecting energy: some do it predominantly through intellectual stimulation, others through emotional excitation. Depression and self-centredness greatly diminish the individual's access to this cosmic supply of energy.

Attempts have been made, by Dr. Karagulla, and by scientists in this country and in Russia, to devise a method of recording these energy fields on sensitised material so that their existence can be scientifically accepted and studied. Both Dr. Karagulla and the Russians have met with some success, though there is as yet very little that can be said on the matter. Dr. Karagulla is in touch with the Russian scientists who are engaged on this research, and one of them has told her of evidence that when a human being dies an energy field has been observed to move away from the dead body.

Dr. Karagulla reports that sensitives have noticed that certain ideas, activities or experiences seem to increase the flow of energy into an individual field. The arrival on the scene of a well loved person will cause a brightening of all three energy fields. An intellectually stimulating conversation will brighten the mental fields of the participators, the emotional and vital fields being involved secondarily. Within a group of people there is often a stimulating exchange of energies between individuals which are visible to sensitives; those who are positively stimulated and gain energy appear to the ordinary onlooker to have become more lively and vivacious.

Dr. Karagulla describes a certain type of person who possess the ability to draw on the energy of others. She calls them sappers. They are of three kinds:

(1) Those who like to stir up emotional scenes. The individual doing so appears to achieve a sense of well being, leaving those involved in the scene depleted. Sensitives say that in such cases the emotional and vital fields are the ones affected.

(2) Those who pull energy by using voice: they are the compulsive talkers who gain the attention of the victim by talking, and drain his energy in this manner. The emotional and mental fields are involved in these cases.

(3) Those who use the eyes: They look with a steady fixed gaze at their victim, who becomes tired and restless.

Sappers have certain common characteristics. They are

usually unaware that they are drawing energy from those they are with, but they may recognise that they feel better when in the company of vital people. They are often loud in their protestations of concern for others, but they are nearly always extremely self-centred and are described by sensitives as having closed-in energy fields.

In the course of her work with sensitives Dr. Karagulla found that there was a close correlation between the appearance of the vital or energy body field (as seen by the sensitive) and the physical condition of the person being examined.

This is not the moment to go into detailed descriptions of abnormal energy fields: suffice it to say that they may show a wide range of disturbances; there may be a loss of energy in the field, breaks in the pattern, small whirlpools of energy which have broken away from the normal stream, gaps in the web, or a jumbling up of the lines of force.

Furthermore, disturbances in the energy fields appear always to precede the development of pathological change in the physical body. Inspection of the energy field can therefore be used to predict pathological or functional change in the physical body. Abnormalities can often be detected in the energy fields many months in advance of physical changes, so that this would allow time for preventive medical steps to be taken.

The scientific study of these energy fields is opening up a fascinating new area of diagnosis and treatment. It is further evidence of the need to approach the problems of health and healing on a holistic basis.

Gone are the days when the physician pronounced judgment from the feel of the pulse and a look at the tongue. Today's complete physician—*pace* Isaak Walton—requires X-rays, electrocardiograms and blood electrolytes before he can come to a conclusion. But even this is becoming obsolescent. The physicians at the Tavistock Clinic are urging their neophytes to ask such questions as "Why has the patient been taken ill in this particular way?", and "Why has he been taken ill at this particular moment?" The wheel is turning full circle, and we are on the way back to the concept of the whole man as held by Socrates.

Home in Eternity

"H"

WE had climbed the hill and stopped to rest, leaning on a five-barred gate, and to look back into the valley from which we had come. What a lovely sight; the pastures with cattle and sheep grazing; the varied crops growing in other fields; the hedges and trees; the river meandering on its way to the sea; and the workers on the land going about their normal duties. The hill opposite was higher and carried a dense wood above which we could see the bald head of the tor, and in the distance were the peaks of the mountains stretching up into the sky. What grandeur was there in the lushness of the valley and the challenging harshness of the crags; in the glow of the sun around us and the dark recesses of the woods. We stood for a while soaking in the restful peace of the scene and then turned to go a few yards higher to look into a small valley which was a miniature of the other which was behind us. Below, there was an estate enclosed with a high wall towards which we wended our way down the slope until we came to a great gate which was opened to let us enter the garden and courtyard. A guide led us to a small house which had been prepared for our coming, and we appreciated the welcome and soon started to inspect our domain. My companion quickly found her way round and set about preparing a meal, while I was delighted to find a selection of good books in one of the rooms. Within a very short time we became involved in the life and work of the community, so that we forgot the long but enjoyable journey to this place.

It was not long before I felt an urge to explore and came to the gate through which we had entered and found it locked and nobody about to open it. Something within me compelled me to put my eye to the keyhole and I was amazed at the view through this restricted viewpoint: I saw hills, woods, and mountains which in some strange way stirred me without any known reason. Later on I came to the same spot again and peered through the gap to get a thrill of belonging to the wider scene, yet shut off from it.

The days went by and I began to feel confined, although my partner had no such feelings. This time I wandered to the western side of the area and came to a gate similar to the first. This, too, was locked, and I dared to peep through the keyhole to see a scene like that on the other side but more radiant and alive. My companion showed no interest in my report, but I

had to revisit this gate to get another glimpse of the beyond. The restriction of movement probably added to my desire to escape from the confines of the community, but my way was barred. After some days we walked in this district again towards the second gate, and I put out my hands as if to try to open the door, to find that it was now unlocked. I rushed through into the open field and gasped with delight at the wonder of the scene, and called to my partner to come and join me. She held back as if she was afraid of taking a step into the unknown; but at last, she gave way and stood at my side. Together we walked up the hill until we stood on the crest to look over the scene. It was then that I heard the sound of the great gate closing and knew that we should not return to the home which had been ours for some time.

Our viewpoint gave us a magnificent panorama of the new surroundings, and we were astonished at the grandeur and beauty of it all. There was a lovely valley before us with hills and woods in the middle distance and beyond them the glory of a range of mountains towering over all. There was a break in the range and I knew that this was a pass leading to regions beyond our horizon —a limitless realm of light and beauty. Memories of a similar view came into my mind out of the past, but here the green of the foliage was more intense, the flowers glowed with an inner light, and even the hard rocks seemed to vibrate with energy. Then we turned round and were speechless as we saw that the vista stretched in all directions, and that we were linked with the glorious country through which we had walked on our way to the valley of our stay. It was one great magnificent panorama.

The little valley below appeared so small as compared with the whole, and in it the wall and houses of the community with whom we had made our home for a period. We began to see the whole in perspective; our cottage a minute but important part of our continuing journey; the home of a lifetime as it had seemed at the time. We gave thanks for it and for the fellowships and experiences of our stay in that little world, and for the house that had been for a time only our "home in eternity."

Book Reviews

The Lake and the Castle. Arthur Guirdham. (Neville Spearman, £5.50.)

Readers of *Light* need no introduction to Dr. Guirdham nor to his curious relationship with the Cathar sect whose virtual extermination in thirteenth-century France is one of the darkest episodes in the history of the Inquisition. Dr. Guirdham has produced what seems to be evidence of "far memory," both his own and from a group of women friends, of a former life as a Cathar. He also seems to have retained the convictions for which he and others were prepared to die in that life: a belief in "Dualism"; that the world was created by the Devil; that the body being evil, sexual ascetism and sexual license are alike justified as expressions of contempt for, and freedom from, the flesh. A strong conviction can but be made even stronger by martyrdom.

In the present book the same group of people add other incarnations to the story; it seems to them that they were clerics and healers of the Celtic church at the time of its Romanisation; French Bonapartists and Freemasons imprisoned in England after the capture of the ship on which they were serving; adherents of the cult of Mithra after the Christianisation of the Roman empire; and in the remote past—this episode remains as a vague suggestion only—initiates of the mysteries of the Two Goddesses at Eleusis.

Not easy reading: what with the continual changes of tense from past to future (the author is continually telling us "I did not then know that in the future I should have an explanation of what was about to happen . . ." or the like) subjects the reader of these 427 pages to a continuous mental switchback, for ever tripping over the humps and hollows of an endless field of molehills without ever reaching the mountain. Further exhaustion is induced by the fact that all the persons in the story have four names and personalities to be kept in mind as they pass from one incarnation to the next. What gives momentum to this otherwise tedious record is the author's own passionate enthusiasm and excitement, which to some degree the reader is bound to share.

Some of the evidence—in particular in relation to the Cathar incarnations—is too particularised to be dismissed. It may even be that the whole story he and others have been reliving in

memory is absolutely true in every detail, even to the women-members of the cult of Mithra. Some readers will accept the book on this level, sharing the author's sense of wonder and gratitude for the marvel of life as it continues from one incarnation to another.

Others will be more critical; granting, perhaps, that in part the author is remembering former lives on earth (his own or possibly those of others), but at the same time thinking it likely that he is also building up, with the enthusiastic support of his group, a fantasy; telling himself a story not, indeed, without significance but not perhaps to be taken as historical. Telepathic rapport could account for much of the collective fantasy built up by Dr. Guirdham with the help of devoted women friends. Fifty-minute transatlantic telephone-calls, hints and clues both from incarnate and discarnate entities, all serve to build up this trans-temporal treasure-hunt, enthralling to the participants and doubtless also to some readers.

Again, the author seems to have developed psychic faculties of the kind one supposes can be acquired by the practise of yoga, but attained by Dr. Guirdham apparently without any training of this kind. He has found that the power of "seeing" discarnate "revenants" (as he calls them) has developed only within the last year or two; the power of healing is another such "gift of the spirit" acquired by several members of the group. Altogether to sort out the authentic from the fantastic in a book of this kind would be virtually impossible, and each reader will accept or reject according to temperament. The present reader is inclined to accept much of the evidence without seeing any reason for therefore accepting "Dualism." Presumably people of all persuasions reincarnate, and there are no special privileges for Cathars or initiates of the Mithraic cult.

But the book can be read otherwise than for its factual and "evidential" content. Dr. Guirdham's is a complex and most unusual mind. On the one hand he is dogmatic and opinionated, no less convinced that "Dualism" is the one true religion than was the Church which he has hated in four out of his five incarnations. (Eleusis was pre-Christian or doubtless he would have been anti-clerical in all five.) The theme of each life has centred about persecution of the Elect by the Roman Church. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the Cathar heresy, the courage and tenacity of its adherents are undeniable; and these virtues Dr. Guirdham has retained; especially the tenacity.

On the other hand he is sensitive, romantic, idealistic; and

in all his lives or imagined lives one has the sense that he is searching for some secret, some hidden truth, some revelatory vision; and that this vision is connected with—not a particular woman, it is not so simple as that—but, rather, with a quest for the *anima* herself, for that mysterious, numinous figure of the feminine whose revelation will once and for all satisfy the urgent sense of quest that drives the author from life to life, from memory to memory, searching for some reality that lies behind this kaleidoscopic peep-show of former incarnations. In this context the best chapters of the book are the least "evidential" for those who hold the "far memory" theory, but in terms of spiritual insight the most significant. The author is rewarded by a vision of the "goddess Diana" in the guise of a horsewoman in a Polish forest; who tells him that, if he so wishes, she will remain with him always. It is as if he had found the numinous reality he has sought from life to life, not in another turn of the wheel of rebirth but on another level altogether.

It is likely that the writings of Dr. Guirdham, whose distinguished work as a doctor, psychiatrist and historian makes him a more than usually credible witness in these matters, will present a problem for many years to come. I am not qualified by first-hand experience to judge of these things; but recall that Yeats said of his spirit instructors both that they are a "people of dreams" malleable and suggestible to the thoughts of the living; and that they had told him, "we will deceive you if we can."

K. J. R.

G. I. Gurdjieff: Views from the Real World. Early tales of Gurdjieff as recollected by his pupils. (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1976. Paperback, £1.95.)

When Gurdjieff came to Moscow and later to Europe he appeared to many people like someone from another planet, gifted with a god's-eye view of the state of man. He spoke of this state as a problem not only for man himself but for all life on the earth and even for the solar system. Man was not consciously fulfilling his role as a transformer of energies.

The first published account of Gurdjieff's picture of man as he actually is and as he should be was in Ouspensky's *In Search of the Miraculous,* originally titled, more intelligently, *Fragments of an Unknown Teaching.* Fragments they were, but Ouspensky structured them as far as was possible at that time. The "unknown teaching"—the Source—remained unknown. Let us

say that it can be pictured as a supra-living current of higher perception and higher modes of action. People with a certain "ableness" were and are able to enter into the current and become part of it. Gurdjieff brought not only a diagnosis of man but a direction of work to bring people "to be able." The methods were thoroughly grounded in practical activities and real events and were intended to be accessible to people living full outward lives in Western society.

His description of ordinary man—"man in quotation marks" as he puts it—is now pretty widely known: man is a machine, he is three disjointed personalities, he is asleep, he has no central "I," he cannot do and so on. What this means in practice is not so widely known, in particular what has to be done to make the soul that Gurdjieff asserted was not built into the human apparatus at birth. Few people can ever have had such a ruthless attitude to "Mr. Self-love" and "Madam Vanity" in people as he did, but a great compassion speaks from every page of this book, even while he is delineating the "terror-of-the-situation" in terms of man's mechanicalness and egoism.

The talks represent the period of teaching from 1917 to 1933, with the addition of a document dating from 1914 called *Glimpses of the Truth* that was circulated in Moscow. They have been reconstructed from memories and notes and probably have lost the inimitable style of speech that Gurdjieff had. The language differs from that which Gurdjieff adopted in writing *All and Everything* and belongs markedly to the first major phase of his teaching. Nevertheless, the student of Gurdjieff will be thankful for these fragments which have been left relatively "raw" and, for the seeker who wants to find out whether Gurdjieff is "for him," they are a good place to start.

Gurdjieff holds out no easy comfort or vague spiritual message. The spirit of the book is *authoritative*—there is a certainty that does not have an ordinary source. The title is intended to be accurate. The real world is the third world which is mentioned right at the end of the Third Series of his writings, "Life is only Real then, when 'I Am'." In this world, to quote from J. G. Bennett, "reality is work."

A. G. E. B.

Practice and Theory of Tibetan Buddhism. Foreword by H.H. the Dalai Lama. Translated and annotated by Geshe Lhundup Sopa and Jeffrey Hopkins. (Rider, £2.95.)

This text was written by the Fourth Panchen Lama (1781-

1852/4) as a commentary on a short verse letter by Tsong-ka-pa (1357-1419) in which the master condenses the import of the Buddha's *sutras* for a student. This is not however an easy introduction to amateurs of "transcendental meditation" but a work of monastic learning. With its minute analysis of points of agreement and difference with the leading schools of Indian philosophy, its proliferation of distinctions and categories, it is a work for professional theologians or philosophers interested in the Immaterialist schools. One thinks of the late Thomas Merton (trappist monk and poet), or others in Christian monasteries who are attempting to master the thought of the greatest Buddhist teachers.

However, some concession is made to "kings" (and presumably some others) not able to relinquish their earthly duties. This extract, on the characteristic Buddhist virtue of selflessness, may therefore be of value to readers of *Light*:

". . . when physical pain and mental suffering arise, meditate on giving pleasure to others and taking pain to yourself. Think: May the physical sickness and the mental suffering of all sentient beings throughout all of space leave them to be added to my physical sickness and mental suffering.

If happiness and the wonderful particulars of prosperity come to your body and mind, meditate on giving and taking. Think: I will give this happiness and fortune to all sentient beings (and take their unhappiness and misfortune).

When eating food, think:

I will eat this food to nourish my body for the sake of all sentient beings. In addition, it is said that there are eighty-four thousand germs in my body, and in giving this food to them I attract them now with things; in the future I will attract them by giving them the doctrine.

Generate such thought, and without wasting activities pointlessly, conjoin whatever you eat, drink or do with generation of an altruistic aspiration to highest enlightenment. Even when lying down, you should go to sleep with an aspiration to enlightenment. Think:

I will nourish my body with sleep for the sake of all sentient beings. I will nourish and further with sleep the various creatures in my body which sleep replenishes.

When cleaning the house, generate the thought:

I will clean away the mess of actions and afflictions of all sentient beings. At the time of bathing, cleaning your hands, and so forth, generate the thought:

I will wash away the defilement of afflictions in all sentient beings.

When opening a door, generate the thought:

I will open the door of liberation to lead all sentient beings out of bad migrations and to lead them to the stage of Buddhahood.

When offering lamps to an image, generate the thought:

I will clear away the darkness of ignorance in all sentient beings throughout all of space."

K. J. R.

Books Recieved

The Living Way Series: (1) World Chaos; (2) Prayer and Meditation; (3) Healing Through the Spirit. By Ir-A-Qi (Unity Teaching Trust, 75p each).

These trance teachings are of good quality and, though readily mistakeable for mere uplift, do present genuine teaching, with very perceptive help on how to work on the self. Recommended.

The Indefinite Boundary. By Guy Lyon Playfair (Souvenir Press, £4.25).

A highly readable account of the general parapsychological field, particularly rich in Brazilian material, as yet insufficiently known in Britain but known at first hand by Mr. Playfair. The author is intelligent and well aware of contrary arguments to his own positive views. There are signs of haste, but it is hard to imagine a reader who will not find much of interest in this fascinating quarry.

Letters

Dear Sir,

May I say how greatly I was impressed by the article in the autumn issue of *Light* from the pen of Max Payne. It is not often that one can read such a well-balanced summing-up of the case for (and against) the assumption that the survival of the human personality after death can be considered as an established fact. Incidentally, the distinction Mr. Payne makes between "simple survival" and "immortality" is something I had not come across before; and it opens up vistas of speculation which could be most rewarding.

We hear a great deal today about so-called "paranormal" phenomena. Perhaps the time has indeed come, as I think Mr. Payne implies, to cease employing this term, and just accept such phenomena as being no more strange than, for example, the discoveries of modern physics which have revealed, notably in the eccentric and totally unpredictable behaviour of atoms and particles (to say nothing of "black holes in space") a world surely no less extraordinary than the "paranormal" one which scientists tend to consider as being inexplicable, and therefore to be rejected. Probably the only way in which this division between what is provable and what is not can only be solved, as Mr. Payne so rightly suggests, by establishing as a fact the existence of a "cosmic synthesis in which the whole of modern science would be reduced to a particular case within a more general framework . . . so that there would be no contradiction between physical science and paranormal phenomena . . and the whole of reality could be seen as a vast spectrum of energy, with matter at one pole and spirit . . . at the other." In other words, a synthesis in which science and so-called paranormal phenomena would be on an equal footing. This is a view which I think my uncle in his life's work was trying to establish, and with which he would be in complete sympathy.

ROLLO MYERS

(Nephew of F. W. H. Myers).

Dear Sir,

In his article, "The Evidence in Philosophy and Theology," *Light,* Autumn 1976, Max Payne writes: "Faced with the choice between the whole structure of modern science and technology and the present evidence for the paranormal, then we must choose

science. . . . What we need is some vast synthesis of modern sub-atomic physics. . . ." It seems to me that as investigators of the psychic and occult, we are the true scientists and that we should adopt a less defensive attitude. By fragmenting their studies to the ultimate, where each "scientist" is engaged in his own specialist field and cannot communicate with those in other fields, never mind communicating with non-scientists, our modern "scientists" have ruled themselves out of court. It is a mistake for us to seek to discuss our work on their grounds, to "demand far more stringent experimental precautions in the experimental investigation of the paranormal." We must get away from the mumbo-jumbo of "repeatable experiments" and "objective results," which obsess the exponents of modern orthodoxy, and follow the path which leads to integration and a true understanding of our world.

A hint of what is needed is given in the reference to "sub-atomic physics," but it has little to do with what the orthodox modern physicist understands by this term. A clue lies in the Tree of Life, the lattice module which is the key to the "vast spectrum of energy with matter at one pole and Spirit, Consciousness or God at the other." To the critic who claims to be a modern scientist we should say: "I understand and sympathise with your position. Here, through integration and a panmathematic approach, lies the way of salvation." If he rejects the helping hand, then we can only send him on his way with compassion. What we must never do is to try and justify ourselves in his terms.

J. MARKE PAWSON.

Dear Sir,

I feel that the last paragraph of Max Payne's article in the Autumn *Light* should not be allowed to pass without suggesting that physicists are in fact moving in the direction to which he refers.

The recently published book, *Life After Death,* contains chapters by Rosalind Heywood, Toynbee, Koestler and many others. In particular, the final one by Koestler is a most exciting summary of the reasons why a whole regiment of physicists, including in their ranks many Nobel prizewinners, find themselves as near to being mystics as scientists.

Perhaps brief quotations will whet the appetite for more: ". . . Atoms are not things. When we get down to the atomic level, the objective world in space and time no longer exists." (Heisenberg.)

". . . The 19th century model of the universe as a mechanical clockwork is a shambles, and since, with the advent of relativity and quantum theory, the concept of matter itself has been de-materialised, materialism can no longer claim to be a scientific philosophy." (Koestler).

". . . So with all due acknowledgment to the fact that physical theory is at all times relative, in that it depends on certain basic assumptions, we may, or so I believe, assert that physical theory in its present stage strongly suggests the indestructibility of Mind by Time." (Schroedinger.)

". . . Matter is aethereal and mind is a solid rock. It is but a short step to the assumption that all minds are part of a single system." (Good.)

". . . What we call an isolated particle is in reality the product of its interaction with its surroundings. It is therefore impossible to separate any part of the universe from the rest."

(A physicist, quoted by Rosalind Heywood.)

A. L. TAPPER.

Dear Sir,

It was some years ago now. At the time I was a member of the British Song-writing Club, and the committee had referred some of my work to Mr. Harry Ralton of the Arcadia Music Publishing Company.

Later I got a letter from Mr. Ralton saying he was interested in the songs sent and thought they were worthy of further consideration and that he would write me when they had come to a decision about them. All music composed by me comes from psychic sources, and at that time I used to hear young men singing these songs through my own radio when I was in the astral state. Later I would find the aerial had been shifted or removed to another place. This was to assure me that my experiences with the radio were real and not imagined. The young singers were composers killed during the war years, but they came back

to complete the work that was no doubt left unfinished by them. I did not know music. They taught me how to write the melody notation, as in those days the usual thing was to submit on manuscript and only the melody line was really necessary.

As time went on I began to think Mr. Ralton had forgotten my songs, then one morning, again in the astral state, I was listening to a young man singing. He said he was Mr. Ralton. When I went to inspect the wireless aerial, once again I found it had been removed. This incident of Mr. Ralton puzzled me. As far as I knew he was alive, and I thought it must mean I was going to hear from him soon, but I didn't.

I then wrote to him care of Arcadia Publishers and was very surprised to get a letter back from the young lady secretary saying she regretted to have to tell me that Mr. Harry Ralton had died some months previously, and because of his death it seemed Arcadia Publishers would have to go out of business.

Mr. Harry Ralton, well-known writer of hit pop numbers, had died, but he came back to help me with some of my work through the mechanism of an old accumulator wireless set. He didn't forget his promise of considering my work, and with his help and that of other composers I notated their songs, submitted them for competitions, and won the award as the best song submitted to Mecca at the Royal Ballroom, Tottenham.

These kind of works were all of the marching or ballroom type, but unfortunately when Rock and Roll came in my composers no longer came through. It wasn't their style, though I had many other experiences with psychic radio mechanism.

IRIS M. JOY.

Printed by
The Almorris Press Ltd.
3 *Lansdowne Road,*
Holland Park,
*London, W.*11.

COLLEGE PAPERS

The following Papers have been published by the College of Psychic Studies and are for sale:

Papers 1, 3, 4 and 5 cost 25p each (32p post paid)
Paper 6 costs 36p (43p post paid) **Paper 8 costs 75p (83p post paid)**
Paper 7 costs 75p (83p post paid) **Paper 9 costs 40p (48p post paid)**

Paper 1
LETTERS FROM OUR DAUGHTERS
Part 1—SALLY
Rosamond Lehmann and Cynthia Sandys

Paper 2
Part 2—PATRICIA
Cynthia Sandys and Rosamond Lehmann
(Available soon)

Paper 3
CHANGING CONSCIOUSNESS
Ronald Fraser

Paper 4
UNPUBLISHED F. W. H. MYERS SCRIPTS
Edited by Elizabeth Gaythorpe
With a note by Zoe Richmond
(Selected from the Richmond material)

Paper 5
HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY
Hilary Bray

Paper 6
THE JAMES-JOHN EXPERIMENT
Paul Beard

Paper 7
THE OTHER WORLD
Albert Pauchard

Paper 8
SCIENCE AND SUBTLE BODIES
Towards a Clarification of Issues
Mary Scott
(The First Oliver Lodge Research Grant Report)

Paper 9
SCRIPTS FROM A NATURALIST

CORPORATE MEMBERSHIP

The College of Psychic Studies is willing to consider applications from University Student Clubs and similar corporate bodies for a form of Corporate Membership.

Details of the benefits of this form of membership may be obtained from the General Secretary.

If any of your friends would like to subscribe to LIGHT please complete and return this application form to LIGHT, 16 Queensberry Place, London SW7 2EB.

Please send LIGHT for twelve months. I enclose £2.00 ($5.00) post paid.

Recipient's Name .....

Address .....

.....