

From T.LOBSANG RAMPA's book: "The Thirteenth Candle "

*(the title means that this is the 13th of his books
- which is lights/candles in the spiritual darkness
on this planet)*

*In this book he writes some short "stories" on
themes - partly discussed in earlier books - more
about the process of dying - the earlier encapsulated
astral body leaving the physical - and he also writes
about homo - sexuality - but he was not such himself.
In this book he also give answers to some of the
many letters he received. He daily in average got
sixty!! - and tried to answer all of them. What a job
only that!*

*Rampa had the ability to fellow all incidents by
reading/looking in the AKASHA - earths memory -
bank and so retelling the happenings in every detail.
The one who SEES can here recognise the TRUTH.
Research yourself!!*

(some words are translated to Norwegian and there MAY BE
some wordmistakes here because this is scanned from the book.
Some headlines are added)

ANSWERING LETTERS

Here we take a extract from the book in the "letter
- answering - department" - page 108. A letter from
Rio de Janeiro:

"Purgatory"("renseriet"/ skjærsilden).

"Dear DrT.Lobsang Rampa.

I've already read all of your books and I'm very
interested to study hard everything you told us. But,
like every student has some questions, I'd like you
answer me the questions that I'll ask you.

I'm sorry because I don't write (and speak) Eng-
land well as I'm still learning it in the school and many
of the words I saw in the dictionary. So, there are
questions:

1. If I die, I'll find many people who I've known.
I'll see them like I saw them in the Earth. But, what is
my real aspect whether I've already been many per-
sons in my existence circle? How a person who I had
known in a before circle, would she see me?

2. Why just now, a ancient from Tibete, like you,
came to tell us all of (everything) of the Oriental
wisdom? Why just now?

3. How could I see the Akashico Registry in the
astral?

4. What is the better position to meditate? I can't
sit in the Lotus Position and I can't sit with the spine
erect.

If you think some questions shouldn't be answered,
don't answer them as I'll find them in the meditation
(I hope so) as I've already found most of them just
thinking myself.

'You are really a candle in the darkness and I thank
you for everything.

'Thanks very much, Dr. Rampa.

'FABIO SERRA.'

And the answer from Rampa:

'Dear Fabio Serra,

'Oh lovely! You have sent me some questions,
which are worthy of answering in a book I am now
writing and which will have the title of "The
Thirteenth Candle".

'As I propose to use your questions in this book I
am going to repeat your questions and then give the
answer. So, here they are:

1. "If I die I will find many people who I have
known. I will see them like I saw them on the Earth.
But what is my real aspect, and not just how I look
on the Earth? How would a person who knew me
before recognise me?"

'Well, the answer to that is when you die you first
of all leave this Earth and you go into what many
religions term "Purgatory"("renseriet"/skjærsilden).
"Purgatory" is just a place where you purge away
certain things. Suppose you have been out working
in the garden and have possibly got some mud on
your face or on your hair (if you have any hair!). Then
you decide you want to come in and have dinner and
perhaps listen to the radio. So what do you do first of
all ? - you visit "Purgatory". In other words, you
visit a place where you can wash your hands, wash
your face, and - well - purge yourself of dirt or things
which should not be on you.

'Many religions make fearful pictures of
"Purgatory". I prefer to regard it as a celestial
bathroom where you wash your astral, so to speak,
so that you may appear in front of your fellows with
your territorial integrity intact. You see, when you
are in the astral then you will be showing your aura,
and if you have too many "dirty marks" on your aura
then it will show to those who look. Purgatory, then,
is a place in the astral where you are greeted by your
friends and never by your enemies, because when
you get to the Other Side - you can only meet those
with whom you are compatible. When you leave this
Earth, then obviously you think of yourself, you think

of your appearance, as you were on this Earth, and that is how you manifest in the astral - precisely as you were on this Earth. Because the people who meet you there want to be recognised, they also will appear to you just as you knew them on Earth.

'Many times one has the same sensation on Earth. You see a person and you are sure that that person has a mole (føflekk) on the left side of the cheek, but another person might tell you, "Oh no, that mole was removed about a year ago." You only see, in other words, what you want to see, what you expect to see, so when you get to the Other Side you will: see the people you want to see, and you will see them in the form and colour that you expect to see them in.

A simple illustration - suppose you had a Negro friend, that is, the person was a Negro on Earth when you knew him. But supposing on the Other Side he was a white man; if he approached you, you wouldn't recognise him, would you? So he appears as a Negro.

'As you progress upwards then your appearance changes. In the same way you can have an illiterate savage (vill analfabet) with hair all over the place and teeth stained with various berries, etc. But if you took that illiterate savage and scrubbed him several shades lighter and gave him a shave and a haircut and fixed him up in a modern civilised suit of clothes - he would look different, wouldn't he? Well, when you get to the Other Side and you progress, then you will find your appearance changing - for the better.

'The second part of that question? Well, of course, this lady whom you ask about - **will see you when you get to the Other Side - as you are imagining yourself to be.** *She will see you as you were on earth, and you will see her as she was on Earth. Otherwise (to repeat myself) you would not recognise her.*

2. "How did an ancient from Tibet, like me, come to tell 'Western people all about this sort of thing? Why should I come just at this time?'"

'That is a fair enough question, and I will give you the answer.

'In the past there have been many people visiting Eastern areas of the world, and people from the West are material-minded. They dwell in the present, they dwell amid (midt i) thoughts of money, material possessions, power and domination over others. It is part of the Western culture. Now, when they go to the East and find that many of the finest minds of the East are housed in bodies which are sick or poor or clad in rags (filler), they cannot understand it, and so they take the ancient Teachings and, not having been born to the language, not having been born to the culture, they distort the ancient Teachings to that which they (the Westerners) think should be meant.

So it is that many translators, etc., do a definite disservice to humanity in propounding fallacious (misvisende) statements by distorting one's true religious beliefs.

'I was prepared for a very long time. I was given the ability to understand the West while still being of the East. I was given the ability to write and to get my points clearly over to a person who is worthy of knowing the answers. I have suffered more than any person should have to suffer, but that has given me a greater insight, that has given me a greater range of expressions, of understandings, and has made my sympathetic to the Western outlook, and able to tailor (tilpasse) my words to convey the true esoteric meaning to the Western reader.

'This is the Age of Kali, the Age of Disruption, the Age of Change - when mankind truly stands at the crossroads deciding to evolve or devolve, deciding whether to go upwards or whether to sink down to the level of the chimpanzee. And in this, the Age of Kali, I have come in an attempt to give some knowledge and perhaps to weigh a decision to Western man and woman that it is best to study and climb upwards than to sit still and sink down into the slough of despond.(fortvilelsens sump).

'In your third question you ask how you can see the Akashic Record when in the astral. To answer:

'When you enter the astral plane after having left this life you will, of course, go to the Hall of Memories and you will see everything that has happened to you, not just in the life you have just left, but in other lives that you lived before. Then you will decide, possibly with the assistance of counsellors (rådgivere), what you want to do - to advance your evolution. You may decide that you, too, would like to help others coming from Earth. In that case, if it is definitely to your advantage to see the Akashic Record so that you may help others more genuinely, then you will be given the power to see the Akashic Record. But I must tell you that no one can see it just as a matter of curiosity.

'There are people nowadays in the West who advertise that for a fee (honorar) they will travel into the astral (complete with briefcase (dokumentmappe), I suppose!) and consult the Akashic Record and come back with all the information desired. Well, of course, this is entirely untrue. They do not consult the Akashic Record, and I doubt if they ever get into the astral consciously. The only spirits they consult are the ones that come in bottles. So, I repeat, you cannot see the Akashic Record of another person unless there is some definite gain to be derived therefrom - FOR the Other PERSON.

'Your fourth question is, once again, a very sensible question, one which I am pleased to answer be-

cause so many people ask it, so many people are troubled. Your question is, "What is the best position to adopt for meditation? I cannot sit in the Lotus Position and I cannot sit with the spine (ryggsøyle) erect?"

'Precisely! Let me tell you this; if you breathe you do not have to adopt a special position, do you? If you want to read a newspaper or a book you do not have to adopt a special position. If you want to read you take a position which is comfortable for you. Perhaps you sit in an armchair, perhaps you lie down. It doesn't matter. The more comfortable you are, the more you enjoy, the more you can absorb that which you are going to read. The same applies to meditation. Now, read this carefully. It does not matter in the slightest degree how you sit. Sit in any way you wish. Lie down if you prefer. And if you want to lie down in a curled (sammenkrøllet) position, then do so. The whole purpose of resting is so that you can be free from strain. You must be free from strain and distraction if you are going to meditate successfully. So - any position that suits you suits meditation.

'There it is. you've got your answers. I hope you will find these answers of benefit to you.'

The Old Author leaned back with the satisfaction of a job well done. 'What a tremendous amount of misconception and misunderstanding there is,' he thought. Then he reached out and picked up another letter, this time all the way from Iran. One question in particular is applicable here, and that question is - What is the point of sleeping in the lotus posture? Apart from mortifying the flesh what good does it do?

This really is a most vexed subject. It really does not matter in the slightest degree whether one sits in the Lotus Position or lies flat on one's back. The only matter is that one shall be comfortable because if one is not comfortable - then there will be all manner of strains and stresses which will distract one from rest and distract one from meditation. Let us, look at this a bit closer, shall we?

In the West people sit on chairs. When they go to bed they rest on a soft contraption (innretning) which has springs or some device which lets portions of the anatomy sag so that if (to be unkind!) one's behind sticks out a bit too much - the soft mattress or soft springs will permit one's behind to sink down in the mattress, and then the weight is more evenly distributed. The point is that in the Western world, people have a system which suits them, it is their system, the system to which they are born, and if a Westerner wants to sit he usually sits on some sort of platform supported on four legs and with a prop at

the back to prevent him from tipping over. Almost from birth, then, he is conditioned to believe that he has to have his spine supported by something else, and so the muscles which normally would keep his spine erect become undeveloped or atrophied.

The same conditions apply in the matter of legs, their joints, etc. The Westerner is conditioned to have his legs stick out at a certain angle and bend down from the knees at a certain angle, and in any other position he is, naturally uncomfortable.

Now let us consider the East, Japan first. In Japan, before entering a house, one discards one's footwear and then enters the house, walks into a room, and sits on the floor. The only way you can sit comfortably on the floor is cross - legged, and one variation of that cross legged position is called the Lotus Position.

Throughout, many years of development the Japanese has found that if he grabs his ankles and nearly ties his legs in a knot he is very comfortable. He is propped up on a good solid foundation, and because he has been conditioned to it from birth he finds no strain, no discomfort, no unpleasantness. He finds, too, that his spine is naturally erect. It just has to be because of that posture.

Take a Japanese who has never seen Western appliances before, and drop the poor wretch on to a Western chair, and he will be acutely uncomfortable. It will give him aches and pains in all the best places, and as soon as he can decently do so he will slide off the chair and flop on the floor in the accustomed position.

If one takes a Westerner and puts him in a Japanese community so that he has to sit on the floor cross - legged he suffers agony. His joints have not been conditioned to that particular position, so, to start with, he thinks he is going to split and then when the time comes to get up he usually finds he cannot. It is a delightful sight to see a fat old German who has been sitting cross legged trying to get up. Usually he falls forward on his face and just saves himself with his hands. Then with many a hearty groan he gets his knees tucked under him somehow, and with painful creaks and gasps and guttural exclamations he gets to his feet at the same time clutching his back and wearing upon his face the most anguished of expressions.

In the Far East - sitting cross legged is an ordinary matter of everyday existence. In the West the culture is developed of making money and of having material possessions. The Westerner thinks more of 'today' - thinks more of having possessions upon this Earth - and so whatever is a status symbol becomes desirable. In the days of long ago kings and emperors and pharaohs and all that type of person sat on thrones....(end of extract from this part).

So from Chapter TEN:

**- more on the important
understanding of the overself:**

So the end of the week came around as the end of the week always does. The Old Author heaved a sigh of relief to think there would be no mail on this day, for on a Saturday in Montreal there is no mail delivery. So while the highly paid mailmen were resting in their country cottages or going out fishing in their boats, the Old Author lay back in his bed and grumpily considered all the questions which still had to be answered. Here is a question which comes up time after time. It is:

To me it is most important to know where I am going. Once a man is born you state that it is somewhat like a mother giving birth to a child but with the Silver Cord still remaining attached. You state that the Overself is the nine-tenths of the subconscious of Man or, so to speak, the man behind the scenes. All right, if this be so - then let us get to the man. He starts out limited to his one-tenth, and thus runs round in the dark most of his life. The man dies (he has done his job for the Overself), the Silver Cord is severed and he is on his own. WHAT DOES the OVERSELF GIVE HIM FOR HIS EFFORTS?

Well, all right, let us get down to it. Yes, that is a question which can be answered. But you must remember that the Overself is the real you, and it is - as far as Earth terms are concerned - blind, deaf, and static, but of course only as far as this low Earth is concerned. The Overself wants to know what things are like on this Earth, it wants sensation fast because in the realm in which the Overself normally lives - things move at the rate of a thousand years, or so, instead of a day. That is why in one of the Christian hymns there is that piece about a thousand years being the twinkling of an eye. But anyway, the Overself can be likened to the brain of a human. The Overself causes a human, or more than one human, - to do certain things and to experience certain things, and all the sensations are relayed back to the "brain"-Overself, who then vicariously enjoys or suffers from those sensations.

We have difficulties, you know, because upon this Earth we are dealing with only three dimensions and only three dimensional terms, so how are we to get over concepts which demand perhaps nine dimensions?

You ask what sort of reward does the Overself give to the human for all the experiences which have been undergone, but there is a good question to ask in return; it is this - What reward do you give your fingers

for turning a door - knob and opening a door for you? What payment do you give to your feet for conveying you along to another room in the house or to your car or for pushing you upstairs? How do you pay your eyes for sending your brain those beautiful pictures? Remember - if 'you' are the brain and you are dependent upon hands and feet and nose and eyes, all those organs are dependent upon you for their existence. If you did not exist - those hands, feet, nose, and eyes would not exist either. It is completely a cooperative effort. If your fingers light a cigarette, your fingers do not enjoy the smoke; possibly another part of 'you' does, but anyhow when your fingers light a cigarette other organs do not reward those fingers with kind words or expensive gifts by way of thanks. But even if 'you' wanted to reward those fingers, how would you do it? What could you give to fingers that would please them and reward them adequately? And if the real 'you' is the brain, then how can the brain, which is dependent upon those fingers, operate to reward those fingers? Do you make the left hand give a gift to the right hand and then the right hand give a reciprocal gift to the left hand, or what? Keep in mind always that the fingers are dependent on the brain for direction, the fingers are dependent upon 'you'. So there is no reward because just as the fingers and the toes are part of the whole body, so You are just part of the whole organism which constitutes extensions of the Overself. Here on this Earth you are just an extension -in the same way as you can thrust an arm through a window and feel things in a room beyond, a room beyond the range of your sight. So there you are. You are working for yourself. Anything you do here benefits your Overself and so benefits you -because you are the same thing, or a part of it.

The same querist has another question, which is applicable, and it is:

If the said man must be reincarnated, does he go back to the same Overself or does he get a new one? Is he sort of a permanent part of the Overself? Is man suddenly endowed with the other nine - tenths of the consciousness, or what happens?'

The answer to this - Well, your question really is, does the same body or spirit come down from the Overself? Let - us suppose you get a cut on your hand. You don't get a fresh hand, do you? The hand, or rather, the cut heals because it is part of you, because it is directed by your brain to heal, it goes through the process of joining together. People are entities complete, so that your Overself can direct extensions to itself to come down to Earth, and those extensions - humans - are something like the tentacles of an octopus (blekksprut); cut off a tentacle and it will re - grow.

My oh my! What a lot of confusion there is about this Overself business! But in an earlier part of this book the matter should have been clarified somewhat. To add possibly a little more light - let us suppose that we have a big entity which has powers which we do not at present understand. This entity has the ability to think and thereby to cause extensions of itself to shoot out wherever desired - pseudopods, they are called. So our Overself, remaining in one place, has the ability to cause extensions to be sent away from the main body, but still attached to it, and at the end of the extensions there is a node (knutepunkt) of consciousness - which can be aware of things through touch or through sight or through sound, nodes of consciousness which merely receive on different frequencies.

Everything is vibration. There is nothing but vibration. If we think that an article is stationary, then it is merely vibrating at one particular rate. If a thing is moving, then it is vibrating at a faster rate. And even if a thing is dead, it is still vibrating and actually breaking up as the body, decomposes (spaltes) into different vibrations.

We feel a thing, no matter whether it is stationary or moving. We touch it and we feel it because it has a certain vibration, which can be received and interpreted by one of our nodes, attuned to that type of frequency. In other words, we are sensitive in the sense of touch.

Another article is vibrating much more rapidly. We cannot feel it with our fingers, but our ears pick up that vibration and we call it sound. It is vibrating in that range of frequencies which a higher - receiving node can receive as a high sound, an intermediate sound, or a low sound. Beyond that there is a range of frequencies, which are much higher, we cannot touch them, we cannot hear them, but even more sensitive nodes termed eyes can receive those frequencies or vibrations - and resolve them inside our brain into a definite pattern and so we get a picture of what the thing is.

We get much the same thing in radio. We can listen - in to the AM band - which is a fairly coarse vibration or frequency, or we can go to the short - wave bands which are much faster frequencies which an AM receiver will not receive. And we can also go down (or should it be up?) to the FM frequencies, or the UHF frequencies where we can pick up television - pictures. The radio receiver for television will not pick up AM or shortwaves, just as the AM or shortwave receiver will not pick up television pictures. SO there we have an everyday illustration of how we can put out extensions to receive vibrations of a special frequency. In just the same way the Overself puts out nodes - pseudopods - humans - to pick up

something which the Overself wants to know about.

Horrid thought for you. Something to make your flesh creep before you go to bed; we have seen how humans make things to pick up AM radio or FM or shortwaves. Supposing your Overself regards this Earth as just AM, then the Overself can have pseudopods out in higher frequencies, eh? So sometimes you get a nightmare where the poor old Overself has got his lines crossed and you pick up impressions of bugeyed monsters, etc. Well, there are such things, you know.

The Author picked up another letter and shuddered (skjelver). He had no mirrors about, but had there been a mirror available it would have been observed that the Author turned very pale shockingly pale. And why? How about this for a question?

I have a question and it is this; if a puppet can enter either a male or a female body depending on what it wants to Learn, why is it always taken for granted that the entity which was the Dalai Lama will always incarnate as a man? Surely even this entity needs a change if it is to learn things generally rather than purely from the male viewpoint, and why can a woman never aspire to the highest level of Lamahood? In Tibet where I understand men and women are equal (or were before the Chinese arrived), why this discrimination?'

Once again a question can be partly answered by a question. Here is a question which may help; where in all history has there been a woman as a Supreme God? Can you readers tell of any single instance where a woman has been the Supreme God? Yes, there have been Goddesses, but they have been 'inferior' to the Gods. The Dalai Lama was a God on Earth according to Tibetan belief, and so, as a God on Earth being a Goddess on Earth would not suffice. He came in male form because the things he had to do necessitated (nødvendiggjorde) that he came in male form. But how do you know that the Overself of the Dalai Lama does not have female puppets elsewhere learning other things? As a matter of fact he did. As a matter of fact much was being learned on the female side also.

This particular Author has a screw loose about certain things. One is about the moronic press, and another is about the so - called Women's Liberation Movement. This particular Author firmly believes that women have a very important job in life, raising the future population. If women would only stop aping men - and they do definitely try to ape men and try to wear the pants, forgetting that they don't have the figure for it - then the world would be a better place. This Author believes that women are responsible for most of the troubles of the world through wanting to

get out and be 'free', as they wrongly term it, instead of accepting their responsibilities as mothers. Women say they want to be equal, but are they not equal? Which is most important, a dog or a horse? They are different creatures. Men and women are different creatures, a man has never given birth without the assistance of a female, let us say, but a female can give birth without the assistance of a male by parthenogenesis. So if the Women's Lib Movement wants a boost (styrke), why not boast about that?

What greater proof of equality or even superiority can there be than that women have the task of providing and bringing up the future race? The male cooperation in the matter only takes a few minutes, but a woman - well, she should bring up children until they are able to get on by themselves, and how she brings them up, the example that she sets them, that is how the future race will be. But now women want to beetle off to the factory where they can talk scandal, they want to be a hash - slinger, or anything except to accept the responsibility for which she is so well qualified by Nature. Women's Liberation? I think the sponsors of the Women's Liberation Movement should be slapped across the backside - hard!

The question goes on to ask why women never aspire to the highest Lamahood. Because women are irrational, that is why, because women cannot think clearly, that is why. Because women let their emotions run away with reason, that is why. If women would only stop being such asses (fjols) and face up to their responsibilities, then the whole world, the whole Universe, would be a better place.

Women have the biggest task of all; women have the task of staying at home, making a home, and setting an example which future generations can follow. Are~women not big enough to do their task?

Another question, What is the best incense to use?

That is something which cannot be answered because it is much the same as saying, what is the best dress to wear? What is the best food to eat? One cannot say what is the best of anything until one knows for what purpose it is required. Briefly, so that this shall not be entirely negative, here are some comments; You should try different types, different brands of incense, and you should decide which is best type FOR YOU when you are peaceful or when you are irritated or when you want to meditate. Decide which is the best for You on those occasions, and lay in a good supply of those types.

Incense should always be thick sticks. The thin stuff is practically useless. It is like having a musical note; if you get a thin, reedy note it merely irritates, it merely aggravates one, but if you have a good, full - bodied note, then that can be peaceful, soothing, or stimulating. So - never be fobbed off with a thin stick of

incense. If you use that you are wasting your money.

Astral travelling - again

Some later in the book the question on astral travelling again comes forward - and he answers:

Actually astral travel is done by all of us Most people are unconscious of it, and when they have an experience, which they dimly remember in the morning - they put it down as a dream or imagination.

Astral travelling, or rather, learning to astral travel, is much the same as learning to ride a bicycle. Really it sounds quite impossible that anyone should ever learn to ride on two wheels, and as for those unicycle things! Well, people can learn to ride a bicycle or a unicycle. People can learn to walk a tightrope, and there is no set time for how long it will take one to become proficient. It is only a knack (knep). If you believe you can ride a cycle, then you can ride a cycle. If you believe you can walk a tightrope or a slack rope either, then you can do so. It is the same with astral travel. It is not possible to set out a list of exercises on how you start to astral travel. How would you tell a person the manner in which he should learn to ride a bicycle? How would you tell a person how he would learn to use roller skates? Besides the obvious one of tying a cushion to his posterior, that is. And again, how would you teach a person how to breathe so that he could live? Breathing is a natural thing, we just do it. We are not always conscious of doing it, are we? We are only conscious of breathing when there is some difficulty. We are not conscious of astral travelling, either, most of us, but it is just as easy as breathing, just as easy as riding a bicycle.

The main thing is that you should decide that you are going to astral travel consciously. The emphasis is on the word 'consciously'. Unfortunately the word 'imagination' has a bad name. People think that to imagine a; thing is to pretend something, which does not exist. Perhaps we should say 'visualise' instead. So to start astral travel you should go to bed - alone, of course, and in a room alone also. You should rest in any position whatever so long as it is comfortable. If you could stand on your head that would be quite all right if you found it comfortable. But if you want to lie on your back, on your side, on your front, so long as it is comfortable, that is all you need do. If you find it comfortable then it is all you need.

So - lying down comfortably, make sure that your breathing is complete, that is slow, and deep, and even, naturally, comfortably, not forced. Lie like that for a few moments, collecting your thoughts. Then with the light out visualise yourself as a body within a body, visualise you are in a body withdrawing from

your outer body in much the same way as you would withdraw your hand from the glove which encompassed it.

Form a mental picture of your body just as you are lying on the bed. Do you have pyjamas on? Then visualise them, even to the stripes or patterns or flowers. Do you have a nightdress? Visualise that precisely as it is. Do you have pretty little bows and laces round the neck? Well be sure you visualise them. Or are you one of those hardy souls who sleeps like a peeled banana? Well, visualise yourself just as you are. And then go on with your visualisation to imagine (sorry! VISUALISE) your astral form to be absolutely identical with the outer form. Visualise this body sliding out of the flesh body and rising up so that it is about an inch or two above the flesh body. Hold it there, just concentrate on visualising what it is like. If you are a girl you will have long hair, but that is a mistake because boys, too, seem to have long hair nowadays. But, anyway, if you have long hair visualise it hanging down. Is it touching the face of the flesh body? Then push it up a few inches. Visualise that body as a solid creation. Look at it from the top - from the ends, and from underneath so that you get a complete picture, a solid picture of it. Then let yourself feel satisfaction. You are out of the body. Do you feel the astral body swaying up and down slightly? Be careful, if it sways too much you will have a dreadful feeling of falling, and then you will slam back into your flesh body again with a horrid 'bonk' which will jerk you back to being just in bed.

Be satisfied for the moment thinking of your body, your astral body. floating a little way just above your flesh body. Then gradually visualise the astral body sinking back inside the flesh body just as you would slide your hand into a glove.

Try that for a night or two until you can hold the visualisation strongly, and when you can do that go further.

You have got out of your body. You are floating just above your flesh body. Think - where do you want to go? Do you want to go and see Dr. Armand Legge, the doctor who gave you such a bad medical report, or something? All right, you know what he is like. Think of him, think of yourself travelling; think of yourself arriving. If you can do it like this you can just tickle him on the back of his neck. He will become frightfully uncomfortable! But perhaps it's a little unkind to tell you of a trick like that.

Do you want to think of your girl friend? Well, you can go and see your girl friend, too, if you want to. But remember if you have the wrong thoughts in your mind about what you are going to see you will find that until you've got an awful lot of practice you'll end up back in your body with a hearty slap. What

happens is this; you get out of your body, you think you will go and see some girl friend or someone whom you would like to have as a girl friend. You know it's her bath time and you want to see if she has any moles on her birthday suit. You get there, but her aura detects your presence and alerts her subconscious. Her consciousness may feel uneasy, she may keep looking over her shoulder or something, she may wonder if the landlord is peeping through the keyhole. She won't see you, but her aura will sense you and the sub - conscious will rise and give you such a bonk, that you will forget all that you have seen and you will be chased back to your body with more of a shock than you thought possible. Only when your thoughts are pure can you intrude on a person's privacy like this, and to those people who write in and ask how they can peep (kikke) at their girlfriends at the wrong time - well, the answer is, for your own sake don't. You will get pretty rough treatment.

Practice this visualisation. It is an easy thing indeed. When you can visualise it, then you can do it, so how long it is going to take depends upon you, upon how quickly you can realise the truth. The truth is that you DO astral travel, but because of civilised conditioning, etc., you do not always realise it, you do not always remember it, and when you do remember it most times you pass it off as imagination, a dream, or as wishful thinking. As soon as you accept the reality of astral travel then you can sincerely visualise astral travel. And when you can sincerely visualise astral travel, then, believe me, you can do it because it is far more simple than getting up off a chair, it is far more simple than picking up a book. Astral travel is basic, it is part of a living persons birthright, no matter whether it be a horse, a monkey, a human, or a cat - everyone does astral travel. But how quickly you do it - depends on you.

Curiouser (merkelige) and curiouser; the very next question is: you say that in the astral everything shimmers, thing shimmers always. Is it because I wear glasses?

When you are in the astral everything shimmers because it is full of life, full of vitality. If you are doing it properly, you can see little speckles of light around you. You see as if everything was in a shaft of sunlight. No doubt you have been on some grimy railroad station and had a shaft of sunlight peer in through a murky window. In the shaft of sunlight you have seen little specks floating about. Well, in the astral everything is like that, you are in perpetual sunlight, and everything shimmers with the vitality of life. It is the opposite of being in smog. In the astral, by the way, bad sight does not matter. It does not matter if you are blind. In the astral you have all your senses. You can hear and see, you can smell, and you

can feel. A hundred per cent efficiency every time. So why not try astral travel? It is easy and it is natural.

And, finally - astral travel is utterly, utterly safe. You cannot get hurt, and so long as you are not afraid - no harm of any kind can ever happen to you. If you are afraid, well you are just wasting energy. There is nothing to it except that. The only thing is, if you are afraid you are dissipating your energy needlessly, and - you are slowing down your vibrations so much that you are making it difficult to stay in the astral - in the same way that an aeroplane that loses its forward speed sinks. You don't want to sink, do you? All right then, don't be afraid. There is nothing of which to be afraid!

So the questions come rolling in ad infinitum, add two and two together. The old typewriter goes clacking away and the pages come churning out - not churning out really because everything is thought out, but with a bit of practice typing comes fast. So the pages come out anyway, which means as there are more and more pages there is less and less room for further questions. So let us answer just one more question in this chapter. Here is a good one:

"...you tell us that when we are on Earth we are only onetenth conscious, but from what we read in your books it does appear that we are less conscious than are beings who inhabit other planets; the Gardeners of the Earth, as one example, either are in possession of one hundred per cent awareness or they must have greater power than Earth people, or is it that in their third dimensional state they could be more than onetenth conscious? Their intellect and technical knowledge seem to be so far beyond ours, not only their intellect but their compassion and understanding. Can you explain this, please?"

Yes, sure, nothing to it. On this Earth we are upon one of the most measly of little dust spots in the Universe. You see, there are more planets, more worlds, than there are grains of sand upon all the seashores of the Earth, and you can throw in for good measure all the sand on the seabed too, because the number of universes is beyond human comprehension. If you get a bit of dirt beneath your nail and you look at it all beneath a microscope - you find there are thousands of bits of dirt. But then think of all the stuff on the surface of your body, think also that no matter how this 'dirt' appears to you, yet still it is formed of the basic carbon molecule. So, piece of dirt beneath a nail, how are you going to imagine how many molecules - how many worlds - there are in one human body? And having decided upon that, how about all the other human bodies, the animal bodies, the bodies on other worlds, etc.

Upon this world we are onetenth conscious, but upon other worlds people may be several more tenths conscious. But if they were even one - twentieth conscious they could still be far more intelligent than the people of Earth.

The Gardeners of the Earth are not just three-dimensional people living somewhere out there in space ready to slap down (klaske ned) an intruding astronaut or cosmonaut. They are in a different dimension also, and of course their technical abilities are so far above that of humans that humans to them would be like a particularly scruffy (pjuskete) microbe sitting on a particularly scruffy piece of dirt.

The big difficulty is that upon this Earth we have to live and deal with three dimensional terms, so how is one to describe things which happen perhaps in nine or more dimensions?

So, to answer the question - yes, upon this Earth we are only onetenth conscious. And, yes, we are less conscious than are beings who inhabit superior planets, even if, by chance, they also should be only onetenth conscious. Yes, the Gardeners of the Earth are much more conscious, and they are also much more conscious in many more dimensions. They have worked their way up from what we are now, and yet above them there are higher beings and to them the Gardeners of the Earth are just as we appear to the Gardeners of the Earth. But if we adopt the correct law, and that law is that we should do that which we would have others do unto us, then we too can climb our way up to the state of the Gardeners of the Earth and from thence (derfra) onwards. The best way to explain it is to take the R.A.F. motto, 'Through Hardship to the Stars.'

So the closing of this book with

Chapter TWELVE:

Henrietta Bunn glowered gloomily as she looked at her friend. 'Can't understand this author,' she complained, 'here am I trying to study his books and there is no Index. How does he expect one to find a thing again - read all the books?' Her breath trailed off into a series of muttered fulminations as she flipped the pages as well as her lid.

Her friend, Freda Prizner, smiled indulgently, 'Well, you know, Hen,' she replied, 'I read his books for pleasure. The thought of STUDY turns me off and I want someone to Turn me On!' She sighed and added, 'But you got something there, girl, all books should have indexes so you can look up what you want to avoid.'

The poor wretched Author groaned as he wriggled in discomfort on his hard steel bed. What DO people want? he wondered - First, it is a 'sin' to use too many

I's - and after all, am I not entitled to an I or two more than average? There is 'The Third Eye', you know! But now Readers (bless their hearts - one to each Reader!) want an Index!!! The Old Author felt his pangs and pains increase at the mere thought.

Deep in the Heart of the United States where the Buffaloes no longer roam (the elks having taken over instead) a most brilliant and talented woman was hard at work. With one husband - she says it is enough! - and two children - she says it is too many as they are boys ! - to look after, she STILL found time to compile An Index. Out of the blue it came, well no, this is a TRUE book. Out of a mailman's mail sack it came. A package. The Old Author's fumbling fingers easily unwrapped the parcel because it had already been opened by Canada Customs. Inside -INSIDE - yes, you guessed it there was An Index.

Mrs. Maria Pien is a brilliant woman, talented and capable. Yet no one is perfect; even she has a fault. Her writing is minute (liten), and the Old Author has rapidly failing sight. So to read Mrs. Pien's writing - a STRONG magnifying glass is used. She missed her vocation (kall); her natural work should be to write books on the head of a pin (knappenål).

Thank you;' Mrs. Pien, for your greatly - appreciated work. In the interest of space, the initials of the title are used, thus:

The Third Eye =TE
 Doctor from Lhasa =DFL
 The Saffron Robe = SR
 The Hermit =TH (dansk EREMITTEN)
 The Rampa Story = RS
 (for the present - only extracts from these above in danish/norw.language)

Cave of the Ancients = CA
 Living with the Lama = LWL
 You - Forever = YF
 Wisdom of the Ancients = WA
 Chapters of Life = ChL
 Beyond the Tenth = BT
 Feeding the Flame = FTF
 The Thirteenth Candle =TC

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 Worlds: TH 88, 93, 124, 127, 129
 World Leader: ChL 23
 World Observ. Apparatus: TH 49, 53
 World of Anti - Matter: CHL 54
 World of Illusion: CA 32; TH I 17
 Work: YF 215
 Works of Man: ChL179
 Worries: YF 154
- YETI: TE 161
 Yoga: TE 168; SR 168; WA 131; YF 196; TC 116
- Zagreb Letter: YF 133
 Zodiac Signs: ChL 185
- More yet - now you get the "Wise Sayings" as a bonus, too!
- WISE SAYINGS

It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.
FTF6

The more you know the more you have to learn.
FTF 9

Never reply to criticism; to do so is to weaken your case. FTF
Everything that exists has motion. Without extremes how can there be anything? FTF- 27

It is not bad to have extremes, it just means that two points are separated from each other as far as they can be. FTF 27

The right path is close at hand yet mankind searches for it afar. FTF 41

Success is the culmination of hard work and thorough preparation. FTF56

A hundred men may make a camp; it takes a woman to make a home. FTF70

Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend. Injure others and you injure yourself. FTF 107

If people would plan their days properly and stick to the plan, there would be adequate time for everything. This is the Voice of Experience because I practise what I teach - successfully! FTF 119

If you don't scale the mountain you can't view the plain. FTF120

Remember, the turtle progresses only when he sticks out his neck. FTF138

The gem Cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials. FTF155

A man has to hold his mouth open a long time before a roasted partridge flies into it. FTF172

If you don't believe in others how can you expect other to believe in you? FTF184

Divide the enemy and you can rule the enemy, stay united yourself and you can defeat a divided enemy. The enemy can well be indecision, fear, and uncertainty. SR87

Humans - man and woman - must try to live with each other exercising tolerance, patience, and selflessness. CHL 187

By keeping pure thoughts, we keep out unpure thoughts, we strengthen that to which we return when we leave the body. SR194

One can ask in prayer that one shall be able to assist others, because through assisting others one learns oneself, in teaching others one learns oneself, in saving others one saves oneself. One has to give before one can receive, one has to give of oneself, give of one's compassion, of one's mercy. Until one is able to give of oneself, one is not able to receive from others. One cannot obtain mercy without first showing mercy. One cannot obtain understanding without first having given understanding to the problems of others. SR196

Return good for evil and fear no man, and fear no man's deed, for in returning good for evil and giving good at all times, we progress upwards and never downwards. YF22

To the pure, all things are pure. YF55
Whatever you believe you are, that you are. Whatever you believe you can do, that you can do. YF77

Be still and know that I am within. YF90

Give that you may receive. YF102

What a person fears, that he persecutes. YF109

We fear that which we do not understand. YF112

When we are on the other side of death we are living in harmony. YF117

Unless you be as little children you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven should read: If you have the belief of a child uncontaminated by adult disbelief you can go anywhere at any time. YF120

Dreams are windows into another world. YF128

If you keep on telling yourself that you are going to succeed, you will succeed, but you will only succeed if you keep on with your affirmation of success and not let doubt (the negative faith) intrude. YF144

We must at all times cultivate inner composure, cultivate tranquil manner. YF150

The distilled essence of all that we learn upon Earth is that which makes us what we are going to be in the next life. YF150

Ask yourself: will any of these matters, any of these worries, be important in fifty or a hundred years time? YF153

The more good you can do to others, the more you gain yourself. YF154

If you think peace, you will have peace. YF155

We must be at peace within ourselves if we are going to progress. YF156

With inner composure and faith you can do ANY - THING. YF164

As we think today so we are tomorrow. YF166

If you are showing the effects of strain it means that you do not have the correct perspective. YF169

If you work too hard you are so busy thinking about the hard work you are putting in that you have no time to think about the results you hope to obtain. YF169

It is well to remember that in any battle between the imagination and the will power, the imagination always wins. YF 175

If you will cultivate your imagination and control it, you can have whatever you want. YF179

The only thing to be afraid of is of being afraid. YF180

If you control your imagination by building up faith in your own abilities, you can do anything. YF180

There is no such thing as impossible. YF180

AS you think, so you are. YF184

We should forgive those that trespass against us, and should seek the forgiveness of those against whom we trespass. We should always remember that the surest way to a good Karma is to do to others as we would have them do to us. Yf185

In the eye of God all men are equal, and in the eye of God all creatures are equal whether they be horses or cats, etc. YF 185

We should at all times show great care, great concern, great understanding for those who are ill or sorrowing or are afflicted, for it may be that our task

is to show such care and understanding. The sick person may well be far more evolved than are you who are healthy, and in helping that sick person you could indeed help yourself immensely. Sorrowing unduly for those who have passed over causes them pain, causes them to be dragged down to Earth. YF 190

Just as we should do as we would be done by, we should give full tolerance, full freedom to another person to believe and worship - he or she thinks fit. YF 195

Failure means that you were not really strong in your resolution to do this or not do that! The beggar of today might be the prince of tomorrow, and the prince of today might be the beggar of tomorrow. YF216

Do not at any time inflict your own opinion on others. YF217

Those who talk least hear most WA120

The mind is like a sponge which soaks up knowledge. AW81

Peace is the absence of conflict internally and externally. WA99

This world, this life, is the testing place wherein our spirit is purified by the suffering of learning to control our gross flesh body. CA33

There can be an evil man in a Lamasery just as there can be a saint in prison. CA47

We came to this world to suffer that our Spirit may evolve. Hardship teaches, pain teaches, kindness and consideration do not. CA62

Fear corrodes the Soul. CA62

Life follows a hard and stony path, with many traps and pitfalls, yet if one perseveres the top is attained. Ca145

The greatest force in the world is imagination. CA181

Let your conscience be your guide. CA188

Never despair, never give up, for right will prevail. CA188

You cannot have a cultured man unless that man has been disciplined. CA196

It is a sad fact that we learn only with pain and suffering. CA197

There must be love between the parents if the best type of child is to be born. CA203

Almost any couple could live together successfully provided they learn this matter of give and take. CA203

Do not quarrel or be at variance with each other, for the child absorbs the attitude of the parents. The child of unkind parents becomes unkind. CA210

The master always comes when the student is ready. Iron ore may think itself senselessly tortured in the furnace, but when the tempered blade of finest steel looks back it knows better. RS14

He who listens most learns most. RS96

Race, creed, and colour do not matter, all men bleed red. RS138

Imagination is the greatest force on Earth. RS 149

It is not good to dwell too much upon the past when the whole future IS before one. DFL 43

It is better to rest with a peaceful mind 5 to sit like a Buddha and pray when angry. TE58

It is a sad thing that people condemn that which they do not understand. CHL137
There is a definite occult law, which says that you cannot receive unless you are first ready to give. CHL200

Let there be light - means lift the Soul of man out of darkness - that he may perceive the Greatness of God CHL 209

Death to Earth is birth into the Astral World. BT20

All depends upon your attitude, upon your frame of mind, because as we think so we are. BT64

This Earth is just a speck of dust - existing for the twinkle of an eye in what is real time.FTF24

Everyone HAS to be an island unto himself. FTF48

Suicide is never justified. FTF64

Your body is just a vehicle, a vehicle whereby your

Overself can gain some experience on Earth. Ftf76

MAN, when evolved, can have his "service" within himself, anywhere, at any time, without having to be herded and congregated like mindless yaks. Th10

The more a man's spirituality the less his worldly possessions. TH11

One without eyes is particularly helpless, completely at the mercy of others, at the mercy of EVERYTHING. TH15

Man is temporary, man is frail, life on Earth is but illusion and the Greater Reality lies beyond. TH43

Appearances can be misleading. TH48

Rumours are never reliable. TH91

Some of us are doing our best in very difficult circumstances and our hardships were to encourage us to do better and climb upwards, for there is always room at the top! TH98

THIS is the shadow life. If we do our task in this life we shall go to the REAL life hereafter. I know that for I have seen it. TH103

Time upon Earth is just a flickering in the consciousness of cosmic time. TH 108

Learn to endure hunger now. Learn fortitude now. Learn always to have a positive approach Now, for during your life you will know hunger and suffering; they will be your constant companions. There are many who will harm you, many who will attempt to drag you down to their level. Only by a positive mind - always positive - will you survive any surmount (overwin) all these trials and tribulations which inexorably will be yours. Now is the time to learn. Always is the time to practice what you learn now. SO long as you - have faith, so long as you are POSITIVE, then you can endure the worst assaults of the enemy. TH117

No man is given more than he can bear, and man himself chooses what tasks he shall perform, what tasks he shall undergo. TH117

One of the main troubles of this world is that most people are negative. TH 155

If people would always think POSITIVELY there would be no trouble with the world, for the negative

condition comes naturally to people here, although it actually takes more effort to be negative. TH156

Man upon Earth is an irrational figure given to believing that which is not so in preference to that which is. TC 33

You may get a very good person who gets a lot of pain and you - the onlooker - may think it is unfair that such a person should have such suffering, or you may think that the person concerned is paying back an exceedingly hard Karma. But you could be wrong. How do you know that the person is not enduring the pain and suffering in order to see how pain and suffering can be eliminated for those who come after? Do not think that it is always paying back Karma. It may possibly be accumulating good Karma. TC 104

We have to manage on our own, everyone of us. It is wrong to join cults and groups. We have to stand alone, and if Man is to evolve Man must be alone. TC108

This is the Age of Kali, the Age of Disruption, the Age of Change when mankind stands at the cross-roads deciding to evolve or devolve, deciding whether to go upwards or whether to sink down to the level of the chimpanzee. And in this, the Age of Kali, I have come in an attempt to give some knowledge and perhaps to weigh a decision to Western man and woman that it is better to study and climb upwards than to sit still and sink down into the slough of despond. TC 112

You can be reaching for Buddhahood whatever your station in life. The only thing to go on is - how do you live? Do you live according to the Middle Way, do you live according to the rule that you should do as you would have others do unto you? If so, then you are on the road to Buddhahood. TC118

We came to this Earth for the purpose of developing our Immortal Soul TC127

We come to this Earth knowing before we come what our problem will be, knowing what hardships we shall have to undergo, and if we commit suicide then we are running out on arrangements which we ourselves made for our own advancement. TC128

Anything you do here benefits your Overself and so benefits you because you are the same thing. TC133

Without the Press causing race hatred - there would not be so much trouble between the different colours of humans. TC139

If you are afraid you are dissipating your energy needlessly. TC153

DO AS YOU WOULD HAVE OTHERS DO

**From T.LOBSANG RAMPA's book:
«THREE LIVES»**

(the title refers to the books description of the life - and as the maintheme - the death-transition for 3-three - totally different persons)

We read on the back cover: «this book continues the theme of DrRampas book I BELIEVE - in that it is a further statement of his personal belief in life after death...»

Now - so many, many years after this book was written - so many books about the (near) -deathprocess has been written - and then one can see the extreme accuracy of Rampas descriptions in this book - regarding the deathprocess, life on the other side, the reincarnation process etc. Rampa had the ability to fellow all incidents by reading/looking in the AKASHA - earths memory-bank and so retelling the happenings in every detail. The one who SEES can here recognise the TRUTH. Research yourself!!

This extract is about the experience of a simple, ignorant man who dies a leaves his body - but the «problem» was that he was not - in any way - prepared for a continue of the lifeexperience....

(some words are translated to Norwegian and there MAY BE some wordmistakes here because this is scanned from the book. Some headlines are added)

Leonides Manuel Molygruber was the name of a man who had experienced a hard life this time on Earth - (a life in Canada in the 60's...?) He had grown up without parents - but by a stepmother - and had got no education. He had worked as a garbageman all his life - lived alone - until he dies in a hospital as a relative old man. He didn't believe in a further life after death - and because of that, he soon enters a state of «being in nothing» after his death - because there he attracts what he believe - or more correct - what his thoughts is on wavelength with. Therefor he creates his own temporary expire -jail, where the astral helpers are not able to help him - because of his self-created wall of thoughts. We enter the book on page 41- in chapter three - when the now sick man is in a hospital in his last physical experience in this incarnation....

(but if you rather first will read of the death process for a prepared - good, kind-hearted person - having lived as a simple monk - go to part 4 here - or through a link in the end of part 3)

«...but what happened to Leonides Manuel Molygruber? Did he go out like a light which has suddenly been switched off? Did he expire (utände)like a blown out match? No! Not at all.

Molygruber lying in his hospital bed feeling sick enough to die, was thoroughly upset by that priest. (a hospitalpriest had visited him).He thought how unpriestlike it was for the man to turn redder and redder in the face, and from his position lying in the bed it was very clear that the priest

intended to jump at him and choke him, so Molygruber sat up suddenly in an attempt to protect himself while perhaps he could scream for help.

He sat up suddenly with a supreme effort and drew the biggest breath that he could under the circumstances. Immediately he felt a terrible rasping, wracking pain across his chest. His heart raced like the engine of a car, the gas pedal of, which has been pushed hard to the floor while the car was standing in neutral. His heart raced -and stopped.

The old man felt instant panic. What was to happen to him? What was the end? Now, he thought, I am going to be snuffed out like the candle I used to snuff out as a boy at home, in the only home he had known as an orphan(foreldreless). The panic was terrible, he felt every nerve was on fire, he felt as if someone was trying to turn him inside out just like he imagined a rabbit must feel - if a dead rabbit could feel when its skin is being pulled off preparatory to putting the rabbit's body in a pot for cooking.

Suddenly there was the most violent earthquake, or such is what he thought it was, and old Molygruber found everything swirling. The world seemed to be composed of dots like blinding dust, like a cyclone whirling around and round. Then it felt as if someone had grabbed him and put him through a wringer or through a sausage machine. He felt just too terrible for words.

Everything grew dark. The walls of the room, or "something", seemed to close in around him. He felt as if he were enclosed in a clammy slimy rubber tube and he was trying to wriggle his way out to safety.

Everything grew darker, blacker. He seemed to be in a long, long tube, a tube of utter blackness. But then far away in the distance in what undoubtedly was the end of the tube he saw a light, or was it a light? It was something red, something changing to bright orange like the fluorescent lifejacket he wore when street cleaning. Frantically, fighting every inch of the way, he struggled along forcing his way up the tube. He stopped for a moment to draw breath and found that he was not breathing. He listened and listened, then he couldn't hear his heart beating but there was a queer noise going on outside like the rushing of a mighty wind. Then while he remained without movement of his own volition, he seemed to be pushed up the tube and gradually he reached the top. For a time he was just stuck there, held in the end of the tube, and then there was a violent "pop" and he was flung out of the tube like a pea out of a peashooter (pusterør). He spun around sideways and end over end, and there was nothing, no red light, no orange light either. There was not even any blackness. There was - NOTHING!

Thoroughly frightened and feeling in a most peculiar condition he reached out with his arms, but nothing moved. It was just as if he had no arms. Panic set in once again, so he tried to kick out, kick out hard with his legs, trying to touch something. But again there was nothing, nothing at all. He could not feel any legs. He made a supreme effort to have his hands touch a part of his body but so far as he could tell he hadn't any hands, he hadn't any arms, and he

couldn't sense his body. He just "was" and that is all. A fragment of something he had heard long before came back into his consciousness. It was something referring to a disembodied spirit, a ghost without form, without shape, without being, but existing somehow, somewhere. He seemed to be in violent motion, but at the same time he seemed not to be moving at all. He felt strange pressures, then of a sudden he felt that he was in tar, hot tar.

Long ago, almost beyond the edge of his memory, he had as a small boy been hanging around while some men had been tarring a road. One of the men, perhaps not having very good sight or perhaps in a spirit of mischief, had tipped a barrow of tar from the open top of the barrel and it had fallen all over the small boy. He had been stuck, hardly able to move, and that was how it felt to him now. He felt hot, then he felt cold with fright, then he felt hot again, and all the time there was the sense of motion which wasn't motion at all because he was still, he was still with - he thought - the stillness of death.

Time went on, or did it? He did not know, all he knew was that he was there in the centre of nothingness. There was nothing around him, there was nothing to his body, no arms, no legs, and he supposed he must have a body other - wise how could he exist at all? But without hands he could not feel the body. He strained his eyes, peering, peering, peering, but there was nothing to see. It was not even dark, it was not darkness at all, it was nothingness. Again a fragment of thought came into his mind referring in some way to the deepest recesses of the seas of space where nothing is. He idly wondered where he had got that from, but no more thoughts on it came to him.

He existed alone in nothingness. There was nothing to see, nothing to hear, nothing to smell, nothing to touch, and even had there been something to touch it would not have helped him because he had nothing with which to touch.

Time wore on, or did it? He had no idea how long he stayed there. Time had no meaning. Nothing had meaning any more. He was just "there", wherever "there" was. He seemed to be a mote suspended in nothingness like a fly caught on a spider's web, but yet not like a fly for a fly is held by the spider's web. Old Molygruber was caught on nothingness, which reduced him to a state of nothingness. His mind, or whatever was in place of a mind, reeled. He would have felt faint, he thought, but there was nothing there with which to feel faint.

He just "was" a something or possibly even a nothing surrounded by nothingness. His mind, or his consciousness, or whatever it was that now remained to him, ticked over, tried to formulate thoughts, tried to originate something in place of the awful nothingness which was there. He had the thought coming to him, "I am nothing but a nothing existing in nothingness."

A sudden thought occurred to him like a match shining in a moonless night; some time ago he had been asked to do a little extra job for pay, a man had wanted his garage cleaned out. Old Molygruber had gone there, fished around and found a wheelbarrow and a few garden tools, and then

he opened the garage door as the man had given him the key the day before. He opened the garage door and inside there was the weirdest conglomeration of rubbish old Molygruber had ever seen - a broken sofa with the springs coming out, a chair with two legs broken and moths fluttering out of the upholstery. Hung on a wall was the frame and front wheel of a bicycle. Stacked around were a number of tyres, snow tyres and worn out tyres. Then there were tools rusted out and useless. There was garbage which only very thrifty people can ever accumulate - a kerosene lamp with a cracked shade, and a venetian blind, and then in the far corner one of those stuffed forms on a wooden stand which women used to use for making dresses. He pulled it all out and carted it down to a bit of waste land, and piled it ready for a garbage collection the next day. Then he went back to the garage.

An old bath fixed in tightly beneath a tattered kitchen table lit his curiosity so he pulled at it but could not move it. Then he decided he would pull the table off the top first; he pulled and the centre drawer fell out. It contained a few coins. Well, old Molygruber thought, it's a pity to throw them, away they could buy a hot dog or two, so he put them away in his pocket for safekeeping. A bit further back in the drawer he found an envelope with some assorted paper money of different countries. Yes, he thought, I can raise a bit on these, a money changer will soon deal with that for me. But back again to the bath. He lifted off the table and pushed it outside the garage doors, then he found a whole load of rotten awnings on top of the bath, and then a broken deck chair came to life. He pulled them all out, threw them all out of the door, and then he could pull the bath into the centre of the garage.

That old galvanised bath contained loads of books, weird books some of them were too. But Molygruber dug down until he got all the books out and piled on the floor. Then he found some paperbacks, which excited something in his mind - Rampa, books by Rampa. Idly he flicked over a page or two. "Ah," he said to himself, "this fellow must be a load of dromedary's droppings, he believes that life goes on and on forever. Pah!" He dropped the books on the pile and then fished out some more books. This fellow Rampa seems to have written an awful lot of books. Molygruber counted them and was so astonished at the number that he started all over again and recounted. Some of the books had been ruined because obviously a bottle of ink had upset and trickled over a lot of books. There was one book with a beautiful leather binding. Molygruber sighed as he picked it up, ink had soaked right into the binding, marring the leather. What a pity, he thought, he could have got a few bucks for that book just on the worth of the binding alone. But - no point in crying over spilt ... - the book was tossed out to join the others.

Right at the bottom of the bath there was another book resting in solitary splendour, saved from dirt, saved from dust, saved from paint and ink by being in a thick plastic wallet. Molygruber bent down and picked it up, pulling it out of the plastic wallet. "You - Forever" he read. He flipped over the pages, saw there were some illustrations inside.

On some sudden impulse he slipped the book into an inside pocket before going on with his work.

Now in his peculiar state of being in nothingness he recalled some of the things in the book. When he had got home that night he had had a can of beer and a big lump of cheese which he had bought from the supermarket. Then he had put his feet up and read here and there from the book "You - Forever." Some of the things seemed so fantastic to him that eventually he had just flung it away into a corner of the room. Now, though, he bitterly regretted not reading more because he thought that had he done so he would have had a key to his present dilemma.

Round and round his thoughts swirled like dust motes in a vagrant breeze. What had the book said? What did the author mean when he wrote this or when he wrote that? Wonder what had happened? Molygruber recalled sourly how he had always opposed the thought of life after death.

One of the Rampa books, or was it a letter which he picked up in the garbage, suddenly came to his mind. "Unless you believe in a thing it cannot exist." And another, "If a man from another planet came to this Earth, and if that man was so utterly strange to humans, it is even possible they would not be able to see him because their minds would not be able to believe or accept something which was so far out from their own points of reference."

Molygruber thought and thought, and then he thought to himself, "Well, I am dead, but I'm somewhere, therefore I must exist so there must be something in this life after death business. I wish I knew what it was." As he thought that the stickiness or the tarriness or the nothingness - the sensations were so peculiar that he could not even think what they could be, but as he thought of the possibility that he might have been wrong then he was sure that there was something near him, something that he could not see, something that he could not touch. But, he wondered, is it because he could now possibly accept that there was life after death?

Then again he had heard some strange things, the fellows up at the depot had been talking one day about some gay in a Toronto hospital. The gay was supposed to have died and got out of his body. Molygruber could not recollect exactly what it was, but it seemed to him as far as he could remember, that a man had been very ill and had died, so had got out of his body and seen some astonishing things in another world. Then, to his rage, doctors had revived his dying or dead body and he had come back and told some newspaper reporter all about it. Molygruber suddenly felt elated, he could almost see forms about him.

Suddenly poor Molygruber sat up violently and reached out his hand to stop that confounded alarm clock. The bell was clanging as it had never clanged before - but then he remembered he was not asleep; he remembered that he could not feel his arms or his hands or his legs either, for that matter, and all about him was nothingness, nothing at all except the insistent reverberating clanging which might have been a bell but wasn't. He didn't know what it was. While he was still pondering the problem he felt himself move, move at terrific speed, incredible speed, but then again it wasn't speed at all. He was not educated enough

to know about different dimensions, third dimension, fourth dimension and so on, but what was happening was that he was being moved in accordance with ancient occult laws. So he moved. We will call it moved because really it is very difficult to portray fourth dimensional things in three-dimensional terms of reference, so let us say "he moved."

Molygruber sped along faster and faster it seemed to him, and then there was "something" and he looked about him and saw shadowy forms, he saw things as though through smoked glass. A little time before there had been an eclipse of the sun and one of his fellow workers had handed him a piece of smoked glass and said, "Look through that, Moly, and you'll see what's happening around the sun, but don't drop it." As he looked the smoke gradually disappeared from the glass and he looked down onto a strange room, looked with horror and increasing fright.

Before him was a large room which had many different tables, they seemed to be like hospital tables with all sorts of adjustments to them, and each table was occupied by a corpse, a naked corpse, male and female, all with the bluish tinge of death. He looked and felt sicker and sicker, horrible things were happening to those corpses, tubes were being stuck in at various points and there was the ugly gargle of fluid. There was also the rattle and chug of pumps. He looked more closely in terrified fascination and saw that some of the bodies were having blood pumped out, others were having some sort of fluid pumped in, and as the fluid went in the body turned from its horrid bluish tinge and became exaggeratedly healthy in colour.

Remorselessly Molygruber was moved on. He passed an annex or cubicle in which a young woman was sitting beside one of the tables making up the face of the female corpse. Molygruber was quite fascinated. He saw how the hair was waved, the eyebrows pencilled, and the cheeks rouged, and then the lips were given a rather too vivid red.

He moved on and shuddered as he saw another body, which apparently had just come in. On the eyes which were closed there were peculiar cone-shaped metal pieces which he surmised correctly were to hold the eyelids down. And then he saw a vicious looking needle being pushed through the bottom gam and up through the top gam. He felt decidedly sick as the man who was doing the work suddenly thrust an instrument into the corpse's left nostril and seized the point of the needle jabbing it straight through the septum, after which the thread was pulled tight to hold the jaws together and to keep the mouth shut. He felt definitely queasy, and if he could have he would have been thoroughly sick.

He moved on and then with great shock he saw a body which, with difficulty, he recognised as his own. He saw the body lying there naked on a table, scrawny, emaciated, and definitely in poor condition. He looked with disapproval at his bowed legs and knobby knuckles. Near him was a coffin or casket, or, more accurately, just a shell.

The force moved him on, and he went through a short corridor and moved into the room. He was moving without any volition of his own. In the room he was stopped. He

recognised four of his fellow workers. They were sitting down talking to a well-dressed smooth young man who had in his mind thoughts all the time of how much money he could get out of this.

"Molygruber was working for the City," said one of his former colleagues, "he doesn't have much money; he has a car but that isn't worth more than a hundred dollars. It's a beat up old clunker, I suppose it served him well enough, but that's all he's got. That car which would fetch about a hundred dollars, and he's got a very ancient black and white TV, now that might fetch from twenty to thirty dollars. Apart from that all his other effects - well, I don't suppose they'd fetch ten dollars which doesn't leave much room for paying for a funeral, does it?"

The smooth well-dressed young man pursed his lips and stroked his face, and then he said, "Well, I should have thought you would raise a collection for one of your colleagues who died under such peculiar circumstances. We know that he saved a child from drowning, and for that he gave his life. Surely someone, even the City, would pay for a proper funeral?" His colleagues looked at each other, shook their heads and fiddled with their fingers, and then one said, "Well, I dunno, the City doesn't want to pay for his funeral and set a precedent. We've been told that if anything is paid by the City this alderman and that alderman will rise up on their hind legs and bray out a lot of complaints. No, I don't think the City will help at all."

The young man was looking impatient and trying to conceal it. After all, he was a businessman, he was used to death, dead bodies, coffins, etc., and he had to get money in order to keep going. Then he said, ostensibly as an afterthought, "But wouldn't his Union do anything for him?"

The four former colleagues almost simultaneously shook their heads in negation. "No," said one, "we've approached them but no one wants to pay out. Old Molygruber was just an ordinary sidewalk sweeper and there is no great publicity if people give to his funeral."

The young man rose to his feet and moved to a side room. He called to the men saying, "If you come in here I can show you different caskets, but the cheapest we could do an interment would be two hundred and fifty dollars and that would be the very cheapest, just the cheapest wooden shell and the hearse to take it to the burial ground. Could you raise two hundred and fifty dollars?"

The men looked thoroughly embarrassed, and then one said, "Well, yes, I guess we could, we could raise two hundred and fifty dollars but we can't give it to you now."

"Oh no, I am not expecting you to pay now," said the young man, "provided you sign this Form guaranteeing payment. Otherwise, you see, we might be left bearing the expense and that, after all, is not our responsibility."

The four colleagues looked at each other rather expressively, and then one said, "Well, okay, I guess we can spring up to three hundred dollars but we can't go to a cent more. I'll sign the Form for up to that."

The young man produced a pen and handed it to one of them, and he hastily signed his name and put his address. The other three men followed suit.

The young man smiled at them now he had the Guarantee

Form, and he said, "We have to be sure of these things; you know, because this person, Mr. Molygruber, is occupying space which we badly need because we have a very thriving business and we want him removed as quickly as possible, otherwise charges will be incurred."

The men nodded to him, and one said, "See ya," and with that they moved out to the car which had brought them. As they drove away they were very subdued, very quiet and very thoughtful, then one said, "Guess we shall have to get the money together pretty quick, don't want to think of old Moly stuck in that place." Another said, "Just think, poor old devil, he's worked for years sweeping the sidewalks, keeping his barrow in better condition than any of the others, and now he's dead after saving a life and no one wants to accept the responsibility so it's up to us to show a bit of respect for him, he wasn't a bad fellow after all. So let's see how we can get the money together. Do you know what we're going to do about the funeral?"

There was silence. None of them had given much thought to it. In the end one fellow remarked, "Well, I suppose we shall have to get time off to see him properly put under."

We'd better go and see the foreman and see what he's got to say about it."

Molygruber drifted along seeing the city that he knew so well. He seemed to be like one of those balloons that some-times flew over Calgary advertising a car firm or other things. He drifted along and seemed to have no control on where he was going. First he seemed to emerge from the roof of the funeral home. He looked down and saw how drab the streets were, how drab the houses were, how much they were in need of a coat of paint, he said "a lick" of paint. He saw the old cars parked in driveways and at the roadside, and then moved on downtown and felt quite a twinge as he looked down at his old familiar haunt and found a stranger there, a stranger wearing his plastic helmet, pushing his barrow, and probably wearing what had been his fluorescent red safety jacket. He looked down at the man languidly (apathetic) pushing the broom along in the gutters and every so often reaching for the two boards which he had held in his hands to lift up garbage and deposit it in his barrow. His barrow, too, looked rather drab; it was not as well kept as when he had had it, he thought. He drifted on looking down with a critical and condemnatory eye at the litter in the streets. He looked at a new building site and saw the excavated soil being lifted up and driven across the city by strong breezes, which were blowing.

Something impelled him jip to the sanitation Depot. He found himself floating over the city, he found himself dipping down over a sanitation truck which was going to collect the barrows and the men. But he went on, went on to the depot and sank down through the roof. There he found his four former associates talking to the foreman: "Well, we can't just leave him there," said one of the men, "it's a pretty awful thought that he ain't got enough money to get in the ground properly and nobody else is going to do a thing about it." The foreman said, "Why don't we take

a collection? It's pay day, if we ask each of the men if they'll only give ten dollars each we can get him buried proper with a few flowers and things like that. I've known him since he was a lad, he's never had anything, sometimes I've thought he wasn't quite right in his head but he always did his job although a bit slower than most others. Yes, that's what we'll do, we'll put a notice up above the paying-out booth asking everyone to give at least ten dollars.'

One of the associates said, "How much will you give?"

The foreman pursed his lips and screwed up his face, and then fumbled in his pocket. He produced his battered old wallet and looked inside. "There," he said, "that's all I have in the world until I get my pay, twenty bucks. I'll give twenty bucks.'

One of the men rummaged around and found amid the "garbage a suitable box, a cardboard box. He cut a slot in the middle and said, "There, that's our collection box. We'll put that in front of the paying-out booth together with a notice. We'll go in and get one of the clerks to write a notice for us now before the others get paid.'

Soon the men came in from their rounds. The barrows were unloaded from the trucks, the men parked them in their allotted places and put their brooms in the racks ready for the next day, and then chattering away idly as men and women will when in a throng they moved to the booth to be paid. "What's this?" asked one.

"Our late colleague, Molygruber, there isn't enough money to pay for his funeral. How come you gays don't fork out ten dollars each at least? He was one of our own fellows, you know, and he's been on the council staff a long, long time.'

The men grumbled a bit and mumbled a bit, and then the first man moved to get his pay envelope. Every eye was upon him as he took it. He quickly stuffed it in his pocket, then at the glares around him he half-heartedly fished it out and reluctantly opened one end of the envelope. Slowly, slowly he put a finger and thumb inside and at last produced a ten-dollar bill. He looked at it, and looked at it again turning it over in his hands. Then with a great big sigh he shoved it quickly through the slot in the collection box and moved away. Others collected their pay and under the watchful eye of all the men assembled took out a ten dollar bill and put it in the collection box. At last all the men had been paid, all the men save one had given ten dollars, and he had said, "Gee no, I didn't know the gay, I've only been here a week, I don't see why you expects me to pay for a guy I've never even seen.' With that he pulled his cap more tightly on his head, marched out to his old car and drove off with a roar and a rattle.

The foreman moved to the four men who were chiefly concerned in the matter and said, "How come you don't go and see the Top Brass? Maybe they's give a bit. - nothing to lose, they can't fire you for it, can they?' So the four men marched into the offices of the senior officials. They were embarrassed, they shifted from foot to foot and mutely one of them held the notice and the collection box in front of one of the managers. He looked at it and sighed, and then took out ten dollars, folded it up and put it in the box. Others followed suit. Ten dollars, no more no less. At last

the rounds were done and the four men went back to the foreman. He said, "Now, you gays, we'll go in to the accountant and we'll get him to count it up for us and give us a proper statement of how much it is. That lets us off the hook.'

CHAPTER FOUR

Gertie Glubenheimer gazed gloomily around the large room. Bodies everywhere, she thought, bodies to the left of me, bodies to the right of me, bodies in front and bodies behind, what a sick, sick lot they look! She straightened up and looked at the clock at the far end of the room. Twelve thirty, she said to herself, lunch time. So she fished out her lunch pail from beneath the table on which she was working and, turning, she spread a book and her sandwiches on top of the body beside her. Gertie was an embalmer. She did up bodies in the Funeral Home so that they could be gazed at in the display rooms by admiring relatives. "Oh gee, look at 'im. Don't Uncle Nick look good at last, eh?' people would say. Gertie was very familiar with dead bodies, so much so that she did not even bother to wash her hands before touching her food after messing about with these bodies.

A voice broke in, "Who was the stupid idiot who left that autopsy case without filling up the chest cavity?" The little man at the end of the room near the door was almost dancing with rage.

"Why boss, what's happened?' asked one man incautiously.

"What happened? I'll tell you what happened! The gay's wife leaned over him to give him a fond kiss of farewell and there was only a piece of newspaper under the sheet, and her elbow went right through into his chest cavity. Now she's having hysterics fit to bust. She's threatening so sue us to our back teeth.'

There was a subdued chuckle around the room because things like that were always happening and no one took such cases too seriously. When it got down to brass tacks the relatives would not like it to be known that they had got their elbows inside their dearest just preparatory to interment.

The boss looked up and came trotting towards Gertie: "Get your lunch pail off his face," he roared, "you just bend his nose and we'll never be able to do him up.'

Gertie sniffed and said, "Okay boss, okay, keep calm, this fellow is a poorly, he's not going on display!'

The boss looked at the number on the table and consulted a list he was carrying saying, "Oh him, yes, they can't go above three hundred dollars, we'll just box him up and send him off. What are we going to do about clothes?'

The girl looked to where the naked body was beside her and asked, "What's wrong with the clothes he had on when he came in?'

The boss said, "They were hardly good enough to put in the garbage can. Anyway, they've shrunk so much after being washed that they won't go on now.'

Gertie said, "Well, how about those old curtains we took down and we decided they were too faded to put up again, couldn't we wrap him in one of those?'

The boss glowered at her and replied, "They're worth

ten dollars, who's going to pay ten dollars for it? I think the best thing to do is to put some shavings in the casket, dump him in, and put some more shavings on top. That's good enough, nobody's going to see him anyhow. Do that.' He stamped off and Gertie resumed her lunch.

Over it all hovered Molygruber in his astral form, unseen, unheard, but seeing and hearing all. He was sickened at the way his body was being treated but some strange power held him there, he could not move, he could not shift from the spot at all. He watched everything going on, watched some bodies being clothed in absolutely wonderful dresses the women - and men being done up in what seemed to be evening dress or formals, while he, he thought, would be lucky to get a handful or two of shavings.

"What you reading, Bert?" somebody called out. A young man with a paperback book in one hand and a hamburger in the other looked up suddenly and waved the book at the questioner: "I Believe," he answered. "It's a darn good book, I'm telling you, it's by that fellow Rampa who lives in the city. I've read all his books and one thing's stuck in my mind ever since. It is that you've got to believe something because if you don't believe in anything you're stuck good and fast in the wilderness. Look at that fellow there,' he gestured towards the body of old Molygruber lying cold, still and naked on the table, "that fellow is a complete atheist. Wonder what he's doing now? Can't be in heaven because he doesn't believe in it, can't be in hell because he doesn't believe in that either.' Must be stuck between worlds. This fellow Rampa always says that you don't have to believe what he says but believe in something, or at least keep an open mind because if you don't keep an open mind then helpers, or whatever they are on the Other Side, can't keep in touch with you, can't help you. And Somewhere in one of his books he says that when you pass over you get stuck in nothingness.' He laughed, and then went on, "He also says that when people get to the sage just out of the body they see what they expect to see. That must be a sight, to see all the angels fluttering about!"

A man moved across and looked at the cover on the book. "Funny looking guy, ain't he? Wonder what that picture's meant to be?"

"Dunno," said the book's owner. "That's one of the things about these books, you get covers and blow me you never know what the covers mean. Never mind, it's the words inside that I buy them for.'

Old Molygruber hovered closer. Through no effort of his own he seemed to be gaided to places, as the men wse talking about the book he was sent to hover right over em, and it stuck in his mind, "If you don't believe in a thing then as far as you are concerned it doesn't exist. And then what are you going to do?"

The lunch hour wore on. Some people were reading with books propped up against corpses, and Gertie had her lunch spread out on old Molygruber's body just as though he were a spare table for her convenience. At last the bell went and lunch break was over. The people cleared up the remnants of their food, balled up the paper and put it in the garbage bin. Gertie picked up a brush and brushed

the crumbs off Molygruber's body. He looked down in disgust at her uncaring, unfeeling actions.

"Hey, you gays there, get that body ready immediately, toss some shavings in that shell number forty-nine and toss that fellow in on top of the shavings. Then put some more shavings on top. He shouldn't leak any, but we've got to make sure that everything is mopped up.' The boss man again. He danced in to the big room with a sheaf of papers in his hand, and then he said, "They want the funeral to be at two-thirty this afternoon which is rushing it a bit. I must go and get changed." He turned tail and fled.

Gertie and one of the men rolled Molygruber's body on to one side and passed loops beneath him and then moved him to the other side so they could get at the loops. Little hooks were pulled up to engage in eyelets, and then the body was swung up on to what seemed to be a little railway running on rods. They pushed Molygruber's body to a side of the room where what they called a shell, which was numbered 49 in chalk, was standing ready with the lid off. The san assistant went to a big bin and took out a lot of sawdust, which he poured liberally into the casket until there was about six inches of sawdust. Then Molygruber's body was lowered into the casket. The girl said, "There, I think he should be all right, I don't think he'll leak any. I've got him tied off all right down there, and of course I've got him plugged everywhere, too. I don't think he'll leak but let's put in more sawdust instead of shavings, the old man won't know.' So they got another load of sawdust and poured it onto the body until Molygruber was covered. Then together they lifted up the lid and put it on with a slam. The man reached for a pneumatically-powered screwdriver and turned down the screws as the woman put them in the holes with her fingers. She reached out and picked up a damp rag, then carefully wiped off the number in chalk. The casket or shell was hoisted up from the trestles and moved sideways onto a wheeled trolley. A purple pall was placed over it, and the whole affair was wheeled out of the workroom into the showroom and display rooms.

There came shouting and the boss, now done up as a conventional Funeral Director in very formal clothing, black jacket, silk hat, and striped trousers, moved onto the scene. "Push him out there, get a move on will you," he shouted, "the hearse is out there, the door's opened and everyone's waiting. Get a move on!' Gertie and the "male assistant "got a move on" and pushed the caskets along to a ramp where there was a special loading device. It consisted of a lot of rollers in a frame extending from the ramp right on to the back of the hearse.' They put the casket on the rollers and easily pushed it straight into the hearse. The driver got out of his seat and said, "Okay doke? Okay, off we go!" The Director got in beside him, and slowly the garage doors were rolled up and the hearse moved out.

There was only one car waiting outside, a car with Molygniber's four associates in it. They were done up in their best Sunday clothes, probably clothes which had been redeemed especially from the pawnbroker. Some of these men had the bright idea that when they were not using their Sunday clothes they would leave them with the

pawnbroker because then they would have money to spend until the end of the week when they were paid, and in addition the pawnbroker always cleaned the clothes and had them neatly pressed before putting them in the "Hold" room.

Poor Molygruber seemed to be attached to his body by invisible cords. As the casket was being pushed along, poor old Molygruber in his astral form was being dragged along, and he had no say in the matter at all. Instead he was kept about ten feet above the body, and he found himself ploughing invisibly through walls, floors and ceilings. Then at last he was moved out into the hearse, and the hearse moved out into the open. The Funeral Director leaned "out of the hearse and said to the four men, "Okay? All right then, let's go.' The hearse moved out of the Funeral Home parking lot, and the four mourners in the one car followed on behind. They had their headlights on to show that this was a funeral, and on the side of the following car there was a little triangular flag fixed from the top' of the window reading "funeral" That meant that it could go across traffic lights and the police would not do a thing about it They moved on and on, through the busy streets, past children playing in school yards, and came to the long climb up to the cemetery. There the Funeral Director stopped, got out and went to the car following. "Keep close to us," he said, "because at the next intersection there is always somebody trying to cut in-between and we don't want to delay things too long, and you may lose the way. We have to take third on the right and first on the left. Okay?" The man driving the other car nodded so the Funeral Director went back to the hearse. They took off again with the following car really tail-gating.

Soon they reached the gates of the cemetery. The hearse and the following car moved in and up a driveway. At the top and off to the side there was a newly dug grave with a frame over it and the pulleys on the side. The hearse moved up, turned, and backed. Two men waiting by the graveside moved toward the hearse. The driver and the Funeral Director got out, and the four of them opened the back of the hearse pulling out the coffin. They turned it and moved to the grave. The four mourners followed. "This man was an atheist," said the Funeral Director, "and so there will be no service, that will save you certain expense, we will just lower him and cover him up." The other men nodded and the coffin was eased over the top of the rollers and special web straps were put under, then slowly the coffin was loweress into the ground. The four men moved up to the open grave as one, looked down, and were quite upset, quite sad. One said, "Poor old Molygruber, nobody in the world to care about him." Another said, "Well, I hope he's got somebody where he's going or where he's gone.' With that they went back to their car, backed it, turned, and slowly drove off out of the cemetery. The two men beside the Funeral Director tipped a board and a whole load of earth fell into the casket with a hollow, sickening sound. The Director said, "Ah well, cover him up, that's that,' and moved to the hearse. The driver got in and they drove off.

Molygruber hovered above powerless to do anything, powerless to move, an&s he looked down and thought,

"So this is the end of life, eh? What now? Where do I go from here? I've always believed there was nothing after death, but I'm dead and there's my body and I'm here, so what am I and where am I?' With that there seemed to be a loud thrumming sound like the sound of the wind through taut telephone lines on a high hillside, and Molygruber found himself speeding into nothingness. There was nothing before him, nothing behind him, nothing at either side, neither at the front nor at the back, and he sped on unto nothingness.

Silence! Silence, nothing but silence, not a sound. He listened very, very carefully but there was no sound of a heartbeat, no sound of breathing. He held his breath, or thought he did, and then it came to him with a shock that his heart was not beating, and his lungs were not working either.

«THREE LIVES» part II

From force of habit he put his hands out to feel his chest. There was a distinct impression that he had put his hands out, a very distinct impression that everything was working, but there was nothing there - nothing.

The silence grew oppressive. He shifted uneasily, but did he? He was not sure of anything any more. He tried moving a leg. Tentatively he tried to twiddle a toe, but no - nothing. No sensation of feeling, no sensation of movement, no sensation that anything WAS. He lay back - or thought he did

- and tried to compose himself, tried to compose his thoughts. How do you think in the midst of nothingness when you have the impression yourself that you are nothing, that you do not even exist? But then you must exist, that is what he thought, because if he had not been existing - well - he could not think. He thought of the casket being lowered down into the hard, hard earth, the earth dried out with days and days of dryness, with no rain, with never a cloud in the sky. He thought.

As he thought there was a sudden sensation of motion. He looked, he would have said, "over the side," with astonishment and found that he was over his grave, but how could that be when a second ago - a second ago ? - what was time, time, how could he measure time here? By habit he tried to look down at his wrist, but no, there was no watch there. There was no arm there either. There was nothingness. As he looked down all he saw was the grave. He saw with considerable astonishment and fright that there was long grass on his grave. How long does grass take to grow? There was every evidence that he had been buried well over a month ago. The grass could not have grown so quickly, could not have grown in any lesser time than a month or six weeks.

Then he found his vision slipping, slipping beneath the grass, beneath the earth, he saw the earthworms burrowing and moving, he saw little beetles bustling around. His sight penetrated further and he saw the wood of the coffin. Further - he saw below the lid of the coffin, saw the mouldering, decaying mass within. Instantly he recoiled and sprang up with a soundless shriek of terror, or that

was the sensation that he ~ad. He found himself quivering, abso

lutely shaking in every limb, but then he recalled that he had no limbs, he had no body there so far as he could tell. He gazed about him but still there was nothing to see, no light, no dark, only the void, the void of complete emptiness. where even light could not exist. The sensation was terrible, shocking. But then how did he feel a sensation if he had no body? He lay there, or should it be existed there, trying to work out what was.

Suddenly a vagrant thought came creeping across his consciousness. "I Believe," the thought came. "Rampa," the thought came. What was it those fellows had been talking about the last time he saw them up at the Sanitation Depot? A number of street cleaners were there, a number of garbage truck drivers, too, and they were talking about life and death, and all the rest of it, a talk which had been generated by Molygruber showing a book by Lobsang Rampa.

One of the men had said, "Well, I dunno what to believe, never did know what to believe. My religion don't help me any, doesn't give us any answers, just says you must have faith. How can you have faith when there's never any proof of anything? Any of you fellows ever had a prayer answered?" he had asked. He looked about and saw the negative shakes of his colleagues' heads. One said, "Nope, never did, never known anyone, either, who got a prayer answered. When I was a litfie "un I got taught the Bible and a thing that stuck in my mind then was all the Old Fellows, great prophets, saints and what - nots, they used to pray their fool heads off but they didn't get any answers, nothing good ever happened. I mind reading one day about the Crucifix - ion. It said in the Good Book that Christ uttered words on the Cross, «Lord, Lord, why hast thou forsaken me?» But He got no answer.'

There was an uneasy silence among the men as they looked down and shuffled their feet in discomfort and with unaccustomed minds they tried to think of the future. What was there after death? Anything? Do bodies just return to the earth as a putrifying mass and then as sterile bones crumbling into dust? There must be something more than this, they thought. There was a definite purpose to life and a

definite purpose to life and a definite purpose to death. Some of them looked a bit guiltily at their fellows as they recalled strange circumstances, peculiar happenings, and events which could not be explained by anything within their consciousness.

One fellow said, "Well, that author you've been telling us about who lives downtown, well my misses been reading his books and she's been going on to me something terrible. She said, «Jake, Jake, if you don't believe anything you've not nothing to hang on to when you're dead.» She said, «If you believe that there is an afterlife then you will experience an afterlife, it's as simple as that, you've got to believe that there is an afterlife otherwise you'll float like a bubble on the wind, just drifting about almost without existence. You've got to believe, you've got to keep an

open mind so you can be ready to believe if you have something to stimulate your interest when you pass over.»'

There had been a long silence after that utterance. The men had looked embarrassed and fidgeted uncomfortably wondering how they could get away without appearing to run away. Molygruber thought of it all as he lay there, or stood, or sat there - he did not know which - high up in nothingness, being just a disembodied thought so far as he could tell. But then - perhaps that author was right, perhaps people had persecuted him and picked on him and given him unfavourable publicity because they did not know, because they were wrong. Perhaps that author was right, now what was it he was teaching?

Molygruber strained and strained to recall the fleeting thought which had barely touched the rippling surface of his consciousness. Then it came to him. "You must believe in SOMETHING. If you are a Catholic then you believe in a form of heaven, peopled with saints and angels. If you are a Jew you believe in a different form. If you are a follower of Islam then you have a different form again of heaven. But you must believe in something, you must keep an open mind so that even if you do not actually believe now you still have an openness in your mind so that you can be convinced. Otherwise you will float idly between worlds, between planes, float as a drifting thought, as tenuous as a thought."

Molygruber thought and thought about it. He thought how throughout his life he had denied the existence of a God, denied the existence of a religion, thinking that all priests were money - grabbing Shylocks out to con the public with a lot of fairy tales. He thought about it. He tried to picture the old author whom he had once seen close up. He focused on his rendering of the author's face, and to his terror it seemed that the author's face was right in front of him, speaking, talking to him. "You must believe, unless you believe SOMETHING you are just a drifting shadow without power, without motivation, and without anchor. You must believe, you must keep your mind open, you must be ready to receive help so that you may be removed from the void, from the sterile emptiness and moved on to another plane of existence."

Again Molygruber thought, "I wonder who's using my old barrow now?' And like a flash he saw again the streets of Calgary, saw a young fellow this time pushing along his barrow sweeping the streets, stopping every so often to have a smoke. Then he saw the old author, and he quivered with fright as he looked down and found the old author was looking up with a sort of half - smile on his lips. Then the lips formed words, "Believe something, believe, open your mind, there are people ready to help you."

Molygruber looked again and felt a surge of rage at the man who was using his old barrow. It was a dirty old barrow now with dirt engrained in the hinges of the lids and around the handles. The broom was worn, too, not even worn evenly but worn unevenly, at an angle, and that to him betrayed that the present user was not a man with pride in his job. He felt a surge of rage, and with that a great speed - frightening, mind - numbing speed. And yet it was all so strange, how could he feel speed when there was no feeling

of motion. How could he have speed without the wind on his face? Then he shuddered with terror. Did he have a face? Was he in a place where there was wind? He did not know.

Molygruber just WAS. There was no feeling of time, hardly a feeling of being, he just WAS. His mind ticked over, just idle thoughts creeping across the screen of his mental vision. Then again he pictured the old author and almost heard the words which had not been uttered: "You must believe in something." With that Molygruber had a picture of his childhood, the poor, poor conditions under which he had lived. He remembered a picture in a Bible and a sentence: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, he leadeth me - " He leadeth me. The thought beat an endless refrain in Molygruber's mind or his consciousness or whatever was left to him now, and he thought, "I wish He'd lead me! I wish somebody would lead me!"

With his thought he felt "something," he could not tell what it was, he had a sensation that people were near, it reminded him of when he had been sleeping in a doss house and whenever any other person came by in that big room he would be aware of it, not to the point of waking but to the point of being on guard in case they tried to steal the watch beneath his pillow or the thin wallet tucked in the small of his back.

He uttered a thought, "Help me, help me," and then he seemed to feel that he had feet. There was a strange tipping sensation and - yes - he had feet, bare feet, and with a sickening sensation of terror he found that his feet were on something sticky, tar maybe, he thought. He recalled a time when he was young and he had rushed out of the house barefooted, and he had walked straight into where the City roadmen had been tarring the highway. He remembered the fright, the terror - he was very young - the thought that he was stuck on the road and would never get away again. It was like that now, he was stuck, stuck in tar.

And then he thought that tar was creeping up along his body, yes he could feel a body now, he had arms, hands and fingers, but he could not move them because they were stuck in tar, or if it was not tar it was something sticky, something that inhibited movement, and about him he could swear there were people and the people were watching him. He felt a surge of rage, red, red rage, almost a killing rage, and he sent out the thought, "Okay, youse guys, what are you gaping at me for, why don't you come and give me a hand? Can't you see I'm stuck, eh?" The thought came back clear and loud, almost like some of the things he had seen on the television sets, which he had watched in the windows of dealers. "You must believe, you must believe, you must open your mind before we can help you for you are repelling us with every thought. Believe, we are here ready to help you, believe."

He snorted and tried to run after the people who were staring at him for he was sure they were staring, but he found that his movements were just floundering (baksende). He was stuck in tar (tjære), movements were almost imperceptible. He suddenly thought, "Oh, my God, what's happened?" And with the thought of "Oh my God" he had seen a light in the darkness like the sunlight creeping

over the horizon at the earliest part of the morning. He looked in awe, and then again experimentally mumbled "God - God - help me!" To his delight and surprise the light brightened and he thought that he saw a "figure" standing on the skyline beckoning to him. But no, Molygruber was not ready yet, he just mumbled to himself, "A strange cloud, I guess, that's what it'll be. Nobody wants to help me."

So the light darkened, the brightness on the skyline vanished and Molygruber sank more deeply into the tar or whatever it was. Time passed, endless time passed, there was no indication of how much time passed, but the entity that had been Molygruber just rested "somewhere", immersed in the darkness of disbelief, and around him there were those who would help if only he would open his mind to belief, open his mind so that the helpers could do their task and lead him forward to the light - to whatever form of life or existence there was.

He was in considerable turmoil, worse because he could not feel arms, legs, or anything else, and it was - well, disturbing to say the least. For some reason he could not get that old author out of his mind, it was really sticking there and prodding at him. There was something bubbling beneath his consciousness. At last he got it.

A few months before he had seen the old author in the electrically propelled wheelchair. He had been tootling around in the new park, which had been made, and there was a man with him. Molygruber, as was his wont, had stopped to listen to the two conversing. There was something the author was saying: "You know, the Christian Bible sheds a lot of light on the matter of life after death and it always strikes me as most remarkable that Christians - Catholics in particular - believe in saints, angels, devils and so on, and yet for some extraordinary reason they still seem to doubt life after death. So how are they going to explain Ecclesiastes 12:5 - 7 which actually says, «Because Man goes to his eternal home and the mourners go about the streets; before the silver cord is snapped or the golden bowl is broken or the pitcher is broken at the fountain or the wheel broken at the cistern, and the dust returns to the earth as it was and the spirit returns to God who gave it.» Well,' the old author had said to the other man, "you know what that means, don't you? It means that of the body of a person, one part returns to the dust from which it was alleged to have been made, and the other portion returns to God or to life beyond this. Now, that's the Christian Bible, they acknowledge life after death, but the Christians apparently do not. But then there are a lot of things Christians don't believe in. They'll find out, though, when they get to the Other Side!"

Molygruber really jumped, or rather he felt as if he jumped. How can you jump if you have no body? The words seemed as though they had been uttered just behind him. Somehow he managed to turn around his consciousness but there was nothing behind him, so he mused on the problem for a time, thinking perhaps he had been lost, perhaps he had allowed his early life to distort his thinking, perhaps there was something in the life after the earth - life. There must be, he concluded, because he had seen his body dying,

he had seen his body dead, and - he had shuddered and would have been sick if he could - he had seen his body decaying with the skeleton bones showing through the rotting flesh.

Yes, he muttered to himself, if one can mutter without a voice, there must be something in life after death, he must have been misled all these years. Maybe the bitterness he had generated through hardship in his early life had distorted his values. Yes - there must be some sort of life because he was still alive, or he supposed he was, and if he was not alive how was he thinking these things? Yes, he must be having some sort of a life

As that thought came to him he felt a most peculiar thing happening, he seemed to be prickling all over, prickling to what would have been the outline of a body. He felt that he had arms and hands, legs and feet, and as he twisted a bit he could sense them. And then - oh, glory be to goodness - the light was growing. In the nothingness, in the utter void in which he had been existing light was beginning to penetrate; it was a rosy hue, very faint at first but growing stronger. And then with a suddenness which almost made him sick he tilted and seemed to be falling, falling on his feet. After a short while he landed on something sticky, something gooey, and about him he could see a black fog interspersed with rays of pinkish light. He tried to move and found that while motion was not entirely inhibited it was difficult - difficult. He seemed to be in some viscid material which slowed him up, which made him move in slow - motion, and there he was floundering about, lifting first one foot and then the other. He thought to himself that he was like one of those weird monsters sometimes portrayed on the covers of gaudy science fiction books.

He shouted aloud, "Oh God, if there is a God, help me!" No sooner were the words uttered than he felt a change in his circumstances. The sticky goo disappeared, the material around him became thinner, and he could faintly discern figures moving about. It was a strange, strange sensation. He likened it to being a plastic bag, the plastic being smoke coloured. He was there trying to peer out through the hazy plastic and getting nowhere.

He stood there shielding his eyes with his hands and trying to force himself to see whatever there was to see. He got an impression more than vision of people stretching out their hands to reach him but not being able to touch him, there seemed to be some barrier, some invisible transparent wall.

Oh goodness, he thought, if only this unmentionable colour would go away, if only I could tear down this wall, or paper, or plastic or whatever it is. I can't see what these people are, they may be wanting to help me, they may be wanting to kill me, but how can they do that when I am dead already? Or am I dead? He shuddered, and shuddered again as a sudden thought came to him: "Am I in the hospital?" he said to himself. "Am I having nightmares after seeing that priest? Maybe I am alive back on Earth and this is all a hideous nightmare. I wish I knew!"

Faintly, faintly, as though from a great distance a voice came to him, so faint, so unclear that he had to strain and

strain to resolve what was being said: "Believe, believe. Believe in life hereafter. Believe, only believe and we can set you free. Pray to God. There is a God. It doesn't matter what you call Him, it doesn't matter what form of religion, every religion has a God. Believe. Call unto your own God for help. We are waiting, waiting."

Molygruber stood still. No more did his feet continue their ceaseless tramping to try to break through the veil that surrounded him. He stood quietly. He thought of the old author, he thought of the priests, and he rejected the priests out of hand as being nothing but fakes looking for an easy way to get a living by preying on the superstitions of others. He thought back to his early days, thought of the Bible, and then he prayed to God for enlightenment: "Oh Mighty God, whatever form you adopt, help me, I am stuck, I am lost, I have my being but I have no being. Help me and let others help me." With that and with a believing heart he felt a sudden shock as if he had touched two bare wires on an electric light standard. For a moment he reeled as the veil rent.

CHAPTER FIVE

The veil rent; the black surrounding Molygruber split with a jagged tear right in front of him, then he was blinded. Desperately he pushed his hands over his eyes thanking "goodness" that now once again he had hands. The light was searing, never before had he seen such light, he thought, but then - had he? Well, he thought back to his days as a street orderly or garbage collector, he thought of the big steel buildings he had seen erected and the welding equipment, the vivid light which the act of welding produced, vivid, vivid, searing to the eyes so that the operators had to use dark glasses all the time. Molygruber pressed his eyelids shut, pressed his hands over the eyes, and still he imagined he could see that light beating in through. Then he got control of himself somewhat and very carefully and very slightly uncovered his eyes. It was bright, there was no doubt about that, the light beat in through his closed eyelids. Oh yes, it was bright all right, so he half opened his eyes making them mere slits and peered out.

My! What a wonderful scene he saw. The black had rolled away, disappeared, vanished forever he hoped, and he was standing near trees. As he looked down he saw vivid lush green grass, he had never seen grass like that before. Then on the grass he saw little white things with yellow centres. He wracked his brain, whatever could it be? It came back to him, of course, daisies, little daisies in the fields. He had never seen them in reality before but only in pictures, and at some time or other on a T.V. programme which he had watched through a shop window. But there were more things to see than daisies. He raised his eyes and looked sideways, there were two people there, one each side, and they were smiling down at him - smiling down because Molygruber was quite a small man, one of those insignificant little weasel people, shrunken, shrivelled with gnarled hands and weatherbeaten features. So he looked up at these two people, he had never seen them before but they were smiling at him in a very kind manner

indeed.

“Well, Molygruber?” said one, “And what do you think of it here?” Molygruber stood mute, how did he know how he felt, how did he know what he thought of the place, he had hardly seen it yet. He looked at his feet and was happy to see that he had feet. Then he let his eyes travel up his body. On that instant he jumped about a foot in the air and he blushed from the roots of his hair to the nails on his toes. “Jumping bejeepers!” he said to himself, “and here's me standing in front of these people with nary a stitch on me to cover my nakedness!” Quickly his hands went down to the immemorial gesture of people caught with their pants off. The two men beside him roared with laughter. One said, “Molygruber, Molygruber, what is wrong with you lad, you weren't born with clothes on, were you? If you were then you are about the only person who ever has been. If you want some clothes think them up!”

Molygruber was in quite a panic, for a moment he could not think what clothes were like he was in such a state of confusion. Then he thought of what was called a “union suit” or “boiler suit”, a thing which was a combination garment, a suit which went from the ankles up to the neck with sleeves to it, and you put it on through an opening in the front. No sooner had he thought about it than he found he was clad in a union suit. He looked down and shuddered anew, it was a bright red union suit, the colour of a perfect blush. The two men laughed again and a woman walking on a path nearby turned toward them and smiled. As she walked toward them she called out, “What is this Boris, a new one still afraid of his own skin?” The one called Boris laughed and replied, “Yes, Maisie, we get them every day, don't we?”

Molygruber shuddered as he looked at the woman, he thought, “Well, she's been a right one for sure, hope I'm safe in this, I don't know anything about women!” They all laughed uproariously. Poor Molygruber did not realise that on this particular plane of existence everyone was telepathic!

“Look about you, Molygruber,” said the woman, “then we'll take you off and give you a briefing on where you are and all the rest of it. You have been a sore trial to us, you wouldn't come out of your black cloud no matter what we said to you.”

Molygruber muttered something to himself, and it was such a mutter that it even came out as a garbled mutter by telepathy. But he looked about him. He was in some sort of park, never in his life had he imagined that there would be such a park as this; the grass was greener than any grass he had ever seen before, the flowers - and there were flowers in great profusion - were of more vivid hues than anything he had ever seen. The sun was beating down, it was pleasantly warm, there was the hum of insects and the chirping of birds. Molygruber looked up, the sky was blue, an intense deep blue, with white fleecy clouds. Then Molygruber almost fell with astonishment, he felt his legs grow weak: “Cor!” he said, “Where's the flip pin' sun?”

One of the men smiled and said, “You are not on Earth, you know, Molygruber, you are not anywhere near Earth, you are a long, long way away in a different time, in a

different plane of existence altogether. You have a lot to learn, my friend!”

“Cor!” said Molygruber, “How in the name of tarnation can you have sunlight when there ain't no sun?”

His three companions, two men and a woman, just smiled at him and the woman took him gently by the arm saying, “Come on, we'll take you in and then we will explain a lot of things to you.” Together the four of them walked across the grass and on to a beautifully paved path. “Hey!” shouted Molygruber, “This “ere path ain't half stinging my feet, I haven't got my shoes on!”

That caused a fresh outburst of merriment. Boris said, “Well, Molygruber, why don't you think up a pair of shoes or a pair of boots or whatever you want? You managed it with your clothing, although I must say I don't think much of the colour, you ought to change it.”

Molygruber thought and thought; he thought what a sight he must have looked dressed up in the red union suit.....

«THREE LIVES» part III

some later in the book - page 84 - a teacher or doctor tells him:

...Earth is just an insignificant little place in this universe, and this universe is an insignificant little place compared to other universes - the universes teeming with life - life of many different kinds - life serving many different purposes. But the only thing that matters to humans at present is what happens to humans. It is all something like a school. You get a baby born, then for a time it picks up and learns from its parents, it learns the rudiments of a language, it learns some semblance of manners, of culture. Then when the child is of a suitable age he goes to a kindergarten school and in that school the child is kept during school hours while the poor wretched teacher tries distractedly to keep the child fairly peaceful and quiet until the end of the school day. The first term in school doesn't matter much, the same as the first life on Earth doesn't matter much.

“The child progresses from class to class or grade to grade, each one becoming more important than the one before until in the end the school classes or grades lead up to the culmination of one's achievement, whatever it may be, what is coming next-pre-med school? Law school? Or a lowly plumber's mate? No matter what it is the person has to study and pass some examinations, and it is worth noting that some plumbers earn more than some doctors. The status symbolising on Earth is all wrong, it doesn't matter what a person's parents were, the only thing that matters in the afterlife is what THAT PERSON HAS BECOME. You can have an educated gentleman with the kindest of thoughts while he is just the son of a plumber on Earth. Again, you can have another person who might even be the curator of a museum, he might have had all the advantages of a high birth-status and he may be worse than a pig in his manners or lack of manners. Values on Earth are wrong, completely wrong, only the values of the afterlife matter.

“In the early days of this particular Round of civilisation things were rather rudimentary and crude, people learned

lessons by going out and bonking somebody on the head or by getting bonked on the head instead. Sometimes the two parties would be humble yeomen or farm workers, some-times they would be high knights jousting at a royal palace; it doesn't matter how you are killed, when you are killed - -well - you are dead and then you've got to go on to another life.

“As the world itself becomes more mature in this Round of existence the stresses and strains which one may have to overcome become more sophisticated. One goes to business and gets all the hatred, the jealousies and the pettiness of office life, all the cut throat competition in car salesmanship, insurance salesmanship, or any of the other competitive trades or professions. One is discouraged in presentday world life from knocking one's neighbour on the noggin, you have to do it by politely cutting his throat behind his back, or, in other words, getting him framed so that if, for instance, you are an author and you don't like another author then you gang up with a couple of other authors and you frame your victim. You produce a lot of false evidence and then you get a pressman on the job, you pay him a dollop of money and if he is a drinking sort of fellow you wine him and dine him, then he goes and writes an article about the victim and all the other silly creeps in the media - a most low profession or trade - lap it up hook, line and sinker, and they do their best to damn the author they have never even read or met. That is called civilisation.’

The doctor paused and said, “I hope you're taking all this in, if not you'd better stop me, I've got to teach you something because you seem to have learnt nothing at all in your Earth life.’

Molygruber nodded, he was going a bit crosseyed by now, and so the doctor continued:

“After one has decided in the astral world what is needed, then circumstances are investigated and suitable prospective parents are selected. Then when the husband and wife on Earth have done their stuff the entity in the astral is prepared and he «dies» to the astral world and is shoved out into the mundane world as a baby. In almost every instance the trauma of getting born is so severe that he forgets ~I about his past life, and that is why we get people saying, «Oh, I didn't ask to be born, don't blame me for what I've done'».

“When a person dies to the Earth he or she will have reached a certain status of understanding, he or she may have learned something of metaphysics, and so will have gained knowledge which helps in the next world. In a case like yours, Molygruber, you seem to be singularly bereft of all knowledge of life after death so this is what it is like.

“If a person has only lived a very few lives on the Earth plane - the three dimensional plane - then when they leave the Earth, or «die» as it is miscalled, the astral body or soul or whatever you like to call it is received into a low - grade astral world suitable for the knowledge of the person who has just arrived. You can say a human boy or man doesn't know much so he had to go to night classes, he can't climb up in society until he has learned enough to take his place in a higher society. It is quite the same in the astral worlds; there are many, many astral worlds, each

one suit - able for a particular type of person. Here in this world which is in the low - astral of a fourth dimension you will have to learn about metaphysics, you will have to learn how to think so that you may get clothing, food, and anything else you need. You need yet to go to the Hall of Memories where you will see all that you have done in your past life, and you will judge yourself. And I may say that no one judges one more harshly than one's Overself. The Overself can be likened to the soul. Briefly, there are about nine «dimensions» available in this particular sphere of activity. When one has finally reached embodiment in the ninth body or Overself then one is prepared to go up to higher realms and learn higher things. People, entities, are always striving to climb upwards like plants striving to reach toward the light.

“This is a low - astral world where you will have many lessons to learn. You will have to go to school and learn many facts of life on Earth, many facts of life in the astral. Then later you will decide what type of lessons you have to learn. When all that has been decided upon you will be able to return to the Earth to suitable parents and it is hoped that this time you will have more opportunities to climb upwards and to get a better status on the Earth, a better soul status, that is, not just one's class on the Earth. It is hoped that in the next life you will learn a lot so that when you leave the Earth body again you will not come to this low stage but you will move upwards perhaps two, perhaps three «planes» above this one.

“The higher you climb in the astral planes the more interesting your experiences and the less suffering you can endure, but you have to approach things like that carefully, gently, and slowly. For example, if you were suddenly put upon an astral world two or three stages above this you would be blinded by the intensity of the emanations from the Guardians of that world, so the sooner you learn that which you have to learn the sooner you can go back to Earth and prepare for a higher stage.

“Let us say that a very, very good man indeed leaves the Earth, the three dimensional Earth from which you have so recently arrived. If the man is truly spiritual he could go up two or three stages, and then he would not find harsh treatment such as that which you get on this plane, he would not find that he had to imagine food to eat. His body essence would absorb all the energy it needed from the surroundings. You could do that as well but you are uneducated in such things, you cannot understand much about spirituality as witness the admitted fact that until now you have not believed in life after death. Upon this plane, this plane where you now reside, there are many, many people who did not believe there is life after death: they are here to learn that there is!

“In later incarnations you will strive up and up so that each time you die to the Earth world and are reborn to an astral world, you will climb to a higher plane and will have greater and greater time between incarnations. For instance, in your own case; suppose you were discharged from your employment on Earth. Well, in your particular job there are usually plenty of vacancies, you could get a similar job

the next day, but if you were a professor or something, to give you an illustration, you would have to try harder and wait longer to get suitable employment. Similarly, on this plane on which you are now lodged you could be sent back to the Earth world in a month or two, but when one gets to higher planes one has to wait longer in order to recover from the psychic shocks endured on the Earth."

Molygruber sat up straight and said, "Well, it's all beyond me, Doc, guess I'll have to set to and learn something, eh? But can one speak to people on Earth from here?"

The doctor looked at him for some moments and then said, "If the matter is considered urgent enough, yes, under certain conditions and circumstances a person on this plane can get in touch with someone on the Earth. What have you in mind?"

Molygruber looked a bit self-conscious, he looked at his feet, he looked at his hands and he twiddled his thumbs, then he said, "Well, the guy that's got my old barrow, I don't like the way he's treating that barrow, I looked after it, I polished it with steel wool and kept it as clean as clean could be. That fellow's got it all cabbled up with dirt. I wanted to get in touch with the superintendent at the depot and tell him to give the new man what took over my job a kick you-know-where."

The doctor looked quite a bit shocked and said, "But, my good man, that is a thing you have to learn, you have to - learn not to indulge in violence and not to judge another person harshly. Of course it is extremely laudable that you cleaned your own work vehicle but another man may have a different method of using his time. No, certainly, you cannot get in touch with your superintendent for such a frivolous reason. I suggest you forget about your life on Earth, you are not there now, you are here, and the sooner you learn about this life and this world the sooner will you be able to make progress because you are here to learn and to learn only so that you can be sent back to - if you earn it - a higher status."

Molygruber sat there on the bed drumming his fingers on his knees. The doctor watched him in some curiosity wondering how it was that on Earth people could live for a number of years and still be "a soul encased in clay" hardly knowing what went on about them, knowing nothing of the past or of the future. Suddenly he said, "Well, what is it?" Molygruber looked up with a start and replied, "Oh, I've been thinking of things and I understand I'm dead. Now, if I'm dead, why do I seem solid? I thought I was a ghost?"

Why do you seem solid? If you are a ghost you should be like a whiff of smoke.'

The doctor laughed and said, "Oh, the number of times I've been asked that! The answer is very, very simple; when you are on Earth you are of basically the same type of material as all the others around you so you see each other as solid, but if a person - me, for example - came from the astral world and went down to the Earth I would be so tenuous to the solid Earth people that either they would not see me or they would see right through me. But here you and I are of the same material, same density of material, so to each other we are solid, all the things about you

are solid. And, mark this well, when you get to higher planes of existence your vibrations will be higher and higher so that if a person from, let us say, the fifth level came to us now we should not see him; he would be invisible to us because he would be of finer material.'

Molygruber just could not take it in, he sat there looking uncomfortable, looking embarrassed and twiddling his fingers around.

The doctor said, "You don't follow me at all, do you?"

"No," replied Molygruber, "not at all."

The doctor sighed and said, "Well, I suppose you know a little about radio, you've listened to radio sets. Now you know you cannot get FM radio on a set designed for AM only, and you cannot get AM on a radio designed for FM only. Well, that should give you a line of thought because you can say that FM is high frequency and AM is low frequency. In the same way you can say that we on this plane of existence are high frequency and the people of Earth are low frequency, and that should enable you to realise that there are more things in heaven and on Earth than you know about, but now you are here you've got a few things to learn.'

Molygruber suddenly had a flash picture of when he used to go to Sunday School - well, for two or three Sundays only, but it still came to his mind. He stopped twiddling with his fingers, he stopped fiddling with his toes, and he looked at the doctor. "Doc," he asked, "is there any truth in it that people who are real holy Joes get a front seat in heaven?"

The doctor laughed outright and said, "Oh dear, oh dear, so many people have that crazy idea. No, there is no truth at all in it. People are not judged on which religion they follow, but they are judged on the inner workings of their mind. Do they do good to try to do good or do they do good as a sort of insurance for when they die to the Earth? Well, that's a question one has to be able to answer. When people pass over, at first they see and experience what they expect to see and what they expect to experience. For instance, if an ardent Catholic has been brought up on a diet of angels, heavenly music, and a lot of saints playing harps then that is what they will see when they pass over. But when they do realise that all that is sham - hallucination

- then they see the True Reality and the sooner they see it the better for them.' He stopped and looked very seriously at Molygruber before going on, "There is one good thing to be said for people like you; they have no false ideas about what they are going to see. Many of the people of your type keep an open mind; that is, they neither believe nor disbelieve and that is a lot better than being too slavish in the following of any particular discipline."

Molygruber sat very still, his face puckered in a frown so deep that his eyebrows almost met, and then he said, "I was scared out of my pants when I was a youngster. I was always being told that if I didn't do what I was told I would go to hell, and a lot of devils would prod me - well, YOU know where, with red-hot toasting forks and I would suffer a lot of pain. How come if God is so great, if God is our kind benevolent Father, then how come that He wants to torture us forever and a day? That's what I can't under-

stand!’

The doctor sighed deeply, deeply, and then after some slight pause he said, “Yes, that’s one of the biggest difficulties we have, people have been given false values, they have been told false things, they have been told that you will go to hell and will suffer eternal damnation. Now, there isn’t a word of truth in that; hell is the Earth. Entities go to Earth to experience, mainly through hardship, and learn, again mainly through hardship, all the various things which they have to learn. Earth is usually a place of suffering. If a person has a low state of evolution then usually he or she doesn’t have enough of what we call karma to have to suffer in order to learn. They stay on Earth to gain some experience by watching others, and then later they come back for their hardships. But there is no hell after the life on Earth, that is illusion, that is false teaching.’

Molygruber said, “Well then, how did so much about hell get in the Good Book?”

“Because,” responded the doctor, “in the time of Christ there was a village named Hell. It was a village on the outskirts of very high land, and outside the village there was a quaking bog which was smoking hot and with a continual stench of sulphur fumes and brimstone. If a person was accused of something he was brought to the village of Hell so that he could endure the ordeal of passing through Hell - passing through the smoking bog of sulphur and brimstone - in the belief that if he was guilty the heat would overcome him and he would fall to the ground and be burned up by the heat of the bog. But if he was innocent, or if he had enough money to bribe the priests in charge of the place so that they could put a coating on his feet, then he could go all the way through the bog and emerge safely on the other side, then he would be considered as an innocent man. We get the same thing now, don’t we, with the way justice is often bought and the innocent get imprisoned while the - guilty go free.’

“There is another thing that puzzles me,” said Molygruber.

I’ve been told that when one dies there are helpers on the Other Side, wherever that is, who come and help a person get into Heaven or the Other Place. Well, I’m supposed to have died but I sure didn’t see any helpers. I had to get there all on my own just like a baby being born unexpectedly. Now, what’s all this about helpers?’

The doctor looked at Molygruber and said, “Well, of course there are helpers helping those who want to be helped, but if a person - you, for instance - will not believe in anything then you can’t believe in helpers either, so if you can’t believe in helpers they cannot get close to you to help you. Instead you are encased in the thick black fog of your own ignorance, your own lack of belief, your own lack of understanding. Oh yes, definitely there are helpers who come if they are permitted to come. In the same way, usually one’s parents or relatives who have passed over come to greet the one newly arrived in the astral planes of existence. But this particular plane is the lowest plane, that which is the nearest to the Earth, and you are here because

you did not believe in anything. So, because you were so ignorant, you find it even more difficult to believe in higher planes than this so you are here in what some people regard as Purgatory (renselse- skjærsild). Purgatory means to purge, a place of purging, and until you are purged of your lack of belief then you cannot progress upwards. And so because you are in this plane you cannot meet those who have been friendly with you in other lives, they are so much higher.’

Molygruber stirred uncomfortably and said, “Gee, I sure seem to have upset the apple cart, so what happens now?” With that the doctor rose to his feet and signalled for Molygruber to do likewise. He said, “You have to go to the Hall of Memories now where you will see every event of your life on Earth. Seeing those events you will judge what you have done successfully, you will judge what you have done unsuccessfully, and then you will have the nucleus of an idea in your mind as to what you have to do to improve yourself in a next Earth life. Come.”

With that he walked to the wall and an opening appeared. He and Molygruber passed through and moved along to the big hall again. The doctor walked to a man sitting at a desk and they had a short conversation. Then the doctor returned to Molygruber and said, “This way, we turn down here.” Together they walked down a long corridor and out into the open to a long grassy sward, at the far end of which there was a peculiar building which looked as if it was made of crystal reflecting all the colours of the rainbow, and many other colours which Molygruber simply could not name. They stopped outside the door and the doctor said, “There, that is the Hall of Memories, there is one on every plane of existence after one gets beyond the Earth plane. You go in there and you see before you a simulacrum of the Earth floating in space. As you walk toward it you will have a sensation of falling, falling, then it will seem as though you were upon the Earth watching all that happens, seeing all but not being seen. You will see everything that you have done, you will see actions you have taken and how they have affected other people. This is the Hall of Memories, some call it the Hall of Judgement, but of course there is no great judge sitting in solemn state who will look you up and down and then weigh your soul in the balance to see if it is wanting, and then, if it is, toss you into eternal fires. No, there is nothing like that. In the Hall of Memories each person sees himself or herself; and each person judges whether he or she has been successful. If not, why not and what can be done about it. Now,” he took Molygruber’s arm and urged him gently forward, “I leave you here. Go into the Hall of Memories, take as much time as is required, and when you come out another person Will be waiting for you. Goodbye.”

With that he turned and walked away. Molygruber stayed there with a strange feeling of dread. He did not know what he was going to see, and he did not know what he was going to do about what he was going to see. But he showed no sign of moving, he seemed like a statue - a statue of a street sweeper without his barrow - and at last some strange Force turned him gently and pushed him along

in the direction of the Portal of the Hall of Memories. Molygruber entered.

And so it came to pass that Leonides Manuel Molygruber entered unto the Hall of Memories, and there he saw the history of himself and his associates since the beginning of time as an entity.

He learned much, he learned of the mistakes of the past, he learned of things for which to prepare for the future, and by means unknown on the Earth his comprehension was expanded, his character purified, and Leonides Manuel Molygruber left the Hall of Memories at some undetermined time - it may have been days later - or weeks, months....

Next to part 4 - the death process for a prepared - good, kind-hearted person

«THREE LIVES»part IV

the death process for a prepared - good, kind - hearted person

We read on the back cover: «this book continues the theme of DrRampas book I BELIEVE - in that it is a further statement of his personal belief in life after death...

Now - so many, many years after this book was written - so many books about the (near) - deathprocess has been written - and then one can see the extreme accuracy of Rampas descriptions in this book - regarding the deathprocess, life on the other side, the reincarnation process etc. Rampa had the ability to fellow all incidents by reading/looking in the AKASHA - earths memory - bank and so retelling the happenings in every detail. The one who SEES can here recognise the TRUTH. Research yourself!!

This extract is about the experience of a simple, monk - a man who dies and leaves his body - but he was - in many ways - prepared for a continue of the lifeexperience....so the passage was very easy and joyful indeed.

(some words are translated to Norwegian and there MAY BE some wordmistakes here

because this is scanned from the book. Some headlines are added)

Yes - this extract is about the transition over to the next life for an old monk - Brother Arnold - having lived his later life as a monk in a monastery. We enter from page 148 here:

....they placed the body on the bier(likbåre), arranging the robes to fall naturally and placing sandals upon the dead monk's feet. Carefully they replaced the Crucifix between the dead hands, carefully they drew down the cowl to cover the features. Then the four monks began their solitary vigil (nattevåk) - guarding the body of their dead Brother until there would come the light of day when again masses would be sung.

And so Brother Arnold left his body. He felt that he was

being borne upwards. Looking down with some trepidation he found a silvery blue cord stretching from his present body to the pallid ghastly corpse resting on the bed below. About him he could half - distinguish (skjelne) faces. Surely that was his mother? And there was his father. They had come from beyond the Shades to help him, to guide him on his journey.

The way ahead was dark. It seemed to be a long, endless tunnel, a tunnel or maybe a tube. It seemed to be something like the tube, which the monks carried in procession through the village on certain occasions, a tube supported by a pole which they raised up against windows so that people could give their contributions to the mouth of the tube and it would slide down to a collecting bag below.

Brother Arnold felt himself moving slowly up this tube. It was a most peculiar feeling. He turned his head down and saw that the silver cord was thinning and even as he looked the cord parted and was no more, it seemed like a ribbon of elastic which, cut, withdrew under its own elasticity.

Above him as he peered upwards there seemed to be a bright light. He was reminded of when he had gone down the monastery - well to help clear the water filters below. Looking up he had seen the bright circle of light, which illuminated the top of the well. He had a similar feeling now, the feeling was that he was being borne upwards, upwards to the light, and he wondered - what now?

Suddenly, like a stage devil appearing through a trap, Arnold appeared - where ? - he appeared on this other world, or in another plane of existence. He did not know what it was for the moment. The light was so intense that he had to cower his eyes, and after a few moments he cautiously lifted his hands away from his eyes and uttered a weak, "Oh, oh my!" at the sight before him. There came an amused chuckle by his side, and he turned and gazed at the one who used to be his father. "Well, Arnold," said the other, "you certainly seem astonished, I should have thought you would have remembered it all although I must say - " he gave a rueful smile, "that it took me long enough."

Arnold gazed around. "Well, I certainly AM astonished," he said. "This place appears to be like Earth, oh a much better version of it, I grant you, but it does appear to be an Earthtype world, and I thought we would be going to - well, I don't quite know what, but to a more abstract type of world, not this.' He gestured at the buildings and the parklands. "This does look like a frightfully posh version of the Earth!"

"Arnold, you have quite a lot to learn, or to re - learn," said his former father. "Your own studies, your own long experience should have led you to the conviction that if an entity, a human soul, went direct from the Earth world up to high celestial spheres then it would be entirely to destroy that entity's sanity, the change would be so great.' He looked hard at Arnold and said, "Think of a glass, an ordinary glass tumbler if you like; you cannot place a cold glass straight into very hot water, it would fracture, and there are many things of a like nature, it must be done

gently, gently. In the same way with a person who has been ill for a long time and confined to bed - you don't expect him to get out of bed one day and to walk around and run around as if he were a well4trained athlete. It is the same here. You were upon a crude, crude world, the Earth, you were on the upward climb and here is an intermediate stage, let us say a halt where one can pause awhile and get one's bearings.'

Arnold looked around marvelling at the beauty of the buildings, marvelling at the green of the greenery and the trees without blemish. Here, he saw, animals and birds were in no way afraid of the humans. This seemed to be a world of good rapport.

"Soon, I have no doubt, you will be going up to higher planes, but before that can be decided you have to go to the Hall of Memories. When there you may recover your flagging memory of your visit here before."

"I am quite amused at the way we say, «up» "; said Arnold, "I thought the Heavenly Spheres and the Earth Spheres or planes of existence - call them what you will - were intermingled and perhaps even occupied the same space, so why say «up»?"

Another man broke in. He had been watching but saying naught. Now he remarked mildly, "Well, it is up, there's no doubt about it. We go up to a higher vibration. If we were going to go to a lower vibration then we should be going down, and, in fact, there are such places of lower vibration and people here who have to go down there for some reason, perhaps to help some weary soul, would soon say that he or she was going down to plane So - and - So. But this is an intermediate stage, we come up to it from the Earth. We want to get away from the Earth and if we were going down then you could say we were getting nearer to the Earth's core, and that's what you do not want to do. So up it is' up to a higher vibration, up to get away from the centre of the Earth, and soon you, Arnold, will be going up again. Of that I have no doubt for this is just an intermediate stage, people from here go up to a higher plane or they go down to the Earth again, to learn more lessons. But now it's time you went to the Hall of Memories, everyone must go there first. Come this way'

Together they walked along, walked along what seemed to be a very well - kept street. There were no cars, no mechanically propelled vehicles of any kind. People walked and the animals walked as well, often alongside the humans. Soon Arnold and his new friend turned away from the streets and entered a little lane at the end of which Arnold could see much greenery. He walked along with the other, both concerned about their own thoughts. Soon they came to the end of the little lane and there was a beautiful, beautiful park ahead of them with wonderful plants, wonderful flowers of a type which Arnold had never seen before. And there in the centre of the park was the great domed structure, which the people termed the HALL OF Memories. They stood awhile taking in the picture, the greenery, the vivid colours of the flowers, and the very brilliant blue of the skies which were reflected brightly on the surface of the placid lake near the Hall of Memories.

As of one accord Arnold and his new friend stepped upon the path leading to the Hall. They walked along wondering perhaps about the other people who were sitting on benches or lying on the grass. Frequently they would see a person mount the steps to the Hall of Memories, and they would see others coming out from some hidden exit. Some were looking elated (opprømt), some were looking chastened beyond expression. Arnold looked and gave an anticipatory shudder at the strangeness of it all. What happened in the Hall of Memories, what would happen to him? Would he pass muster and go on up to a higher vibration, to a more abstract form of life? Or would he be sent down to Earth to start another life all over again?

"Look, look," murmured Arnold's new friend. He nudged (puffet) Arnold and pointed in a certain direction. His voice sank to a whisper as he said, "These are entities from a much higher plane of existence, they have come to observe the people, look at them."

Arnold looked and he saw two bright golden spheres, they seemed to be made of light, they were so brilliant that Arnold could not even guess at the true shape. The golden spheres were drifting along like golden bubbles in a light breeze. They drifted along and came to the walls of the Hall of Memories. They touched and went straight through without leaving a mark on the structure.

"I must leave you now," said Arnold's friend. "But keep cheerful, keep your pecker up (opp med humøret), YOU have nothing to worry about, that's for sure. Goodbye. There will be someone here to meet you when you come out. Cheer up, don't look so mournful!' With that he turned abruptly and retraced his steps.

Arnold, with mounting apprehension - no ! - with complete fright, plodded on to the end of the path to where the entrance to the Hall of Memories began. At the foot of the great stone steps he stopped and tried to see what was happening, but no, he did not stop after aff, some force was propelling him, drawing him. He hurried up the steps and stopped a moment before the great entrance door. Suddenly, silently, it opened and Arnold was pushed inside, pushed or dragged inside, it does not matter which, he was inside and the door shut behind him.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Silence, perfect silence, not a whisper of sound, not a rustle, nothing. Silence so great that there was an absolute absence of anything except silence.

Darkness, so dark that Arnold could almost see things in the light. His eyes had been used to light, they must have stored up light patterns because now in the darkness so pro - found he was getting optic nerve flashes.

An absolute absence, of everything. Arnold moved and could not tell that he had moved, everything was emptiness, emptier, he thought, than space itself. But then suddenly a faint point of light appeared "somewhere", and from it blue rays were flung out like sparks on a red-hot horseshoe being beaten by a blacksmith. The light was blue, pale blue in the centre deepening to a purple blue further out. The light expanded, it was still blue, and then Arnold saw the

world, the Earth which he had so recently left. It seemed to be floating in space. There was nothing but a mass of clouds, it seemed almost like a ball of cotton wool of different colours, black clouds and white clouds, and he had a momentary glimpse of what he thought must be the Sahara Desert, nothing but sand and desolation. Then through the earth he saw other globes - all intermingling and yet not one of them touching. 'I'm going mad,' thought Arnold, 'let's get out of here!' And he turned to make his escape. Behind him he saw two glowing orbs. He stared back at them and then had an impression: "It is all right, Arnold, we know all about you, we have been examining your past. You have done very well in this last life other than that you have been so lazy that you did not rise above the deacon stage, you did not bother to get ordained. That was lazy of you, Arnold."

Arnold stared, and the impression came to him: "No, you cannot see us, we are of a different vibration. All you can see is a globe of light and that is not at all what we look like. Soon you will be one of us if you wish - and if you do not so desire then you will have to go back to Earth and clear up a few ends that you left untied such as the business of staying as a deacon when you could have risen so much higher."

"But what are you like?" asked Arnold.

"Not everyone knows how a king lives," thought one of the spheres. "People have the most weird ideas about kings and queens, some thinking that they live all day sitting on a golden throne with a crown on their head and holding the Orb and the Sceptre. Kings and queens do not live that way at all. Similarly on Earth people have many weird ideas about the immediate life after death, they - think there is Heaven with Pearly Gate - well, there is Heaven with Pearly Gates for those who think there is, because here in a land which is controlled by thought people are what they think they are, and if a person thinks there are angels flying about then they will see angels flying about. But it's all a waste, there is no use at all in such a life, and these intermediate stages are so that people can rationalise things and become straightened out."

There seemed to be some conversation going on between the two globes because there was much bobbing and vibrating between the two. Then from one of the globes there came this thought; "We are much amused that people on this plane of existence are so tied up with their habits and customs that they even have to imagine food which they then imagine that they eat. We have seen," the telepathic voice continued, "some very religious people here who even have to eat fish on Fridays!"

"Holy mackerel!" said Arnold, "that does seem a bit farfetched (søkt), doesn't it?"

"But why do people fear death so much?" asked Arnold. "Although I was a religious and obeyed all the rules of the Order I confess that I was terrified of dying. I thought God would be there ready to smite me down for all the wrongs I had done, and I have always wondered why people feared death so much."

The telepathic voice came again: "People fear death

because we do not want them to know the truth. Death is pleasant, when one comes to the last stages of dying all fear is removed, all pain, all suffering is removed. But people have to fear death otherwise they would commit suicide and there would be mass suicides; if people knew how pleasant death is and how much better the life here is then they would commit suicide and that would be a very bad thing indeed. They go to Earth as children go to school to learn, and children must be kept in school and not allowed to escape into the joys of the countryside. So it is that people fear death until the last moment, until it is clear that they cannot possibly live longer. Then they embrace the warmth of death, the happiness of death.' (The Danish spiritual author Martinus tells that the life here as like to the school - or common work - and the death is then like the most fantastic holidays or vacation. R.Ø.rem.)

"But we want you to leave the material worlds and come to the worlds of the spirit," thought one of the globes.

"But why is there a material heaven -even though an imitation one - if people do not need material things?" asked Arnold.

"Because for an Overself or Soul or whatever you like to call it - is necessary to get material experience, and in the hardships of the Earth one can learn hard lessons in just a few years, whereas if the lessons had to be absorbed by a spirit living in a spirit world then it would take eons of time. But now we have to show you your past life. Watch!"

The world in front of Arnold seemed to expand, it expanded so rapidly that he thought he was falling over the edge of a precipice (skrent) - a precipice in space? -on to the turning world. He fell, or thought that he fell, for thousands of miles and then he found himself living just a few feet above the Earth. In front of him there were strange looking men engaged in mortal combat, wielding spears, axes, and even sticks with heavy stones at the end. Arnold looked at them, and one figure in particular attracted him. The figure suddenly rose up from lying on the ground and put his spear right through the chest of an approaching enemy. The enemy toppled to the ground in a welter of blood. "That was a bad deed you did, Arnold," said a voice in his head, "you had to live many lives to atone for that."

The pictures went on from the times of the Assyrians - on through different periods of Earth history, and then at last he saw the life he had just left, he saw his early days and the little offences he had committed such as robbing an old neighbour's orchard (frukthage) or taking some coins out of a milk bottle which had been left for collection by the milkman. He saw how he had gone to the market a few tinies and swiped fruit, apples, pears and bananas. (As described in the many books on the «near-death-experience» - Moody/Ring/Kübler-Ross etc - this is exactly what the dying person says - they saw the smallest, apparent insignificant incidents - in these life-reviews from the other side - but remember that Rampa described these spiritual mechanisms so many, many years ahead - before it became known/popular here in the western society. Precisely this very strong indicates that Rampa actually described the real connections in these «early» books -

the first came nearly half a century ago!! R.Ø.rem.)

Later he saw himself as a monk overcome with the fear that he would not be able to pass the examinations for Ordination and so adopting a supercilious attitude to cover up the fear of his own incompetency.

He saw again his dying and his death, and then he seemed to be rocketing - out of the Earth, going up and up and up, and then landing upon another plane of existence.

"You performed very well in that life," said the - voice in his head, "and it would be a mere waste of time for you to go back to the Earth phase again. We think instead you should come to the world beyond material things where you can undoubtedly learn much."

"But what about my friends here?" asked Arnold, "My father and my mother and the many people I knew before, isn't it rather bad to come and take their hospitality and then suddenly go off to a higher plane? Whatever will they think of me?"

The voice in his head had a definite laugh as it replied, "If they were worthy of going higher, Arnold, they would have gone higher, and if you do not come out of this building in a form which they can recognise, then they will appreciate that you have gone higher, to a higher plane of existence. When we come out of here the three of us will appear as globes of light to them, and having seen two enter and three come out they will know that the third was you and they will rejoice accordingly at your advancement and your elevation. It will also give them much hope that eventually they may do the same."

And so it came about that in his mind Arnold thought, "Yes," and then to his profound astonishment he found that he felt absolutely vital, more full of life than he had ever felt before, he felt full of energy and looking down he could not see his feet any more, he could not see his hands. While he stared in a somewhat bemused manner the voice came to him again: "Arnold, Arnold, you are as us now, if you look at us you will see how you are, we are just masses of pure energy taking in extra energy from our surroundings. We can go anywhere and we can do anything entirely by thought, and Arnold, we do not eat food as you know it any more!"

There was a peculiar singing sensation and Arnold found that he was following his two new friends through the wall of the Hall of Memories. He smiled slightly as he saw some of his friends outside, he saw the expression on their faces as they noted that three globes went off but only two had entered.

And the singing noise increased, and there was a sensation of rushing, of speed, and Arnold thought, "I wonder why we always seem to go upwards and never down?" As he thought that he got the answer. "Well, of course we go upwards, we go up to a higher vibration. You've never heard of going down to a higher vibration, have you? We go up in the same way on Earth when you want to change your state you get away from the Earth, you go up which is the way; if you went down you would get closer to the centre of the Earth, the thing you were trying to avoid, but - - - pay attention where we are going."

Just at that moment Arnold experienced a shock or a jolt. He could not explain exactly the type of sensation but probably if he had thought about it he would have likened it unto a jet plane breaking through the sound barrier. It was definitely a "peculiar" sensation as if he was entering another dimension, and that is precisely what he was doing.

There was this sudden jolt and everything seemed to flare around him, he saw coruscating, scintillating colours of hues which he had never before experienced, and then he looked at the two entities With him and exclaimed, "Oh! You are humans just like me!"

The other laughed and said, "But of course we are humans the same shape as you, what should we be? The great Plan of the Universe makes it necessary that people shall adopt a certain shape, for example we are humans no matter if it is sub - human, ordinary human or super - human, we all have the same number of heads, arms, and legs, and the same basic method of speech, etc. You will find that in this particular Universe everything is built on the carbon molecule form so no matter where you go in this Universe humans or humanoids are basically the same as you or us. In the same way, the animal world is basically the same, a horse has a head and four limbs - just as we have - and if you look at a cat - well, there is the same again, a head, four limbs and a tail. Years ago humans had tails, fortunately they have done without them. So remember wherever you go in this Universe, no matter in what plane of existence, everyone is of basically the same form, what we call the human form."

"But, good gracious me, I saw you as a ball of light!" said Arnold in some confusion. "And now I see you as super, super - human forms although you still have a lot of light around you."

The others laughed and replied, "You'll soon get used to it. You're going to be here in this plane for quite a long time, there is a lot to be done, a lot to be planned.' They drifted on for some time. Arnold was beginning to see things he had never seen before. The others were watching him and one said, "I expect your sight is getting used to seeing things here, you are in the fifth dimension now, you know, away from the world or plane of material things. Here you won't need to dream up food or drink or things of that nature. Here you exist as pure spirit.'

"But if we are pure spirit," said Arnold, "how is it that I see you as human shapes?"

"But it doesn't matter what we are, Arnold, we still have to have a shape. If we were round balls of flame we would have a shape, and now, here, you are getting your fifth dimensional sight in focus and so you see us as we are, human in shape. You see, also, plants, flowers, dwellings around you; to the people of the plane from which you have just come they would be nothing, not that they could come here - if they came here they would be burned by the very high radiations here.'

They drifted on over such beautiful country that Arnold was entranced. He thought how difficult it would be if he ever had to return to the Earth and describe what conditions here were like. On the Earth, or on the fourth dimensional plane there were no words at all to describe life in this fifth

dimension.

“Oh, what are those people doing?” asked Arnold as he pointed to a group inside a very pleasant garden. They seemed to be sitting in a circle, and they seemed - although the idea was quite absurd to Arnold - that they were making things by thought. One of his companions turned leisurely and said, “Oh them? Well, they are just preparing things, which will later be sent forth as an inspiration to certain people on the Earth. You see, there are many things originating here which we put into the dull minds of humans to try to raise their spiritual level. Unfortunately the people of the Earth want to use everything for destruction, for war, or for capitalistic gain.”

They were speeding along now up in the air. There were no roads, Arnold was astonished to note, from which he divined that all traffic here was done through the air.

They came to more parkland with a lot of people in the park. These people seemed to be walking about and they had paths just through the park. “So they can stroll more easily, Arnold,” said one of his guides. “We use walking as a pleasure and as a means of getting to places slowly so we only have pathways where we can practise pleasurable walking by the side of a river or lake, or in a park. Normally we go by controlled levitation as we are doing now.”

“But who are all these people?” asked Arnold. “I have a most uneasy feeling that I - well, I - seem to recognise some - of them. It's perfectly absurd, of course, perfectly preposterous, it just is not possible that I know any of them or they know me, but I have a distinct and very uneasy feeling that I have seen them before. Who are they?”

The two guides looked about them and said, “Oh, THEM! Well, that one over there talking to a big man - was known on Earth as Leonardo da Vinci and he is talking to the one known on Earth as Winston Churchill. Over there - - - “pointing to another group - “you will find Aristotle who on Earth in days long gone was known as the Father of Medicine. He had a hard time getting up here because it was held that instead of being the Father of Medicine he delayed the progress of medicine for many, many years.”

“Oh, how is that then?” asked Arnold looking toward the group.

“Well, you see, Aristotle was claimed to know everything there was to know about medicine and about the human body. And it was therefore a crime against such a great person to try to investigate further, and so a law was passed making it an absolute death - punishable crime to dissect a body or to make research into anatomical things, because in doing so there would be insult to Aristotle. And that delayed progress in medicine for hundreds and hundreds of years.”

“Does everyone come up here?” asked Arnold. “There seem to be not many people about if that is the case.”

“Oh no, no, no, of course they don't all come up here. Remember the old saying about many are chosen but few succeed. Many fall by the wayside. Up here there is a small number of people of very advanced mentality or spirituality. They are here for a special purpose, the purpose being to

try to advance the progress of humanity on Earth.’

Arnold looked very gloomy. He had a terribly uneasy, guilty feeling. Then he said humbly, “I think a mistake has been made, you know. I am just a poor monk, I have never aspired to be anything else, and if you say there are people of superior mentality or spirituality here then I must be here under false pretences.”

The two guides smiled at him and said, “People of good spirituality usually misjudge themselves. You have passed the necessary tests and your psyche has been examined in very great detail, that is why you are here.”

They sped on, leaving behind the pleasure grounds, going up into what in another plane Arnold would have called a high country. He found that with his improving spiritual sight and fifth dimensional insight it would have been impossible for him to explain to anyone else what was happening. Before they came down to a landing in a very special city he had one further question: “Tell me, do any people of the Earth plane ever come here and then return to the Earth plane?” he asked.

“Yes, under very special circumstances, very special people who have been chosen to go down there - in the first place come up for a time to be, let us say, briefed on how things were at this time and to be given fresh information, as to what they should tell people on Earth.”

They swooped down, three together as if tied together with invisible bonds, and Arnold entered into a fresh phase of existence, one which would be beyond the understanding of humans to comprehend or to believe....

End of extract

From T.LOBSANG RAMPA's book:

«AS IT WAS»

As for all of his books - he claims they are absolutely true - and the people who KNOWS IN THEMSELVES - can recognize the wisdom...

(some words are translated to Norwegian and there MAY BE some wordmistakes here because this is scanned from the book. some headlines are added)

In this book he first writes more about his early childhood in Potala in Tibet and how the very wise astrologers there made a very precise - that showed his later life - prediction of his further «liferoad». The book also describes different incidents where he was told and educated on different themes from the old wise lamas.

Giants- the Gardeners of the Earth

From page he writes about the giants - which many other sources describes - (among many others THE BIBLE) how they are explained in many physical contacts to higher developed civilisations. The Erra civilisation who Eduard Meier had contacts to - told about the BIG people who colonised this earth as «cosmic refugees» from wars in the starsystem of LYRA. Later their similar «big brothers» from that system and from the Pleiades - came back here for further developing of the civilisation after repeated wars and natural disasters had laid the world in dust. (for Scandinavian readers -see JORDENS FJERN-HISTORIE I NYTT LYS). But these giants also made their entrance here through what is later known as the process known as «WALK-IN» - he says here:

Transmigration (walk-in)

«I remember one elderly monk, or I should say lama, who was giving us a lecture, and then he got on to the **subject of transmigration** (her «sjels-vandringer/overføringer»). «In the days of long ago,» he said, «in fact long before recorded history began, giants walked upon the Earth. They were the Gardeners of the Earth, those who came here to supervise the development of life on this planet, because we are not the first Round of Existence here, you know, but like gardeners clearing a plot of land - all life had been removed and then we, the human race, had been left here to make our own way, to make our own development.» He stopped and looked around to see if his pupils were at all interested in the subject, which

he was propounding (legge fram). To his gratified astonishment he found that people were indeed deeply interested in his remarks.

«The Race of Giants,» he went on, «were not very suit-able for life on Earth, and so by magical means the Race of Giants shrank until they were the same size as humans, thus they were able to mingle with humans without being recognised as the Gardeners. But it was often necessary for a different senior Gardener to come and carry out special tasks, it took too long to have a boy born to a woman and then wait out the years of his babyhood and childhood and teenage. So the science of the Gardeners of the Earth had a different system; they grew certain bodies and made sure that those bodies would be compatible with the spirit who would later inhabit them.»

A boy sitting in the front suddenly spoke up: «How could a spirit inhabit another person?» The lama teacher smiled upon him and said, «I was just about to tell you. But the Gardeners of the Earth permitted certain men and women to mate so that a child was born to each, and the growth of that child would be most carefully supervised throughout, perhaps, the first fifteen or twenty or thirty years of life. Then there would come a time when a highly placed Gardener would need to come to Earth within a matter of hours, so helpers would place the trained body into a trance, into stasis (tilstand), or, if you like, into a state of suspended animation (skinndød livlighet). Helpers in the astral world would come to the living body, together with the entity who wanted to go to Earth, with their special knowledge they could detach the Silver Cord and connect in its place the Silver Cord of the entity who was the Gardener of the Earth coming to the Earth. The host would then become the vehicle (redskap) of the Gardener of the Earth, and the astral body of the host would go away to the astral world just as he would do in the case of a person who had died.

«This is called transmigration, the migration (vandring) of one entity into the body of another. The body taken over is known as the host, and it has been known throughout history, it was practised extensively in Egypt and it gave rise to what is known as embalming (balsamering) because in those days in Egypt there were quite a number of bodies kept in a state of suspended animation (skinndød), they were living but unmoving, they were ready for occupancy by higher entities just as we keep ponies waiting for a monk or lama to mount (bestige) the animal and ride off somewhere.»

«Oh my!» exclaimed one boy, «I expect friends of the host were mightily surprised when the body awakened and the one they had thought of as their friend in the past was possessed of all knowledge.

My! I wouldn't like to be a host, it must be a terrible feeling to have someone else take over one's body.»

The teacher laughed and said, «It would certainly be a unique experience. People still do it. Bodies are still prepared, specially raised so that if the need arises a different entity can take over a fresh body - if it becomes necessary for the good of the world as a whole.»

For days after the boys had discussed it, and in the way of boys, some of them pretended that they were going to be taking over bodies. But to me, thinking back on that dread (fryktede) prediction, it was no joke, it wasn't amusing to me, it was an ordeal (ildprøve) to even think about it. It was a continual shock to my system, so great a shock that at times I thought I would go insane.

CATS - AND THEIR ANCESTORS IN THE PAST

One tutor (lærer) in particular was intrigued (fengslet) by my love of cats, and the cats' obvious love for me. The tutor knew full well that cats and I conversed telepathically. One day after school hours he was in a very good mood indeed, and he saw me lying on the ground with four or five of our temple cats sitting on me. He laughed at the sight and bade me accompany him to his room, which I did with some apprehension because in those days a summons (stevning/møte) to a lama's quarters usually meant a reprimand for something done or not done, or extra tasks to be accomplished. So I followed him at a respectful distance, and once in his rooms he told me to sit down while he talked to me about cats.

«Cats,» he said, «are now small creatures, and they cannot speak in the human tongue but only by telepathy. Many, many years ago, before this particular Round of Existence, (millions of year ago? R.Ø.remark) cats populated the Earth. They were bigger, they were almost as big as our ponies, they talked to each other, they could do things with their forepaws, which then they called hands. They engaged in horticulture (hagebruk) and they were largely vegetarian cats. They lived among the trees and their houses were in the great trees. Some of the trees were very different from those we now know upon the Earth, some of them, in fact, had great hollows in them like caves, and in those hollows, or caves, the cats made their homes. They were warm, they were protected by the living entity of the tree, and altogether they were a very congenial community. - But one cannot have perfection with any species because unless there is some competition, unless there is some dissatisfaction to spur one on, then the creature having such euphoria (velbefinnende) degenerates.»

He smiled at the cats who had followed me and who were now sitting around me, and then he went on, «Such happened to our brothers and sisters Cat. They were too happy, too contented, they had nothing to spur their ambition, nothing to drive them on to greater heights. They had no thought except that they were happy. They were like those poor people we saw recently who were bereft of sanity (mistet håpet/fornuften), they were content just to lie beneath the trees and let the affairs of the day take care of themselves. They were static, and so being static they were a failure. As such the Gardeners of the Earth rooted them out as though they were weeds (ugress) and the earth was allowed to lie fallow (brakk) for a time. And in the course of time the Earth had reached such a stage of ripeness that again it could be restocked with a different type of entity. But the cats - well, their fault had been that they had done nothing, neither good nor bad. They had existed and that alone - existed. And so they were sent down again as small creatures like those we see here, they were sent to learn a lesson, they were sent with the inner knowledge that THEY had once been the dominant species, so they were reserved, very careful to whom they gave their friendship. They were sent to do a task, the task of watching humans and reporting the progress or the failures of humans so that when the next Round came, much information would have been provided by cats. Cats can go anywhere, they can see anything, they can hear anything, and, not being able to tell a lie, they would record everything precisely as it occurred.»

I know that I was quite frightened for the time being! I wondered what the cats were reporting about me (the initiated lamas could tap information from the cats that supervised the temple and the community. As living spy/supervision-cameras of today. R.Ø.anm.) But then one old tom (hannkatt), a champion of many a fight, gave a «Rrrr» and jumped on my shoulders and butted his head against mine, so I knew everything was all right and they would not report me too badly.

Sometime after I lay upon my face on my blanket on the floor of the Infirmary (sykestue) because I had been very badly burned at the top of my left leg, the scars are with me yet, and the dysfunction occasioned by the burn is one from which I still suffer. I was lying upon my face because I couldn't lie upon my back, and a well-loved lama entered and said, «Later, Lobsang, when you are healed and mobile I am going to take you to a certain peak in the mountains. I have there something to show you because, you know, the Earth has undergone many changes, the Earth has changed, the seas have altered, the mountains have grown. I am going to show you things which not more

than ten people in the whole of Tibet have seen during the past hundred years. So hurry up and get better, hurry up and heal, you have something of interest before you.»

TRIP TO A DISTANT PAST - MADE ARTIFICIAL TUNNEL

It was some months later when my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, who meant so much to me and who was more than mother and father and brother to me, led me along a path. He went a few feet ahead on a strong horse, and I rode behind him on a pony who was as wary (varsom) of me as I was of him. He recognised me as a bad rider and I recognised him as a horse who recognised a bad rider. We had what in later years I would have called an armed neutrality, a sort of - well, if you don't do anything I won't either, we've got to live together somehow. But we rode on, and at long last my Guide stopped. I leaned over and slithered sideways off the pony. The trail ropes were dropped and the horse and pony would not then wander away, they were too well-trained.

My Guide lit a fire, and we sat down to a very sparse supper. There was desultory (springende) talk for a time about the wonders of the Heavens spread out above us. We were in the shadow of the mountains and strong purple patches of darkness were sweeping across the Valley of Lhasa as the Sun sank down beyond the Western range. At last all was dark except for the faint twinkling butter lamps from a myriad of houses and lamaseries, and except for the glory of the Heavens above which sent forth their faint twinkling speckles of light.

At last my Guide said, «Now we must go to sleep, Lobsang, there are no temple services tonight to disturb you, no temple services in the morning for which you have to awaken. Sleep well for on the morrow we shall see things that you have never before dreamed possible.» So saying, he rolled himself up in his blanket, turned on his side and went to sleep - just like that. I lay for a time trying to scoop (utgrave) a hole in the rock because my hip bone seemed to stick out a long way, and then I turned on my face for my scars (arr) were still causing pain, and then I too eventually went to sleep.

The morning dawned bright. From our altitude in the mountains it was fascinating to watch how the early morning rays of the Sun seemed to shoot horizontally across the valley and illuminate the peaks of the Western side with what appeared to be golden fingers of fire. Indeed for a time it looked as if the whole mountain range was afire - We stood and watched, and then simultaneously we turned and smiled at each other.

After a light breakfast - the breakfast always seemed too light for me! - we watered the horses at a small mountain stream, and then, providing them with ample forage which, of course, we had brought with us, we tied them together with about thirty feet space between them. They had plenty of room in which to roam and graze off the sparse grass.

The Lama Mingyar Dondup led the way up the trackless mountainside. By an immense boulder (rullesten) which seemed set immovably into the cliff face, he turned and said, «In your travels you are going to see much which appears to be magic, Lobsang. Here is a first sample of it.» Then he turned, and to my horrified amazement he wasn't there any longer! He just disappeared in front of my eyes. Then his voice came from «somewhere» bidding me to step forward. As I did so I found that what appeared to be a strip of moss (blasnose) hanging on the cliff face - and was in fact, some loose hands. I approached, and the lama held the fronds aside for me so that I might enter. He turned and I followed him, gazing about me in awe. This seemed to be a wide, wide tunnel, and light was coming in from some source, which I could not discern (skjelne). I followed his receding footsteps, chiding (skjenne på) myself for my tardiness (sen), for, as I well realised, if I was going to be too slow I might get lost in this mountain tunnel.

For a time we walked on, sometimes in pitch darkness, where I had to feel with a hand lightly brushing the wall at one side. I was not bothered about pits or low hanging rocks, because my Guide was very much larger than I and if he had room, well then, there would be room for me.

After some thirty minutes of walking, sometimes in a stifling dead air atmosphere, and sometimes in a bracing mountain breeze, we came to what appeared to be a lighted area. My Guide stopped. I stopped, too, when I reached him and looked about me. I caught my breath in astonishment. This seemed to be a large chamber, I suppose fifty or sixty feet (20m) across, and on the walls there were strange carvings, carvings which I failed to understand. It seemed to be very strange people dressed in remarkable clothing, which appeared to cover them from head to foot, or, more accurately, from neck to foot because on their heads they had a representation of what seemed to be a transparent globe. Above us, as I looked up, there seemed to be an immense cube, and at the end of that I could just discern (sjelne) a fleecy cloud floating by.

My Guide broke into my thoughts: «This is a very strange area, Lobsang,» he told me, «thousands and thousands of years ago there was a mighty civilisation upon this Earth. It was known as the time of Atlantis.

Some of the people of the Western world to which in later years you will go - think of Atlantis as a legend, as an imaginary place dreamed up by some great storyteller. Well,» he mused, «to my regret I have to tell you that many people will think that you have dreamed up your own true experiences, but never mind how much you are doubted, never mind how much you are disbelieved, you know the truth, you will live the truth. And here in this chamber you have proof that there was Atlantis.»

He turned and led way yet further into this strange tunnel. For a time we walked in absolute inky darkness, our breath coming hard in the stale (dår- lig), dead air. Then again there came the freshness, from somewhere a pleasant breeze was blowing. The deadness vanished and soon we saw a glimmer of light ahead of us. I could see my Guide's figure bulking in the tunnel, limmed by light ahead of me. Now with fresh air in my lungs I hurried to catch up with him. Again he stopped in a large chamber.

Here there were more strange things. Someone had apparently carved great shelves in the rock, and on those shelves there were strange artefacts which were without any meaning whatever to me. I looked at them, and gently touched some of these things. They seemed to me machines. There were great discs with strange grooves on them. Some of the discs appeared to be of stone and they were, perhaps, six feet across (D 2m) with an undulating (bølgende) wave on their surface and in the centre of the disc a hole. It meant nothing to me. So I turned from fruitless speelation (fortryl- lelse) and examined the paintings and the carvings which adorned (utsmykket) the walls. They were strange pictures, large cats who walked on two legs, tree houses with curled cats inside, there were things which seemed to be floating in the air and below on what was obviously the ground, humans were pointing upwards at these things. It was all so much above me that it made my head ache.

My Guide said, «These are passages (korridorer) which reach to the ends of the Earth. The Earth has a spine (ryggsøyle), just as we have Lobsang, but the spine of the Earth is of rock. In our spine we have a tunnel, it is filled with liquid in our case, and our spinal cord goes through. Here this is the spine of the Earth, and this tunnel was man-made in the days of Atlantis when they knew how to make rock flow like water without generating heat. Look at this rock,» he said, turning and rapping on a wall. «This rock is fused (smeltet) to almost total hardness. If you take a great stone and slam it against this rock face, you would do no harm whatever except to the stone which may shatter. I have travelled extensively and I know that this rocky spine extends from the North Pole to

the South Pole.»

He motioned that we should sit, so we sat cross Legged upon the floor right beneath the hole which extended up to the open air and through which we could see the darkness of the sky.

«Lobsang,» said my Guide, «there are many things on this Earth which people do not understand, there are things inside this Earth too because, contrary to common belief, the Earth is indeed hollow and there is another race of people living inside this Earth. They are more developed than we are, and sometimes some of them come out of the Earth in special vehicles.» He stopped and pointed to one of the strange things in the pictures, and then he continued, «These vehicles come out of the Earth and they fly around on the outside of the Earth to see what people are doing and to ascertain if their own safety is jeopardised by the folly of those whom they term «the outsiders.»

Inside the Earth, I thought, what a strange place to be living, it must be frightfully dark down there, I don't like the thought of living in the dark, a butter lamp is such a comfort. My Guide laughed at me as he picked up my thoughts, and he said, «Oh, its not dark inside the Earth, Lobsang. They have a Sun something like we have but theirs is much smaller and very much more powerful. They have much more than we have, they are very much more intelligent. But in the days before you, you shall know more about the people of the Inner Earth. Come!» (this must be on another level/dimension?? R.Ø.remark)

He rose to his feet and went off through a tunnel, which I had not seen, a tunnel diverging (avvek) to the right, it sloped down, down. We seemed to walk endlessly in darkness. Then my Guide bade me stop where I was. I could hear him fiddling and fumbling (fingre og fumble...) about, and there was a clatter (klirring) that sounded like a rock being moved. Then there were a few sparks as he struck the fint upon steel. There came a dull glow as the tinder (fyrtøy) ignited, he blew upon it, and then as the tinder burst into small flame he thrust the end of some sort of stick into the flame where it burst into brilliant light.

He held his torch at arm's length slightly above him, and called me to come to his side. I did so and he pointed to the wall in front of us. The tunnel ended and in front of us was an absolutely smooth impenetrable surface which gleamed (skinte) brightly in the flickering light of the flare. «That, Lobsang,» said my Guide, «is as hard as diamond, in fact some of us came here years ago with a diamond and we tried to scratch the surface and we ruined the diamond. This is a passage, which leads to the world inside. It was

sealed, we believe, by the inside-worlders to save their civilisation, during a great flood which struck this Earth. We believe that if this was opened - that is, if we could open it - people would come pouring out and overwhelm us for daring to intrude upon their privacy. We of the higher lama class have often visited this place and tried to commune with those below by telepathy. They have received our messages but they want nothing to do with us, they tell us that we are warlike, that we are as ignorant children trying to blow up the world, trying to ruin peace, they tell us by telepathy that they are keeping check on us and if necessary they will intervene. So we can go no further here, this is the end, this is the blocked line between the upper and the inner worlds. All right, we will go back to the chamber.»

He carefully extinguished the flare, and we felt our way back to where the glowing light from the sky above shone down through the hole in the roof.

In that chamber again the lama pointed in another direction, and said, «If we had the strength and the time we could walk right away to the South Pole by following that tunnel. Some of us have covered mires and miles, bringing ample food with us and camping by night, or what we deemed (trodde) to be night. We travelled endless miles over six months, and at times we came up through a tunnel and found that we were in a strange land indeed, but we dared not show ourselves. Always the exits were very very carefully camouflaged.»

We sat down and ate our small meal. We had been travelling a long time and exhaustion was setting in for me, although my Guide seemed to be immune from exhaustion or even ordinary tiredness. He talked to me and told me all manner of things. He said, «When I was being trained as you are being trained now, I too went through the Ceremony of the Small Death, and I was shown the Akashic Record, I was shown the things that had been, and I saw that our Tibet was once a pleasant watering place beside a glittering sea. The temperatures were warm, perhaps even excessively so, and there was profuse (overdådige bladverk) foliage and palm trees and all manner of strange fruits which then meant nothing at all to me.

But from the Akashic Record I saw a truly wondrous civilisation, I saw strange craft in the sky, I saw people with remarkable cone-shaped heads who walked about, who had their entertainments, who made love, but also made war. Then - as I saw in this Record, the whole country shook and the sky turned black, the clouds were as dark as night, their undersides lit with flickering flames. The land shuddered and opened. It seemed that everything was fire. Then the

sea rushed in to the newly opened land, and there were tremendous explosions, explosion after explosion, it seemed that the Sun stood still and the Moon rose no more. People were be-coming overwhelmed by tremendous floods of water, people were being seared to death by flames, which appeared from I know not where, but the flames flickered with a vile purplish glow, and as they touched people the flesh fell from their bones leaving the skeletons to fall to the ground with a clatter.

«Day succeeded day and the turmoil increased, although one would have said that such a thing was impossible, and then there came a ripping (flengende), searing explosion, and everything turned dark, everything was as black as the soot which comes from too many butter lamps burning untrimmed.»

«After a time which I could not calculate,» he said, «the gloom became lighter, the darkness was diminishing, and when the light of day finally appeared after I know not how long - I looked at the picture with utter terror. Now I found that I was looking at a vastly different landscape, the sea was no more, a ring of mountains had sprung up in the darkness and encircled what previously had been the city of a most high civilisation. I looked about me in fascinated horror, the sea had gone, the sea-well, there was no more sea, instead there were mountains and ring upon ring of mountains. Now I could tell that we were thousands of feet higher, and although I was seeing the Akashic Record, I was sensing as well, I could sense the rarity of the air, there was no sign of life here, no sign whatever. And as I looked, the picture vanished and I found myself back from whence I had started, in the deepest levels of the mountain of Potala where I had been undergoing the Ceremony of the Little Death and given much information.»

ABOUT MEDITATION

For a time we sat there meditating upon the past, and my Guide said to me, «I see you are meditating or attempting to meditate.» Now there are two very good ways of meditating, Lobsang. You must be content (tilfreds), you must be tranquil (rolig). You cannot meditate with a disturbed mind, and you cannot meditate with a whole gathering of people. You have to be alone or with just one person whom you love.»

He regarded me, and then said, «You must always look at something black or at something which is white. If you look at the ground, you may be distracted by a grain of pebble (småsten), or you may be doubly distracted by some insect. To meditate successfully you must always gaze at that which offers no attraction to the eye, either entire black or pure white. Your eyes then become sick of the whole affair and become, as it were, disassociated (bortkople) from the brain, so then the brain having nothing to distract. It optically is free to obey what your sub-conscious requires, and thus if you have instructed your sub-conscious that you are going to meditate - meditate you will. You will find in that sort of meditation that your senses are heightened (forsterke), your perceptions more acute (skarp), and that is the only meditation worthy of the name. In the years which will come to you, you will encounter many cults, proffering meditation at a price, but that is not meditation as we understand it - nor is it meditation as we want it. It is just something which cultists play with, and it has no virtue (fortrin).»

So saying he rose to his feet exclaiming, «We must get back for the day is far advanced. We shall have to spend another night in the mountains for it is too late to start off for Chakpori.»

He set off down the tunnel and I jumped to my feet and scurried (jaget) after him. I had no desire to be left in this place where inside-worlders, or whatever they liked to call themselves, could perhaps pop up and take me down with them. I did not know what they would be like, I did not know how they would like me, and I certainly did not want to stay alone in the dark of that place. So I hurried, and at last we reached again that entrance by which we had entered.

The horse and the pony were resting peacefully, and we sat down beside them and made our simple preparations for our meal. The light was already far gone, much of the Valley was in darkness. At our altitude the Westering Sun was yet shining upon us, but the orb itself was dipping ever more deeply beneath the mountains on its path to illumine other parts of the world before returning to us.

After some small talk we rolled ourselves in our blankets again and committed ourselves to sleep.

Medicine from plants

A little from page 80 - about making medicine from plants in CHAPTER FIVE:

Life at Chakpori was hectic. The amount of things I had to learn really shocked me; herbs-where they grew, when to gather them, and be sure that if they were gathered at the wrong time they would be quite useless. That, I was taught, was one of the great secrets of herbalism. The plants, or the leaves, or the barks, or the roots could only be gathered efficiently within the span of two or three days. The Moon had to be right, the stars had to be right, and then the time had to be right also. One must also feel tranquil (fredfylt) when gathering such herbs because, so I was told, one who gathered herbs when in a bad mood would make the herbs not worth the taking. (The same said Rudolf Steiner - the founder of antroposofy. R.Ø..)

Then we had to dry the things. That was quite a task. Only certain parts of herbs were useful. Some needed to have just the tips of the leaves removed, others needed to have stalks or bark, and each plant or herb had to be treated in its own individual way and regarded with respect.

We took the barks and rubbed them between hands specially cleaned for the purpose - an ordeal (ildprøve) in itself!-and so the bark would be reduced to a certain size, sort of granular powder. And then everything had to be laid out on a spotlessly clean floor, no polish on this floor, just rub, rub, rub until there was no dust, no stain, no mark. Then everything was left out and left to Nature to «dry-seal» the virtues of the herb within that which we had before us.

We made herbal tea, that is, infusions of steeped herbs (uttrekk av bløtlagte urter), and I could never understand how people could get the noxious stuff down their throats. It seemed to be an axiom, that the worse the taste and the stronger the smell -the more beneficial the medicine, and I will say from my own observation, that if a medicine is sufficiently evil-tasting, the poor wretched patient will get better out of fright rather than take the medicine. It is like when one goes to the dentist, the pain will have vanished so that one hesitates (nøler) on the doorstep wondering whether one should go through with it. It reminds me rather of the pallid (bleke) and anxious young man - a recent bridegroom (brudgom)- who was accompanying his very, very pregnant (gravide) bride to the hospital for «her time was upon her.» As he turned before the Reception Desk he said, «Oh gee, honey, are you sure you really want to go through with this?»

As a special student, one who had to learn more, faster, I was not confined only to Chakpori. My time was also devoted to studies at the Potala. Here I had all the most learned lamas, each to teach me his own speciality. I learned various forms of medicine. I learned acupuncture, and in later years, with the weight of many years of experience, I came to the inescapable (uunngålig) conclusion that acupuncture was a wondrous thing indeed for those of the East, those who have been long-

conditioned to acupuncture. But when, as I found in China, you get sceptical Westerners to deal with - well, unfortunately, they were hypnotised by their own disbelief of anything that didn't come from «God's own country.»

There were sacred passages to be seen deep, deep below the mountain of Potala. Down below there was an immense cave with what seemed to be an inland sea - That, I was told, was a remnant of the time so long ago when Tibet was a pleasant land beside the sea. Certainly in that immense cave I saw strange remnants, skeletons of fantastic creatures which much, much later in my life I recognised to be mastodons, dinosaurs, and other exotic fauna.

End of extract from this chapter.

His tough travel to the western world

Also in this book Rampa gives a resume of his tough travel to the western world in his original - his own Tibetanian LOBSSANG RAMPA body - thus before the changeover to the «english» body, which he had to take over - because his own Tibetanian body had been severe mutilated and damaged through his journey to the west - immediately after the end of WW2. Before the changeover the tibetanian lamas had made an extensive research from the astralplane and Lobsang himself participated in the planning. This happend while he was in USA. Here we enter page 121 where this process is described:

During my exhaustion(utmattelse), while the physical body was repairing itself, I made an astral journey and saw my beloved Guide and friend, the Lama Mingyar Dondup. He said to me, «Your sufferings have truly been great, too great. Your sufferings have been the sour fruit of man's inhumanity to Man, but your body is getting worn out and soon you will have to undergo the ceremony of transmigration.(ombytting)

In the astral world I sat and my companion sat with me. I was told more.

«Your present body is in a state of collapse, the life of that body will not continue much longer. We feared that such conditions would prevail in the wild Western world that you would be impaired(svekket), and so we have been looking about for a body which you could take over and which in time - would reproduce all your own features (ansikts- og karaktertrekk).

«We have determined that there is such a person. His body is on a very very low harmonic of your own, otherwise, of course, a change could not take place. The bodies must be compatible, and this person has a body, which is compatible. We have approached him in the astral, because we saw that he contemplated suicide (overveide selvmord). It is a young Englishman who is very very dissatisfied with life, he is not at all happy with life, and for some time he has been trying to decide on the most painless method of what he calls "self-destruction." He is perfectly willing to leave his body and journey here to the astral world provided he doesn't lose by it!

«We persuaded him a little time ago to change his name

to that which you are now using, so there are a few more things to be settled and then-well, you will have to change bodies.» (Under his hard travel to USA he had - of different reasons - to change his name because of reasons too extensive to be explained here. R.Ø.remark.)

So back to the physical world - he continues his telling:

It was very, very necessary, I was instructed, that I should return to Tibet before I could undergo the necessary process of transmigration. Careful instructions were given to me and when I felt well enough, I went to a shipping office and took passage to Bombay. Once again I was subjected to all manner of harassment (plager) because my luggage (baggasje) consisted of just one case. But at last I got aboard the ship and when I was in my cabin two detectives came to visit me to find out why I had only one case. Assured that I had adequate luggage in India they smiled happily and went away.

It was most strange being a passenger aboard ship. Everyone avoided me because I was a pariah who had only one case of luggage. The others, of course, seemed to have enough luggage to stock a whole store, but I - apparently the poorest of the poor - must be a fugitive (flyktning) from justice, or something, to travel as I did, and so I was avoided.

The ship went from New York all the way up along the coast of Africa and through the Straits of Gibraltar. Then we made another stop at Alexandria, before entering the Suez Canal, and so on to the Red Sea. The Red Sea was terrible, the heat was murderous, and I almost got heat stroke. But finally we passed the coast of Ethiopia, crossed the Arabian sea, and docked at Bombay. The noise and smell in Bombay was terrible, fantastic in fact, but I had a few friends, a Buddhist priest and a few influential people, and so my weeks stay in Bombay was made interesting.

After the week in which I tried to recover from all the shocks and strains I had had, I was put on a train and crossed India to the city of Kalimpong. I managed to drop off the train before it actually entered Kalimpong, because I had been warned that the place was absolutely thronged (fulle av..) with Communist spies and newspaper men, and new arrivals were stopped and questioned by newspaper men and - as I found to be true later - if one would not give an interview the newspaper men «invented» one, without any regard whatever to the truth.

I knew Kalimpong slightly, certainly I knew enough to get in touch with some friends and so «went underground,» away from spies and away from newspaper men.

By now my health was deteriorating (forverret) very rapidly, and there were serious fears that I would not live long enough to undergo the ceremony of transmigration. A lama who had been trained at Chakpori with me, was in Kalimpong and he came to my assistance with very potent herbs (kraftige urter).

I moved on in the company of this medical lama and

after ten weeks of hard travel we reached a lamasery overlooking the Valley of Lhasa. It was high and inaccessible, it was inconspicuous (uanselig), and Communists would not bother about such a small insignificant place. Here again I rested, I rested for some seven days in all. On the morrow, I was told one day, I should journey into the astral and meet the astral body of the man whose physical vehicle I was going to take over.

For the present I rested, and mused upon the problems of transingrination. This person's body was not of much use to me because it was HIS body and had a lot of vibrations incompatible with my own. In time, I was told, the body would conform (tilpasse seg) exactly to my own body when at that same age, and if Westerners find this a difficult matter to believe or understand, let me put it like this. The Western world knows about electro-plating, and the Western world also knows about electro-typing. In the latter system an article can be immersed in a certain fluid and a special «counector» is applied opposite the article, and when current is turned on at the correct rate and amperage (strømstyrke), an exact duplicate of the original item is built up. This is known as electro-typing.

Again, it is possible to do electro-plating. One can plate in a variety of metals; nickel, chromium, rhodium, copper, silver, gold, platinum, etcetera. One merely has to know how to do it. But the current flows from one pole to another through a liquid, and the molecules of one pole are transferred to the other pole. It is a simple enough system, but this is not a treatise on electro-plating. Transmigration and the replacing molecule by molecule of the «fabric» of the host, by that of the - what shall I say?-new occupant is very real, it has been done time after time by those who know how. Fortunately those who know how have always been people of reliable character, other-wise it would be a terrible thing indeed if one did just take over another person's body and do harm. I felt rather smug (selvgod), foolishly so perhaps, when I thought that - well, I am going to do good, I don't want to take over anyone else's silly body, all I want is peace. But it seemed there was to be no peace in my life.

In passing, and as one who has studied all religions, I must point out that Adepts (the spiritual initiates - with cosmic consciousness. R.Ø.remark) did it for life after life. The Dalai Lama himself had done so, and the body of Jesus was taken over, and it had been common knowledge even in the Christian belief until it was banned because it made people too complacent (overlegen).

From my high viewpoint in this remote isolated lamasery, I could look out upon the distant city of Lhasa; quite a powerful telescope had somehow been smuggled out of the Potala and brought here, so one of my idle amusements was to use the telescope and look at the surly Chinese guards at the Pargo Kaling. I saw the troops rushing about in their jeeps, I saw through that telescope many unspeakable things done to men and to women, and I recalled with great horror that I had fought on the side of the Chinese as had many others, and now the Chinese were not behaving according to their promises, according

to their avowed principles. (While he was educated to a doctor - and also to a pilot - in China, the ww2 broke out - and Japan attacked China - and Lobsang had to serve for the Chinese. R.Ø.remark.) All they thought of was violence.

It was hard to believe, looking out of the glassless window, that this was the same Tibet, the same Lhasa, that I had known before. Here the golden Sun still struck gleaming rays through ravines in the mountains, the silvery Moon still traversed the blackness of the night sky, and the distant pinpoints of coloured light which were the stars - still stabbed down through the roof of Heaven. Night birds did not call, though, as of yore, (før) because the Chinese Communists killed everything on sight. To my horror I found that they were extinguishing the life of those creatures I loved so much. Birds, they say, ate the grain(hveten), which would cause humans to starve. Cats were killed, so no longer, so I was told, were there any cats left in Lhasa. Dogs were killed and eaten by the Chinese. It seemed to be a Chinese delicacy. So not only poor humans were being subjected to death at the hands of the Chinese Communists, animals too, the pets of Gods, were being exterminated (utryddet) for no worthwhile reason. I was sick at heart at all the horrors being perpetrated on a harmless, innocent (uskyldige) people. As I gazed out at the darkening sky I was overcome, with emotion, overcome with sorrow, and then I thought - well I have this job to do, much evil has been forecast in my life. I hope I am strong enough to endure all that which has been foretold.

Preparing for the bodychange

Some pages later they again make a travel in the astral world to go on in the planning of the body-changing and the rider - «driver» - of the English body is also there in his astral body. Here we enter where some of them are together in beautiful surroundings on this higher astral plane:

...in the trees birds sang, birds of a type which I had not seen on Earth for these were glorious creatures indeed, birds of many different colours, birds of many different plumage(fjærdrakt).

The old man and I walked on among the trees, and then we came to an open space which was indeed a garden, a garden of brilliant flowers, none of a type that could be recognised by me. The flowers seemed to nod toward us as if greeting us. In the distance I could see people wandering about as if they were luxuriating (nøt) in this glorious garden. Every so often a person would bend and sniff a flower. At times others would reach up skywards, and a bird would come and land on his outstretched hand. There was no fear here, only peace and contentment.

We walked on a while, and then before us we saw what seemed to be an immense temple. It had a cupola of shining gold and the walls which supported (holdt det oppe) it - were of a light fawn colour. Other buildings stretched away from it, each in a pastel shade, all in harmony, but at the entrance to the temple, a group of people were

waiting. Some of them wore the robes of Tibet, and another - I could not understand what he was wearing for the moment, it looked as if he was wearing black or something very dark. And then I saw as we approached, that it was a man of the Western world attired (antrukket) in Western raiment.

At our approach the lamas turned and spread their hands in our direction, spread their hands in welcome. I saw that one of them was my Guide and friend, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, so I knew that all would be well for this man was good and good only. Another figure I saw was even more eminent when upon the earthy plane, but now he was just one of the welcoming «committee» awaiting us.

Our happy greetings were soon exchanged, and then as one we moved into the body of the great temple, traversing the central hall and moving further into that building. We entered a small room the existence of which was not easy to discern, it appeared as if the walls slid away and, admitting us to its presence, closed solidly behind us.

My Guide, obviously the spokesman, turned to me and said, «My brother, there is the young man whose body you are going to inhabit.» I turned and faced the young man aghast (forferdet). Certainly there was no resemblance at all between us, he was much smaller than I, and the only resemblance between us was that he was bald (skallet) the same as I! My Guide laughed at me and shook an admonitory (formanende) finger at my nose: «Now, now, Lobsang,» he laughed, «not so quick with your decisions. All this has been planned, first I am going to show you some pictures from the Akashic Record.» And this he did.

Upon completing our viewing of the Record he said, addressing the young man, «Now young man, I think it is time that you told us something about yourself, for if one is to take over your body then it certainly is time for the one taking over to know that with which he is faced.»

The young man, so addressed, looked very truculent (agressiv) indeed and replied in sullen (mutte) tones, «Well, no, I have nothing to say about my past, it has always been held against me. Whatever I do say about my past it will only be used to pull me down.» My Guide looked sadly at him and said, «Young man, we here have vast experience of these things and we do not judge a man by what his parentage (herkomst påstås være..) is alleged to be, but what that man is himself.»

My Guide sighed and then said, «You were going to commit the mortal sin of suicide, a sin indeed, a sin which could have cost you dear in many many lives of hardship to atone. We offer you peace, peace in the astral, so that you may gain understanding of some of those things, which have troubled you throughout your life. The more you cooperate, the more easily can we help you as well as helping that task which we have before us.»

The young man shook his head in negation (benektelse), and said, «No, the agreement was that I wanted to leave my body, you wanted to stuff someone else in it, that's all the agreement was, I hold you to it.»

Suddenly there was a flash and the young man disappeared. The old lama with me, who was now a young man in full health, exclaimed (utbrøt), «Oh dear, dear, with such truculent thoughts, he could not stay with us here on this astral plane. Now we shall have to go to where he is sleeping in a room alone. But for this night we must let him sleep, we do not want to injure the body, so I shall have to return somehow to Lhasa with you until the next night.»

Time passed, and I could see that the old lama was falling rapidly, so I said to him, «Time we went into the astral.» «Yes,» he replied, «I shall not see this body of mine again. I must go, we must go, for if I die before I am in the astral, that will delay us.»

Together we encountered that jerk (rykk) and soared on and upwards, but not into the astral world we had visited before. This time we soared across the world to a house in England. We saw in the physical the face of the man whom I had previously seen only in the astral. He looked so discontented, so unhappy. We tried to attract his attention but he was sleeping very soundly indeed. The old lama whispered, «Are you coming?» I whispered, «Are you coming?» And we kept it up, first one and then the other, until at last very very reluctantly the astral form of this man emerged from his physical body. Slowly it oozed out, slowly it coalesced above him in the exact shape of his body, then it reversed its position, head of the astral body to the feet. The form tilted and landed on his feet. He certainly looked very truculent (aggressiv) and, I could see, he had absolutely no recollection of seeing us before. This was astounding to me, but my companion whispered that he had been in such a bad temper and had slammed back in his body so violently that he had completely obliterated (utvisket) all memories of what had happened to him.

«So you want to leave your body?» I asked. «I most certainly do,» he almost snarled back at me. «I absolutely hate it here.» I looked at him and I shuddered with apprehension and, not to put too fine a point upon it, with pure fright. How was I going to take over the body of a man like this? Such a truculent man, so difficult. But, there it was. He laughed and said, «So YOU want my body? Well, it doesn't matter what you want, it doesn't matter who you are in England, all that matters is who do you know, how much have you got.»

We talked to him for a time and he grew calmer and I said, «Well, one thing, you will have to grow a beard (skjegg). I cannot shave my beard because my jaws have been damaged by the Japanese. Can you grow a beard?» «Yes, sir,» he replied, «I can and I will.»

I thought for a moment and then I said, «Very well, you should be able to grow a suitable beard in a month. In one month's time, then, I will come and I will take over your body and you shall be allowed to go to an astral world so that you may recover your tranquility (ro) and know that there is joy in living.» Then I said, «It would help us greatly, greatly, if you would tell us your life story

because although we have seen much in the astral by way of the Akashic Records there still is a boon to be derived by hearing the actual experiences from the person concerned.»

He looked dreadfully truculent again, and said, «No, no I cannot bear to speak of it, I am not going to say another word.»

Sadly we turned away and went into the astral world so that we could again consult the Akashic Record, to see much of his life, but in the Akashic Record one sees all that has happened, one does not necessarily get the unspoken opinions of a person, we see the act but not the thought which preceded the act.

But let us now take a leap forward from those days many years ago. The young man now, many many years in the astral world, has mellowed (blitt mildere) somewhat, and to some small extent appreciates (oppfater) the difficulties with which we are confronted. He has, then, agreed to tell us his own life story. He upon the astral world, and I, Lobsang Rampa, here upon the world of Earth - trying to write down precisely as dictated those things which the young man tells. We will have his story shortly, but it is necessary to emphasise that names will not be given for they cause distress to others. This is not a story of vengeance (hevn), this is not a story of bitterness. Actually, it is a story in this book of triumph over seemingly impossible obstacles.

The former inhabitants lifestory

The former inhabitant of the body did tell about his life - and this - his life - very detailed described in the book, but we only take in the last part here - where he feel a «voice in his head» (the telepathic lamas - which he was not awake-consciousness about) - who discuss things with him - also this thing that he thought of: suicide.

So here the former «inhabitant» tells - telepatric transferred from him on the astral plane - to the new «occupant» - Rampa:

...all right for you - I thought - you haven't any trouble like I have. Here I am in this - well - had an awful job - not to put words ... and I cant get a rise and my boss seems to have a dislike to me, why should I stay here? There are plenty of trees about and a nice rope to throw over»

But I am not saying too much about this, because a thought was put in my mind -saying that if I wanted to, I could get release from what I considered to be the tortures of Earth. If I wanted to, if I was really serious, I could do something for mankind by making my body available to some ghost or spirit - which wanted to hop in almost before I had hopped out. It seemed a lot of rubbish (tullete) to me, but I thought I would give it a whirl and let them talk on. First, they said, as a sign of genuine interest,

I had to change my name. They told me a strange name they wanted me to adopt, but-well, I told my wife only that I was going to change my name, she thought I was a bit mad or some-thing and let it go at that, and so I did change my name quite legally.

Then my teeth started giving trouble. I had a horrible time. At last I couldn't stick it any longer and I went to a local dentist. He made an attempt to extract the tooth but it wouldn't come. He made a hole in the thing so he could use an elevator - not the type people use to travel to different floors, but the type which is meant to elevate a tooth by leverage (hevarmprinsippet). This dentist got on the phone to some specialist in London, and I had to go to a nursing home (sykehjem) in a hurry.

My wife told my employer that I had to go to a nursing home, and she was met with the statement, «Well, I have to work when I have toothache!» And that was all the sympathy we got. So I went to this nursing home, at my own expense, of course, there was no such thing as health schemes like you seem to have now, and I had this little operation, which was not so easy after all. The dentist was good, the anaesthetist (bedøvelsen) was even better. I stayed in the nursing home a week and then returned to Weybridge.

There were quite a number of unpleasant little incidents, needlings and all that sort of thing, and unjust accusations (anklager). There is no point in going into all the details, raking up muck, because, after all, I am not a pressman. But there were false accusations, so my wife and I talked it over and we decided that we couldn't stick it any longer, so I handed in my notice. From that moment I might have been a leper (spedalsk), or I might have had an even worse form of plague, because for the rest of the week I sat in my office, no one came to see me, they apparently had been told not to, and no work of any kind was given to me. I just stayed there like a convict (fange) serving out time. At the end of the week, that was it, I was finished.

We left Weybridge with joy and we went to London. We moved about a bit, oh gracious, I forget how many places we tried, and anyway it doesn't matter, but then we found that conditions were intolerable and we moved on to another place, a suburb of London called Thames Ditton.

Oh, I am so anxious to get this silly affair over because I do not enjoy talking about this, but I was in such a hurry that I have forgotten one bit. Here it is: I had been told sometime before that I would have to grow a beard. Well, I thought, what's it matter? Just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, so while I was at Weybridge, I grew this beard and was jeered (hånet) at quite a bit by my employer and by those who worked with me. Never mind, I thought, I wouldn't be with them much longer.

We moved to Thames Ditton; for a very short time we stayed in a lodging (leie-) house which was run by a funny old woman who just could not see dirt. She thought she lived in a ducal mansion, or something, and was quite incapable of seeing immense cobwebs high up in the

corners of the stairway. But she was too ladylike and so we looked for another place. Down the road there was such a place, a house which was being rented as an upper and lower flat. We took the place, we had no thought of how we were going to get money because I had no job, no job at all. Instead I was just doing anything to earn odd bits of money to keep us alive. I went to the Unemployment Exchange but because I had left my employment instead of being fired I was not able to get any unemployment benefit. So that never have I had any unemployment money, I managed without, to this day I don't know how, but I did.

I had an old bicycle and I used to ride around trying to get work, but no, no work was available. The war had ended, men had come back from the forces, and the labour market was saturated (mettet). It was all right for them, they had unemployment benefit (trygd) and perhaps a pension; I had nothing.

Then one night I was approached by a group of men. They hoiked me out of my body, and talked to me, and they asked me if I still wanted to get out of my body - into what I then thought was Paradise. I suppose it is Paradise, but these people called it the astral world. I assured them I wanted to get out even more than before, so they told me that the very next day I must stay at home. One man, he was all done up in a yellow robe, took me to the window and pointed out. He said, «That tree - you must go to that tree and put your hands up on that branch, and go to pull yourself up and then let go.» He gave me the exact time at which I must do this, telling me it was utterly (helt) vital to follow instructions to the letter, otherwise I would have a lot of pain, and so would other people. But worse, for me - I would still be left on the Earth.

The next day my wife thought I had gone bonkers (sprø) or something because I didn't go out as usual, I potted (ruslet omkring) about. And then a minute or two before the appointed time I went out into the garden and walked over to the tree. I pulled on a branch of ivy, or whatever it is that ivy has, and reached up to the branch as directed. And then I felt as if I had been struck by lightning. I had no need to pretend to fall, I did fall - whack down! I fell down, and then, good gracious me, I saw a silver rope sticking out of me. I went to grab it to see what it was but gently my hands were held away. I lay there on the ground feeling horribly frightened, because two people were at that silver rope, and they were doing something to it, and a third person was there with another silver rope in his hand, and, horror of horrors, I could see through the whole bunch (flokken) of them, so I wondered if I was seeing all this, or if I had dashed my brains out, it was all so strange.

At last there was a sucking sort of noise and a plop, and then I found - oh joy of joy - I was floating free in a beautiful, beautiful world, and that means that having all I am going to about my past life, and now I am going back to my own part of the astral world....

MORE OF TRANSMIGRATION OR THE WALK-IN PROCESS

I am Lobsang Rampa, and I have finished transcribing that which was so unwillingly, so ungraciously (unådig) told to me by the person whose body I took over (see part 3) Let me continue where he left off.

His body was upon the ground, twitching slightly, and I - well, I confess without too much shame, that I was twitching also, but my twitches were caused by fright. I didn't like the look of this body stretched out there in front of me, but a lama of Tibet follows orders, pleasant orders as well as unpleasant ones, so I stood by, while two of my brother lamas wrestled (slet med) with the man's Silver Cord. They had to attach mine before his was quite disconnected. Fortunately the poor fellow was in an awful state of daze (fortumlet) and so he was quiescent (i ro).

At last, after what seemed hours but actually was only about a fifth of a second, they got my Silver Cord attached (tilknyttet) and his detached. Quickly he was led away, and I looked at that body to which I was now attached and shuddered (gyste). But then, obeying orders, I let my astral form sink down on that body which was going to be mine. Ooh, the first contact was terrible, cold, slimy. I shot off in the air again in fright. Two lamas came forward to steady me, and gradually I sank again.

Again I made contact, and I shivered with horror and repulsion. This truly was an incredible, a shocking experience, and one that I never want to undergo again.

I seemed to be too large, or the body seemed to be too small. I felt cramped, I felt I was being squeezed to death, and the smell! The difference! My old body was tattered and dying, but at least it had been my own body. Now I was stuck in this alien thing and I didn't like it a bit.

Somehow - and I cannot explain this - I fumbled (fumlet) about inside trying to get hold of the motor nerves of the brain. How did I make this confounded thing work? For a time I lay there just helpless, just as if I were paralysed. The body would not work. I seemed to be fumbling like an inexperienced driver with a very intricate car. But at last with the help of my astral brothers I got control of myself. I managed to make the bodywork. Shakily I got to my feet, and nearly screamed with horror as I found that I was walking backwards instead of forwards. I teetered and fell again. It was indeed a horrendous experience. I was truly nauseated by this body and was in fear that I should not be able to manage it.

I lay upon my face on the ground and just could not move, then from the corner of an eye I saw two lamas standing by looking highly concerned at the difficulty I was having. I growled, «Well, you try it for yourself, see if you can make this abominable thing do what you tell it to do!»

Suddenly one of the lamas said, «Lobsang! Your fingers are twitching, now try with your feet.» I did so, and found that there was an amazing difference between Eastern and Western bodies. I never would have thought such a thing possible, but then I remembered something I had

heard while a ship's Engineer; for ships in Western waters the propeller should rotate in one direction, and for Eastern waters it should rotate in the opposite direction. It seems clear to me, I said to myself, that I've got to start out all over again. So I kept calm and let myself lift out of the body, and from the outside I looked at it carefully. The more I looked at it the less I liked it, but then, I thought, there was nothing for it but to try once again. So again I squeezed uncomfortably into the slimy, cold thing which was a Western body.

With immense effort I tried to rise, but fell again, and then at last I managed to scramble somehow to my feet and pressed my back against that friendly tree.

There was a sudden clatter from the house and a door was flung open. A woman came running out saying, «Oh! What have you done now. Come in and lie down.» It gave me quite a shock. I thought of those two lamas with me and I was fearful that the woman might throw a fit at the sight of them, but obviously they were completely invisible to her, and that again was one of the surprising things of my life. I could always see these people who visited me from the astral, but if I talked to them and then some other person came in - well, the other person thought I was talking to myself and I didn't want to get the reputation (omdømme) of being off my head.

The woman came toward me and as she looked at me a very startled expression crossed her face. I really thought she was going to get hysterical but she controlled herself somehow and put an arm across my shoulders.

Silently I thought of how to control the body and then very slowly, thinking a step at a time, I made my way into the house and went up the stairs, and flopped (falt) upon what was obviously my bed.

For three whole days I remained in that room pleading indisposition while I practised how to make the body do what I wanted it to do, and trying to contain myself because this was truly the most frightening experience I had had in my life. I had put up with all manner of torments in China and in Tibet and in Japan, but this was a new and utterly revolting experience, the experience of being imprisoned in the body of another person and having to control it.

I thought of that which I had been taught so many years ago, so many years ago that indeed it seemed to be a different life. «Lobsang,» I had been told, «in the days of long ago the Great Beings from far beyond this system and Beings who were not in human form, had to visit this Earth for special purposes. Now, if they came in their own guise (forkledning) they would attract too much attention, so always they had bodies ready which they could enter and control, and appear to be the natives of the place. In the days to come,» I was told, «you will have such an experience, and you will find it to be utterly shocking.»

I did!

For the benefit of those who are genuinely interested let me say a few things about transmigration because really

I have so much to tell the world, and yet because of the vilification (bakvaskelse) of the press people, have been hounded (ledet) into disbelieving my story. I will tell you more about that in the next Book, but one of the things I was going to do was to show people how transmigration worked, because there are so many advantages to it. Think of this, which I am going to put to you as a definite possibility; mankind has sent a messenger to the Moon, but mankind does not know how to travel in deep space. In relation to the distances in the Universe the journey to the Moon pales (blekner) into utter insignificance. It would take many millions of years for a space ship to travel to some other stars, and yet there is a much simpler way, and I say to you absolutely definitely that astral travel could be that way. (Also the ufos travel by a method where they technically rise the frequency of the craft - with all the passengers - up to - at least, the level of the astral - and when they arrive to the par planet - the frequency is lowered to the actual level of the planet they want to visit. In this way - one visit the level of the astral on an artificial way - enveloped in the field of the craft. R.Ø.remark.) It has been done before, it is being done now by creatures (I say «creatures» because they are not in human form) who come from a completely different galaxy. They are here now at this moment, they have come by astral travel, and some of them occupy human bodies such as did the Ancients of Old.

Humans, if they knew how, could send astral travellers anywhere - transcending time and space. Astral travel can be as quick as thought, and if you don't know how quick thought is, I will tell you - it would take a tenth of a second to go from here to Mars by astral travel. But in days to come explorers will be able to go to a world by astral travel and there, by transmigration, they will be able to enter the body of a native of that world so that they may gain first hand experience of what things are like. Now, this is not science fiction. It is absolutely true. If other people on other worlds can do it, then Earth people can do it also. But sadly I have to say, that purely because of the false doubt, which has been cast upon my word, this particular aspect has not been able to be taught to people.

Unfortunately when one takes over a body, there are certain grave (alvorlige) disabilities. Let me give you an illustration; I found soon after I had taken over a body that I could not write Sanskrit, I could not write Chinese. Oh yes, definitely I knew the language, I knew what I should be writing, but the body which I inhabited was not «geared» for making those squiggles which are Sanskrit or Chinese. It was only able to reproduce, say, letters such as English, French, German or Spanish.

It is all to do with muscular control. You have had the same things even in the West when you find that a educated German with a better education than most English, let us say, still cannot pronounce English as the natives do. He cannot «get his tongue around» the sounds. So no matter how highly he is educated, he still cannot say the sounds correctly. It is said almost universally, that you can always tell if a man is a native of a district or not

- by the manner in which he pronounces his words, that is, can he manage his vocal chords as the native would, or does habit bring in certain dissonances which the native lacks.

In transferring to a different body, one can do all the sounds, etcetera, because the body is producing sounds to which it is accustomed, English, French or Spanish, for example. But when it comes to writing that is a different matter.

Look at it this way; some people can draw or they can paint. So let us say that these people - the artists - have an ability to produce certain squiggles (kruseduller), which have a definite meaning. Now, most people, even of the same race, cannot do that, and even with training - even with immense practise - unless a person is a «born artist» the art forms are not considered acceptable. The same type of thing happens when an Eastern entity takes over a Western body. He can communicate in speech and he can know all that could be done in writing, but no longer can he write in that which was his original language such as Sanskrit or Chinese or Japanese - because it takes years of practise, and his attempts are so fumbling, so crude, that the ideographs have no intelligible meaning.

Another difficulty is that the entity is Eastern and the body or vehicle is Western. If you find that strange let me say that if you were in England you would be driving a car with right hand controls so that you may drive on the left hand side of the road, but if you are in America you drive a car in which the steering wheel is on the left hand side, and then you drive on the right hand side of the road. Everyone knows that, eh? Well, you take some poor wretch of a driver who has been used to driving along the lanes of England, suddenly lift him out and put the poor soul slap into an American car - and without any teaching at all - let him loose on the American roads. The poor fellow wouldn't have much chance, would he? He wouldn't last long. All his built-in reflexes which may have been trained for half a lifetime would scream at having to be reversed suddenly, and in the emergency he would immediately drive to the wrong side of the road and cause the accident which he was trying to avoid. Do you follow that clearly? Believe me, I know this, it all happened to me. So transmigration is not for the uninitiated. I say in all sincerity, there could be a lot done in transmigration, if people could get the right knowledge, and I am surprised that the Russians who are so far ahead in so many things, have not yet hit upon the idea of transmigration. It is easy - if you know how. It is easy - if you can have suitable precautions (forhåndsregler). But if you try to teach these things, as I could, and you have a lot of mindless children, or press people, then the whole thing becomes negated (benektet) almost before one can start.

Another point, which has to be considered, is obtaining a suitable vehicle or body, because you cannot just jump into any body and take over, like a bandit entering a car stopped at a traffic light. Oh no, it is much harder than that. You have to find a body which is harmonious to your own, which has a harmonic somewhere, and it

doesn't mean to say that the owner of the body has to be good or bad, that has nothing to do with it at all; it is to do with the vibrational frequency of that body.

If you are interested in radio, you will know that you can have, let us say, a super-heterodyne receiver which has three tuning condensers. Now if the set is working properly, you get one station clearly, but as you get on harmonics, you actually pick up the same signal on different wavelengths or different frequencies - it is all the same thing. In a frequency one just counts the number of times the wave changes from positive to negative, etcetera. But when you take a wavelength you just measure the distance between adjacent wave-crests. It is the same as calling a rose by another name, but what I am trying to tell you - is that if you know how, transmigration is possible. Not only is it possible, but it is going to be an everyday thing in the distant future here on Earth.

But back to Thames Ditton. It was quite a nice little place, one of the suburbs of the great city of London. I believe it is also called one of the dormitories of London. There were a number of trees in the place, and every morning one could see businessmen scurrying away to Thames Ditton station, where they would get a train taking them to Wimbledon and other parts of London, so they could do their daily work. Many of the men were from the City of London, stockbrokers, insurance men, bankers, and all the rest of it. Where I lived was right opposite the Cottage Hospital. Much further on to the right one came to a sort of sports ground, and adjacent to the sports ground was a big building called the Milk Marketing Board.

Thames Ditton was «better class» and some of the voices I could hear through my open window were too much «better class» - because I found some of the heavily accented (aksent) voices difficult indeed to understand.

But speech was not easy for me. I had to think before I could utter a sound, and then I had to visualise the shape of the sound I was trying to say. Speech to most people comes naturally. You can babble forth without any difficulty, without any great thought, but not when you are an Easterner who has taken over a Western body. Even to this day I have to think what I am going to say, and that makes my speech appear somewhat slow and at times hesitant.

If one takes over a body, for the first year or two, the body is basically the body of the host, that is, from whom it was taken over. But in the course of time - the body frequency changes and eventually it becomes of the same frequency as one's original body, and one's original scars appear. It is, as I told you before, like electro-plating or like electrotyping because molecule changes for molecule. This should not be too difficult to believe because if you get a cut and the cut heals then you've got replacement molecules, haven't you? They are not the same molecules that were cut, but new cells that were grown to replace the cut ones. It is something like that in transmigration.

The body ceases to be the alien body taken over, instead molecule by molecule it becomes one's own body, the body which one has grown.

Just one last piece of information about transmigrat-ion. It makes one «different.» It gives associates a peculiar feeling to be close to one, and if a transmigrated person touches another person unexpectedly - that other person may squeak with shock and say, «Oh now you've given me goose pimples» So if you want to practise transmigrat-ion, you will have to consider the disadvantages as well as the advantages. You know how strange dogs sniff around each other, stiff legged, waiting for the first move by the other? Well, that is how I have found people in the Western world toward me. They do not understand me, they don't know what it is all about, they feel that there is something different and they do not know what it is, so often they will have uncertainty about me. They do not know if they like me or if they thoroughly dislike me, and it really does make difficulties, difficulties which are made manifest in the way that policemen are always suspicious of me, customs officials are always ready to believe the worst, and immigration officers always want to inquire further as to why, how, and when, etcetera, etcetera. It makes one, in effect, unacceptable to «the local natives.» But we must get on to the next Book, but before we do here is a final word in case you find it difficult to understand that which I have written about Easterners who have transmigrated - being able to write their own language; if you are righthanded write this paragraph with your right hand, then try to do the same thing with your left!

Some pages later - in the last chapter - he once again touch on the same theme of transmigration or «walk-in» - as it is also called today in newage-books. From page 186:

It was very pleasant being in the astral - away from pain, away from worries and all the rest of it. But - as I was reminded - people do not go to Earth for pleasure, they go because they have something to learn or something to teach.

Today, then, is another day, the day when I have to write something even more about transmigration.

In the days of Atlantis and - oh yes ! - there really was Atlantis, it is not just a figment (hjernespinn) of a writer's imagination; Atlantis was real. But, in the days of Atlantis there was a very high civilization indeed. People «walked with Gods.» The Gardeners of the Earth were ever watching developments on Atlantis. But those who are watched are wary (varsom) of the watchers, and so it came about that the Gardeners of the Earth used the process of transmigration so that they could keep a more subtle form of watch.

A number of bodies of suitable vibrations were used by the spirits of Gardeners, and then they could mingle with humans and find out just what the humans really thought of the Gardeners and were they plotting(la de

onde planer...).

The Gardeners of the Earth who looked after that mysterious civilisation known as the Sumerians, also had tutors come to the Earth by transmigration. It was altogether too slow to have great space ships cross the void taking such a long time. (it is said that they did not have yet developed the more advanced methods of spacetravelling - as they have today.R.Ø.remark.) By transmigration it could be done in a matter of seconds.

The Egyptians, also, were largely controlled and entirely taught by higher Entities who entered into specially cultivated bodies, and when those bodies were not actually being used by the Entities they were carefully cleaned, wrapped up, and put aside in stone boxes. The ignorant Egyptian natives catching brief glances of the ceremonies - came to the conclusion that the Gardeners were preserving the bodies, and so those who had witnessed such proceedings, rushed home to their priests and told all that they had seen.

The priests then thought that they would try such things, and when a high enough person died, they wrapped him up in bandages, coated him with spices, and all the rest of it, but they found that the bodies decayed (for-råtte). Then they came to the conclusion that it was the intestines(innvoller), the heart, liver and lungs which caused the decaying, so all those parts were removed and put in separate jars. It is a good thing they were not preparing the hosts for incoming spirits, because the hosts would indeed have been a gutless lot, wouldn't they?!

Of course, some of the embalming (balsamerte)- so called - was when a sick space man or space woman was being put into the state of suspended animation (livlig- het) so that he or she could be removed to a space ship and taken elsewhere for treatment.

There have been quite a number of well-known leaders on this Earth who were Entities transmigrated into Earth-bodies, Abraham, Moses, Gautama, Christ, and then that well-known genius of geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci. The inventions of Leonardo da Vinci are legend, and he enhanced (økte) the knowledge of this world very very greatly. He, as I suppose anyone would agree, possessed skills and sciences far beyond the knowledge of Earth people. The person known as Leonardo da Vinci had been an illegitimate (født utenfor ekteskap) child without any special advantages. Who knows? He might even have been the son of a plumber! The body of the person who became Leonardo da Vinci was of such a degree of vibration that a very high Entity could take it over, and do all those things which no human could have done.

In all seriousness, I say that if the people of this world would only listen to those who can actually do transmigrat-ion, there would be a wonderful chance of space exploration. Think of all the worlds there are. Think of being able to visit a world in a matter of seconds. Some of the worlds can never be visited by orthodox humans, because

the atmosphere may be wrong, the climate may be wrong, or the gravity may be wrong. But when a person is doing transmigration, he can take over the body of any native of the planet, and so then can explore the planet without any difficulties whatever.

Humans, well versed in the science of transmigration, could enter the bodies of animals so that they could be studied effectively. This has been done before; it has been done frequently before, and because of a racial memory there are certain false beliefs that humans are reborn as animals. They are not - ever!

End of extract

From T.LOBSANG RAMPA's book:

«I believe»

We read on the back cover: «this book will tell of life before birth, life on Earth and the passing from Earth - and return to life beyond...»

Now - so many, many years after this book was written - so many books about the (near) -deathprocess has been written - and then one can see the extreme accuracy of Rampas descriptions in this book - regarding suicide, life on the other side, the reincarnation process etc. Rampa had the ability to follow all incidents by reading/looking in the AKASHA - earths memory-bank and so retelling the happenings in every detail. The one who SEES can here recognise the TRUTH. Research yourself!!

(some words are translated to Norwegian and there MAY BE some wordmistakes here because this is scanned from the book. Some headlines are added)

SUICIDE of Algernon...

This extract tells of how a relative young and rich man - Algernon Reginald St Clair de Bonkers - took his life after he had been hurt in a battle in the Boer War - and thereby lost his sexual organ - which made him feel that his life was not any longer worth living. Without any possibility for the normal sexual activity. Thus he some time later made a suicide in the bathroom - and here we enter the original text when the servant in the house had found the dead body and called for help:

...then they moved into the bathroom and lifted up the body, dropping it unceremoniously (uhøyttidlig) into the sawdust in the casket, carefully putting the lid back into position.

Perfunctorily they rinsed their hands under the tap and, not finding any clean towels, they wiped their dripping hands on the curtains. Then out they went into the corridor, treading half-congealed (størknet) blood all over the corridor carpet.

With many a grunt they lifted the casket (likkiste) and proceeded towards the stairs. "Bear a hand here, you men," called the undertaker to two footmen, "take the lower end, we mustn't tip him out." Two men hurried forward, and carefully the casket was eased down the stairs and out into the open, and slid into a black covered wagon. The undertaker got inside, the two assistants got up on the box, the reins were picked up and the horses ambled off at a leisurely pace.

Sergeant Murdock moved ponderously up the stairs again and went into the bathroom. With a cloth he picked up the open razor and put it aside. Then he carried out an inspection to see if anything else of use as evidence could be found.

The spirit of Sir Algernon, glued («limt») to the ceiling, looked down in utter fascination. Then for some reason Sergeant Murdock turned his eyes to the ceiling, emitted a bellow (brøl) of fright, and fell down with a bonk that

cracked the toilet seat. With that the spirit of Sir Algernon vanished, and he himself lost consciousness, being aware only of a strange humming, a weird swirling (nifs virvling), and clouds of rolling blackness like the smoke from a paraffin reading lamp - which had been turned too high and left unattended in a room.

And so darkness fell upon him, and the spirit of Sir Algernon took no further interest in the proceedings, at least for the time being.

Algernon Reginald St. Clair de Bonkers stirred uneasily in what seemed to be a deeply drugged (bedøvende) sleep. Strange thoughts swarmed (svermet) across his half-submerged consciousness. There came bursts (utbrudd) of heavenly music followed by wild outpourings of hellish sound. Algernon stirred fretfully, and in one period of greater consciousness he stirred and found to his astonishment that his movements were sluggish, torpid, as though he were immersed in a gooey mess (nedesenket i noe klebrig søl).

Algernon Reginald St Clair de Bonkers woke up with a start and tried to sit erect but found his movements constricted (sammensnørt), he could only move in slow motion. Panic struck and he tried to flail (slå) about in his anguish (pine) but found his movements were slow, turgid, and it calmed him down quite a lot. He felt for his eyes to see if they were open or shut because he could see no light. It did not matter if his eyes were open or shut, there was no sensation of light. He put his hands down to feel the texture of the bed, but then he shrieked in shock because there was no bed beneath him, he was suspended - as he himself put it - "like a fish stuck in syrup in a fish tank".

For a time he feebly flailed with his arms as does a swimmer, trying to push against something so he would have the satisfaction of getting somewhere. But as hard as he pushed with his widespread hands and arms and his thrusting feet, so did "something" hold him back.

To his astonishment all his efforts failed to make him breathless, failed to make him tired, so, having seen the uselessness of an attempt at physical effort, he just lay still and thought.

"Where was I?" he thought back. "Oh yes, I remember, I decided to kill myself, I decided that it was useless going on as I had been going on, bereft (berøvet) of female society because of the nature of my disability. How unfortunate it was," he muttered to himself, "that the filthy Boers should have shot me THERE!"

For some moments he lay there thinking of the past, thinking of the bearded Boer who had raised his rifle and deliberately, quite deliberately, aimed at him not with a view to killing him, but with the definite objective of what must politely be termed robbing him of his manhood. He thought of the "dear Vicar" who had recommended Algernon's house as a very safe refuge for servant girls who had to earn a living. He thought, too, of his father who had said while the young man was still a schoolboy, "Well, Algernon, m'lad, you have to get to learn the facts of life, you have to practise on some of the servant girls we have here, you'll find them quite useful to play with but be sure you do not take things too seriously. These lower classes are

there for our convenience, aren't they?'

"Yes," he thought, "even the housekeeper had smiled a peculiar little smile when a particularly comely (tiltalende) young maid servant was engaged. The housekeeper said, «You'll be quite safe here, dear, the Master will not bother you at all, he's like one of those horses in the field, you know, they've been doctored. Yes, you'll be quite safe here,» and the housekeeper had turned away with a sly (listig) little chuckle.'

Algernon reviewed his life in some detail. The shattering impact of the bullet and how he had doubled up and vomited in anguish (kastet opp i pine). Still in his ears he could hear the raucous (rustne) laughter of the old Boer farmer as he said, "No more gels for you, m'lad, we'll stop you from continuing the family name. Now you'll be like them there eunuchs (kasterte) we used to hear about.'

Algernon felt himself grow hot all over with the shame of it, and it reminded him of the longterm plan he had made, a plan to commit suicide following the decision that he could not go on living under such strange conditions. He found it quite intolerable when the Vicar (sogneprest) called upon him and made oblique (skjevt blikk) references to his ailment, and said how glad he would be to have such a safe young man help with the Women's meetings and the Sunday afternoon sewing sessions, and all that sort of thing because - the Vicar said - 'We cannot be too careful, can we? We must not impugn the good name of our Church, must we?'

And then there was the doctor, the old family doctor, Dr. Mortimer Davis who used to ride up of an evening on his old horse Wellington. Dr. Davis would sit down in the study, and together they would have a comfortable glass of wine, but the comfort was always ruined when the doctor would say, "Well, Sir Algernon, I think I should examine you, we have to make sure you do not develop feminine characteristics, because unless we exercise the most extreme supervision - you may find that your facial hair will fall out and you will develop ahem - female breasts. One of the things for which we must be most observant is for any change in the timbre of your voice because now that you have lost certain glands, the chemistry of your body has changed." The doctor looked at him most quizzically to see how he was taking it, and then said, "Well now, I think I could do with another glass of wine, you have most excellent wine here, your dear father was a great connoisseur (kjenner) of the luxuries of life - especially with the distaff side of the luxuries, heh, heh, heh!"

Poor Algernon had all that he could take when one day he heard the butler talking to the housekeeper, "A terrible thing, you know, how it happened to Sir Algernon, such a lively virile young man, such a credit to his class. I know well how, before you came here and before he went to the War, he used to ride to hounds and made a very favourable impression on the matrons (bestyrerinner) of the district. They were always inviting Sir Algernon to parties, they always looked upon him as a most eligible (valgbar) young man, and a very desirable suitor for a daughter who had just come out. But now - well, the mothers of the district

look upon him with commiseration (medfølelse) - but at least they know he doesn't need a chaperone when he goes out with their daughters. A very safe young man, a very safe young man indeed.'

"Yes," thought Algernon, "a very safe young man indeed. I wonder What they would have done in my place, lying there on the battlefield bleeding with my uniform breeches soaked in red, and then the surgeon coming along in the field and cutting off my clothing and with a sharp knife just amputating the tattered remnants of what made him different from a woman. Oh! The agony of it. Nowadays there is this thing they call chloroform which is stated to relieve pain, to give one surcease from the agony of operations, but on the field, no, nothing but a slashing knife and the bullet between one's teeth so one can bite down on the bullet and stop oneself from screaming. And then the shame of it, the shame of being deprived (fattig)-THERE. The sight of one's fellow sub alterns looking embarrassed and, at the same time, uttering salacious (slibrige) stories behind one's back.

"Yes, the shame of it, the shame of it. The last member of an old family, the de Bonkers who came over with the Norman invasion and who settled in that very salubrious part of England - and built a large manor (gods) house and had tenant (forpaktere) farmers. Now he, the last of the line, impotent through service to his country, impotent and laughed at by his peers. And what is there to laugh at?" he thought, "in a man becoming maimed (lemlestet) in the service of others? He thought that now, because he had fought for his country, his line would fall into desuetude."

Algernon lay there, neither in the air, neither on the ground. He could not decide where he was, he could not decide what he was. He lay there flapping like a newly-landed fish, and then thought, "Am I dead? What is death? I saw myself dead, then how am I here?"

Inevitably his thoughts turned again to events since his return to England. He saw himself walking with some difficulty, and then carefully noting the expressions and the actions of his neighbours, of his family, and of his servants. The idea had grown that he should kill himself, that he should end a useless life. He had at one time locked himself away in his study and got out his pistol, carefully cleaned it, carefully loaded it and primed it. Then he had put the muzzle to his right temple and pulled the trigger. Just a sodden thunk had resulted. For moments he had sat there bemused (forvirret), unbelieving, his trusty pistol, which he had carried and used throughout the War - had betrayed (forrådt) him at last, he was still alive. He spread a sheet of clean paper on the desk in front of him and lowered the pistol on to it. Everything was as it should be, powder, ball, and cap, everything was perfectly in order. He assembled it again, powder, ball, and cap, and without thinking he pulled the trigger. There was a loud bang, and he had shot out his window. There came running feet and a pounding on the door. Slowly he had risen to his feet and unlocked the door to admit a white-faced, frightened butler. "Oh, Sir Algernon, Sir Algernon, I thought some dreadful mishap had occurred," said the butler in considerable agitation(uro).

“Oh no, it’s quite all right, I was just cleaning my pistol and it went off - get a man to replace the window, will you?”

Then there had been the attempt at horse riding. He had taken an old grey mare and had been riding out of the stables(stall), when a stable boy had tittered and murmured to an ostler (stallkar), two old mares together now, eh, what d’you think of that? He turned and struck at the boy with his riding crop, and then flung (slengte) the reins over the horse’s neck, jumped to the ground and hastened back to his home, never to ride a horse again.

Then another time he thought of that strange plant which had come from the almost unknown country of Brazil, a plant which was supposed to give instant death to those who chewed its berries and got the poisonous juice down one’s throat. He had done that, he had such a plant, which had been presented to him by a world traveller. For days he had carefully watered the plant, nourished it like a first-born child, and then when the plant was blooming and healthy, he had taken off the berries and stuffed them in his mouth. “Oh! The agony of it,” he thought, “the shame of it. No death, but things a thousand times worse than death. Such a gastric disturbance! Never in all history,” he thought, “had there been such a purge, such a purge that he could not even take himself in time to the littlest room. And the shock of the housekeeper when she had to take his very soiled clothes and pass them to the laundry (vaske-) woman.” His face burned red at the mere thought of it.

And then this latest attempt. He had sent up to London to the finest swordsmith (sverdsme) of that city, and there had been obtained for him the best and sharpest of razors, a beautiful instrument deeply engraved with the maker’s name and crest. Sir Algernon had taken that wonderful blade and stropped it and stropped it and stropped it. And then, with one quick slash, he had cut his throat from ear to ear so that only the support of the spine in the neck had kept his head upon his shoulders.

So he had seen himself dead. He knew he was dead because he knew he had killed himself, and then he had looked from the ceiling and seen himself on the floor with rapidly glazing eyes. He lay there in the darkness, in the turgid darkness, and thought and thought and thought.

Death? What WAS death? Was there anything after death? He and his fellow subalterns and other officers in the Mess had often debated the subject. The Padre had tried to explain about the life immortal, about going to Heaven, and one dashing Hussar, a major, had said, “Oh no, Padre, I am sure it’s absolutely wrong. When one is dead, one is dead - and that’s all there is to it. If I go and kill a Boer are you telling me that he’ll go straight to Heaven or the Other Place? If I kill him with a bullet through his heart and I am standing there with my foot on his chest, I can tell you that he’s very much under me, dead, dead as a stuffed pig. When we’re dead we’re dead, and there’s nothing more to it.”

He thought again of all the arguments for life after death. He wondered why anyone could say there was life after death. “If you kill a man - well, he’s dead and that’s all there is to it. If there was a soul then you’d see something

leave the body at death, wouldn’t you?”

Algernon lay there and pondered the whole matter, wondering what had happened, where was he? And then he had the terrible thought that perhaps it was all a nightmare and he had had a brainstorm, and was confined in an asylum for the mad. Carefully he felt about him to see if there were any restraining straps (sikringsremer). But no, he was floating, that’s all there was to it, he was floating like a fish in water. So he returned to wonder what it was. “Death? Am I dead? Then if I am dead where am I, what am I doing in this strange condition floating idly?”

Words of the Padre came back to him: “When you leave your body, an angel will be there to greet you and to guide you. You will be judged by God Himself, and then you will have whatever punishment God Himself decrees.” Algernon wondered about that whole matter. “If God was a kind God why did a person have to be punished as soon as he was dead? And if he was dead how could a punishment affect him? He was here now,” he thought, “lying quietly, no particular pain, no particular joy, just lying there quietly.”

At that moment Algernon started with fear. Something had brushed by (feiet forbi) him. It was like having a hand put inside one’s skull. He got an impression, not a voice, but an impression, a sensation that someone was thinking at him, “Peace, be still, listen.”

For a few moments Algernon flailed (fektet) away, trying to run. This was too mysterious, this was too unsettling, but he was stuck there. And so once again he had the impression, “Peace, be still, and be freed from this.”

Algernon thought to himself, “I am an officer and a gentleman, I must not panic, I must be an example to my men.” So, confused though he was, he composed himself and let tranquillity and peace enter within him.

CHAPTER THREE

ALGERNON suddenly shuddered with shock. Panic took hold of him. For a moment he thought that his brain was going to burst out of its skull.

About him the blackness grew even blacker. Although he could not see in the total darkness, he could inexplicably FEEL turgid (oppsvulmede) clouds of blacker than blackness swirling around, enveloping him.

Through the darkness he seemed to see a brilliant ray of light, pencil-thin, reaching out to him and touching him, and along the pencil-thin ray of light came the impression “Peace, peace, be still and we will talk to you.”

By superhuman efforts Algernon got a grip on his panic. Gradually he calmed down and once again rested more or less placidly (rolig) awaiting developments. They were swift in coming; “We are willing to help you - we are very anxious to help you but you will not let us.”

Algernon rolled the thought around in his brain. You will not let us,’ he thought, “but I haven’t said a word to them, how can they say that I won’t let them help me? I don’t know who they are, I don’t know what they are going to do, I don’t even know where I am. If this is death,’ he thought, “well, what is it? Negation? Nothingness? Am I

to be condemned for eternity to live in darkness like this? But even that," he thought, "poses a problem. Live? Well, do I live?" Thoughts swirled about him and his brain was in turmoil. Teachings of his early youth came to him: "There is no death - I am the Resurrection, - In my Father's house there are many mansions, I go to prepare a Way for you - If you behave you will go to Heaven - If you misbehave you will go to Hell - Only Christians have a chance for Heaven.' So many contradictory statements, so much misunderstanding, so much of the blind teaching the blind. The priests and the Sunday School teachers, people blind themselves trying to teach others who they thought were even blinder. "Hell?" he thought. "What IS Hell? What is Heaven? IS there Heaven?"

A strong thought broke in on his cogitations (funderinger): "We are willing to help you if you will first accept the premise that you are alive and that there is life after death. We are willing to help you if you are prepared unreservedly to believe in us and believe in that which we can teach you."

Algernon's brain railed at the thought. What was this rubbish about accepting help? What was this stupid nonsense about believing? What COULD he believe? If he was to believe, then it implied there was a doubt. He wanted facts not beliefs. The facts were that he had died by his own hand, and the second fact was that he had seen his dead body, and the third fact was that he was now in total blackness apparently immersed in some sticky, turgid substance which prevented much movement. And then stupid people from - he knew not where - were sending thoughts into his head saying that he should believe. Well - WHAT should he believe?

"You are in the next stage after death," the voice, or thought, or impression, or whatever it was, said to him. "You have been misinformed, mistaught and misled upon the Earth, and if you want to come out of your self-imposed prison then we will get you out." Algernon rested quietly and thought over the matter, and then he thought back. "Well," he thought strongly, "if you want me to believe, first of all you should tell me what is happening to me. You say I am in the first stage after death, but I thought death was the end of everything."

"Precisely!" broke in the thought or the voice very strongly. "Precisely! You are surrounded by the black clouds of doubt, by the black clouds of unreason. You are surrounded by the "blackness of ignorance, and this isolation is self-made, self-imposed and can only be self-destroyed."

Algernon did not like that a bit. It seemed to be blaming him for everything. Then he said, "But I have no reason to believe, I can only go by what I have been taught. I have been taught various things in churches, and while a mer boy I was taught by Sunday School teachers and by a Governess, and now do you think I can scrap all that just because some unknown, unidentified impression comes to my mind? DO something to show me that there is something beyond this blackness."

Suddenly a break (forandring) appeared in the darkness. Suddenly the blackness rolled aside - like curtains on a

stage rolling aside, that the actors could make their debut. Algernon was almost struck senseless by the influx of bright light and by the wondrous vibrations in the atmosphere. He almost screamed in the ecstasy of the moment, and then - doubt, and with the doubt came the rolling in of the blackness again, until once more he was engulfed in turgid darkness. Doubt, panic, self-recrimination, railing against the teachings of the world. He began to doubt his sanity. How could things like this be possible? He was certain by now that he was insane, certain that he was suffering hallucinations. His mind went back to that very potent Brazilian plant which he had ingested; supposing there had been side-effects, supposing he was suffering from long-delayed hallucinations. He had seen his dead body on the floor - but had he? How could he see himself if he was dead? He thought of looking down from the ceiling, he thought of the bald spot on the top of the butler's head. Well, if it were true why had he not noticed that bald spot before? If it were true, why had he not noticed that the housekeeper obviously wore a wig(parykk)? He pondered on the problem and wavered between the thought that life after death was possible, and the thought that he was undeniably insane.

"We will leave you to come to your own decision because the Law is that no person may be helped unless that person is willing to receive help. When you are ready to receive help, say so and we will come. And, remember, there is no reason whatever for you to continue this quite self-imposed isolation. This blackness is a figment of your imagination."

Time had no meaning. Thoughts came and went. But what, Algernon wondered, was the speed of thought? How many thoughts had he had? If he knew then he could work out how long he had been in this position and in this condition. But no, time no longer had meaning. Nothing had meaning as far as he could see. He reached his hands down and could feel nothing beneath him. Slowly, with infinite effort, he swept his arms up at full length. There was nothing, nothing at all that he could feel, nothing except the strange dragging as if he was pulling his arms through syrup. Then he let his hands rest upon his body and felt. Yes, his head was there, his neck, his shoulders, obviously his arms were there because he was using his hands to feel himself. But then he really jumped. He was naked, and he started to blush (rødme) at the thought. What if some person should come in and find him naked? In his strata of society one simply did not appear naked, it was "not done". But so far as he could tell, he still had his human body. And then his wandering, probing fingers stopped suddenly and he came to the definite conclusion that he was indeed mad - mad - for his searching fingers encountered parts which had been shot at by that Boer marksman and the remnants removed by the surgeon's knife. So he was intact again! Obviously it was imagination. Obviously, he thought, he had looked down at his dying body and he was still dying. But then the inescapable thought occurred to him that he had looked down. Well, how COULD he look down if he was indeed the body that was dying? And if he could look down then obviously some part of him, his soul or

whatever one calls it, must have got out of the body, and the mere fact that he could look down upon himself indicated that there was "something" after death.

He lay there pondering, pondering, pondering. His brain seemed to be clicking like a machine. Gradually little bits of knowledge picked up in various parts of the world slipped into place. He thought of some religion - what was it? Hindu? Moslem? He didn't know, one of these outlandish foreign religions which only the natives believed in, but still, they taught that there was life after death, they taught that good men who died went to a place where there were unlimited willing girls available. Well, he could not see any girls available or not available, but it set him on a train of thought. There MUST be life after death, there must be something, and there must be someone otherwise how could he have got such a searchlight-bright thought in his mind?

Algernon jumped with amazement. "Oh! The dawn is coming," he exclaimed. Indeed the darkness was less dark now, the turgidity (svulstigheten) around him was less as well, and he found himself sinking down gently, gently until his outstretched hands hanging down below the body felt "something". As the body sank even lower he found that his hands were clutching - no, it couldn't be! But further probings confirmed that, yes, his hands were in contact with soft grass, and then his unresisting body was resting upon short, cropped turf (gress).

The realization flooded in that he was at last in some material place and there were other things besides darkness, and as he thought, as he realized this, so the darkness became less and he was as one in a light mist. Through the mist he could see vague figures, not clearly, not enough to distinguish what the figures were, but "figures".

Looking up he found a shadowy figure looming (komme til syne) over him. He could just see two hands raised as though in benediction, and then a voice, not a thought inside his head this time, but an undeniable honest-to-goodness English voice obviously from one who had been to Eton or Oxford!

"Rise to your feet, my son," said the voice. "Rise to your feet and take my hands, feel that I am solid like you, and in so feeling you will have one more item of proof that you are alive - in a different state admittedly, but alive, and the sooner you realize that you are alive, and that there is life after death, then the sooner will you be able to enter the Great Reality."

Algernon made feeble attempts to get, to his feet, but things seemed to be different somehow, he didn't seem able to move his muscles as he used to, but then the voice came again: "Picture yourself rising, picture yourself standing." Algernon did that and, to his amazement, found that he was standing upright being clasped (omfavnet) by a figure which was be-coming brighter and plainer and brighter and plainer until he could see before him a middle-aged man of remarkably bright aspect and clad in yellow robes. Algernon gazed down at the length of the figure, and then his range of vision encountered himself. He saw that he was naked. Immediately he let out a shriek of fright, "Oh!" he

said, "where are my clothes? I cannot be seen like this!"

The figure smiled at him and gently said, "Clothes do not make the man, my friend. One is born to the Earth without clothes, and one is reborn to this world without clothes. Think of the type of clothes you would like to wear and you will find them upon you."

Algernon thought of himself as a gay young subaltern (lavere offiser), clad in dark navy blue trousers, the legs reaching right down to the heels, and a bright red jacket. Around his waist he pictured a dazzlingly white blanced belt with ammunition pouches. He pictured the brilliant brass buttons polished so sharply that one could see one's face in each. And then upon his head he pictured the dark pill box hat with the leather strap going down his cheek, beneath his chin, and up the other cheek. He pictured the scabbard at his side, and then he smiled to himself a secret inward smile as he thought, "Let them produce THAT!" To his ineffable astonishment he found his body constricted by uniform, by the tightness of a belt, by the tightness of military boots. He found the tug (tyngden) at his side where the weight of the scabbard (sverdslire) and the weight of the pistol holster tried to drag the belt down. He felt beneath his chin the pressure of the chinstrap. And then, as he turned his head, he could see the glittering epaulets upon his shoulders. It was too much - too much. Algernon fainted and would have tumbled to the turf had not the middle-aged man gently lowered him.

Algernon's eyelids fluttered and weakly he murmured, "I believe, oh Lord, I believe. Forgive me my sins, forgive me the trespasses (synder), which I have committed."

The man with him smiled benignly upon him, and said, "I am not the Lord, I am just one whose task it is to help those who come from the Earth life to this, the intermediate (mellom-) stage, and I am ready to help you when you are ready to receive the proffered help."

Algernon rose to his feet, this time without difficulty, and said, "I am ready to receive such help as you can give me."

But, tell me, did you go to Eton, were you at Balliol?' The figure smiled and said, "Just call me friend, and we will deal with your questions later. First you have to enter into our world."

He turned and waved his hands in a sweeping motion, as if he were drawing curtains, in fact, and indeed the result was the same. The clouds of darkness dissipated, the shadows vanished, and Algernon found that he was standing on the greenest of green grass. The air about him was vibrant with life, pulsating with energy. From unknown sources there came impressions - not sounds, but impressions of music; "music in the air" he would have described it, and he found it remarkably soothing.

People were walking about just as people would walk about in a public park. It gave him, at first glance, an impression that he could have been walking about in Green Park or Hyde Park, London, but a very specially beautified Green Park or Hyde Park. Couples were sitting on seats, people were walking about, and then once again Algernon had a terrific impulse of fear because some people were

moving along inches above the ground! One person was absolutely racing across the countryside at about ten feet above the ground, and was being chased by another person, and there were joyful shouts of happiness coming from both of them. Algernon felt a sudden chill along his spine and he shuddered, but his Friend gently took him by the arm and said, "Come, let us sit over here because I want to tell you a little of this world before we go any further - otherwise the sights that you will see beyond might indeed impede your recovery."

"Recovery," said Algernon. "Recovery indeed! I am not recovering from anything, I am perfectly healthy, perfectly normal." His Friend smiled gently and said, "Come, let us sit over here where we can watch the swans and the other water fowl, and we can give you an insight into the new life which is before you."

Somewhat reluctantly, and still bristling with anger at the thought that he was "ill", Algernon permitted himself to be led to a nearby seat. They sat down and the Friend said, "Rest comfortably, I have much to tell you because now you are upon another world, you are now in another plane of existence, and the more attention you pay to me, the more easily will you progress through this world."

Algernon was highly impressed that the park seat was so comfortable, it seemed to be form-fitting, quite unlike the parks he had known in London where, if one was unfortunate, one could obtain a splinter if one shuffled about on the seat.

Before them the water shone blue and on it dazzling white swans glided majestically. The air was warm and vibrant. Then a sudden thought struck Algernon, a thought so sudden and so shocking that he almost jumped from the seat; there were no shadows! He looked up and found there was no sun either. The whole sky was glowing.

The Friend said, "Now we should talk about things because I have to teach you about this world before you enter the Rest Home." Algernon broke in, "I am absolutely amazed that you should be wearing a yellow robe. Are you a member of some cult or society, or of some religious Order?"

"Oh good gracious me, what an extraordinary attitude of mind you have! What does it matter the colour of my robe? What does it matter that I wear a robe? I wear a robe because I want to wear a robe, because I find it suitable for me, because it is a uniform for the task I do." He smiled and pointed at Algernon's attire. "You wear a uniform, dark blue trousers, bright red jacket, and a peculiar pill box hat upon your head. You wear a white belt around your waist. Well, why are you dressed in such a remarkable fashion? You dress as you want to dress. No one here will take you to task for the way you dress. Similarly I dress in the style which suits me and because it is my uniform. But we are wasting time."

Algernon felt definitely chastened by it, and as he looked about he could see certain other yellow-robed persons in conversation with men and women who wore quite outlandish attire. But his companion was speaking: "I must tell you," said his companion, "that upon Earth you are

gravely misinformed about the truth of life and about the truth of life hereafter. Your religious leaders are like a gang of people who have got together, or like a gang of advertisers, each advertising his own wares and everyone of them completely oblivious to the truth of life and after life." He paused and looked about, and then continued, "Look at all these people here, can you tell who is a Christian, who a Jew, a Buddhist or a Moslem? They all look the same, don't they? And, in fact, all these people that you see in this park except those with yellow robes have one thing in common; they have all committed suicide."

Algernon recoiled in shock - all committed suicide. Then, he thought, possibly he was in a Home for the insane and perhaps the man in the yellow robe was a Keeper. He thought of all the strange things that had happened to him and which imposed a strain upon his credulity (godtroenhet).

"You must be aware that to commit suicide is a very, very grave crime. No one should commit suicide. There are no reasons whatever for suicide, and if people knew what they have to endure after suicide they would have more sense. This," the companion said, "is a reception centre where those who have committed *felo (forbrytelse) de se* - are rehabilitated, counselled (*rådgeving*), and returned to Earth in another body. I am going to tell you first about life on Earth and in this plane of existence."

They settled themselves more comfortably on the seat, and Algernon watched the swans idly gliding about on the pond. He noted there were many birds in the trees, squirrels too, and he also observed with interest that other yellow robed men and women were talking to their charges.

"Earth is a school of learning where people go to learn through hardship when they will not learn through kindness. People go to Earth as people on Earth go to school, and before going down to the Earth the entities who are going to take over an Earth body, are advised on the best type of body and the best conditions - to enable them to learn that which they have gone to learn, or to be more precise, to learn that for which they are actually going to Earth because, of course, they are advised before departing (*avreise*). You will experience this yourself, so let me tell you about this particular plane. Here we have what is known as the lower astral. Its transient (*gjennomreisende*) population is made up exclusively of suicides because, as I said, suicide is a crime and those who commit suicide are mentally unstable. In your own case - you committed suicide because you were unable to become a father, because you had been mutilated, but that is a condition which you went to Earth to endure and to learn to surmount (*overvinne*). I say to you very seriously, that before you did go to Earth, you arranged that you would be mutilated, and so it means that you have failed your test, it means that you have to start again and go through all that suffering once more, or more than once if you fail another time."

Algernon felt decidedly gloomy. He had thought that he was doing the noble thing in terminating what he imagined to be a useless life, and now he was told he had

committed a crime and would have to atone for it. But his companion was speaking - "This, the lower astral, is very close to the Earth-plane. It is about as low as one can get without actually returning to the Earth. Here we shall place you in a Rest Home for treatment. It will be an attempt to stabilize your mental state, it will be an attempt to strengthen you for your quite definite return to Earth as soon as conditions are suitable. But here on this astral plane you can walk about if you want to, or if you so desire you can fly through the air by merely thinking of it. Similarly - if you come to the conclusion that your attire (antrekk) is absurd, as indeed it is, then you can change that dress merely by thinking of what you would like to wear."

Algernon thought of a very nice suit, which he had once seen in a hot climate. It seemed to be off-white, lightweight and smartly cut. There was a sudden rustle and he looked down in alarm as his uniform vanished from him leaving him naked. With a shout of alarm he jumped to his feet clasping his hands over a strategic area, but no sooner was he on his feet than he found that other clothing adorned him, the clothing of his imagination. Sheepishly, blushing profusely, he sat down again.

"Here you will find that you need no food although if you have gluttonous impulses you can have food, any food you wish. You merely think about it and it is materialized out of the nourishment in the atmosphere. Think, for instance, of your favourite dish."

Algernon pondered for a moment or two, then he thought of roast beef, roast potatoes, Yorkshire pudding, carrots, turnips, cabbage, a very large glass of cider, and a big cigar with which to end the repast. As he thought about it a vague shape appeared in front of him, solidified and hardened into a table covered with a dazzling white tablecloth. Then hands and forearms appeared and dishes were placed before him, silver tureens, crystal decanters, and one by one the lids were lifted from the tureens and Algernon saw before him - and smelled - the food of his choice. His companion just waved his hands, and all the food and table disappeared.

"There really is no need for such theatrical things, there is no need for this coarse type of food because here upon this astral plane the body absorbs food from the atmosphere. There is, as you see, no sun shining in the sky, but the whole sky is glittering and from the sky every person gets all the nourishment needed. Here we have no very thin people, no very fat people, but everyone is as the body demands."

Algernon looked about and found that that was undeniably correct. There were no fat people, there were no thin people, there were no dwarfs, there were no giants, everyone appeared to be remarkably well formed. Some of the people strolling (spaserte) by, had deep furrows of concentration on their foreheads - wondering, no doubt, about the future, worrying about the past, and regretting (angret) foolish actions.

The companion rose to his feet and said, "Now we must go to the Home of Rest. We will continue our talk as we stroll along. Your arrival was somewhat precipitate (over-

ilt) and, although we are always alert for suicides, you had thought about it for so long that You - ah - took us rather unawares when you made that last desperate gash."

Algernon rose to his feet and reluctantly followed his companion. Together they strolled along the path flanking the pond (dam), together they went by little groups of people engaged in conversation. Every so often one pair would rise to their feet and walk off just as Algernon and his companion had risen to their feet and walked off.

"Here you have comfortable conditions because in this stage of the proceedings, you have to be, as it were, reconditioned for a return to the hardships and the sufferings of Earth, but remember that life upon Earth is just as the blink of an eyelid in what is actually the Real Time, and when you have completed your life upon Earth, completed it successfully, you will note, you do not return to this place again - but you bypass it and go to another phase of the astral planes, a plane depending upon your progress on Earth. Consider going to school on Earth; if you just get through your examinations, you may be retained in the same class, but if you make a more successful grade in the examinations, then you can be promoted, and if you make what we might term a cum laude (prisverdig) then, indeed, you might be promoted (forfremmet) even two grades. The same applies in the astral planes. You can be removed from the Earth at what you call "death" and taken to a certain astral plane, or if you do extremely well, you can be taken to a much higher plane, and, of course, the higher you rise the better the conditions."

Algernon was greatly diverted by the changing scenery. They left the area of the pond and passed through a gap in a hedge. Before them stretched a beautifully kept lawn and sitting in chairs were groups of people listening to someone standing before them and obviously lecturing. But the companion made no pause, he continued straight on and soon they came to a rise in the ground which they ascended, and before them there was a most beautiful building, not white but slightly greentinted, a restful colour, a colour that engendered tranquillity and peace of mind. They arrived at a door, which opened automatically in front of them, and they went into a well lighted hall.

Algernon looked about him with vast interest. He had never seen such a beautiful place, and he, one of the upper crust of English society, thought he was rather a connoisseur (kjenner) of the beauty of buildings. There seemed to be soaring columns and many corridors leading off this main reception vestibule. In the centre of the space there seemed to be a round desk at which a number of people were sitting. The companion with Algernon went forward and said, "This is our friend, Algernon St. Clair de Bonkers. You were expecting him and I believe you have assigned a room to him."

There was a quick riffling of papers and a young woman said, "Yes, that is correct, sir, I will have him shown to his room." Immediately a young man got up and walked towards them. "I will take you to your room, please follow me," he said. The companion bowed briefly in Algernon's direction, turned and left the building. Algernon followed

his new guide along a softly carpeted corridor and then turned into a very spacious room, a room which contained a bed, table and had two other smaller rooms adjoining.

“Now, sir, you will kindly get into bed and a medical team will come and examine you. You are not permitted to leave this room until the doctor assigned to you so permits.” He smiled and left the room. Algernon looked about him, and then went into the other two rooms. One seemed to be a living room with a comfortable couch (sofa) and chairs, and the other - well - it was a very bare little room with a hard floor and a hard chair, and nothing more. Algernon suddenly thought, “Oh, apparently there are no toilet facilities here.” And then the thought occurred to him why should there be toilet facilities - he certainly had not felt any urge to use such facilities, and perhaps they did not do such things in this place!

Algernon stood beside the bed and wondered what to do. Should he try to escape from the place? He went to the french windows and found that they would open freely, but when he tried to move out - no - there was some invisible barrier preventing him. Incipient panic departed from him and he moved back to the bed and started to remove his clothing. Then he thought, “What shall I do without night attire (antrekk)?” As he thought that he heard and felt again that rustling, and looking down he found that he was dressed in a long white nightgown suitable to the period of his sojourn (opphold) upon Earth. He raised his eyebrows in considerable astonishment, and then slowly, thoughtfully, got into bed. Minutes later there was a discreet knock at the door. Algernon called “Come in”, and three people did so, two men and a woman. They introduced themselves as members of a rehabilitation team assigned to him. They sat down, and to Algernon’s astonishment no stethoscope or sounding sticks were used, no pulse was felt. Instead they just looked at him and one started to talk:

“You are here because you have committed the grave crime of suicide whereby the whole of your life upon Earth has been wasted, and so you will have to start again and undergo fresh experiences in the hope that this next time you will succeed without committing the crime of suicide.” The man went on to say that Algernon would be subjected to special soothing (beroligende) rays in the hope that his health would speedily improve. He was told that it was necessary for him to return to Earth as quickly as possible. The sooner he returned to Earth - the easier it would be for him.

“But how can I return to Earth?” exclaimed Algernon. “I am dead, or at least my physical body is dead, so how do you think you can put me back in it?”

The young woman answered, “Yes, but you are under grave misconceptions (misforståelser) - because of the perfectly appalling (forferdelige) stuff you have been taught upon the Earth. The physical body is merely a garment, which the spirit dons in order that specially low tasks may be accomplished, in order that certain hard lessons may be learned, because the spirit itself cannot experience such low vibrations, and so has to take on garb (kledning) which permits it to experience things. You will go to Earth and

be born to parents who will be chosen for you. You will be born in conditions which will enable you to most profit by your Earth experience, and, she said, “remember that what we imply by profiting, (fortjeneste) does not necessarily mean money - because some of the more spiritual people on Earth are poor, while the wealthy are wicked. It depends on what one has to do, and it is thought that in your case you have been brought up to such wealth and comfort and it failed you, that this time you should have poorer conditions.”

They talked for some time, and Algernon gradually got a grasp of the very different conditions from those which he had been led to believe. Soon he could realize that Christianity was just a name, Judaism was just a name, as were the names of Buddhism, the Moslem, the Islamic and other beliefs, and really there was only one religion, a religion which as yet he could not comprehend.

The three people departed, and within the room the light faded. It was as though night had closed in on Algernon. He rested comfortably, he lost consciousness, and slept, and slept, and slept for he did not know how long, it may have been minutes, it may have been hours, it may have been days. But Algernon slept, and as he did so his spirit was revived and health flowed into him.

(while sleeping on the astral plane - it is the mental spiritual body that carries the consciousness - while normally the astral body carries the consciousness while sleeping on the so-called physical plane. R.Ø.remark.)

«I believe» - part II

CHAPTER FOUR

ALGERNON awakened in the morning to bright sunshine and the sounds of birds singing in the branches of trees - bright sunshine? Algernon remembered with a start that this was not sunshine. Here there was no sun, the air itself was alive. He pushed aside the coverlet (sengeteppe) and swung his feet out on to the floor, and walked to the window. Outside everything was as bright and as cheerful as it had been yesterday

- WAS it yesterday? Algernon was completely disoriented, he did not know if there were days or nights, there seemed to be no record of the passing of time. He went back to his bed and lay down upon the coverlet with his hands at the back of his head while he thought of all that had happened.

Again there came a discreet knock at the door, and at his bidding a man entered, a very serious looking man, one who appeared most thoroughly to know his duties. “I have come to talk to you,” he said, “because we fear that you are in grave doubt as to the reality of what you are experiencing.”

Algernon put his hands by his side and with his military training he almost “lay to attention” as though he were in a military hospital. “Everything I have seen, sir,” he said, “contradicts (motsier) the teachings of the Christian Church. I expected to be met by angels, I expected them to be playing harps, I expected to see Pearly Gates and cherubim, but instead I find that the place might well be a

glorified Green Park or Hyde Park, or any well-kept park. I might also," he said, "have been experiencing hallucinations in Richmond Park."

The new doctor laughed and said, "Well, you are not a particularly strong Christian. If you had been, let us say, a Roman Catholic and you really BELIEVED in your religion then you would have seen angels when you came here, and you would have seen those angels until the falsity of their appearance made you instead realize that they were but phantoms of your imagination. Here we deal in reality. Because you are an experienced man of the world, because you have been a soldier and have seen death as well as life, you could see us as we really are."

Algernon thought of some of the scenes from his past. "Death," he said, "I am most intrigued (fengslet) by this matter because death is such a thing of terror on Earth, people are desperately afraid to die. And a matter which has always amused me greatly, is that the more religious a person, the more greatly they feel terror at even the thought of death." He smiled and clasped his hands and continued. "I have a very revered friend, a most ardent (glødende) Catholic, who, whenever he hears that a person is ill and near death, will always say how glad he is that poor Mr. So - and - so is getting better, and is in such good health! But tell me, sir," said Algernon, "why is it that if there is life after death that people fear death?"

The doctor smiled at him rather quizzically (spørrende) and said, "Well, I should have thought that a man of your education and experience and perceptions would have realized the answer. As obviously you have not, let me explain; people go to Earth to accomplish certain things, to learn certain things, to experience certain hardships that the spirit or soul or Overself - call it what you will - may be purified and strengthened thereby. So if a person commits suicide then it is a crime against the programme, against the plan of things. And if people saw how natural death is and how it is just birth into another stage of evolution - then they would be wanting to die all over the place and the whole purpose of Earth and other worlds would be lost."

Certainly this was a new thought to Algernon although, indeed, a logical one. But still he was not satisfied; "Then am I to understand that the fear of death is artificially induced and is wholly illogical?" he asked.

"Yes indeed," said the doctor. "It is a provision of Nature that everyone shall fear death, everyone shall do everything they can to preserve life so that the experiences on the Earth may be maintained and carried through to their logical and predetermined result. So if a person commits suicide then they are throwing everything out of gear. Mind you," he said, "when the time for a natural death comes there is normally no fear, there is normally no pain because people in another realm of the astral can say when a person is due to die or, as we prefer, undergo transition (overgang), and as that time approaches a form of anaesthesia (bedøvelse) is generated and instead of the pangs of death (dødskvaler) - there are pleasant thoughts, thoughts of release, thoughts of going Home."

Algernon started up in some indignation. "Oh, but that cannot be," he said, "for people who are dying often twitch and thrash about and are obviously in very great pain indeed."

The doctor shook his head sadly; no, no, he said, "you are in error. When the person is dying there is no pain, but release from pain. The body may twitch, the body may groan (stønne), but that is merely an automatic reaction from certain stimulated nerves. It does not at all mean that the person is enduring pain. The onlooker usually is no judge of what is going on. The conscious part, which is about to undergo transition, is divorced (skilt) from the physical part, which is the mere animal being. So - wait!" he said, "when you committed suicide you felt no pain, did you?" Algernon rubbed his chin deep in thought, and then he replied hesitantly, "Well, no, I suppose I did not. I cannot remember having felt anything except an extremely cold sensation and then nothing more. No sir, perhaps you are right, come to think of it, no, I did not feel any pain, I felt bemused (forvirret), I felt wondering."

The doctor laughed and wrung his hands saying, "Ah, now I have you! You admit you felt no pain, and yet you were screaming like a stuck pig. And, by the way, with a stuck pig all you get is the air in the lungs being expelled rapidly and agitating the vocal chords so that one gets a high pitched squeal (skrik). There was the same sort of reaction with you, a long high pitched squeal interrupted by the bubbling of your blood as it emerged copiously from the slash in your throat. It was the high pitched squeal which brought the unfortunate serving maid into the bathroom."

Yes, it seemed logical enough now. Algernon was beginning to see that this was not hallucination but fact, and then he said, "But I understood that when a person died he would immediately be taken before God to be judged. He would immediately see Jesus and perhaps the Holy Mother and the disciples."

The doctor shook his head sadly, and replied, "But you say you thought you would see Jesus; supposing you had been a Jew, supposing you had been a Moslem, supposing you had been a Buddhist, would you still expect to see Jesus or do you think that in Heaven the place is divided up into separate countries where people of each religion go? No, the whole idea is absurd, nonsense, criminal folly, and foolish preachers on Earth really pollute the population with their horrendous (forferdelige) legends. People come here and they think they are in hell. There IS no hell - except Earth!"

Algernon really jumped. He felt his body twitch as though on fire. "Oh, then am I in Heaven?" he asked.

"No, indeed not," replied the doctor. "There is no such place. There is no Heaven, there is no hell, but there is purgatory («skjærsild»). Purgatory is a place where you purge (utrenser) your sins and that is what you are doing here. Here you will shortly be met by a committee who will help you to decide what you are going to do when you return to Earth. You have to return to Earth to live out the plan which you yourself have made, and, actually, that is why I came here now, to see if you are ready to be presented

before the committee.’

Algernon felt a twinge (stikk) of fear, he felt as though icy fingers were going up his spine. It sounded worse than an army medical board in which doctors probed and prodded and asked the most embarrassing questions about one’s reactions to this and that, and how one was going to manage (forvalte) about a sex life, and was he married, had he a girl friend? No, Algernon could not summon any enthusiasm whatever for going before a board of - what?

“Well,” he said, “surely I am to be given time to recover somewhat from the extreme trauma of passing over from life to This. Admitted that I came here of my own volition through committing suicide - which appears to be such a heinous crime, but I still think that I should be given some time to recover and to see what I want to do. And while I am on the subject,” he said, “how can suicide be such a heinous crime if people do not know that they are committing a crime? I always understood that if a person was not conscious of doing ill, then he could not be punished for so doing.”

“Oh nonsense!” exclaimed the doctor. “You are like all those of your ilk (slag) who think that because you come of a higher class - you are entitled to special consideration. You always try to rationalize. It seems to be a vice of your type. You knew perfectly well that it was wrong to commit suicide, even your own peculiar form of religion as taught down there, instils in you that self-destruction is a crime against the person, against the state, and against the church.”

Algernon looked frightfully sour and said, “Then how do you account for Japanese who commit suicide if things go wrong with them? If a Japanese man thinks he has lost face, then he disembowels himself publicly. That’s suicide, isn’t it? He is doing what he believes, isn’t he?”

The doctor looked most distressed and replied, “It does not alter the matter in the slightest that it has become a social custom in Japan to destroy oneself rather than face embarrassment (forleggenhet). Let me tell you - let me get this rammed into your subconscious; suicide is NEVER right. Suicide is ALWAYS a crime. There are never any extenuating (formildende-) circumstances for committing suicide. It means that a person is not evolved enough to continue that which they took on of their own volition. But let us waste no more time,” he said, “you are not here for a holiday, you are here so that we may help you make the most of your forthcoming life on Earth. Come!”

He rose abruptly and stood over Algernon who bleated plaintively (trist), “Well, don’t I get a chance to have a bath? Don’t I have any breakfast before I am dragged away?”

“Bosh!” exclaimed the doctor in irritation. “Here you do not need a bath, here you do not need food. You are cleansed and fed by the atmosphere itself. You are begging the question because you appear to be not much of a man, just one who tries to evade (unnvike) all his responsibilities. Come with me.”

The doctor turned and made for the door. Very, very reluctantly indeed Algernon rose slowly to his feet and followed him. The doctor led the way out. They turned to the

right and entered a garden, which Algernon had not previously seen. The atmosphere was wonderful, there were birds in the air and many pleasant animals lying around, and then as the doctor and Algernon turned a corner, there appeared another building. It looked as though it were a cathedral, there were spires to it, and this time - instead of a ramp going up - there were many, many steps. They climbed the steps and went in to the cool recesses of a mighty building. Many people occupied the entrance, there were people sitting on comfortable benches around the walls. Again, in the centre of the vestibule (forhall), there was what seemed to be a reception desk, circular as before - but this time it was staffed by much older people. The doctor led Algernon up and said, “We have come to go before the Council.”

One of the assistants rose to his feet and said, “Please follow me.” With the assistant leading the way, the doctor and Algernon followed. After a short walk down a corridor they turned left into an ante-room. The assistant said, “Wait here, please,” while he continued and knocked on a door and entered when bidden to do so. The door closed behind him and there could be heard the very faint murmur of voices.

Some moments later the assistant came out again and held the door open, saying, “You may enter now.” The doctor jumped to his feet and took Algernon by an arm and led him in.

Involuntarily Algernon stopped in astonishment when he entered the room. It was a very large room indeed, and in the centre there was a globe slowly turning, a globe with blues and greens. Instinctively Algernon knew that this was a simulacrum of the Earth. He was both fascinated and intrigued to see that the Earth-globe was turning, turning without visible means of support. He seemed to be in space gazing down upon the Earth, which was illuminated by some unseen sun.

There was a long table, very highly polished, very intricately carved, and at one end of the table a very old man was sitting, white-haired, white-bearded. He looked benign (mildt) - but yet at the same time he gave an impression of sternness (strengt). He gave the impression that should the occasion warrant it - he could be a very tough person indeed.

Algernon took a fleeting glance, and there seemed to be eight other people sitting at the table, four were men and four were women. The doctor led him to a seat at the foot of the table. The table, Algernon saw, was so arranged, so shaped that the other members could all see him without even turning in their chairs and briefly he wondered at the craftsmanship which could have worked out such intricate geometry.

The doctor said, “This is Algernon St. Clair de Bonkers. We have determined that he has reached a state of recovery, which will enable him to profit by your advice. I present to you Algernon St. Clair de Bonkers.”

The old man at the head of the table nodded briefly for them to sit down. Then he said, “Algernon St. Clair de

Bonkers - you are here because you have committed the crime of suicide. You killed yourself in spite of the plans you had made and in defiance (trass) of Higher Law. Do you wish to say anything in your defence first?"

Algernon cleared his throat and shivered. The doctor leaned across and whispered, "Stand up!" Reluctantly, Algernon got to his feet and said rather defiantly, "If I made an arrangement to do a certain task, and if conditions not of my choosing made it impossible for me to do that task - then surely my life being my own, I have every right to terminate it if I so choose. I did not decide to come to this place. I decided merely to terminate my life." So saying he sat down with a defiant thump (dunk).

The doctor looked at him sadly. The old man at the head of the table looked at him with great sorrow, and the four men and the four women looked at him with compassion as if they had heard it all before. Then the old man said, "You made your plan, but your life is not your own. Your life belongs to your Overself - that which you call your soul - and you have injured your Overself by your recalcitrance (gjenstridighet) - and by your foolish method of depriving your Overself of its puppet (altså ment slik her - at overselvet styrer det lavere jordiske selv som en styrt tråddukke - sprellemann). Because of this you will have to return to Earth and live a whole life again, and this time be sure you do not commit suicide. Now we have to decide the best time for you to return, and the best type of conditions for you, and to find suitable parents."

There was considerable rustling of papers, and one member rose from his seat and moved closer to the globe. For some moments he stood there looking at the globe but saying nothing. Then, still silent, he moved back to his place at the side of the table and made a notation on his papers.

"Algernon," said the old man, "you went down to Earth in conditions of great comfort. You went down to an old established family where all your creature comforts were attended to. You had every possible consideration. Money was no object. Your education was of the very best obtainable in your country. But have you thought of the harm that you have done in your life? Have you thought of the brutality, have you thought how you used to strike servants? Have you thought of the young maid servants you have seduced (forført)?"

Algernon jumped to his feet in indignation. "Sir!" he exclaimed heatedly, "I was always told that the maid servants were there for an unmarried son's convenience, to be his playthings, to learn about sex. I have done no wrong no matter how many maid servants I have seduced!" He sat down, fairly seething with indignation.

"Algernon, you know better," said the old man, "you know yourself that class, as you believe in it, is merely an artificial thing. On your world if a person has money or comes from an old family which has been favoured then they have a lot of concessions. Whereas if a person is poor and has to work for one of these other families they are denied concessions and treated as inferior creatures. You know the law as well as anyone, for you have lived many times and you have all" this knowledge within your

subconsciousness.'

One of the women sitting at the table pursed (strammet leppene) her lips as though she had just tasted an extremely sour gooseberry (stikkelsesbær), and she said primly, "I wish to put on record my opinion that this young man should restart his life as one of the under-privileged. He has had everything his own way. I think he should start again as the son of a lesser tradesman or even the son of a cowherd."

Algernon jumped to his feet in fury. "How dare you say things like that!" he shouted. "Do you know that blue blood runs in my veins? Do you know that my ancestors went on the Crusades? My family is one of the most respected families." He was interrupted in mid-stream of his speech, as it were, by the elderly chairman who said. "Now, now, let us not have arguments here. It will do you no good at all. It will merely add to the load, which you have to bear. We are trying to help you, not to add to your Karma, but to help you to lessen it."

Algernon broke in truculently, "Well, I am not having anyone say things about my forebears. I suppose yours," pointing an irate finger at the woman who had spoken, "came from brothel keepers or whore house managers, or something. Pah!"

The doctor firmly grasped (grep) Algernon's arm and pulled him down into the chair, saying, "Be quiet, you clown, you are making things so much worse for yourself. You don't know the first thing about this place yet, keep quiet and hear what is said."

Algernon subsided (satte seg) with the thought that he was indeed in purgatory (skjærsild) as he had already been told, but then he listened to the chairman who said, "Algernon, you are treating us as though we were your enemies. Such is not the case. You are not here as an honoured guest, you know. You are here as one who has committed a crime, and before we go any further in this matter, there is one thing I want to make clear; there is no such thing as blue blood in one's veins. There is no such thing as inheriting (arve-) class or caste or status. You have been brain-washed, you are bemused by the legends and fairy tales that you have been told.' He stopped for a moment to take a sip of water, and then he looked at the other members of the Board before continuing.

"You must have in your mind the definite, definite thought that entities from many many worlds, from many many planes of existence go down to Earth, one of the lowest of the worlds, to learn by hardship that which they seem incapable of learning by kindness. And when one goes down the earth- one adopts the body most suited for the fulfilment of ones task....

Here we jump to a point where they prepare him - they now call him by a number - 53 - after his «arrival-number» to these particular plane or department - prepare him for his quick return to a new incarnation on earth. Relative quick - because he committed suicide. Here we continue from page 76

...after a decent interval the door was slowly opened and there was the doctor. He glanced in for a moment, and

then said, "Ah, are you ready? Twentyfour hours have now elapsed." (His advisers had given him some alternatives to choose from regarding his coming life on earth - and the time to think over this selection - he was given «24 h».)

Fifty-Three (- well - Algernon) put a leg over the side of the bed, then lethargically put the other one over. Slowly he sat up. "Have you decided to which family you are going?" asked the doctor.

"No, dammit, no, I haven't given it a thought."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "so you are fighting every inch of the way, eh? (He didn't want back to this hard school - as we well can understand - cant we? R.Ø.remark.) Well, it doesn't matter to any of us, you know, although you will find it hard to believe. We are indeed trying to help you, and if you, by your procrastination (forsinkelse) miss this opportunity - you will find that opportunities are fewer and fewer and the families (to incarnate in...) get less and less."

The doctor went to the table and picked up the folder marked 53, and idly he flipped through it. "You have a choice of five families here," he said, "and some get no choice at all, some are just directed. Let me tell you something." He eased himself into the chair, leaned back and crossed his legs gazing sternly at Fifty-Three. Then he said, "You are like a spoilt child giving way to immature rage (umodent raseri). You committed a crime, you messed up your life, now you have to pay for it, and we are trying to arrange that you pay for it on the most comfortable terms. But if you will not cooperate with us, and if you just insist on behaving like a spoilt baby, then eventually you will come to the point when you have no choice where you can go. You may find yourself as the child of some under privileged black family in Mombasa, or possibly sent as a girl-child to a family in Calcutta. Girls in Calcutta are not worth much, people want boys they can help - and as a girl-child you might find yourself sold into prostitution or into conditions where you are a virtual slave."

Poor Fifty-Three sat bolt upright on the edge of the bed, his hands very tightly grasping the edge of the mattress, his mouth wide open and his eyes wild and staring. He looked much like a wild animal that had just been captured and put in a cage for the first time. The doctor looked at him, but there was no sign of recognition, no sign that Fifty-Three had heard the remarks.

"If you persist in your stupid recalcitrant (gjenstridig) attitude and make it so much more difficult for us, then as a last resort we may send you to an island where only lepers (spedalske) live. You have to live out the other thirty years which you skipped before, there are no two ways about it, there is no way of overcoming it, it is the Law of Nature. So you'd better come to your senses."

Fifty-Three sat there in an almost catatonic state. So the doctor got up, went to him and slapped his face, first one side and then the other. Fifty-Three jumped to his feet in rage and then slumped. "Well, what CAN I do?" he said, "I am being sent back to Earth as member of one of a deplorably low form of life. I am not used to being of such low status."

The doctor looked truly sad, and then sat down on the

bed - beside Fifty-Three saying, "Look, my boy, you are making a grave mistake, you know. Supposing you were on Earth now and you were a member of the theatrical community. Suppose that you had been offered the part of King Lear, or Hamlet, or someone like that; well, possibly you would jump at such an opportunity. But then after the play was over, after the audience had gone, and after the producers had decided upon a new production, would you insist that you were King Lear or Othello or Hamlet? If you were offered the opportunity of being, for example, the Hunch back of Notre Dame or Falstaff, or someone of lesser status, would you say that such was unworthy of a person who had been King Lear or Hamlet or Othello?" The doctor stopped speaking. Fifty-Three sat on the bed idly scraping the floor - scuffing the carpet - with a foot, and then he said, "But this is not play-acting, I was living on Earth, I was a member of the upper class, and now you want me to be - what is it? The son of a publican (krovert), the son of a bus driver, or whatever!"

The doctor sighed, and then said, "You were upon Earth to live out a part. You picked, before you went to Earth, what you thought would be the best conditions for you to enable you to be a successful actor. Well, you failed, The act was a flop, so back you go to a different condition. You've got a choice, in fact you have five choices. Some have no choice."

He jumped to his feet saying, "Come, we have dallied (somlet) too long already and the council will be becoming impatient. Follow me." He moved to the door and then, on an impulse, turned back to the table and picked up the file marked 53. Tucking it under his left arm he reached out his right hand and grasped Fifty-Three by the arm, shaking him roughly. "Come!" he said, "be a man. You are thinking all the time of how important you were as an officer. Surely an officer and a gentleman doesn't behave like this cowardly (feig) slobbering person that you have become?"

Sullenly (mutt) Fifty-Three got to his feet and together they went to the door. Outside a man was just coming down the corridor. "Oh!" he said, "I was coming to see what had happened. I thought perhaps our friend was so overcome with sorrows that he couldn't get off his bed."

"Patience, friend, patience," admonished (formanet) the doctor, "we have to show tolerance in a case like this."

Together the three men walked along the corridor, back through that long tunnel again, past the watchful guards who this time just inspected them, and then they went on to the door.

"Come in," said the voice, and the three men entered the room. This time there was the elderly grey-haired man sitting at the head of the table and on either side of him there were two other people, one man and Qne woman, dressed in their long green coats. The three turned to look at Fifty-Three as he entered. The man at the head of the table raised his eyebrows and said, "Well? Have you decided which you should be?"

The doctor nudged (dyttet) Fifty-Three who was standing there in sullen silence. "Speak up," he whispered. "Can't

you see they are losing patience with you?’ Fifty-Three stepped forward and without being invited to do so slammed himself down in a chair.

“No,” said he. “How can I decide? I have only the briefest details of these people. I have no idea of what conditions I will encounter. I know I find a publican as extremely distasteful, but possibly an ironmonger (jernvarehandler) would be even more distasteful. I am quite ignorant of such people, never having encountered them on a social basis in my life. Perhaps you, sir, with your undoubted experience, would be prepared to advise me.” Fifty-Three looked insolently at the man at the head of the table, but he just smiled tolerantly and said, you are extremely class conscious, and I agree with you that the honourable trade of inn keeper or public house manager or ironmonger would be too much for your subconscious. I could indeed, though, very strongly recommend that eminent public house in Cable Street (in London), but for one of your type given to too much snobbishness I will, instead, suggest another family, that of the greengrocer (grønnsakshandler). The father is Martin Bond and the wife is Mary Bond. Mary Bond is almost of full term and if you are to take over the body of her as yet unborn child - you must lose absolutely no more time, you must come to your senses and decide, for only you can decide.’

“Greengrocer!” thought Fifty-Three. “Rotten potatoes, stinking onions, overripe tomatoes. Faugh! However did I get in a mess like this?” He twiddled his fingers, scratched his head and squirmed miserably in the chair. The others in the room kept quiet, they knew of the desperate state, which one got into at having to make such a decision. At last Fifty-Three raised his head and said defiantly, “Well, I will take that family. They might find they’ve got a better man in their family than they ever had before!”

The woman sitting at the side of the table said, “Mr. Chairman, I think we should run a series of checks on him again because we have to see that he is still compatible with the mother. It would be a terrible thing for the woman if after all she has gone through her baby was stillborn (dødfødt).”

The man at the other side of the table said, “Yes,” and he turned to look at Fifty-Three. “If the child is stillborn that still does not help you because you would be returned here on the grounds that your lack of corporation and your intransigence (stahet) will have caused the woman to lose her child. I do suggest for your own sake - it really doesn’t matter to us - - that you co-operate more, that you try to make a more equable temperament, or you may find that we shall have to send you anywhere like garbage being thrown out.’

The woman rose to her feet, hesitated a moment, then turned to Fifty-Three and said, “Come with me.” The chairman nodded and also rose to his feet. The doctor touched Fifty-Three’s arm and said, “Come along, this is it.”

Reluctantly, like a man facing execution, Fifty-Three climbed sluggishly to his feet and followed the woman into a side room. Here things were very different. The whole

walls seemed to be flickering lights behind frosted glass. There seemed to be a remarkable number of knobs and buttons and switches. Fifty-Three thought for a moment that he had got himself into an electric power station, but then directly in front of him was a peculiarly shaped table, a very peculiarly shaped table indeed. It seemed to be the outline of a human figure, arms, legs, head and everything. The woman said “Get on that table.” For a moment Fifty-Three hesitated, then shrugging his shoulders, he climbed on to the table brusquely (bryskt) brushing off the kindly hand of the doctor who tried to assist him. As he lay on the table, he found a most peculiar sensation overtook him; the table seemed to mould itself to him. He had never felt more comfortable in his life. The table was warm. Looking up he found his sight was not so good as it had been, it was blurry. Faintly, indistinctly, he could make out shapes on the wall in front of him. Vaguely and strangely uninterested he gazed at the wall and thought he could distinguish (skjelne) a human form. It seemed to be a female form. At a rough guess Fifty-Three thought she was in bed, then as he watched through lacklustre (matte) eyes, he had an impression that someone was pulling back the bedclothes.

A distorted voice came to him, “It seems to be all right. I say he is compatible.” It was very strange, very strange indeed. Fifty-Three had an impression that he was “going under” an anaesthetic (bedøvelse). There was no struggling, no apprehension (engstelse), there was not even clear thought. Instead he lay there on that form-fitting table, lay there and gazed up uncomprehendingly (kompromissløst) at the people whom previously he had known so well. The doctor, the chairman, the woman.

Vaguely he was aware that they were saying things: “Compatible basic frequency.” “Temperature inversion.” “A period of synchronization and stabilization.” And then he smiled drowsily (døsig) and the world of purgatory slipped away from him and he knew no more of that world.

There was a long sounding silence, a silence which was not a silence, a silence when he could feel but not hear vibrations. And then suddenly it was as though he were thrust into a golden dawn. He saw before him a glory such as that which he could never remember having seen before. He seemed to be standing bemused and half-conscious in a glorious, glorious countryside. In the distance there were tall spires and towers and about him there were many people. He had the impression that a very beautiful Figure came and stood beside him saying, “Be of good heart, my son, for you are going down to the world of sorrow again. Be of good heart for we shall be with you keeping contact. Remember you are never alone, never forgotten, and if you do that which your inner conscience dictates - no harm will befall you, but only that which has been ordained (befalt), and at the successful conclusion of your time upon the World of Sorrows, you will return to us here triumphant. Rest, be tranquil, be at peace.” The Figure turned away and Fifty-Three turned over in his bed or table, or wherever he was, and slumbered, and was at peace. And he knew no more in his consciousness of that which had happened.

CHAPTER Six

ALGERNON shuddered violently in his sleep. Alger-non? Fifty-Three? Whoever it was now, he shuddered violently in his sleep. No, it was not sleep, it was the most terrible nightmare he had ever in his life experienced. He thought of an earthquake which had happened near Messina, Salonika, where buildings had toppled and where the earth had yawned and people had fallen through to be squashed flat as the earth, yawning, closed again.

This was terrible - terrible. This was the worst thing he could ever experience, the worst thing he had ever imagined. He felt that he was being mashed and squashed. For a time in his confused nightmare state, he imagined that he had been caught by a boa constrictor in the Congo and was being forced willy nilly down the snake's throat.

All the world seemed to be upside-down. Everything seemed to be shaking. There was pain, convulsions(kramper), he felt pulverized, terrified.

From a distance away there came a muffled scream, a scream as heard through water and thick swadding. Barely conscious in his pain he made out, martin, Martin, get a taxi quickly, it's started.'

He mulled over the name. "Martin? Martin?" He had a vague, but only a very vague recollection that at some time somewhere in some life he had heard that name before, but no, try as he would he could not bring back into his memory's recall what the name meant or to whom it was applied.

Conditions were just terrible. The squeezing went on. There was the horrid gurgling of fluids. For a moment he thought he had fallen into a sewer(kloakkrør). The temperature increased and it was truly a shocking experience.

Suddenly, violently, he was upended and he was conscious of terrible pain in the back of his neck. There was a peculiar sensation of motion, nothing that he had ever experienced before. He felt suffocated(kvelning), stifled, he felt as though immersed in fluid. "But that can't be, can it?" he thought, "Man can't live in fluid, not since we emerged from the sea anyhow.'

The joggiiing and jolting continued for some time, and then at last there came a jolt and a very muffled bubbly voice snarled, "Careful man! Careful! Do you want her to have it here in the taxi?" There "was some sort of mumble in reply but it was all dreadfully muffled. Algernon was nearly out of his mind with confusion, none of this made any sense to him, he just did not know where he was, did not know what was happening. Things had been quite fantastically terrible of late and it was no longer possible to act as a rational being. Dim memories floated into his consciousness. Something about a knife somewhere, or was it a razor(what he made the suicide with). That had been a terrible dream! He had dreamt that he had half hacked off his head, and then he had looked at himself while he was hanging half-way through the ceiling, upside down he was, too, looking at himself lying dead on the floor. Ridiculous, completely absurd, of course, but - and what was this other nightmare? What was he now? He

seemed to be some sort of a convict (fange) accused of some sort of a crime, he did not know what it was at all. The poor fellow was nearly out of his mind with confusion, with distress, and with fearful apprehension of impending doom.

But the joggling went on. "Careful now, careful I say, go easy there, bear a hand behind, will you." It was so muffled, so unreal, and the tones were so coarse. It reminded him of a costermonger he had heard once in some back street of Bermondsey in London. But what had Bermondsey got to do with him now, where was he? He tried to rub his head, tried to rub his eyes, but to his horror he found there was some "cable or something encircling him. Once again he thought that he must be in a lower astral because his movements were constricted - this was just too terrible for contemplation. He seemed to be in a pool of water. Before it had seemed to be a sticky mess (klebrig søl) when he had been in the lower astral - or had he been in the lower astral? Dazedly he tried to force his reluctant aching mind to search along the paths of memory. But no, nothing was right, nothing would focus with clarity.

"Oh God!" he thought worriedly, "I must have gone mad and be in an asylum for that condition. I must be having living nightmares. This just can't possibly happen to any person at all. How could I, a member of such an old and respected family, have come down to this? We have always been respected for our poise and our sanity. Oh God! What has happened to me?'

There was a sudden jolt, a most inexplicable occurrence, a sudden jolt, and then the pains came again. Dimly he became aware of someone screaming. Normally, he thought, it would have been a high-pitched scream but now every-thing was muffled, everything was so incredibly strange, nothing made any sense any more. He lay back in wherever he was and found that this time he was on his face, and then a sudden convulsion of "something" whirled him about, and then he was on his back again -shuddering with the whole fibre of his being, trembling in terror.

"I tremble?" he asked himself in horror. "I am nearly out of my mind with fear, I am an officer and a gentleman? What is this evil thing which has befallen me? Of a verity I must be suffering from some grave mental affliction. I fear for my future!" (Remember he was in total darkness inside his coming mama. R.Ø.remark.)

He tried to clear his mind, he tried with all the mental power at his command to think what had happened, what was happening. All he got was confused improbable sensations, something about going before a Board, something about planning what he was going to do. And then he had been resting on a table - no, it was useless, his mind recoiled at the thought, and for a moment went blank.

Again there came a violent movement. Again he was convinced that he was in the coils of a boa constrictor being prepared for crushing and digestion. But there was nothing he could do about it. He was in a state of utter terror (fullstendig skrekk). Nothing seemed to be going right. How had he got in the clutches of the boa constrictor first, and how could he be in a place where there were such creatures?

It was all beyond him.

A terrible screech muffled badly by his surroundings shook him to the core. Then there came a violent wrenching and tearing and he thought that his head was being torn from his body. "Oh my God!" he thought, "then it IS true, I DID cut my throat and my head is now falling away from me. Oh my God, what shall I do?"

Shockingly and with terrifying suddenness there was a gushing of water, and he found himself deposited on something yielding. He found himself gasping and struggling. He seemed to have a warm wet blanket over his face, then to his horror he found pulsations, pulsations, pulsations, strong urgings were forcing him through some very narrow, cloying, clinging channel, and something - it seemed to be a cord fixed around his middle - tried to hold him back. The cord he could feel twisting around one of his feet. He kicked violently to try to free it because here he was suffocating in humid darkness. He kicked again, and a wild screech, louder now, burst out from somewhere above and behind him. There was a further terrific convulsion and twisting and he shot out of the darkness into a light so dazzling bright that he thought he had been struck blind on the spot. He could see nothing but from the very warm surroundings he had had now he was precipitated on to something rough and cold, the cold seemed to seep into his bones and he shivered. To his amazement he found that he was sopping wet, and then "something" grasped him by the ankles and whisked him up into the air upside-down.

There was a sharp "slap, slap!" across his buttocks and he opened his mouth to protest at the indignity, at the outrage (udåd forøvet—) perpetrated upon the helpless body of an officer and a gentle-man. And with his first scream of rage all memory of the past faded from him as a dream fades at the opening of a new day, and a baby was born.

Of course not every baby has experiences such as this because the average baby is just an unconscious mass of protoplasm until it is born, and only when it is born does consciousness take over. But in the case of Algernon the matte was somewhat different - because he had done the suicide - and he was a very difficult case indeed. But also because he returned with a special vocation (kall) - and so the knowledge of what was that vocation had to be passed form the astral world - through the being-born baby and straight on to the mental matrix (støpeform) of the newborn child. (the vocation was to be a doctor - and so - help people. R.Ø.anm.)

Yes, Algernon got the name Alan Bond in his new life, and grew up as the only son of a "low-cast" family - who had a hard life in a small rented shop, where they sold vegetables. But Alan had all ready, from he was a child - a drive in him self to be a doctor. The poor family could not afford this education - but a nearby kind-hearted doctor helped him to manage the costs of that education. For some years he later had a medicine - practice, with this lovely, helpful doctor - Dr. Reginal Thomson, who also became as a father to him. He was very esteemed - considered well - from almost everybody, in his "new incarnation" as a

doctor - so long in this life. Here we again enter the text from the book, where the Second World War is just to begin, from page 114.

...months rolled by, and the war was not getting anywhere, it was the period of the phoney war. One day a policeman came to Alan, carefully ascertained that he was Dr. Alan Bond, and then said that his mother, Mary Bond, had committed suicide and the body was now in the Paddington Mortuary. (His father had died some time earlier - and his mother reproached him for not taking enough care of his father).

Alan was shocked almost out of his mind, he did not know why but this was the most terrible thing he had ever heard. Suicide! For years he had been preaching against suicide and now his own mother had committed such an insane act.

Soon there came a stepped-up war with bombs dropping on London. All the time there were reports of German successes, the Germans were winning everywhere and in the Far East the Japanese were sweeping all before them. They took Shanghai, they took Singapore. Again Alan tried to join one of the Services, and again Alan was rejected being told he was of more use where he was.

The raids became worse. Night after night German bombers came across the coast and made for London. Night after night the dock areas were bombed and the East End of London was set afire. Alan worked very closely with the A.R.P. people - the Air Raid Precautions people - and indeed had an A.R.P. post in the basement of the house. Night after night the raids continued. Fire bombs rained down, termite bombs bounced off rooftops, and sometimes going right through to set an entire house on fire.

There came the night of a very bad raid indeed. The whole area seemed to be on fire, the wailing, moaning of the sirens went on continuously. Hoses from fire appliances snaked over the roads and made it impossible for the doctors to use their cars.

The night was a moonlit night, but the moon was obscured by the red clouds going up from the fires, showers of sparks flying about everywhere and all the time the hellish scream of falling bombs, some fitted with sirens to their tail fins to increase the din and increase the terror. Alan seemed to be everywhere, helping pull bodies out of wrecked shelters, crawling through holes which had been forced in ba~ ments to bring relief from pain to shattered bodies inside. On this particular night Alan stood getting his breath and getting a cup of tea from one of the emergency canteens. 'Whew!' The A.R.P. warden with him looked up and said, 'That was a close one.' Alan looked away and saw the whole skyline in flames, billowing smoke was everywhere. Above it all there came the 'thrum-thrum4hrum' of the uneven, unsynchronized engines of German aircraft. At times there came the 'chatter-chatter-chatter' of British night fighters shooting their machine guns at the invaders outlined by the fires below.

There was a sudden 'Woomph' and the whole world seemed to tilt. A whole house leapt up in the air, disin-

tegrated and came down in pieces. Alan felt screaming agony envelop him. The air raid warden who was untouched looked around and screamed, 'Oh my God, the doc's hit!' Frantically the A.R.P. men and the rescue squad tried to pull blocks of masonry off Alan's legs and lower abdomen. Alan seemed to be in a sea of fire, the whole of his being was apparently being consumed by running fire. Then he opened his eyes and said weakly, 'No point in bothering with that, men, I'm finished, just let me be and go on and look for someone not so badly injured.' With that he closed his eyes and lay for a time. He seemed to be in a peculiar state of ecstasy. 'This isn't pain,' he thought to himself, and then it occurred to him that he must be hallucinating - because he was floating above himself upside-down. He could see a bluish-white cord linking his body in the air to the body on the ground, and the body on the ground, he saw, was completely smashed from the navel down, he was just a smear as though raspberry jam had been spread on the ground. And then it flashed across his mind that today was his thirtieth birthday. With that the silver cord seemed to wither and fade and Alan found himself floating up just as though he were in one of the barrage balloons (sperrebalonger) floating above London. He floated upwards, he could see shattered London receding from his gaze, he was upside-down. Suddenly he seemed to bump into a dark cloud and for a time he knew no more.

'Fifty-Three! Fifty-Three!' a voice seemed to be dinning into his head. He opened his eyes and looked about, but everything was black. He seemed to be in a black fog. Then he thought to himself, 'I don't know about this, seems familiar somehow, wonder where I am? Must be having an anaesthetic or something.' And as he thought that the black cloud became grey and he could see shapes, moving figures, and then it all came back to him. He was in the astral, so he smiled, and as he smiled the clouds, the fog and the mist all vanished and he saw the glory of the real astral plane. About him were his friends for only friends could be on such a plane. He looked down at himself with shock for a moment and then hastily thought of the first garment he could think of - the white coat he had used in St. Maggots. Instantly he was clad in a white coat, but he was shocked for a moment at the gales of laughter which greeted him, then he looked down and remembered that his last white coat had been waist length because in the hospital he had been a specialist.

The real astral was very very pleasant. Alan was taken off by joyous friends to a Rest Home. Here he had a room, which was a very pleasant room indeed, he could look out on to glorious parkland with trees such as he had never seen before. There were birds and tame animals wandering about, and no one harmed any other creature.

Alan soon recovered from the trauma of death on Earth and rebirth into the astral, and then a week later, as was always the case, he had to go to the Hall of Memories where alone he sat and watched everything that had happened in his last life. At the end of that period of time, which could not be measured, a gentle voice said from 'Somewhere', 'You have made good, you have done well, you have atoned (gjort godt igjen). Now you may rest here

for a few centuries before planning what else to do. Here you can do research or anything you wish. You have done well.'

Alan walked out of the Hall of Memories to be greeted again by his friends, and together they went off so that Alan could find a home where he could enjoy himself and think what would be the best to do.

I believe that all people, no matter who they be, should be taught that there is no death, only transition. And when the time of transition comes - a beneficent Nature smooths the way, eases the pain, and makes conditions tranquil for those who BELIEVE.

From LOBSANG RAMPA's book:

BEYOND THE TENTH

from 1969.

As for all of his books - he claims they are absolutely true - and the people who KNOWS IN THEMSELVES - can recognize the wisdom...then there are no question of believing - because the inner intuition TELLS YOU that SO is it...

(some words are translated to norwegian and there MAY BE some wordmistakes here because this is scanned from the book - and notice that the headlines are inserted by Rune)

(the title refer to that the normal, common earth-people is only 1/10 conscious)

The astral plane and life on the other side

On page 13 the theme is on the dead process and the new surroundings...and again about astral travelling, astral plans and some of mediumships...:

...our first request is about life after death, or death, or contact with those who have left this life. First of all let us deal with a person who is leaving this Earth. The person is very, very sick usually, and "death" follows as a result of the breakdown of the human body mechanism. The body becomes untenable, in-operable, it becomes a day case enshrouding the immortal spirit which cannot bear such restraint, so the immortal spirit leaves. When it has left the dead body, when it has left the familiar confines of the Earth, the - ...what shall we call it? Soul, Overself, Spirit, or what? Let's call it Soul this time for a change - the Soul, then, is in strange surroundings where there are many more senses and faculties than those experienced on Earth. Here on Earth we have to clomp around, or sit in a tin box, which we call a car, but unless we are rich enough to pay airfares we are earthbound. Not so when we are out of the body, because when out of the body, when in this new dimension - which we will call "the astral world", we can travel at will and instantly by thought, we do not have to wait for a bus or a train, we are not hampered (hemmet) by a car, nor by an aeroplane - where one waits longer in a waiting room than one spends on the actual journey.

In the astral we can travel at any speed we will. «We will» is a deliberate pair of words, because we actually "will" the speed at which we travel, the height and the route. If, for example, you want to enjoy the wondrous scenery of the astral world with its verdant - and its lushly(frodige) stocked lakes, we can drift as light as thistledown just above the land, just above the water, or we can rise higher and soar over the astral mountain tops.

When we are in this new and wonderful dimension, we are experiencing so many changes that unless we are very careful, we tend to forget those who mourn (sørger på) us on that awful old ball of Earth - which we have so recently

left. We tend to forget, but if people on Earth mourn us too fervently (sterkt/ivrig), then we feel inexplicable twinges (uforklarlige stikk/smerter) - and pulls, and strange feelings of sorrow and sadness. Any of you who have neuritis or chronic toothache, will know what it's like; you get a sudden vicious (ondt rykk) jerk at a nerve which nearly lifts you out of the chair. In the same way, when we are in the astral world and a person is mourning (sørger på..) us with deep lamentation, instead of getting on with their own affairs, they hinder us, they provide unwanted "anchors" which retard our progress.

Let us go just a little beyond our first days in the astral, let us go to the time when we have entered the Hall of Memories, when we have decided what work we are going to do in the astral, how we are going to help others, how we are going to learn ourselves. Let us imagine that we are busy at our task of helping or learning, and then just imagine a hand jerking at the back of our neck-tweak, tweak(napp), tweak, and pull, pull, pull - it distracts the attention, it makes learning hard, it makes helping others very difficult, because we cannot add our full concentration or attention to that which we should be doing - because of the insistent tug and interference caused by those mourning us upon the Earth.

Many people seem to think that they can get in touch with those who have "passed over" by going to a backstreet medium, paying a few dollars or a few shillings and just getting a message like having a telephone answered by an intermediary (mellommann). Well, even this telephone business; try telephoning Spain from Canada! Try telephoning England from Uruguay!! First you have the difficulty that the intermediary, that is the telephone operator on Earth, or the medium, is not familiar with the circumstances, may even be not very familiar with the language in which we desire to speak. And then there are all sorts of hisses, clicks, and clunks on the wire, reception may be difficult, reception, in fact, is often impossible. Yet here on Earth we know the telephone number we desire to call, but who is going to tell you the telephone number of a person who recently left the Earth and now lives in the astral world? A telephone number in the astral world? Well, near enough, because every person on every world has a personal frequency, a personal wavelength. In just the same way as the B.B.C. radio stations, or the Voice of America stations in the U.S.A. have their own frequencies, so do people have frequencies, and if we know those frequencies - we can tune-in to the radio station - PROVIDED atmospheric conditions are suitable, the time of the day is correct, and the station is actually broadcasting. It is not possible to tune-in and be infallibly (ufeilbarlig) sure that you can receive a station - for the simple reason that something may have put them out of action.

It is the same with people who have passed beyond this life. You may be able to get in touch with them if you know their basic personal frequency, and if they are able to receive a telepathic message on that frequency. For the most part, unless a medium is very, very experienced indeed, he or she can be led astray (ført på villspor) by some nuisance-entities (plagevesener) who are playing at being

humans and who can pick up the thoughts of what the “caller” wants.

That is, supposing Mrs. Brown, a new widow, wants to get in touch with Mr. Brown, a newly-freed human who has escaped to the Other Side, one of these lesser entities who are not humans - can perceive what she wants to ask Mr. Brown, can perceive from Mrs. Brown's thoughts how Mr. Brown spoke, what he looked like. So the entity, like a naughty schoolboy who didn't get the discipline that he sadly needed, can influence the well-meaning medium by giving her a description of Mr. Brown which has just been obtained from the mind of Mrs. Brown. The medium will give “startling proof” by describing in detail the appearance of Mr. Brown who is “standing by me now”. Well, the very experienced person cannot be deceived (narret) in that way, but the very experienced person is few and far between, and just does not have time to deal with such things. Furthermore, when commerce (forretninger) comes into it, when a person demands such-and-such a sum for a mediumistic sitting, a lower vibration is brought into the proceedings and a genuine message is thus all too frequently prevented.

It is unkind and unfair to let your sorrows harm and handicap a person who has left the Earth and who is now working elsewhere. After all, supposing you were very busy at some important task, and supposing some other person whom you could not see - kept jerking (rykke) at the nape of your neck and prodding (stikke) you, and blaring silly thoughts into your ears, your concentration would go and you really would call down all sorts of unkind thoughts upon your tormentor (plageånd). Be sure that if you really love the person who has left the Earth, and if that person really loves you, you will meet again - because you will be attracted together when you also leave the Earth. In the astral world you cannot meet a person whom you hate or who hates you, it just cannot be done, because that would disrupt the harmony of the astral world and that cannot be. Of course, if you are doing astral travel you can go to the LOWER astral which is, one might say, the waiting room or entrance to the real astral world. In the lower astral one can discuss differences with some heat, but in the higher regions - no.

So remember this; if you really love the other person and the other person really loves you, you will be together again - but on a very different footing. There will be none of the misunderstandings as upon this Earth, one cannot tell lies in the astral world, because in that world everyone can see the aura, and if an astral-dweller tells a lie, then anyone in sight knows about it immediately, because of the discord (dissonans) which appears in his personal vibrations and in the colours of the aura. So one learns to be truthful.

People seem to have the idea that unless they have a lavish funeral (overdådig begravelse) for the departed and go into ecstasies of sorrow, they are not showing a proper appreciation (taknemlighed) of the deceased. But that is not the case; mourning (sorg) is selfish, mourning causes grave interference and disturbance to the person newly arrived in the astral plane. Mourning, in fact, could really

be regarded as self-pity, sorrow for oneself that one has lost a person who did so much for those left behind. It is better and shows greater respect and thought - to control grief and avoid hysterical outbursts, which cause such distracts to people who have really left.

- The astral worlds (yes, definitely plural!) are very real. Things are as real and as substantial upon those worlds as they appear to us to be here on this Earth, actually they appear more substantial, because there are extra senses, extra abilities, extra colours, and extra sounds. We can do so much more in the astral state....

What do people do in the astral

(the book is made as answering the most common questions:....

“Dr. Rampa, you have told us so much about the astral world in your books, but you havent told us enough. What do people do, what do they eat, how do they occupy their time? Can't you tell us this?”

Most certainly I can tell you because I have eidetic memory, that is - I can remember everything that ever happened to me. I can remember dying and being born, and I have the great advantage that I can astral travel when fully conscious. So let us look at this matter of the astral worlds and what one does.

In the first case there is not just one astral world, but many, as many in fact as there are different vibrations of people. Perhaps the best way of realising this is by considering radio; in radio there are many, many different radio stations in all parts of the world. If those stations tried to share a common wavelength or frequency, there would be bedlam (spetakkel), everyone would interfere with everyone else, and so radio stations each have their own separate frequency, and if you want the B.B.C., London, you tune-in to those frequencies allotted (tildelt) to the B.B.C. If you want Moscow -you tune-in to the frequencies allotted to Moscow. There are thousands of different radio stations, each with their own frequency, each a separate entity not interfering with the others.

In the same way astral worlds are different planes of existence having different frequencies, so that upon astral world X, for example, you will get all people who are compatible within certain limits. In astral world Y you will find another set of people who are compatible within their own limits. Lower down, in what we call the lower astral, there are conditions somewhat the same as on the Earth, that is there are mixed types of people, and the average person who gets out of his body during the hours of sleep and goes astral travelling, he goes to that lower astral where all entities may mix. The lower astral, then, is a meeting place for people of different races and different creeds, and even from different worlds. It is very similar to life upon Earth.

As we progress higher we find the frequencies becoming purer and purer. Whereas (derimot) in the lower astral you can have an argument (krangel) with a person and tell him you hate the sight of him if you want to. When you get higher in the astral planes you cannot, because you cannot get people who are opposed to each other. So remember

that the astral worlds are like radio stations with different frequencies, or - if you wish - like a big school with different classrooms, each succeeding class being higher in vibration than the one before, so that class or grade - One is a common denominator class, or astral world, where all may meet while the process of assessing (vurderinger) their capacities goes on. Then as they do their allotted tasks - we shall deal with that in a moment - they become, raised higher and higher. Until eventually they pass out of the astral plane of worlds altogether, and enter into a state where there is no longer rebirth, reincarnation, and where people now deal with much higher forms of being than humans.

But you want to know what happens when you die. Well, actually I have told you a lot about it in my previous books. You leave your body and your astral form floats off and goes to the lower astral, where it recovers from shocks and harm caused by living or dying conditions on Earth. Then, after a few days according to Earth time reckoning (beregninger), one sees all one's past in the Hall of Memories, sees what one has accomplished and what one has failed to accomplish, and by assessing (taksere) the successes or failures - one can decide on what has to be learned in the future, that is, shall one reincarnate again right away, or shall one spend perhaps six hundred years in the astral. It all depends on what a person has to learn, it depends on one's purpose in the scale of evolution. But I've told you all about that in previous books. Let me mention another subject for a moment before saying what people do in the astral world.

Afraid of the process of dying

A very pleasant lady wrote to me and said « *I am so frightened. I am so frightened that I shall die alone with no one to help me, no one to direct me in the Path that I should take. You, in Tibet, had the Lamas who directed the consciousness of a dying person. I have no one and I am so frightened* ».

That is not correct, you know. **No one is alone, no one has "no one"**. You may think you are alone, and quite possibly there is no one near your earthly body, yet in the astral there are very special helpers who await by the deathbed, so that just as soon as the astral form starts to separate from the dying physical body, the helpers are there to give every assistance. Just as in the case of a birth, there are people waiting to deliver the new-born baby. Death to Earth is birth into the astral world, and the necessary trained attendants are there to provide their specialised services, so there is no need for fear, there should never be fear. Remember that when the time comes, as it comes to all of us, for you to pass from this world of sorrows, there will be people on the Other Side waiting for you, caring for you, and helping you in precisely the same manner that there are people on Earth awaiting the birth of a new baby.

When the helpers have this astral body which has just been separated from the dead physical, they treat it carefully and help it with a knowledge of where it is. Many people

who have not been prepared think they are in Heaven or Hell. The helpers tell them exactly where they are, they help them to adjust, they show them the Hall of Memories, and they care for the newcomer as they, in their turn, have been cared for. (Comment: remember this was written long before all the «near-death-experience-books» came here in the western world in the late 70's - and later there has been published a lot of such books, that confirms that Rampa described the very exact death-progress long before any other - if we shall compare it to these later books from all over the world. That is the best «truth-guarantee» - I feel in many connections with what I later have studied - that Rampa really account for the actual truth!! Or «AS IT IS» - a title of another Rampabook. R.Ø.remark.)

Hell

This matter of Hell - there is no such thing, you know. Hell was actually a place of judgement near Jerusalem, Hell was a small village near two very high rocks and between the rocks and extending for some distance around was a quaking bog (myr), which sent up gouts of sulphurous vapours, a bog that was always drenched in the stench of burning brimstone. In those far-off days a person who was accused of a crime was taken to this village and "went through Hell".- He was placed at one end of the bog and was told of the crimes of which he had been accused, he was told that if he could cross the bog unharmed - he was innocent, but if he failed and was swallowed by the bog he was guilty. Then the accused (anklagede) was goaded (drevet) into action - perhaps a soldier poked him in a delicate part with a spear - anyway, the poor wretch ran "through Hell", through all the swirling fog of sulphur and brimstone fumes (damp), along the path surrounded by boiling pitch, where the earth quaked and shook, inspiring terror in the strongest, and if he reached the other side - he had passed through the valley of Hell and had been purged (renset) of any offence and was innocent again. So don't believe that you will go to Hell. You won't because there is no such thing. (But some mix described experiences from NDE's «hell» - with «adventures» on the lower astralplane where confused, rancorous entities stay until they reincarnate or are cleaned for the normal «holidays» on the astralplane. R.Ø.remark.)

God, no matter what we call Him, is a God of kindness, a God of compassion. No one is ever condemned (fordømt), no one is ever sentenced to eternal damnation, there are no such things as devils who jump up and down on one and plunge pitch forks into one's shuddering body. That is all a figment in the imagination of crazed priests who tried to gain dominance over the bodies and souls of those who knew no better. There is only hope and knowledge - that if one works for it, one can atone for any crime, no matter how bad that crime seems to have been. So - no one is ever "extinguished", no one is ever abandoned (forlatt) by God. Most people fear death because they have a murky (dyster) conscience, and these priests who should know better, have taught about hell - fire and eternal torment, eternal damnation and all that. And the poor wretched person who has heard those stories

thinks that immediately he dies - he is going to be seized by devils and horrendous things wreaked upon him. Don't believe it, don't believe it at all. I remember all, and I can go to the astral at any time, and I repeat, there is no such thing as Hell, there is no such thing as eternal torment, there is always redemption (forløsning/hjelp), there is always another chance, there is always mercy, compassion, and understanding. Those who say that there is Hell and torment, well, they are not right in the head, they are sadists or something, and they are not worthy of another thought.

We fear to die for that reason and for another; we fear to die because the fear is planted in us. If people remembered the glories of the astral world - they would want to go there in droves, they wouldn't want to stay on this Earth any longer, they would want to shirk their classes, they would want to commit suicide, and suicide is a very bad thing, you know, it hurts oneself. It doesn't hurt anyone else, but one becomes one of life's drop-out's when one commits suicide. Think of it like this; if you are training to be a professional person of some kind, a lawyer or a doctor, well, you have to study and you have to pass examinations, but if you lose heart half way through -you drop out of your course and then you do not become a lawyer or a doctor, and before you can become a lawyer or a doctor you have to cease being a drop-out and get back into the class and study all over again. And by that time you find the curriculum (undervisningsplan) has changed, there are different textbooks, and all you have learnt before becomes useless, so you start at the bottom again. Thus it is, that if you commit suicide, well, you have to come back, you reincarnate again, which is just the same as entering college for another course, but you reincarnate again and you learn all the lessons all over again right from the start, and all you learnt before is now obsolete (foreldet), so you've wasted a lifetime, haven't you? Don't commit suicide, it's never, never, never worth it.

...what people do in the astral.

Well, that has taken us quite away from what people do in the astral. A lot depends on the state of evolution of the person; a lot of it depends on what that person is preparing for. But the astral worlds are very, very beautiful places, there is wonderful scenery with colours not even dreamed of upon the Earth, there is music, a music not even dreamed of upon the Earth, there are houses, but each person can build his or her house by thought. (But they are therefor not only «castle in the air» - but solid and compact enough for the inhabitants of that frequency-world. R.Ø.remark.) You think it, and if you think hard enough, it is. In the same way, when you get to the astral world - first you are quite naked just as you are when you come to the Earth, and then you think what sort of clothes you are going to wear; you don't have to wear clothes, but most people do for some strange reason, and one can see the most remarkable collection of garments, because each person makes their own clothes according to any style they are thinking about. In the same way, they build their houses in any style they are thinking about. There are no cars, of course, and no buses, and no trains, you don't need them. Why be cluttered by a car when you can move as fast as

you wish by wishing? So, by thought power alone, you can visit any part of the astral world.

In the astral there are many jobs that one can do. You can be a helper to those who are every second arriving from the Earth, you can do nursing, you can do healing, because many of those who arrive from the Earth are not aware of the reality of the astral, and they believe whatever their religion has taught them to believe. Or, if they are atheists - they believe in nothing, and so they are enshrouded (innsvøpt) in a black, black fog, a fog that is sticky and confusing, and until they can acquire some sort of understanding, that they are blinded by their own folly (dumhet) they cannot be helped much, so attendants follow them around and try to break away the fog. (Such as it is described in the fantastic book SEVEN STEPS TO ETERNITY - taken down by Stephen Turof - and deal with a young soldier that dies in the battle of Somme under world war 1 - and immediately enters a compact mistland - and the confusion is total. This book is recommended. R.Ø.remark.) Then there are those who counsel the astral people who have to return to Earth. Where do they want to go, what sort of parents do they want, what sort of family conditions, a rich family or a poor family? What sort of conditions will enable them to do the tasks which they plan to do? It all looks so easy when in the astral world, but it is not always so easy when one is on the Earth, you know.

In the lower astral people often eat, they can smoke also if they want to! Whatever they want to eat is actually manufactured from the atmosphere by thought, not so amazing when you think of prana which is believed in implicitly on Earth. So you can eat what you wish, you can drink what you wish also, but actually all that is just folly because one is acquiring all the energy, all the sustenance from the atmospheric radiation's, and eating and drinking is just a habit. One soon shucks (kaster vekk) off those habits and is the better for it. You can take it, then, that one does -much the same in the lower astral as one does upon the Earth.

Yes, Mrs. So-and-So, there is a sex life in the astral as well, but it is far, far better than anything you can ever experience on the Earth, because you have such an enhanced (øket) range of sensations. So if you have not had much of a balanced sex life on Earth, remember that in the astral you will have, because it is necessary to make a balanced person.

Of course the higher one rises in the astral worlds, that is the more one increases one's personal vibrations, then the better the experiences, the more pleasant they become, and the more satisfying the whole existence becomes.

Many people on Earth are all members of a group. You may have, for example (and for example only) ten people whom together really complete one astral entity. On the Earth we have these ten people, and perhaps three, four, five, or six die; well, the person who is in the astral does not become really complete until all the group are united. It is very difficult explaining such a thing because it involves

different dimensions, which are not even known upon this Earth, but you have felt a remarkable affinity with a certain person - a person who, of course, is absolutely separate from you. You may have thought how compatible (sam-klingende) you were with that person, you may feel a sense of loss when that person goes away. Well, quite possibly that person is a member of your group, and when you die to this Earth, you will be united together as one entity. Upon the Earth all these people are like tentacles reaching out to get different sensations, different experiences during that brief flickering (korte blafrende—) of consciousness which comprises a lifetime upon Earth. Yet - when all the members of that group, when all the tentacles (fangarmer) are pulled in, one has in effect the experience of perhaps ten lifetimes in one. One has to come to Earth to learn the hard material things because there are no such experiences in the astral world.

Not everyone is a member of a group, you know, but you probably know whole groups of people who just cannot manage without each other. It may be members of a big family, they are always dashing around to see how the others are doing, and even when they marry they still have to forsake their partners at times and rush back home - as if they are all going in like a lot of chickens under the old hen! Many people are individualists, not members of a group upon the Earth, they have come to do certain things alone, and they rise or fall by their own efforts on the Earth. The poor souls often have a very bad time indeed upon the Earth, and it doesn't necessarily mean that they have immense karmic debts because they get suffering, it means that they are doing special work and incurring (pådrar seg..) good karma for a few lives to come.

Really experienced people can tell what other people have been in a past life, but don't believe the advertisement you read - where, for a small sum of money, you can have all your past incarnations told. Don't believe that for a moment - because most of these people who make such claims are fakes. If they demand money for such a service, then you can be sure that they are fakes - because the really trained person does not take money for these occult purposes - as it lowers the personal vibrations....

Here we leave this theme and take in a question on astral travelling - from page 38 in the book:

More on astral travelling

«I want you to tell us more about astral travel, how we can do it. You've written about it in You-Forever! and in other books, but tell us again. You can-not tell us too much about it, tell us how we can do it ..

So go the letters. So go the demands. "Tell us about astral travel,"

Actually, astral travel is the simplest of things, so simple that it is surprising that people cannot do it without trying. But we must also remember that walking is simple. Walking is so simple that we can walk in a straight line, or follow a curved path, and we do not have to think about it

at all. It comes natural to us. Yet on many occasions a person has been very ill and confined to bed for some months, and the sufferer has then forgotten how to walk. He or she has forgotten how to walk, and has had to be taught all over again.

It is the same with astral travel. Everybody could once do astral travel, but for some strange reason they have forgotten precisely how to do it. How do you teach a person how to walk? How do you teach a person, long encased in an iron lung, to breathe?

How do you teach a person to travel in the astral? Possibly only by recounting the steps and the process. Possibly only by being what some would call repetitious (gjentagende) - can one induce a person to teach his or herself how to get again into the astral.

Suppose you have a sponge, an ordinary big bath sponge will do, and then you call it the body. Suppose you fill the holes in the sponge with a gas, which clings together. That is, it doesn't disperse like most gases do, it hangs together like a cloud. Well, this gas you can call the astral. It is now in the sponge, so you have one entity inside another. The sponge representing the body, and the gas filling the otherwise empty spaces in the sponge - and representing the astral body. If you shake the sponge - you may dislodge the cloud of gas. In the same way, when your body gives a little jerk (rykk) under controlled conditions the astral body jumps free.

The best way to prepare for astral travel is to think about it. Think about it very seriously from all aspects, because as you think today so you are to tomorrow, and what you think about today - you can DO tomorrow. Ask yourself why do you want to do astral travel. Ask yourself honestly. What really is your reason? Is it merely idle curiosity? Is it so that you can spy on others, or do you want to fly through the night and peer into bedrooms? Because if that is your objective - you would be better off without astral travel. You must be sure that your motives are right before you do astral travel, or even before you try to do astral travel.

Then having assured yourself that your motives will stand the strictest inspection, prepare the next step. When you go to bed, alone, make sure you are not tired. Make sure that you are fresh enough, that you can stay awake. Everyone can do astral travel, but the majority of untrained people fall asleep in the process, which is very annoying (irriterende) indeed! So go to bed before you are tired and rest in any way, comfortable in your bed, and then Think that you are moving out of your body. Let yourself become completely relaxed. Have you a tension in your big toe? Does your ear itch (klø)? Have you an ache in the small of your back?

Any of these will indicate that you are not truly relaxed. You must be truly relaxed, just as a sleeping cat is relaxed. And having been quite sure that you are relaxed, imagine that "something" is coming out of your body. Imagine that you are the gas seeping out of the sponge. You might experience a little tingling, you might hear some short, sharp crackles, or you may get "pins and needles" in the back of your neck. Fine! That means you are coming out. Now be very very sure that you keep still. It is utterly necessary that you do not panic, it is absolutely vital that you do not

feel fear, because panic or fear will slap you back in the body and give you quite a fright. It will also effectively prevent you from consciously astral travelling for about three months.

Astral travel is normal. It is utterly (fullstendig), utterly safe. No one can take over your body, no one can harm you, all that can happen is this; if you are frightened - unpleasant astral entities will smell or see the colour of fright, and will with the greatest of glee (lystighet) try to frighten you more. They cannot hurt you, they cannot hurt you at all, but it does give them great pleasure if they can frighten you so much that you are chased back into your physical body.

There is no secret in astral travel, it just needs confidence (tiltro). It just needs the firm knowledge that you are going to do astral travel while you are fully awake. And the best way to start about it is to imagine that you are travelling, imagine that you are out of the body. This word "imagination" is badly misused. Perhaps it would be better to say "picture". So, picture yourself leaving your flesh body, picture yourself gradually inching out of your flesh body - and floating inches above the recumbent flesh body. Actually picture yourself doing it, actually form the strong thoughts that you are doing it, and sooner or later you will do it. You will find, with the greatest amazement, that you are floating there, looking down upon a padded, whitish-green, flesh body. Probably it will have its mouth open, probably it will be snoring (snorke) away - because when you are out it doesn't matter at all if your flesh body goes to sleep - when you are out. Because - if you get out while the body is awake, you will remember the whole experience.

This is what you have to imagine: You are resting completely relaxed on your bed in any position which suits you - provided it is comfortable and relaxed. Then you think of yourself, slowly edging out from the flesh covering, from the flesh body, slowly edging out and rising and floating a few inches or a few feet above the flesh body. Do not panic - even if you do get a few sways and tilts, because YOU CANNOT BE HURT. You cannot be hurt at all, and as you are floating you cannot fall. When you have got to that stage, rest awhile. Just keep still, you don't need to feel panic nor triumph, just rest peaceably for a few moments. And then, if you think you can stand the shock, and depending on what sort of a body you've got, gaze down on the thing you've left. It looks all-lopsided (usymmetrisk), it looks lumpy and heavy, it looks an untidy mess. Well, aren't you glad to get away from it for the time being?

With that thought you should take a look at the world outside. So will yourself to rise, will yourself to float up through the ceiling and through the roof. No! You won't feel anything, you won't get a bump or a scrape or a jar. Just will yourself to float up, and picture yourself so floating. When you get out through the roof, stop when you are about twenty or fifty feet above and look about you. You can stop by thinking that you are stopped.

And you can rise by thinking that you are rising. Look about you, look at your surroundings from a viewpoint

that you have never seen before so far, as you can remember, get used to being out of the body. Get used to moving around. Try floating around the block. It's easy! You just have to tell yourself where you are going, and you just have to tell yourself how fast you are going. That is, do you want to go along slowly as if blown by the breeze, or do you wait to go there instantly?

People write and say they have tried everything they know to do astral travel but, for some reason or other, they did not succeed. A person will write and say, "I had a strange tickling in the back of my neck. I thought I was being attacked and it frightened me." Another person writes in to say, "I seemed to be lying on the bed without the power to move, I seemed to be looking through a long red tunnel with a glimmer of something which I cannot describe at the end." And yet another person writes, "Oh, my goodness me! I fell out of my body, and I was so frightened that I fell back in again!"

But these are perfectly ordinary, perfectly normal symptoms. Each of these symptoms can occur when you are getting out consciously for the first time. These are good signs. Signs that you are able to astral travel consciously. Signs that you have your hand on the door, so to speak, and the door is slowly opening. But then you take fright right on the threshold of this wonderful experience, you panic, and back you go into that damp, miserable clay (leire) case again.

Only fear can cause you any real difficulty. Everything else can be overcome. But fear - well, if you will not master your fear of the apparently unknown, what can one do for you? You have to make some effort yourself. You can't put some money in a slot machine and get some pre-packaged astral travel kit, you know.

Well, when you get a tickling sensation, it means that your astral body is actually freeing itself from the physical body, and for some particular reason the process is causing a tickle which is, after all, some slight form of irritation. It just means that you have not been doing astral travel very often, because with practise the separation of the two bodies becomes easier and easier.

Just by way of digression (sidesprang) let me tell you this; I was writing this chapter on astral travel, and I suppose I was thinking about it too intensely or something. And immediately I found myself floating above this building - right outside - and looking down. A member of my household was just coming up the road carrying a load of groceries (dagligvarer)! I saw her come in and have a mild listen at my door to see if I was working or not, and then undecided she passed on to another room. I looked about and thought, "Oh, my goodness me! I'm shirking!" And dived back again straight into the body, and carried on working. But it just shows that when one is practised in astral travel it is no more difficult to get out of the body than it is to leave a room by opening a door and stepping out. Actually it's less effort. It is far less effort.

When a person is reclining (ligger tilbake) and then suddenly feels paralysed, that is a perfectly normal sign, there is nothing wrong with it. It just means that the separat-

ion of the two bodies is preventing physical body motion, and the so-called paralysis (lammelse) is a misnomer (misvisende) really. It is just a strong physical disinclination (ulyst) to move. One often, at the same time, seems to be peering through a long tube, it might be a red tube, or it might be a black or grey tube. But it doesn't matter what colour it is, it is a good sign, it shows you are getting out.

The biggest thing to fear is fear itself, because all these things are perfectly ordinary. There is nothing at all unusual in them. But if you are going to give way to panic; well, you come straight back into the body with a real "clunk", and if you come back in misalignment, then you'll have a sick headache for the rest of the day, until you go to sleep again and relocate your astral in the physical.

It sometimes happens that one gets slightly out of the body and then a swaying (gyngende) motion is experienced. That's all right, too. It just means you have not learned how to handle the astral body properly. You can think of it as a person learning to steer a motor-car. You get in the wretched (elendig) thing and give the wheel a turn, and turn too far. So you turn the other way, and you find you are turning too far that way. So you progress in a sort of S curve until you learn to manage the steering properly. It is precisely the same with the astral. You start emerging from the body and then, when you are a few inches out, you sort of lose your nerve, you don't know how to get it out a foot, two feet, etc. And so you stay there swaying. The only thing to do is to visualise yourself as OUT!

Yes, no doubt much of this appears to be repetition to you. Deliberately it is repetition because you need to get this firmly established that astral travel is quite normal and quite easy, and not at all dangerous. The only thing to fear is of being afraid. And you need only fear being afraid because it puts back your progress. It's like locking on the brakes hard. Once you are in a state of fear you are not in control of yourself. And your body chemistry gets jangled (nærvene på høykant). So do not be afraid, because there is no cause whatsoever to fear anything in the astral.

It really is a superb, a glorious, experience to just get out of your physical body and float along in the air. You do not have to do long journeys, you can let yourself just drift, perhaps thirty or forty feet above the ground. You will feel a gentle rise from air currents, especially when you pass over trees. Trees give a nice up-draught, a warm sort of friendly updraught, and if you let yourself float and maintain a constant height over a dump of trees when in the astral, you will find that your vitality improves very greatly. But this astral travel is a pleasure, which has to be appreciated (verdsatt). There are no words which can adequately describe it. You are out of the body and you feel free, you feel as if you had been recharged with life. You feel as if you are sparkling all over, and it is one of the best experiences of all. It can be your experience too, you know, if you really want it. Thousands of people have written to me saying how surprisingly easy they now find astral travel, telling me of their travels, and telling me that they have seen me on their astral travels. What these people can do, you can do also.

But let us go into the matter a little further to try to find out, what is preventing you from enjoying this wonderful experience.

First of all, do you sleep alone? That is in your own room. Because if you share a bed with someone else, then you may find it a bit difficult. There is always the fear that another person turning over will disturb one's astral flight. So, while initiating astral travel, you should always be alone, quite alone in your room. One cannot, for example, easily practise astral travel when one lives in barracks with a lot of other men or a lot of other women. Nor can you easily start astral travel if you have just been married! You have to be alone, you have to keep your mind on astral travel and then you can do it.

From letters it appears that the greatest vice of those who are trying to astral travel is impatience. North Americans in particular want "instant astral travel". They are not prepared to wait for it, nor to work for it, they have no patience. They want a thing faster than fast and quicker than now. Well, it's not done in that way, you have to be in the right condition first. You have to exercise patience just as if you had been in bed a long time - you would have to exercise patience while you were relearning to walk. Have patience, then, and have faith that you can do this thing. Visualise yourself floating above your body because "imagination" is a most potent force. And if you can get yourself started, well, the rest is utterly simple. Astral travel is the simplest thing that we can do. Even breathing needs some effort. Astral travel needs the absolute negation (nektelse) of effort.

After impatience - the next great fault preventing one from getting into the astral state is over-tiredness. People flap about all day, rushing about like a hen with its head chopped off, dashing to the cinema or to the supermarkets and cavorting (danser omkr.) around the country. Then, when they are nearly dropping with tiredness, they get in bed and think they will do astral travel. Well, they do, but they are so tired that they go to sleep and forget all the travelling, or rather forget all the experiences of that travel. Make no mistake about it, you do astral travel when you are asleep, the trick is to stay awake and do it, and it is just a knack which one has to acquire as one gets the knack of breathing. The doctor slaps one's bottom when one is born and "one draw" is an outraged breath, so that one can yell in protest, and breathing is started. Well, I can't come and slap you all on the bottom to start you astral travelling! But it really is a simple matter and needs just a little knack (knep).

Impatience and over-tiredness, then, are the two great causes, of failure to remember. There is another cause: constipation (forstoppelse).

If you are constipated you are usually so gloomy that the poor wretched (elendig) astral form is imprisoned in a congested lump of clay (overfylt klump av leire). Constipation is the curse (sann plage) of civilisation, and perhaps as it is so important for our astral travel studies that one be not constipated, we should devote a whole chapter to health things. So - read on later in this book on

how to get rid of constipation. When you get garbage out of your body you will find that you are so much freer that you can get into the astral.

Someone wrote to me and said, "But look. All these astral bodies that you say float around by day and by night, why don't their Silver Cords get entangled, Why don't they collide? You say that thousands of people leave their bodies and soar upwards like balloons on the end of a string. How can this be without hopeless tangling occurring?"

The answer to that is easy; everyone has a different frequency, every physical body has a certain frequency and the astral body has a frequency - several - well, I'm not musical - but let me say "octaves" higher. The astral body is obviously on a harmonic of the physical body, but the vibration is many million times faster than in the physical body. Everyone has a different frequency, or different rate of vibration, and if you get the B.B.C., London, on your radio, you get the B.B.C., London. You do not get Radio Turkey or Radio Peking on that wavelength or frequency.

One could say that the frequencies of radio stations do not interfere with each other, and in the same way the frequencies of different astrals do not interfere with each other, so they cannot collide - so there is no tangling, no confusion. On a busy street in a busy city you will have people bumping into each other, and either apologising or scowling, according to their make-up, but such things never occur in the astral. There are no collisions. The only ones that can come close to each other in the astral worlds above the lower astral are, those who are compatible (forenlige). You cannot have discord (uenighet), and a collision is usually a discord, is it not?

Everyone knows that many people say, "This problem - I can't deal with it now, I'll sleep on it. I shall have the answer in the morning." Well, that's fair enough, because people with problems take the problem into the astral world and if they can't solve it themselves there is always someone available who can. And then if they can't do conscious astral travel, they still come back with some memory of how the problem can be solved. People like great musicians go to the Other Side and go to a zone above the lower astral. They hear this wondrous spiritual music, and then, because they are basically musical, because they have musical perception, they memorise it. And when they awaken in the morning - or they might even waken specially - they rush to a musical instrument and, as they think "compose". Some great composers kept paper and pencils by the bedside so that if, they woke up with "inspiration" - they could write down the musical notation immediately. This is stuff they have learned in the astral, this is music which they learned in the astral. And it is a legitimate use of astral travel.

A great inventor may have seen something in the astral, but possibly he didn't do astral travel consciously. So when he awakens in the morning, he has a wonderful idea for a new "invention", and he rushes to his notebooks and he writes down specification and draws squiggles. And then - well, he has invented something which the world has wanted

for quite a long time.

Many highly successful businessmen use astral travel consciously or unconsciously. This is how it works; a man who is very successful at interviewing decides that he has a very tough person to see on the morrow. So when he is in bed he goes through his routine and he talks to himself, and says what he proposes to say to his "prospect" (utsikt) when he meets him tomorrow. He anticipates the objections and arguments of the prospect and he refutes them as he lies there in bed. Then he falls asleep. His astral has got the idea and when the physical body is asleep, the astral gets out and goes in search of the body, or the astral, of the prospect, and tells the prospect what is going to be said on the morrow and also tells the prospect what action the latter should take.

On the morrow at the interview the two greet each like old friends, they are sure they have met before. They find they are getting along famously, the successful interviewer puts over his points to the prospect and really does get "the action desired. It is simple, highly successful, and entirely legitimate. So if you want to get success in business or love - go in for astral travel. You get your word in first. You get the action you desire firmly implanted into the prospect's mind.

A lot has been said about getting out of the body, and you can get out of the body. Once out - you can always return. I suppose never in history has there been an authentic case when a person could not get back. You can get back - all right, but you want to get in the most pleasant conditions - because if you get all slap-happy (likeglad) and just jump into your clay case - you can get a headache. When you are coming back from your astral travel see your flesh body lying there on the bed, usually in a contorted (fordreiet) attitude. Eyes shut, mouth open, limbs in wild abandon perhaps, and you have to get into that body. Visualise yourself lowering, and and lowering. Oh! So gently! Then when you are just barely out of contact, put our own limbs (lemmer) in precisely the same attitude as that of the physical body. And then let yourself be absorbed into the body - like moisture being absorbed by blotting paper. You are in the body (it's a cold and dammy thing indeed) you are in and there has been no shock, no jerk, no unpleasantness. But supposing you were clumsy (klossete) and got in with an awful jerk (rykk). Then you'll find you've got an awful headache, you'll find that you feel sick. There is only one thing to do - no medicine, no drugs, will help you at all - there is only one possible cure and it is this:

You must lie still with your feet together and your hands together, and you must let yourself go to sleep - even though it be for a few moments only - go to sleep so the astral body can ease out of the physical body and then sink down and relocate exactly. When it is relocated exactly, you have a sense of wellbeing and no headache. And-that's all there is to it!

In this chapter quite a lot has been said about astral travel, far more than need have been said: But the whole idea was to repeat things from different angles so that you could perhaps grasp the underlying statement that it is so very, very easy. You can do it provided you do not try too

hard. You can do it provided you have patience. You cannot go along to a ticket agency or travel agency and just book an astral flight, you know. Some of the flights cost a lot of money, but in the astral world - it's all free. And you can have it for free - if you have patience and are not too tired.

So go to it. It truly is a wonderful, wonderful sensation.

THE UFOs

In this book Rampa comes in to the question about UFO's - and he makes first a little story as a introduction - whether this first part is fantasy or experience is not the point - here from page 78:

«High in the sky, beyond the height at aircraft would fly, there hovered a large silver pear shaped object, with the larger part pointing down and the smaller part pointing up. It hovered huge and in some alien way, menacing. «That's not a balloon!» said one man who had recently return from the Air Force. «If it was a balloon the larger would be at the top instead of at the, bottom.»

«Yes!» exclaimed another, «And it would be drifting with the wind. Look at those high alto-stratus clouds passing by it, and yet it is stationary.»

The little town buzzed with consternation and speculation. High above, unmoving, inscrutable, hovered the enigmatic object. Never varying in position, making no motion, no movement of any kind. Slowly the day came to a close with the object there as though glued to a picture of the heavens itself, there unmoving, unchanging. The moon came up and shone across the countryside, and above in the moonlight the object loitered (hang). With the first early dawn it was still there. People who were preparing to go to work looked out of their windows. The object was still there as if a fixture, and then, suddenly, it moved. Faster and faster it went, straight up, straight up into space, and disappeared....

Yes, you know, there are people in space ships who are watching this world. Watching to see what happens. «Well, why do they not come and talk to us like sensible people would?» you may ask, but the only reply is that they are being sensible. Humans try to shoot them, and a in any way to harm these U.F.O.s

If «the U.F.O.s, or rather the people within them, the intelligence to cross space, then they have the intelligence to make apparatus which can listen to earth radio and Earth television, and if they watch television - well, then they will think they have come to some vast mental home, because what could be more insane than the television programmes which foisted (påprakkes..) on a suffering public? Television programmes which glorify the unclean, which glorify the criminal, which teach sex in the wrong way, in the worst possible way, which teach people that only self-gain and sex matters.

Would You dive into a fish tank that you could discuss things with some worms at the bottom of the tank? Or would You go to a colony of ants (maur) - labouring in one of these-glass tanks designed to show the work of the

ants? Would you go in there and talk with ants, or with any of these lesser creatures? Would you go into some glass hothouse and talk to some experimental plants, ask them how they are doing, saying: «Take me to your leader?» No!! You would watch, and if an ant bit you - you'd say, «Spiteful little things, aren't they?» And be careful that you didn't get bitten in the future.

So the people of space, whose one-year-old children would know more than the wisest man on this Earth, just watch over this colony...

A very few years ago I lived in Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, a country which in South America lies between Argentina and Brazil. Montevideo is upon the River Plate and ships of the world pass by going to Rio de Janeiro or to Buenos Aires, or come into the Port of Montevideo. From my ninth a floor apartment I could look out across the River, right out to the South Atlantic - beyond the confines of the River. There were no obstacles, no obstructions, to the view.

Night after night my family and I used to watch ufo's coming from the direction of the South Pole straight over our apartment building, and coming lower so that they could alight in the Matto Grosso of Brasilia. Night after night, with unvarying regularity, these U.F.O.s came. They were seen not just by us, but by a multitude of people, and in Argentina they are officially recognised as Unknown Flying Objects. The Argentine Government are well aware that these things are not the product of hysteria or a fevered imagination, they are aware that U.F.O.s are of surpassing (mer utv.) reality.

The day we landed in Buenos Aires - a U.F.O. came in and actually alighted at the main, airport. It stayed, for several minutes at the end of a runway, and then took off at fantastic speed. I was about to say that all this can be read in the press reports, but that is no proof of the truth of it - because too often the press alter things to suit themselves or to get more readers, and I have no faith whatever in anything which is printed in the daily press so, instead, I will say that this U.F.O. landing is the subject of an Argentinian Government Report.

Having seen these U.F.O.s night after night, and seen how they can change course and manoeuvre, I state emphatically that these were not satellites flashing across the sky. The times that satellites can be seen varies, and is known to the minute; the times that we saw these other things were different, and in addition we have also seen the satellites. The night sky of Montevideo is remarkably clear, and I had a very high-power telescope of the type used by the Swiss Customs Officials -which ranged from forty magnification up to three hundred and fifty.

This world is under observation, but we need not be upset (forstyrres) by that. It is sad indeed that so many people always fear that those who observe wish to do harm. They do not, they wish to do good. Remember that there are ages and ages going back into history, and various civilisations and cultures have appeared and disappeared almost without trace. Remember the civilisation of Sumeria, and the great civilisation of Minoa. Who has been able

to explain the enigmatic statues of Easter Island? Yes, someone once tried to and wrote a sort of a book about it, but it's not necessarily accurate, you know. Or, if you want to go to another stage, how about the Maya people? Can anyone say what happened to the Mayan civilisation. Each of these civilisations was a fresh culture - placed upon the Earth to liven up stock which had become, dull and, what I can only term, "denatured".

A space ship came to this earth....

There is also a very, very ancient theory, or legend, countless years ago a space ship came to this earth and something went wrong with the ship, it could not take off. So - the people aboard, men, women, and children, were marooned here, and they started another form of civilisation.

It is extremely fortunate that, the Hebrew Books of the Old Testament had been translated into Greek long before Christians came upon the scene, because the early Christians, just like the present-day ones, tried to alter things to their own gain. We can, then, find out a lot about ancient history from the Hebrew Books which have not been tampered (tuklet med) with by Christianity, but even they leave us uninformed about the Mayas, the Easter Islands, and the Etruscans. These were civilisations which flourished more than 3000 years B.C. We can know that because Egyptian hieroglyphs can be traced back to the year 3000 B.C., and some of these, traced upon temple walls and in tombs, give information about earlier and very great civilisations. Unfortunately around about two hundred years after the start of Christianity - knowledge of much of this had been lost because of the manner in which Christians altered history to suit themselves, and because, with the rise in power of Christianity, Egyptian temples were closed down and no longer were there educated priests who could understand the hieroglyphs. And so for several hundred years history remained in darkness.

Later research indicates that many thousands of years ago a great Race suddenly appeared "in the Land of the Two Rivers". These people, now known to us as the Sumerians, have left little of their recorded history. Actually, **according to the Akashic Record, the Gardeners of the Earth decided that the "stock" on Earth was becoming weakened by inbreeding (innavl), and so they placed upon the Earth others who also had to learn.** These others are known to us as the Sumerians, and a particular branch of the Sumerians - almost like a family - became the Semites, and they in their turn became the earliest form of Hebrews. But that was about 2000 B.C.

The Kingdom of Sumeria was a truly mighty kingdom, and brought to this Earth many advancements in culture and science, and many different plants. Certain branch of the Sumerian culture left the founding city and moved to Mesopotamia in round about the year 4000 B.C. In addition they bred and gradually populated areas of high culture. It is interesting to know that when Abraham moved with his herds from the City of Ur in Mesopotamia and went to Palestine, he and those with him brought legends, which had been family history for thousands of years. They

brought with them stories of the Garden of Eden, a land which lay between the Tigris and the Euphrates. This had been the common ground of many, many tribes and people who had been expanding - as their populations increased - over what is known as the Middle East. "Eden", by the way, actually means "a plain". The Book of Genesis was merely (bare) a digest of stories which had been told by the people of Mesopotamia for several thousand years.

Eventually (omsider) civilisations became absorbed. So it was that the Sumerian civilisation, having leavened the stock of Earth, became absorbed and lost within the great mass of Earth people. And so, in different parts of the World and in different times, other "leavening cultures" had to be set down, such as the Etruscans, the Minoans, the Mayas, and the Easter Island people.

According to the old legends the Twelve Tribes of Israel do not altogether refer to the people of Earth, but instead mean one tribe which, was the original people of the Earth, and the eleven tribes, or cultures, which we're put down here to leaven the original which was becoming weakened by inbreeding.

Consider, for your own amusement, various tribes; the black people, the yellow people, the whia people, and so on. Now which do you think is the original Earth inhabitant and which are descended from the Mayas - the Sumerians, the Etruscans, and others? It makes interesting speculation. But there is no need to speculate because, I tell you vary seriously, that if you will practise what I have tried to show you in all my books, you can do astral travel. And if you can do astral travel you can know what is happening, and what has happened, through the Akashic Record. The Akashic Record is no television show where we are interrupted by a few words from our sponsor; here we have the utter truth, here we have absolute exactitude (ek-sakthet). History as it was, not as it was re-written to suit some dictataor who did not like the truth of his early life, for example.

By visiting the Hall of the Akashic Record you can find the truth about the Dead Sea Scrolls - those Scrolls which were found in 1947 in certain caves by the Dead Sea in a district called Qumran. This collection of Scrolls belonged to a certain Order of Jews who, in many ways, resembled Christians. They had a Man at the head who was known as the Teacher of the Rightful Way. He was known as the Suffering Son of God, who was born to suffer and die for humanity. according to the Scrolls He had been - tortured and crucified, but would rise again. Now, you might think that this refers to the Leader of Christianity, Jesus. But this Teacher of the Rightful -Way lived at least a hundred and fifty years before Jesus came to the Earth. The evidence is definite, the evidence is absolutely precise. The Scrolls themselves were part of a Library of this particular Jewish sect, and the Library had been endangered by the Romans; and some of the Jewish monks had hidden certain Scrolls, probably the only ones that they had time to save.

There are various ways in which science can determine the age of any reputedly antique object, and these Scrolls have been subjected to those tests, and the tests indicate

that they are about five hundred years older than Christianity. There is no possibility that they were written after the advent of Christianity. It follows from this that it would pay to have a really sound investigation into the Bible and all religious papers, because the Bible has been translated and re-translated many, many times, and even to the experts many of the things in the Bible cannot be explained. If only one could overcome religious bias (skjevhet), religious prejudice, and discuss things openly, one could get down to basic facts and the history of the world could be set right. There is, I repeat, a good way; and that is to consult the Akashic Record. Now, it is possible for you to do this if you first become proficient (dyktig) in astral travel, but if anyone tells you that he or she will go into the astral for you and look at the Akashic Record - provided you pay him or her a certain sum of money, consider him to be a fake, because these things are not done for money.

MORE ON THE UFOS

I hope I have said enough in this chapter to indicate that the U.F.O.s are real, and they are not a menace (trussel) to anyone on this Earth. The U.F.O.s are merely the Gardeners of the Earth who come here from time to time to see, what is happening to their stock, and they have been here so much more frequently, and in much greater numbers recently - because mankind has, been playing around with atomic bombs, and risking blowing up the whole dump.

What a terrible commotion there has been about U.F.O.s, hasn't there? Yet, UFO.s are mentioned very extensively in the Grea Legends - and in the Religious Books of many different forms of religious belief. In the Bible U.F.O.s are mentioned, and there are many reports in ancient monasteries, such as:

« When the monks were sat down to lunch at midday - having their first meal of meat for many weeks, a strange aerial object came over and panicked the good, Brothers.»

UFO.s have been showing increasing activity during a past fifty or sixty years because the people of Earth have been showing increased hostility towards each other; think of the first Great War, think of the second Great War in which pilots of all nations saw what they called "Foo Fighters", which were indisputably U.F.O.s watching the progress of battles. Then take the matter of airline pilots. It doesn't matter which airline, it doesn't matter which country, because airline pilots all over the world have seen many strange and even possibly frightening U.F.O.s. They have talked about it extensively, too, but in many Western countries there is a heavy censorship about such things. Fortunate it is, too, or the press, with their usual distortion (forvrengring), would twist everything up and make the harmless into something horrendous. It has usually been said, Oh, well, if there are U.F.O.s why have not astronomers seen them? The answer is that astronomers

have seen them, and have photographed them; but again there is such a censorship that people in prominent positions are afraid to talk about things they have seen. They are afraid to talk for fear of getting into trouble with the authorities who do not want the truth known. They are afraid to talk because, they fear that their professional integrity will seem to be in doubt, for people who have not seen U.F.O.s are extremely virulent (ondartet) in their hatred for those who have

So the pilots who fly the airlines, whether in a commercial capacity or in connection with the armed forces, have seen and will continue to see UFO.s but until the moronic governments of the world change their attitudes, not much will be heard of those sightings. The Argentine Government is surely one of the most enlightened in that they officially recognise the existence of U.F.O.s. They were, in fact, the first country in the world to recognise U.F.O.s as actualities. Other countries are afraid to permit any accurate information for various reasons. In the first case, the Christian belief seems to be that Man is made in the image of God, and, as nothing is greater than God - nothing can be greater than Man, who is made in the image of God. And so if there is some sort of creature who can make a space ship which can go through space, visiting different worlds, then that must be hushed (dempet) up because the creature may not be in the shape of Man. It's all distorted reasoning (forvrengring), but things will change in the not too distant future.

Then the military clique cannot acknowledge the existence of U.F.O.s because to do so would be to admit that there is something more powerful than the military clique. The Russian dictators, for example, could not admit the existence of these UFO's - because to do so would lessen their own stature in the eyes of their people. Now all the good little Commies - if there are any good Commie - think that the leaders in Moscow are omnipotent, infallible (ufeilbarlige), and the most wondrous things that ever appeared on Earth. So if a little green man, three or four feet high, should be able to travel from world to world, and not all the resources of the great Moscow leaders could shoot down the little green man, then it would show that the little green man is more important than the Communist powers, and that would never do for the Communists. So, everything about U.F.O.s is banned.

People also say that if there were U.F.O.s, the astronauts or cosmonauts or whatever they call themselves would have seen them. But that's not at all accurate, you know; consider that these fellows who have been in space have just been up a bit higher than any other humans on Earth. They have not really been in space, they have just been in a rarefied atmosphere. They are not in space until they go behind the Van Allen belts of radiation, and they are not truly in space until they have gone to the Moon and come back. (written before Apollo 11). Further, saying that there are no ufos - because if there had been the space men have seen them, is much the same as saying, as you gaze out on the ocean - that there are no fish in the ocean - if there were you could see them!! You get chilly looking fellows who sit by the side of the sea for to catch a fish. It's a full-

time job with to catch a fish. And yet there are millions in the sea. They are hard to see, aren't they, if you just take a glimpse at the ocean. In the same way, if you are shot up into the atmosphere a hundred or so miles above the of the Earth, and you look out of a little hole in your tin can - well, you don't see a whole procession of U.F.O.s. For one thing you are too uncomfortable, and secondly you don't have much of a view there.

But wait a minute though. If you have listened-in to the astronauts radioing back to Earth you will have heard, or remembered that there have been references to these U.F.O.s seen by astronauts, but in all future replays that reference has been carefully censored and deleted. The astronaut in the enthusiasm of the moment has mentioned U.F.O.s. And also mentioned photographing U.F.O.s, and yet in all later reports such references have been denied. (But now - more than 30 years after this was written - many astronauts have dared to tell the truth. R.Ø.anm.)

It seems; then, that we are up against quite a bad plot, a plot to conceal (skjule) a knowledge of what circles Earth. A plot to conceal the very real existence U.F.O.s. In the press and in various pseudo-scientific journals there have been references to U.F.O.s in the most scary terms, how wicked these things are, dangerous, and how they do this or that. And I how have got a tremendous plot to take over Earth. Don't believe a word of it! If the UFO people had wanted to take over the Earth - they could have done it centuries ago. The whole point is, are Afraid that they will have to take over the a (and they do not want to) if the Earth goes on releasing too much hard atomic radiation.

These spacemen are the Gardeners of the Earth. They are trying to save the Earth from the Earth people - and what a time they are having! There are reports of many different types of U.F.O.s. Well, of course there are! There are many different types of aircraft upon the Earth. You can, for example, have a glider without any engine. You can have a monoplane or a biplane; You can have a one-seater aircraft or a two-hundred-plus-seater aircraft, and if you don't want noisy aircraft then presumably you could get a spherical gas balloon or one of those very interesting things made by Goodyear. So, if you had a procession of these contraptions (innretninger) flying over darkest Africa, the people there would be most amazed at the variety, and would no doubt think that they came from different cultures. In the same way, because some spacecraft are round, or ellipse shaped, or cigar or dumb-bell shaped, the uninformed person they must come from different planets. Possible some of them do, but it doesn't matter in the slightest - because they are not belligerent(krigerske), they are not hostile. They are manned by quite benevolent (velgjørende) people.

Most of these U.F.O.s are of the same "polarity" as of the Earth, and so they can, if they wish, alight on the surface of the Earth and dive beneath the surface of the sea. But another type of U.F.O. comes from the "negative" side and cannot come close to the Earth - perhaps I should say cannot come close to the Earth's surface-without disintegrating in a violent explosion with a tremendous clap of thunder, because these particular U.F.O.s come from

the world of antimatter. That is, the opposite type of world from this.

everything, you know, has its equal and opposite. You can say that there is a sex thing in planets, one is male and the other is female, one is positive and the other is negative, one is matter and the other is anti-matter. So when you get reports of a tremendous explosion or see a vast fireball plunging to Earth and excavating a huge crater, you may guess that a U.F.O. from an anti-matter world has come here and crashed.

There have been reports of so-called "hostile" acts by U.F.O.s. People, we are told, have been kid-napped. But do we have any proof whatever that anyone has really been harmed? after all, if you have a Zoo and you want to examine a specimen, you pick up a specimen and bear it away. You examine it. You might test its blood, you may test its breath content - you could X-ray it and weigh it and measure it.

No doubt all those things would appear to be frightening and very tormenting to the ignorant animal involved. But the animal, when carefully replaced, is none the worse for this weighing and measuring, none the worse at all. In the same way, a gardener can examine a plant. He doesn't hurt the plant, he is not there to hurt plants, he is there to make them grow - to make them better. So he examines the plant to see what can be done to improve it.

In the same way the Gardeners of the Earth occasionally pick up a specimen, a man or a woman. Well - so they measure a human, examine him or her - do a few tests, and then put the human back into the human surroundings. And he or she is none the worse off for it, it's only because they are scared silly that they think they are any the worse off. Usually they are so frightened that they concoct (pønske ut) the most horrible tales about what happened to them, when, actually, nothing unusual whatever happened.

This world is being watched, and it has been watched since long, long before the dinosaurs thundered across the face of this Earth. The world is being watched, and it will be watched for quite a time, and eventually the people of space will come down here. Not as tormentors(plageånder), not as slave-owners, but as benevolent teachers or guides. Various countries now send what they call a Peace Corps to what are alleged to be under-developed countries. These Peace Corps people - who usually are in need of some form of excitement, or they can't get some other type of job - go out into jungles and teach "backward" people the things which they really do not need to know. Things which give them false ideas and false values. They get shown a film of perhaps some film stars marvellous palace in Hollywood and then they all get the idea that if they become Christians, or Peace Corps Patrons, they also will have such a marvellous edifice (byggverk) in which to live, complete with swimming pool and naked dancing girls.

When the people from space come here - they will not behave like that. They will show people by example how they should go on, show them that wars are not necessary, show them a true religion which can be expressed in the words, «Do as you would be done by.»

-Before much longer governments of the world will have to tell the truth about -U.F.O.s, will have to tell about peoples from outer space. They know already, but they really are scared to let the public know. But sooner - they do let the public know, the sooner it be possible to adjust, to prepare, and to avoid any untoward (uheldig) incidents when our Gardeners return to this world. (Comment: almost 30 y has gone since this was written - and today there has leaked out very much more information - also through internet - and the secret balloon is near to explode.)

People write to me about the so-called «men in Black». Well, that is newspaper, or journal-license. It just means that there are outer space people here upon the Earth observing, recording, and scanning/planning. They are not here to cause trouble for anyone. They are here so that they may gain information with which they can best plan how to help the people of the Earth. Unfortunately too many Earth people like mad animals, and if they think they are attacked they go berserk. If one of these Men

(who may be dressed in any colour!) is attacked, then obviously he has to defend himself. But unfortunately his defence is often distorted to be an original attack when its nothing of the sort.

there are many types of U.F.O.s. There are many shapes and sizes of people within those U.F.O.s, but these people share one thing in common; they have lived a long time, longer than the people of Earth, and they have learned much. They have learned that warfare is childishness. They have learned that it is far better for people to get on together without all the quarrelling. They have learned that Earth has apparently gone mad, and they want to do some bring the people of Earth back to sanity, and to excessive atomic radiation. And if they cannot that peacefully, then Earth will have to be - quarantine (karantene) for centuries to come, and that would hold up the spiritual development of great masses of people here.

So, in conclusion, do not fear U.F.O.s, for there is nothing to fear. Instead, open your mind to the know-ledge that before too long, the people of this earth will have visitors from space who will not be belligerent (krigerske) but who will try to help us as we should help others.

Handling fear

So from page 97 we can read what Rampa says about handling fear:

The first question is: How can one overcome fear? Fear? You must know what you fear. What DO you fear? Do you fear the Unknown? Until you know what it is that you fear you cannot do anything about it. Fear is a harmful thing, it is a shameful thing, it is a thing which stultifies (lammer) progress. How to overcome fear; the best way is to think of that thing which you fear. Think about it from all angles. What is it? Why should it affect you? What do you think it can do to you? Is it going to injure you physically? Is it going to injure you financially? Will it matter in fifty years time?

If you carefully analyse your feelings, if you care-fully go into the subject of this Why-do-I fear? You Will surely

come to realise that there is nothing to fear. I have yet to find anything, which can make one fear if one really goes into the matter.

Do you fear the police, or our old enemy the Tax-Collector? Do you fear things in the astral world?

Well, there's no need to because I state most - definitely that if you analyse this object, or this condition, or this circumstance which causes you to experience fear, you will see that it is a harmless thing after all.

Do you fear poverty? Then what do you fear? Take it out of its dark closet. Is it your skeleton in the closet? Take it out, dust off the cobwebs(spindelvev), and look at the problem from all angles. You will find that fear vanishes, and always remember that if you do not fear, then nothing in this world or off this world can harm you. And believe me : when I say that people off this world are a lot kinder than the people on this world.

Now - we come to the second question, which is: How does one know when one is doing right?

Every person, every entity on this world or off this world has a built-in censor, a part of the mind which enables a person to know if he or she is doing right. If a person gets drunk or under the influence of drugs, the censor is temporarily stunned(utslått), and the behaviour of a person who is drunk or is under the influence of drugs can be very bad, and can be far worse than would be the case if the persons personal censor was in working order.

You can always tell when you are doing right. You feel right. If you are doing wrong, then you have an uneasy feeling that something is not as it should be. The best way to be sure of knowing if you are doing right or doing wrong is to practise meditation. If you wrap yourself in your meditation robe you insulate yourself from the rest of the world, and your astral form can become disengaged, from outside influence and can give you enlightenment direct from the Overself. If you meditate, you see, it's not just a lump of protoplasm giving you ideas; when you meditate you actually receive confirmation (bekreftelser) of your good or bad from your Overself. And so I say to you - if you are in doubt, meditate, and then you will know the truth.

Mrs. Sorock, now you have asked me something! You ask, How can one develop Extra Sensory Powers?

Well, sad to say some people never do. Just the same as some people can never paint a picture, some people cannot sing a song or if they do they are soon told to shut up. Some people cannot do E.S.P. because they are so sure that they cannot do E.S.P. But if one is willing to try, E.S.P. is easy. You cannot normally do the whole bunch, you know; telekinesis, telepathy, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry - and the whole lot. If you've been trained in E.S.P. from your seventh year up, then you can do it.

But, assume now that you want to learn to do some form of E.S.P. We have to specify something, so let us say psychometry is your choice. You are anxious to practise psychometry. Well, you have to have exercises just as if you are learning to play the piano, you practise the scales,

and you go on practising those silly scales day after day, week after week. And even when you are an accomplished musician, you still have to practise scales.

Psychometry

Let us get back, though, to this psychometry. You want to learn psychometry so the best thing to do, is to have a week or two just saying to, yourself in a positive manner that you ARE going to be proficient (dyktig) at psychometry (or clairvoyance or clairaudience, or whatever it is you wish). You visualise yourself putting your hand, usually the left hand, on an object, and you visualise yourself getting a clear picture, or a clear impression about that object.

For one or two weeks, then, you fill your waking hours with thoughts that you are definitely going to do this. Then, after perhaps fourteen days, you wait until the mailman has been, and you take a letter which he has delivered, and you just gently rest your, left hand upon it - before you open it, of course. Rest your left hand upon it. Close your eyes, and sit in any relaxed position. Let yourself imagine (later it will really be so) that you can feel some strange influence coming out from the envelope and tickling the palm of your hand and your fingers.

By this time you should be getting some sort of sensation in your left hand. Well, just try to let your mind go blank, and see what sort of impression you get. First it will be crude, it will be utterly rudimentary (utviklet). You can classify the letter as "good" or "bad".

- You can classify it—as "friendly" or "unfriendly". Then open your letter and read it, and see if your impression was correct. If you were correct then you will succeed rapidly, because nothing succeeds like success. First of all try with just this one letter, that is on one day. Next day try two or three letters, or, if you wish, stick to one only, but this time try to "feel" what the letter is about. Persevere with it, and as you succeed you will go on to much better things.

When you are proficient in psychometry - and it only takes practice - you will be able to actually- visualise, or even actually see the person who wrote the letter, and you will know the gist (kjernen) of it without opening the envelope. It is a simple matter, and it merely needs practice. If you are learning to touch-type and you peek at the keys, you are putting yourself back. You have to learn to type without looking at the keys, and as you make progress and hit the right keys in the right sequence, you get confidence and you can go faster. It's the same with psychometry; as you make correct "guesses", which are really correct impressions, it strengthens your confidence, and with strengthened confidence you find that you are progressing faster and faster and becoming more and more accurate, and more and more detailed. It is hard work, though, you have to practise, and practise, and practise. And you have first to be alone when you are doing it, otherwise, if there are people about - chattering like a load of monkeys, they will distract you and you will never do it. So, practise, and practise alone until you are proficient. And when you are proficient you can do it with your hands or your feet, or you can even sit on a letter and know - what's inside!

Still dealing with Mrs. Sorock, we have her final questions, How can one make sure lessons are learned well enough so we don't have to come and - start all over again?

Believe me that when you get a lesson which you FEEL has sunk in, it has indeed sunk in. You want to remember that when you leave this world you leave all your money behind you, you leave your clothes behind you; and this low-vibration physical body as well. But what actually goes with you in place of a bank account - is all the good that you ever learned. So if you have had a lesson or two, that goes with you - you have the results of that on the Other Side. Supposing you are having difficulty with some man; you decide on a certain course of action to bring him to heel (snu), and then you weaken when the time comes for you to implement that course of action. Well, that sets up a negative, it sets up a black mark against you. If you have decided to do a certain thing, which you believe to be right, then you must at all costs do that thing which you believe to be right. If you start to do it, - and turn back, then it acts as a negative, it acts as a barrier, and as some great difficulty which later has to be overcome.

To answer your question, then - how to make sure that you learn your lessons well enough so a you do not have to come here again. decide upon what you believe is a correct course of action, and having decided upon that correct course of action, let nothing divert you from your course. Then you will be doing right, and you will not have to come and learn it all over again.

You can also practise the old immortal law - Do as you would be done by.

If you do that, then you have learned the great law of all, and you do not have to come back and start all over again.

Spiritual discipline.

From page 108 Rampa gives the reader some good advises - and also about religions, the future and the earth's development through the cosmic ages...

«We need spiritual discipline. A religion is a useful thing for inculcating spiritual discipline provided the religious leaders are not fighting among themselves. At the present day religions fall down on the job, and so all the present Earth religions shall, before too long, pass away like shadows disappearing in the night, and a fresh religion shall come to this earth which shall help lift people out of the, darkness and the misery into which they have now sunk. (comment: as I see it - it will become a synthesis between the spiritual sciences - Martinus cosmology, Theosophy, teaching from direct physical contacts to higher developed people from «space» - and all the similar wisdom written by other sources - as example Rampa. But this «religion» will not be founded on the ability to BELIEVE - but to UNDERSTAND THE TOTAL CONNECTION between the so-called physical and the spiritual worlds. This will accelerate much until we reach the limit of the next cosmic radiation field - called the sign of Aquarius in 2029. R.Ø.remark.)

But the time is not yet. The Final Battle is not yet. First there is more suffering, more disturbances in this, the Age

of Kali, disturbances caused by World War 1 in which women deserted their homes and their children and left those children to run wild on the streets. If you get a wonderfully kept orchard (frukthage), an orchard on which great care and endless expense has been lavished, and you suddenly withdraw all care from that orchard - everything soon becomes third-rate. The fruit no longer has the bloom and the fullness of constant care, instead that fruit becomes wrinkled and bitter. People are getting like that. People are now of inferior stock (lavere tankegods), and soon there will have to be the leaving process again so that fresh blood is brought to the Earth.

But first there will be more suffering. First the whole world will be engulfed by a form of Cominunism. Not the Communistii of China, where even clocks and cars are supposed to run by the illustrious thoughts of Chairman Mao Tse Tung, and -where, apparently, if a person has some interior obstruction, he just thinks of old Mao Tse Tung, and there is such a disturbance that everything is - cleared away immediately! (this book was written in the 60's).

So Earth is in for a sickener, Earth is in for a bad tinie, lets face it frankly. Everything is going to be engulfed in this form of Communism. Everyone will be, given a number - they might even lose their names and identities. All these strikes are going to price things out of existence. The Unions are gaining, more and more power, and eventually they will take over with the private armies of sheeplike workers, and that will be a major step towards the ruination of the Earth. Eventually the press lords, like the robber barons of old, will mobilise their private armies of press workers and they will go to even lower depths in their attacks on people; attacks which are so difficult to stand against when even the meanest type of reporter can write things in the columns of his paper - and the attacked person has no redress whatever. This isn't justice. This isn't fair. And it's this type of sub-human person who is ruling the Earth today and will bring the Earth down even lower and lower.

-Until, having unnecessarily touched rockbottom in this, the Age of Kali, the indomitable (ukuelige) spirit existing in some people, will shudder (grösse) with the shock and the shame of what has fallen -upon the Earth, and the spirit will revolt and will take action which will enable Earth and the peoples of Earth to rise again. But it may be necessary for the peoples of space, the Gardeners of Earth, to come and give assistance.

Age of Assassination (ødeleggelse).

This is the Age of Assassination (ødeleggelse). A great religious leader, Martin Luther King, was assassinaed. He was a good man and had much to give to this Earth. As for the others, well - they were just political people and (I do not want to tread on anyones toes!) history will prove that these were dwarfs raised to giant stature only by the appalling (sjokkerende) power of their advertising machine - an advertising machine which blew out a lot of striking hot air and made dwarfs appear like giants, just as you can get a toy soldier and by placing, alight behind him you can make his shadow giant size on the wall behind. But here,

too, the toy soldier's shadow is a shadow only, something without substance, something that soon will be forgotten. Martin Luther King was no shadow. He was a good man, working for the good, not only of coloured people, but of people of all colours throughout the world. For, in persecuting blacks, or browns, or reds or yellows, the white people who are doing the persecuting are placing a terrible amount of Kharma upon them-selves individually and collectively, and whatever they are doing now to the coloured people - will have to be atoned for in suffering and toil (slit og ydmykhet) and humility.

There would still be time to save this Earth from its degradation, from its shame, if only women would raturrn to their homes and look after the children and see that those children had proper training, because it is the lack of training which makes it possible for assassins (mordere) to go about their filthy (skitne)work. It is the lack of training, which enables race riots (opptøyer) to take place, and looting, and rape (plyndring og voldtekter). These things were not common in the days when women had more than equality at home; when she occupied the supreme place of honour as Mother to her family.

It would be much, much better if the criterion of womanhood could be: How well behaved are her children? How contented is her husband? How useful is this woman to the community? Is she an example to others? If so she is a woman to be proud of. Now, sad to say, a woman is judged by her mammary development («brystenes størrelse»), whether they stick up or down, how accessible they are, and how many husbands she has had. Sex is a wonderful thing, but this isn't sex. The people who go in for this type of thing are immature (umodne). They don't know anything about LOVE, but only about the - most functional aspects of procreation, and then, interestingly enough, most of these sex queens are as impotent as a eunuch (kastret mann) who has been treated twice by mistake! (Because these «queens» - has developed behind - and lost their natural femininity - and tries to replace this by focusing on the externally - their body and look.R.Ø.remark.)

If all of us could issue a prayer that a Great Leader would come to Earth and help to straighten out the mess, that Great Leader would come, not with flaming sword and embattled hosts - because wars never settle anything, wars just make misery, wars make more troubles. It's not necessary to have any of those things. The way of peace is the best, and the best way to get peace is to get women back in the homes teaching decency (sømmelighet) to the male members of the family. They can do it, you know. Remember the old saying? A woman who is good is very good, but a woman who is bad is worse than any man could ever be - no matter how bad.

The subconscious

BEYOND THE TENTH-*The title of this Rampabook is BEYOND THE TENTH - and he writes about this on page 122 - where the subconscious is described - and many other interesting matters:*

«Humans are nine-tenths sub-conscious. “Sub” because it is beyond our conscious reach, it is beneath our consciousness. The Overself is above our consciousness, and the consciousness can be likened to the amount of an iceberg which shows above water. Only a little of an iceberg shows above water, the great mass of it lies submerged beneath the surface, in just the same way as the great mass of human knowledge lies submerged just beneath the threshold of consciousness. Hence the name “sub-conscious”.

Under certain conditions the sub-conscious can be tapped. It is possible by the appropriate (passende) processes to get in touch with the sub-conscious and find out what it knows, and what it knows is this; it knows every-thing that has ever happened to that entity. “That entity”, please, not just that particular human body! By really getting down to, the sub-conscious - one engages in a process like getting down into the basement of some great Library of some great Museum, and seeing the vast array of things which are stored, but which are not on show. Museums, you know, have more things concealed (skjult) than they have displayed.

Tap the sub-conscious of a human, and you can find out all about-anything that has ever happened to that human. You can follow the life in reverse. You can take the person now aged, let us say, seventy years, and you can take them back sixty, fifty, forty, and so on right back to the moment of birth, right back to the moment when that person was born to this Earth. And if you then change technique, like a car changing gear, you can follow the sub-conscious beyond birth, you can find the moment when the entity actually entered the body of the unborn baby. You can find out what the entity did before it entered the body of the unborn baby. And if your reason is sufficient good, you can find out what that person was in the past life, or the life before that, or the life before that, and that, and so on.

A warning; do not believe all the advertisements which claim that Madame Dogsbody will do all this for you for a fee of one dollar. These things cannot be done for money, they cannot be done for idle curiosity. It needs a lifetime of study and a serious purpose. It is not a circus turn. So dont waste your money!

I am one of those who can do this. I can do it for myself, also, and I know a surprising amount about myself, going back, and back, and back.

But let me issue another warning; don't believe all these people who wear a shawl (sjal/turban) around their heads or say they will visit the Akashic Record for a few dollars, or a few hundred dollars, and come back with all the knowledge. If they could do this, they would not be doing it for money, they would know better. But if you pay your money down, they will “come back” with suitable histrionic (teatraliske) effects and tell you that you were Cleopatra or Napoleon or Old Kaiser Bill or Castro's grandfather, or even de Gaulle's uncle. They usually try to find out who you would like to be, and then they “come back” with a great shaking of head, and a great pursing of lips, and all the other effects, and tell you all that you have told them - but they are careful to use different words. No, madam!

The world is over-stocked with those who have been Cleopatra. No, sir! The world is over-stocked with those who have been St. Peter or St. John, or St. Somebody Else. And anyhow, what does it matter who you were? You were someone, quite definitely, but what does it matter? You now have a different name, you now have a different body, you now have a different task in life and it doesn't do to dwell on past glories. The past does not matter. The past has made the failures of the present. All you can do now is to live a decent life in the present to make a better future.

The best way is to avoid going to fortune tellers and avoid dealing with those who advertise that they will do this, that, and something else if you pay them enough. If you want to know about yourself, and you have sufficient reason, you can always do it by astral travel. If you want to know something, then try meditation. There is a chapter about it in Chapters of Life.

In meditation you have to insulate yourself against Earth currents, because if you have Earth currents circulating around, then you think about Earth things, you think “Earth-wise”. And you don't want to do that, you want to be able to control the subject of your meditation. So the first requisite (nødvendighet) for meditation - is that you avoid our old friend constipation (oh! it's a very important subject!), and you put on a meditation robe. This is nearly always of black material, and it must cover you from head to foot. It must actually cover your head, and cover most of your face. You don't have to suffocate (kvele) yourself, of course, and if your meditation robe is properly designed - you won't. But the whole point is that you have to be insulated by this black cloth from outside influences. Your body must be protected from sunlight, because sunlight will colour your thoughts, and you don't want your thoughts coloured. You want to think your own thoughts, and have your own thoughts under your own control.

If you look in Chapters of Life you will find a picture of a monk. Well, if you are handy with a needle and thread, make up a thing like that, but be sure it's big enough. It doesn't matter if it's like a tent, or like a sack; you are not going to be a fashion model in it, that's not its purpose. Its whole and only purpose is to cut off external influences, so the fit doesn't matter and the larger it is - within reason, of course - the more comfortable it will be. You should keep this meditation robe for meditation alone, and you should not wear it for any other purpose than when you are meditating. You should also keep it safely away so that no one else can use it, and no one else can touch it, because if another person touches it and tries it on, you have that other persons influence in the robe - which you are trying to avoid - and so you have another obstacle.

By meditating under this insulated, isolated condition, you are immune to outside influences. Thus, you can get really down to the heart of the matter in which you are interested. You can take yourself through the various stages of meditation, going deeper and deeper and deeper, so that in the end you can be meditating in such a state that you are floating. And when you have reached that stage, you

can know quite a lot about what goes on beyond the tenth (the 1/10). Beyond the tenth of consciousness, and into the nine-tenths of sub-consciousness. Remember again, though, that this “sub-conscious” does not mean that this particular phase of consciousness is inferior (lavere). The word “sub” usually means “inferior”, but in this sense it is taken to indicate that which is below the threshold of consciousness, whereas supra would indicate that which is beyond, or above, the threshold of consciousness.

So the sub-conscious relates to everything that a person knows or has known, or has experienced at any time - since that person first became an entity. Taking the present as our datum line, we can say that all that is past, or all that is stored, is “below”. Whereas, all that which is to come and which has yet to be experienced on this Earth or in the next world, is in the “supra-consciousness”, which is, therefore, above our datum line.

POSSIBILITIES WITH ASTRAL TRAVELS

All right! So now you know a bit more about our title of Beyond the Tenth. We deal with, and have dealt with things which people know without knowing why, and the things which people can do although, for the present perhaps, they think they cannot. To wit - astral travel. Anyone can do it! Anyone can do it with a bit of patience and adherence to a few simple rules, but people say, “oh, I couldn’t possibly do that! Really, they are afraid to make the attempt, but you dear Reader - make the attempt, because it truly is a wonderful, wonderful experience to be soaring and sailing above the surface of the Earth, playing with the wind, causing birds, who can see the astrals of people, to fairly shriek (hyle av forbløffelse) with amazement. You try it. You’ll find it’s the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to you.

Of course there is far more to this soaring above the Earth business than just play. One can go to any part of the world, as I have already told you, but that is not the extent of it; there is more-much more-than this.

If one meditates, if one becomes really proficient at meditation, and one combines that with astral travel, one is not limited to the face of the Earth. Keep this in mind; when doing astral travel we are not in a flesh body, we are in a body which can penetrate materials which, to the flesh body, would be solid. Do you understand the implications of that? It means that one can sink downwards at a controlled rate, sink down through the Earth and through solid rock. One can see with perfect clarity, although to a flesh body - it would be complete and utter darkness. One can sink down and see perhaps here a giant figure, which was trapped (fanget) half a million years ago and became embedded in what is now solid coal. In this solid coal, then, there is a giant figure intact, perfectly preserved, as mastodons (forhistoriske-) and dinosaurs have been preserved intact.

For years scientists have thought that the advent of humans, or humanoid races, on the Earth was fairly recent. But they have now come to the conclusion that humanity

on Earth is much, much older than previously thought. Our travels through solid rock can tell us that, our travels can indicate to us this; after thousands and thousands of years the Earth goes into a sort of periodic convulsion (krampe) during which the whole surface of the Earth trembles, during which waters recede here and waters rise there. The surface of the Earth seems to boil and seethe (koke), and every trace of the Works of Man upon the Earth rises up and falls down, and gets buried hundreds, or thousands, of feet below the surface of the Earth.

Housewives will understand when I say it is similar to making a big cake; you have a basin full of all sorts of unmixed ingredients, and then you insert a big spoon from the bottom and raise up, gradually mixing everything so that all the components, all the constituents, are distributed throughout the cake mix.

So, every half million years, or so, the Earth gets rid of unwanted stock and prepares the surface of the Earth for the next bunch, who, it fondly hopes, might be more successful. Life on Earth is old, the Age of the dinosaur and the mastodon and all those creatures was just the start of yet one more experiment, just as in thousands of years to come, this Earth will end as we know it at present. The whole surface will seethe and bubble, and the cities and Works of Man here will tumble down, and be buried thousands of feet below the surface so that anyone coming to Earth would say it was a new world which had never been inhabited.

It takes a lot of experience to do this type of astral travel. But I can do it, and I can tell you that You can do it also - if you will practise sufficiently, if you will have faith in your own ability, and if you will remember that you cannot do it to bring back messages for other people at so many dollars a visit!

I have seen deep down in the Arctic ice, hundreds of feet, or even thousands of feet below the surface, strange forms. A different form of human, a purplish type of person with different characteristics from present-day humans. Present-day humans have - just for example - two breasts and ten fingers. But I have seen purple people entombed absolutely intact, and they have had eight breasts and nine fingers on each hand. Probably some day research will exhume (grave opp) some of these people, and then there will be a nine-day wonder about it all. Some day there will be a digging machine which will be able to excavate the ice, and show some of the people and some of the cities buried incredibly deep in the ice, cities of a people who lived and walked the surface of this Earth hundreds of centuries before there was any recorded history whatever on this Earth.

This was a time when there was only one continent on the Earth, and all the rest was water. When South America and Africa were one, and when England was just a part, of mainland Europe; when Ireland was just a mountain peak stretching miles - yes, miles - up into the very different air. At one time all the world of land was one mass extending from the North Pole to what is now the South Pole. It was like a bridge linking one side of the Earth to the other.

Australia, China, and America, all were one, all joined to what is now Africa and Europe. But in the earth-shakes, in the shivering tremors, which threw down civilisation and threw up fresh earth and rocks to hide that civilisation, and because of centrifugal effects, that one solid mass, that one continent of Earth, broke up. And as the Earth shivered and trembled, the seabed crept along, taking bits of land with it, land which became Australia, America, Europe, Africa, and so on.

With practice in astral travel, with considerable practice in meditation, and combining the two together, you can actually see all this as if you were in that item beloved of the Science Fiction - a time machine. There really is a time machine, you know, a very definite, working, time machine; it is the Akashic Record, wherein everything that has ever happened to this Earth is recorded. It's like having an endless number of cine (små)cameras recording everything that ever happens, day or night, and blending them all together into one continuous ever-running film which you can "tap into" by knowing how, and by knowing the age at which you desire to look. (The Danish visionary Martinus calls it the memorybody of the earth. R.Ø.remark).

It is truly a fascinating thing to see a civilisation upon the Earth, a flourishing civilisation, but one in which the people are very different from the humans whom we now are accustomed to see. In this particular civilisation, for example, people moved about not in motor cars, but on what may well be "the origin of" the old story about the flying carpet; they moved about on platforms which looked for all the world like mats. They sat crosslegged on these things, and, by manipulating a little control which looked like a woven pattern, they could rise and soar off in any direction. In the Record we can watch all this, and then as we watch - we have an effect just as if some clumsy person were shaking a chess board on which all the men were set up for a good game. As the chess-board men would tumble (falle) - so did the people of the then-Earth tumble. The Earth itself yawned, great gaping chasms (gapende kløfter) appeared, and buildings and people toppled (veltet) in, and the Earth shuddered and closed up. And after a time the heaving (rykninger) and rolling of the surface ended, and the Earth was ready for the next "crop".

In this form of astral travel, also, one can go deep deep down into the Earth, and one can see perhaps intact after-facts of that Age, or remnants of large buildings. One can go to Arctic or Antarctic regions, and go deep down and find people and animals who have been quick-frozen to death, and because of the cold and the quickness of the onset of the cold, they have been preserved, utterly intact as if they merely slept and waited a shaking hand to awaken them.

As one looks one can see different chest developments, different nostrils (annen brystutv. og nesebor-), because the atmosphere of the Earth a few million years ago was very different from what it is today. People of today would not be able to live in the atmosphere of those times, just as people of those times would not have been able to breathe the atmosphere which we now optimistically call "clean air". Then there was far more chlorine, far more sulphur,

in the air. Now we get the stink of petroleum fumes (røyk).

Another thing that you can see, and which you, like I, will no doubt find fascinating, is that petroleum is unnatural to this Earth (exactly the same says the former named Martinus - about this stuff - R.Ø.remark.) Petroleum is not native (medfødt) to this Earth. By the Akashic Record, a planet collided with this Earth and caused this Earth to stop for a moment, and then spin in the opposite direction. But the collision disintegrated the other planet, and much of its seas poured down through space on to this Earth. The seas of that planet were what we call petroleum. It poured down and saturated (mettet) the Earth and sank into the Earth, and went on down until it found a level and a strata (lag) which it could not penetrate, and there it lay and collected, and awaited the coming of humans who would one day pump it up and invent a perfectly horrible machine or machines, which would use this petroleum. When all the petroleum has been used up there will be no more made, because, as I have said, it is just spillage (spill/avfall) from another world.

Have I said enough to really induce you to practise astral travel? It's a wonderful thing, and what we might term mundane (ordinært) (because it, deals with the Earth) - astral travel and meditation combined can show you all you could ever want to know about this Earth. So, why not try it? Why not have faith and patience, and really get down to practising astral travel?

The nature of dimensions

The last extract from this Rampa-book dwells with nature of dimensions - sensing things through fine VIBRATIONS - and it is from page 152:

...one could say that this life and the astral life are represented in this manner. The coarse vibrations of sound would represent life on earth - but the finer and higher vibrations of sight would represent the astral.

There are many senses available to us in the astral, which we do not even know about when in the physical. People write to me and they ask how is it possible for a fourth dimensional person to - well, as an illustration - drop a stone into one's living room. I think the person who wrote had just read an account in a newspaper about a haunted house wherein stones were thrown into locked rooms. The answer to that is that in the third dimensional world of the flesh, we are only able to perceive in the dimensions of the flesh, and if there was an opening somewhere else, the flesh body's eyes would not be able to perceive it.

Let us assume that humans can only look down, or they, are two dimensional. So, as they can only look down they cannot see the ceiling above. But if a person outside the room can perceive that there is no ceiling there, then that person can easily toss a brick in to the person who cannot look up. That is rather a crude way of explaining it, but what really happens is that every room, or everything on Earth, has another opening, another aperture (åpning), which humans on Earth cannot perceive - because they

lack the necessary organ with which to perceive that dimension. Yet a person who is in a fourth dimensional world can make use of that opening and pass things through it into what, to the third dimensional inhabitant, is a closed space.

This type of «joke» is often played by lower entities who like to pose as poltergeists.

We must not forget the lady who wrote in and asked me if I could explain in simple terms the nature of telepathy. She had read my other books, but apparently this subject of telepathy had her completely baffled. Let's see what we can do, shall we?

Even scientists now agree that the brain generates electricity. There are medical procedures in which brain-waves are charted. A special apparatus is placed on the head, and four squiggly (snirklede) lines indicate four different levels of thought. For some strange reason - these four squiggly lines are given Greek names, which doesn't concern us at all. But the brain generates electricity, and the electricity varies according to what one is thinking - in much the same way as if when one is speaking into a microphone - the words generate a current which continuously varies in intensity according to what is being said. In a tape recorder, for example, one speaks and one's speech impresses minute magnetic currents on a specially prepared tape. Afterwards, when the tape is played back, one obtains a reproduction of the original speech. The human brain generates an electric current which other brains can pick up, in much the same way as the tape on a tape recorder picks up the minute impulses from voice vibrations, which are transferred to electric impulses.

When you think, you broadcast your thoughts. Most people are immune to the noise of the thoughts of other people, and fortunately so because everyone is thinking something all the time, and unless people were immune to that continuous, non-stop, never-ending noise, one would go quite round the bend. By special training, or by a fluke of Nature, one can tune-in to thoughts, because, as our brains generate electricity, so they are able to receive electric impressions. It is a form of telepathy which keeps the body, in touch with the Overself, the telepathy in this instance being a very special ultra high frequency current going from the brain of the flesh body, by way of the Silver Cord, and on to the Overself.



possible terms to the
It is necessary only
transmitter and radio
ch on your receiver,
net) with everybody
thoughts of those with
easily than you can
pick up the thoughts of those with whom you are not compatible. And a good exercise is to guess what a person whom you know well is going to say next. If you “guess” for some time, you will soon discover that your successes are far outstripping the laws of chance, and when you begin to realise that you are well on the way to telepathic communication with the person with whom you are compatible. Here again, it is a matter which needs practice and patience, and when you are telepathic, you will wish you were not, because life will be a constant babble, what with humans and animals all the time talking to each other.

**From T. LOBSANG RAMPA's book -
published in 1973:
« CANDLELIGHT »**

We read in the opening: "The laws of Man on Earth are not made for the individual but for the majority..."

In Candlelight T. Lobsang-Rampa uses his best endeavours to explain the laws and the consequences of obeying or disregarding them. Dr. Rampa considers all life on earth to be a school and every living creature to be a pupil of that school; the disobedient ones will take longer to graduate than the pupils who want to learn and willingly accept knowledge, their reward is ascension to a higher grade where there are new things to learn and fewer hardships to overcome. The path to knowledge and happiness may be through the darkest of nights, but a little Candlelight will make the going easier...

CANDLELIGHT

Now - so many, many years after this book was written - so many books about the (near) - deathprocess has been written - and then one can see the extreme accuracy of Rampas descriptions in this book - regarding the deathprocess, life on the other side, the reincarnation process etc. Rampa had the ability to follow all incidents by reading/looking in the AKASHA - earths memory-bank and so retelling the happenings in every detail. The one who SEES can here recognise the TRUTH. Research yourself!!

(some words are translated to Norwegian and there MAY BE some wordmistakes here

because this is scanned from the book. Some headlines are added)

Also in the opening-words: The faint flickering gleam of fourteen little Candles shines forth into the world, bringing to a vast number of people some of the Light of astral knowledge.

The Sunlight is waning. Coming fast is the end of Day. The Darkness of communism is by stealth and treachery engulfing the world faster and faster. (Remember the Chinese communists had invaded his beloved homeland - Tibet)

Soon the Light of Freedom will be extinguished for a time while Mankind ponders opportunities lost,

and regrets warnings unheeded.

But even in the darkest hour there shall be the gleams of little Candles, bringing hope to a stricken world. The darkest hour is before the dawn, and that hour is not yet.

The gloom and despondency of evil men usurping power shall be lessened by the knowledge that all suffering shall eventually pass, and the Sunlight shall shine again.

Candlelight may bring illumination to some, hope to others. Sunlight gives way to darkness, darkness gives way to Sunlight, but even in the deepest dark a Candle may show the Way...

The overself/subcons., pendulum work and human electricity

Early in the book he enters the microcosmos in connection with pendulum work and he says:

We know, for example, that throughout countless years radium decays into lead. We know that all matter is a whole horde of molecules hopping about like fleas on a hot plate, the smaller the fleas the faster they can jump, the bigger the fleas - the slower and more cumbersome (tung). So it is with material. Everything has its atomic number, number of atoms indicating how slowly it is going to vibrate, or how fast it is going to vibrate. So all we do in pendulum work is to tune in to some atomic vibrations, and, if we know how, we can tell which one it is and where it is.

When we are dealing with radio - we have an aerial system, which absorbs or attracts or intercepts (call it what you like) the waves coming through the atmosphere. Perhaps they are bounced back by the Heaviside layer or the Appleton layer. But in addition there is a ground wire, which makes contact with the ground wave - because you must have two - positive and negative - in everything. You can take the ground wave as negative and the air wave as positive. So in the matter of pendulums the human body collects the air wave, acting as the antenna or aerial, and the feet in contact with the ground act as the earth connection, or "ground". And for correct pendulum work it is necessary to keep the balls of the feet on the ground, unless one uses another method of tapping the earth current.

Of course, using a pendulum is simplicity itself. It is even simpler than simplicity if we know why a thing works. That's why you are getting this long collection of words which might at first strike you as rigmarole (meningsløs); it's not. Until you know what you are doing you can't tell when you are doing it!

Pendulums really work! Many Japanese tell the sex

of unborn babies by the use of a pendulum. They use a gold ring suspended on a piece of string or thread, and it is held above the stomach of the pregnant woman. The direction or type of movement indicates the sex of the child yet to be born. Incidentally, many Chinese and Japanese use a pendulum for sexing eggs!

A radio set uses electric current for reproducing sound which was broadcast from some distant station. Television sets use current also for reproducing a rough simulacrum of the picture transmitted from a distant station. So in the same way - if we are going to dowse (gå med ønskevist) or use a pendulum or anything else, we have first of all to have a source of current, and the best source of current we can use is the human body. After all, our brains are really storage batteries, telephone exchanges, and all that sort of thing, but the main thing is, it is a source of electric current - sufficient for all our needs and sufficient to enable us to "detect" impulses, and thereby cause a pendulum to twitch, swirl, gyrate (rottere), or oscillate, or all the other queer thing, which a pendulum does. So, to work a pendulum, we must have a human body, an alive human body at that. You cannot tie a pendulum to a hook and expect it to work, because there would be no source of current.

Nor would it be of much use if we could tie our pendulum to a hook and supply it with current because the current has to be in pulses varying according to the type of action desired. Just as in radio, we have high notes, low notes, loud notes, and soft notes, so with a pendulum we must have the necessary current variation to do "the necessary".

Who is going to vary the current? Well, the Overself, of course. That is the brightest citizen we have around us, you know. After all, you who read this are just one tenth conscious, so, knowing yourself, just think how brilliant you would be if you could call in the other nine tenths of consciousness. You can certainly enlist its aid, the aid of the subconscious. The subconscious is brilliant; it knows everything that you have ever known, can do everything that you could ever do, and can remember every single incident since long before you were born. So if you could touch your subconscious, you would get to know a very considerable amount of things, wouldn't you? You can touch your subconscious - with practice and with confidence.

The subconscious can also contact other subconscious minds. There are truthfully no limits to the powers of the subconscious mind and when the subconscious mind is allied to other subconscious minds, then indeed results may be achieved.

We cannot just ring up a telephone number and ask to speak to our subconscious, because we have to look upon that Mind as being something like a

very absent - minded (åndsfraværende; distré) professor who is constantly sorting knowledge, storing knowledge, and acquiring knowledge. He is so busy that he can't bother with other people. If you pester (plager) him enough in the politest way, then he may answer your summons (ordre). So first of all you have to become familiar with your subconscious. You see, the whole thing is that the subconscious is the greater part of you, the much greater part of you, and I suggest that you give your subconscious a name. Call him or her whatever you like so long as it is a name agreeable to you. Supposing it is a male, then you could (purely as an illustration) use the name "George". Or if it is the subconscious of a female, then you could say "Georgina". But the whole point is that you must have some definite name, which you link inseparably with your subconscious. So when you want to get in touch with your subconscious, you could say for example, "George, George, I want your help very much, I want you to work with me, I want you to - (here you specify what you want), and remember, George, that really we are all one and what you do for me you are also doing for yourself." You need to repeat that slowly and carefully, and with very great thought. Repeat it three times!!

The first time - "George" will probably shrug his mental shoulders and say, "Oh that pestiferous fellow, bothering me again when I've got so much work to do," and "he" will turn back to his work. Next time you repeat it he will pay more attention -because he is being bothered, but still he won't take any action. But if you repeat it a third time, "George" or "Peter" or "Dave" or "Bill" or whoever it is - will get the idea that you are going to keep on until you get some action, so he will give a metaphorical (billedlig) sigh and help.

This is not fantasy, it's fact. I claim to know quite a lot about it, because for more years than I care to remember, I have done just this. My own subconscious is not called "George", by the way, but a name which I do not reveal to anyone else, just as you should not reveal to anyone else the name of your subconscious. Never laugh or joke about it because this is deadly serious. You are only onetenth of a person, your subconscious is nine - tenths, so you have to show respect, you have to show affection, you have to show that you can be trusted because if you do not gain the co - operation of your subconscious then you won't do any of the things that I write about. But if you practise what you are reading, you can do the whole lot. So make friends with your subconscious. Give him or her a name, and be sure that you keep that name very, very private indeed.

You can talk to your subconscious. It is better if

you talk slowly and repeat things. Imagine that you are telephoning someone on the other side of the world and the telephone line is a bit poor, you have to repeat yourself, you have quite a difficult time making yourself understood. Your listener at the other end of the telephone line is not an idiot for having difficulty in understanding your message, but general communications are bad, and if you overcome the difficulties of communications - you can then find that you have a very intelligent conversationalist, one who is far more intelligent than you are!

When you are using the pendulum (we will go into that in more detail in a moment or so) you have to keep your feet flat on the ground so that the balls of your feet are in contact with the floor, and then you have to say something like, "Subconscious (or the name you have chosen), I want to know what. I "must do to get success at such - and - such a thing. if you are going to make the pendulum work, will you make it swing backwards and forwards to indicate «yes», and from side to side to indicate «no» - just as a human does when he nods for «yes» and shakes his head for «no».' You have to get over a message like that about three times, you have to explain very slowly, very clearly, and very carefully indeed what you want your subconscious to do and what you expect of the test - because if you don't know what you want, then how can the subconscious give you any information? The subconscious won't know either. If you don't know what you want, you don't know when you've found it!

We started with dowsing, so let us deal first with what we call the dowsing pendulum. By the way, a little digression. Shall we refer to all subconsciousness as "George" for the purpose of this instruction? It's such a chore typing out «subconscious» time after time, so we will just use the generic name of George - in the same way as pilots call their automatic pilot "Mike". So George it is for our collective subconscious.

The dowsing pendulum should be a ball possibly an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter (25-30mm). If you can get a very good wooden pendulum so much the better, or you may be able to obtain a "neutral metal" one. But for the moment any pendulum will do as long as it is about an inch or an inch and a quarter in diameter. You should get a piece of thread such as boot - makers use for stitching on soles. I believe it's called cobblers' thread. You will need about five feet of it. Tie one end to your pendulum which should have a little eyelet on the top for that purpose, and tie the other end to a rod or even to an empty cotton reel. Then wind all the thread on to the cotton reel so that when you hold the small cotton

reel in the palm of your hand the thread holding the pendulum is between the finger and thumb of your right hand - your right hand if you write with that one, but if you use your left hand instead, then, of course, the pendulum will be in the left hand. But first we have to sensitize or tune our pendulum for the particular type of material we wish to locate. Supposing we are going to look for a gold mine; first of all you get a little piece of sticky (seig) tape, about an inch long is sufficient, and then you put just a very small piece of gold (scraped from inside a ring, for instance) on to the sticky tape and then just lightly push it on to the pendulum. Then your pendulum has a piece of gold which will sensitize it to that metal, and when I say "scrape" - I mean that even if you get a grain (korn), that will be adequate.

When you have that, put your ring, or another piece of gold, between your feet as you stand up. Stand with this gold, such as a gold ring or a gold watch, between your feet and slowly unwind (spole ned) the thread so that your pendulum lowers to perhaps a foot and a half (45cm) from your fingers. At this point the pendulum should swing in a circular direction, that is, making a complete circle. If it does not do so, lower the thread a little or pull it up a little, the point being, you have to ascertain the length of thread at which the pendulum swings most freely for gold. When you have determined that - it may be eighteen or twenty or twenty - two inches or similar - you make a knot in the thread and you write down the exact length, such as "Knot One - Gold", and then you pull off your gold specimen with the Sellotape and pick up your watch or ring, and put a silver article on the floor; it may be a coin or a piece of silver you have pinched from somebody else, but it must be silver. You also put a very fine scraping of silver on another piece of Sellotape and put that on to your pendulum. Then you try again to find what is the correct length for silver. When you have done that you make another note such as "Knot Two - Silver". You can go on doing it for different metals, and not only different metals but different substances. If you make a proper table, then you should have great fun "prospecting". Generally you will find that in terms of length, the first thing to respond (at about twelve inches in length) is stonework. A bit longer thread, and you will get glass or chinaware. Longer still and you will get vegetable stuff. Go on increasing the length and you will get silver and lead, and then a bit further on you will find water. Longer still, you will find gold. Still longer, copper and brass. And the longest will be iron, and iron will be roughly just under thirty inches (76cm). So if you want to know what is beneath you, you just stand there and first of all think of whatever metal

you are looking for. You adjust the length of your thread to the appropriate distance, and you very slowly walk forward.

Again- again - it is emphasized and re-emphasized that you must tell "George" precisely what you are doing. You have to tell him that you want to prospect for gold, iron, silver, or whatever it is, and when he senses the radiations will he please swing the pendulum. At all times you must definitely keep thinking very strongly of that which you hope to find; other - wise, if you change over and think of something else, then you won't get it.

Apropos of this - let me say that if you are looking for antique porcelain, for instance, and you suddenly think of women, then you will get the reaction for gold because the length of thread for gold and for women is precisely the same, and if a woman thinks about men she will get the reaction as if there was a diamond under the ground! That, of course, means that you will be completely misled. It would never do if you got the reaction for a diamond so you grabbed a shovel and pick and dug, but found instead a dead man. It could happen!

Now, it is advisable to use a shorter - cord pendulum for everyday indoor use. After all, you don't want three, four, or five feet of thread getting tangled up every day. So when you are indoors use a separate pendulum. The pendulums which can be obtained commercially already have a thread or a chain attached to them, and frequently the chain is possibly six inches long, although the exact length varies, but that is of no moment.

Suppose you want to find something - suppose you want to find out if a person is living in a certain area; then you sit down at a desk or, table, but it must be an ordinary desk or table with no drawers or anything beneath because if you have anything beneath in, for example, a drawer, then the pendulum will be influenced by whatever is in the drawer. You may have a kitchen knife in the drawer. You may have a gold ring or something like that, and the pendulum, no matter how hard you think, will be influenced by the "wrong" subject. So - sit at a plain table and have within arm's reach some sheets of ordinary plain white paper. "Then you tell your pendulum, or rather you tell "George", exactly what you want. You say, for example, "Look, George, I want to find if Maria Bugsbottom lives in this area. If she does, will you please nod by giving the pendulum a backwards and forwards movement, and if she does not will you please shake the pendulum from side to side."

Then on the right - hand side of the table you have your piece of white paper, and on the top which is far

away from you - you put "Yes", and on the bottom which is close to you you put "Yes". On the far left side of the paper you put "No" and on the far right side you put "No", and in the centre you put a little X to show that is the spot over which you are going to hold the pendulum. The pendulum, by the way, should be held about two inches above that X.

Sit comfortably. It doesn't matter if you have your shoes on or your shoes off, but you must have your feet on the floor, not on the bars of a chair - have them flat on the floor so that the balls of your feet are in contact with the floor. Then you get a map of the area desired and spread it to your left so that you have a white sheet of paper to the right and your map on the left. First you gently take the, pendulum all over the area of the map, saying, "Look, George, this" is the area of my map. Is Maria Bugsbottom anywhere within this area?"

The pendulum being taken over the map about two inches above the surface. When you have covered the whole area, you say, "George - I am now going to start this investigation. Will you help me, George? Will you indicate «Yes» or «No» as the case may be?" Then (if you are right - handed) put your right elbow comfortably on the table and suspend your pendulum by its thread or chain, hold the thread or chain between your thumb and forefinger (the finger with which you point). See that the pendulum is about two inches above the X. Special note here - if you are left - handed everything will have to be reversed, but for the right - handed people in the majority - well, go by the instructions conveyed above.

Having got ready, and making sure that you are not likely to be disturbed, tell George that you are now ready to start work. Look at the map and put your left forefinger along the road on the map where you think Maria Bugsbottom may be living. Give an occasional glance at the pendulum. It may swing idly without any apparent sense, but if you get to where you believe your friend or enemy is living, then the pendulum will definitely indicate yea or nay.

It is a good idea to use a small - scale map first so that you can cover the biggest area, but when you get some sort of indication as if George was saying, "Gee! This is a big area, I need to get closer than this," then you get a large - scale map so that you can with practice locate any individual house.

After each test you definitely must replace your sheet of white paper by another, you can use it for writing on; write letters on it or anything else, but only one sheet of white paper to one reading because you have impregnated that sheet with the impressions of whatever you are trying to find out so that if you try to repeat a reading, then the second reading will

be influenced by the first and - well, that's all there is to it.

But no, perhaps that's not all there is to it after all - because you've got to really frame your questions properly. George, you see, is a single - minded individual who can't take a joke and is extremely and exceptionally literal. So it's no good you saying, "George, can you tell me if Maria Bugsbottom lives there?" If you ask a question like that the answer will be "Yes", because George can tell you if Maria Bugsbottom lives there, he can. And that is what you are asking. You are asking with a question in that form if the pendulum can tell you. You are not asking if she is actually living there at the moment. So whatever question you ask must be framed in such a way that George is not in a state of confusion.

The biggest difficulty about the whole affair is framing the questions, so that they are fool proof, so that there are no double - meanings to them. In any question if you say, "Can you tell me - ?", then the answer will be Yes or No to the question of "Can you tell me?" The other part of the question, "if Maria Bugsbottom lives there?" will be unanswered because the first question will have swamped George's interest. So until you are more practised at this how about writing out your questions first and looking at your words to see if there is any way at all in which the question can be regarded as ambiguous or as having a double - meaning or is unclear. Let me repeat in big, bold, black capitals - *YOU MUST BE SURE OF WHAT YOU ARE ASKING BEFORE YOU CAN POSE THE QUESTION.*

Of course, when you have some practice it's quite easy to trace missing people. You have to have a small - scale and a large - scale map of the area in which the person is supposed to be missing. Then you have to be able to form some sort of mental picture of the person who is missing. Is it a big boy or a small girl? Is he or she ginger(rødbrun), blonde, or black - haired? What do you know about the person? You have to brief yourself as fully as possible, because, again, unless you know what you are seeking, then you don't know when you've found it.

It may happen at times when, for example, you are confined to bed, that you cannot stick your feet plunk on the ground. That is my trouble, so I have a metal wand (stang) about two and a half feet long, and I hold that in my left hand just like an antennae system to a portable radio, in fact that's what it is; it is an antenna rod from a portable radio. I pick up the wave from that in precisely the same manner as a more mobile person would with two flat feet.

When I am picking up impressions from a map or a letter, then I use a little propelling pencil, a metal

one, and I touch the letter or the map and then the old pendulum starts to wobble and gives me an answer.

Never, never, never let anyone else touch your pendulum. It's got to be saturated with your own impressions. You should have several pendulums, one of wood, one of neutral metal, that is something like type - metal, and - well, you may want a glass one or you may want a plastic one, you may even have one which is hollow so you can put a specimen inside instead of sticking it up with Sellotape. But you will find one pendulum is more responsive than all the others for personal things, and you can make it even more responsive by carrying it on your person, getting saturated (mettet) with your own impressions. If you do that and never let another person use it or even touch it, then you will find you have something as potent and as useful as radar is to aircraft on a foggy night.

The pendulum cannot be wrong. George cannot be wrong. You can. You can go wrong with the form your questions take and your interpretations of the answers. Now, with computers one has to use a special language, otherwise the computer can not make sense of what one is trying to get at, so pretend that your pendulum is a computer and frame your questions in such a dear one - way form that no possibility of error can occur because the pendulum can only indicate Yes or No. It can indicate uncertainty by doing a figure of eight. It can also indicate what sex a thing or a person is because most times for a man it can rotate in a right hand circle, clockwise that is, but for a woman it will rotate in a left - hand, anti - clockwise, circle. But if the man is very feminine then the poor old pendulum may go the wrong way, but it's not actually the wrong way, it is just indicating that the man isn't - he's more female and just has the necessary attachments, as one would say in the best circles, which would enable him to pass physiologically as a male specimen. All his thoughts may be female, so in that way the pendulum is far better as a judge than the best doctors!

Oh yes, I must be sure to tell you this; make sure your hands are clean before using the pendulum, otherwise, if, for instance, you have been gardening or stubbing out a cigarette butt in some poor plant's plant pot home, then you will get a reading for the soil content of the pores of your fingers. So be sure that your fingers and hands are clean. Be sure that your table is clean. It's no good, for instance, turning around and finding that a big fat cat is sitting on a sheet of white paper, and if it is then you have to use a different sheet of white paper!

With a pendulum and practice you can know how to dowse for minerals from a map. You go along looking for gold if you like, by having a little particle

of gold attached to the pendulum. Then you let your finger go along the map to the location where you think there may be gold, and you think strongly of gold to the exclusion of all else. Or, if you are looking for silver, think strongly of silver to the exclusion of all else. All these things are very, very simple; until you get used to them you will be sure they are utterly impossible - they are not for you. But they are. It is only practice that makes a pilot able to take off in his aircraft and bring it down in one piece. It is only practice and faith in yourself, that will enable you to go to your table, produce a map and a pendulum, and say, "There - there is water, floods of it," and then go to the actual site and find upon digging that the water is at a certain depth.

You can get a good idea of the depth of a thing by the strength of the oscillation or movement of the pendulum. This is not a book on pendulums or dowsing, but practice will soon teach you how to shorten or lengthen the chain or string, and how to gauge depth. But remember again that you must very definitely and strongly concentrate on that which you want to find or know.

You can also find out a lot about a person by using a pendulum over the signature on the letter. It is quite a useful exercise. But, remember, you must be sure of what you want to know, you must be sure of what you are asking, because if you are asking a thing in two parts, then George is sure to answer the wrong one! And be very certain that you tell your subconscious - George or whatever you call him or her - precisely what you are trying to find out and what you expect the pendulum to do to indicate the information you desire.

Since writing the above I have "tried it on the dog" because it seemed clear enough to me, but then I know it all, so I got someone who did not know it all to read it and now am going to give some supplementary information.

"Well, how does one hold this pendulum?"

One rests one's elbow on the table, as already stated, and it should be the right elbow for a right-handed person and the left elbow for a left-handed person. Then you bend your arm so that your hand is at such a height from the table that your pendulum, which is suspended at the end of its chain, rests about two inches (5cm) above the surface of the table. You actually hold the chain, string, cord, or whatever it is between your thumb and forefinger, and if you want to shorten the chain an inch or so in order to get a better swing - well, do so. Always adjust the length of the chain or thread between your finger and thumb so as to get the best swing or indication. Now, that should be clear enough - you just hold your forearm at such an angle that you are comfortable. You must

be comfortable or you will not be able to do pendulum work. Similarly, if you have just had a heavy meal you will not be able to do pendulum work, or if you have something bothering you greatly unconnected with this pendulum, it will distract your attention. You must be in a fairly quiet state of mind, and you must be willing to work with the subconscious.

Regarding pendulums: in «**twilight**» (from 1975 - two years after this book *Candlelight* came) - he made this answer under the headline from the bookreport - pendulums and elermentals (made by r-ø.)

«Someone here is interested in pendulums... oh, it's our friend Shelagh McMorran. She writes, «would it be possible or likely for an elemental or somesuch to control the responses of a pendulum?»»

Yes, its quite possible for mischievous entities to do almost anything, they could easily control the pendulum, for instance. In case you wonder how this can be, let me say that a man is driving a school bus; now, he's got a rowdy lot of school kids with him and after a time they might whisper together and gang (sammensverge seg mot; overfalle i flokk) up on the driver. Then one schoolboy, more foolish or more adventurous than others, would take hold of the steering wheel and try to control it in spite of the driver's efforts. It might even be that some of the other boys would even pull the driver's hands from the wheel. Kids nowadays will do just about everything so why shouldn't they do that? But that is a similar state to when a mischievous (skøyeraktig) entity takes over control of the pendulum. The user of the pendulum for some reason has lost control, or never had it, and that is why I always stress that you should make the pendulum yours and no one else's, because if YOU control the pendulum no other entity can possibly do so - so it all depends on how much control you have.

So we should be very clear of «the dangers» by trusting pendulums alone!!

Back to the book Candlelight:

The Overself and the subconscious

Now, I am also told, "You've got me all confused; you say the Overself is going to vary the current - well, what is the connection between the Overself and the subconscious?"

Let us try to get this clear for ever and a day or a bit longer; there is you who is just one - tenth conscious. You are bottom man on the ladder, or you might even be bottom woman on the ladder. Above you - you have your subconscious, and your sub-

conscious is like the operator who controls the switchboard, etc., which is your brain. The subconscious is in touch with you through your brain - through your joint brain would perhaps be a better term - and the subconscious is also in touch with your Overself. So it's like you, the ordinary poor worker, who cannot get a word with the manager, you have to go through the shop steward or the foreman first. So you sort of hang around, try to make yourself obtrusive (iøynefallende) in the hope that the shop steward or the one above you will notice you, and wondering why the (you - know - what!) you are not at work will come and see what it's all about. Then you have to get your point of view over to the shop steward (tillitsmann) or foreman, and persuade him to take up your case with the manager or whoever is above him. This is similar to conditions with the Overself and you. Before you can get through to your Overself - you have to enlist the aid of your subconscious, and once you can convince your subconscious that it's really necessary for your joint good (fellesgode), then the subconscious will contact the Overself and the pendulum will be varied according to the indications which you are "perceiving".

Incidentally, if you can get through to your Overself by way of the subconscious you can cure a lot of illnesses which you may have. The Overself is like the president of a company and he doesn't always know what minor ailments affect the lower departments. He knows it in times when conditions are very, very serious, but often he is in complete ignorance of some grievance, which the lower order of workers have. But if you can get your shop steward (tillitsmann) to take up the matter with the Overself, or president, or general manager, then a grievance can be settled before it becomes serious. So if you have a persistent (vedvarende) ache here, there, or somewhere else, then keep on at George or Georgina, say clearly what the trouble is, what is this pain, what does it feel like, why do you have it, and will the subconscious please see that you are cured. The Overself is the unapproachable (den utilnærmelige). The subconscious is the link between you, the one-tenth conscious, and the Overself which is all conscious.

Oh sure, of course the pendulum can help you pick the winner of a race if you phrase (formulerer) your question sensibly, but look at this. «Can you tell me who will win the two-thirty race?» Now what sort of a question is that? Look at it seriously and you will see that you are asking your subconscious to tell you this; can you, subconscious, tell me who will win the race? The answer, of course, would be "Yes", and if

you get a yes in answer to your question, you would think you were being fooled, wouldn't you? You can't do it that way at all.

Read back a bit to where I tell you how to locate things on a map. Now, in this case if you want to know who is going to win a certain race, you will have to get a list of horses, the horses who are going to run in that specific race, and you will have to think definitely, "Will this horse win?" And you will have to bring the pencil in your left hand slowly down to each name in turn, leaving it there about thirty seconds and thinking about that horse for about thirty seconds, asking if this horse will win the race. If the answer is "No", then go on to the next horse until you've got to the one that is going to win. You can do it with practice. It's not very moral, you know, because betting and gambling are bad things, but anyway that is your own responsibility. I am just trying to make absolutely clear to you that you won't get any satisfactory result unless you quite definitely phrase your question in such a manner that there is only one question involved, a question which can be answered by a plain "Yes" or a plain "No". I suggest you read that bit again because otherwise you are going to be really cross (gretten) when you get a mixed up answer which really will be a mixed up questioner.

The last question here is, "Yes, but where do I buy these pendulums?"

Actually they are fairly difficult to obtain because so many quick - money operators are out to make a fast buck and they are selling absolute junk, little things like key chain ornaments which they swear is a pendulum with your birthstone attached or something. But that is utterly useless. I am going to persuade Mr. Sowter to stock really reputable pendulums of a special type. There will be wooden ones and there will be neutral metal ones, and the metal ones will also have a recess or opening so one can place a specimen inside (such as a piece of hair picked up from a missing person's hairbrush or some - thing like that). In that way the missing person can be missing no longer. Mr. Sowter of Touchstones of England will also be able to supply you with books. I "will give you his address later, at the end of this chapter. But I do repeat again that it is utterly useless to buy a cheap little junk affair, which is just a gimmick to get money out of your reluctant pocket. If you want a thing you have to pay for it, and a worthwhile pendulum will cost anything from \$15 to \$30, let's say in English terms from five to ten pounds (in 1973). But you would pay that willingly for a small transistor radio, and a good pendulum is by far more useful to you than the aforementioned transistor radio. With a pendulum you can find a for-

tune - if you read this chapter properly and if you do really seriously practise.

Practice is the key to everything. You cannot be a great pianist unless you practise. The more important the pianist the more he or she practises - hours a day of those silly scales going "bonk, bonk, bonk". It is the same with a pendulum; you have to practise and practise and practise, so you can do it by instinct, and you can practise with people's letters, with metals and all the rest of it, and that's the way you will make a success - practice.

Oh yes! There is one other little point which I should mention. I will mention it but, naturally, I would expect that the ordinary rules of politeness would apply; it is very, very important indeed that after you have used your pendulum you clasp (om-favner) it in your two hands to your forehead and then you solemnly thank George or Georgina for assisting you in this reading. "Thank you" three times, do not forget that - because if you do not thank "him" or "her" according to the elementary rules of politeness, you may not get a response in two or three times hence, and - remember, your thanks must be repeated thrice just as your requests have been.

I am informed that there is some slight ambiguity in one part of this chapter (probably the whole thing is ambiguous (twetydig) but let's not dig up that problem). I am told that I do not make it clear how some poor wretch should stand when he or she is tuning the pendulum with a lump of gold or a crummy bit of silver between the feet. Okay, here it is again - you get your gold, silver, tin, lead, or copper and you put it on the ground between your feet. Then you stand upright with your spine straight and your left arm down by your side. Then you elevate your right hand so that your forearm is parallel to the ground and you see if that is a convenient method of doing it - because if you brace your right elbow against your side, you will not get undesired wobbles or squiggles in your pendulum but only what "George" dictates. But the main thing, of course, is - hold your arm at any distance convenient for you and convenient for the pendulum. And that's all there is to it!

You may obtain pendulums, books and other supplies from: Mr. E. Z. Sowter, Touchstones Ltd., 33 Ashby Road, Loughborough, LEICESTERSHIRE, England. (remember this was in 1973! R.Ø. remark.)

«we are here to learn»

Also most of this Rampa-book was about answering questions - and a lot was from some religious people - having their own picture of the

spiritual things. Here he answers a question on the theme «forever returning to God after this life»:

«...You don't return to God at the end of this life on Earth just as a small child returns to Daddy or Mummy. It is not like that at all. There are many, many things to be learned. There are billions, trillions of years to live in different stages, and I must tell you in this connection that I had a most offensive letter from two people in Australia. (in connection with the timeaspect on the development of the consciousness - the pleadian contactperson Semjase and Ptaah - told that the primitive man had to go thorough a development of at least 70.000.000.000 earth-years, before reaching the level of spiritual perfection. This should require a lot of incarnations - as the average time between two incarnations now are ap. 170 years - after what they told. For scandinavian readers see JORDENS FJERNHISTORIE I NYTT LYS. R.Ø. remark.)

But so back to Rampa and the letter from Australia: A man and a woman claimed that they were "in touch with the Gardeners of the Earth", and the Gardeners of the Earth were such wonderfully good people, and all I write in "The Hermit" must obviously be imagination because the Gardeners of the Earth would never do anything to harm a human. My goodness me! These people in Australia - they must have a hole in their head or something! Humanity is not the highest form of creation, it is just another specimen the same as an ant (maur) is a specimen, the same as a tapeworm (bendelorm) is a specimen. A tapeworm is learning one thing, a human is learning another, or rather - correction - they should be learning, which is a different matter altogether.

But again, let me state definitely that we are here to learn - certain things and to do certain things, and life goes on and on in cycles. I prefer to regard it as the swing of the pendulum; we have a pendulum swinging, now it is at the top of its stroke and we are at a Golden Age where everything is wonderful, everything is peaceful - but where nobody learns. And then the pendulum falls and things become worse and worse, lower and lower. When we reach the lowest point of the pendulum swing there are wars and rumours of wars, murders, everything, the whole crime calendar rolled into one. But after that the heedless pendulum continues upwards and so we get a Golden Age again wherein no one learns for it is a fact, a sad fact but still a fact, that people only learn by hardship and by suffering, and when a person has all that he wants he sits back and enjoys comfort and does not do anything to try to help others or even himself.

twinsouls

Another person writes to ask: "Can we ever meet our individual opposites?" By that, presumably, is meant the twinsoul, and if that should be so then the answer is no, you do not meet your twinsoul on this world, because if you did you would be complete and thus could not stay here. You can only stay here if you have an "anchor", which moors you here, some defect; or some artificially induced fault, which enables one to stay here.

People who come from beyond the spheres are like divers, they have to wear the equivalent of a lead belt, lead boots, etc., in order to keep submerged in this dreary (triste) world. So if a person met his or her twinsoul there would be the nearest approach there can be to perfection, and you cannot have perfection in a world such as this. So you will have to wait for your twinsoul until you leave this world.

every person must stand alone

Now another person says: "You emphatically declare that each one of us finds God alone through individual effort, and that we should not depend upon others for assistance. Do you mean that the ultimate responsibility for use of one's freewill in committing oneself to God - rests squarely upon each individual's shoulders. No matter what kind or unkind things have been done to us by others - one consciously chooses the direction of his vision. Of course truth and justice or deceit and injustice can affect the course of our lives, either way towards - or away from the light, but isn't the application of the Golden Rule vitally important for each of us to practise, thereby helping others?"

I say quite definitely that every person must stand alone. It is silly to join cults, gangs, associations, institutes, etc., etc., and to expect "salvation" thereby, because you won't find salvation in these money-making cults which are merely out to get your money! Look at it like this; a person dies - leaves this Earth for the astral realms - and that person is going to go to the Hall of Memories and answer to himself or herself for things which have been done or have not been done. There is no one else there except the newly arrived soul or entity or whatever you like to call it and the connection with the Overself. Now, I tell you quite definitely - quite, quite definitely - you answer alone. You won't get the secretary or chief tutor of the Hot Dog Society, or whatever you like to call all these cult things, to come and answer for you. You won't find the President of the Rednose Association coming and saying, "Oh yes, Overself, you don't know anything; I told this person to do such a thing

because the rules of our Association say that that is so, so he should take your place.'

You have to stand alone, then, naked and probably ashamed with it. And if you toss out all thoughts of these associations and cults on this Earth, then you will be in training to answer alone when you reach the Other Side. (Again - today's big number of near-death-experiences - seem so clear to confirm the statements that Rampa here did - many years before those «stories» came forth. R.Ø. remark.)

Of course, if you are going to answer to your Overself then you need to have some good answers, and the best way is to obey the Golden Rule which is, Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. This person who writes this question seems to be wriggling and writhing and doing anything to evade (unnvike) the simple truth, the truth which is - you have to learn to stand on your own two feet, no matter whether they are flat or not. You have to stand on them, you have to be responsible for yourself, and if you help others by adherence (overholdelse) to and obedience of the Golden Rule, then you will have much good in your astral bank account.

Let me again state that God is not standing there with a whacking great cane, and the devil is not standing there with branding irons either. God is a positive force, the devil is a negative force, they are not people who praise or torture. While down here on this Earth you cannot understand things which happen in many more dimensions. In the same way a sea slug sitting on a bit of slime in the bottom of the ocean could not possibly understand what people on the Moon are experiencing, it could not even understand what people in high-rise buildings are thinking or doing, nor could it understand the commotion which is caused when people turn their television sets full on. All that would be completely beyond the comprehension of people here in the third dimension to try to understand what people in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, or twentieth dimension are doing. So everything is relative. We might understand more or less what other people on Earth are doing, we might have a greater feeling that they are doing right or they are doing wrong, but how could we possibly attempt to understand what twentieth-dimension people are doing? You cannot comprehend the concepts of another dimension unless you have had some experience of that dimension.

Actually you can get an idea, a rough idea, from thinking that everything is vibration. One end we call "feel", a bit further we say "sound", higher up still it is "sight". Everything is vibration, on any planet, on any system, or any universe, so that gives us some faint illustration of other dimensions. It is rare indeed

for a person to feel a sound or see a sound, yet they are all vibrations, all part of the same scale. There are entities who can see sound, there are animals who can hear different sounds, those which are beyond human range. Dogs, for instance, will respond to a whistle which is completely silent to humans. Cats see colours on a different spectrum; cats, for example, see red as silver. But to give another slight illustration which might help, try to work out this for yourself:

We have a person who was born blind. Now, you have the task of explaining to that person who was born blind the difference between red and pink, or between yellow and orange. How are you going to do that? You can't. There is no way in which you can explain to a blind person the difference between yellow and orange, or amber and brown. You could possibly explain the difference between red and green if the person was extremely sensitive and could feel the difference. But you work that out - you want to know what other dimensions are like, so cut off a dimension that you know, cut off sight. Then how are you going to explain to a person who has never known sight the difference between pink and red?

Supposing you have a person who is completely deaf; how are you going to get that person to appreciate the difference between two fairly similar musical notes? Not so easy, eh? So unless you can give me answers to my questions I cannot tell you of the experiences of the ninth dimension.

right or wrong

Here is a question which will make your hair stand on end, so ladies, put on your bath hats; gentlemen, if you are bald, your hair will be standing up on your bald skulls! Here is the question: "According to the Zen philosophers there really is no right or wrong thereby eliminating the need for judgment."

Can you answer that? Well, I see the point behind it, and the answer is this: on the Greater scale of things "right" and "wrong" are completely different from what they are on Earth. Here there are certain rules or laws which have to be obeyed for what is commonly thought of as the common good. For example, it is not right to steal, so a man, in theory at least, should starve to death rather than steal money to buy food.

If a man is smoking and for some reason he puts his still alight pipe in his trousers pocket and sets his trousers on fire, then in theory he shouldn't pull them off - because then he would be naked and he would offend public decency, and he could in fact be charged with "indecent exposure". So, according to law, a man should be definitely hotted up in all the best places

rather than expose himself to the lewd gaze when his trousers were on fire. Which do you consider right?

While on the subject of indecencies, in some places the lady must keep her face covered from the gaze of all mankind. She can leave the lower part of her body quite uncovered and still be decent. Yet in other parts of the world she can have her face bare but the lower part of her body must be covered, otherwise she is very much in disgrace. So what is right, in one part of the world is wrong in another. Right and wrong are man - made precepts, and these have no basis of stability beyond the Earth. At the same time, if one is judging oneself in the Hall of Memories - one has had to go according to the rules in force during One's lifetime. It would not matter in the least if you had transgressed (overtrått) against the purely artificial laws, for instance, if you had removed your clothes in public - that would not be an offence in the Greater Reality of the astral world. Anyway, Christians believe that Man is made in the image of God and yet they make an awful hullabaloo if a person appears naked, but why? Are they saying that God is indecent (uanstendig)? But anyway, that is just a personal thought of mine.

What does matter in One's "judgment" is that you have to answer - - Have you harmed another person? Have you helped another person? As examples of this, a person had a job, which you coveted (begjærte). You very much wanted that job, you could see yourself exactly fitting into that Position, and so you made a little plot against the incumbent of that Position so that he was discharged from his employment and you took it in his place. Now that, of course, is a sin, because that is going against a law of the Universe, which is "Do no harm unto others". But if you told a little white lie in order to help a person get a job which he really could do, then that lie would not be an offence, it would be good!

basic truths, basic rules

Far away, above all the trumpety laws and regulations of mankind, there are basic truths, basic rules which we transgress only at our peril. The laws of Man on Earth are not made for the individual but for the majority, and so that the best interests of a majority can be served often a law will appear to inflict hardship upon the individual. Never mind, that is one of the things we have to put up with if we are crazy enough to live in communities because liberty is a relative term. If we were free to do anything at all, then we could go into anyone's house, take anything we wanted, do anything we wanted, and then we would be entirely "free". Actually, that would not be to the benefit of the community as a whole and so there are laws to protect the majority against the minority, and we break those laws at our peril, peril

on Earth, that is; most of them don't matter the slightest beyond this Earth. What does it matter, for instance, if a person buys a packet of cigarettes in England after eight o'clock in the evening? What does it matter if, in Canada, a person buys a newspaper on a Sunday? All these are childish stupid things, but somebody had an idea somewhere even if nobody knows what the sense of the said law now is!

All life is a school

Here is another question: I understand that entities of the fourth and other dimensions are all very busily occupied in helping souls in this, the third dimension, and they stay exclusively helping us upon this world. What do they get out of it?

No, of course that is not true! Let us consider life, all life, as a school - - of course somebody will write to me and say, "Oh, you are repeating yourself, you've told us all this before. But obviously I couldn't have told it very clearly or people wouldn't still be asking me about it, so you people who want to write and complain, just be quiet for a bit, will you?"

All life is a school, then. Different classes, different grades. We on this Earth happen to be in Grade Three (third dimension). People in the fourth dimension are in Grade Four. People in the fifth dimension are in Grade Five. Now tell me seriously, thinking back to your own school days, can you truthfully say that the students in Grade Five at your school were very interested in staying on and helping the students in Grade Three? More likely the Grade Five, students thought the Grade Three students were crummy little punks who were beneath even a contemptuous notice. That is so, isn't it? So let me tell you this: there are certain people who are teachers who are unfortunate enough to be persuaded to "volunteer" to come to Grade Three to teach the crummy little punks in this class, and when they get down to Grade Three they find that the students are not at all anxious to learn (were you anxious to learn when you were at school?), so the teacher gets all sorts of nasty things said about him and eventually he gets really fed up with the whole procedure, and he says to the Headmaster, "Well Boss, I can't stick all these punks, I have to go to a different class or I shall go, even crazier. Where can you move me?"

So take it from me, the teachers on the Earth - teachers from other dimensions - are trying hard to do something to help the people in Grade Three, help the people in the third dimension. And if the people in the third dimension would be a bit more appreciative (takknemlige) - they would get on much faster because there comes a time when even the best of teachers get sick and tired of continual persecut-

ion (forfølgelse) and wants to move on.

God - the manu - and the overself

Now I have been taken to task, not for the first time and not for the last, but I have had a comment: "Oh, but you can't leave it like that!! People will not at all understand what you mean by "God". In some places you say that God is a concept and in other places you say that God is a person. How are you going to account for that?"

Oh dear, oh dear, troubles never come singly, do they? Well, there are Gods and Gods. The average person prays to his or her "God". Actually the prayers are going on the first - class route to the Overself, but if you want to get a bit higher up then you can pray to the Manu of the planet. Or, if you have "connections" up there, you can pray to the Manu of this whole Universe. As I have tried to make clear in my books (apparently without any success!) the God - system is very much like a multiple store or a chain of stores where you have each branch manager as "God" to his cohorts or hirelings. But all the departmental managers or branch managers look upon the President or Chairman of the Company as "God". So let's try to get this clear; one can pray to, a person whom one regards as "God". He may be the Overself, he may be a Manu, or he may be a Chief Manu, or he may even be the God of the Universe. But he is not the "top God" by any means. The "top God" is something completely different, something which one can only regard as a concept at the present time because, as I have already been telling you, you cannot discuss, nine or ten or twenty dimensional things in three - dimensional concepts. So go on regarding your God as a person or entity, but keeping clear in your mind that there is something very, very much higher than all this.

Fear

Answering a question on fear - whats the cause of fear?

«...lets go back to art - if we see something beautiful - we appreciate it, we like it, we get pleasure from it. But if we see something terrible - what shall I say? A picture of devilish tortures? - whatever it may be, if it is a terrible, beastly, horrible thing it depresses our vibrations and we get to thinking, "Oh, suppose that should happen to me!" Then immediately it sets up a chain reaction in our vibratory make - up and the unpleasant vibration, which we call fear - feeds upon itself and produces more fear.

You get the same thing sometimes when people pass a graveyard at midnight and something stirs. The

hair on the back of their necks sticks up and there is a great temptation to start off at a run because the imagination lowers the vibrations so that one is susceptible to impressions from the lower astral of disembodied spirits, bodies in coffins and all the rest of it, and we think that such things could happen to us, we think that a ghost is going to come out and bite us behind, or some - thing. Well, we think about that and we fail to be rational about it, and so the fear grows and grows. In other words, the vibrations become lower and lower and we become gloomier and gloomier.

Fear is nothing but uncontrolled imagination. If you want to overcome fear just be certain that nothing is going to hurt you. Nothing can hurt you!! Tell yourself that you are an immortal soul and although it is possible for someone to temporarily damage your clothes or your body - that will not hurt the essential you. The less you fear - the less you will have fear, so that in the end you can discipline yourself so much that fear does not exist, cannot exist in your make - up. Then you will know contentment and satisfaction, then you will walk with your head up and your shoulders back (unless you live in a wheelchair!).

Drugs and out-of-the-body experiences

Now, listen to this - "You have described how drugs can do great harm to one's spirituality. Can such damage be repaired within a lifetime? You say, also, that one should never take drugs, but surely you will agree that many people have secured out-of-the-body experiences by the use of drugs, have secured spiritual enlightenment through the use of drugs. I believe you are wrong when you say that drugs are harmful. What do you say about that?"

Yes, ma'am, I do say that drugs are wrong. Drugs are the work of the devil himself because if you take drugs, then you are altering your vibrations artificially and are making it almost impossible (I said "almost") to develop spiritually without the aid of such props (støttebjelker).

Drugs are terrible things indeed and they definitely stain (setter flekker på...) your astral body and impair (skader) your physical body.

Do you believe that athletes should be given drugs to make them run faster or jump higher? Do you believe that people should take Benzedrine tablets to keep them going longer? If you do - you should read some of the police reports. For an illustration I will tell you about long - distance truck drivers; these men drive vast distances every day and, naturally, they get tired. So many of them have been in the habit of tak-

ing drugs or, as they term them, "goof - balls", and police records and insurance statistics quite irrefutably prove that the use of these drugs causes accidents, death, and mental impairment. Now if drug firms could do so with safety they would sell all manner of drugs, they are in the business to make money, but it is stupid to go on serving stuff like - LSD, goof - balls, and the like, and then find that they are injuring the health of so many people. I say that drugs should be quite definitely banned.

But those who have taken drugs, what hope have they? They have every hope provided they most rigidly abstain from taking drugs any more, provided they eat sensibly and drink sensibly, and provided they do not go in for too many forms of abuse - self - abuse, that is. No one is "beyond the pale". Everyone can be helped if they want to be helped. So if any of you who are drug addicts really want to "kick the habit", then you can "kick the habit" and by the time you get to the Other Side, you will find that your astral form has recovered from the psychic shock of your physical drug addiction.

I do want to say something here about suicide because of late I have been shocked at the number of people who have written to me saying that they have been on drugs and they see no way out except to commit suicide. Well, my goodness me! Suicide is very very wrong indeed. You harm yourself, and you have to come back to much worse conditions if you commit suicide. If you have difficulties which make you think about suicide, then talk over the matter with a priest, or even with the Salvation Army, or look in the telephone directory and find some Association or Society connected with Welfare with whom you can discuss your problems. So let me emphasize as I have emphasized so often in the past - never contemplate suicide. Never commit suicide. You are hurting yourself if you do. If you commit suicide, well, you have abandoned help. If you stay alive there is always some way out of your problem. Suicide is not a way out because - I repeat - you come back to harder conditions.

Every person goes through every sign of the Zodiac

Now another question: "How is it that some people come to one sign of the Zodiac and some to another sign? if we come as a Taurus person how can we appreciate the problems of a Cancer person or a Leo person or a Scorpio person, or something else? I don't understand this problem about how we come under different signs of the Zodiac. Will you tell us?'

Yes, I can tell you. Every person goes through every sign of the Zodiac, and there are twelve signs. And

every person has to live through each quadrant of the Zodiac. So you can be just entering the sign of Libra in one life, then in another life (not necessarily the next) you can be right midway in the sign of Libra, and in yet another life you can be just leaving the sign of Libra, or, of course, all the other signs of the Zodiac. So you have to live through every sign and every part of the sign - so that you get full experience of each of the signs.

the darkest hour before the dawn

Question: "Tell us about the future. Are we in the West all going to be «in for it», or will things suddenly brighten for us? Tell us, will you? I've just bought a place up in the Rockies in Washington State, I am having a house built there, and I am hoping to be free of all troubles. Will I be?"

Well, we have to remember that everything comes in cycles. Imagine that you are watching a great big pendulum. The pendulum is at the top of its stroke. Let us say you are facing this pendulum and it is up at the top of its stroke on the right - hand side. Then you release it, and it moves down and eventually it reaches its lowest point, and then it rises to go up to its highest point. Then it reverses and comes down to the lowest point, and up again. Life - existence - is like that. You get a Golden Age and then people are too self - satisfied so things get worse and worse, things get lower and lower just like the pendulum on its downward swing. And then, when it is nearly at the bottom of its swing, you get the negation of all liberties, you get Communism when people get horribly sick of being dictated to. After that they strive again for freedom and so, just as the pendulum moved to the upward stroke, people strive for more spirituality and they work hard at it, they put aside their petty bickering, they put aside their fighting, conditions improve. Eventually (omsider) life becomes quite pleasant, then it becomes exceedingly good, better and better. And so we come again to a Golden Age, an Age in which people get complacent, too self - satisfied, too content. So they sit back, they've got everything, there is nothing more to work for. And then the pendulum starts on its downward swing again, and so people find hardship coming, they find Communism comes again, and so we get the same thing cycle after cycle.

Now upon this Earth we are having a hard time. The pendulum is still going down, and it has to go down still further before it can go higher, but cheer up - the Communism the world will know - will not be so severe as that which initiated that evil cult or policy into this world, because each time conditions get a little better. So - we are approaching the darkest

hour before the dawn, but after the darkest hour shafts of light will shine across the sky, the gloom will end, the day will dawn, and again we shall come to the Golden Age. But at the end of the day the night will fall again, to be followed by gloom and darkness until again dawn will burst upon the world and life will become brighter and brighter until, with increasing complacency and self - satisfaction, conditions will deteriorate. And so until the end of Time the Earth and all worlds have these cycles of good and bad, and good and bad. So be of good cheer because no one is ever alone or deserted. There is always hope, so keep that in mind. You can be as good as you want to be. You can be helped at any time if you really want to be.

More extracts from T.LOBSANG RAMPA's book - published in 1973:

« CANDLELIGHT » part II:

Transmigration - WALK-IN

Well, what's the next question?' (page 96)

Q: "Many people ask serious questions and they don't get any answers. They ask about this business of transmigration (kroppssbytte - i dag mer kjent i newage - kretser under navnet WALK - IN). Well, actually, what is it? How is it done?"

A: "But good gracious me, I have gone into this so much that I am thoroughly sick of the whole thing. It is all given in my books, you know, and it is incredible to me that you cannot get down to it and read the books. That is why they are written! But what is transmigration?"

"Well, it is a cross - migrate (kryssvandring). It just means that one soul leaves one body and takes over another body, which has just at that same instant been vacated (forlatt) by its previous occupant. There is nothing at all difficult in it. It is done very frequently. But let us start a bit further back. (its like a man finding another man scraping his still usable car - and that more sober person thinking «this car can still run quite a time» - and bringing it home for some renovation - and later other people seeing the wellknown car running - thinking the same old owner is driving, but not now so! R.Ø.remark.)

"If we are to believe in a God or in a Supreme Being of any kind then we must believe in the essential goodness, the essential fairness of such a Being. Now if we are to believe that - and I am only putting it like this because you are so appallingly ignorant of the whole thing - then surely we have a right to expect

that a beneficent God will be fair to all, so why should a person be born to a very high estate and have everything he wants, have no troubles, no persecution from the Press, no hatred, and another person of about the same age is born perhaps with serious illness and in poverty, and at the same time press hoodlums persecute him if he looks the wrong way or something? They both live and they both die, one to acclaim (applauding), one to sorrow. If we are to believe in a just God that cannot be, and in any case, there are definite evidences established cases, where bodies have been switched over. You see, bodies are just vehicles. The Western science is now groping towards the truth, which the Easterner has known for centuries. Man is a vehicle of a Higher Being, Man is controlled by a soul or Overself - call it what you like. Let us call it a soul because unless you have studied this a bit you could be led astray. I think you have been led astray by being a member of the Press, but that is another thing altogether. However, when a person is in the soul state, he is in a much more glorious state, a state where he cannot suffer pain or suffer from vindictive (ondskapsfull forfølgelse) persecution, but it may be necessary for him to learn something and the only way to learn, really, is by a certain amount of suffering. Suffering can be overdone, from my own experience I say that it can be overdone. But this soul selects a body to occupy when it comes down to this Earth. If you want to go touring then you select a car which will give you ample power and will carry you safely through possibly the backwoods. You will have a car which is proved to be of a reliable type, you want a good plodding work - horse of a car. Or if you want to go in for racing you will have a much more temperamental affair for race cars are temperamental indeed. But just as you would select a car for the conditions you have in mind and for the things you want to do, so the soul selects a body which will give him the range of experience he has to endure or surmount.

Now when one is on the Other Side of life much can be seen of probabilities on this Earth. It is much the same as one can be on the ground in a little wood with trees all around you. You think you are in a vast forest, you can't see very far because you have this wood about you, and perhaps you are circumscribed by a river or perhaps you may be on a small island. If you are, then that island may be as your entire world, but if you pass over in an aeroplane you think - that mighty forest, well, it is just really a small copse (kratt). The island, which was your entire world, is just a spot in somebody's farm lot. That is how you would see things from the Other Side of life.

Of course, jealous authors and idiotic pressmen are a decided nuisance when one is on this Earth, but they will have to go through it themselves in a future life. It might teach them something, and if it doesn't they will come back time after time until they do learn. But this is taking us away from transmigration, so let us get back to our cars.

Let us say you are touring and you have reached some distant place. Circumstances urgently require that you should do something necessitating a special type of vehicle. It might be a race car, it might even be a bulldozer, but the whole point is that you, the soul of the car, get out of your touring car and you, the soul, move over to - - what shall we say? A racing car or a bulldozer? - let us say you move over to the bulldozer. You get in the thing, you do certain actions, and the bulldozer bursts into life. You, the soul, make known to the machine that which you need to have done. You steer the vehicle, you pick up all sorts of impressions from it, especially if you drop the thing into a big dip (fordypning)! But you are in much the same position as a soul taking over a different body.

Q: "Yes, but why should a man want to take over the body of another? That is a thing people ask - why does one person take over the body of another?"

A: "I thought it was perfectly obvious. I have tried to make it clear enough. But let us take the instance to which you are so obliquely referring. Here we have a person who most desperately needed a body so that he could continue with a task which had been set for him by others, a task not at all of his choice, not at all to his liking, but a task set at the insistence of others. His own body, through the cruelty of humans, was in danger of collapse. His own body was too old, too tattered, and too unsatisfactory for the task to be carried out through its assistance.

Now let us look at the other body; that was of a person who was heartily sick of life, a very sensitive person whose sensitivities had been beaten down by many unfortunate circumstances in his own life. He was a defeated (nederlagstynget) man, a failure, if you like, but what may seem to be a failure to you was not a failure in his case. He may be the gainer in this, and you, who have tried to impede the task, well, you sure will be the loser. But anyway, this other body had a soul who was sick of living on Earth, who, some time before, had taken a wrong Path and so he knew that his own task would not be completed in that particular life. He had contemplated suicide, he hoped to die, he wished that he could will himself to death, he wasn't happy. Yet his particular body vibrated on a fundamental harmonic of that other body which was falling to pieces. It was a body which

would be compatible (forenlig).

Let me digress for a moment and remind you that you may like a car very much indeed, and then you may get into another car, and it will remind you strongly of the car you just left, you get on with that particular car. But if you had moved from your own car to the famous brand X, you might have found that it just did not suit your own temperament. So, while it would work just as it would for everyone else, you still would not be entirely at ease with it, not entirely happy with it, and all the time you would wish you had something better to suit you, more compatible with you, not necessarily better engineering or better condition, but something better in the compatibility line. So in this instance this particular person was able to contact the occupant of a body and an arrangement was made. You will find it all in «The Rampa Story» so why we have to keep on groaning away about this particular subject I just don't understand. It has been written, it has been discussed, and throughout living history there have been many cases of transmigration.

Q: Yes, that seems clear enough but it still isn't absolutely clear why this particular body was taken.

A: I confess that I am not at all clear about your question! Supposing Body Y had been taken instead of Body Z, for example. You would have been asking the same thing again why take that body? But I have already tried to make it clear to you; because the two bodies had a fundamental frequency, a fundamental vibration, because they were compatible with each other, because the «controls» were Similar, because, as controls were similar, immediate take-over would be easy, because the body was there ready to be vacated, and because the person was so willing and anxious. What more can one say? The significance of this case is that the body was there at the right time for the right purpose and so it was not necessary to be like the gentleman of old who wailed and wailed, crying, «My horse, my horse, my kingdom for a horse!» The «horse» or, more properly, «vehicle» was there. And that is all there is to it. The fact that the person was married was just a side issue and - well, I suppose it wasn't adequately considered, and as it turned out, things were entirely satisfactory.

By the way, you know, you are asking a lot of questions. Now, why shouldn't I ask a question or two and get your answers? So here is something, which I want to know: You and I have been quite good friends and I thought there was loyalty in friendship. I have tried to help you, but ever since we heard this affair, this report, your attitude has been very antagonistic (fientlig). But I am the same per-

son. There is nothing coming out now that didn't come out some twelve or thirteen years ago, so why have you changed? We have heard that some jealous person and his immature cohorts are going to write a book about me, because this particular person feels resentful (ergelig) that my books sell. Well, I am still wondering why your attitude has changed so much, why you seem so antagonistic towards me. I am not antagonistic towards you, because I can see a bit further than the mere superficial shell which surrounds most people. So, do you have any worthwhile comment, which I can put in the book, which I am writing for the English reading world? You see, for many years I have been attacked and attacked by a moronic type of person who knows nothing about the subject, who has never bothered to read my books. For example, some several years ago a boy committed suicide in England and just because a copy of You - Forever was found near him, the book was labelled «the murder book». But I state definitely in all my books that I am greatly opposed to suicide. Suicide is no way out, it is the way back. And yet the Press, of which you are a member; attacked me and said that I was encouraging suicides. I got in touch with the Press in England and challenged them to show me any place in any of my books where I in any way encouraged or condoned suicide. They did not take up my challenge. Now, are you going to take up my challenge? Have you truly read all my books? All the salient (framtrædende) facts about me are given in The Rampa Story. Have you read it? Then, if you have read it, why has your attitude changed so much towards me? Now it seems to me that you regard me as some particularly offensive effluvia (utslipp), which the dog has just dragged in. I have my feelings just as you do, perhaps even a little more. So, there it is. Now the ball is passed to you.

Why don't I remember my out - of - body experiences?»

But let us leave that for the moment and get on with these other things which apparently puzzle the great brains of the Press.

“You say, I believe, «Why don't I remember my out - of - body experiences?»

I get a lot of letters and a tremendous number of people who have read my books write to me and tell me that they now do remember their out - of - body experiences. So, as one progresses, one does remember. Once you remember properly then you always remember properly. The thing is this; down on Earth the average person is not meant to remember his out - of - body experiences, nor is he intended to remember what he or she was in a past life or a past, past life, and that is rightly so because if a man had

been a king in a far - distant life and he was now a beggar, then he would find his position intolerable, it might even make him too much of an arrogant beggar. So isn't it true that there is somewhere a sentence written about those, who having drunk of the Waters of Leith, forget the past that they may live in the present in preparation for the future? I have read something about it. But it is a kind provision of Nature, or of God, if you like, to give people temporary forgetfulness of the past so that they may live in the future, and the present.

You see, I started this off by saying that if we are to believe in a good God, then we have to believe that there must be some sort of recompense for those who come as beggars and sufferers. Otherwise, if there is only one life, how can you, Mr. Pressman, explain the fairness of a God who lets one person come as a very wealthy man - with all the position and power he wants and no troubles, and another comes as a deformed person, perhaps even mentally impaired, and in poverty? If there is only one life, then quite clearly it would be an injustice to the under - privileged person, and too much favouritism for the one who had everything. Of course - that is just one aspect of the thing. There are various proofs, which have been established, in Indian religions about the truth of reincarnation. Christianity, you know, is quite a modern religion compared to some of the Indian religions, and actually the Indian religions are the fore - runners of the Christian. It is known that Christ took over the body of Jesus - «And the Spirit of the Lord entered unto Jesus» - and then Christ «wandered in the Wilderness». Sure He did, He went to the Far East, He went through India, He went through Tibet, He met with the wise men of the time, and He formulated from all the religions He had studied a religion which at that time seemed to be most suitable for the people of that time. So that Christianity, as devised by Christ, was a mixture of Oriental religions as well as the religions of Mythology.

But then in about the Year 60 many of the priests who rushed to jump on the band - wagon and get in on the ground floor, so to speak, thought they were losing power because of the simplicity and purity of the Christian religion, and so they messed about with the religion. They decided what they were going to have taught, and in many cases it was the complete opposite of what Christ taught. Christ was not a woman hater, He did not think that women were unclean. In fact if you study the real records you will find that Christ was a married man with a family, but that is a fact that is carefully, carefully hidden, and Christian «experts» like to keep such information from the ordinary people because they think that

Christianity would then lose some of its mystique. (as said in the TALMUD JMMANUEL. R.Ø.anm.)

But you still cannot get over this business of reincarnation? Well, I am not going to prove anything. There is proof, you know, there quite definitely is proof, but I have found in the past few years - that one just cannot prove anything to a person who doesn't want to have the proof. It is like taking a horse to the water; you can take the creature to the water but you can't make him drink. If you try to he just chokes. So I say there is proof of reincarnation for those who will study Eastern and Oriental religions, but if you people can't even bother to read my books before condemning (fordømmer) me - then how are you going to study Hindu, Brahmin, Muslim, etc., religions? The best that you can do is to just give it up and wait until bitter experience teaches you that there is a bit more to all this than you had thought up to the present.

reincarnation

Now, you have a question here, which I thought I had already answered.

Q: "What am I doing wrong? Why are we not taught about the fact of living again and again?"

A: But surely we have already been dealing with all that almost ad nauseam! Wait a minute - where is that question again? - «Why are we not taught about the fact of living again and again?»

Well, people used to be, and I am referring to Christian people now. It used to be a part of the Christian doctrine. People puzzle over, «In my Father's house there are many mansions,» but they do not understand what it really means. What it actually means is many planes of existence, many levels of astral life.

In the old days when Christianity started and when it was formed from some of the Indian religions, reincarnation was taught, the whole mechanism of it was taught, and it is still taught in Eastern countries. But unfortunately, Christians regard Christianity as the only doctrine or teaching - which can possibly be considered. So if you say, «Why are we not taught - ?» I can say, «But you are taught. It is just that some of your teachers try to obscure the issue.» Christianity is not the biggest religion numerically, so it doesn't become the most important...»

So from page 108 :

Senses beyond the normal

...some of the aborigines in Australia can track a man several days after he passed that way when there is no sign of anything at all unusual to the average

white man.

So if a person is going to develop and retain special abilities he has to live alone. If he mixes too much, then his sensitivities become blunted (sløvet). You find monks living as recluses (eneboere) will get increased power. They become telepathic or clairvoyant, but they call it communing with God or similar. Actually it is just that which happens in the normal course of events.

But if you wish to develop then, you have to be alone and that is about all there is to it. Perhaps I should say that what really happens, is that when you get a lot of people together, you get some with negative auras, others with positive auras, some with strong thoughts and some with bad thoughts, everything is mixed up and it leads to a depletion (uttømming) of nervous energy. How many times have you felt drained, depleted, tired out - after going and mixing with a lot of people? Suppose you go to a big party, everyone is drinking and chattering and dancing about from place to place. It may be all right while you are there, but afterwards you feel drained, you get a hang-over or something and you think it is solely the fault of the alcohol, but it is not; it is through draining of the nervous energy through mixing with so many people of conflicting auras.

Suppose you got a whole bunch of magnets and you tossed them in a pile together. Some would cling to some, and others would be repelled, depending, of course, on which way their poles were facing, that is, whether they were positive or negative. And people are just the same as that, because the vehicle called a human is, after all, just an electric device. There are brain waves - well, it is admitted nowadays that there are brain waves, it is admitted that thoughts can be charted with squiggly (snirklede) lines on paper and brain voltages can be readily measured. So all these are in conflict when they are too mixed up with the others.

Every person has a basic note - I might call it a music note - except that some of the frequencies are not too musical after all - but every person emits a noise, a noise like static with a hum behind it. You may have heard something like this if you got close to a bee hive. But people buzz, and tick and hum, and humans are so utterly used to it that they no longer notice it. In the same way, every race has its own distinctive smell. White people cannot get too close to black people, they say, because they allege (heveder) that the black people smell, but usually the black people are far too polite to turn around to the white person and say, «Well you stink a jolly sight worse!» But it is true. Everyone has their own race - smell upon which is superimposed that person's own particular aroma, and every person also emit a note,

which can be detected by instruments and the note is the note of that person's race - on which is superimposed the person's identity - note. The two may result in harmony or discord, and if it is discord, then the person is very hard to associate with - because one has the feeling of being badly drained, one has the feeling that always in association with that person there is an unfortunate clash of personalities.

meditation

Q: "What do you really think about meditation?"

A: Meditation is a very real, very necessary thing. American researchers have recently found that when a person is in a state of meditation his general metabolic responses are considerably affected, his blood changes, his general being changes, and all this can be detected very readily by instruments. The worst thing about meditation is all the rubbish being written about it. All these cults, correspondence courses, etc., etc., are absolutely unnecessary, you don't need all this guff to help you to meditate. It seems that the only help is to help the bank account of the one who is teaching meditation. Meditation is natural, it is as natural as breathing, it is as natural as thinking. But the fantastic tales which go around about how to meditate and what meditation is - well, it is enough to put anyone off. One of the biggest difficulties, of course, is that there are so many fakes in occult work, but that again is the fault of people - because if people as a whole would be more open - minded, then definite research could be done in the matter of investigating what was genuine and what was not genuine. This is a thing about which I feel very strongly. We send men into space, which is quite unnecessary, because it could all be done by astral travel with far, far better results. But anyway, men are sent into space but no money at all is being spent on investigation of what comes after death. Is there really astral travel? I know there is, of course, but it could be investigated for the ordinary man or woman in the street. If scientists would keep an open mind, then those with genuine abilities would gladly cooperate to demonstrate their abilities.

The spiritual blind pressmen - again

Now we get a case where a self - styled «researcher» browbeats a genuine psychic person and says, «Okay you perform for me and I'll do my best to prove you are a fake. I don't believe what you do and I will prove that it is all a fake.» In such conditions, proof cannot be given - because some of the occult sciences are very delicate things indeed, very fragile things indeed, they have to have the right conditions. You wouldn't suddenly say to a

photographer, «Okay, I'm coming into the darkroom with you to see exactly what you are doing,» and then go into the darkroom and switch on all the lights. That would ruin whatever the photographer was trying to do, and it would be too stupid for words. So, if there is to be proof, there would have to be researchers who were sympathetic. They would not have to commit themselves to believing mind, but they would have to be sympathetic, they would have to keep an open mind and be ready to accept. It is the brutality of the present «investigation» that shocks the psychics into refusing to co-operate, and of course the Press must bear the greatest responsibility for that - because they come along with their blaring trumpeting voices and their hard-boiled sceptical attitudes and they are not ready to believe anything, even if it is proved. If a thing is proved beyond any genuine doubt, then the Press will insist that there must be trickery somewhere and it's just too bad that for the moment they can't point out where or what it is.

Anyway, the time will come when it will be necessary to carry out a proper investigation into what is death, what comes after death. The Press say you can't weigh a soul; no, but who wants to, a soul is in a different dimension, they are using the wrong yardstick. Everyone consists of a bunch of vibrations just as a radio signal is, in effect, a vibration or a frequency or a wavelength. Humans are on part of a certain spectrum. While down here on Earth we have weight, we can feel resistance if we poke something which we consider to be solid. But if we go into a different dimension then the things that down here are solid are no longer solid, in fact they may be so insubstantial that they cannot be perceived at all. A similar thing happens to the other side of the scale; a soul departs from a body - but it is on a different time, a different dimension, and so the crude three-dimensional equipment cannot detect it.

“When we get scientists who will listen to the advice of occultists as to how things can be tested, then indeed adequate proof will be coming forward because there are genuine occultists. There are, of course, many fakes, but there are quite definitely thousands of genuinely occult people who can do what they claim to do. They should be preserved and the fakes should be weeded out.

Q: “How do you say one should learn to meditate?”

A: I have gone into that quite a lot in my books. There is no difficulty at all in it. The main difficulty is caused by people who won't believe how easy it is. They want to work hard at it and so they are so busy working hard at it that they don't get results. If you want to know how to meditate then read my

books. After all, even the Press should read the books before they attempt to express any opinion, because if they just blare out an accusation without having read the books - then how can they possibly know what they are talking about? Not that they do in any case, but let us be fairly polite even to the Pressmen.

Astral travel and dreams

Q: “What is this astral travel stuff you are always talking about? Is there anything to it?”

A: Yes, there most definitely is, there absolutely definitely is. But it is a very difficult thing to explain to a person who doesn't want to believe, wherein the case of a sighted person trying to explain to one who was born blind the difference between, let us say, orange and pink, or two shades of green. How would you explain to a person who had never had sight what was the difference between cabbage green and a lettuce green? Or the difference in colour between an orange and a lemon? How would you set about it?

I have already said that you can liken the human body to a motor vehicle, and the soul or astral body, whichever you like to call it, can be likened unto the driver of the vehicle. Now, if you go out driving and then you return you switch off the engine of your car and the car stays in a certain spot. You get out and go somewhere else. That is just how it is in astral travel.

The physical body is tired out, perhaps; you might have done a little work trying to chase up a scandal story or something and then you have had a lot of entertainment. After that you are tired and so you come home and you go to bed. That is like parking your car, you have parked your vehicle when you go to bed. Then you switch off, in other words, you go to sleep. But the driver, your soul, or your astral form, whichever you want to call it, leaves the body and goes elsewhere, it goes to a plane of existence where there are others also doing astral travel. Of course you come back to your body because you have a link, what is called the Silver Cord, which can be likened to a carrier wave in a radio programme - on which the ordinary programme is superimposed.

You get out of your physical body, then, and you travel away somewhere into the astral world. There you may meet a person whom you are going to meet in the flesh the next day, and you discuss things with that person. Then when you are back in the flesh and in the presence of the person you think, «Funny thing! I'm sure I have lived through all this before!» if you have done that, if you have made your contact in the astral, then your meeting goes very much more smoothly as if it were foreordained, which it probably was. Many of the world's most successful men know

the secret, consciously or unconsciously, of astral travel, and they are able to make contacts in the astral so they pre - plan and prepare that which is going to be accomplished on the Earth plane in the Earth body in the following days. Because they prepared everything so thoroughly - there is no problem, everything runs smoothly, all decisions are cut and dried, and everyone «falls into place» with clockwork precision.

Oh yes, definitely there is such a thing as astral travel. It is a very simple matter, anyone can do it if they have faith and the patience to try a few elementary steps. But of course if you are going to start off with a whole load of disbelief and dislike and all that sort of thing, then you will not remember your astral travels. I state quite definitely that everyone does astral travel because you wouldn't imagine a fellow parking his car and just sitting in the thing until next day, would you? He would have to get out and stretch his legs. He would have to get out and have food or something. In just the same way every person gets out of the body and into the astral, but many people do not remember their experiences because they are afraid to or because they don't believe in such things.

Some people have dreams. Now frequently the dreams are rationalizations of what actually happened. The person is a doubter to start with and just would not believe the possibility of astral travel, and so as a solution to what would be a difficult problem the sub - conscious of the doubter cooks up a fantastic image or dream which truly is stranger than anything that could happen in real life. Dreams, then, are either the rationalization of an astral experience or the mindless wandering thoughts of a body of which the soul or astral form is away, away so far that no check is being kept in the mental processes of the sleeping form.

Again I say, yes, you can do astral travel consciously. Everyone can do it when they sleep. Not everyone remembers it. People with a little training can do it while they are awake. It is very very interesting. The biggest difficulty is that you cannot carry anything with you, which is a bit inconvenient (ubekvemt) at times.

pollution

So you want to ask more questions, do you? Well, in this instance I will answer your questions because as I said, I propose to use this material in the book which I am now writing for the English version and which I started about a month ago. Your first question then:

Q: "What is your comment on pollution, its causes, its problems, its effect, and its solution?"

A: Undoubtedly there is a very grave problem with pollution, but of course everything is entirely man-made. Nature doesn't cause pollution, Nature tried to overcome pollution. First of all Man is depleting the atmosphere of oxygen. In Brazil one of the rain forests is being cut down and it is estimated that if that is done, as now planned, there will be in thirty years time one third less oxygen in the air than there is today. That is a very serious thing indeed because the less the oxygen, the more the pollution. So humans are committing suicide in bulk (stort omfang).

"There are other problems, which arise when forests are cut down. The Americans found that after they cut down their wooded areas they had dust bowls as the result. Trees, in addition to providing oxygen for the atmosphere, also hold the top soil together. The roots of a tree go deep into the top soil and hold the soil together so that it cannot blow away. The trees also help in the conservation of moisture in the soil. They keep the ground alive. But when the trees are cut down there is nothing to hold the soil together, the nature of the whole area changes and it becomes more arid. And so the soil dries out and because of the lack of moisture the grains of earth do not adhere together. The winds come and there is nothing to stop the winds, and they sweep across the face of the barren earth carrying off the soil. It may be blown into the rivers, it may be blown into the sea, but anyway in just a short time what was a fertile healthy region, becomes a barren desert made so by Man. One of the biggest troubles with the earth is this awful petroleum muck; that is indeed a curse. Steam engines are the things because steam does not pollute and the moisture in steam returns to the earth and helps it, whereas the horrid fumes of petroleum products poison everything, everything. Look at a jet plane taking off or landing, look at the filthy (skitne) stuff spewing out astern dropping an oily film over everything in its path.

"Fifty Years ago there were steam propelled motor vehicles, the old Stanley Steamer for example; well, nothing can approach that at the present time. The Stanley Steamer was extremely comfortable and exceptionally fast, it had great power and it did not at any time under any condition pollute the atmosphere nor pollute the earth. But vested interests - money - mad men - killed the steam car and instead started a bit of race suicide by producing petroleum - run engines, leading to cancer and all the other types of illness to which mankind is now so very prone.

"If mankind, with its insensate lust for money, goes on producing all these devilish chemicals and

synthetics, then soon there will be no life on this earth. Many of the synthetic compounds are lethal (dødelige) indeed. Our lakes and rivers are polluted.

They are just masses of flowing poison. In many areas people can no longer bathe in the rivers nor swim from the beaches because the pollution is so bad. Ships making landfall encounter great masses of floating garbage, seamen can tell right away when they are approaching land, they don't need radio because they can tell by the discolouration of the waters miles from the land.

You ask what can be the solution. Well, there is a solution, you know, there is a solution to all our problems. Mankind will have to return to a religion. It doesn't matter what religion it is as long as it is a religion - because religion gives one the necessary spiritual discipline with which one can regulate one's own acts. Truly religious people would not put money before the health of others. They would attempt to conserve life instead of just to accumulate cash. There would have to be a return to Nature, to natural things. People would have to return to the countryside instead of going off like sheep to the cities. There are vast tracts of land virtually uninhabited because people do not want to work the land, they want to stick in some stinking factory making products which poison the population. That would have to be changed. The farmers have little status in the social scheme of things, and they would have to be given status before they could again attract workers to their farms.

Many many years ago when the Earth was young the atmosphere was very different from what it is now. Human life as we know it at present could not live under such conditions because there were sulphur vapours from raging volcanoes, there were gaseous stench (stank) from quaking bogs (søle) where methane and all the rest of it was ejected into the atmosphere. The atmosphere, too, was much heavier, much denser than it is at present. With the passage of many, many centuries - the atmosphere changed and became purer. As vegetation flourished on the Earth more and more oxygen was poured into the skies, and human life developed in a manner which could make the best use of that oxygen. But now oxygen is being denied us, pollution is being substituted, lung complaints are on the increase; health is deteriorating, and unless there be a return to the simpler things of life with an outlawing of petroleum products and an outlawing of some of these devilish synthetics, human life could soon become extinct. But every country is vying with every country to put more pollution into the skies. They call it social progress. Countries are in competition with each other; how much of the forests can be cut down to be made into paper for

useless newspapers. I have long stated that the Press is the most evil force on this Earth, and I firmly believe so, and one of the ways in which the Press is evil is that it uses such a vast amount of paper. Paper - for newspaper use comes from trees, the flesh of trees, and the greater the demand for newspapers and their sensational contents, the greater the demand for trees. And so more and more do men go out into the wilderness to search for forests, which so far have not been touched.

As the tree men go out over the land, they leave a scene of desolation behind them, a scene like something on the Moon, craters where tree stumps have been pulled out, rocks where the soil is blown away. So unless the trend can be reversed, unless trees are planted instead of felled - well, you might as well say goodbye to human life, you might as well say goodbye to all life on this Earth - until a new type of person can be produced which can live under these stinking conditions. It does not refer just to human life but to all life; in the seas and in the rivers fish are dying from pollution, in the air birds are dying from eating polluted fish. It all comes back - one must have a return to religion and a return to the land.

Nowadays men and women rush off to work, scabble for money. Their children, the future race, are just more or less abandoned on the streets to fend for themselves, to live under the domination of the stronger characters who, all too often, are evil characters.

And so all the time conditions are becoming worse and worse and worse. If we want to have a beautiful orchard then one goes in for selective pruning (beskjæring), selective grafting (poding), selective planting. If one wants the best type of stock - horses or cows or anything else - then one sees that the breeding is controlled. Unsatisfactory stock is not permitted to breed, to reproduce its own species of defective creature, yet humans, the «Lords of Creation», live according to a reversed order; the scruffier (fattig) the human, the crummier (dårligere) their morals and their brain power, the more children they have and the more abandoned (forlatt) those children are - because both parents are busily scrabbling for money. But the vested interests (økonomiske interesser) make this artificial state of affairs. If there is going to be mass production, then there must be plenty of money to buy things. If the man only is working, he either does not get enough money to buy all they want, or rather, all they think they want, or the factories do not have enough cheap labour - and so women are more or less drilled into thinking that they haven't enough to live on. So mother and father, husband and wife, work in the factories and the

children are neglected and the race becomes worse and worse. It is like livestock deteriorating under haphazard (vilkårlig) breeding.

The only solution is that the leaders of the world should form some world government. (as also Martinus says will be done after the coming crisis is went through. R.Ø.anm.) The religious teachers of the world should cease fighting among themselves and they should try to do something for humanity. They should teach that salvation doesn't live in the factory but on the land, and unless there can be a return to religion then there is no hope whatever for the Earth.'

students' protests

Q: "What do you think about students" protests, all kinds of protests in Universities, etc.'

A: I really think that these University students have a quite inflated idea of themselves. Let us look at the question properly; if people are going to school - and a University is only a school - then it means that they don't know everything or they wouldn't be going to school. It is a matter of complete amazement to me that these students - school kids - dare to think that they have the power to set the world right. It seems to me that they should occupy their time in studying so that when they have completed their studies and passed examinations to prove it then, and then only, should they set about reorganizing the world. By that time they will know something about it so they will just put up and shut up!

I have no sympathy whatever with these school kids who think they know so much that they can, let us say, «outmanoeuvre Churchill» and people of similar status.

On page 156 he answer a question if all human entities posses an astral body and he says yes - everything vibrates. All things - also Rocks - is a great mass of vibrating molecules, and the action of all these molecules vibrating together is to set up a form of electric field which gives an astral body and also an aura. So the answer is - yes, everything has an astral body, everything has an aura.

how to direct thought

Sometimes I get taken to task, although, I must admit, in the kindest ways, for apparently repeating myself. I am told that I tell the same thing two or three times in two or, three ways, but then I get a letter from a person who tells me that he or she is very grateful that I have repeated myself because at last I have got through and made a point. The first and second attempts at explaining weren't successful, the third was. But now I've got a question: "Would

you please again explain how to control one's mind, how to direct thought?"

Now I have already dealt with that quite a lot, but I have definitely been asked to repeat it, so all you people who do not like repetition - read on because you might just learn something!

We have to remember that we are only one - tenth conscious, and the real source of knowledge, the real source of action, is the subconscious. But the sub - conscious is like a lazy old man who wants to sit and smoke a pipe all day and not do anything. He knows he is the custodian (vaktmester) of great knowledge, etc., but he doesn't want to part with any of it, he doesn't want to move. So you have to get through to him to galvanize (sette fart i...) him into action.

If you want to direct thought or control your mind, then you have to know what you want - because it is useless to seek a thing unless you know what you are seeking, otherwise if you do not know what you are seeking, you won't know when you have found it, will you?

Let us suppose you want to learn something; well, you sit down somewhere where it is quiet and you think of the matter, which you desire to study. Perhaps you are afraid your memory will fail you or something, but anyway - you think of the matter you desire to study. Tell your subconscious what you want to do, tell your subconscious why you want to do it, say what benefits will be derived from learning such a matter. You have to get it over to your subconscious that you and "George" or "Georgina" are all part of the same firm so what harms one - harms the other, what benefits one benefits the other. So you have to think about the thing you want to do, you have to think about it directly, you have to think all around it, you have to think of all the advantages. Then you have actually to visualize yourself studying the subject or possessing the object, and if you make a real campaign about it - do it perhaps three times in succession - the sub - conscious may be roused (vek- ket) and will then help you to attain that which you desire.

You have to go in for visualization (å forestille seg). Now, visualization is not imagination. Imagination is something which can be indulged in on the imaginary basis only. No amount of imagination, for instance, would enable you to jump over a thirty storey building. You might be able to do it in your imagination and then you would be something like Buck Rogers, wouldn't you? But such a jump over a thirty - storey building - is beyond the laws of physical nature so it is imagination only, and many people waste time imagining that which is impossible.

Visualization, on the contrary, is something, which is entirely possible - because it is entirely in keeping with normal physical laws. As an illustration, suppose you want to buy a boat, then if you visualize yourself suddenly coming into possession of a large sum of money and going to the place where they sell boats, looking over them, and finally deciding on such a boat - then you may find that your visualizations bear fruit. It is a fact that if the conditions are right - anything you visualize you can have - in time. It may not be just at the moment you want it, but you will get it - if you visualize things properly.

You have to sit down comfortably. You have to cross your ankles and clasp your hands in front of you. Then you put out a very strong thought to your subconscious, calling him or her by the private name which I suggested earlier in this book. You tell your sub - conscious three times, "Attention! Attention! Attention!" Then you say, "Look into my mind now." You repeat that three times, and then you think very definitely, very clearly on the matter for which you desire the cooperation of your subconscious. Let us get back to pendulums.

You want your pendulum to tell you where such - and - such a thing is, so it might be a lump of gold and in that case you will tune your pendulum for a lump of gold (I told you how to do that earlier in this book). Then you will visualize yourself holding the pendulum by its cord and the swing indicating gold. You will pick up a map and you will try to locate gold through the use of the map. If you convey the idea with complete clarity and point out the advantages to the subconscions, then you will be able to detect gold if there is any there.

the coming World Leader

Then a question about the coming World Leader; will his life be made as miserable and horrible as yours? Will humanity listen to him or will they again just scoff, laugh, demand proof, and scream their nasty heads off? Will he be born in a country that is «politically acceptable» to the rest of the world or will he have to suffer from discrimination too?

I will tell you this; that World Leader is not any of those over publicized young people who are screaming around with much press publicity that they and they only can save the world. No, the real World Leader is living privately as yet unknown to the world. When the time comes, and then only; will he move into the limelight of unwanted publicity.

Yes, he will have suffering, he will have misery, he will be and persecuted by the Press, but - if his messages gets over to even a thousand people he will not have been here in vain. At present there is such a

person on this earth. The body is being developed. At the appropriate time transmigration will take place and a greater Entity will come down and carry on from that point. You get something the same in surgery (kirugi) or in art. You get a lesser skilled man to make the opening incision (sorry, no pun intended!), and then when the basic work has been done the Master will take over and do that for which he has been acclaimed as a Master. After the Master has done the successful operation, some lesser surgeon, for instance, will "stitch up" and generally clean up the mess. It is the same thing with the Leaders of the World who come here and take over a body which is already trained to operate on the Earth. It would be such a waste if a great Entity had to spend about thirty years kicking about on this crummy old Earth of ours. That is why such people take over by transmigration.

longevity (levetid)

I have some questions here from a gentleman whose name is famous in connection with tea bags! He wants to know about longevity (levetid). He asks: "Some people are under the impression that due to modern medical science it is possible to live longer at the present time than, say, two hundred years ago. Is the answer no, we can just get a maximum life span and it cannot be exceeded, but if we are foolish enough it can be terminated prematurely? Could those early deaths in olden days be due to poverty and improper living conditions, etc.?"

Well now, actually in theory there is no limit to how long a person can live - because it all depends upon the memory stored within our brain cells, the memory which enables the body to reproduce identical parts. If we had a good enough memory, and a sub - conscious memory it is, a person could go on living almost indefinitely. Unfortunately at the present stage of evolution the memory decays. It is like the old army story.

There was a long line of men, a hundred men in a row. An officer at one end of the line whispered a message to the man nearest him and told him to whisper it to the next man, and so on. And then the last man produced a message, which had little bearing on the original subject.

We get the same thing with humans. We can say that a patch of skin has worn out and the body-entity wants a repair job done, but the memory is a bit sick of all these repetitions, so there is a slight divergence in the type, texture, or colour of the skin. So the person might get one of those brown patches which are a symptom of increasing age, or a fastidious (kresen) lady may get too much skin and find she's got a nasty

wrinkle (ekle rynker), and so she spreads a lot of goo on her face to try to shrink the skin.

Eventually there will come a time when people can live five or six hundred years, and it will come about not through anything special in the way of surgery or medicine, but through a development in electrochemistry - because if we could get our chemical balance right we could get our brain voltages correct, and in that case cancer, schizophrenia, and other things would be cured. For example, a person gets over - tired with too much work so his body chemistry is depleted of those chemicals, which build up the necessary voltages to keep him in operating condition. Now if the person suddenly takes in some sugar, for example, (provided he is not diabetic!) he gets a sudden spurt of energy and the tiredness goes away for a time. In other words, his battery has been recharged and he functions again on the normal level.

our bodies run on electricity

My old friend, Jim Dodd, who lives in America, has just sent me a copy of a newspaper cutting about "electrical medicine", and Jim Dodd is highly interested in my comments, because he has had a knock on the noggin through a car accident and from what I can gather from his letter, the surgeons just about filleted him - but kept only the bones! An unfortunate state for a person to be in. Now, presumably, if he walks down the street the dogs come after him to take a chew at the bones. But there it is; it makes one think isn't life wonderful!

But this cutting about electrical medicine is only the stuff I have been telling you about before saying, "We seldom stop to think that our bodies run on electricity, but they do. And Jim Dodd wants to know if there is any truth in what the author of this article writes. The answer is - yes, there is a lot of truth in it, but the sad thing about the whole affair is that medicine generally is at least a hundred years behind the times. Orthodox doctors dare not risk their reputation in even attempting anything which has not been approved after ten years use by some of the trade unions controlling doctors.

Oh yes, let's bear in mind constantly, that doctors have trade unions even more powerful than the teamsters unions, and they are kept rigidly in line. Some of the medical members of the doctors' unions have nothing on Jimmy Hoffa for discipline! But that is taking us away from this stuff sent by Jim Dodd.

Yes, one can do a tremendous amount with electricity. Electricity, properly applied, can speed healing, can the more easily unite broken bones. At one end of the scale there is electrocution («elektrisk henrettelse») when a fellow is literally knocked out of his body and his astral goes wandering off. At the other end of the scale people could even be helped to

get born by electricity.

Jim Dodd is particularly interested in electrical anaesthesia, and the article which he sends seems to be very much out of date, or, like a fat woman seen from the back, all behind, because electrical anaesthesia is a definite proven thing. Two electrodes are placed beside the head and a mild current is switched on, a DC current, and the patient or victim goes dreamlessly to sleep because the astral says, in effect, "Gee, I don't like this; it's too hot for my feet. I'm going!" And so the astral gets out of the body in a hurry and doesn't return until the current is switched off.

Actually, if a person knew how he could put anyone to sleep without any difficulty at all, that is one of the dangers because now - well, we all know the old story of the white slavers with their chloroform pad. They swipe someone across the face with a cloth soaked in chloroform and the poor innocent defenceless girl goes to sleep instantly, but that is not so, you know. It takes a long time to put a person to sleep by that method. It is easier to use a coal hammer.

Hey though, don't go trying tricks with electricity (or coal hammers !) because it is very very wrong indeed to commit suicide, just as wrong as it is to commit murder. So when you read these electrical details, don't get crazy bees in your bonnet because - I repeat - suicide is a very bad thing indeed to do.

electroanaesthesia (elektrisk bedøvelse)

But if a person knows the very simple technique of electroanaesthesia (elektrisk bedøvelse), just about anyone could be taken unawares and put to sleep. Possibly that is why doctors are so cautious about it, they probably want to have some rigmarole or ritual so that it appears to be more difficult than it is. What can be done is this; a patient - let's imagine this, shall we? - is wheeled into the operating room annexe. The anaesthetist just puts two little electrodes at carefully determined spots on each side of the head. The current is switched on and the patient is asleep as quickly as switching off a light, no gasping, nothing of that kind at all - the patient is "switched off when the current is switched on".

Then, with the operation finished, the current is switched off and the patient awakens instantly without any recollection of pain or anything else to do with the operation, and, interestingly enough, the painlessness effect lasts from twelve to twenty hours during which time the patient is fully conscious and sweetly reasonable, that is, of course, if he was sweetly reasonable before. But this form of

anaesthetic will come into use eventually. It is just a matter of breaking down the bonds of prejudice and unadulterated fright. It is too much like electrocution, isn't it, to lie down and have someone put electrodes on your head and then switch on the current - and - bonk, you are out!

Electric induction of anaesthesia is a great blessing in operations to the liver, the kidneys (nyre), etc. In kidney operations, it is necessary to have a terrific amount of chemical or gaseous (same thing) anaesthetic, but the poor wretched kidneys which are being operated upon, have to suffer the operation and also have the task of eliminating the chemicals used in the anaesthetic, and that makes it very, very difficult. Further, getting such a load of noxious chemicals in ones system, can upset one's metabolism - no matter what the operation should be, whereas in electrical induction there are no chemicals of any kind - because going back to our radio days - when the electric current flows through certain conduits of the brain it just acts in the same way as the grid bias battery of the old radio receivers one used so many years ago. It set up a back pressure of current which prevented the flow of brain - electricity which meant that a person was conscious. And that is all there is to it. No pain, no suffering, no drugs, no chemicals; only sound sleep without any after - effects.

So there you are, friend Jim Dodd. When you read this you will have your answer. It's a pity you couldn't have had this stuff when you had your operations, eh?

Let us continue with some of our questions and answers, which seem to interest an astonishingly large number of people. So here is a question about exorcism. The question is:

“A number of men of the Cloth claim to have performed this operation, some with great success. Others admit to poor results. Now, if they are not fully clairvoyant, and they are not, how will they know who or what they are dealing with? Is it permissible to state what actually takes place?”

Yes, it is. If a place is being haunted then it means that there is some undesirable entity present. The entity emanates (utstråler) an unpleasant thought form or thought pattern. People become aware of the presence of such an entity without being able to say how they are aware. In some cases they can see the entity. In other cases they can feel the entity, but when they are completely non-clairvoyant, the person who is being haunted gets a great feeling of unease, strange impressions cross his mind, and even the least clairvoyant knows that there is something wrong.

Those who can do exorcism are people with a strong thought - wave, that is, they can project the

thought of something very strongly. Now, a clergyman (prest) who has got himself thoroughly hypnotized in the belief that he is doing something as the Lord's right hand, and sometimes the left hand as well, gets his thought - wave boosted up because of his self - induced hypnotism. He thinks he is the answer to the maiden's prayer, or possibly the answer to the Lord's prayer would be more suitable. But he is so sure of himself that he turns all the knobs on full in his thought processes, and the entity who is doing the haunting doesn't like it a bit. He thinks, in effect, “Oh good gracious me, I can't stick (fordra) this fellow. If he's going to hang around like this - I'm off.” And so the haunting force takes off for pastures (beiter) new, where there are no clergymen who are going to project unpleasant thoughts. And that is all there is to that. It is just a matter of telepathy, because no matter what anyone believes, every person is telepathic to a certain extent. It has been proved, for instance, that even when a non telepath (self - proclaimed) was put to a test, when he thought at a non - telepathic victim - he could influence the pulse and the blood pressure of his test subject. That has actually been proved. Quite a lot of things have been proved about clairvoyance and telepathy, but they have not been made public, because gory murders are much better selling attractions.

Here is a touch of humour. It is a paragraph from a letter to me. It is headed “E.S.P. - A Further illustration to the Accuracy of Your Writings is This. A woman writes in our news - paper to say that she cannot get a night's sleep if the sheets or pillowcases (putevar) have stripes on them. She can feel the stripes. It doesn't matter if the light is on or not, she doesn't have to see those stripes to know that they are there, and they disturb her sleep. Oh yes, that was a quotation (sitat), apparently, from some English newspaper, I wish I knew which newspaper it was.

Once again - the death process

(from chapter ten - the last)

Another old man was dying. Lying on his bed in the darkened room, he watched with fast diminishing sight the gleam of light high up where the curtains did not completely obscure sunlight. A shaft of light struck across the room and made just a splotch on the dingy paint.

The old man stirred restlessly, almost mindlessly. He was in no pain. Instead there was a sensation of cold creeping up - wards from his feet to his knees, higher.

Dully he wondered when the angels would gather

about him. He had been an ardent (glødende) believer in his religion all his life. He believed in angels, he believed that at his passing he would go to the Pearly Gates, he believed.....

The light faded as if a cloud had passed across the face of the sun, but simultaneously a greater Light came on. The old man was now feeling the cold, the cold as of ice, creeping upwards past his hips, up to his waist; Slowly - slowly - - it reached up towards his heart.

Like a sunburst light enveloped the room. He gazed about him with eyes which were fast going blind, shadowy figures were about him - figures with wings. There was the rustling of voices, not understandable to him yet because he was seeing as through a filmy gauze veil.

The cold crept up and stuck at his heart. With a last convulsive gasp the old man started finally to die as his heart stopped and his lungs ceased to pulse. Now conditions were speeded up because with the cessation (stans) of breathing there was the termination (slutt på) of oxygen to the brain. The physical body twitched in the last nervous reactions, twitched without the old man feeling the twitches, without any pain. He was now beyond pain, beyond feeling in the body.

The blind eyes, now dead eyes, stared upward motionless. Within the body there was the rustling (rasling) of fluids and the sighing of winds. There was crepitation (knitring) as joints loosened, as muscles relaxed their tense grip on life.

Slowly a bluish - white mist emerged from the dead body and coalesced into an intangible form over the head. It became more distinct, firmer, in the shape of a nude human, an old old man wracked with suffering. But as it coalesced (fortette?) and became firmer the outlines became smoother, more youthful, more tranquil (fredfylt).

Gradually the connecting cord - the Silver Cord - thinned, frayed, and parted. The newly - coalesced astral form hesitated a moment then gradually, with a slight jerk, started into motion, going faster and faster into an unknown plane.

The old man in life had been a close follower of his religion. He hadn't believed in reincarnation. He had believed in the resurrection of the body at the Day of Judgment. He believed in that all bodies buried or burned eventually were collected together and clothed again with flesh, even after ten thousand years. Now in the astral form he was lost, lost and wandering, victim to the fallacious (misvisende) beliefs to which he had subscribed (vært enig i) for so long. He believed in nothing but the dead resting in their lonely graves or collected in little piles of

ashes from the crematoriums, but he was alive, alive in a different shape.

About him he saw alternately (avvekslende) black fog of nothingness, and then when a little doubt about his religion came into his awareness - he saw another facet of his religion - angels. Desperately he fastened on the idea of angels. Reluctantly he threw aside the thought of resurrection - what was resurrection to him? - He was alive, wasn't he, in a different state? But he could see angels, couldn't he, so what was this talk about resurrection? Let him live for the moment, he thought, and then he seemed to drop to the ground. His feet - astral feet? Spirit feet? They felt very solid to him. The ground felt soft and springy and warm to his bare feet. But he dropped to the ground and the veil was drawn aside, he looked about him. Angels were flying through the air, cherubims were sitting on clouds, great choirs were singing with monotonous repetition. Away in the distance he saw golden light. Away in the distance he saw the Pearly Gates.

Swiftly he moved into action, running across the springy turf (fjærende gresstorv), inexorably drawing nearer to the Pearly Gates. At last, after an unspecified time, he reached those monumental edifices which towered so high above him. A gleaming figure outside with a flashing sword of golden light barred the way. "Who are you?" asked a voice.

The man gave his name. From just inside the Gate another sparkling figure opened a great book and moistening his thumbs with his lips riffled through the pages. "Ah yes," said the second voice. "Yes, we expected you here. Enter!"

The Great Book of Records was closed. The Pearly Gates were opened, and the man, now a young naked man, entered.

For some time the newly arrived visitor was in a state of ecstasy at the realization of all that his religion had taught him. Angels, cherubims, seraphims. The Heavenly Host singing in multi layered choirs, St. Peter, the Recording Angel, and the Great Book of all Knowledge wherein was kept the record of every soul upon Earth, in which was recorded the good and the bad of every person who had ever lived.

Gradually, though, the old man - now the newest visitor - began to feel uneasy. There were inconsistencies (uoverenstemmelse). This was not real, this was pantomime, this was stage stuff. Where had he gone wrong? Was it something wrong with his religion? Then the thought came to him about resurrection? Well, he thought to himself, is this as un-genuine as resurrection? What about resurrection? How could dead bodies which had long rotted away be reassembled at the last trump of a great bugle(signal)? Where would all those people stand,

how would they be clothed, how would they be fed? And this angelic host, this glimpse of Heaven - disappointing place, I am beginning to doubt my senses.

No sooner had he said that to himself - than there was a great clap as of thunder and the whole edifice fell around him with broken shards of the Pearly Gates and the golden light extinguished. But - stop ! - a greater light came on. The old man, now a visitor, looked about him in awe. This was more like it. Running towards him he saw people whom he had known in his last life on Earth, people he had loved. He saw a beloved pet coming towards him and jumping up at him and shouting with delight.

Another figure came towards him and said, "Ah, now you are released from your delusions. Now you have reached a true home, the Land of the Golden Light. Here you will sojourn (oppholde) for a while - while you and you alone decide what you want to do."

So it is that many religions lead one astray (på villspor). So it is that one can read of any religion and learn thereby, but the true wisdom comes in keeping an open mind - so that when the time comes for the transition from this life to another you - - - and you - and you - everyone can go to the state for which his or her evolution and attainment have fitted him, for in the Greater Plan of things even those who have passed over have to be protected from their own folly. If a person believes that he will go to an imaginary Heaven, then it will be put on show for him until he sees the flaws. (because in the astral - the thoughts is forming the surroundings. R.Ø.anm.)

If a person thinks that he is going to a land of ineffable delights (usigelig glede) where dancing girls are always there to entertain him, then he will have such things put on for him until he outgrows such transient (flyktige) things.

And if a Womans Lib leader had as her idea of Heaven a place where all men are slaves, then no doubt that also could be produced for her. And such plays can go on until the person concerned eventually comes to see the fallacy (feilslutninger) of such stage acts, until such time as the person concerned grows up spiritually and mentally and can accept the Land of the Golden Light for what it is, a place of reality, a place different yet not so different as that which they so recently left. A place with the evil purged out, a place where one can only meet those who are compatible, a place where there is no hatred, no enmity, no poverty, and no suffering. A place where one, in full awareness of one's acts, judges one's past endeavours (bestrebelses/forsøk) and failings and decides what shall be done in the future.

But the clack of the typewriter must cease. The platen must no longer be twirled, and the papers must not be fed in and pulled out - typed, for the allotted span of this book has come to pass. Now it has to be sent to Respected Agent Knight to pass on to Respected Publisher!



picture: jordmennesket er kun bevisst i 1/10 av sin bevissthet. NI-TIDELER sier Rampa er underbevisst.



this picture can also symbolize taking over of a body - where the left is leaving for the astral plane - while the upper right is coming in or taking over the body - which is only «a car» for the driver - the soul

From T.LOBSANG RAMPA's book: "Chapters of life"

In this book he writes about cosmic cycles, the "Overself" and more of some short "stories" on themes - partly discussed in earlier books - more about the process of dying - the earlier encapsulated astral body leaving the physical - and he writes about the "Akasha - library" and suddenly disappearings to other dimensions - as in Bermuda. In this book he also give answers to some of the many letters he received. He daily in average got sixty!! - and tried to answer all of them. What a job only that!

Rampa had the ability to fellow all incidents by reading/looking in the AKASHA - earth's memorybank and so retelling the happenings in every detail. The one who SEES can here recognise the TRUTH. Research yourself!!

(some words are translated to Norwegian and there MAY BE some wordmistakes here because this is scanned from the book. Some headlines are added)

first some on the history of the **JEWS and "THE SECOND COMING"**

(from page 22)

....in my book YOU - FOREVER - I refer to the Jews on page 109 of that book. I said, 'The Jewish people are a race who, in a previous existence, could not make progress at all.' This has produced some very friendly correspondence with Jewish readers throughout the world, and in particular some very erudite (lærd) ladies in Tel Aviv have asked me to give more details about Jews. This request has been supported by Jewish people in Argentina, Mexico, - Australia, and Germany. So, let us go a little more deeply into 'the Jewish question'. May I at this stage say that I have quite a number of friends who are Jewish and I have a sincere admiration for them, for they are an old, old race who have knowledge which is the envy (misunnelse) of those less gifted.

First of all we might ask, 'what are Jews?' The general idea is a complete misconception, for 'Jew' in its present form is a misnomer. Actually, this word 'Jew' has not been in use for very long. - If you asked the average person who was the Father of the Jews, you would undoubtedly be told, 'why, Abraham of course!' But as history proves conclusively, this just is not so because in the true sense of the

word Abraham was not a Jew!

If you study your ancient history, either by going to a public library, or, more conveniently, by getting at the Akashic Record, you will find that Abraham was actually a native of the place called Ur of the Chaldees. Many places have two names nowadays, so if it will help you, Ur was also known as Ur Kasdim which was in Babylonia. That brings us to the interesting point that Abraham, far from being a Jew, was a Babylonian, and his actual name had no corresponding name or counterpart in Hebrew. The original name of Abraham was Abram.

Abraham lived 2,300 years before the birth of Christ, at a time when the word 'Jew' was not even thought of, but about 1,800 years after Abraham had gone to his 'just reward' the word 'Jew' referred to people who lived in the Kingdom of Juda, and that was in the South of Palestine. - Those of you who are sufficiently interested can look in your Bible, in Kings 11.10. Here you will find words written 600 years before Christ, and the word for Jew in those days was Jahudi.

Back to your Bible again, this time to Ester 11.5. Here you will find that Jew is mentioned for the first time, and remember, also, that the Book of Ester was not written until some 2,400 years after the death of Abraham, that is, in the first century A.D. So - we find that Jahudi is that which we now call 'Jew'.

In each cycle there have been twelve 'Saviours' or 'Messiahs' or 'World Leaders'. So when we refer to 'The Second Coming' we are rather behind the times; we can refer to Abraham, Moses, Buddha, Christ, and many others, but the whole point is that in every cycle of world existence there has to be a World Leader of a different Zodiacal sign. There are twelve signs of the Zodiac, and a Leader comes first in one sign, then another, then another, until in all there have been twelve Leaders. On this particular cycle of Kali - we are now approaching the eleventh, and after - there will be one more before this actual Age ends and we are really into the Golden Age.

Naturally, with each World Leader, there have to be those who can support Him - disciples, if you like, or assistants, or ministers, call them what you like. But there have to be these men who are born specially to be of service to the world.

In 1941 the first of the disciples was born, and others have been born since. The actual 'Saviour' will be born early in 1985, and in the interim (midlertidig) the disciples will be preparing the Way. (Rampa wrote this may be in 1966 - the book I have is published in England in 1967. R.Ø.remark.)

The 'Saviour' or 'World Leader' - whichever you prefer - will have very special education and training, and in the year 2005, when he is twenty years of age,

he will do much to confound godless people who do not believe in Gods, Saviours, etc., etc. (As I see it - "THE SECOND COMING"- does not mean a special person coming - saying he/she is Christ. It is "every day" a lot of such persons appearing - all over the world, but the fewer believe such assertions. No - this idea mean a new wisdom coming, and I mean the main wisdom has been brought to earth through many incarnated masters of wisdom through the last ca. 100 years. And the main cosmic impulse was brought to earth through the books of the Danish - spiritual author -Martinus, as I see it. But of course, everyone must search and recognise or find the "TRUTH" themselves. It could be noticed that also the theosoph's believe in a "new coming." R.Ø.remark.) **Again, there will be a case of transmigration** ("walk-in"). If those of you who know the Bible well will study it with an open mind you will find that the body of Jesus was taken over by 'the Spint of God - the Christ'. In much the same way, the body of the new World Leader will be taken over by a very high Personage indeed, and during the few years after that, there will be remarkable events, and the world will be led along those essential steps which will prepare it for the start of a new cycle.

For some 2,000 years the world will make progress by following the precepts of the church to be founded by the new Leader, but at the end of that 2,000 years - yet another Leader shall arise - the twelfth of the cycle, completing the destiny of the Zodiac traversal. Conditions shall improve, and so, gently, - in the due course of time, people shall be led into a new Age where - they have different abilities from those now existing. There shall be clairvoyance and telepathy as there was before the so - called, miscalled, Tower of Babel, in which through abuse of special powers mankind lost their telepathic abilities for the time being. The whole story is given in the Bible, but it is in the form of a story. Actually, Man was able to communicate with fellow Man and with the animals, too, but through treachery (forrederi) to the animal world, mankind was deprived of telepathic communication and so there was the utter confusion of people trying to converse in what were local dialects, and which in time became the languages of the world.

This world can now be likened to a train. The train has been going through various stages of scenery, it has been traversing pleasant sunlit lands which can correspond to stage 1, lands in which there was beautiful scenery and amiable fellow passengers. But then we come to stage 2, when the passengers all changed (incarnated as a group from the astral. R.Ø.remark.), and this new lot were not so friendly,

nor was the journey so pleasant because there was an uneven track with many clattering switchpoints, and the journey continued through depressingly gloomy terrain where the smoke of various factories belched vile chemicals into the atmosphere. Here the passengers were quarrelling and almost coming to blows, but worse was to come. At the third stage the passengers changed again and a lot of bandits got aboard, bandits who tried to rob other passengers, there was much stabbing, much sadistic action. The train, too, rocked along the edge of narrow gorges (dal/slukt) where landslides made travel precarious. All the time there was discordant (disharmonisk) noise and the continual quarrelling of the unhappy passengers.

Again the train stopped and took on fresh passengers. This time conditions were even worse, the new passengers were almost wrecking their train, damaging the fittings, torturing, swindling, and engaging in all those activities, which the decent person finds abominable. (avskyilig).

The train went through increasingly difficult land, with badly laid rails, with many detours (omveier) and obstructions. At last there came a long and gloomy tunnel; the train plunged in and there appeared to be no lights anywhere in the train. The passengers were in darkness, like the people of the world itself, leaderless. The gloom became gloomier, and the atmosphere more dismal, until the train was pitching and tossing in absolute darkness, with a darkness that comes in a passage through the heart of a mountain. But our train is now in its darkest phase, it cannot get darker, therefore it must get lighter.

As the train goes rocketing along it will get lighter and lighter, and eventually, as a New Age approaches, the train will burst forth from the mountainside, and below the passengers will see a fair and pleasant land with sparkling waters, herds of cattle grazing peacefully. The sun will be shining, and as the train goes on and on, ever changing passengers, they will find that conditions become better and better, where men respect the rights of others, where there is no longer terrorism, sadism, and torture. But much has to be done at the present time because before the Golden Age shall come there will be much more hardship and suffering on this world. Prediction is dealt with in another chapter of this book, but possibly it would not be amiss to say something here. According to the age-old art of astrology many sad events are going to take place on this Earth. Round about the year 1981 (this book was written in the mid 60ths) there will be a very substantial and unexpected increase in the world's heat, with a reduction in rainfall and a drying up of crops, and fruit and other plants will wither up before they can

be gathered. This great heatwave could easily be the result of an atom bomb dropped by the Chinese; the Chinese are making haste to develop a super bomb, and the present day Chinese are like mad dogs, without thought for the rest of the world, because the rest of the world keeps them in virtual seclusion and they do not know what is happening elsewhere, and it is a sad fact that one always fears the person one does not know. Thus, the Chinese, in their xenophobic state of mind, are ready to lash out at that which they do not understand. One also has to bear in mind that it was bad enough when only the United States had the atom bomb, but now the Russians, the French, the Chinese, and perhaps others have this device. Conditions have reached a most precarious pass.

Much preliminary work has to be done before the advent of the New Leader. Certain people have to be given hints of what is happening, when, and how. But certain other people have to be excluded from getting much knowledge.

In addition to the disciples who are now born and who are still but children, there are those much older people with special knowledge who have to write about such things so that the knowledge will be disseminated (spredd), and who will thus 'pave the way'. These older people will not, of course, be upon the Earth at the time of the New Coming, but like those who are to come after, these forerunners will have done their task by taking upon themselves the hatred and the suspicions which always come to the innovator.

People fear that which they do not understand, and so if it is said that a person has changed bodies with another, then he is automatically the subject of much persecution. But it is necessary that there be incidents of changing bodies to bring it into the public consciousness so that when the New Leader comes people will be able to accept the truth of transmigrat-ion of souls and the changing of bodies. Thus, while those who are undergoing the scorn and ridicule and active persecution of an ill - informed Press at present, they will know in the fullness of time that their suffering and misery has been justified.

Often people will say, 'Oh, but if these people have such great powers why do they live in poverty? If they were truly what they say they are, they would have all the money they wanted.' This is utterly ridiculous (latterlig), because a person who comes to this Earth under different conditions, is something like a splinter in the body of the world, and if you have a splinter in your thumb - you agitate, and fidget, and you mess about until eventually you get that splinter dislodged, and you spare no liking for that splinter! In the same way, people who come to this world, and change bodies, and try to prepare a way for

another, they too are like a splinter, the world finds them strange, people may be uncomfortable in the presence of such a being. Rather than blame their own lack of development, they always try to put the blame On the other person - 'Oh, he is queer, he makes me have such an uncanny feeling when he touches me.'

So the old world goes rolling along full of trouble, but the darkest hour is before the dawn, and when things are at their blackest, there is the happy thought that any change can be for the better. And this world and the peoples of this world, after their blackest hour, will go on and on into the light when mankind shall be tolerant of mankind, and when the little people of the animal world shall be understood instead of misunderstood, feared, and tormented as they are at present. So, beginning with the year 2000, the world shall have pleasures, a Golden Age shall dawn. (Now - that we have approached that timemark - we see that the changes surely will take longer time to come - but the process goes on - faster and faster..... R.Ø.remark.)

CRAPTER TWO also begins with some stories - related to the matter later discussed.

MANY MANSIONS

(about the overself/groupself - and the feeling that "I have experienced this before..")

«Alone he was, alone in the old rambling house in the heart of the Moor. Far off at the end of the long, cultivated garden, a noisy brook went tumbling over the rocks and hissing across the stony stretches. On a warm day he was wont to stand by that babbling brook, or perch on one of the large rocks overhanging the tumultuous torrent (strømmer). Farther along there was the little wooden bridge with the shaky handrail by which he crossed on his way to the small hamlet for his mail and shopping.

It had been pleasant here, he and his wife. Together they had tried to make a home, tried to keep 'body and soul together' while he painted and waited for recognition. But, as usual, the Press had not understood - nor tried to understand

- his art, and so the critics had damned his work with faint praise; recognition was as far off as ever. And now he was alone in the old, old house, his mind and mood in a turmoil matched by the gale outside.

Across the moorland heather the gale screeched in unbridled fury, lashing the yellow gorse, making it bow to the mighty wind. The distant sea was a boiling white mass of foam, with mighty waves breaking in thunder on the great granite shore, dragging back the

pebbles - with a nerve - jarring scream. - A lone gull soared backwards overhead, blowing helplessly inland, powerless in the grip of the storm.

The old house shook and shuddered to the ceaseless pounding of the elements. Flecks of cloud, driven low, whipped by the windows like ghosts seeking entry. A sudden metallic clatter and rumble, and a sheet of corrugated metal went spinning across the garden, to strike the bridge and shear through the old timbers. For a time the broken ends vibrated like an overtaxed violin string, then, one after the other, they shuddered and tumbled into the brook.

Inside the house, oblivious of the turmoil, the man paced back and forth, back and forth. Seeing again and again, the moment when he had returned from the hamlet (grend) and found his wife gone. Re-reading the bitter note in which she told him that he was a failure - and she was going elsewhere. Grimly - as a sudden thought struck him - he strode to the battered old desk and wrenched open the center drawer. Rooting in the back, he dragged out the cigar box in which he kept the rent and living money. Even before he opened it he knew that it was empty, the money, his ONLY money, gone. Groping his way to a chair he sat down and buried his head in his hands.

'Before!' he whispered. 'Before, this has happened to me before!' Lifting his head he stared unseeingly through the window against which torrential rain was beating in an unceasing stream, forcing its way through a loose - fitting window and collecting in a spreading pool on the carpet. 'I've lived through all this before!' he whispered. 'Have I gone Insane? How could I have known about this?' High up among the eaves the wind shrieked in derision and gave 'the old house an extra shake and judder.

Against the ancient stone hedge the little moorland ponies huddled head to wind in abject misery, trying to get even slight shelter for stinging eyes. Away in the hall the telephone rang and rang, jarring him from his lethargy. Slowly he made his way to the jangling instrument, which ceased its clanging even as he stretched out - his hand to lift it. 'The same, the same,' he murmured to the uncaring walls. 'IT HAS ALL HAPPENED BEFORE !'

And Rampa also takes another story as a preparation of the theme coming.

...the old Professor plodded wearily across the quadrangle on his way to the Lecture Hall. The years had been hard ones indeed. Born in very humble circumstances he had been the 'bright boy' who had slaved and earned that he could put himself through college. It had been almost a lifetime of clawing his way up against the opposition of those who resented

his humble origin. Now in the evening of his life the weight Of Time was showing in his white hair, lined face, and feeble step. As he stumbled slowly along, oblivious of the greetings of undergraduates, he pondered on many obscure facets of his speciality, Ancient History.

Completely the model of the Absent - minded Professor, he fumbled for the door - knob of a door already open, and not finding it, turned away, muttering, 'Dear dear! Most strange, 'MOST strange - there used to be a door here. I must be in the wrong building.' An understanding student - one who had profited from the old man's brilliant Lectures, took his arm and gently turned him round. 'Here, sir,' he said. 'I have opened the door for you. In here.' Gratefully the Professor turned and mumbled his thanks. Entering the Lecture Hall he became a man transformed; HERE was his life, here he expounded upon Ancient History.

Moving like a man rejuvenated, he crossed to the rostrum and smiled benignly upon the assembled undergraduates. They smiled respectfully at him, for even though they did at times make fun of his forgetfulness, yet they still had a genuine liking for the Lecturer who was so willing to help them to the full extent of his power. Remembering his own struggles, he took pleasure in HELPING the student in difficulties, instead of flunking him as was so often the case with other Professors.

Glancing about him to see that his class was complete, and all were ready, he said, 'We are going to continue with our discussion about one of the great enigmas of History, the Sumerian civilisation. Here was a mighty civilisation which seems to have appeared in a most mysterious manner and disappeared in an equally mysterious manner. We have tantalising fragments, but no clear picture. We know, for example, that three thousand and five hundred years B.C. the Sumerians were preparing beautifully written manuscripts. We have fragments of them. Always fragments, and no more. We know also that the Sumerians had a musical system, which differed from any other system of musical, notation throughout the old or new worlds. There has been discovered a clay tablet which by scientific methods indicates an age of some three thousand years. The tablet has engraved upon it musical symbols which lead us to suppose that it was a hymn, but it has defied musical interpretation.'

The old man paused, his eyes opened wide as if seeing something beyond the normal vision of Man. For a minute he stood thus, gazing into the Infinite, then - with a strangled groan, he dropped to the floor. Stunned amazement held the class motionless for a moment, then two students rushed to his side, while

another hurried out in search of medical assistance.

A hushed assembly stood respectfully aside as two stretcher - bearers carefully lifted the unconscious man, placed him upon the opened stretcher, and bore him away to the waiting ambulance. The Head who had been called, appeared full of bustle and dismissed the class for the afternoon.

Away in the cool hospital room the old Professor, now regained consciousness, muttered to his doctor, 'Strange! Strange! I had the distinct impression that I had lived through this incident before, that I KNEW the origin of the Sumerians. I must have been working too hard. But I KNEW the answer, and now it has faded. Strange, strange!'

A new short story...

«The middle - aged man squirmed uncomfortably upon the hard wooden bench, crossing first one leg then the other. From time to time he lifted half - frightened eyes to gaze about him. From the - end of the room came the harsh, impersonal voice of the nurse grating out her monotonous orders: 'Garland, you are to see Dr. Northey. Here are your cards. Take them in THAT door, and wait until the Doctor speaks to you. Rogers, you go to Therapy, they want to do some test. Here are your cards. Go down the corridor THERE.' The voice, continued like the voice of a bored Announcer quoting the Fat - Stock prices.

The middle - aged man shuddered at the rows and rows of people before him. Patients unaccompanied, new patients with relatives with them, and some with burly Attendants waiting near by. The hours dragged on. Here and there a man or woman screamed in the grip of some mental fantasy. Nearer, a man shouted, 'I gotta, and when you gotta you gotta.' Jumping up, he rushed across the room, scattering people right and left, elbowing aside a clutching Attendant, tripping a clerk, before diving headlong through an open window. Throughout the en - suing commotion the nurse's voice droned on imperturbably. 'Outside, the dull red - brick buildings shimmered in the increasing heat. The glass of the many windows threw back the sun's reflection, and showed the thousands of bars across the windows. Scores of blank - eyed men stooped and shuffled as they grubbed among the gravel of the paths in search of weeds. Attendants loitered alertly in any available shade as they supervised the toiling men. Farther along, where the grassy slopes met the main drive, lines of dowdy women bent to the task of picking litter and stones from the grass before the mowers could do their work. Beneath a spreading tree a gaunt woman stood in the pose of utter majesty as she scornfully surveyed the two watchful women Attendants who were poised in

anxious expectancy.

At the main gates two Attendants stopped cars entering that the occupants might be directed. An inmate, appearing casual, tried to slip out behind an Attendant's back, but was soon stopped 'Now, Aif - the Attendant admonished. 'Back in you go - none of your tricks, I'm busy.' Beyond the high stone walls and heavily barred gates pedestrians peered in curiously, getting a thrill out of a forbidden peep at Life Inside the Walls.

In Admittance the middle - aged man stood up uncertainly as his name was eventually called. Rising to his feet he walked to the Nurse at the desk and said, 'It is all a mistake, I - 'Yes, yes, I know, you are as sane as can be,' interrupted the Nurse. 'They all say the same.' Sighing, she picked up a card and some papers and signalled to a waiting Attendant. 'You had better take this one to Dr. Hollis,' she said, when the Attendant appeared. 'He says it is all a mistake and he is sane. Mind he doesn't get away.'

'Come on, fella,' said the Attendant, grasping the middle - aged man by the arm and leading him through a small door. Together they trudged along a corridor lined with doors. From behind some came sighs, from others screams, and from yet another a queer bubbling sound which made the Attendant jump to an alarm and energetically summon assistance to one whose life was bubbling away through a cut throat. The middle - aged man shivered and seemed to shrink. 'Scared, eh?' asked the - Attendant. 'You ain't seen nothing yet. You WILL!'

At last they stopped before a door, the Attendant knocked and a distant voice called, 'Come in.' Pushing the middle - aged man before him, he entered and placed the card and papers on the desk. 'Another one for you, Doctor,' said the Attendant as he turned and withdrew. The Doctor slowly reached out a languid hand and picked up the papers and compared them with the card. Then, without paying the slightest attention to the middle - aged man he seethed back in his swivel chair and began to read. Not until he had read every word, and made notes, did he look up and utter a terse, 'SIT!'

'Now!' said the Doctor as his patient sat shakily before him. 'what's all this about. - How d'ye think you can be in two places at once? Tell me all about it.' He sat back with an air of bored resignation and lit a cigarette.

'Well, Doctor,' said the middle - aged man, 'for some time I have had the strangest feeling that another part of me is living in some other part of the world. I feel as if I were one of identical twins sometimes almost completely in rapport with the other.'

The Doctor grunted and knocked the ash off his cigarette. 'Any brothers or sisters?' he asked. 'The

report says none, but it could be wrong.'

'No, Doctor, no brothers, no sisters, and no one with whom I am sufficiently friendly to account for this feeling. It is exactly as if I sometimes get in touch with another "me" somewhere else, someone who also is aware of - this feeling.'

The Doctor stubbed out his cigarette and said, 'How frequently do you have these remarkable occurrences? Can you predict their onset?'

'No, sir,' the middle - aged man replied. 'I may be doing something quite ordinary, then I will experience a tingling in the navel, and after that I feel as if I were two telephone lines which have been crossed and both parties are receiving their own telephone calls as well as those of the other.'

'Hmm!' mused the Doctor. 'Does it inconvenience you in anyway?'

'Yes, Doctor, it does,' the middle - aged man replied. 'Sometimes I speak out loud and say the DARNDEST things!'

The Doctor sighed as he remarked, 'So I see from this report. Well, we shall have to commit you to an Observation Ward until we can get the matter straightened out, you seem to be living in two worlds at the same time.'

At the Doctor's signal the Attendant entered the room. 'Take - him to Observation B3 please. I will see him later in the day.'

The Attendant motioned to the middle - aged man, and together they turned and went out of the Doctor's office. The Doctor sat motionless for a moment, then pushed his glasses up to his forehead and energetically scratched the back of his neck. Lighting a fresh cigarette, he leaned back in his swivel chair and put his feet on the desk.

'It seems we have a lot of people in nowadays,' he said to himself, 'who believe they are living twin existences. I suppose next we shall have people saying they are living in parallel world or something.' The 'burr, burrr' of his telephone jerked him back to the present, and slipping his feet off the desk he reached out for the phone and got ready for the next patient...»

Parallel worlds

There are such things as parallel worlds because everything must have its counterpart in a reversed state, just the same as you cannot have a battery which is only positive or only negative; there must be positive and negative. But that is a matter to be discussed in our next chapter, now we have parallel worlds.

Unfortunately, 'scientists' who have been afraid of losing face or something, or sinking into matters beyond - their depth, - have confused the issue be-

cause they will not face up to the thought of having genuine research. Yet in India the Adepts of years gone by referred to their 'Linga Sharira', which means the part of the body which is in a different dimension - beyond the three dimensions of this world - and so cannot be perceived normally by a person existing in this three - dimensional world. We have to remember that upon this world we are - confined to three dimensions, for this is wholly a three - dimensional world and to the average person who has not studied anything about metaphysics the fourth dimension is something to laugh about or to read about in some remarkable science fiction.

Not merely is there a fourth dimension, but beyond the world of the fourth there are the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, and the ninth. In the ninth, for example, one attains realisation and is able to comprehend the nature of things, one is able to comprehend the origin of Life, the origin of the Soul, how things started and what part mankind plays in the evolution of the Cosmos. *In the ninth dimension, also, Man - still a puppet of the Overself - is able to converse face to face with his Overself.*

One of the greatest difficulties is the unfortunate fact that 'scientists' have set up all sorts of extraordinary and arbitrary rules and if one dares to contradict anything that these 'scientists' say, then one is really ostracised. An example of that may be found in the way in which the medical profession was completely crippled for hundreds of years because of the works of Aristotle, it was considered to be a great crime to do any investigation into the human body because Aristotle had taught all there was to know - ever. So, until the medical profession could escape from the dead hand of Aristotle, they could do no dissections and no post - mortals, and they could do no research.

Certain astronomers had much the same difficulty when they taught that earth was not the centre of creation because some early Wonderful Man had taught that the Sun revolved round the Earth, and that everything existed for the comfort of mankind!

But now we have to get on with our dimensions. Here on this Earth we deal with that which is commonly known as three dimensions. We see a thing and we feel a thing, and it appears solid and real to us. But suppose we had to deal with an extra dimension, then first thing would be - well, what is this extra dimension? Possibly we could not quite comprehend it. What could be a fourth dimension? Worse, what would be a fifth? And then go on - up to the ninth, or even beyond the ninth.

The best thing is to consider first an ordinary tape - recorder because most people have access to a taperecorder or have seen one. We have a tape -

recorder running at a very slow, slow speed, less than an inch a second. At such a slow speed one could have a tape message last for an hour. But supposing we made that tape play back at, for example, a foot a second; then the speech would be quite unintelligible to us, the message upon the tape would not have altered in any way, the words would be the same, but in effect we would have moved our speech to another dimension and so we could not comprehend the speech. Before we could comprehend that which was upon the tape we should have to play the tape at the same speed as that employed in recording it.

Incidentally, marine biologists have used tape - recordings and have discovered that fish of all kinds talk. There is, in fact, a special phonograph record giving sounds of the sea in which there are the sounds of the fish talking to each other, and even lobsters and crabs communicating. If you find this hard to believe, remember that dolphins have had their speech recorded on tape; dolphins speak many, many times faster than humans, so the speech was recorded on tape and was quite unintelligible to humans, but the tape was slowed to a 'dimension' (speed) acceptable to human ears. Now the scientists are trying to decipher the tapes, and at the time of writing this it has been - stated that these scientists are able to compile a vocabulary so that eventually they may be able to communicate in extenso with dolphins.

But - back to our parallel worlds. Many, many years ago, when I had escaped from the Russians and was making my slow and painful way across Europe to eventually reach a free country, I chanced to stop in war - torn Berlin then being desecrated by the - savage Russians. I was walking about wondering what to do next, wondering how to pass the time until nightfall when I should hope to be able to get a lift upon my way towards the French border.

I walked along looking at the still - smouldering ruins where allied bombing had reduced most of Berlin to shattered rubble. In a little cleared spot beneath twisted steel girders now turning red with rust, I saw a ramshackle stage set up surrounded by those bomb - racked buildings. There was scenery of a sort upon the stage, scenery made from bits of material salvaged from the wreckage. They had some poles, and from the poles were stretched pieces of sacking so as to obscure as much as possible a view of the stage from those who had not paid to enter.

I was interested and looking farther I saw there were two old men, one was standing before a curtain taking money. He was tattered and unkempt, but there was a certain air of - something - majesty, I suppose, about him. I forget now how much money I paid to enter, not much because none of us had much money in war - torn Berlin, but as I paid he put the money in

his pocket and courteously motioned me through the tattered and bedraggled curtain. - As I went beyond the curtain I saw some planks bridging rubble, and on those planks people were sitting. I took my seat, too, then a hand came through the curtain and waved. An old, old man, thin, bent with the weight of years, shuffled to the centre of the stage and made a little address in German telling us what we were going to see. Then turning away he went behind the backdrop. For a moment we saw him with two sticks in his hand and from those two sticks depended a number of puppets, inanimate lumps of wood, roughly carved to represent a human shape, dressed up in gaudy rags, with painted features and lumps of - hair stuck on top. They were crude, they really were crude, and I thought that I had wasted money which I could ill afford, but - I was tired of walking, tired of just ambling about attempting to evade Russian and - German police patrols, so I kept to my hard seat and thought that as I had wasted the money I would waste some time as well.

The old man shuffled out of sight at the back of his little ramshackle stage. Somehow lie had rigged up lighting of some kind, these were now dimmed and on this very makeshift stage appeared figures. I stared. I stared hard and rubbed my eyes, for these weren't puppets, these were living creatures, gone completely was the crudity of hacked wood daubed over with colour, topped with horsehair and swaddled with bits of rag salvaged from bombed ruins. Here were living people, people each with a mind of his own, people intent on the task at hand, people who moved of their own volition.

There was no music, of course, and no sound, no sound that is except for the asthmatical wheezing of the old, old man now hidden in the back. But sound was not necessary, sound of any kind would have been superfluous, the puppets were Life, every movement, every gesture was expressive, speech was unnecessary, for these motions were in the universal language of picture, pantomime.

There seemed to be an aura around these puppets, these puppets who had now become people, they seemed to take on the identity and the personality itself of that which they were at the moment representing. No matter how much I peered I could not see the strings going from the heads, these - were indeed artfully hidden against the background. Before me scenes of life were being enacted with absolute fidelity to the human counterparts. I lost myself in following the actions and the motives, we watched human drama and our pulses raced in sympathy with the underdog. This was excitement, this was real, but at last the show came to an end and I roused myself as if from a trance. I knew that a real genius was con-

trolling those puppets, a master of masters, and then the old man came out from behind his stage and bowed. He was shaking with fatigue, his face was white with the strain and covered with a thin sheen of perspiration. He was indeed an artist, he was indeed a master, and we saw not a tattered, battered old man, clad in rags, but the genius who manipulated those crude puppets and brought them to life.

As I turned away I thought of the things I had learned in Tibet, I thought of my beloved Guide the Lama Mingyar Dondup, and how he had shown me that Man is just a puppet of his Overself. 'I thought also how this puppet show had been - a wonderful lesson on parallel worlds.

Man is ninetenths subconscious and one-tenth conscious. You have probably read quite a lot about it because the whole science of psychology is devoted to the various facets and idiosyncrasies of Man's subconscious. Remembering that Man is so little 'conscious' does it not occur to you what a shocking waste of time it is for a powerful, powerful Overself, gifted with all manner of abilities and talents, pulsing with the power of a more vibrant world and of a different way of life, who comes to this world laden with troubles and obstacles, and then to function at, at most, one-tenth of its ability? Supposing you had a motor - car, oh, let us say an eight - cylinder car because there do not seem to be any ten - cylinder cars to make the allusion more exact - let us say we have an eight - cylinder car, then, just for the purpose of this illustration.

We have this eight - cylinder car, but we find that it is working on one cylinder alone, seven cylinders are not in any way contributing towards the function of the car, they are in fact holding it back even more because of the inertia. The performance is deplorable. But think of it in terms of human existence; mankind is like a ten - cylinder car only one cylinder of which works, the other nine are 'subconscious'. Wasteful, isn't it? it?

The Overself of a human - or any other creature either, for that matter - does not waste energy; the Overself of a human has a number of tasks which must be accomplished. supposing we have an evolved Overself who is anxious to progress to other planes of existence, one who is anxious to go up and up and up to different dimensions. In that case the Overself might devote one-tenth of its ability to dealing with the body on Earth, and the rest of its abilities might go to dealing with bodies on other planets, or other planes of existence. Or it might even be without puppet bodies on other planes of existence and be moving in what one might term, pure spirit, in - stead. But if

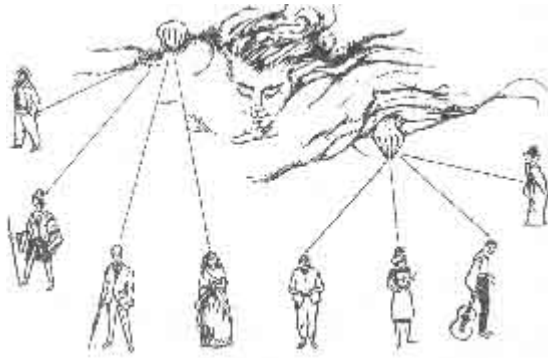
the Overself is not that far evolved or has a different scheme of operations, it might do things in a different way.

Supposing our Overself is more or less of a beginner, then you can say that it is the same - as a student in secondary school. The student has to attend a number of classes instead of having to learn just one subject, often this means that the student has to walk to different classes or to different centers, and that really does waste a lot of time and energy.

The Overself is in a far more satisfactory position. It is the puppet master. Upon this world which we call Earth there is a puppet which is the Earth body, and which functions with one tenth of the Overselfs attention. Upon a parallel world in another dimension the Overself could have another puppet, or perhaps two, or three, or more puppets, and it would then be able to manipulate these between various tasks. To go back to our student, one might say that this is like a student who can remain aloof in his private room and send his deputies to the different classrooms so that he can gain all the experience required through these different sources and 'connect them up' later.

Let us assume that the Overself has to rush things somewhat in order to catch up with the cycle of evolution. Supposing the Overself has been a bit slow or am bit lazy, and has had various setbacks, and this Overself does not want to be left in the same class or state after the others have passed on, so he has to take, in - effect a cramming course the same as a child or older student takes extra lessons in order that he may keep up with others who are more advanced, and so remain in close touch with them.

The Overself may have a person living one life in Australia, and may have yet another person doing something else in Africa. Perhaps there will be another one in South America, or Canada, or England; there may be more than three, there may be five or six or seven. These people might never meet on Earth and they would still be very much in affinity with each other, they may have telepathic rapport without in any way understanding why, but then occasionally they would meet in the astral just as travelling salesmen sometimes meet in the sales manager's office.



the Overself (or can we also call it groupsoul - as the theosophy learns? R.Ø.) which through impulses controls its "puppets" - as in a puppet-theatre. But remember that this Overself is YOURSELF - exactly your feeling of the "I - IDENTITY". But because we are only 1/10 consciousness in our normal state - we can not overview the identity of our real SELF.

The poor wretched Overself with seven or eight or nine puppets would really have to get a move on to manipulate them all at once and avoid 'crossing the wires' This is one explanation of some curious dreams because frequently when two compatible puppets are asleep their Silver Cords might touch, and would produce an effect similar to those crossed telephone lines wherein you hear pieces of others' conversations but, sadly, sadly, and to one's immense regret, we miss all the most interesting bits.

But what is the purpose of all this, you might ask. Well, that's easy to answer: By having a number of puppets the Overself can have vast experience and can live ten lives in just one lifetime. The Overself can experience riches and poverty the same time, and so weigh them in the balance of experience. One puppet in one country could be a beggar making a miserable living, hardly existing, in fact, while in some other country the next puppet could be a prince gaining experience on how to handle men and how to shape a nation's policy. The beggar would be gaining experience of misery and suffering so that when his lifetime of experience was blended to that of the prince - puppet, the Overself would know of the seamier side of me, and would know that there are at least two sides to every question.

In the normal course of events people would perhaps come as a prince and then wait for another life to come as a beggar, or the other way about, but when they are rushed for time, when any given cycle of evolution is nearing its end as is the present case, then heroic methods have to be adopted in order that those who - are slower may yet keep up with the rest.

We are now entering the Aquarian Age, an Age

wherein much will happen to Man and Man's spirituality will increase - it is about time that it did, by the way. Man's psychic ability also will increase. Many people now living on the Earth will not be reborn to the Earth but will go on to different stages of evolution. Many of those who have not learned in this or in this cycle of existence will be sent back like naughty schoolboys to start again in the next cycle.

If a boy is left behind by his class at school he is often dissatisfied and disgruntled (sur) that he is left behind, and he tends to be difficult with newcomers to that class, he tends to overplay his part and to show that he knows more, is better, bigger, and all that sort of thing, and the newcomers to the class almost always dislike the boy who is left over from the previous class. It is the same in the classroom of life, a person who has been rejected as not sufficiently evolved to go on to his next stage of existence has to come back and do that cycle over again. His subconscious memory contained in the nine-tenth of the subconscious resents it, and he tends to get ahead in one particular way.

Many people after leaving this Earth will go on to a different form of existence, ever higher, for Man always must climb higher and higher, as indeed must all creatures, and the spirit of Man being gregarious by nature, delights to be in company with loved ones. Thus it is that an Overself will make really determined efforts and will use many puppets in order that it may keep up with its fellows.

Let us accept, then, that a parallel world is a world in a different dimension, a world which is much like Earth, but yet is in a different dimension. If you find that difficult to comprehend, supposing you could go to the other side of the world instantly, in the twinkling of an eye. Now decide for yourself - are you living in the past? That is, have you gone back to yesterday, or have you travelled to the future? According to your calendar you will find that when you cross various datelines you travel either backwards or forwards as much as a complete day. So it is theoretically possible to move a day into the future according to your basic time, or to a 4day in the past. Having agreed that that is so, you should be able to agree that there are various dimensions which cannot be easily explained, - which nevertheless do exist, as do parallel worlds.

It is always amazing that people can readily believe that the heart can pump ten tons of blood in an hour, or that there are 60,000 miles of capillary tubing in the body, and yet a simple thing like parallel worlds causes them to raise their eyebrows in disbelief and thereby make an astonishing amount of muscles go to work.

Our subconscious is usually quite difficult to reach,

difficult to plumb. If we could easily reach our subconscious we could at all times find out what other puppets of ours were doing in other worlds, or in other parts of this world, and that would lead to very considerable confusion, alarm, and despondency. For example, think - today you have done certain things, but if you could get into your subconscious and find yourself living the life of another puppet of yours who had done the same thing last week or who intended to do it next week, it would lead to quite amazing confusion. This is one of the many reasons why it is so very difficult to tap into the subconscious.

At times things happen whereby there is an involuntary breakthrough between the conscious and the subconscious. It is a serious matter indeed, so serious that it is usually dealt with in a mental home. It leads to all sorts of psychotic conditions because the poor wretched sufferer is unable to determine which is the body in which he is supposed to reside.

Have you heard of the book *The Three Faces of Eve*? A woman was possessed by three different entities. The whole thing has been written about by quite a number of reputable doctors and specialists who presumably know what they are writing about.

Have you read the story of *Bridle Murphy*? That is a similar case. Again a person was possessed by another entity, or in other words, there was a breakthrough in the subconscious from one puppet to another.

Then we have the matter of *Joan of Arc*; Joan believed that she was a great leader, that she had messages from higher sources. *Joan of Arc*, a very simple, uneducated country girl, turned into a warrior and a leader of warriors because the Silver Cords between two puppets became tangled and Joan received impulses designed for a man in a different body. For a time she acted as that man, as that leader of men, as that great warrior, - and then when the lines were untangled her powers failed and she was once again the simple country girl who had to pay a penalty for temporary, and mistaken, fame; she was burned to death.

In the case of the victim of *The Three Faces of Eve* a multiple breakthrough, or breakdown, occurred and the poor woman was placed in unwilling contact with other puppets controlled by the same Overself. These other puppets were in a similar condition, they also suffered this breakthrough and as a result there was complete chaos. It is the same when you get two or three puppets and you are careless or inexperienced or let your attention wander, the - cords become entangled, you pull a string which should control Puppet A, but because of the tangle you might cause Puppet B to kick and Puppet C to - nod its head. In the same way, when you get a breakthrough between

the conscious and the subconscious, an uncontrolled breakthrough, that is, then you get interference from and with others who are being controlled by the same Overself.

Bridle Murphy? Yes, that also is true, that was a break - through into the subconscious and again a tangling of cords and a transference of impressions.

Joan of Arc, as we have seen, was a simple country girl without education of any kind. She spent long periods alone in contemplation, and in one such period she quite accidentally broke through to the subconscious. Probably she did a special breathing exercise without even knowing it, because all this can be done deliberately and under full control. Anyway, she broke through to the subconscious, crossed strings with another puppet, and really got into a mess. She had all the impulses of a warrior, and she became a warrior, she wore armour and rode a horse. But what happened to the poor fellow who was in - tended to become a leader, did he develop womanly traits? Well, if we speculate on that we can lead ourselves to all sorts of unfortunate conclusions. But - *Joan of Arc* became a leader of men, a warrior hearing voices from the sky. OF COURSE SHE DID! She was picking up impressions from the Silver Cord, which, after all, is only our puppet string. Think of that, our puppet string. We have a Silver Cord that is also mentioned in the Bible where, as you may remember, in the twelfth chapter of *Ecclesiastes* it is said, 'Or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken or the pitcher be broken at the fountain or the wheel broken at the cistern.'

People write about time and relativity, parallel worlds and all that, they use such big words that even they do not understand what they mean. But possibly you have got the general idea from this chapter. Remember, all this is true, all this is absolute fact, and one day in the not very distant future - science will break down a few barriers and a few prejudices, and will realise the truth of - parallel worlds.

Worlds of the opposite polarity

In the next - 3.chapter - he goes on with a very interesting thing - worlds of the opposite polarity:

For centuries past the Adepts of the far, far East have known that there was an opposite world to this, the world which in the far, far East is referred to as 'the Black Twin'. For years Western scientists have scoffed at such things, believing in their ignorance that only things discovered by Western scientists could exist, but now, fairly recently, a man has been awarded the Nobel Prize for discovering various things connected with the world of anti - matter.

In 1927 a British physicist discovered that there was such a - thing as a world of anti - matter, but he doubted his own work, apparently not having sufficient faith in his own ability. But then an American physicist by the name of Carl Anderson photographed cosmic rays passing through a special chamber. He found traces of an electron different from other electrons, he found, in fact, that there were antielectrons, and for his discovery, which was anticipated by the British in 1927, Anderson received the Nobel Prize. Possibly if the British physicist had had sufficient confidence in his work he would have had the prize instead.

It is now clear even to scientists - it has been clear to people of the East centuries before that a hydrogen atom and its antimatter counterpart could make an explosion which by companion would make the standard atom bomb as ineffectual as a damp squib. But let us look into this matter a little more.

All life, all existence - is motion, flow, rise and fall, wax and wane. Even sight consists of motion, for the rods and cones of the eye merely respond to vibrations (motion) from the article, which we say we have seen. So there is nothing whatever that is stationary. Take a mountain - it looks a solid structure, but by different sight the mountain is merely a mass of molecules dancing up and down, circling around each other like midges on a summer night. On a larger scale we could compare it to the cosmos, because in the cosmos there are planets, worlds, meteors, all circling around, all in constant motion, nothing is still, one is not even still in death!

In the same way that a battery must have a negative pole and a positive pole before any flow of energy can occur, so do humans, and anything else that exists, have negative and positive components. Nothing has ever existed which is all positive or all negative, because unless there is a difference there cannot be any flow of energy from one to the other, and thus life or existence would be impossible.

Most people are unaware of the world of anti - matter just as the negative or positive poles of a battery would not be aware of the existence of other poles. The positive terminal of a battery could have a direct pull towards the negative, or vice versa, but it is highly improbable that either pole could discuss the existence of the other.

There is the world of matter, but equal and opposite, there is a world of anti - matter, just as there is God and there is anti - God. Unless we have an anti - God there is no way of comparing the goodness of God, and unless we have a God there is no way of comparing the badness of anti - God. We who live upon this, which actually is the negative world or pole,

are at present controlled by anti - God, the Devil, or Satan, or what we term 'the power of evil'. But soon the cycle of existence will change and we shall be controlled by God, more under His beneficent influence. We are of an alternating current system which changes from positive to negative, and negative to positive, just as our counterpart changes from negative to positive and positive to negative.

All life is flow, movement, vibration, oscillation, change. All existence is flow and change. If we examine the alternating current system we can see that each half wave consists of a negative cycle becoming half-positive, and a half positive cycle becoming half negative. But then they go on and instead of becoming half-negative the first becomes wholly negative, and the second wholly positive. In our ordinary household current, in England for example, the current changes its polarity fifty times a second, from negative to positive and positive to negative. In other parts of the world, such as Canada and the United States, the frequency of change is sixty times a second. We upon this form of existence known as the world, the solar system, and the universe, have a cycle system of our own. Here we travel along the stream of time just as electrons travel along the electric stream, we travel along our conception of time until we reach - or our Overself reaches - some much greater existence. If you will refer to Wisdom of the Ancients written by me, you will find that one different time cycle is 72,000 years.

But everyone and everything on Earth has a counterpart of the opposite polarity on another Earth, in another galaxy, in another system of time altogether. Obviously that system cannot be close to us or there would be such a tremendous explosion that the whole Earth, and many other worlds as well, would be destroyed.

It is now thought that the great earth - shaking explosion which occurred on June 30th, 1908, in the wastes of Siberia was caused by a piece of anti - matter much smaller than a football which had somehow got into our atmosphere. It travelled along at truly tremendous speed, and as it slammed into the Earth this piece of anti - matter, much smaller than a football, exploded with a noise which was heard more than 500miles away. People 40 miles away were thrown off their feet with the blast and shock. So if a larger piece of anti - matter came there would be no longer an Earth; in just the same way as a spark can weld contacts together and so cause a short and complete failure of an electric system, so would a larger piece of anti - matter have caused complete failure to us.

We, then, in our present cycle and on our present world, are of the negative cycle. Thus we have

frustration, bitterness, where the predominant force is evil. Take heart from the fact that this particular cycle is coming to a close, and in the years to come a fresh cycle will start in which conditions will become more and more positive, where we shall no longer be under the domination of anti - God, where no longer shall there be wars, but where all shall be good; for just as now we have wars against each other, in the cycle to come the only wars shall be against poverty arid illness, and against evil itself. We will find that we have what can be termed 'Heaven on Earth', and Overselves everywhere will be sending their puppets to what then shall be the positive world as well as to the negative world

Suppose you consider Alice in Wonderland: think of Alice going through the mirror into a world where everything was reversed. Supposing that you could suddenly pass through the veil separating the negative and positive, supposing that here on this world you were wondering how you could pay your bills, wondering how you were going to afford to keep going, and wondering why your neighbor disliked you so much. Then, unexpectedly you were pushed through the veil. You would find you had no bills, people were kind, you had time to help other people instead of thinking about yourself all the time. It is going to come, inevitably, it always comes, and each time there is a reversal of cycle we learn a little more.

It is an interesting thought that if we could catch a lump of anti - matter about the size of a pea, and we could shield it somehow from the Earth's influence, we could harness it to a vast spaceship, and then by exposing just a little to the Earth's influence that particle, no larger than a pea, would propel the spaceship upwards beyond this world, and out into deep, deep space. There would then be no need for rockets or other forms of propulsion, because that small piece of anti - matter, under proper control, would provide complete anti - gravity matter.

Again, there cannot be good without evil because no force would exist. You cannot have a magnet, which is all positive or all negative because no force would exist. The magnet would not exist either! Let us imagine that the world is just a form of magnet with magnetic fields, which radiate from the Arctic remark the Antarctic, but connected to us by some bridge that we cannot see - is another world of the opposite polarity. Then we would have the two poles of, for instance, a horseshoe magnet. Many scientists are wondering if anti - matter means that every single thing is duplicated on this other world. They wonder, for instance; if there are anti - people, anti - cats, and antimogsm Scientists do not know what these people are like because scientists are people of little or no imagination, they have to have a thing in

their hands so that they can dissect it or weigh it. It takes an occultist to give information on this particular subject, because the competent occultist can leave the body and get out of the body, and out of the Earth as well, and once out of the Earth he can see what this other world is like - as I - have done so very, very frequently.

Anti - people are merely people whose etheric direction is different from that of people on this, the world of Earth. They may, purely by way of illustration, have a yellowish and blue shell to the aura instead of a blue and yellow shell as here. If you find it difficult to visualise the world of anti - matter, consider in photography - we have a negative and we have a positive, and if we shine a light through the negative under sensitised paper and dip the stuff in various chemicals we get a dark patch where there was a light patch on the negative, and a light patch where there was a dark patch on the negative;

There are certain unknown flying objects - let us call them "flying saucers" - which come to this Earth actually from the world of anti - matter. They cannot come too close or they would explode, but they are exploring just the same as we send a rocket to the Moon, or to Mars, or to Venus.

(Comment - there are some very serious contact-reports from ufo-contacts from civilisations claiming to be from a universe of the opposite. And I believe they are able to change their actual polarity when they re-materializes the ship and themselves - after the transference on the higher planes or the non-physical form - back to our "normal" state of reality. You can read more of this in the book - UFO-CONTACT FROM KOLDAS. Also some pictures and figures describing the process. The whole book can be found on internet <http://www.galactic-server.com/rune/> R.Ø.remark.)

People complain that if there was anything in this flying saucer business the people aboard would land or would make contact with people upon this Earth. The whole truth of the matter is that they cannot, because if they touch down there is an explosion and no longer a flying saucer. If you will consider various reports you will remember that there have been incidents when some unknown flying object, which was very dearly seen on radar, suddenly exploded most violently as it came within 1,000 feet or so of the surface of this world, exploded so violently that no trace could be found. The same thing could happen if we could send a rocket to the world of anti - matter. We should annoy the inhabitants considerably by perhaps blowing a city right off their map!

There are other aspects of this world of anti - matter which are exceedingly interesting to those who have studied the matter thoroughly. For example,

there are certain locations - fortunately but few - on this world of ours where people can 'slip through' into another dimension, or into the world of anti-matter. People move to such a location, which oscillates slightly, and if they are unlucky they are transferred completely from our Earth. This is not imagination, but is a matter, which has, been proved time and time again.

THE DISAPPEARINGS IN BERMUDA AND ELSE...

Far away beyond the Shetland Islands in a very cold sea there is a mysterious island called Ultima Thule, the Last Land. Most mysterious happenings have occurred in the vicinity of that island and actually upon it. There is, for instance, a British Admiralty report of many years ago wherein it is stated that a party of British seamen landed on Ultima Thule, and there most peculiar things happened to them, and people appeared, people who were quite different from British sailors. Eventually the British sailors returned to their ship, a British battleship, by the way, considerably shaken by their unnerving experiences. At Ultima Thule whole ships' crews have disappeared never to be seen again.

There is off the American coast a place, which has been known as the Triangle of Death. It is an area in the Atlantic Ocean where ships, and even fast flying aircraft, have disappeared. Would you like to check on some of this?

Here is a start: On February 2nd, 1963, a tanker called Marine Sulphur Queen left Beaumont in the State of Texas. This ship was bound for Norfolk in Virginia.

The ship left on February 2nd, and was in routine radio communication with land radio stations until February 4th, when she was stated to be near a certain area of land in the Gulf of Mexico. Then no more was heard of the ship. (Insert picture ramchap3.jpg.) pict.of the ship nearly 150m long - disappeared in perfect weather - and 39 people on board. No trace.. from 1840 -1973 it is known of 19 inexplicable ships disappearing - some in sunshine and calm sea.....

On February 6th the ship was presumed lost. Planes took off to patrol the area, coastguard cutters steamed criss - cross patterns, and all ships in the area were asked to report any unusual wreckage. And so the search continued until February 14th, without any trace whatever of anything from the tanker.

Not only ships have been lost; in August 1963 two large four - engine tanker planes left an Air Force

base South of Miami. The eleven men aboard the planes were to be engaged in ordinary refuelling operations - just an ordinary matter of training in refuelling.

During the flight the planes radioed their position as 800 miles North of Miami and 300 miles West of Bermuda, but that was the last heard from them, they reported their position and vanished to be seen no more.

These were new planes with highly trained crews. There was no fault in the planes at all, they had just radioed their position, and then they vanished.

Imagine the search which followed; aircraft went out and literally combed the area, some flying high so that they could see over the widest possible part of the sea, others flying low in the hope of spotting something of the two planes. Ships moved across and took up the search, but nothing whatever was ever found, no planes, no wreckage, no bodies - nothing. NOTHING!

Throughout years there have been reports of the mysterious disappearance of ships - ships lost without trace, lost without even a matchstick of wreckage to show that they existed. But never have there been the facilities for quick search by fast radar - equipped aircraft as at present, and no matter how one searches, no matter the means one employs, there is still no trace of what happened.

There is an area in the Atlantic on the Bermuda/ Florida coastline where many ships have disappeared, and many aircraft, too, have disappeared. This is not a lonely area because the whole of the coastline is patrolled by coastguards, by the Navy, and by the Air Force. The list of disappearances goes back to the first part of recorded history.

Many years ago I became acquainted with a most mysterious area in the Pacific, South of Japan. Here there was a region known as the Devil's Sea where a ship, usually a junk, could sail along its peaceful way and then completely vanish before the startled eyes of people in other junks near by. On one occasion a line of fishing junks were sailing out over the Devil's Sea, the leading junk was perhaps a mile away from the next. It sailed on, and suddenly vanished without the slightest trace. The helmsman in the second junk was so paralysed with fright that he had no time or thought to alter course, and his junk sailed on over the course of the other and nothing happened to it. All the crews later reported a curious shimmer in the air above them, and a sensation which they said was oppressive and heavy like that often occurring before a very strong tornado.

Here is something that the sceptical among you could check; on December 5th, 1945, five torpedobombers took off from the naval station at

Fort Lauderdale in the State of Florida. It was a peaceful, sunny day, without clouds, the water was placid, there were no storms, nothing at all to give one thought that a great mystery was about to occur.



These five bombers were going out on an absolutely routine flight during which time they should be within visual sight of the American coastline or some of the Caribbean Islands. At no time, considering the height at which they would fly, should they be out of sight of land. Every bomber had been carefully checked and every fuel tank was completely full. Every engine was at its best condition, as was certified by the pilots who had to sign examination sheets before taking off. Further, every plane had a self-inflating life-raft, and each man wore his own life-jacket, life-jackets which would keep a man afloat for days. The crew numbered fourteen, and every man had more than a year's experience of flying.

Presumably they all thought they were going for an ordinary pleasurable flight up into the blue sky, watching the jewels of islands which were the Caribbean Islands, and watching the long, long coastline of Florida. Perhaps, too, some of them hoped to get another look down at the Everglades. But they took off carrying out their ordinary routine patrol, they were going to fly East for 100 miles and North for 40 miles, after which they would head back to the air station which they would reach two hours after takeoff.

Sometime after take-off - about an hour and a half - a message was received at the Fort Lauderdale station, and it was a strange message indeed, it was a message of emergency. The leader of the flight was agitated, even frightened; he said they all seemed to be off course, and he said also that they could not see land. This was such a strange occurrence that he found it necessary to repeat it. 'Repeat, we cannot see land.'

As is usual in such a case the radio operator on duty at the air station sent a message to the flight of

planes asking what was their position. The reply completely shattered the composure of the men in the airport control towers. The reply, 'we are not sure of our position, we do not know where we are.' Yet they were flying in ideal conditions, every man was completely experienced and their aircraft were excellent. But then a further message was received, a highly alarmed voice came through the speakers, 'We don't know which way is West,' said the voice. 'Everything is wrong, everything is strange, we cannot be sure of any direction, even the sea doesn't look as it should.'

Can you imagine an experienced man accompanied by thirteen other men being able to say the compass did not indicate correctly, they did not know where they were, they could not see land, and even the sea looked different? And yet, also, the sun which was shining on the air station was invisible to the fourteen men flying in a cloudless sky, they could not see the sun, and the sea looked different.

At about 4.30 p.m. of that same day another flight leader spoke by radio, and said that he did not know where they were. It continued, 'It looks as if we are....' And then the message ended, no further contact was ever made, no trace was ever found of these - fourteen men, nor of the planes in which they flew, no wreckage, nothing. Within minutes one of the American Navy's largest flying-boats, with complete equipment for survival and rescue, roared off the water carrying a crew of thirteen men. The flying-boat, nearly 80 feet long and with a wing span of 125 feet, was built to withstand the roughest landings at sea. One would have called such a flying-boat invincible and invulnerable.



The flying-boat also had the possibility to land on the ocean - but it totally disappeared. From 1946 - 1967 there was 21 planes - totally lost in this area - an remember some of them had 4 separate engines - and some flew so that they could overview each other...

During the flying-boat's journey out to the imagined position of the torpedo-bombers it sent out routine reports, but after twenty minutes all radio contact stopped and nothing whatever was ever heard

again about the torpedo - bombers norm about the huge, specially equipped, specially manned flying - boat which had gone to their rescue.

The coastguard, the Navy, - the Air Force - everyone - went out in a hurried search for wreckage, for men floating in life - jackets or in self - inflating life - boats, but nothing was ever found. - An aircraft carrier moved into the area and thirty planes took off at first light to search the whole area. The R.A.F. who happened to be nearby sent every one of their available planes into the air to search. But, again, never has there been the slightest piece of wreckage, and it is clear that all these planes just disappeared.

Disappeared? Yes, they went through a 'hole in time' into the world of anti - matter, just as throughout the ages ships and men and women, and animals too, have vanished without trace.

These incidents are not just isolated incidents that happened recently, they have happened throughout history and if one digs deep enough one can find various highly interesting accounts of sudden disappearances. There is, for example, a well - documented case of a boy who went out of his father's farmhouse one evening. He was going to get water from the well, there was snow upon the ground, just a few inches of it, and the boy was anxious to get back to the fire, so he started out with a pail in each hand. His parents and some visiting friends sat by the side of the fire and waited for him because they wanted the water with which to make tea.

After a time the mother got restless and wondered whatever was keeping the boy. But knowing how boys dawdle she was not alarmed until almost an hour had passed. Then some strange feeling came over them and they took lanterns and went out in search of the boy, thinking that perhaps he had fallen into the well.

With their lanterns before them shedding light upon the snow they could follow his footsteps halfway across the field. Then, the father in the lead stopped with such horrified astonishment that those following bumped into him. He moved aside and pointed dumbly. The others looked in the snow, and there they found clear imprints of the boy's footsteps and then no imprints any more. The boy had vanished as if he had suddenly been drawn straight up into the air.

This is fact; the footsteps went in a straight line, and then they were no more. The boy has not been seen since.

There was another case of a man in full daylight. He went out into a field watched by his wife and the local sheriff (in the United States). He was going to get something for the sheriff from the field, and in view of these people he just vanished into thin air and was never seen again!

Do you have access to Reynolds' News? If you do

you might like to consult the issue of August 14th, 1938. If you turn over those by now yellowed pages you will find the tale of an R.A.F. flying - boat that suddenly disappeared in an immense column of water and smoke while flying just a few feet over the surface of the sea off Felixstowe, England. There was no collision, no impact, but the plane just vanished and no of it have been found.

Here is another one: In the year 1952 in the month of March Wing Commander Baldwin of the R.A.F. was flying with a patrol of planes along the Korean coast. He and his companions were all flying new jet planes. He flew into a cloud, his companions did not. They returned to base eventually but Commander Baldwin did not, there was no trace of him and no trace of his plane, and none of his companions could say what happened to him.

There are many, many such cases. For example, in 1947 - an American Super - Fortress just disappeared without any trace and without any wreckage. It was flying in that triangle near Bermuda. This Super - Fortress, a very large plane, just vanished, and although a really intensive search was mounted no trace was found.

Do you remember the case of the British South American Airways plane, Star Tiger? The year was 1948, the month was January, well, almost February because it was January 30th. But this great plane, a four - engine affair, radioed the airport at Kindleyfield, Bermuda, that it was approximately 400 miles from the island. The radio operator stated that the - Weather was excellent and the plane was performing exactly as it should. The radio operator added that they expected to arrive on schedule. Well, they did not; the six members of the crew and two dozen - passengers disappeared, and again, in spite of a most thorough search, nothing was ever found. About fifty planes of various types flew low over the area, but - nothing was found. In London there was an investigation based on all available evidence. These things are thoroughly investigated because of the insurance at Lloyds of London, but the only verdict the investigators could bring in was 'Lost, cause unknown'.

Do you want another? December 1948 -a big airliner going from San Juan airport towards Florida. There were more than thirty passengers, and when the radio operator got in touch with his station he said that everything was going well and them passengers were all singing.

At 4.15 a.m. the radio operator contacted Miami control tower stating that they were 50 miles out and were in sight of the field. He asked for landing instructions.

The plane vanished, the passengers, everything

vanished without trace, and no trace has ever been found. Again there was no wreckage. The investigators confirmed that the Captain and crew were highly experienced and yet - less than 50 miles from their destination a great plane vanished without the slightest trace.

Just one more - we have to mention this one because it is a sister of the Star Tiger, but this later one was called the Ariel. Again it got in touch with Bermuda and then passed on en route to Kingston, Jamaica. But at 8.25 there was a message, which stated that the plane was 175 miles from Bermuda. The operator confirmed that everything was well and he was changing to the radio station at Kingston, but that was the last heard, the plane vanished without trace.

The United States Navy was in the vicinity of Bermuda, carrying out manoeuvres. The United States Navy and the Air Force, too, had had enough of these mysteries, so they bent every possible effort to solving the mystery. Two immense aircraft carriers put every one of their planes in the air, in addition there were light cruisers and destroyers, together with mine - sweepers and all manners of pinnaces. Yet although every square foot of water was covered, no trace was found, nothing at all.

The explanation is that there is a 'split in time' through which infrequently people go from one world to another. If you imagine two large footballs rotating close together, and each football has a small split in it, you can see that if for some reason the two split - areas came into close proximity an unhappy little flea on one football could just jump straight into the split of the other football. Perhaps there is a similar state of affairs between this world and the opposite world.

If you find that difficult to understand, remember this; here we are in a three - dimensional world. We imagine that in our little box - like rooms we are quite safe and nothing can touch us, but supposing a four - dimensional person looked down at us, then possibly for him a ceiling or a wall would not exist and so he could reach down and pick us up.

It might be a good idea if we have a chapter devoted to dimensions, the fourth dimension, for example. What do you think? Shall we do it? The fourth dimension is a very useful thing if we understand it properly.

Just a very little then from CHAPTER FOUR
"MANY DIMENSIONS TOO!"

IT seems rather appropriate to deal with the fourth dimension in the fourth chapter because when we

leave this Earth - we all go into the fourth dimension! Let us add an interesting point here; people who attend seances are often upset at the garbled messages they receive from those who have 'passed over'. They do not understand that the person who has left this Earth for another plane of existence is what we might term thousands of light years in the future. You will find an interesting parallel later in this chapter when we deal with the Hindu king and his daughter, but first what is a one - dimensional world? We cannot understand what four dimensions are unless we understand what one is. Suppose we have a piece of paper and a pencil; let us draw on the paper a straight line, and let us imagine that all the carbon from the pencil represents people so that in effect the straight line is a whole universe. There will be only two points for the people, one is straight ahead and the other is straight behind, they will be able to move backwards or forwards, and in no other way at all. Supposing that you could make a change in that line, then the one - dimensional people would think that a miracle had occurred, or if they saw the point of your pencil just lightly pressing on the paper they would think that a flying saucer had suddenly appeared.

You, as a three - dimensional creature, will have temporarily entered a one - dimensional world to rest the point of your pencil on the paper, and the one - dimensional being who saw that pencil point will be sure that a most unusual happening has occurred. Being one - dimensional he would not be able to see you but only that point of the pencil in contact with the paper.

Having some idea of what a one - dimensional world is; let us have a look at a two dimensional world. This will be a flat plane and the people who live upon such a world will necessarily be flat geometrical figures. The world in which they exist will be to them much the same as our world except that if you draw pencil lines around them - they will become aware of these as great walls preventing them from going beyond those encompassing lines - and they will probably decide that the lines they encounter must exist somewhere else - they will think of the third dimension in much the same way as we think of the 4th dimension. In much the same way as we sometimes have difficulty comprehending the 4. Dim - so will these 2dim people have the greatest difficulty in comprehending that 3.dim - which to us so commonplace...

“Chapters of life “ - part 2

In this part we start with Rampas analyse of a poem written by Milrepa and Rampa says ...

Let us now consider the poem ‘I Fear Not’ by that great man Milarepa. Milarepa wrote that the initiated may know certain things. Here is an inkling (anelse) into the hidden meanings:

in fear of death I built a house And my house is a house of the void of truth. Now I fear not death.

The meaning of that has been variously translated and mistranslated. Actually, according to esoteric beliefs, it can be taken as meaning that even on other planes of existence one cannot stand still on a tight-rope, one must go forward or fall, one must progress upwards or one must slip backwards. It is necessary at all times to keep in mind that although here we are upon Earth, yet when we die we are reborn into another stage of existence. When we finish with what we might term the Earth Stage of existence we go on to another Round where there are different abilities, different standards. For example, upon this particular cycle of lives we are given so many senses. When we go to the next stage we will have more senses, more abilities, and so on. But we move up, never backwards unless it is by our own lack of energy.

So, in fear of death in the astral plane, I built a body, and my body had the emptiness of truth. With truth I fear not death. In other words, we know that when we die to one life we go on to the next. There is no such thing as permanent death, death is rebirth. I want to tell you this in absolute sincerity; because of very special training I have been able to visit other planes of existence normally inaccessible to one, a dweller on this plane. Special precautions have to be taken by those who guide one, of course, because one’s vibrations - and we are only vibrations - cannot, unaided, speed up to make it possible for us to reach those higher planes. The experience was quite painful, it was like a blinding light, it was like passing through white - hot flames, yet I was shielded, protected.

I found that on a higher plane I was of about the same standard as would be a slug (kjeltring) on this Earth compared to a high human intelligence. The greatest scientists of this Earth would find that they were no higher than that slug upon elevated planes. We have to progress all the time, and all the time, at the end of every life, we die, so called, so that we can progress upwards. Think of a caterpillar (sommerfugllarve); a caterpillar is a creature which crawls about, then apparently it dies and becomes a butterfly which moves in a different

element, which moves in air instead of crawling about on the ground.

Take the classic example of a dragonfly. From out of some stagnant pond painfully crawls some lowly worm, some grub. It crawls slowly up, perhaps, a rush or a projecting branch. It climbs up, and takes a fierce, tenacious hold. Then there is no more movement, the creature dies, it seems to decay. Eventually from the dead husk there comes a little plop and the dead shell splits. From it emerges the dragonfly, limp, bedraggled. It spreads its wings, soon they become firm and iridescent. Then, with the sunlight upon it, the dragonfly rises up into the air and soars away.

Now, isn’t that really like humanity? The human body, something like a worm you will agree, dies; from the dead husk emerges something which soars upwards into new life. That is what I like so much about dragonflies, they are a promise of eternal life, they are a promise that there is more than just this miserable flesh body. But I for one do not need promises, because I have experienced the actuality. *(and it has shown so long time after his books was written - that experiences from hospitals, from “near-death-searching”, etc. - has very strong indicated that Rampa really described the actual reality. R.Ø.remark.)*

If we were to continue with ‘I Fear Not’ we might go to:

*In fear of hunger I sought food
And my food is the food of meditation upon truth.
Now I fear not hunger.*

That, of course, means spiritual hunger, not physical but spiritual. If a person is in doubt he just doesn’t know what to do, where to go to obtain knowledge. A person in doubt is a frustrated person, an unhappy, person. In fear of spiritual hunger I sought knowledge, and I meditated upon truth, and now knowing the truth I fear not hunger.’ I say to you that even in these humble little chapters you can learn much, you can have seeds of knowledge planted within you. A seed is a small thing, but from a small seed can grow a mighty tree. I am trying to plant a seed - I am trying to light a candle in the darkness.

Centuries ago all mankind had knowledge such as this, but certain elements of mankind abused the knowledge, and so there came the Dark Ages when the candles of learning throughout the world were extinguished, when Man burned books of knowledge, and sank for a time into abysmal ignorance, when Man was riddled with superstition. But now we are coming to a new era, to a new stage, wherein Man is going to have additional powers. I may become

unpopular when I say almost in a whisper, atom bomb fallout may not be altogether the harmful thing which it is so often supposed to be. Let us digress from poetry for a moment to get down to reality:

Mankind throughout the centuries has been deteriorating (forverret). If we want to get prize cattle, or prize animals, we do not let them mate indiscriminately and breed unfavourable strains. The animals are carefully picked and bred for quality, possibly for some particular quality. If we have trees, fruit trees, we can carefully tend those trees and graft them so that we get bigger and better fruit, or fruit having a special flavour. But let us neglect these animals, let them run wild, let us desert our fruit groves and let them revert to nature, then all the good training they have had reverts back and we get inferior fruit, inferior animals. Think, for instance, of a most beautiful apple, which can revert back to a crab apple (villeple). Humans are like crab apples, humans breed indiscriminately, and people with the least desirable traits usually have the most children, while people who have knowledge or characters which could actually increase the quality of the human race have no children at all.

Often it is because of excessive taxation, or excessive import duties.

So possibly Old Mother Nature, who must know a thing or two after all these years, might see a different way of increasing the value of the human race. Give this a thought; possibly Old Mother Nature has made it so that a few strange radiations are let loose to produce mutations. Not all mutations are bad, you know. We get, for instance, a germ, a family of germs. They are treated by penicillin, many get killed off, but others change, they become immune to penicillin. Later they become not just immune, but they thrive on penicillin. How do we know that humans are not doing the same? Always we have to move upwards, always we have to progress, and it is my firm belief, which also is the belief of Eastern thought, that everyone has to know all these things before they can pass on to higher stages of evolution.

*In fear of error I sought a Path
And my Path is the Path of transcendent union.
Now I fear not error.*

In other words - I did not know which way to move, I did not know where my Path lay, so I sought knowledge from Higher Worlds. I got that knowledge and now I do not fear that I am making a mistake of my life.

*I am a sage who possesses in plentitude
The manifold treasures of desire, And wherever I
dwell I am happy.*

Again, I am wise that I have obtained from other sources knowledge of what is to be, knowing what one is required to know. Thus, knowing that life upon Earth is, in the infinity of Man's spiritual lifetime, just a flickering of an eyelid, I can be contented wherever I dwell. Thus, I fear not.

Milarepa was a great sage, he was a man who retired into a mountain cave. People came to consult him and to study with him. Let me make it clear that those who came to study with him, attended to his body wants, cleaned his cave, looked after his clothing, prepared his food, ran messages. So many people of the West think, 'Oh, all knowledge should be free, you must not charge to teach people anything.' But, of course, that is just ignorance, asinine, crass ignorance. That is said by people with little knowledge and little knowledge is a dangerous thing indeed. Anything that is worth having is worth working for. Milarepa taught that one must be content, be content with knowledge. Milarepa taught that the body was as a monastery, and the monks within the monastery were the different powers and abilities of the body and of the mind.

For the bodily substance is the palace of divinity.

Again, the body substance, the flesh, or clay, or whatever you want to call your body, is the house wherein dwells the Overself or the soul who is here upon this Earth to gain experience of mundane things. In higher stages of existence one cannot meet those whom one heartily dislikes. The obvious answer is to come to Earth where you meet all of them all the time! You just think - if you really think with an open mind you will find that you dislike an amazing number of people, and you are sure that an even greater number of people dislike you. If you are honest you will agree that that is right. If you go to work you will be sure that somebody is trying to cut you out of your job, somebody is trying to deny you promotion, somebody has a spite against you. That's so, isn't it

Well, the Overself has to come down to Earth to get those obnoxious (ubehagelige) experiences. Thus it is that the body is a fairly durable contraption (innretning), it houses the soul against undue shocks. One must be content with the mind, because within the mind one can store and sort out knowledge of the truth, and until you, know the truth, you cannot know holiness, holiness not in the sanctimonious sense, but in the true sense which recognises that the Overself

is the controller of the body, and the body is merely a puppet.

Milarepa goes on:

Raging enemies be content to (sky)

For enmity (fiendskap) is a traveller upon the wrong Path.

That means you must not have hatred or enmity for anyone because if you feel strong hatred for anyone it means that you are upon the wrong Path. You cannot stand still on a tight - rope, you either go forward or you go back because actually, you know, on our spiritual tight - rope you cannot fall off and be destroyed. Often in religions, in all religions, there is talk of eternal damnation, talk of eternal torment. Don't believe it, don't believe it! These things were said by the priests of old in the same way that the mother might tell her child, 'Now you be quiet or I'll tell your father. He'll take a stick to you!'

In the days of old people were very much like children. They perhaps lacked reasoning power, which has developed throughout the ages, often they had to be threatened in order to help them. You might find that little Joe or Charlie won't eat his breakfast, you might say - if you are foolish - 'Now you eat it up this moment or I'll call the policeman for you!' I have known that happen many times. Well, eventually little Joe or little Charlie thinks that all policemen are fiends, he thinks that a policeman is always ready to pounce upon him, take him off to jail, and do all kinds of unmentionable things to him for ever and ever and a bit longer. So in the days gone by the priest used to say, 'Ah! Devils will get at you, Devils will prod you in various unmentionable places, they will give you, in fact, the devil of a time.' Don't believe it! There is a God, it does not matter what you are going to call that God, there is a God, a God of good, and no person is ever called upon to suffer beyond his limits.

Some of us, though, have memories of other things. Some of us, as in my own case, have actual knowledge, not just memories, and some people without the memories and without the knowledge are called upon to suffer more than they need to suffer because they will not learn by lessons of the past. We live upon this Earth, we are, as you know, about nine - tenths subconscious, one - tenth of us only is conscious, or at least that is the popular figure. By the sight of some of the people on certain other continents one would doubt that people are even one-tenth conscious! But I want to say something here about other work, which is done by the Overself.

The Overself, of course, is ten-tenths conscious. It has to be otherwise the human subconscious could not be nine-tenths awake. The Overself is not confined

to dealing with one body alone, there are different systems of utilising the energies of the Overself, and let us just briefly look at them.

Some people come as a member of a group, for example, a young girl may be upon the Earth and she may be quite lost and inept without the company of her brothers, her sisters, and her parents. These people, they seem to function only when they are all together. Death makes a terrific gap, while when one gets married, then the married person is always running back to the family. These people may be as puppets all controlled by the same Overself.

Twins or quads often also are controlled by the same Overself. It seems as if the leaders of other Planes know that this particular round of existence is nearly at an end and another will start, and so they seem to be bringing people here to work in groups under the control of one Overself to each group, in much the same way as a Communistic dictatorship has cells of so many people under the control of one supervisor, and all the supervisors are under the control of a senior supervisor, and so on.

One has often seen groups of birds, perhaps fifty birds, wheeling and turning in unison as if under the command of one person. Well, that is as it should be because these birds are all controlled by one person, in just the same way as a colony of ants is controlled by one Overself, or a hive of bees is controlled by one Overself.

People who are more enlightened, more evolved, have a different system, and this is going to make you think. So, let us take it slowly and briefly because actually all we have to bother about is how we are managing on this Earth - let the other worlds take care of themselves until we can get round to them.

There are many different worlds like the Earth, not in the same - for want of a better word I can only call - 'time'. But perhaps we should do better if we used a musical term - harmonics. We can have a musical note, a pure note, but then we can have harmonics to the note. The harmonics are all fundamentals of the original note. In much the same way there is this Earth, which perhaps we should call Earth D, then there are Earths C, B, A, and E, F, G, for instance. These are similar Earths, similar worlds, and they are called parallel universes or parallel worlds.

An Overself who has evolved and who realises that controlling just one puny little Earth - body is time consuming, and sufficiently educational, can have a puppet on each of several worlds. So that in world A, for example, little Bennie can be a genius, but in world F little Freddie can be a moron (psykisk utviklingshemmet person). In that way the Overself can see two sides of the coin at once, and can gain experience on both ends of the scale.

A really experienced Overself might have nine different puppets, and that is the same as living nine different lives, which speeds up evolution quite a bit. But this subject has already been dealt with more fully in Chapter Two.

As was stated at the beginning of this chapter, poetry or verse or a definite rhythm - pattern is often used to drive a matter deeply into one's subconscious. Now we are going to have an example of the type of thing, which the Egyptians used to do. Unfortunately it loses a lot of its power by being translated into English. In the original Egyptian the words swayed rhythmically and achieved the desired purpose, but just think for yourself, if you get a piece of poetry and you translate it from English or Spanish - into, let us say, German, you get the sounds all wrong, you get the balance all wrong, and so it does not have the same effect. In fact, some poems cannot be translated at all into another language, so this 'Confession to Maat' is not as good as it would be in Egyptian.

This is a temple confession which was said in the Chamber of Maat in the Egyptian Temple of Initiation. It is as written in the Egyptian Book of the Dead, it was actually an invocation. Maat, you may remember, is the Egyptian word meaning 'Truth'. So the Chamber of Maat became the Chamber, or Temple, of Truth.

Here is the Confession to Maat, which should be repeated every night before one goes to sleep. If one repeats this as did the Egyptians, then it leads one to a much purer life. Try it and see!

THE CONFESSION TO MAAT

Homage to Thee (deg), Oh Great God, Thou Master of all Truth, I have come to Thee, Oh my God, and have brought myself hither that I may become conscious of Thy decrees. I know Thee and am attuned with Thee and Thy two and forty laws which exist with Thee in this Chamber of Maat. (sannhetens kammer)

In Truth I come into Thy Attunement, and I have brought Maat in my mind and Soul.

I have destroyed wickedness for Thee.

I have not done evil to mankind.

I have not oppressed the members of my family.

I have not wrought evil place of right and Truth.

I have had no intimacy with worthless men.

I have not demanded first consideration.

I have not decreed that excessive labour be performed for me.

I have not brought forward my name for exaltation to honours.

I have not defrauded the oppressed of Property.

I have made no man suffer hunger.

I have made no one to weep.

I have caused no pain to be inflicted upon man or animal.

I have not defrauded the Temple of their oblations.

I have not diminished from the bushel.

I have not filched away land.

I have not encroached upon the fields of others.

I have not added to the weights of the scales to cheat the seller and I have not misread the pointer of the scales to cheat the buyer.

I have not kept milk from the mouths of children. I have not turned back the water at the time it should flow.

I have not extinguished the fire when it should burn.

I have not repulsed God in His Manifestation.

AFFIRMATION

I am Pure! I am Pure! I am Pure!

My purity is the purity of the Divinity of the Holy Temple.

THEREFORE EVIL SHALL NOT BEFALL ME IN THIS WORLD, BECAUSE I, EVEN I, KNOW THE LAWS OF GOD WHICH ARE GOD.

There are, as, previously stated, occasions when prose in special form is used to drive into the subconsciousness a special message. Here is a Prayer which I composed, and which you should repeat three times each morning:

TO MY OVERSELF I PRAY

Let me this day, living my life day by day in the manner prescribed, control and direct my imagination.

Let me this day, living my life day by day in the manner prescribed, control my desires and my thoughts that I be purified thereby.

Let me this day, and all days, keep my imagination and my thoughts directed firmly upon the task which has to be accomplished, that success may come thereby.

I will at all times live my life day by day, controlling imagination and thought.

You should also have a Prayer to be said at night, three times each night before going to sleep. Here, then, is a specially composed Prayer (composed by me) which will instil discipline into your subconsciousness by night:

A PRAYER

Keep me free from evil thoughts. Keep me free from the blackness of despair. At the time of my misery shine a light into the darkness that enshrouds me.

Let my every thought be good and clean. Let my every action be for the good of others. Let me be positive in my thoughts that my mind may be strengthened therefrom.

I am the Master of my Destiny. As I think today, so am I tomorrow. Let me therefore avoid all evil thoughts. Let me avoid all thoughts which cause distress to others. Let my Spirit arise within me that I may easily succeed in the task that lies ahead.

I am the Master of my Destiny. So be it.

Spiritual beings with and without souls -
**ELEMENTALS AND CONTACT
 TO THE OTHER SIDE**

In chapter 6 he talks about healers and others that claim "special properties" or talents in contacting the other side and he make some warnings:

«..... how often do we hear of some poor little man, so lonely, so forgotten by the world, that he has to say, 'Ah, I have read a book about occultism. I will now set up as a great Teacher and a Master.' So he goes to work by day, perhaps canvassing (stemmeverver) from door to, door, or perhaps being a meek little man under a domineering employer, and by night he sets off to his back room, puts on a mysterious look, flaps his eyebrows up and down, sights down the side of his nose, makes weird (underlige) sighs and groans and perhaps also does a stage trick or two, says how wonderfully he can do astral travelling. Actually he has probably had too much supper or bad cheese, or something, and he has had a nightmare. Well, that little man is a real pest, he is a real danger to occultism and to himself. I am going to tell you that all these crackpots who put on stage shows and call it occultism - are going to have to pay time after time until they learn better, they are going to have to come back to this Earth, and that should be a threat enough to put anyone off.

In India there is a sect of people called the Fakirs. They pose as holy men, they travel about India and no attractive woman is safe from them, but they put on stage shows, they put on tricks. Well I for one, if I want to see a conjuring show, I would rather pay and go to a good variety theatre. I don't want to see a dirty little man squatting on the ground trying to hypnotise a whole group of people, that doesn't prove anything spiritual to me. It proves, instead, that the

person has not even the first conception of spiritualism. The Indian rope trick is just a simple matter of hypnotism. I am going to tell you, though, quite definitely that the real Masters who never prove anything to satisfy the idle curiosity seekers - can actually do the so-called Indian rope trick, by utilising natural powers, and that does not employ hypnotism. I will tell you quite truthfully that I and many others have seen levitation. Levitation is a very real thing indeed, and it is not at all mysterious. It is a matter of reversing magnetic currents. If you get hold of two magnets, two bar magnets for preference, if you hold them one in each hand and bring them together, they may jump together with a loud metallic clang, often pinching a bit of flesh in - between! But if you reverse the direction of just one, that is if you take the one in your right hand, and you put the South Pole where the North Pole was before and you try to bring these two magnets together, you will find that they make quite strenuous efforts to evade each other, they oppose each other, they have no magnetic attraction to each other, they have repulsion instead.

Another thing: One can have a form of induction coil connected to a battery or to the mains, and over a shaft which projects upwards one can drop an aluminium ring. If the current is switched on, the ring apparently defies gravity and floats in the air. If anyone doubts the truth of this, well, they should consult some scientific magazine or write to the United States for a demonstration kit. But let us get back to what we are discussing seriously.

Levitation is a method of altering our own magnetic attraction so that we do not weigh so much. In England about sixty or 50 years ago there was a young man called Home; he gave an actual demonstration of levitation in an English country house. Some of the world's foremost scientists witnessed the demonstration, but because the demonstration disproved the laws which those scientists had formulated they would not give an unbiased report. In Tibet and China - China before the Communists made a commotion there, that is - and Japan, before the United States soldiers made a commotion there as well, one saw a lot of levitation and similar, things. But these things were never done as a circus turn, but only for the science of raising the Kundalini in sincere and genuine students.

Let us, then, be true occultists and let us very, very seriously suspect anyone who offers to give a demonstration of balancing on one finger or any of those really crackpotted asinities, which the person with no confidence in himself and no occult powers at all tries to delude the unwary with. The true occultist never, never gives proof of his abilities unless there is a completely overriding good reason for it.

I should also include in this people like “Dinah Dripdry”, the back - street clairvoyant. This poor woman, perhaps for several hours a day, scrubs floors carrying around a bucket and a mop. Then at the end of her work she trudges off home (there is usually a bus strike, anyway!), she trudges off home and gets herself done up in some really outlandish fashion.

She sticks a colourful thing around herself, and then she wraps a sort of gaudy handkerchief around her head, which she thinks, looks like a turban. She has very dim lights in the room so the clients won't see how dirty it really is, then she is ready to start business. Frequently she has got hold of some sort of crystal from somewhere, often it is kept as a show-piece exposed to the sunlight so that people will see this thing and think what a wonderful woman she is when she is not scrubbing floors. Well, there is nothing that ruins a crystal more thoroughly than being exposed to sunlight, it kills the odonetic power of the crystal.

Dinah Dripdry, then, has somehow lured a foolish client into her room. Usually she sits down opposite him, looks him up and down and gets him talking a bit. Most people are so fond of hearing their own voice that they tell all and a bit more. So Dinah Dripdry merely has to look in her crystal, seeing nothing but her own reflection, and repeat back in gloomy tones some of the things which her client has told her. Then she gets a reputation for being a great seeress. The client frequently doesn't remember having told her anything, and he parts with his money without a murmur! Dinah Dripdry can - not be a clairvoyant if she is doing it for money because that loses her the power even if she had it in the first case.

No average clairvoyant is clairvoyant all the time through - out the twenty - four hours. A person may be highly clairvoyant at a most inconvenient time, but then when there is need for clairvoyance the person is not clairvoyant, and if you are doing it for money you cannot say, ‘Oh this is one of my off - days, I don't feel able to tell you the truth today.’ So people like Dinah Dripdry have to make their money, and when they cannot see anything in the crystal - which is all the time with them - then they have to make things up.

You will have experiences of not being in top form all the time. You may say, ‘I don't know what's wrong with me, I can't concentrate today.’ Well, in the same way with clairvoyance; you don't concentrate in clairvoyance, you do just the reverse, so that if a person is tensed up or too excited then that person cannot relax, and for the time being the clairvoyant ability falls off. The second rule is, for the sake of your own pocket book, never, never pay anything whatever to have your fortune told by a crystal gazer or a person

like that, they cannot do it for money and if they try to put it on a commercial basis, then they just have - to ‘make up’ from time to time, and the more a person makes up things the more quickly they lose any clairvoyant ability which they might have possessed in the first case.

Another thing which should be made clear now - is that no person can control the astral of another. You sometimes get an idiotic sort of woman who does a cackle of laughter, like a hen about to lay a particularly large egg, and says, ‘Oh, I've got a hold on you, I met you in the astral last night and now I can control your astral.’ If you ever meet a person like that the best thing is to call those white - coated attendants who carry the mentally afflicted off to a comfortably padded cell.

No person can suffer any injury when in the astral. No person can be controlled by another person while in the astral. The only thing to be afraid of is of being afraid. Fear is like a corrosive acid on the mechanism of a thing like a watch. Fear corrodes, fear corrupts. So long as you are not afraid, nothing at all bad can happen to you. So again, if any idiotic crackpot claims to be able to control you, then you'd better send them off to be examined by a psychiatrist or call the police, it's time the police did something anyhow!

It is not possible except under certain conditions and circumstances to hypnotise a person against that person's will. Of course those who have been trained in Tibet, and only in the Temple of the Inner Mysteries of Tibet, could do such a thing if they wanted to for a good reason, but every person who has been trained in the Inner Temple of Mysteries of Tibet has himself been hypnotically conditioned so that he cannot do anything of this type to harm anyone else, but only to help someone else, and even then only in very unusual circumstances.

If someone starts gazing at you and trying to hypnotise you, then gaze straight back at the bridge of his nose between his eyes, gaze straight back, and if he doesn't know enough he will soon be hypnotised instead of you. You have nothing to fear whatever except of being afraid. Occultism is an ordinary thing just the same as breathing, or lifting a book, or taking a step. You can walk safely unless you are clumsy and careless, and then you can slip on a banana skin. Well that is your fault, not the fault of walking. Occultism is safer than walking because there are no banana skins in occultism. The only thing to be afraid of, I repeat, is of being afraid.

Of course it's quite difficult trying to reason with people, quite difficult trying to explain a thing to a person, because there is a definite law that in any battle between the emotion and reason, emotion

always wins no matter how great one's intellect, no matter how great one's reasoning power. If one gets really excited and enraged the emotion overrides the reason.

A person lives in a tall apartment building nine floors high, if you like. These buildings have a flimsy iron railing at the edge of their balconies, a good push would probably knock the thing over, but emotion tells us that it is quite safe because there is a railing there and we experience no fear at all. But supposing that railing was removed, then we should have great fear of falling even if we stood in precisely the same position as we should have stood if the railing had been there.

At all times, then, we should keep in mind that in any battle between emotion and reason, emotion always wins, and for that reason we should not let ourselves get unduly excited, instead we should try to get a step nearer to Nirvana which is the controlling of emotion so that no longer does it stop the workings of reason.

We must realise that some of these little back - street people who have read a book or perhaps have just heard of the title of a book, are not necessarily the best teachers. The only person who is qualified to teach anything to do with the occult is the person who obviously knows. A person who has been trained at a reputable place. I, for instance, can and have produced papers showing that I have been trained and hold medical degrees of the University of Chungking, and my papers describe me as a Lama of the Potala Monastery of Lhasa. Naturally, one does not produce such papers just for curiosity seekers or to settle bets as I have frequently been asked! Publishers have seen such papers and they testify to that in their Foreword to one or more of my books.

One would not go to a quack doctor, one who would give us a 'bonk' on the head with a mallet in order to make us unconscious and so oblivious to pain, one would only go to a quail - fled doctor. In the same way, one should not go to a quack who has no real knowledge of the occult except some imaginary sounds in the head; all too often, as you know, voices in the head may even be a symptom of mental derangement. You should choose your occultist as soundly as you choose your physical doctor.

When a person leaves this Earth they may be advanced people who have gone on to higher planes. In that case only a medium with very considerable power can make contact because in ordinary physical concepts those who have passed gone to a different time zone, and if you try to telephone Australia from England, then unless you know the time zone of your friend, you cannot get in touch, you may be trying to

call in the middle of the night, for instance. But in our medium case we are trying to call someone who is already a few thousand "light years" into the future! Most times a medium who lacks experience will be deluded (narret) by those plausible Beings who are also known as elementals. Perhaps we should discuss elementals so that we may know something about the subject

People have rather remarkable ideas about that order of Beings which we call elementals. Frequently they are confused with the souls of humans, but they are nothing at all like that. They mimic humans just the same as monkeys copy humans, and the average medium who cannot see into the astral will be led astray by elementals pretending to be humans.

Elementals are not evil spirits either, they are merely the thought forms which have been generated by constant repetition. For example, if a person constantly gets drunk, then that person will have confused thoughts and his excess energy, being no longer under control, will run wild and will perhaps conjure up thoughts of pink elephants or spotted lizards, or something like that. These things are elementals.

As we have said, each cycle of evolution is constituted by those leaving a cycle and those starting a cycle, so we get what is in effect a life - wave of living souls or Overselves, and each of these waves has its own contribution to evolution, it leaves its own pattern just the same as an Oxford man leaves a different pattern on civilisation to the Yale man, and the Borstal man leaves yet a different pattern. So when this life - wave goes on their memory remains as a static force, and as there have been so many people concerned, the force is built up into what is in the astral plane a solid creature.

These creatures which have been built up and left behind by succeeding wave - forms or cycles of evolution are solid creatures, but they lack 'the divine spark', they lack intelligence, and instead they are only able to mimic or reproduce things which have entered into their consciousness at some time. You can, if you try hard enough, teach a parrot (pape-gøye) to repeat a few words, it does not necessarily understand the words but the parrot is repeating a sonic pattern. In the same way, elementals repeat a cybernetic pattern.

For those who are really interested in the subject, elementals are divided into many different types in much the same way as in humans - there are black people, brown people, yellow people, white people, etc. In the elemental groups there are four main types attached to the Earth astral plane, and that is how we get some of the 'qualities' of astrology. The astrologer will know of the Spirits of Air, the Spirits of Fire,

the Spirits of Water, and the Spirits of Earth, for they are the four main types of elementals.

The witchcraft (heksekunst-) people, or the alchemist, would refer to them as gnomes for one group, sylphs for the second group, salamanders for the third group, and for the last group undines.

If you want to take it a bit farther beyond the astrologer and beyond the witches you can go on to the stage of the chemists, because you can say that the Earth group represent a solid in which all molecules adhere. After the solid - we have the liquid (water) in which molecules move freely. Next on our list is air, which also includes gases of various types, and in air the molecules repel each other. Finally, for our chemical correspondents, there is fire, and in fire molecules change or transmute into some other substance.

The term 'elemental' is almost always reserved for those Beings who occupy a place in one of the groups just mentioned, but there are other groups such as nature Spirits. Nature spirits control the growth of trees and plants, and they help in the transmutation of organic compounds so that plants may be enriched and fertilised. These groups all have an Overself - Head, or if you prefer, an Oversoul; they are known as the Manu. The human tribe has a Manu, each country has a Manu, and nature spirits have a Manu, there is a Manu who controls and oversees the work of the tree spirits just as there is a Manu who controls the work of the rock spirits. In Egypt, many, many centuries ago, highly trained priests were able to get in contact with these Manus. For example, Bubastes, the cat God, the Manu of cats everywhere.

We must have negative or we cannot have positive, so just as there are good spirits so also are there evil spirits, demons if you like. They are evil to us here, but on another plane of existence they may be good. If you are at all electrically inclined - this explanation might appeal to you; suppose you have a twelve - volt car battery; at the extreme (ytterpunktet) is the positive and at the other extreme is the negative. But now supposing that you connect another battery, six or twelve volt, in series on to this first battery, then the negative of the original battery will be as the positive of the second battery, and the negative of the second battery will be more negative than the negative of the first battery! All this, stated simply, is that everything is relative and to be compared with each other. Thus we have evil here at present, but if we can find a worse world, then our evil would be as good on that world, and what is good on this world would be not very good at all on the higher world!

Mediums

A medium is a person who through some difference in brain structure is able to receive messages from another plane of existence in just the same way as a radio can receive messages which the unaided human ear cannot.

A medium usually goes into a form of trance, either light or heavy - depending upon the medium, and during that trance the consciousness of the medium is suppressed so that another entity can operate the 'controls' and give utterance to certain thoughts in the form of words.

Most mediums will have a spirit control from among those who have been kept upon the lower astral for some specific purpose. The spirit control, or Guide as many call it, acts as a policeman and prevents - in some cases - mischievous elementals from doing harm to the medium.

The Overself of the medium has departed so as to give the Guide free rein, but the medium who is sitting in a chair or lying on a couch, will not be aware of anything at all. If you see that the medium is looking about taking too much interest in events, then you can be quite reasonably sure that you do not have a genuine medium. The whole point is that the medium should place his or her personality completely aside and function merely as a telephone. After all, if you are going to get a message from the other side of death you do not want the medium's interpretation, you want a clear unbiased statement, and the only way that one can obtain that clear unbiased statement, is to let the spirit communicator communicate without interference from the medium.

Again you should remember that when one gets in contact with what we might term the spirits of the departed so that they may tell us of their experiences we merely listen to the accounts of their dreams in the other world, because the really evolved souls have gone on to a dimension which the average medium cannot possibly reach. It is only when one has a real Master that one can reach forward into time and call back a message from one of those very far - departed souls, and that is why it is so difficult to obtain really worthwhile statements from those who have passed over.

Supposing we try to look into the matter of the average medium. Let us say that the woman has some gifts in mediumistic work and she can obtain rapport with people who have passed over, but let us remember that these people who have just passed over are still in the lower astral, they are in what we might term purgatory ("renseri" eller skjærsild), they are in the intermediate stage, they are in the waiting - room waiting for directions as to what to do and where to

go.

Suppose you look upon these people as patients in a hospital, because it is a fact that many of these people do have to undergo certain spirit therapy to overcome the shocks of their Earth experience. So let us say that we are in contact with one of these people who is as a patient in a hospital; the patient is in bed and thus his only knowledge of his surroundings is that limited to the small area visible from his bed, he cannot see the whole work of the hospital, and if he can see other scenery, then possibly it is only that which he can see from the window.

Supposing you get a report from one of the Guides or some spirit whose special task is to assist those who are about to pass over or who have actually passed over. If they speak that is much the same as getting a report from some inexperienced little nurse ward-maid at the hospital, and not even if you can go to a lecture of the hospital committee - can you realise the full scope of what is going on, you can only make an evaluation by leaving the hospital and touring, as one might say, the town.

When one leaves this world which we call Earth one goes to the lower astral, which the Bible terms purgatory, and that may, as we have stated, be regarded as a hospital for sick souls where they are cured of many of the shocks which they endured or sustained upon this crude, crude Earth.

Unfortunately the lower astral would better be compared to a mental home, in which patients are received and their cases considered, just as a psychiatrist may sometimes discuss things with a patient so that he himself can state his faults and ailments, so in the lower astral can the newly arrived soul see what he did wrong on the Earth and see what he has to do about it to atone. Then for a short time the soul rests and recuperates, and perhaps walks in pleasant parkland, all the time receiving medication and treatment to assist him or her to carry on with the next phase of existence.

You will quite appreciate that people in the astral world are absolutely solid to each other. You upon this world can bump into a wall, but a 'ghost' would walk through that wall, yet in the astral and other planes the walls are quite solid to those occupants.

From all this you can see that if you make a commotion and go from medium to medium and seance to seance trying to get in touch with one who has passed over, then you are causing considerable harm to that person. Think of it in this way; a loved one has been taken ill and has been taken to a mental home or some other form of hospital, suppose you keep on calling and pestering that person, then you impede that person's progress. The doctors cannot get his full attention because you are meddling in

his affairs, you are stopping treatment and causing considerable distress.

When you try to get in touch with an entity who has gone beyond the lower astral, then you are interfering with a person who is trying to do a particular task. People who have left this world do not just sit about on clouds strumming harps and singing hymns, they have more work to do than they had upon this Earth! And if they are subject to continual distraction, then they cannot get on with their work.

Suppose you call a very busy executive, or a research scientist, or a surgeon who is doing a difficult operation, suppose you keep jerking at his coattails ("prikke på skulderen"), then you distract him and he cannot give attention to what he is doing.

Mediums should never, never try to get in touch with the departed unless under very special conditions and with very special safeguards. Fortunately there is already a built-in safe-guard; many worthy mediums, believing absolutely in their own sincerity, merely contact elementals who are having quite a bit of fun! That is all right if you know you are contacting elementals, but if you know that much, why play with a gang of half-witted monkeys?

More on death - and the death-process

Also in this book, Rampa comes into the very important subject on death - and the death-process. This is from page 120 in this book.

For reasons of their own, Western religions do not tell much about death, but after all, death is a very serious matter for all of us just as is birth, and it seems that death should logically follow the chapter about mediums because if no one died, mediums could not try to get in touch with them. So we are going to discuss death because, no matter who we are, death is something that comes to all of us just as does birth. But, you know, death is actually birth! Let us see how that comes about.

A baby within its mother dies to that warm, comfortable life within, and reluctantly emerges into the cold, hard world without. Birth pangs (smerter) are death pangs, death to the old, birth into a new state. A person dies upon Earth and the pains of death are the pains of birth into a different state of existence. Most times death - death itself - is a quite painless process. Actually, as death approaches, Nature, in the shape of various metabolic changes, introduces a form of anaesthesia (bedøvelse) into the body system, anaesthesia which dulls (samler) the actual perceptions while allowing the body reflexes to make certain

movements which people think of as death pains. People actually associate pain and death, or if you prefer, death and pain, because in the majority of cases people who are grievously (alvorlig) ill die apparently in pain, but that pain, remember, is not the pain of death but the pain caused by the illness itself. Perhaps there is a cancer, something affecting body organs, grasping at nerve endings or eating them away. But let us remember that this pain is the pain of the illness, the pain of the complaint, not death itself.

Death, the actual state of transition from this world to the next, the actual state of leaving this physical body, is a painless process because of the anaesthetical properties, which come to most bodies at the moment of death. Some of us know what it is to die and to remember everything, and to come back still remembering. In the process of dying we have a body which is ailing, functions are failing. But remember this, the functions are failing, that means the ability to perceive or apperceive or to comprehend pain impulses is failing also. We know that people sometimes give an impression of pain at dying, but this again is an illusion.

The dying body is a body which has usually (except in the case of accident) reached the end of its endurance, it can go no more, the mechanism is failing, there is no longer the ability for metabolic processes to renew failing organisms. Eventually the heart stops, the breathing stops. Clinically a person is dead when no breath condenses on a mirror held before the lips; clinically and legally a person is dead when there is no longer a pulse or a heart - beat.

People do not die on the instant, however. After the heart has ceased to beat and after the lungs have ceased to pump, the brain is the next to die. The brain cannot live long without its precious supply of oxygen, but even the brain does not die instantly, it takes minutes. There have been absolutely authenticated cases where people have been beheaded, and the head, severed from the body, has been held up for public inspection. The lips have continued to move and a lip reader can distinguish the words being formed. Obviously only a lip reader can interpret what is being said because there can be no speech when the neck has been cut and the supply of air from the lungs terminated. It is the air supply going past the vocal chords, which makes the sound.

After the brain has died, after the brain is no longer capable of functioning through this lack of oxygen, the rest of the body dies slowly. Various organs die throughout a day or so. At the end of three days the body is just a lump of decomposing protoplasm, but the body does not matter, it is the immortal soul that matters - the Overself. But let us go back to the instant of clinical death.

The body in this case is lying on a bed. The breathing has stopped. A clairvoyant who is present can see a cloud like a faint mist forming above the body. It streams from the body, usually from the navel, although various people have various - outlets for the Silver Cord.

Gradually this cloud coalesces and becomes denser, its molecules are less dispersed. Gradually a shadowy shape forms above the body; as the process of death advances, the shape becomes more and more that of the body. Eventually as more organs fail, the cloud gets thicker and larger, taking at last the exact shape of the body above which it floats.

The cord, which we call the Silver Cord, connects the physical body and the astral body, for the cloud is in fact the astral body. Gradually this cord thins until at the end it withers, fades away, and parts. Only then is the body really dead, only then has the real person flown off to another life, to another stage of evolution. Once that misty figure has gone, it does not matter at all what happens to the fleshy envelope, it can be cremated or buried, it does not matter which.

It is perhaps opportune to stop here for a moment to issue what may be construed as a warning because so many people make it difficult indeed for the newly 'dead' to continue to live! When a person has died that person should be left untouched for two or three days if possible. It is definitely harmful to take the dead body and prop it up in a casket (oppstive i en likkiste) in some Funeral Home (begravelses-hus) and have a lot of well - meaning people go and mutter all sorts of wonderful tributes which most times they don't mean.

Until the Silver Cord be severed and the Golden Bowl be shattered, the astral form floating can pick up the thoughts of those who are making comments at its passing. Further, if a body be cremated in less than three days, there is often intense pain caused to the astral figure, and the pain, curiously enough, is not the pain of hot fire but of intense cold. So if you value those who have gone on before, and if you will do as you would be done by, you will whenever possible ensure that a person who has died, has three clear days in which to sever and disassociate completely from the physical body.

But we have got to the stage where the spirit or astral form has left the body, the spirit has gone on where it meets other spirits and, of course, to each other they are quite as solid as two people on the Earth. You can only see a so - called 'ghost' as a transparent or semi - transparent person, because that ghost is at a higher vibration than a human in the flesh; but - and I am not making a joke of this - two ghosts are two solid people to each other just as are two ordinary humans in the flesh.

If one has a person of a different dimension, then they might possibly see humans in the flesh as ghosts, because think of this; a two - dimensional object casts a one - dimensional shadow, a three - dimensional object casts a two - dimensional shadow, but a four - dimensional object (the fourth dimension again!) casts a three - dimensional shadow, and how do you know that you, to a four - dimensional person, are not just a semi - transparent shadow?

The spirit, then, has left the body and gone on, and if it is an evolved spirit, that is if it is aware of life after death, then it can be assisted in going to what is known as the Hall of Memories where all the incidents of the past life are seen, where all mistakes are perceived and appreciated (verdsette). This, of course, according to some religions is the Day of Judgement or the Judgement Hall, but according to OUR religion - Man judges himself, and there is no sterner judge than Man judging himself.

Unfortunately it frequently happens that a person dies and he does not believe in an after - life. In that case he drifts about for some time as if in the dark, as if in some stupendous cloying black fog. He drifts about feeling more and more miserable, until at last he realizes that he is in some form of existence after all; then perhaps some early teaching will come to his aid, he may have gone to Sunday School, he may be a Christian, a Moslem, it does not matter what it is so long as he has some basic training, so long as he has some preconceived (forutfattet) idea about things, he can be helped.

Suppose a person was brought up to some branch of the Christian faith, then he may have thought forms of Heaven and Angels and all that sort of thing, but of course if he was brought up in certain parts of the East he will think of a different type of Heaven where all the pleasures of the flesh which he couldn't satisfy while alive or rather, couldn't satisfy while he was in a flesh body - are his for the asking.

So our man who just had a smattering of religion goes on for a time in an imaginary world peopled by thought forms which he himself has created, thought forms of angels or thought forms of beautiful maidens, depending on which part of the world he came from. It goes on for an indefinite time until at last he begins to perceive various fallacies, various errors in the surroundings. He might, for example, find that the angels' wings are moulting, or if an Easterner he may find that certain of the beautiful maidens are not so completely beautiful as he thought! The Christian may come to the conclusion that this is not much of a Heaven where people wear brass halos, because people couldn't be sitting on a cloud playing harps all the time dressed in their best nightshirts. So doubts creep in, doubt of the thought forms, doubt of the

reality of that which is being seen. But let us take the other side.

The fellow wasn't a very good man, he thinks of Hell, he gets all sorts of pains and aches because he has an image of old Satan prodding him in various vital spots. He has thoughts of fire, brimstone, sulphur, and all those ingredients, which would be of more use in a pharmaceutical laboratory. Again doubt creeps in, what is the purpose of all this pain, how can he be prodded so thoroughly when there is no blood, how can he have his bones broken every few minutes or so!

Gradually the doubts strengthen, gradually his spiritual mind becomes accessible to what we might term 'social workers' of the spirit world. At last when he is amenable to assistance they take him in hand, they clear away all the theatrical props (støtter) which the man's imagination has built, they let him see the true reality, they let him see that the other side of death is a far, far better place than is this side (the Earth side).

Let us digress (sidesprang) once more; this is becoming a habit, but - let us digress. Let us imagine a man in a radio studio facing a microphone. He does some particular sound - 'Ah'. Well, that 'ah' leaves him, enters the microphone as a vibration, becomes translated into an electrical current, and travels along a very devious path. Eventually it goes through much apparatus and becomes a very much higher frequency version of 'ah'. In the same way, a body upon Earth is the low vibration of a voice. The Spirit, or Soul, or Overself or Atman, or whatever you want to call it, can be represented as being akin (a-la) to the radio frequency of the 'ah'.

Do you follow what I am tailing about? It is a rather difficult concept to put over without using Sanskrit terms or going into Buddhist philosophy, but we don't want to do anything like that yet. Let us deal with matter of fact things in matter of fact terms. Death is a very matter of fact affair, we all go through it time after time until at last we are free of the pains and tribulations of being born and dying to Earth. But remember, even when we advance to higher planes and to different forms of existence we still have 'birth' and 'dying' with which to contend, but the higher we go the more painless and the more pleasurable are these two stages in our existence.

Well, let us get back to this poor fellow who we left in the spirit world, he is probably tired of waiting for us, but the spirit world, remember, or rather the astral stage, is an intermediate stage. Some religions relate it to Paradise; there is the Earth plane, Paradise, and eventually Heaven - provided the victim doesn't get sent to Hell first.

Our man is in the spirit world to see what sort of a

mess (rot) he has made of his life. Did he leave undone those things which he should have done, did he do those things which he should not have done? If he is a normal human the answer is 'yes' on both counts. So he goes into the Hall of Memories to see what he did in past lives, how did he fail to learn things which he should have learned? And then - when he sees his faults and also sees his successes - he discusses with special guides - who are not Red Indians, by the way, or Ancient Chinese with long beards, but very special guides of his own type of person, own basic beliefs, etc., - people who know the problems with which he is confronted, they know what he has been through, they know how they acted in similar circumstances. They are a bit more evolved, a bit more trained, they can see what this man has to learn in much the same way as a Careers Guidance Counsellor (yrkesveileder) can tell a person how to get a certain qualification, so that he can later try for a specific appointment.

After this meeting, conditions and circumstances are picked so that the person can come back to Earth into the body of a small baby, perhaps as a male, perhaps as a female. It might disconcert (gjøre urolig) some of you, but people come to this Earth as male and then as female, it all depends on which is most applicable to the type of lesson that has to be learned. It doesn't mean that because you are a very male male now, or an extremely feminine female, you will be the same in the next life or the life after, you might want a change of attitude, you might want to see what the other person has had to put up with.

After a person has been born time after time - they come to a state when they have to be born no more to this Earth plane, but the person living the last life on Earth almost without exception has a very hard time, a time composed of misery, suffering, poverty, misunderstanding. Anyway, misery, mis-understanding, and all kinds of suffering are, as one might say, the leavening which eventually makes a person rise up to be a good spirit instead of an indifferent human.

A person living his last life upon the Earth is often regarded (on the Earth) as one of the unluckiest people ever, instead of the luckiest - in that they are living their last life here. All their hardships are because they are clearing up, getting ready to move out, paying debts, etc. They cannot learn through the flesh in the next life, so they have a good dose in this life. So they die, and most times, if they ever think about it, they are jolly glad.

Then back in the spirit world they get a good rest, for certainly they have earned it, they get a rest where they may be asleep for quite a few years, quite a few years by Earth time, that is. Then they get rehabilitated, built up, and all that, reconditioned one

might say. After this they start all over again on the upward path, upward, ever upward. So the Great Prophet in one life - who has learned all there is to know, or thinks he has, goes on to another stage of evolution - where there are all sorts of different abilities, all sorts of varying talents, which he has to master. It is like a boy who gets hold of a bicycle - the boy learns to ride the wretched thing, then when he can more or less stay on without failing off he tries a motorcycle; this is a little more complicated because he has other controls to manipulate. From the motor - cycle to a car, from the car to an aeroplane, from an ordinary aeroplane to an even more difficult helicopter. All the time one is learning more and more difficult things.

When we go to sleep, all of us - well, let us be accurate and say about 90 per cent of us - do astral travelling, we go into the spirit world, into the astral world. As Christ said, 'In my Father's House there are many Mansions, I go to prepare a Way for you.'

In the spirit world there are on y planes of existence, many 'Mansions'. The one closest to the Earth plane is the astral plane, beyond that is what one might term the spirit world. People who have died to Earth go to the spirit world, but if they want to - they can come down to the astral world to see those who are over at the end of the Earth day. This is something like visiting people in a prison, but it may be a comforting thought for you, because when you are in the spirit world you may at times want to meet those with whom you were associated upon the Earth. (This is very good described in the channeled book SEVEN STEPS TO ETERNITY of Steven turof. Extract from the Danish edition on link here. R.Ø.remark.)

Going to a higher plane it will comfort you even more to realise that when you are in the spirit world (not the astral) you can only meet those who are compatible with you, you cannot meet those whom you hate nor those who hate you. You have people around you who are attracted to you, you can only meet those for whom you feel compatibility, kindness, consideration, or love.

In the astral plane you often meet people whom you do not particularly like; you might dislike a person intensely while on Earth and then when you both leave your bodies at night, you go to the astral plane and you might meet to discuss in the astral language, or in Spanish, English, German, or some other language, and you might decide that you will try to patch up the differences between you, you might feel that friction has gone on long enough. So you have a discussion, you and your adversary, both in the astral plane, you decide what you can do to patch up your differences..

Also in the astral you often discuss what you are

going to do in the physical world of the Earth. In the astral you might meet Aunt Fanny who lives in Adelaide, or some other place like that, and she will say, 'Oh, Maria Matilda (or some other name), I wrote you a letter such - and - such a time ago, you should be receiving it tomorrow when you get back to your Earth body.'

Then when you wake up in the morning you have a vague idea about Aunt Fanny, or whoever it is, and you halfheartedly keep an eye open for the mailman to come trudging to your letter - box, and then you are not too surprised that you have a letter from Aunt Fanny in Adelaide, or whoever it was that you were thinking about.

Again, when one is in the astral world one can often meet people from the spirit world who have access to some know - ledge. The person will say, 'Now that you have done all you can down there on Earth, you are going to have an argument (krangel) with a bus next week, or the week after, and the bus is going to win, so you'd better get your affairs in order, you have nearly finished your task for this life.' The man feels very happy while he is in the astral to think that his life on Earth is nearly finished, but when he gets back to Earth, he feels a bit gloomy and apprehensive (engstlig), and tells his wife, if he has one, that he has had such a dreadful nightmare in which he could see that she would soon be a widow. She, of course, conceals (skjuler) her pleasure at this and when he goes to the office or to the store, she hurries to look in the strongbox (pengeskap) to see that that fat insurance policy is perfectly all right, with all the premiums paid up.

Another way that the better evolved person can know about the future is this; he is able to travel beyond the astral plane and up into what, for want of a better term, we might call the primary spirit world. There he can consult the Akashic Record and the Record of Probabilities because it is not at all difficult to see what the probabilities of a person or of a nation are. One cannot always say precisely what is going to happen to an individual to the actual minute or even to the hour, but one can most certainly say what is going to happen to a country or to the world.

Well, we certainly have dealt with death in this particular chapter, and so you should regard this as a very pleasant affair, just as do children when leaving day comes for them to finish with their school life. Let us consider for a moment how to prepare for death, because just as one prepares for a wedding, one can have a much better time if one knows what is to be expected.

In Tibet several books are devoted to such things; The Tibetan Book of the Dead is one of the greatest classics in the Eastern part of the world, it tells in minute detail everything that can happen to a soul leaving the body and going out on the journey to the next life. In Tibet a lama specially clairvoyant and specially trained, will sit by the side of a dying person and by telepathy will keep in touch with him so that even after the astral has left the physical, a conversation can be carried on. Let me state here most emphatically that no matter what the sceptical Western people say, Eastern people KNOW that it is possible to get messages from the so called 'dead'. Everything has been told in detail, precisely what happens, precisely what it feels like.

The Egyptians also had a Book of the Dead, but in those days the priests wanted to keep a lot of power for themselves, and so they made a lot of symbolic things about the Gods Horus and Osirus, and about weighing the soul against a feather. That is a very pretty story, but it does not correspond to actual fact - except that the Egyptians who were taught such things went into death with minds stuffed full of preconceived ideas - so actually saw the God Osirus, actually saw the Judgement Chamber, actually in the mind lived through all those curious things where the soul was seen to flutter like a bird and where the Cat God Bubastes and others were perceived. But remember, this is just a pretty picture, which has to be shattered before anyone can go on to the Reality, it is like trying to live in a Walt Disney world instead of the true world.

Many people have preconceived ideas which perhaps have been fostered by some particular belief or by the lack of any belief at all, they do not know what to expect when they are dying and so they are caught up in remarkable fantasies of their own creation, or even worse caught in some blackness, some blankness because of a lack of understanding.

I will ask you to consider this with an open mind, it does not matter if you believe or disbelieve, just keep an open mind and think of what I am going to say to you now, it will help you later.

Give an hour or two to meditation (see the chapter on Meditation later) upon the subject of death, be prepared to accept the idea that when your time comes to leave this Earth - you are going to force yourself painlessly out of this awful clay body, which is cooling and feeling uncomfortable, and then you are going to gather in a cloud above the recumbent (hvilende) body. Then - in that cloud, you will send out a mental call for help from loved ones, who have preceded you into the next life. You may not know much about telepathy, but that does not matter, when

you leave this life for the Greater Life - you will have telepathic abilities automatically, but to help you now let me say this; try to remember when you are dying - that you visualise the person whom you love most ON THE OTHER SIDE. Try to actually visualise that person, try to send out a thought that you want that person to come and meet you and help you. In much the same way, if you are going on a journey, you sometimes send a telegram saying, 'Meet such - and - such a train.' Then let yourself rest in peace, you will find a sensation of lightness, a sensation that you have escaped from a tight compressing chamber.

Keep an open mind, do not scoff (være hånlig), do not believe blindly - but reason it out, practise what you are going to do when you are dying, practise forcing yourself out of the dying body and into life. Think how similar it is to being born, think how you are going to call on the person whom you love most for help, then when the time comes, you will find that your passing will be painless and anything that the flesh body is experiencing, will not disturb you in the slightest.

You will find that as you float there above the body the Cord anchoring you to it will thin and thin, and dissipate like smoke in a breeze. You will drift off upwards into the arms of your loved ones who are there to meet you. They cannot do much for you until the Cord is broken, in much the same way that you cannot shake hands with your friends while the train is still moving into the station.

(this may sound as a sweet dream - but the big mass of "near-death-experiences" from the last 30 years - proves that he has right. And also the other spirit-scientific research-material that exists - as example the cosmology of Martinus. R.Ø.remark.)

One of the things which puzzles many people about death is this: Why is the fear of death universal when beyond death lies only peace and greater evolution? The answer is very, easy; if people on Earth knew how pleasant it was upon leaving this world, people would not stay here, there would be suicides and that would be a very bad thing indeed because suicide is wrong. So people come down to this Earth with a built-in fear of death. That is a provision of Nature to prevent people from committing suicide or trying to gratify their own 'death wish'.

As death actually approaches, however, all fear of that stage diminishes. So - if you are afraid to die while you are quite well that is a normal state of affairs because we have to be kept here just as children have to be kept in school, and children who evade going to school are not popular with the truant officer!

When your time of dying comes, then, keep an open mind, keep before your consciousness the

thought that there are those very willing to help you, remember there is no such thing as Hell, there is no such thing as eternal damnation, there is no such thing as a vengeful God who desires only your destruction. We do not believe that one should 'fear God', we believe instead that if God is good, God should be loved, not feared. And - death also is good, it should be loved and welcomed with open arms when that time comes, but until that time comes - live according to the rule, 'Do as you would be done by.' (gjør mot andre - slik du selv vil bli behandlet).

If you are willing to devote a bit of time and patience and a whole lot of faith, then most certainly you should be able to investigate the matter of death as a seriously interested onlooker, but you will find that such investigation will entail some sacrifices. For example, you cannot go to parties, you cannot go to the pictures, you cannot call in and get a 'quick one'. Instead, you have to be as a hermit.

I am a hermit, and I prefer to be a hermit because I have all those powers about which I write, and many of which can be yours if you try hard enough and with enough faith. I can do astral travelling, I can see the Akashic Record. A great amount can be done by meditation, and by concentration. For this, obviously, one has to be a hermit. Hermits, monks, lamas, call them what you will, are solitary people withdrawn from the ordinary circle of social life, withdrawn at their own choice so that they may concentrate, meditate, and go forth in astral travel. This astral travel business is very, very real, it is a fact, but it is as simple as breathing. The trouble is that you cannot take any luggage with you, it is useless to travel across the ocean to another country and think that you will stay for the week - end with friends. The difficulty is that your friends, unless they are of the same stage, may not be able to see you, the trouble is that you can neither take anything with you nor can you bring anything back that is material or solid.

One very interesting thing is - in the astral one can see the Akashic Record provided one is of the fortunate few who have what I might call special permission. Let me say here and now that many of those people who pretend to go into the astral world and consult your Akashic Record are fakes and, in fact, swindlers. They take your money, usually round about fifty dollars - (well that is surely tenfold today - nearly forty years later. R.Ø.remark.) - but they are quite unable to do what they claim to do. So if anyone tells you that he is going to go into the astral world and bring back your Akashic Record for fifty dollars - hang on to your fifty dollars!

It is a fortunate provision that not everyone can see the Akashic Record because think what a terrible

weapon it would be in the hands of blackmailers or criminals. Indiscriminate use of the Akashic Record would cause untold harm. Thus, it is that only those who are of pure intention can gain access to the Akashic Record.

The Akashic Record

What is this Akashic Record? It is like a cinematograph film. For example, you have some great epic of the silver screen and if you know how, you can get any particular part of the film, and you can see any particular part at will. In much the same way, everything that has happened in the past is on record. Look at it in this way - let us assume something that is only possible in the astral, assume that in the physical we could travel instantaneously to a far, far distant planet - thousands of light years away. Then supposing we had an instrument which would enable you to see what was happening on Earth - you would not, of course, see Earth as it is now but you would see Earth as it was years ago, because light has a speed, everything you see is after the thing happened. The speed of light is very, very fast, relatively speaking.

But let us consider sound instead. You see that man down there half a mile away? He has an axe on his hand, he is chopping wood with great energy. You see the axe hit the wood and then, an appreciable time after, you hear the sound. Again, a supersonic jet plane screams across the sky, you look up to where the sound appears to be coming from but by that time the plane is about five miles or so ahead of the sound that you are hearing. The speed of sound is slow compared to the speed of light, and light, remember, is near enough sight.

Supposing you have the ability to go instantly out into space and stop at any particular instant and see clearly the light picture, which is arriving from Earth - go out a few years, a few light years - that is, you know, then you will say what shall we say? - we might see Napoleon marching away to Moscow, or we might see General Eisenhower practising his golf. But go a bit farther and you would see much of the country of the United States covered with bushes, with wigwams and with Indians, and perhaps here and there a few of the famed covered wagons.

Go farther back, go back 1,000 years or so, 2,000 years, go back into the pages of history. You would find that history is very different from that which is written in the history books. History is written to fit the politics of the time, to fit the mood of the country and the beliefs of the country. A journey into the Akashic would show you the truth. As an illustration let us quote Francis Drake, the great hero of Eng-

land. What is it to be? Sir Francis Drake the great hero of England, or, as the Spanish people view him, Francis Drake the pirate, the buccaneer, the man who tried to ruin the Spanish trade?

Look at the Spanish Inquisition. What was the truth of it? Were the inquisitors saints or was it similar to Belsen and other concentration camps in Germany? The Akashic Record will tell you.

But the Akashic Record, you know, is not just what happened in the past, you can see also the great probabilities for the future. Here in this particular time we are like a man alone on a winding road, a road with many obstacles beyond which he cannot see, but put that man up in a helicopter and he can see farther, he can see past the obstacles, he can see the road ahead. So it is with the Akashic Record, you can see the probabilities, which lie ahead.

Now this does not mean that all the future is predestined. The main events are, yes. As an example let me say you know that there will be a tomorrow and a day after tomorrow and a week after that, you can safely forecast that, but you cannot safely forecast the minor minute details. You can say that a bus will go from here to some distant point, the timetable tells you that it will leave at such - and - such a time and that it will arrive at intermediate stations at such - and - such a time, and eventually arrive at the destination at the prearranged time. You have no fear that the bus or train will fail to arrive, in other words you are forecasting what will happen. You are forecasting the future of that bus.

There is a very complicated theory, which is actually a very true theory about parallel universes, and to the effect that everything has already happened and that we are living in a different time continuum. However, we do not propose to go into that here, instead let it be stated that the Seers of old could see into the future, the Seers of the present can do so also. Now I am going to give you an illustration of this. This is something which happened to me, which happened under full control. I went into a trance and this is what I saw:

I saw first a probability that a war would be starting. Now, looking back, I can say that - yes, that was so, that was the war which started in Vietnam after the French withdrew, after the Foreign Legion was disbanded. But that was proved to be correct.

Other things are: In the future Italy will be conquered by Communism. For the time being the Christian religion will be lost and the Vatican will be closed, cardinals and bishops will be killed, Communism will seep throughout Europe. *It will not, be the Communism which we know at the present time, it will be modified somewhat.* The original Communism of Russia was a much rougher, tougher

affair than it is now, more like the Chinese Communism. (So long this prediction seems to have been wrong - the will of the Earth way have taken another decision - or other causes that has made the development in Russia/China - taking another direction. R.Ø.remark.) England and the United States will eventually amalgamate for protection, and England will come under the direction of the United States and will, in fact, have an American as its Governor, which is quite an amusing thought when one thinks that people went from England to found America, and now the Americans are going to go back and rediscover England.

Eventually the surface of the Earth will crack. If you have read the reports of the International Geophysical Year you will know that there are great areas of stress beneath the ocean - areas where alterations are taking place. Already the seabeds are rising. Lost continents which are now the seabed will rise and form new lands, present lands will sink and the world will for a time be in panic and turmoil....

Part 3 of extracts from this Rampa-book - because on the internet - which I made this for - it is divided in differnt parts:

The chacras

In this part Rampa comes into the meaning of the chacras and the influence of the "magnets" in this solarsystem - the planets/astrology, - and "Receiving centres" for messages from the Overself

Yes, humans are a bit of a mess (rot), all right. Quite an intricate mechanism which at the present time does not seem to be functioning as well as it should.

We have to remember that in our Solar system we are composed of compounds which are rather different from those existing in other Universes, other Galaxies, etc. Here everything - everything that lives on our Earth - is composed of the same 'bricks'. There are available in this Solar system - hydrogen, water, and hydrates, ammonia, methane, and various other gases. We are really composed of 'bricks' of carbon - molecules and amino - acids and nucleotides. From these simple compounds are built all the species of animals, plants, and minerals upon Earth.

When that is built into human shape the resulting mechanism is subject to magnetic impulses, which we call astrological impulses, and various rays. But let us go into the matter a little more deeply and see what we can find out.

If you can get an illustration of a human body and you can see the spine (ryggsoyle) and spinal nerves

you will be able to follow this more accurately. The human mechanism - the controller mechanism, that is - is actually composed of nine control centres. The average occultist mentions only seven because there are seven upon the material, or mundane (ordinære), plane.

The old Chinese physicians visualised all the organs of the body as being controlled and supervised by little 'men', and here in this chapter you will see an illustration adapted from one which was originally drawn in China about 7,000 years ago.(not shown here) You can see the little men helping the passage of food down the throat, blowing wind into the lungs, stirring (røre) up all the chemicals in the liver, and controlling various sphincters (lukkemusklær). But this dealt with merely the 'animal' part of the body, the flesh and organs. *We want to go farther than that and deal with the parts, which bring messages from the Overself and control the functions of the body.*

We have to remember that there is very much more to the human body than meets the casual eye. If we look at a pair of wires going, let us say, past our window on telegraph poles or similar, we cannot tell by looking at those wires if any current is flowing, to us they are just copper wires. But with suitable instruments one can detect whether there be or not current flowing, and we can also determine which way it is flowing.

In the same way we can look at a body without necessarily being aware of the various centres of that body which are connected to equivalent portions of the Overself. As already stated, there are seven 'mundane' centres which are called chacras. At the top of the head there is the one frequently referred to as 'the Thousand Petalled Lotus'. The actual Sanskrit name is Sahasrara Chakra. This is the 'relay', or centre, which is nearest to the spiritual and thus the one, which is the more easily deranged.

Lower (we are looking at a body from the back, and we see the head, shoulders, and spine, etc.) around about the neck area is the Ajna Chakra. This is the next important, and which is actually in contact with the Overself. This is the chakra of the mind, and remember that the mind is just as an electrical function in much the same way as you can receive a telephone message, and the earpiece (høretelefonen) is just a 'function' of what is being said at the other end of the wire.

Farther down the spine we have the third chakra; this one is known as Visudha. This controls the action of the mouth, so if one has difficulty in speaking clearly - it could be that this chakra is undisciplined or damaged.

To digress for a moment - just imagine that you are walking along a street and you see a telephone

man messing about in one of those manholes (nedstigningsbrønn). As you stop to look, he gets hold of a great sheathed cable and tears the insulation off it. As the insulation is removed you see thousands of tiny wires, most of them colour coated, but anyway there are thousands of wires and you wonder how on earth anyone can sort such a mess. Well, the nerves inside your spine are like that; certain nerves go down inside the spine and then branch away, so when you are thinking of chakras think of a telephone man with all those wires, and think also of little relays, or repeater stations which take an incoming signal from a distant station and amplify it (make it stronger) before sending it on to the next station in the line.

Next of our 'relays' is the Anahata Chakra which controls feel and all that we touch. Below that there is the Manipura Chakra. This one is known as the 'Fire Principle' chakra, and there is no point in going more deeply into this particular chakra because it does not greatly concern us at this stage.

Below that we have the sixth chakra, this time the Swadhishtana Chakra. This one deals with the Water Principle.

Farther down we have the seventh, or Earth Principle chakra referred to in Sanskrit as the Mooladhara. This one is the home of the Kundalini, and the Kundalini is actually the controlling, or life, force of humans. It is, let us say, the equivalent of the fire in the furnace which heats the water to raise the steam which turns the turbines to generate the electricity which lights the lamps, cools the refrigerator, etc., in civilisation. Once the fire goes out the electricity dies through want of steam, and everything comes to a standstill.

Many people who have been misinstructed, or worse, have been uninstructed, try to raise the Kundalini force by artificial means, because it is a fact that if one raises the Kundalini properly one can be very much more aware, very much more intelligent. But to raise it indiscriminately without having utter purity of thought is to do immense harm to oneself, and frequently to lead to madness; to raise the Kundalini without thought of the consequences can lead to a complete mental and physical breakdown. So unless you have a Master who has been through it all and knows all about it, do not try to raise your own Kundalini. A Master will not raise the Kundalini unless he is quite sure that it is for your good.

Here it might be as well to add that people who run Correspondence Courses, etc., or offer to do small services for you for a small sum of money, do not have the power to safely supervise your development and raise your Kundalini, they can do a lot of harm instead. (*Yes - it is a very good page on this on*

<http://upplysning.just.nu/> - most for those who can read Swedish. R.Ø.remark.)

Before a physical entity of the human type, that is, a person living on this world, can attain to cosmic consciousness he or she has to have certain stirrings (rører på seg...) of the Kundalini, 'stirring?' are somewhat different from actually raising the Kundalini. If one is sexually overexcited and - let me say it - lustful, it can be a bad thing indeed, because if one has sex for the sake of sex only, sex without true love, that is, it can temporarily or permanently paralyse the correct flowing of the Kundalini force. By 'permanently' I mean during this lifetime, as long as the malpractice in sex continues.

Each part of the body while upon the Earth is strongly associated and connected to its astral counterpart by way of all these chakras. No doubt you have heard of people who have had a leg amputated, and who still apparently feel pains in the amputated leg, or rather in the space which the amputated leg would have filled. *This is because the physical leg which now has been removed, still has certain effect upon the astral leg - which of course, has not and cannot be removed.*

To refer again to astral travel, it is highly essential that we return to the physical body so that every part of the astral body fits into every part of the physical body, and so that astral and physical organs are completely compatible each with the other. The bodies must also be correctly synchronised according to the direction of current flow.

Just as all current, all electricity, must be either positive or negative - just as current can flow in one direction and return in the opposite direction, so do humans have a flow of current.

The two 'wires' of humans are known as the Ida and Pingal. Actually, of course, they are not wires but tubes in the human body. Ida is on the left side and Pingala is on the right side, and these two sources provide the energy necessary for the passive functioning of the Kundalini. We can look upon them as caretakers making sure that the Kundalini is kept in good condition, ready for use in this life if we deserve it, or if not ready - for use in the next life, because when the Kundalini starts to rise under correct treatment and under correct control, Ida and Pingala are by - passed. But so long as Man (and Woman!) are bound by the operation of Ida and Pingala, that man or woman will be confined (begrenset) to the Earth plane, and to the theory and practice of birth, death, and rebirth. It is only when Man is able to raise his Kundalini and by - pass the caretaking energy sources of Ida and Pingala, that he can progress and know that his time of release from the cycle of birth, death, and rebirth has come to an end.

It is better to regard these chakras as relay stations, or if you like, remote control spots. Remember, also, that there are other important parts of the body such as the cervical ganglion in the neck, and somewhat below it the vagus nerve. After that - we have the cardiac plexus, the solar plexus, and the pelvic plexus, but these are 'sub - stations' and should not bother us unduly.

Influence of the "magnets" in this solarsystem - the planets/astrology

We upon earth are affected very greatly by all sorts of outside influences. There are various rays which affect humans, and let me say at the outset - that astrology is a very, very real thing indeed, and people should not sneer at it; one should only sneer at the practitioners who misrepresent astrology because to do astrology properly, takes a long time and entails a lot of work, so much time and so much work that it is not a commercial proposition (sak). Certainly you cannot get anything of a worthwhile reading by looking at the columns of the daily newspaper and reading your 'horoscope'. (Before it was an enormous job in calculating a whole horoscope - but today, special astrological programs in the modern computers - can do the job in some seconds - but the problem is to get a correct interpretation of it - because this job will often be too general when the computers does this job. R.Ø.remark.)

The 'rays' are a form of off - shoot (utløper) of cosmic rays, and according to the time of the day and your own latitude and longitude - you are subject to certain rays. How the rays affect you depends upon your astrological make - up. There are, for example, the orange, the yellow, green, blue, indigo, and others, but it will be far too much to go into the principle of these rays in a book of this nature. Let us say, though, that as one gets to the red end of the spectrum one finds that one is dealing with the development of individuality, and purple is concerned with a group mind, while a green ray tends to give one an impetus to learning. The yellow ray itself is the ray of wisdom.

One of the more interesting of the rays is the blue ray, which is supposed to come under the domination of Hermes. In ancient Egypt, and Chaldea, it was known as the Magicians' Ray.

Of more use to us at the moment are the Zodiac Signs. Imagine that you had a large ball - bearing on a smooth level surface, then if you arranged magnets all around, you could hold the ball - bearing in one position, and by juggling (manipulere) with the position of the magnets you could make the ball - bearing take up any desired position. Look upon the planets as the magnets and yourself as the ball -

bearing! Our first magnet is the Sun, but it manifests in what we call the seventh plane of the Abstract Spiritual Consciousness. The result of the Sun's influence is to give life and to cause life to flourish.

Our next magnet shall be Jupiter; Jupiter is 'jovial', benevolent, kind. Here it refers to the sixth plane of Spiritual Consciousness. It is a beneficent planet and gives good balance in morals.

Everyone knows that 'jovial' people are happy people and good to know.

Our next magnet is Mercury which has the fifth plane of abstract mind. It makes people sharp - witted (skarpe og nærvøse) and 'jumpy'. It leads to astute (kløktige) business deals. People understand perfectly what is meant by a 'mercurial type'. Mercury, the God who delivered messages, is supposed to control this fifth plane - which also gives good memory.

Our fourth position is Saturn, this is coming down to solid consciousness. Saturnine people dwell upon things, and it is often the opposite to the jovial temperament. Saturn people are limited, restricted, and stern. People who have over - abundance of this particular Sign have to get patience and stability before they can progress farther.

Now we come to Venus - our 'magnet' occupying the third plane of the abstract emotions. Everyone knows that Venus is the Goddess of Love; it is also a mildly benevolent planet. It makes people have higher ideals and emotions, it causes people to develop their own personalities and individuality. Venus people can be beautiful people unless they are too closely associated with 'malefics'.

Our second plane is Mars, it is also our sixth 'magnet'. Mars - martial, warlike - is known as the energiser. It can be a mildly bad-effect planet if its powers are not correctly used. Mars dominates the physical body, and frequently, sex desires. If correctly used - Mars increases the consciousness, and in - creases courage, strength, and endurance.

Lastly our seventh influence is the Moon. Well, everyone knows what the Moon does, it has an extreme effect on human life, it causes the tides to rise and fall; not merely at sea, but also in the human body. Think of the woman's 'tide' every month, think of the word 'lunatic' from 'lunar' - the Moon. The Moon has no light of her own, she reflects only that which is shone upon her, thus a person who has too much Moon influence has no great personality of his own, he merely reflects the views and opinions of those around him.

‘twin souls’

Probably almost everyone has heard of ‘twin souls’. There are such things, you know, but upon the Earth plane the meeting of twin souls is a very rare occurrence. You see, if you are going to get down to basics and you consider the world of antimatter, you will appreciate that to be a complete ‘battery’ there must be a positive and a negative. So if you are going to have a twin soul which forms one complete entity, you have to get a person in our system of the astral and a person of the corresponding system of the anti - matter astral, and these people have to be completely compatible.

What usually happens here, however, is that in the astral there are two Overselves who are highly compatible, and they send down to Earth a puppet from each - and the puppet from each is completely compatible with the other, they fit in, and if they come into close proximity with each other, there is an immediate feeling of rapport, of ‘belonging’. One will say, ‘I know have met that person before. In such cases a very true friendship can develop, but as already stated, such instances are rather rare upon the Earth. Instead there is often a very great degree of compatibility (forenlight) between two people, and because they are so compatible, because they complement each other, they consider that they are twin souls. They may get each other’s thoughts, they may know just what the other is going to say seconds before it is said.

One goes much the same sort of affair between identical twins, which of course is two people from the one egg. These two will be very much in sympathy with each other, and even while miles apart will experience the emotions of the other, and they may even get married at the same time.

A man can be very much in love with a woman; they may fancy (like tanken) that they are twin souls, but if they are twin souls, then they will have similar interests. For example, the man could not be, let us say, a confirmed atheist while the woman had very strong religious beliefs. The dissimilarity in their beliefs would cause some dissonance, some disharmony, some friction between them, and so instead of drawing closer together they would drift farther apart.

The most that can be hoped for on this world is that two highly compatible people can live together, and by their purity of thought and by their actions, draw each closer to the other. But this is difficult of attainment at the present time - because it requires such utter (fullstendig) sacrifice and selflessness. It is useless for a man to give in and give all to the woman, thinking that he is doing right, just as it is

useless for the woman to give all to the man and think that she is doing right. It is not enough that each gives everything to the other, instead each must give exactly what the other needs, otherwise they will drift apart.

Many people think that they have met their twin soul when they meet a person who astrologically is compatible and who lives upon the same ‘ray’. They can live in harmony, and they will live in harmony, but it still is not perfect harmony, it still is not a fusion of two souls to make one entity. In fact, if people were so perfect as that they could not stay upon this imperfect world any more - than a piece of ice can exist when tossed into the flames of a raging furnace. Thus, humans - Man and Woman - must try to live with each other exercising tolerance, patience, and selflessness.

Quite a number of people are brought together to work out kharmic links, and the working out of these kharmic ties makes it necessary that people shall come in close contact with each other for good or for bad. If a man and a woman are brought together through kharmic ties and, for example, the man falls in love with the woman and the woman falls in love with the man, then a very great bond of love is formed which can have the effect of cancelling out many bad kharmic aspects, because no matter what we think down here, good will prevail in the end.

If one person loves another, and the other person hates the former, then a kharmic bond will still be formed, but it will be an unsatisfactory bond and they will have to come together until the hate is eradicated and love forms. It should be understood that only complete and utter - indifference can possibly prevent any kharmic link being formed. If you like a person you form a kharmic tie, if you dislike a person you form a kharmic tie, if you couldn’t care less about the person, no link is formed. So - any reaction to any other person starts the chain, which causes karma. For example, there can be a relationship between a teacher and a student, in that case a bond - of some sort is formed. It could be a lasting bond, or it may be just a temporary bond, which is over almost in a flash and can then be attributed to the burning out of some kharmic link.

The worst state is that in which great love is severed by death. If a woman loses her husband while she is still in love with him, she has no outlet for her love, and so that love is stored up until they come together again in some future incarnation and the conditions are right for the expression of that love. So if anyone tells you that he or she has met their twin soul, smile understandingly and hold your peace.

These wretched old bodies of ours are subject to all sorts of weird ailments (lidelser), just as an intricate

piece of apparatus can be jarred (skurre) out of adjustment, so can human bodies be shaken somewhat out of their best condition. So, as many people desire to be healers, it might not be out of place to give a little about healing treatment here - after all, we are dealing with the works of Man!

This is the negative world, from which it follows that a negative treatment is most suitable, that, then, is the actual term which one uses in describing this particular treatment - negative treatment.

Correct breathing

First you have to get rid of as much breath as you can from your lungs, really exhale, force the air out, and stay like that for as long as you can without too much discomfort. This enables the body to attain what we might call negative polarity because it is now deficient in prana, deficient in air.

Then breathe lightly for just a few moments (to get your breath back, so to speak!). Then repeat the whole affair by exhaling as thoroughly as possible and getting the air out of your lungs. Stay with empty lungs for as long as you can - without too much discomfort or killing yourself. Then breathe again lightly, and when you have got back some breath, do this system once again - so that you have done it in all three times - three times you have exhaled completely, and let your body become negatively polarised.

Self healing

Now you know where you are hurting, so place your hand over the skin at the site to be treated. Then withdraw the hand, the palm, so that only the fore-finger (peke-) and the thumb are pressed firmly upon the skin. Hold your finger and thumb firmly upon the area to be treated, and then again exhale (pust ut) and stop breathing. While you are thus stopped breathing - vividly imagine the lifeforce flowing out of your left finger - tips into the part that you desire to be treated.

Soon you will have to breathe again, but breathe as shallowly as possible, taking in just enough air to sustain life, and then hold the fingers still in contact with the area being treated. You should repeat this three times, and each time you should hold your fingers in contact with the area for at least two minutes.

The best way to treat yourself really is to give this treatment every hour until you are very much recovered. These treatments do work because you are calling in outside forces.

COLDS

If you are subject to colds and you get your head stuffed up (tettet igjen) - you can greatly relieve the condition by giving this negative treatment. In this case you would place your finger and thumb one on each side of the nose just below the eyes. Then, again, you would hold your breath after you had expelled as much as possible. Again you would picture that life - force flowing into you, into your nose, and killing off all the bugs which are causing the trouble. Quite seriously I say to you, that if you will try this - you will very shortly feel a crackling in the nose as the congestion dissipates. You will find that you will then be able to breathe through your nostrils.

Asthma

Asthma is a complaint, which is but little understood. All sorts of nostrums are prescribed for asthma, but in many many cases asthma is caused by some nervous condition, and that nervous condition will respond to this form of treatment. In this case you put the finger and thumb on either side of the throat just above the Adam's apple. That is for the ordinary type of asthma, but of course, if you have the type which causes truly harsh and painful breathing, then you will have to put your finger and thumb some three inches apart, and place them where you can feel the throat joins the chest.

CHAPTER ELEVEN: LETTERS - AND ANSWERS TO COMMON QUESTIONS

YOU WRITE THIS!

FROM Africa and India, from Australia and America, from countries all over the world - even from behind the Iron Curtain - come letters. THOUSANDS of them. Questions - questions - questions. How to become a saint. How to use a mantra and win the Irish Sweepstake, how to have babies, how NOT to have babies. From Malaysia and Manchester, from Uruguay and Jugoslavia the letters come. Questions, and MORE questions. They usually fall into a certain pattern, so in this chapter I am going to reply to YOUR more common questions. Keep calm, I am most certainly not going to mention anyone by name!

QUESTION: I have read a lot of newspaper stories about you, and before buying any of your books I thought I would write and ask if your books are true.

ANSWER: I give a definite assurance that all my

books are true. All that of which I write is my own experience, and I can do ALL those things of which I write. Having given that assurance, let me say something else! My books are true, yes, but surely 'doubters' cannot see the wood for the trees. What does it matter WHO I am, it is what I WRITE that is important. Throughout the years hordes of 'experts' have tried to prove me wrong. They have failed. If I am a fake, where do I get the knowledge which others are now copying? All my books contain my own personal experiences, nothing of it is the so - called 'automatic writing' beloved of the Press. I am neither possessed (besatt) nor obsessed, I am just a person trying to do a very very difficult task in the face of bigotry and jealousy. There are those in 'High Places' in India and elsewhere who could help, but who prostitute their religion to politics and so, for political reasons etc., they deny the truth of what I write!

My books have done much to 'popularise' Tibet and show people that Tibet is good and spiritual, yet none of this is taken into account. A stronger leadership might have enabled Tibet to avoid Communist aggression, but no war was ever won by sitting on the fence and waiting to see 'which way the cat jumps!'

I receive thousands of letters from people who state that the truth of my books is self - evident, and I am proud indeed to be able to say that during the past ten years I have received only four unpleasant or abusive letters. To return to the first paragraph of 'ANSWER', let me add that it is most amusing to watch people squabbling over an Author's identity and missing the whole point of his books. Poor old Shakespeare must think that his Bacon is in the fire when he 'tunes - in' to some of the clever clever people who 'know' that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, and that Shakespeare was Bacon! Who wrote the Bible? The Disciples? Their descendants? A gang of monks monkeying with the original Scripts? What does it matter? Only the written word matters, not the name or identity of the author.

So to answer the question: yes, all my books are true!

QUESTION: What is Nirvana? Why do Indians just want to sit down and do nothing and hope everything will come right for them in the end?

ANSWER: The Indians do not think that at all. Nirvana is not the extinction of everything; it is utterly impossible to live in a void, in a state of vacuum. To live one has to progress and develop. Consider, for instance, a car. First of all a prototype is developed and the car is tried and tested on the works testing

track and then perhaps, if it is a good quality car, sent to the mountains of Switzerland so that it may be tested both in Switzerland and in, perhaps, South American jungles. When the car is tested certain faults develop and they can be eliminated, the purpose of testing is to find out what is wrong and how to put it right.

The same applies to humans; humans have to be tested to find their weak points, and when the weak points are discovered they can be overcome. That is being done all the time in the ordinary stages of evolution. You will agree that many new models of radios or cars, or anything else - space rockets, if you like - have faults, later models are better because the faults have been eliminated.

Nirvana is the stage in humans when faults have been eliminated. So the Indian and the erudite Easterner tries to overcome his faults, he tries to eliminate lusts and other quite interesting but harmful vices. You can say that he tries to live in state of nothingness so far as vice is concerned - he wants nothing to do with vice - he is only interested in perfection.

Later the question of "the story of the GARDEN OF EDEN" appears - and Rampa gives the ANSWER:

In the answer to the question above I blithely stated that we were finished with the Bible for the time being. Well, we - have to open it again to answer this question which is, do I believe the tale about the Garden of Eden, do I believe about the Fall of Adam and Eve, and that it was caused by their new - found interest in the difference between each other's bodies. In other words, as I read the question, do I think that sex has been the ruination of mankind. No, of course I do not. I think all that is rubbish. In the time of Pope Gregory, often referred to as Pope Gregory the Great, the vast Palatine Library containing many of the original manuscripts was destroyed. Some of the manuscripts were original papyri, and they went back to almost the date of the start of Christianity.

The Library was destroyed. The Pope of those days thought that men were learning too much, and if men learned more than the priests wanted them to know - they would be a danger to the priests in that they would be asking questions which the priests found it difficult to answer.

Pope Gregory thought that men should start out again without benefit of the writings of other people. He also had an idea that the moment was opportune to rewrite the history of Christianity and edit it in such a way that the power of the priests was not diminished. So the Libraries were burned, priceless manuscripts were lost to the average man and woman.

Some of those manuscripts in duplicate form had been hidden in caves in other parts of the world, but to those who can read the Akashic Record all manuscripts, all knowledge, is always available.

In the case of Adam and Eve we must remember that so - called 'original sin' was not sex, it was not anything at all to do with the physical body, but was an abstract thing. The original sin was pride, false pride, an inferior people setting up as the equal of the Gods. Man and, of course, Woman, thought that they were the equal of the Gods and so they rebelled against the Gods. The Garden of Eden was the young Earth, the Earth which was only then becoming fitted to be the home of a new race, the race of Man. You will appreciate that there have been many races upon the earth, many forms of life.

Before Man as we know him now appeared on this Earth, there was another race similar to Man, not shaggy apes as has been popularly supposed, but a completely different type of person upon completely different continents of the Earth, continents which have long sunk beneath the surface of the ocean, so that other continents could rise, and other nations rise with them.

These people were different. They had somewhat different anatomical features, which we need not go into on this occasion. Their skin was purple, and they were rather larger and rather taller than humans of the present day. These people were intelligent, too intelligent for their own good, perhaps, and they were the ones who lived in the so-called Garden of Eden.

According to ancient records Earth is a colony, a colony which was populated by people from far beyond this Universe. (*The same says the sources that is given through LYSSA ROYAL - and also the contactreports from Meiers meetings with Semjase. R.Ø.remark.*) At the time of the Garden of Eden some of the people - the Overseers - came to this Earth to supervise the new race of Man, the purple people, and the Overseers were giants according to Man's perceptions. They were, in fact, half as big again as the people of the Earth, and so we have a racial memory of the days when Gods, giants, walked upon the earth.

The Overseers who, after all, were only humans of a different kind, fraternised (fortrolig omgang) rather too freely with the purple people of the Earth, they became altogether too friendly, and the inferior people of the earth had inflated ideas of their own importance; they thought that if the Gods associated with them, they must be wonderful. And so they were impressed with the strange, strange weapons and devices of the Gods, they were impressed with the boxes which showed pictures and produced voices and music out of the air, and they plotted and schemed

whereby they could overthrow the Gods, the Overseers, and obtain those devices for themselves.

Strange vehicles known as the Chariots of the Gods flamed across the sky by day and by night. The Gods were busy seeing about the new Earth, seeing about the welfare of the people of the new Earth, but they still had time to fraternise with the people.

A scheme was concocted whereby, one young lady who was particularly attractive to the Overseers should make herself even more attractive to one particular Overseer. And the plan was that while the Gods were otherwise engaged, one might say, the men would kill the Gods.

The Gods became aware of the plot, they became aware that mankind was very, very faulty, they became aware that man - kind had treacherous thoughts, lusted after power, had pride, false pride. And so mankind was driven away from that particularly pleasant spot; in other words, they were driven out of the Garden of Eden by angels with flaming swords. Now just think, supposing a savage (villmann) who had never seen a jet plane saw one of these things going across the sky roaring like a blowtorch (blåse-lampe), wouldn't it be a Chariot of the Gods? Supposing he saw a gun, which was being fired, he saw smoke and perhaps a bit of flame coming out of the barrel, couldn't that be a flaming sword? He would have to call it something, and he wouldn't know about revolvers; a flaming sword is good enough - it got down through the history books, and all that.

In the course of time the natural evolution of the Earth caused earthquakes and tremors, caused continents to sink and continents to rise. Most of the people of the Earth were destroyed in various catastrophes and calamities, but certain people were refugees and they escaped to high land. Certain of them, in fact, live on through their racial memories. For instance, have you ever seen a native of darkest Africa, who was not black but almost a purplish - black? Think of that. You will agree that there are already at least three races on this Earth, the black people, the yellow people, and the white people. They are three different races, and there is quite a lot of discord (splid) among them, a racial discord, as if each one thinks that the other one is an intruder.

So we come back to the Garden of Eden, and we find that when the Gods walked upon the Earth - they were kind and considerate. They were not Gods, of course, but the Overseers from right out of this Universe. Humans tried to take advantage of them, and the original sin of humans was not sex, which is a natural function of humans, but pride and rebellion.

Of course the Church in the time of Pope Gregory and, in fact many times in the Church's history, had a great phobia against sex. They had no phobia against pride. So because it suited their purpose, they said that the Fall of Man was through Woman, - the Fall of Man was because Woman tempted him with sex, Woman was the sinner, the temptress, the offender every time.

There is nothing in the Bible, nor in true Christian belief, which supports the statement that Man's fall was through sex. Christ himself was never opposed to women, He never thought that Woman was an inferior creature to be treated as a dog or worse. St. Augustine and many others took advantage of the re-writing of the Bible to preach even more and more violently against sex. Augustine was one of those who was terribly, terribly opposed to sex even in marriage. It is perhaps worth a thought here that there is no greater opponent of drink than the reformed drunkard, there is no greater opponent of vice, so-called, than the person who has been reformed from vice.

end of extract from this fantastic book

(første gang satt opp i PAGEMAKER den 12-10-2001, mens amerikanske bomber for fullt i Afghanistan.)

CHAPTERS OF LIFE

- ◇ JEWS and the "second coming" s1
- ◇ many mansions (about the groupself) s3
- ◇ parallell worlds s6
- ◇ worlds of the opposite polarity s10
- ◇ the disappearings in BERMUDA and else s13
- ◇ "many dimensions too" s 16
- ◇ from the wiseman MILREAPA
- ◇ PRAYERS and affirmations s20
- ◇ elementals and contact to the other side s 21
- ◇ mediums s24
- ◇ more on death - and the death process s 25
- ◇ the AKASHIC RECORDS s 31
- ◇ the CHACRAS s 32
- ◇ ASTROLOGY s 34
- ◇ twin souls s 35
- ◇ correct breathing/self healing/colds s 36
- ◇ answering questions

From T.LOBSANG RAMPA's 11. book:
"Feeding the Flame"

Introduction: As Dr. Lobsang Rampa lay, desperately ill, in a Canadian hospital, he looked up with pleasure to see his old friend and mentor, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, standing by his bedside. But it was with some dismay that he listened to the message that the Golden Figure had brought. Lobsang Rampa's work on this plane was not, as he thought, completed; he had to write another book, his eleventh, for there was still more of the mystic truth to be revealed to the world.

Here then is that eleventh book. *Feeding the Flame* is mainly concerned with answering some of the many questions which Dr. Rampa's readers have put to him over the years. It covers such subjects as Life after Death, Suicide, Meditation and Ouija Boards, and includes many invaluable observations on the modern world. Dr. Rampa's many admirers will be delighted that, despite the pain and suffering of his illness, he has been spared to write this fascinating and inspiring book.

(Yes - also in this book he also give answers to some of the many letters he received. He daily in average got sixty!! - and tried to answer all of them. What a job only that!

Rampa had the ability to fellow all incidents by reading/looking in the AKASHA - earth's memorybank and so retelling the happenings in every detail. The one who SEES can here recognize the TRUTH. Research yourself!!)

(some words are translated to Norwegian and there MAY BE some wordmistakes here because this is scanned from the book. Some headlines are added)

Telephone the astral

(from page 24)

It is quite possible to make a telephone with which to telephone the astral world. Consider speech now; when we speak we cause a vibration which imparts its energy to a column of air, which in turn energizes some receiving apparatus, for example, someone's ear, and so they hear the sounds we make. It is interpreted as speech. No one has ever yet succeeded in standing atop a radio mast and shouting to the world, and being heard all over the world. For that the vibrations are transformed into a different form of energy and messages spoken and transformed into this energy can be heard, with suitable apparatus, all

over the world. I listen to England, Japan, Australia, Germany - everywhere. I have even heard little America in the South Antarctic.

A device to telephone the astral is something like that. It transforms present day radio waves into something incomparably higher - just as radio waves in turn are very much higher in frequency than is speech.

In days to come people will be able to telephone those who have newly passed over in much the same way as a person can now telephone a hospital and, if he is lucky and the nurse is feeling good tempered, can speak to a patient who is recovering from an operation. So it will be that those who have newly passed over and are recuperating from the strain of passing over, just as a mother and baby recuperate from birth strains, so while this recuperation process is taking place, relatives can telephone a reception area and find out how the patient is doing. Naturally, when 'the patient' is quite recovered and has gone to yet other dimensions he or she will be too busy to be bothered by the petty little affairs of this Earth.

This Earth is just a speck of dust existing for the twinkle of an eye in what is the real time.

For those who are interested, I have actually seen such a telephone and actually seen it in use. It's a pity that the idiot press is not subject to censorship because they should not be permitted to take foolish actions just for the sake of sensation, and so inhibit what are real developments.

So now let us consider this as a start, and the ending of the first chapter. We will go on together and see what we can do to answer some questions in the second.

(A personally know a lady who lost her son when he did suicide - and she says she was quite shocked when she some days later got an early telephonecall - and guess who rang - her son.... She said - but you are dead - and he answered her mother: "but you know mother that the death doesn't exist". R.Ø.remark.)

PETS ON THE ASTRAL PLANE

so an extract from answering questions on page 34:

Oh yes, among our questions, here is a question from a lady who asks about animals. Where is it now? Ah, here! 'Can you tell us what happens to our pets (kjæledyr) when they leave this Earth? Are they utterly destroyed, or do they eventually reincarnate as humans? The Bible tells us that only humans go to Heaven. What have you to say about it?'

Madam, I have a lot to say about it. The Bible was written a long time after the events related happened, the Bible is not the original Writings either. It is a translation of a translation of a translation of another translation, which had been re-translated to suit some

king or some political power, or something else. Think of the King James Edition, or this Edition or that Edition. A lot of things written in the Bible are bunk. No doubt there was a lot of truth in the original Scriptures, but a lot of things in the Bible now are no more truth than the truth of the press, and anyone knows what a lot of bilge that is.

The Bible seems to teach humans that they are the Lords of Creation, that the whole world was made for Man. Well, Man has made an awful mess of the world, hasn't he? Where are there not wars, or rumours of wars, where is there no sadism, no terror, no persecution? You will have to move off this Earth if you want an answer to that. But we are dealing with animals and what happens to them.

In the first case there are many different species of creatures. Humans are animals, whether you like it or not humans are animals, horrid, uncouth, unfriendly animals, more savage than any of the Nature type animals.

Because humans have a thumb and fingers they have been able to develop along certain lines because they can use their hands to fabricate things, and that animals cannot do. Man lives in a very material world and only believes that which he can grasp between his fingers and his thumb. Animals, not having thumbs and not being able to grasp a thing in two hands, have had to evolve spiritually, and most animals are spiritual, they do not kill unless for the absolute necessity of eating, and if a cat terrorizes and tortures a mouse - well, that is an illusion of the humans; the mouse is quite oblivious of it because it is hypnotized and feels no pain. Do you like that?

Under stress a person's sensations are anaesthetized (bedøvet), so in times of war, for example, a man can have an arm shot off and apart from a very dim numbness, he will not feel it until loss of blood makes him weak. Or a person piloting a plane, for instance, can be shot through the shoulder but he will go on piloting his plane and bring it down safely and only when the excitement has ended will he feel pain. In the case of our mouse - by that time the mouse doesn't feel anything any more.

Horses do not reincarnate as daffodils (påskeliljer). Marmosets (murmeldyr) do not reincarnate as maggots (mark) or vice versa. There are different groups of Nature people, each one in a separate isolated 'shell' - which does not impinge upon the spiritual or astral existence of others. What that really means is that a monkey never reincarnates as a man, a man never reincarnates as a mouse although, admittedly, many men are mouse-like in their lack of intestinal fortitude (sjelsstyrke) which is a very polite way of explaining well, you know what.

It is a definite statement of fact that no animal reincarnates as a human. (*Martinus says they do after a very long evolution - process, and maybe in some other form than today's human, but they will reach that level at some time in the future, but they will not be human on this earth he says. R.Ø.remark.*) I know humans are animals as well, but I am using the accepted, the commonly accepted term. One refers to humans and one refers to animals because humans like to be buttered up a bit, and so one pretends that they are not animals but a special form of creature, one of God's chosen - humans. So - the human animal never, never reincarnates as a canine animal or feline animal (kattedyr), or equine animal: And, again, our old friend vice versa.

The human animal has one type of evolution which he must follow, they - which shall we say? - has a different, and not necessarily parallel, form of evolution to follow. So they are not inter-changeable entities.

Many Buddhist Scriptures refer to humans coming back as spiders or tigers or something else, but of course that is not believed by the educated Buddhist, that started as a mis-understanding many centuries ago in much the same way as there is a misunderstanding about Father Christmas, or about little girls being made of sugar and spice and all things nice. You and I know that all little girls are not nice; some of them are very nice, some of them are proper stinkers, but, of course, you and I, we only know the nice ones, don't we?

When a human dies the human goes to the astral plane about which we shall say more later, and when an animal dies it, too, goes to an astral plane where it is met by its own kind, where there is perfect understanding, where there is perfect rapport between them. As in the case of humans, animals cannot be bothered by those with whom they are incompatible, and now study this carefully; when a person who loves an animal dies and goes to the astral world, that person can be in contact with the loved animal, they can be together if there is absolute love between them. Further, if humans were more telephatic, if they were more believing, if they would open their minds and receive, then loved animals who had passed over could keep in touch with the humans even before the humans passed over.

Let me tell you something; I have a number of little people who have passed over, and I am still very definitely, very much in contact with them. There is one little Siamese cat, Cindy, with whom I am in daily contact, and Cindy has helped me enormously. On Earth she had a very bad time indeed. Now she is helping, helping, always helping. She is doing

absolutely as much as anyone on the Other Side can do for anyone on this Side.

Those who truly love their so-called 'pets' can be sure that when this life has ended for both, then they can come together again, but it's not the same.

When humans are on the Earth they are a disbelieving crew, cynical, hard, blasé and all the rest. When they get to the Other Side they get a shake or two which enables them to realize that they are not the Lords of Creation they thought they were, but just part of a Divine Plan. On the other Side they realize that others have rights as well, when they get to the Other Side they find that they can talk with utmost (ytterste) clarity to animals who are also on the Other Side, and animals will answer them in any language they care to use. It is a limitation on humans that most of them while on Earth are not telepathic, most of them, while on Earth, are not aware of the character and ability and powers of so-called 'animals'. But when they pass over, it all comes clear to them, and humans then are like a person born blind who suddenly can see.

Yes, animals go to Heaven, not the Christian Heaven, of course, but that is no loss. Animals have a real Heaven, no angels with goosefeathers for wings, it's a real Heaven, and they have a Manu, or God, who looks after them. Whatever Man can obtain or attain on the Other Side, so can an animal - peace, learning, advancement - anything and everything.

Upon the Earth man is in the position of being the dominant species, dominant because of the fearful weapons he has. Unarmed a man would be no match for a determined dog; armed with some artificial method such as a gun, a man can dominate a whole pack of dogs, and it is only through Man's viciousness (ondhet) that the telepathic power of communication with animals has been lost, that is the real story of the Tower of Babel, you know. Mankind was telepathic for general use, and mankind used speech only in local dialects for communicating with members of the family when they did not want the community as a whole to know what was being said. But then Man lured (lokket) animals into traps by false telepathy, by false promises. As a result mankind lost the telepathic power as a punishment, and now only a few people on this Earth are telepathic, and for those of us who are - it is like being a sighted person in the country of the blind.

Well, madam, to answer the question in your letter briefly. No, humans do not reincarnate as animals, animals do not reincarnate as humans. Yes, animals go to Heaven, and if you truly love your pet, then you can be together after you pass over IF your love is truly love and not just selfish, senseless desire to dominate or possess. And, finally on this subject,

animals are not an inferior species. Humans can do a vast number of things that animals cannot, animals can do a vast number of things that humans cannot. They are different, and that's all there is to it - they are different, but not inferior (laverstående).

Now, Miss Cleo, resting so comfortably looked up with those limpid blue eyes and sent a telepathic message: To work, we have to work or we do not eat. So saying she rose gracefully and most delicately walked off. The Old Man, with a sigh, turned to another letter and another question.

"Are there Mantras for sending dying animals to higher realms, and, if so, what are such Mantras?"

One doesn't need Mantras from humans to animals; just as humans have their own helpers waiting on the Other Side of life to help the dying human to be reborn back into the astral, so animals have their own helpers. And so there are no Mantras necessary to help dying animals enter the astral world. Anyhow animals know by instinct, or by pre-knowledge, far more about such things than do humans.

One should not wait until an animal is dying before one is ready to help. The best way to help an animal is while it is alive and well on this Earth because animals are beautiful creatures, and there are no bad or vicious animals unless they have been made bad and vicious by the ill-treatment, conscious or otherwise, of humans. I have known many cats, and I have never known a cat who was naturally; vicious or bad tempered. If a cat has been tormented by humans, or by human children most likely, then of course it does adopt a protective fierceness, but soon with a little kind-ness all that goes, and one has a gentle, devoted animal again.

You know, a lot of people are scared stiff about Siamese cats, saying how fierce they are, how destructive, how everything bad. It isn't true, there isn't a word of truth in it not a word. Miss Cleopatra and Miss Tadalinka never, never do anything to annoy us. If something irritates us, then we just say, 'Oh, don't do that, Clee!' and she doesn't do it again. Our cats do not tear up furniture or draperies because we have a pact with them; we provide a very easily made scratching post, actually we have two. They are sturdy posts, strongly mounted on a square base, both are covered with heavy carpet, not old scruffy carpet on which one has upset the garbage pail, but new carpet, actually off-cuts. Well, this carpeting has been securely fixed to the posts and on top of the posts there is room for a cat to sit.

Several times a day Cleopatra and Tadalinka go to their scratch posts, and they have such a long beautiful stretch that it makes one feel better just to watch. Sometimes they will walk up the post instead of jumping to the top, and that is very good for their muscles

and very good for their claws. So, we provide the scratch posts and they provide the tranquillity because we do not have to fear for any furniture or any draperies.

Cats...

Once I thought of writing a book about Cat Legends and the real story of cats. I'd love to, but increasing decrepitude makes it improbable that I ever shall. I would like to tell, for instance, how, on another world, in another system, far removed from the solar system, there was a high civilization of cats. In those days they could use their 'thumbs' as humans could, but, just as humans are doing now, they fell from grace and they had a choice of starting a Round all over again or going to another system to help a race not yet born.

Cats are kind, creatures and understanding creatures, and so the whole race of cats and the Manu of cats decided to come to the planet we call Earth. They came to watch humans and report to other spheres on the behaviour of humans, something like having a television camera watching all the time, but they watch and report not to harm humans, but to help them. In the better regions people do not report things to cause harm but only so that defects may be over-come.

Cats came to be naturally independent so they would not be swayed by affection. They came as small creatures so that humans could treat them kindly or treat them harshly, according to the nature of the humans.

Cats are benign, a good influence on Earth. Cats are a direct extension of a Great Overself of this world, a source of information where much information is distorted by world conditions.

Be friendly with cats, treat them kindly, have faith in them knowing that no cat has ever willingly harmed a human, but very very many cats have died to help humans.

Well, Miss Tadalinka has just rushed in with a telepathic message, 'Hey, Guv, guess what? There's seventy-eight letters for you today!' Seventy-eight letters! It's about time I got down to answering some which are waiting.

CHAPTER THREE

*"The right Path is close at hand
yet mankind searches for it afar."*

Lhasa today

*A letter says: 'WHAT is life like in Lhasa today?
Are novices having their "third eye" opened? What*

has happened to all the people you describe in the first book?'

The Lhasa of 1970 under the terrorist rule of the Red Chinese is very, very different from the Lhasa of the era before the Chinese invasion. People are furtive (hemmelighetsfulle), people look over their shoulders before venturing to speak to even the closest acquaintance. There are no beggars in the streets now; they have either been nailed up by their ears and are long since dead, or they have been sent to forced labour. Women are not the happy, carefree people they used to be. Now in Chinese dominated Tibet women are forcibly mated with Chinese men who have been deported from China and sent to Tibet to be the first colonists.

The Chinese are guilty of genocide (folkemord), they are trying to kill the Tibetan nation. Chinese men were torn from their families in China and sent to Tibet to till the hard soil and to scrape a living somehow, sent to Tibet to mate with unwilling women and to be the fathers of a race of half-breeds, half Chinese and half Tibetan. As soon as a child is born it is taken away from the parents and placed in a communal home where it is taught as it grows up to hate all things Tibetan and to worship all things Chinese.

Tibetan men are being dealt with so that they are men no longer, so that they can no longer be fathers. Many men, and many women too, have escaped perhaps to India or perhaps to the higher mountain recesses where the Chinese troops cannot climb. The Tibetan race will not die out, the Tibetan race will continue. It is a tragedy that the high ranking Tibetans now in India do not stir up interest in saving Tibet.

At one time I had the fond hope some of these higher-ups would put aside their petty jealousies and petty hatreds and they would have co-operated with me. I have long had the great desire to speak as a representative of Tibet before the United Nations. I am not dumb(døv), I am not illiterate (analfabet), I know the side of the East and I know the side of the West, and it has long been my most fervent (ivrig) desire to serve Tibet by appealing to the Free Peoples of the world on behalf of the people now enslaved, now facing determined attempts to extinguish (slukke) the whole race. But unfortunately I have been called many things, and those higher-ups, living in comfort in India, have not seen fit to do much about saving Tibet. However, that is another matter, and is 'one man's ambition', an ambition, though, which is entirely unselfish for I sought nothing for myself.

My books are true, every single one of them, they are absolutely true, but, unfortunately the press saw

fit to attack me, after all it's so much easier and so much more sensational for the press to try to pull down a person and try to make a blood-and-thunder tale out of something which doesn't exist than to admit the truth. It seems to me, looking back through the years, that those high ranking Tibetans in India, now living there in considerable comfort, are afraid to support me in the mistaken idea that if they did so, they would lose the support of the press. Who cares about the press, anyhow? I don't!

People I have known in Tibet? The most highly placed of them have been killed, tortured to death. For example, Tibet's Prime Minister was dragged behind a speeding car through the streets of Lhasa, a rope was tied around one ankle, the other end of the rope was tied to the back of a car. The car was loaded with jeering Chinese, and off it started pulling an eminent man through the streets, turning, and twisting on the rocky road, tearing off his nose, tearing off his ears, tearing off other things, until, raw-red and soaking with blood, he was just tossed aside on a garbage heap for dogs to devour.

Women whom I knew? Well, their daughters have been publicly raped in front of their families as well. Many eminent women have been forced into brothels for Chinese troops. The list could go on long about such happenings, but there is no point in it.

Certain cowardly (redde) men of high estate capitulated to the Chinese demands and became lackeys of the Chinese, obeying their every whim, aping them, fawning upon them, and remaining in positions of 'trust' until their masters tired of them and liquidated (likviderte) them.

Yet others escaped into the mountains to continue the fight against the Chinese. Many, of course, went to India. Well, that's their choice, but again the thought comes, - why would not the Great Ones, safely in India, do something to help those who were not, safe?

In the Great Temples and at the Potala itself all the gold sheets forming the roof have been torn off and carried away to China where, presumably, the gold has been melted down and made into money or something. Sacred Figures have been melted down for their gold and silver content, precious jewels have been removed and taken to China, and other things, books, manuscripts, paintings and carvings, have been tossed upon a great bonfire (bål) and the whole lot burnt up, and with it the history of a harmless, innocent country - devoted only to the good of mankind.

Lamaseries are now brothels (bordell) or barracks. Nunneries -well, the Chinese regard them as ready-made brothels. Ancient monuments have been torn down to afford easier passage for armoured columns.

Lhasa now is the capital city of terror, where people

are tortured and killed without knowing the reason why. All that was beautiful has been destroyed... (end of this extract)

DRUGS and the astral

A drug addict (narkoman) who dies and passes over to the astral world has a truly horrible time. He has to go to what is in effect an astral mental hospital, because his astral body is warped and distorted, and it may take a long, long time before the most skilled attention that he can receive can restore that astral body to anything like a workable condition.

People rave about this entirely evil drug LSD. Think of the number of suicides there have been, the ones that are reported, and think of the ones that have not been reported, think of the harm that has been caused in terms of insanity and violence. LSD, marijuana, heroin, all those things, they are all devilishly evil. Unfortunately young people do not seem able to accept the advice of older people, people who have the experience.

It is true that, for example, L.S.D. will get the astral body separated from the physical body, but all too often, unfortunately, the astral body goes down to one of the lower hells, one of the weirdy astral planes, and when it comes back the subconscious itself is seared with the horrors it has undergone. (Again - remember that this was written in 1970 - years before people like Stanislav Grof and similar wrote books about out-of-the-body-experiences in connection with the use of LSD - and in the recent years there has appeared researchmaterial that confirms what Rampa here wrote - but 20 years earlier. R.Ø.remark.) So, young people who should be reading this, stay away from drugs, never mind if you do think drug X or drug Y is harmless, if they are taken without medical supervision, you might have some idiosyncrasy (særhet) which will make you particularly susceptible (påvirkelig) to those drugs and very quickly you will be hooked beyond hope of recovery.

Remember, all these drugs are harmful, and although by some remote chance it might now show on your physical for the time being, yet it will show very definitely upon your astral and on your aura.

By the way, if people do take drugs and they damage their astral bodies, then they come under the same category as do suicides, and if a person commits suicide then he or she has to come back to this Earth to finish his or her sentence, which is one way of looking at it, or to complete his or her lessons, which is another way of looking at it. Whichever way you look at it - there are no drop-outs from the Heavenly Fields, no drop-outs from this Earth either. If you gum up the works this time and do not learn the things which you came here to learn, then you come back

and back and back again until you do learn your lessons. So this drug business is a very serious thing indeed and no action taken by the government can be in any way too severe to deal with the drug problem. The best way to deal with it is for each and every one of us to decide that we will not take drugs. In that way we shall not be spiritual suicides, and we shall not have to come back to this Earth into steadily worsening conditions.

Suicides

In the last paragraph I referred to spiritual suicides - repeating the remarks in others of my books - about suicides. I receive an amazing number of letters from people who tell me that they are going to commit suicide. Perhaps they have been crossed in love, perhaps they weren't crossed in love and lived to regret it, but whatever it is I have been appalled at the number of people who write to me saying they are going to commit suicide. Let me state once again, as I have stated constantly, suicide is never, never justified. If one commits suicide one just gets slapped back to this Earth to 'enter class' once again. So, do not think that you can escape your responsibilities by cutting your throat or slashing your wrists, or anything like that; you can't.

Some years ago a boy who was somewhat unstable apparently committed suicide and left a note to say, he was going to come back in a few years time. Well, unfortunately, a copy of one of my books (You - Forever) was found near him, and the press really had a Roman holiday, they went delirious with joy, they raked up everything they could think of and then they called in other people to see if they could think of anything else. And, you know, the most amazing thing of all is that it was reported in the press that I encouraged (oppmuntret til) suicide. Actually, I have never encouraged suicide. I often think I would like to murder press people, but that fate would be far too good for them. Let them go on making their mistakes and let them pay for it after. I personally believe that the majority of press people are sub-human. I personally believe that the press is the most evil force on this Earth today because the press distorts things and tries to whip up excitement or frenzy, tries to drive people to war. If Government leaders could sit down together and discuss matters without the press blaring out a collection of lies and ruining friendly relations, then we should have more peace. Yes, emphatically, based on my own experiences, I am firmly of the belief that the press is the most evil force on this world today.

I mention all this because even the press reported that the boy thought he would come back and start again. Well, that was right, the boy would have to

come back again. But let me again repeat, I never, never encourage suicide. As I have stated unchangingly for the whole of my life, suicide is never justified, and while some Buddhists apparently do it in the belief that it is going to help the Buddhist cause or the cause of peace, I still maintain that suicide is never justified. So my strong recommendation is do not even contemplate suicide, it doesn't help, you will have to come back under worse conditions. And if you stick it out here nearly always it's not so bad as one fears. The worst things of all never happen, you know, we only think they might.

Now here is a question which came only yesterday. A lady asks, 'The cloud which stays over a body for three days - is, it the soul or the astral body? Doesn't the soul leave soon for the Other Side?'

Well, yes, of course. The soul leaves the body with the cutting of the Silver Cord just the same as a child is entirely detached from its mother's body as the umbilical cord is detached. Until that umbilical cord is severed then the child is in co-existence with its mother. In the same way, until the Silver Cord is disconnected the astral body is coexistent with the physical body.

The cloud which hangs over a dead body for three days or so is just the accrued (oppmamlet) energy dissipating. Look at it in another way; suppose you have a cup of tea, the tea is poured out and before you can drink it you are called away.

The tea stays hot, but becomes cooler, and cooler, and cooler; so, in the same way, until the body has lost all the energy built up during the lifetime, a cloud hovers over the body gradually dispersing over three days. Another illustration; suppose you have a coin in, your hot little hand and you suddenly put down that coin, the energy imparted in the form of heat from your hot little hand doesn't suddenly disperse, it takes a certain amount of time for the heat put in the coin by your hand to go, and for the coin to return to the ordinary temperature surrounding it. In the same way an astral body can be quite detached from the physical body, but by the principle of magnetic attraction it can still sense the charge around the physical body, and so until all that charge has gone, it is said that the physical body and the astral body are connected.

proof

A lady - I am sure she is a lady because she writes in such an elegant manner - takes me to task somewhat, 'Why do you occultists always say this is so, and that is so, but offer no proof? People must have proof. Why do you not give proof? Why should we believe anything? God has never said a word to me, and the astronauts have not seen any sign of

heaven in space.'

Proof! That's one of the biggest things, but tell me this; if one is a sighted person in the country of the blind, how does one give proof that there is sight? Moreover, how do you give proof when so many people will not believe a thing when it's stuck slap in front of their nose?

There have been many very eminent scientists (I can only think of Sir Oliver Lodge for the moment), quite a number of famous names have been interested in proof, in science co-operating with the occult world. For example, Sir Oliver Lodge, a most spiritual man, addressed a very important Association in 1913 in England. Sir Oliver said, 'Either we are immortal beings or we are not. We may not know our destiny, but we must have a destiny of some sort. Science may not be able to reveal human destiny, but it certainly should not obscure it.' He went on to say that in his opinion the present-day methods of science would not work in securing proof. He said also that it was his belief that if reputable scientists were allowed to work free without all the scoffers and doubters, then they could reduce occult occurrences to physical laws, and that is obviously very much so. People who demand proof demand proof in the terms of bricks standing upon bricks, they want proof while all the time they are trying to prevent that proof. People who go into occult studies just trying to get a material proof are like people who go into a darkroom and turn on the lights to see if there is any image on the yet undeveloped film. Their actions definitely inhibit any manifestation of proof.

In the occult world we are dealing with intangible matters, we are dealing with matters of an extremely high vibration, and the way people go along nowadays is some-thing like using a pneumatic road drill to excavate (utgrave) in order that fillings may be put in one's teeth. Before proof can be given in a materialistic sense scientists have to be trained in what can be and what cannot be, it's useless for them to charge like a bull at a gate, they are not breaking bricks, they are trying to find out something which is as basic as humanity itself. If people will be honest with themselves; if they will stay away from the television screens and the cinemas and all that stuff, and if they will meditate properly, then they will have an inner awareness what such a thing is - they will become aware of their own spiritual natures, always assuming that their spiritual nature is not so debased as to preclude any other manifestation.

For years in addition to wanting to photograph the aura which I see around every person I have wanted to develop, as I have already stated, a telephone which would enable the ordinary people, non-clairvoyant,

non-clairaudient people to telephone the Other Side. Think what fun it would be looking up a Heavenly telephone directory and having to ask for information - Did he go up or down? I suppose the nether regions would have an exchange called Brimstone; or some-thing similar. Anyway, in years to come when scientists are less materialistic, then it will be that there will be such a telephone. Actually there has been, but that is another story.

Perhaps I should head the next bit 'Stop press news' because there has been a telephone call from John Henderson, some three thousand miles away. He has now had some proof of people on the Other Side of this life. A message came to him and he had the sensation that he was having his head kicked which is what I once told him I would like to do to him! But anyway, he just phoned to say that at last he has GOT THE MESSAGE. That message was directed from the Other Side and not at all impelled by me. Some day perhaps John Henderson may write a book, he should, and if he tells about this occurrence many people will probably say 'Well, I never! I wouldn't like such things to happen to me!'

Astral travel and dreams (page 73)

It is impossible to confuse astral travel with dreams or nightmares because in dreams there is nearly always some inconsistency (inkonsekvens/ulogikk), come improbability, there is always some element which is at variance with what you know to be fact. The colours may be wrong, or you may, for example, see a person with the head of a tiger. It can be determined, with a little practice, that which is a dream and that which is astral travel.

Memories of dreams and memories of astral travel follow the same path into one's awareness when one is awake; when the psyche comes back and the body awakens it may say, 'Oh, I had a terrible dream last night.' Or if the person has training and knows how to astral travel consciously, then he comes back with a complete knowledge of all he has done. The body is still rested, the toxins are still dispersed, but the psyche has retained the information of what happened in the astral world.

Some school children have a holiday and they are so excited at coming back to school that everything that happened during the holiday completely disappears from their brains or from their memories, and in just the same way people coming back from astral travel may forget completely all that happened in the excitement of starting another day.

It cannot be too often repeated that if one wants to remember astral travel, then one just simply must say to one-self three times before going to sleep, 'I will sleep soundly and restfully, and in the morning I will

be aware of all that I have done in the astral.' Repeat that three times before going to sleep, and if you really think what you are saying, and if you really mean what you are saying, then you will remember when you awaken. There is nothing magical about it, it's just getting through to a rather stupid subconscious and saying, in effect, 'Hey Bud, you've got to keep alert tonight, no playing about and gumming up the works with my memories, you keep out of the way, ready for a fresh load of memories when I return.'

Of course the person who is trained in astral travel can astral travel when he is fully awake. It is quite usual for the trained person to sit down in a chair, clasp his hands and put his feet close, together and then just close his eyes. He can then will himself to leave the body and go anywhere and stay fully conscious during the whole period of astral travel so that when the astral body rejoins the physical body there is brought back a completely retained memory of all that happened,

That takes practice, of course, and a bit of self-discipline, it is not difficult to train oneself to remember all that happened when the body is asleep. You just have to tell your sub-conscious to shut up exactly as you tell an unruly schoolboy to shut up. The first telling is more or less a waste of time, at the second telling the sub-conscious jumps to awareness, and with the third telling it is hoped that the command sinks in and the sub-conscious will obey. But if you do this for a few nights you will find that the sub-conscious does obey.

Notebook and pencil by the bedside

Many people like to keep a notebook and pencil by the bedside so that immediately upon awakening in the morning, the knowledge of what happened in the night can be written down, otherwise with the press and turmoil of modern living there is a great tendency to forget what happened. A poor fellow will awaken, for example, and think he is going to be late for work, and then next he will wonder if his wife is in a good temper and will get his breakfast or if he will have to go without. So with things like that on his mind - he is not much in a mood to remember what happened in the night. So make a definite practice, keep a notebook and pencil by your bedside and the very first thing you do when you awaken, write down immediately everything you remember of the night. With practice you will find it's easy and with a bit more practice you won't need your notebook and your pencil, you will carry out your days on Earth with much more contentment knowing that this is just a hard school and nothing more, knowing that at the end of the school term you will be able to return Home.

Sleep learning

Of late there seems to have been a rash of advertisements from all sorts of firms who purport to teach one sleep learning. They want to sell one expensive gizmos and even more expensive taped courses complete with time switch, headphones, under-the-pillow speaker, and what-have-you.

Now it is quite impossible for anyone to learn anything worthwhile while asleep. To start with - the driver of the body is away, and all that is left is a sort of crummy care-taker called 'Sub-conscious', and very extensive researches in the leading countries of the world have proved beyond doubt that sleep learning is not possible, it doesn't work.

If you stay awake, that is, if you are slow in going to sleep, then you may pick up a few snatches of conversation from the tapes. But there is no easy way of learning, you can't press a button and say, 'Hey presto' to a machine, because that will not make you a genius overnight. Instead it will interrupt your sleep rhythm and make you a bad tempered, unmentionable you-know-what.

Suppose you leave your car in the garage while you go in your house to have your buttered beans on toast, or what-ever it is that you have before going to bed. Well, you would be quite a bit of an optimist in thinking your car was going to learn through tapes while you were away from it. The car manufacturers admittedly make several lurid and impossible claims for their mechanized tin boxes (no, I do not have a car), but even the most optimistic of car advertisers would balk at saying their cars would learn during the owner's sleep.

Your body is just a vehicle, a vehicle whereby your Over-self can gain some experience on Earth and on a few other assorted planets, so don't give yourself a lot of airs about how clever you are, how important you are, and all that, because when it comes down to brass tacks or whatever standard of value you want to use - 'you' are just a lump of protoplasm which is driven around by day - by an owner who happens to be your Overself. You can liken it to the Irishman and his donkey (esel); the donkey stays in the stable by night, but no amount of tapes will enable the donkey to speak English or even American, yet during the day the owner can be taught to learn - even American. It might be worth trying to, teach an Irishman Welsh one day to see if that can be done.

I think actually I deserve a medal for pointing out to you some of these things -which are designed to take your hard-earned money from you. Always think, what's behind the advertisement? Well, obviously, the advertiser wants to get your money. It reminds me of the people who advertise how to take a million in,

say, three easy lessons, or how to forecast the Irish Sweepstake and win the, first prize. If these people who could do such things did them, then they wouldn't bother to advertise, would they? And if they can't do it, well, they have to make money in some other way, by pretending that they can make millions in a month. They can if enough people reply to their advertisements, but don't you be one of them, button up your pocket, keep your handbag shut, keep your mouth shut too, and your ears wide open.

The sub-conscious - a repository (oppbevaringssted) of knowledge

Oh Glory Be, and all the rest of it, now here's a question you'd better get ready to read this carefully. You say the sub-conscious is stupid, yet in "Chapters of Life" it is said to be very, very intelligent, it seems to be more intelligent than the part of us you say is one-tenth conscious. Now, tell us straight out, is it stupid or is it super-intelligent?'

If, we are going down into basics again, like this, then we have to say that the sub-conscious is neither intelligent nor unintelligent because it doesn't have intelligence, it's a different sort of thing altogether. The sub-conscious is just a repository (oppbevaringssted) of knowledge, good knowledge, bad knowledge. It's just a filing system (som en harddisk). It contains all you have ever heard, all you have ever seen, all you have ever experienced. It reminds your automatic responses when to breathe in and when to breathe out. It reminds part of you to wriggle and screech if you are tickled, etc. It's just an automatic reminder.

Would you say that a librarian is intelligent? Well, that's a matter of opinion, of course. I know I tried to deal with those silly librarians at a famous Library in London, the ones who put down details, and I tried to tell these people that the details they were putting down about me were utterly and incontrovertibly incorrect, but it's such a job convincing some of them, and I am left with the indelible opinion that the Record Library librarians at that famous Library are not intelligent. Anyway, that's a matter of opinion, but let us make that query again just for the sake of answering this question:

Would you consider that a librarian was a genius? Would you consider that a librarian could answer any question about anything and say what any person has said before? Well, of course you couldn't, not even if you were a librarian yourself could you make such claims. Instead you would say, quite correctly, that - no, there is no such knowledge in a conscious human, but a librarian knows where to find certain information. The best librarians are those who can find the information fastest.

You and I could go to a library and fumble our

way through certain filing cabinets in search of a book title containing matter on the subject of interest. Then we would find we had to refer to something else, then we would find that the book was out of print or out of circulation or out of the Library. We would waste half a day or more, yet by asking a librarian there is a second during which he has an absolutely blank expression, and then the penny seems to drop with a clank, and he or she gets into motion and produces the book with the desired information.

If he or she is good at the work, they recommend many more books.

The sub-conscious is like that. As soon as the thinking 'we' desires to know something, then the sub-conscious tries to come up with the answer. That is not intelligence, that is entirely automatic, and as it's automatic it can be trained.

Trained for what? Well, the answer is simple. Your sub-conscious is your memory. If you have a poor memory it means that your conscious one-tenth is not getting through to your sub-conscious nine-tenths. If you have a poor memory it means that the sub-conscious is falling down on the job of providing you the information which you demand. (here again Martinus gives another and much more complement description on "the problem" of bad memory - the memory on the day-consciousness is degenerates - while the new ability - INTUITION - is growing. But it is extensive described in his "cosmic analysis" - R.Ø.remark.)

Supposing you want to know what Gladstone really said back in the year 18-something-or-other. Well, you've probably heard it, you've probably read of it, so it's in your memory and if your sub-conscious cannot bring it out -- it means that there is a fault in a relay somewhere.

Some people can reel off a terrible lot of stuff about football or baseball teams, and give all the winners or whatever they are called for years back, but that is because they are interested in the subject, and people cannot remember things in which they are not interested. Never having seen a football match or a baseball match, and not wanting to, I haven't the vaguest idea about it. I thought that a baseball diamond, for instance, was a thing given to prize winners; no doubt somebody will write in to tell me differently.

If you want to cultivate a good memory, then you have to cultivate your sub-conscious. You have to be interested in a subject, until you are interested the sub-conscious cannot 'tag on.' Many of our lady readers will know all about the male film star, how many times he has been married, how many times he has been divorced, and how many times he has chased his beloved-for-the-moment around the world. That's easy, they can do that, but just ask them to go

and get a standard fine thread from a local shop, perhaps a three-sixteenth standard fine thread, and they'll come back looking blanker than usual.

To train your memory, that is, to train your subconscious, you should think clearly about things and assume an interest in those things. If men are sent shopping for women's things, well, they come back without a single thought in their heads, but if they took an interest in things then their memory would improve. One can take an interest by asking oneself why a woman wants this, or that, or something else, and the woman can ask herself why a man should want, for instance, a three-sixteenth bolt of fine thread. If she can get a definite interest, then he or she can remember.

Influencing others positively under sleep

Another thing which can be done during the period of sleep is to approach another person whom one desire to influence. Now, sleep learning is useless, that is absolutely a waste of time because you are trying to teach the body something when the entity that controls the body is out of the body. But let us deal with something else - influencing others.

Supposing that Mr. John Brown very much desires to get an appointment with the firm of the XYZ Manufacturing Company. Mr. Brown has heard that this Company is an extremely good company and that it is definitely desirable to be employed by such a firm.

Mr. Brown has had some good fortune in getting an appointment with the personnel manager or someone else in authority for, say, the following day. Now, if Mr. Brown really wants to sell himself, this is what he will do: He will get hold of any information he can about the firm and especially about the person with whom he has the inter-view. That means that Mr. Brown must make a definite inquiry as to who will do the interviewing. Then if it is at all possible he will get a photograph of the interviewer, and before going to bed that night Mr. Brown will sit quite alone and he will visualize himself talking to the interviewer on the morrow. Mr. Brown will convincingly state (in the privacy of his bedroom) the reasons why he would be a desirable employee, the reasons why he needs that particular appointment, the reasons why he considers he is worth more than the firm normally pays. He says all this to the photograph, then he lifts up his feet and tucks them in bed, and he puts the photograph so that it is facing him as he lies on his accustomed side.

Mr. Brown goes to sleep with the firm, very definite, very emphatic intention of getting out of his body and journeying to Mr. Interviewer's house. There he will meet Mr. Interviewer out of his body, and Mr.

Brown's astral will tell Mr. interviewer's astral all that Mr. Brown has just said in the privacy of his bedroom.

Fantastic? Daft? Don't you believe it! This really works. If the Interviewee (I hope that is right; it means the one who is going to be interviewed) plays his cards properly, then the interviewer will give him the job. That is sure, that is definite, it really works.

Now, you who want a better job or more money, go through those words again and put them into practice. You can influence people in this way, but not necessarily for bad. You cannot influence a person to do that which he or she would not normally do, that is, you cannot influence a person to do an evil or wrong act, which means that some of you fellows who write in to me asking how to get power over girls - well, you can't friend - you can't, and don't try.

Yes, innocent readers, ladies of high degree and of the utmost purity, I sometimes get letters from 'gentlemen' who ask me to teach them to hypnotize girls or to put spells on girls or to produce the formula of something which will render girls helpless so that the 'gentleman' - well, what would he do under such circumstances? Anyway, I tell them the truth which is that unless they go in for poisoning they cannot influence another person to do that which the other person's conscience would not normally permit. So there you are. If your desires are pure or 'clean', then you can influence others, you can influence others to do good - but not to do bad. Most people don't need influencing to do bad anyhow, it seems to come natural.

Coming to earth for a special task - parallels between the life and death of President Lincoln and - Kennedy

It might be as well here to introduce a question having bearing on some of the remarks made in previous chapters. The question is: 'You say that people come to this Earth time after time until the person concerned does his specific task. You also say that at times groups of people come for the same purpose. Can you give any definite illustration on that point?'

As a matter of fact - yes, quite definitely, yes. Now, I had a cutting some time ago in the Spanish language, and this Spanish language thing gave a lot of details about a magazine called Excalibur which had been published some years ago, apparently, in Durban, South Africa. I have only a very, very brief comment on the whole matter, but it seems the magazine published some remarkable proven parallels between the life and death of President Lincoln of the U.S.A.

and President Kennedy of the USA. This will so adequately reply to many queries that I will give all the details here. Let us do them numerically as then it will be so much easier if you want to refer to them or discuss them with your friends. So here the first one:

1. President Lincoln was elected to that Office in the year 1860. That, of course, can be ascertained from history books. So - Lincoln became President in 1860, and here is the first coincidence; Kennedy became President in 1960, a hundred years later.

2. It might shake you to know that President Lincoln was assassinated on a Friday. President Kennedy was assassinated on a Friday.

3. You may have read that President Lincoln was at a theatre enjoying a stage show in the presence of his wife, and he was then assassinated in the presence of his wife. President Kennedy was visiting Dallas, Texas, and he was riding in a car with his wife. He also was enjoying the show, that is, the show of public acclaim, etc.

4. President Lincoln was shot in the back while sitting in a box at the theatre. President Kennedy was shot in the back while sitting in a car.

5. President Lincoln was succeeded by a man called Johnson. Johnson became President after President Lincoln, but in Texas President Kennedy was killed and Vice-President Johnson was sworn in as President of the U.S.A. on board an aircraft bringing the body of the late President and the living new President back to the capital.

6. But we have not finished with our list of coincidences, yet, not by a long way. The Johnson who succeeded President Lincoln was a Democrat from South U.S.A., and Lyndon Johnson who succeeded President Kennedy also is a Democrat from the South - from Texas. So that is quite a good list of 'coincidences', isn't it: Though to show that there is more than chance taking a part in things, enough to show that there must be some 'Divine Plan' making the entity who was President Lincoln perhaps come back as Kennedy, so that a task could be accomplished.

All right, let's get back with:

7. Both the Johnsons had been members of the Senate before becoming President.

8. Lincoln's successor was Andrew Johnson. Now really read this ... Andrew Johnson was born in 1808, but the Johnson who succeed President Kennedy was born in 1908.

9. Lincoln was assassinated by a rather strange sort of person, a thoroughly dissatisfied sort of person if we are to believe the report, which is now history, and that assassin of Lincoln was John Wilkes Booth and he was born in 1839. Lee Harvey Oswald who, it was stated, murdered President Kennedy appears also

to have been a very dissatisfied sort of person, one who had been in trouble all too frequently. He was born in 1939.

10. To continue with our list of 'coincidences', Booth was assassinated before he could be brought to trial, but so was Oswald; Oswald was shot while being moved by the Police, and before he could be brought to trial.

11. These coincidences, as you have seen, extend not only to the Presidents and the assassins, but also to the wives of the Presidents because Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of President Lincoln, lost a child while in the White House, and Mrs. Kennedy, the wife of President Kennedy, lost a child while in the White House.

12. Lincoln had a Secretary and that Secretary was called Kennedy. Secretary Kennedy advised President Lincoln most strongly not to go to the theatre where he was assassinated. President Kennedy had a Secretary also and he was called Lincoln, and Secretary Lincoln strongly advised President Kennedy not to go to Dallas!

13. John Wilkes Booth shot President Lincoln in the back while the President was watching a show and then the assassin, Booth ran to hide in a store. But Lee Harvey Oswald shot at Kennedy from a store and ran to hide in a theatre. You just read that carefully again and see how very strange it is. One assassin shot in a theatre and hid in a store, the other one shot from a store and hid in a theatre.

14. L-I-N-C-O-L-N is seven letters, and if you count up K-E-N-N-E-D-Y you will find that that also has seven letters.

15. If you count John Wilkes Booth you will find that there are fifteen letters, and if you count Lee Harvey Oswald you will find that that has fifteen letters.

16. It is believed that Oswald killed Kennedy and Oswald had accomplices. None of this has been actually, definitely, incontrovertibly proved; it is a matter of circumstantial evidence, no one can prove that Booth murdered Lincoln. In the same way Oswald, it was stated, had accomplices, but it has not been conclusively proved that Oswald did murder Kennedy, and it has not been proved that Oswald had accomplices. Let's face it quite bluntly - circumstantial evidence points clearly at Booth and at Oswald, but again how much of what we could read was actual truth and how much was the press pre-judging and precondemning a man? We do not know and I point out this because it is another coincidence in the case of two men.

17. You will remember that the man called Ruby, who was a bit of a fanatic, killed Oswald, he shot Oswald in front of the television cameras, he just pushed his way past the police, pointed a gun and

pulled a trigger. But Boston Corbett was also a bit of a fanatic, he too believed that he was doing right when he murdered John Wilkes Booth. In both cases these two men killed the man suspected and accused of the murder of a President, and in both cases it was stated that the second assassin, that is Corbett and Ruby, did so out of excessive loyalty for the President of the time. But in neither case is the actual motive established.

In another book I wrote about the Overself managing a group of puppets. Well, you think about that in the light of this information, where two Presidents were elected a hundred years apart, they were both assassinated on a Friday, and - look through the list again and see all the different coincidences. Now, do you seriously believe that these could be just coincidences? It isn't really possible, you know. My own belief is that Lincoln did not do his job, and so he had to come back to substantially the same job to finish what he did not do before.

The only way to come back was to come back as one who would be President of the U.S.A. which is what he did. You can take it that sometimes an Overself has 'dress rehearsals' (generalprøve) with puppets, so in the case of Lincoln the stage was set, appropriately enough at a theatre, and a President was assassinated. Nothing was proved against the assumed murderer and the assumed murderer was assassinated by another person. It was all most unsatisfactory, motives were unknown and nothing was ever proved against anyone, so perhaps the Overself got a bit fed up with such a waste of time and effort and another arrangement was made .for a hundred years later because in the astral world time is different from here, you know. The Other Side of death the astral could have sat down and scratched his metaphorical head, so to speak, and wondered what to do next. Well, by the time he had fidgeted around and scratched a bit more, a hundred years by Earth time would be slipping by.

One also wonders what happens now, was that Overself satisfied with the second attempt, or will there be a third? Personally I believe that we shall yet see a President of the U.S.A. who is actually put in seclusion for being insane. Now I know all the old jokes about Presidents of the U.S.A. being mad in any case, and far be it from me to discourage them, but this time it is a serious matter, and I believe that before too long we shall see a President of the U.S.A. who has to be relieved of his duties because he is too insane to continue...

Horoscopes

Here from page 90 he talks about horoscopes - answering question:

A horoscope is a set of possibilities. By knowing a person's astrological makeup, one can describe what the person's appearance should be like, one can describe what the person's character should be like, and the horoscope sets the limits of what the person can be. For example, one person can have a certain horoscope which says that he cannot rise above the station to which he was born, but that he can do certain things with immense effort.

The second person could have a horoscope which says that he will rise above his station and he will progress very rapidly with hardly any effort at all. If you really want to know what the horoscope is like - consider it in this light; it is a specification, an informed guess of what a person's capabilities are.

To make it clearer let us take two cars. The 'horoscope' of a Rolls-Royce car can say that the car will be very silent, very fast, very comfortable, that it will have a certain maximum speed and it will use so much petrol every few miles. The horoscope of the second car perhaps - are there still Morris Minor's in England? - will say that it is a low-powered car, very very suitable for local jaunts (liten tur), that its maximum speed is such-and-such a figure, that it doesn't use much petrol, and it is a very nice little car for getting about in traffic. Well, people are like that, they have their specifications only we call them horoscopes.

A horoscope will not tell the eager young lady, you know, the one who is anxious to get a husband in a hurry, that she will go out and meet 'Mr. Right' under the third lamp-post as she turns to the left or to the right, or that she will meet a dark haired young man who is busy tying his shoe laces, and it will be love at first sight. That's not horoscopes at all, that's not real astrology, that is fake fortune-telling.

There are very very few really genuine, really capable astrologers advertising. They don't have to advertise. Their fame, their accuracy, is passed by word of mouth, and if you think you can fill in a coupon and send it off with fifty cents or five shillings and get a life reading - well, think again, for you are one of the gullible ones who really deserve to be caught in the sucker trap for thinking you can get something so cheaply. You only get what you pay for.

I will not do horoscopes for any sum of money. If I do them I do them free under very special circumstances, but in my considered opinion no horoscope which costs less than a hundred dollars is worth having because it means that the person who did the horoscope just did not spend enough time

and take enough trouble, so all you have is just a few marks on a piece of paper.

In my own case my past was foretold by astrology with utterly stupendous accuracy. Everything that was foretold about me has happened, sadly enough a few things extra have happened, a few things, which the astrologer didn't get around to discussing, and all the wretched 'extras' were bad things, too!

To answer a question, then, 'Is astrology genuine?' I will say, yes, astrology can be very genuine, it can suggest what a person's life will be like, it can indicate probabilities, but they are probabilities only. So do not take astrology too seriously unless you get an absolute gem of an astrologer who knows exactly what he is doing and who is completely ethical, that is, one who tells you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So many people, so many astrologers, have their 'information' and put in quite a few stock paragraphs because they know what people want to hear.

right to free choice

Now here is another one, my daughter's husband is a very strange sort of man, he doesn't believe in the same things as those in which I believe, he doesn't believe in occult things. What can I do to make him?

The only answer that one can give here is to state most definitely that nothing can be done to help in the way in which the lady means. If a person is not yet ready to study occult subjects then it is definitely wrong to try to force occult things at him.

Everyone has a right to free choice, and whichever choice they make is entirely their own affair, and their own responsibility. If Billy Bugsbottom decides that occult stuff is all a lot of hogwash - then why should one try to persuade Billy anything different - it is his belief and his choice and it is definitely wrong to influence a person.

The silver cords connection to the physical

Here comes an answer on that: the silvercord is like everything else - a vibration - which means that it is also a source of energy. The Cord does not necessarily have to go to just one other object, that is, it is not limited to connecting body and soul together. Extensions can be taken from it in just the same way as you can have extensions taken from your telephone. If you have a telephone in your living room, then it's no great difficulty to have an extension to your bedroom.

It is ordinary common sense to realize that the Overself is the source of each person's energy, the source of each person's being, and the Overself, you can say, has each human on a leash ("i bånd"). So just as you can have a dog on a leash, or you can have ten dogs all on leashes, so you can have an Overself

connected to an astral and to a physical body. There is really nothing to answer in that question except to say that if you have a dog, let us say a big dog, at the end of a leash it is quite easy to connect a small dog to the leash of the big dog and that would correspond to the Overself, the astral, and the physical.

Homosexuality

Through writing books I have come into contact with some perfectly horrible people, some real "kooks" (sprø) who might well be classed as mental home drop-outs. They are in the great minority, but I have also come into contact with some remarkably nice people. For example, there are two very nice ladies in British Columbia, Miss and Mrs. Newman; they are truly trying to make a success of life and I consider that they are achieving success. They have sent some questions and here in this chapter I am going to reply to just one of the questions for the special reason that it fits in so well. So - here is an answer to a specific question from Miss and Mrs. Newman. **The question is, - Will you please explain homosexuality in much the same way as you explained alcoholics in "Beyond the Tenth"?**

Our Overself, as I have explained, is getting experience on Earth. The Overself itself is too big, too powerful and too high-vibrating to come to Earth, and so it has to employ those lumps of protoplasm which we in our ignorance think is the highest form of existence anywhere. We humans are just hunks of meat supported on a bony framework and propelled around by grace of the Overself, but inevitably hitch-ups occur.

Sometimes a car manufacturer says to himself (in effect, of course) Oh, glory be, I've connected the brakes back-before-frontways on such-and-such a car. Let's call it back.' So notices go out to car owners and the cars have to be recalled to the factory for certain things to be put right.

In the hurly-burly of getting from the astral world to that world we call Earth, mix-ups occur. Being born is a traumatic experience, it's a most violent affair, and a very delicate mechanism can easily become deranged. For example, a baby is about to be born and throughout the pregnancy the mother has been rather careless about what she was eating and what she was doing, so the baby has not received what one might term a balanced chemical input. The baby may be 'short of a chemical and so development of certain glands may have been halted. Let us say the baby was going to come as a girl, but through lack of certain chemicals, the baby is actually born a boy, a boy with the inclinations of a girl.

The parents might realize that they've got a sissyfied

little wretch and put it down to over-indulgence or something, they may try to beat some sense into him one end or the other to make him more manly, but it doesn't work; if the glands (kjertler) are wrong, never mind what sort of attachments are stuck on in front, the boy is still a girl in a boy's body.

At puberty the boy may not develop satisfactorily, or again, he may to all outward appearances. At school he may well appear to be one of the limp-wristed fraternity, but the poor fellow can't help that.

When he reaches man's estate he finds he cannot 'do the things that come naturally', instead he runs after boys men. Of course he does - because all his desires are the desires of a woman. The psyche itself is female, but through an unfortunate set of circumstances, the female has been supplied with male equipment, it might not be much use but its still there... *(end of extract on this theme - but Martinus says much more about this - and that the process of being double-poled - where both the masculine and the feminine pole is in totally balance - are a long process of development. So no one becomes a homosexual or lesbian quite accidental or by some mistake of nature. But the theme is too extensive to be explained more here. Are you interested - read especially LIVETS BOG - part 5 of Martinus - R.Ø.remark.)*

Develop latent occult abilities

"... I do have a question, Dr Rampa. What is the most important thing a person should or can do to develop any latent occult abilities he or she might possess? I am asking this because I seem to have trouble getting started with the things you describe so clearly in your books. Obviously I am doing something wrong and I am wondering whether there isn't a way of preparing one's mind and body.'

Actually, it doesn't really matter if you do astral travel or not, consciously, that is, because everyone does astral travel in the time of sleep. But if you find difficulty in doing some-thing, then are you sure, really sure, that you want to do it? Are you sure that there is not some bar imposed, let us say, by difficulties in a past life?

Supposing a person - oh, not you, of course! - had been a witch in a past life. Supposing you had been burned at the stake or bumped off in some equally interesting way, then if you came back to this life with more or less of an interest in occultism you might have some ingrained fear that if you started again you would end up at the stake or at the end of a rope, and so your sub-conscious would clap the brakes on and you would make no progress.

The only way one can proceed if one finds real

difficulty in settling down to occult work is:

Meditate on the problem. Do you really, sincerely desire to astral travel or to do clairvoyance or read the cards or do anything in that field?

If you do, if you can say 'Yes', then ask yourself why you want to do it. You must clear up all these problems first.

The next thing to ask yourself is, do you fear that you will be out of the body and will not be able to get back, are you afraid that some strange entities will attack you if you get out of the body? If so, remember that no harm whatsoever, no harm of any sort can happen to you if you are not afraid.

If you are sure that you really want to do occult work, then the best thing is to devote a certain time each day, even half an hour of an evening, to thinking about it. And the best way is to imagine as strongly as possible that you are doing what you want to do, because when you can get over to your sub-conscious that you want to get out into the astral he will, metaphorically (billedlig), unlock the gate and set you free. Think of the sub-conscious as a sort of idiot, a high-grade idiot, if you like, who obeys orders quite literally so that if at some time in the past you have said, 'Gee! For Pete's sake don't let me get out of the body!' then the subconscious will obey that injunction until you can overpower its one-track mind and replace the obsolete order by another.

But remember that if you think you are not making progress, you definitely are so long as you are aware of things. And my strong advice to you is that if you are experiencing obstacles or difficulties, then just do not bother, wait until things settle themselves.

When I was studying morse many years ago I was warned about 'the hump'. Well, this mysterious 'hump' bothered me until I reached a speed of twenty-three words a minute, and no matter how much I tried, no matter how many hours of practice I put in, I could not get over that 'hump'. It proved to be a mountain in the way of my progress towards a faster, morse sending and receiving speed.

One day I uttered some really naughty words with fervour (begeistring). I said, in effect, 'Oh well, if I can't go any faster I just can't.' Later in the day I sat down at the old morse key again and found that I could go much faster, in fact I could do nearly thirty words a minute. I had got over the 'hump'. I had been trying too hard, and I think probably you are trying too hard, Mr. Czermak, and you, and you, and you also are trying too hard. If you are meeting obstacles don't go on like a bulldozer, take it easy, think about things, and you will find that the path of least resistance has enabled you to get over the hump, and you will be surprised at the result.

Once again - the process of dying - transition to higher planes

...the newest occupant or inhabitant of the astral world, the former driver of the body, will be met by helpers ready to do anything they can to assist in the process of accilinatization,. It sometimes happens unfortunately that a truly ignorant person will not believe in life after death, so what then?

If a person definitely refuses to believe in the life after death, he or she is in a state of complete hypnosis, auto-hypnosis, and even on Earth there are many cases of people being blind just because they think they are, there are many cases of people who are deaf only because they have wished themselves deaf perhaps to escape the noise of a nagging wife, and such cases are attested by the medical profession.

If a person will not believe in anything after death, then that person is enveloped in a thick, black, sticky fog, and helpers cannot help him, they can't reach him because he won't let them, he repulses everything they want to do for him because he is so convinced that there is no such thing as an after life that he believes he is having unpleasant night-mares.

In the course of time the person begins to realise that there must be something in this life after death business after all; why does he hear voices, why does he sense people near him, why does he hear perhaps music? With dawning awareness that there might just possibly be something after death, the thick black fog lightens and becomes grey, light can filter in, he can see dim figures moving about, and he can hear more clearly. So, gradually, as his prejudices and inhibitions break down, he becomes more and more aware that something is happening around him. People constantly try to help him, they try to tell him that they want to help, they invite him to accept that help, and as soon as he does feel that he will accept help, then the fog disperses and he can see all the glory of the astral world, colours such as Earth lacks, brightness and lightness, and very very pleasant surroundings.

Our poor friend, who is only just beginning to realize that there is life after death, is taken to what we might call a hospital, or rest home, or recuperation centre. There by various rays his mental inhibitions are further dispersed, his spirit body is strengthened and made healthy, and it is also nourished.

Things are explained to him, he is in much the same position as a new-born baby except that he can understand all that is said to him and he can reply whereas a baby has to learn even to speak. So the person hears an explanation of what life on the Other Side is like. If he wants to argue about it he just cannot, people will not argue with him, he is just left to think about what he has been told, and when he can

freely accept that which he has been told, the explanation continues. He is never persuaded of anything, he is never forced to do anything, he has a right of choice; If he doesn't want to believe then he has to stay in a somewhat static condition until he will believe.

Many there are who pass beyond the Earth to the next life with the firm, absolutely unbreakable conviction that their own particular religion is the only one which can exist. These poor wretches are in much the same position because the helpers on the Other Side know quite well that they cannot help the newcomer if their mere appearance shatters a lifelong belief, so, let us suppose a person is a very strong Catholic believing in angels and devils and all the rest of that pantomime. (insert picture)Then, when they get to the Other Side they do indeed see the Pearly Gates, they see an old fellow with a beard and a whacking great ledger in which they think all the sins are being recorded.

Everything is done to put on the sort of show that the good, ignorant Catholic wants to see. He sees angels with flapping wings, he sees people sitting on clouds playing harps, and for a time he is quite satisfied thinking he has reached Heaven. But gradually it dawns on him that all this doesn't ring true, the people do not fly in the right rhythm for beating wings, etc., etc. Gradually it dawns on the new-comer that all this is a stage show and he begins to wonder what is behind it all, what is behind the drapes and the set piece, what are things really like, and just as soon as he begins to think that way he begins to see 'cracks' in the facade of the Heavenly Crowd. Soon there comes a time when he cannot stick the pantomime any longer and he cries out for enlightenment. Quickly the angels with their flapping wings fade away, quickly the harpists sitting in their nightshirts on a cloud beat it, quickly highly trained, highly experienced helpers show the newly awakened new-comer the reality instead of the illusion, and the reality is far greater than the illusion ever could be. It is a sad fact that so many people see a few pictures in the Bible, and they take them for gospel. Well, book illustrators employed to illustrate the Bible as well, remember.

No matter what religion it is, if there are adherents (tilhengere) who believe unswervingly in the legends and, let us say, fantasies, of that religion, then that is what they see when they leave the Earth and enter the astral plane.

When the newcomer can realize the nature of the world he is in, then he can proceed further. He goes to the Hall of Memories and there, alone; he enters a room and he sees the whole of his life, everything he has done, everything he has tried to do, and everything

he wanted to do. He sees every-thing that happened to him, and everything that he thought while upon the Earth, and he, and he alone, can make a judgement of whether his life was a success or a failure.

He, and he alone, can decide whether he will 'go back to college' and start the Course all over again in the hope of passing successfully next time.

There is no mother or father or best friend to stand by and take the blame for anything that he has done wrongly, he is there alone, entirely alone, more alone than he has been since he stood in that place before, last time. And he judges himself.

No devils, no Satan waiting with twitching tail and fiery breath, nobody is going to jab pitchforks into him, and as for all the flames, well, they don't even use such things for central heating!

Most people emerge from the Hall of Memories considerably shaken and remarkably glad of the help and sympathy which their helpers, waiting outside, offer.

There comes a period of adjustment, a period when the newcomer can think over all that he has seen, think over all the mistakes he has made, think over what he is going to do about it. It's not a matter to be decided in a few minutes, all manner of things have to be considered. Is it worth going back and starting all over again, or would it be better to stay a few hundred years in the astral waiting perhaps for more suitable conditions to come along? But then, thinks the newcomer, he doesn't know about all the suitable conditions or when they are likely to come along. So he is invited to go to helpers who will discuss everything with him, and who will advise him without putting any pressure whatever on him. At all times he has complete freedom of choice, freedom of decision, no one is going to force him to do anything. If he wants to go back and do a bit of hell-raking on Earth, that is his choice, and his choice only.

Many newcomers are not aware that they can pick up all the sustenance, all the nourishment they need from the air, from the vibrations around them. They think of their earthly life, they think of all the choice foods they would have liked to have had but perhaps couldn't afford, so, if they want it they can have it. No matter what type of food, it is there for the asking. If they want fat cigars or thin cigarettes or stinking pipes, yes, they can have those as well. Clothes - you'll never see such a medley of clothes and, costumes as you will on the astral plane! Anyone can wear any style of clothes he desires and it's not considered at all wrong, no one cares, it's the other person's affair. So if a fellow wants to get himself done up as a hippy with a load of pot on each hand, he can do so, the pot there won't hurt him, it only hurts when he's on the earth because astral pot is

entirely harmless - Earth pot is horribly dangerous.

But the newcomer soon tires of doing nothing, he soon tires of just kicking his heels and watching the astral world go by. Even if he was a lazy slob on Earth, one who just liked to hang around streetcorners and utter wolf whistles, well even that sort of fellow soon tires of doing nothing in the atmosphere of the astral plane. He asks for work, and he gets it. What sort of work? There are all manner of things to be done. It's impossible to say what sort of work he does just as it's impossible to say what sort of work a person would get here on Earth if they went to Timbuctoo or Alsace Lorraine suddenly. They do work within their capabilities, necessary work, and in doing the work they find considerable satisfaction and stability.

But all the time they have the nagging thought, the nagging wonder of what to do. Should they stay in the astral a bit longer? What would other people do? They ask again and again, and they are told again and again, always the same thing they are told, and never is there any attempt to persuade them to do anything, the choice is entirely theirs.

At last they decide they can't hang around any longer, they decide they cannot be a drop-out from the school of Earth, they must go back - do their lessons properly and pass the examinations.

They make their decision known and then they are taken to a special group of people who have vast experience and some very, very remarkable instruments. It is determined what the person has to learn - it is determined how best he may learn it - go to a poor family, will that help? Or should he go to a rich family? Should he be a white man or a coloured man, or should he be a woman, coloured or white? It depends on the sort of mess he made of his last life, it depends on how hard he is prepared to work in the coming life, it depends on what he has to learn. Anyhow, the advisers are well qualified to help him, they can suggest - and they suggest only - the type of parents, the type of country, and the conditions. Then when he has agreed to the conditions certain instruments are brought into play and the necessary parents-to-be are located. Alternative parents are located as well, and these parents are observed for a short time. Then, if everything proves satisfactory, the person who is ready to incarnate goes to a special home in the astral world. There he goes to bed, and when he wakes up he is in the process of being born into the Earth. No wonder he makes such a commotion and lets out wails of despair!

Many people, entities, decide they do not want to return to Earth just yet, and so, they stay in the astral worlds where they have much work to do. But before discussing them let us deal with a special class of people who have no choice; suicides.

If a person has wilfully ended his or her life on Earth before the allotted number of years, then that person has to return to Earth as fast as possible in order to serve out the unexpired time, just as if they were a convict who had escaped and had been recaptured, and had had a bit tacked on as an extra punishment.

A suicide gets into the astral world. He is met, received, just as if he were an ordinary legitimate person coming back, no recriminations, nothing of that type at all. He is treated precisely the same as other entrants. He is allowed a reasonable time in which to recover from the shock of leaving the physical body probably violently, and entering the astral.

When he has recovered sufficiently he has to go to the Hall of Memories, and there he sees all that has ever happened to him, he sees the flaws which ~ made him commit suicide. And so he is left with the awful feeling, the awful knowledge would be a better term, that he has to get back to Earth and live out the unexpired term.

Possibly the suicide is a person of poor spiritual calibre; possibly he lacks the intestinal fortitude to go back on Earth, and he thinks he is just jolly well going to stay in the astral and nobody can do anything about it. Well, he is wrong there because it is a law that a suicide has to return to Earth, and if he will not return of his own free will, then he is compelled to go.

If he is willing to return, then, at a meeting with special counsellors, he is advised of how many days or years there are remaining to him on his Earth 'sentence'. He has to live out all that time on Earth, he also has to live out all the time that has elapsed since he committed suicide and before returning to Earth again. So, perhaps it took a year to straighten him out and get him to decide that he had to go back to Earth, thus he gets a year added to his life on Earth.

Conditions are found on Earth so that he can return and encounter substantially the same type of conditions which caused him to take his life before, and then at the appointed time he is put to sleep and awakens to the act of being born.

If he proves recalcitrant and just will make no move to go back to Earth, then the counsellors decide for him on conditions, which would meet his case. If he will not go freely then the conditions are a bit tougher than if he did go freely. Then, again at the appointed time, he is put to sleep without him having any choice whatever, in the matter; he is put to sleep and when he wakes up he is back on Earth.

It is often the case that a baby who is born and dies perhaps a month or two after is the reincarnation of a person who committed suicide rather than perhaps

face two or three months of agony when they were dying from incurable, inoperable cancer. The sufferer may have taken his own life two or three, or perhaps six months or a year before he would naturally have died. But he still has to come back and serve out all the time, which he tried to short-circuit.

It is sometimes thought that pain is a useless thing, suffering is a useless thing. It is sometimes thought that it is good to kill off a human who is incurable, but do these people who advocate such a course really know what the sufferer is trying to learn? His very suffering, the very nature of his illness may be something about which he desired to learn.

People often write to me and say, 'Oh, Dr. Rampa, with all your knowledge how is it that you have to suffer? Why don't you cure yourself and live for ever?' But, of course, that's nonsense. Who wants to live forever? And people who write in with statements like that, how do they know what I am trying to do? They don't, and that's all there is to it. If a person is investigating a certain subject then often that person has to undergo a considerable amount of hardship in order to do the work properly. These people who wander off and bring aid and sustenance to lepers, for instance, well, they don't know how the leper feels or how the leper thinks. They might be helping the leper's physical being, but they still are not lepers. Its the same with T.B., or cancer, or even an ingrowing toenail. Until one actually has the complaint or the condition then one quite definitely is not qualified to make any discussion on the complaint or condition. It always amuses me that Roman Catholic priests who are not married and who, presumably never have children, never become a father, that is, except in the spiritual sense, dare to advise women about having children and all that. Of course many of these Catholic priests go away for vacations and they get to know quite a lot about women. We saw that in Montreal!

It is definitely wrong, then, to commit suicide. You are just postponing the day when you can be free of Earth legitimately, you've got to come back like an escaped convict who has been recaptured, and you are hurting no one but yourself, and it's yourself you think about, isn't it? That's one of the things that has to be overcome, too.

The ordinary average person who is not too good and not too bad stays in the astral world for a varying period of time. It is not true that everyone stays there for six hundred, or a thousand, or two thousand years; it depends entirely on the conditions, which prevail in the case of each and every individual. There is an average time, but then there is an average man-in-the-street and an average woman in-the-street, and the average time is just - well, just a figure. (*The Pleiadian contactteam from Erra said that the ave-*

rage time between two incarnations for people on earth was at present ca. 70 years) There are many tasks to do in the astral world. Some people help those who are coming to join the astral world, some people act as guides to them, and this 'guide' has nothing to do with spiritualist seances or old ladies who think they have a Red Indian guide or a Chinese Mandarin guide or a Tibetan Lama guide. What these old ladies usually have is an overdose of imagination. Actually, if everything was counted up and if everyone who claimed to have an Indian guide or a Tibetan guide was listed, there just wouldn't be enough Indians or enough Tibetans to go round, and in any case these people on the, Other Side have their own jobs to do, and those jobs do not include stirring teacups so some old biddy can give a reading, it doesn't include speaking through a tin trumpet or moving a bit of cheesecloth. All that stuff, which of course is utterly useless, comes from a bit of nervous energy on the part of some usually hysterical operator. People on the Other Side have too much to do looking after their own affairs to come to Earth and poke about in dark rooms breathing down the necks of people who are there for a delicious thrill. The only ones who do go to these seances from the Other Side are the Nature Spirits of a lower type called Elementals. They are there just for some fun, to see what a lot of saps these humans are to believe anything and everything that is told to them. Don't you, my dear friends Reader, go in for this guff, because guff it is.

The same goes for this Ouija Board stuff. People will get a Ouija Board and play about with it, and some Elemental who is always dashing about like a mischievous monkey, will see what is being done, and he will definitely influence the reading. Now you might think there is no harm in that, but there is no good in it either, and definitely there is great harm in these Ouija Board readings if an Elemental causes the message to be given to sound highly plausible but which is just something extracted from the victim's own sub-conscious. A person's whole life can be affected for the worse by believing in this Ouija Board messages.

Another great source of misinformation is when the Ouija-Board is moved in accordance with the collective thought of the people who are gathered around. Often it will be impelled by wishful thinking and, again, will give a message which can be positively harmful by being misleading. The safest thing is - have nothing whatever to do with Ouija Boards and nothing whatever to do with seances. Remember, you came to this Earth deliberately not knowing the exact purpose of your visit, and if you try to find out too much without very, very exceptional

cause, then you are like the student going to the examination room who manages to steal a copy of the examination papers first. That is just plain cheating, and it doesn't help at all.

One job which has to be done in the astral world is to receive those who come during the hours of sleep. People are arriving at all times because when it is daylight in one part of the world it is night in another part, so there are a constant stream of people going to the astral world during their sleep period, and they are like children returning from school. Just as children like to be greeted by their parents or friends, so do these night travellers.

Their traffic has to be directed, they have to be put in touch with those whom they desire to meet, and many of them desire information and counselling during what, upon Earth, is night. They want to know how they are doing and what they should do on the morrow. This does occupy a lot of time for a lot of people.

Then there are other entities in the astral world who are not reincarnating to Earth again, they are going on - going up, going up to an even higher plane of existence. At the right time they will 'die' very peacefully, very painlessly to the astral world. They will, in fact, just vanish to the astral world and will appear in a higher plane.

There are more and more people coming to the Earth, more and more people being born to the Earth, and many inquirers wonder why that should be so. The answer is Earth is just one speck of dust amid billions of specks of dust, and when people ask me why the population of the Earth is increasing I tell them the truth, which is that people are coming to Earth from other more nebulous planes of existence. Perhaps a person comes from a two dimensional world and comes to Earth as his first experience in a three dimensional world, so he starts his round of existence to the three dimensional world which we call Earth. And all the time there are more and more people coming as Earth becomes more and more of a qualified school of hardship. That is the purpose of Earth, you know, to teach one hardship and how to endure it and how to overcome it. People do not come to Earth to have a very enjoyable time, they come to learn so that all the information they learn can be passed on to the Overself.

After this world there is the astral plane, and from the astral plane, in the fullness of time, one is born upwards to different planes of existence until at last the fully evolved entity merges with the Overself. That is how the Overself grows.

If, having grown quite a lot, the Overself decides that there is much more to learn, then fresh 'puppets' are put down on some world and the whole process

of cycles of life is started all over again; and each time when the puppets have completed their cycles they return purified to the Overself, which, again, grows through it.

When a person is living in the astral, that is, when a person has 'died' to Earth, then that particular entity enters into the full life of the astral world and is not just a visitor as are those who return to the astral world, during that time when their body is asleep on the Earth, and, being full-time members of the astral world, they behave as ordinary people would on the Earth. That is, at the end of an astral day they sleep. The astral body which, of course, is quite solid to people in the astral world, goes to sleep, and, again, the psyche leaves the astral body at the end of its Silver Cord and goes into a yet higher plane. There it learns things which will be of use on what we might term the lower astral when the spirit returns to the astral body. Do not think that the astral world is the highest world, do not think that it is Heaven; it is not. There are many, many different cycles or planes of existence.

While in that world which we call the astral world, we can have a family. We live in much the same way as people live down here except that there are not quarrels because in the astral you just cannot meet people with whom you are incompatible. So that if you get married in the astral, then you cannot have a nagging partner. This is not generally understood by people on Earth; while in the astral world you cannot meet those who were your enemies on Earth, and your family - well, your astral family are as solid to you as were people on the Earth to you.

Humans are not alone in the astral world, animals go there too. Never, never make the most tragic mistake of thinking that humans are the highest form of existence; they are not. Humans are just another form of existence. Humans think in one way, animals think in another way, but there are entities who, compared to humans, are as much above the humans as the humans are above the earthworms, and even these People know that they are not the ultimate form of evolution. So forget all about being a superior creature and concentrate on doing the best job you can.

Animals go to the astral plane, animals go higher as they merit it just as humans do. One of the big difficulties with the Christian religion is that they think humanity is the highest form of evolution possible, they think that all creatures were made for the satisfaction of Man, and that has led to some terrible conditions. The animal world and the animal Manus have been incredibly tolerant, knowing that humans have been misinstructed by their religious leaders, by their priests - who really rearranged Christianity

to give themselves adequate power.

Accept it as fact, then, that in the astral worlds you will not find cowering (sammenkrypende) dogs or scared cats. You will instead find a partner who is in every way the equal of a human and who can communicate with a human with utter ease by telepathy.

Many people have asked about bodies, will a body appear to be just a bunch of gas, or what? And the answer is, no, a body will appear as solid, to you in the astral as is that lump of me at which you now push about on two bony stems, and if two people should collide in the astral, well, they get a bump just the same as when two people collide on the Earth plane.

There is great love in the astral world, physical love as well as spiritual love but, of course, on a scale which the mind limited to Earth thoughts cannot comprehend while in the Earth body. There is no such thing as 'frustration' in the astral world because love is completely satisfactory at all times and for both partners.

Some people have written in asking for a description of God. God is not just the Head of a big Corporation, you know, He's not just an old fellow who wears a long beard and carries a lantern on the end of a staff. God is a great Force which can be comprehended and understood when one is out of the Earth body and in the astral world. At present upon the Earth one is in a three dimensional world and most people could not understand, let us say, the description of a nine dimensional object.

Each world has a Manus in charge of the world. You can say that the Manus is like one of the Gods on Olympus so thoroughly described in Greek legends. Or if you wanted to be more up to date you can say that the Manus is like the General Manager of the branch of a big firm. Under the General Manager of that branch - because this world is only a branch, after all - we have departmental managers who, in our terms, would be called the Manus of different continents and of different countries. These under managers are responsible for running, let us say, the U.S.A. or Germany or Argentina, and so on, and just as human managers have different temperaments so do the Manus, and so the country concerned gets a different national characteristic. The Germans, for example, are quite different from the Italians, and the Italians are quite different from the Chinese. That is because the 'Manager' of that department happens to be different.

The Manus, no matter how glorious they seem to be, are just puppets of the Great Entity or Overself which makes up 'God'. That Great Overself uses Manus as puppets in much the same way as the hu-

man Overself may use a whole bunch of humans in order to gain experience.

Another question which is so frequently asked is, "The astral body apparently has some sort of substance to it. If it has molecules, no matter how thinly dispersed, these could be subject to destruction or injury through heat, cold, or collision. If this were so some discomfort and pain in almost a physical sense could exist. How would the astral fare in the vicinity of a physical star?"

Well, when one talks of molecules one is talking of substances which are in the Earth plane. A molecule is a physical thing, a piece of matter, but when we are talking about the astral plane we are completely away from the low-grade vibration which comprises everything upon this Earth. A physical body on the Earth can receive injury from another physical body, but a physical body in the astral cannot - in any way - be damaged by the physical body of the Earth, the two things are completely and utterly different. One can say, just purely as an example and not a very good example at that, one can say that a rock and a light do not interact upon each other. If we, throw a rock up into the sky it doesn't hurt the sun. So in the same way anything that happens on the Earth, does not hurt any astral body, but what does hurt people in the astral is the crass stupidity displayed by humans on the Earth in trying to bump each other off, liquidate each other in various painful ways, and generally behave like a lot of completely insane people instead of entities who are upon Earth to learn something. The way people of Earth as going on at the present time is much the same as the way the students who wreck million dollar computers are going on. It's time humans grew up, and it's time students learned that they go to a school or college to learn from people who know more than they do.

CHAPTER NINE

Remember, the turtle progresses only when he sticks out his neck.

GLORY be! I thought I had put behind me all discussion of astrals, deaths, and all that sort of thing, and now here's another load of questions all bearing on the same thing. For example, 'Does an atom explosion which incinerates thousands of human bodies simultaneously cause pandemonium on the astral plane, or how does it affect or disturb them?'

It does not do a thing to harm them physically, but

it certainly causes an awful flap because thousands of people are going to come to the astral world in one awful huddle. Many of them will be scared sick, many will be insane with shock, so all available helpers are rushed to help those who are pouring in and are in a very distressed state. The scene, actually, would be very much like that when there is a truly bad calamity on Earth such as an earthquake or something at least as disastrous where helpers and volunteer helpers rush to use any means possible to lend assistance. The answer then is nobody in the astral world is harmed by the detonation of the bomb, but they are very much upset by the extra work in trying to care for so many people all at one time because, while such an event will have been foreseen, yet all these 'foreseeings' are probabilities and not necessarily actual events which are just bound to occur.

The next one asks, 'How do the Manus of nations supervise the affairs of their nation? Do they work through the United Nations Representatives, through the heads of nations, their cabinets and advisers, or how?'

If the United Nations was as had been hoped, that would have been the way for a Manu to work, but here is some-thing that you have to consider very seriously, it maybe distasteful to you, it may even be thoroughly shocking to you, but nevertheless it is actual fact.

This particular world is not a very advanced world, actually it is a penitentiary world, a hell, a hard school - call it what you will - and many of the Manus in charge of this world are themselves learning! As they gain experience and as they become successful, then, just like a departmental manager, they get promoted, and if the General Manager can make a success of things in his small branch then he might well be promoted to a much larger branch.

It really is necessary to look at things with an open mind and to remember that when on the Other Side in the astral one does not sit on a cloud and strum a banjo or pluck the strings of a harp; one has to work.

If you are in the kindergarten class at school you might think that the great big 'grown-ups' of twelve years of age in a class higher are real Gods who do nothing except tell the teachers where to go, and these twelve and fourteen year olds might think that the sixth-formers or thirteenth graders, or whatever you want to call them, are truly Gods of Creation. But these Gods of Creation still have to do homework, still have to attend classes, still have to gain experience. All right, people come to this Earth to gain experience, Manus look after this world (more or less) in order to, gain experience, and if there are a few fights between countries, well, it's teaching

humans and it's teaching Manus as well.

In higher states, that is, with much more advanced worlds, Manus can get together and discuss things amicably so that there are no wars and no particular crime, but that is much too advanced for the hoodlums of the Earth. The Earth people are here to learn the hard way because they won't learn in the soft way, the kind way. If a chap comes along and takes a swipe at you with a club or shows an earnest desire to bonk you on the noggin and lay you out, well, it's useless to say, I pray, my dear fellow, that you will kindly desist from these unwelcome attentions. Instead if you are wise you will kick him where it will do most harm, and then let out a hoot for the police.

So the Manus of this world are learners. They are learning things just as you are, and when they have learnt to straighten up things a bit they will move on to something better. But, cheer up, you have to stay only about seventy years or so to a lifetime, the poor Manus have a longer sentence than that by far.

Now here is a little question tucked in, it is understood that the line of the Thirteenth Dalai Lama was all the same soul. "Could the Thirteenth be now in the Land of the Golden Light and still reincarnate in the Fourteenth?"

Well, that is the easiest question of all to answer because the Fourteenth Dalei Lama himself seems to have spilled the beans, to the press and admitted that he is not a reincarnation of the Great Thirteenth, which is just as well because the Great Thirteenth is a very active entity indeed in the astral world doing very much good, and I believe, rather sad that the present 'leaders' in exile in India are not doing much to aid suffering Tibet. But I dealt with that at some length in an earlier chapter of this book so perhaps I should not gild the lily or repeat myself when I need not.

Another person writes in referring to 'My Visit to Venus', but let me state here and now that I definitely, definitely, definitely do not recommend that 'book'. It is just a few pages containing some articles which I wrote years ago, and it contains some - well, I consider them off-beat - illustrations not done by me. This book containing parts of my work and filled out with a lot of blurb was published entirely without my permission and entirely against my wishes.

The same applies to a record, 'The Power of Prayer.' I definitely do not recommend it. The quality is exceedingly poor and it was never meant to be reproduced as a record. It is just something that I made many, many years ago, and when I left North America to go to South America I was informed that this record had been made without my permission, without my desire, during my absence from the continent.

If you want a real record then purchase the

Meditation record which I made specially for a record. This was made specially to help people meditate, and it may be obtained from:

Mr. E. Z. Sowter, 33 Ashby Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire, England.

I will tell you that Mr. Sowter has world rights for this record and for Touch Stones and many other things, and he is the only person who has my full permission and agreement to sell my records and Touch Stones. He also sells various other things of my design.

That is a free advertisement for Mr. Sowter who is a very decent man and who is trying to do good.

This book is not meant to be a catalogue of nice people, it is not meant to be a catalogue of crummy dopes on the outer fringe of sanity either, but I cannot let the book be completed without mentioning a very pleasant family indeed:

Mrs. Worstmann and her two daughters. You may recall that one of my books was dedicated to Mrs. Worstmann, a very pleasant, very highly educated woman whom it is a pleasure to know, and I have known her for several years, known her while her husband was still alive on this Earth, and I have been in touch with him now that he' is on the Other Side. Mrs. Worstmann, then, is one of the more enlightened types. Certainly she was enlightened enough to have two talented daughters, Luise who is a nurse in one of the better London hospitals; she is a good nurse, but she is good at so many things. She is artistic - well, I am not going to list all her virtues, they are too many to put down on these pages. I want to mention, also, her sister, Therese, another talented one. She also is a nurse, and she is very anxious to train as a surgeon, she has all the capabilities for it, every-thing except the money in fact. I have been looking around to see if there were any Insurance Schemes, which would enable a highly gifted young woman to get training as a surgeon. Unfortunately I have not yet found any such source, so if any of you, my Readers, know how to raise money whereby an entirely capable young woman can pay for her training at Medical School, then now is your chance to do good.

I make it clear, I make it absolutely clear, that this young lady has the ability to do some good for the world as a surgeon, and it seems rather dreadful that she may be deprived of the opportunity of doing that good through lack of money to finance her training.

Hearttransplants

Dealing with a surgeon-to-be, let us deal with hearttransplants. I have a question here, 'What about the current rash of heart transplants and other radical surgery inserting foreign organs, plastic valves, and

tubing, etc. into a body. From a purely material, physiological standpoint this seems to be considered an almost miraculous scientific breakthrough, but does it do the trick? Will the use of various chemicals counteract the normal tendency of the body to reject any foreign material introduced into it this way? Or is such rejection inevitable simply because the substituting of a healthy new organ into a body to replace a diseased member, won't result in proper meshing between the still diseased etheric of the organ in question with the artificially introduced material counterpart? And, furthermore, is there any-thing really gained for the individual being operated upon if he has a few months or even years of invalidism added to his present stay on Earth, unless he really use the time gained thereby to learn some really worthwhile lessons - which would otherwise have been deferred to another incarnation?'

Well, that's a mouthful, certainly! Many hundreds of centuries ago in the days of Atlantis people could do transplants. It was possible in those days to graft on an arm or a leg, possible to replace hearts and kidneys and lungs, but it was a providential act of Nature that a civilization which did such things came to an end. They tried replacing brains, and they produced amoral monsters.

Basically there is nothing very difficult in replacing a heart. It is just a mechanical procedure. You have to cut out the heart and you have to trim the replacement heart to exactly fit the 'pipes' which are left. Any competent surgeon could do such an operation.

In the physical world one has a semi-invalid. After all, when one does such a radical operation certain small blood vessels and nerves cannot be rejoined, the whole structure becomes impaired and so a very sick man is given an added sickness - impairment of his body. But still such a person could go on for an indefinite number of years, go on living a life of semi-invalidism.

In the astral world, however, there are two people who are suffering greatly by being 'cross-mixed'. One person is half in the astral, that is, he goes to the astral world during sleep only, and the other person is right in the astral but because his heart or other organ is still living he has a sort of sympathetic attachment through the Silver Cord of the person who now has that organ.

You sometimes get two radios; you switch on two radios in the same room, perhaps on the same programme, and if you switch off one then it does make slightly more volume to the second, there is some interaction between the two, and these are only radios, only things which some set of girls put together while they were talking about their latest boy

friends and how mini their mini skirts would be the next season. When you get to living humans the interaction is much, much stronger, and it definitely, very definitely, impairs the efficiency of a person living in the astral world to be even 'sympathetically' connected to the body of another person.

It is my firm belief that replacing organs like this is terribly, criminally wrong, and really people should not permit such abuses of Nature. The reflections from the donor's heart show up in the aura of the recipient, and the two people may not have been compatible. The fact that one could be coloured and the other white has nothing to do with it. The basic rate of vibration, that is, the frequency of each person, has everything to do with it, and I certainly hope that such transplants can be outlawed.

It is a different matter if one is replacing an organ with a synthetic organ, because that is no worse than a person wearing glasses or a hearing aid or clothing, no worse than using a crutch.

I believe that medical scientists should be encouraged to devise artificial organs which could safely be used on humans, then there would be no cross-linkage between two entities which causes a handicap to both entities until both are free of their Silver Cords and living in the astral world. So, to answer this specific question, I am definitely opposed to organ transplants.

Common thoughts

Here is another question, which should be of general interest. It is:

'Information or directions on how a few people working devotedly (som vier sine krefter til...) could bring about a change in the course of world affairs.'

If a few people would definitely think 'in step' on a specific subject, then whatever they think about could actually be so. Nowadays people cannot hold a thought for more than a second or two. If you doubt that, try it yourself, try and think about one specific subject while watching the seconds hand of your watch. You will find, if you are honest, that your attention will waver and wander far more rapidly than you would believe possible. Your attention will only stay more or less constant if you are thinking about something to do with yourself, something you want, something you want to do, something which affects you deeply. Anything else such as bringing help to another person, whom you have met - well, you cannot hold the interest for very long.

Peoples thought is not constant, and no, one thinks of the same thing at the same time with the same intensity. They are like a mass of people milling about, all walking but all out of step, whereas if people could

think in step' then they could indeed accomplish miracles. If you want to think of this further, consider an army of men, consider a regiment of soldiers marching over a bridge. If those men marched in step across the bridge they would destroy it, and for that reason the men are instructed before going on to the bridge to break step. So they go over walking just as a disorderly rabble would walk, not in step, not in rhythm, and so the building up effect of many men walking in step is destroyed, there isn't the force there any longer, and the bridge is not damaged.

If you could get a number of men marching absolutely in step they would destroy any bridge that could be made, and if one kept up the marching they could destroy a building also because the constant pounding down and lifting up would build up such a series of vibrations that the amplitude or degree of vibration would increase and increase beyond the point where the natural elasticity of the bridge or building could encompass it, and then the bridge would just shatter like a broken glass.

If one could get - oh, half a dozen people, and get them to think definitely, deliberately in waves of the correct pattern, they could topple governments, or build governments, they could make one country pre-eminent over all others, and they could do things which now would be regarded as utterly impossible.

It is perhaps fortunate that it is not too easy to get people to think in unison at exactly the right frequency because, and I am telling you this quite seriously, it is not a joke, if one had a gang of crooks who were trained in thinking correctly they could think open a bank vault. Dear me, what a pity I haven't a nice little gang; it would be very pleasant to have a nice load of money, wouldn't it? Still, it is truly quite possible, and in fact in Atlantean days it was an everyday occurrence.

The Catholic chants are a relic of those bygone days, chants which some think are only two thousand years old, but they are still chants which have been built on the original songs of power of the Sumerians and the Atlanteans. Perhaps I should put it the other way round, Atlanteans and Sumerians because, of course, the Atlanteans are the oldest civilization of the two.

In those days it was possible to lift massive chunks of stone by thought, by having a trained mass of priests thinking at the same time - under their conductor so that the stone would lift straight up in the air.

If you think that is too fantastic remember that you can make a sound which will break a glass. If you sustain the sound you can break a glass or break a window, and thought is just another form of sound,

that is, a vibration, everything is a vibration, and if you set the right vibration in motion you can accomplish anything.

Time Capsules from the far past

Another question; 'Readers are wondering when will be the proper time for the free world to know of the Time' Capsules.'

The proper time is not yet. The proper time is not until the end of this civilization, the end of this civilization as we know it at present. Later - oh, not in your lifetime, so don't worry: - much later there will be earthquakes which will really shake the crust of the Earth and these Time Capsules will be thrown up to the surface ready to be opened. There are quite a number of them. One tremendous capsule is in Egypt; I suppose technically it is a capsule, but actually it is' a vast chamber deep beneath the shifting sands of the Egyptian Desert. The Chamber is an absolute museum of artefacts, which existed tens of thousands of years ago - yes, 'tens of thousands of years ago'.

There are aircraft of a very very different type than those in use, now, aircraft which work by anti-gravity so that the power of the motor is not expended in supporting the weight but is used just to propel the vehicle forward. I will tell you quite truthfully that I have seen such an aircraft.

One device would be especially of interest to the housewife or to the person who has to carry weights. It is a sort of handle which attaches to whatever has to be carried, and then one just catches hold of the handle as when one is carrying a basket. If the parcel or bundle is heavy then the handle is depressed more, if the parcel is not very heavy then the handle is not very far depressed. Each of these devices was constructed so that no matter whether the parcel weighed a ton or ten pounds, the person had no more than about a pound of effort to expend.

Anti-gravity long past

Anti-gravity was a perfectly ordinary, perfectly common thing in centuries long past, but the priests of that day, who also were the leaders of the armies, got a bit cross with each other, and each side tried bigger and better weapons than the other, with the result that they blew their whole civilization in the air, and it came down as a radio-active dust.

Later, when these Time Capsules are opened, television in three dimensions will be seen, and not just 3-D by means of two cameras or two lens, but a thing in which there appear to be actual people, miniature size, of course, acting out plays, dances, and even debates.

Photography too was different in those days, there

were no such things as the flat photographs which we now see. Everything was in the 'solid', more 3-D than 3D itself. The nearest thing is the very, very crude holograms with which scientists are just experimenting - in which you can almost look behind the object you had photographed. Well, in the days of Atlantis you could look behind!

Hundreds of centuries ago there was the mightiest civilization the world had seen up to that time, but there' was such a cataclysm that people became almost demented, those that were left, and they had to start just about from the savage state and the present so-called Age of Science has barely reached what would be called the kindergarten stage when Atlantis was at its peak.

Many people disbelieve in Atlantis, which, of course, is just utterly foolish. They are like the fishermen who go out fishing - and because they dont catch anything - they say that all the fish are died off....(end of extract from this chapter)

MORE ABOUT KARMA

CHAPTER ELEVEN

*A man has to hold his mouth
open a long time before a
roasted partridge flies into it.*

THE Old Man snorted in the throes of pre-occupation, all these letters, all these questions, how to put within the compass of one book answers which would really help people, because that is the purpose of a book, isn't it? To help or to amuse. And this isn't an edition of comic cuts, it's meant to help, so let's get on with the first question.

'I am not at all clear on this karma business. So every-thing we do affects someone else, does' it? We must get an awful lot of karma without knowing why we've got it.'

No, that is not true at all. People have the weirdest ideas about karma, perhaps they haven't read my books properly. I sometimes get a letter from a person who writes so happily, 'Oh, Dr. Rampa, I read "Wisdom of the Ancients" last night, tonight I am going to read "Chapter of Life". I managed to go through "You Forever" in two hours. Well, of course that is just a waste of time, it doesn't do anyone any good, and it doesn't do an author any good to know that his books are being skirted like that. These books are meant to be studied. Karma is of vital importance to all of us, and in my books you have an opportunity of knowing what karma is all about. It means, in brief, that if you do something wrong you

pay for it. If you do something good, something pays you. As I have said before, it is like a bank account. You are like a storekeeper who has good and bad, on the shelves. If you sell something that is good then you get paid by good, if you sell something that is bad you get paid by having an overdraft.

Now get this quite clear; whatever you do does not necessarily and automatically have an effect on any other person or creature. It depends entirely upon the circumstances. If, for example, you take a dagger (dolk) and stick it into a person, then, of course doing a good deed, are you? In that case then you do not have karma against you. But if you do something which has an effect, a bad effect upon a person you have never heard of, an effect which you certainly did not anticipate, then you do not have to come back and pay off that person. I advise you, though, to read my books more thoroughly and then you will know a lot more about karma.

Meaning of life

Question: What are we doing down here anyhow?

When we leave here what is our objective, not just playing about in the astral, but what do we really want to do in the end?

The Overself cannot of itself experience desire, suffering, pleasure, etc., as we know it on Earth, and so it is necessary for the Overself to have some other method of gaining knowledge. People upon Earth are just extensions of the Overself, which can gain knowledge. For example, suppose you have a bag and you cannot get inside the bag and you cannot see inside the bag. If you can get it open enough to get your hand in, your hand, which is an extension of your other senses, can feel around inside the bag and can 'tell' the brain what there is inside. In much the same way the Overself gains information through the extensions called human beings.

When the Overself has sufficient knowledge, when the Overself is so advanced that no more knowledge on the Earth cycle is desired, then it calls home all the puppets which are humans, and they all merge again into the Overself, they become united in 'Oneness'; that is the ultimate form of existence, because although it seems to be just one entity, each part of the entity lives in rapport with the other part. You have heard of twin souls - well, on the Earth plane - it is impossible for twin souls to get together, but when they return to the Overself twin souls are reunited to form a perfect whole, and they live in a state of very great bliss until it occurs to the Overself that perhaps there is yet a higher form of knowledge which could be investigated. And then the Overself sends out puppets, not on the Earth plane, but on some

super super plane, and the whole cycle is repeated. The puppets gather in the knowledge throughout a period, which to us is eons of time. Again, when sufficient experience or knowledge has been garnered, the Overself calls in the puppets, twin souls are again united in an even greater state of bliss.

Killing (sick) animals

Now here is a question from Miss Newman. She says, 'How should animals be destroyed so that death is painless and their astral body is not harmed?'

The best way is to inject some drug which causes the animal to lose consciousness, and then the method of disposing of the animal is not so important because there would be no pain. If an animal is made unconscious first, then it can be killed by some very rapid death-producing drug and that does not cause pain for the astral nor for the Overself. There is only distress to the astral when the physical is tormented by a slow killing.

How does a child become a genius?

Now here is something, this is a question from a young man whom we call 'Argie'. He will recognize himself. He is a remarkably brilliant young man who is his own worst enemy. He is a young man with truly unusual talents, and he is not using those talents to the best advantage because he wants to rebel against all authority. Argie has had a rough time, mostly of his own making. We will give two questions from Argie. The first:

'Genius in children; how does a child become a genius?'

In most cases the entity on the Other Side, before coming back to Earth, realizes that there is some special and specific task to do. It realizes that after a certain number of years it (the entity) may leave, and may perhaps leave a caretaker' in its place, so the entity makes plans whereby it comes down to Earth and is born into a body with a memory and an ability to do that which, has to be done. For example, an entity may decide that something has to be done about a certain form of music, so it comes down with a memory of that almost intact. Then, just about as soon as it can speak or move of its own volition, the entity finds it can compose and play, and then it is said, We have a genius, we have a infant prodigy. Most times the poor wretched child is in front of a cine camera or something, or dumped on a stage to make money for people who do not know what its all about, and the child is so busy making money that the inherited memory peters out.

In those cases where there are no stage shows and no cine shows the child may play divinely, and may

compose exquisite music, and then when he reaches a certain age, let us say twenty years of age, the entity realizes that his task is done. and he lets some other entity take over while he, the original occupant, moves on. This is called transmigration of souls, and it is far far more common than is generally supposed.

Negroes and music

Argie has a second question, and here it is: 'Why do negroes rarely need tuition to play musical instruments?'

Negroes are a special type of people. Their basic vibrations are such that they are 'in tune to the music of the spheres'. Often a negro can hum music which he has never heard before, often he can just pick up a musical instrument and play it because that is his basic make-up.

You get certain classes of people such as North Europeans who are very cold and very analytical. They are very frigid in their attitude. That is their make-up. But if you get the Latin type of people, they are warm in their make-up, quick to smile, quick to pass a joke. They can see the funny side of things, particularly if the misfortune happens to someone else. That is their make-up.

Negroes, for many years, have had a hard life, a life of persecution, and the only thing which has sustained them has been their musical make-up, their ability to derive consolation and solace from religious music. As such it is part of their birthright, part of their heritage, part of their basic make-up. Negroes are usually very, very musical because their basic frequency is such that they sub-consciously pick up music from other sources in much of a way similar to the poor wretched man wearing a hearing aid who sometimes picks up transmissions from the local radio taxi cab company.

Fear of her sons destiny

Well, let's get on with it; here is a question, "I am a loving. mother of a five year old boy, and your books, true as they are, scare me for what my son and all the other young children will have to suffer owing to events bigger than themselves. I can see him torn into pieces by atomic bombs and all grim pictures like those. His life lines on both his hands are abruptly interrupted at an age of about thirty to forty. I can find some consolation in your books for what concerns my death, but has ever a mother of any religion rejoiced at the death of her only son?"

Now, you are pre-supposing that your son will inevitably be killed or maimed in a forthcoming war, but remember that if you give him a good education and let him specialize in something he can be one of those protected. It is a sad thought that cannon fodder?

is usually the person who is easily replaceable, whereas if a man is a specialist of use to his country he will be protected. So give your son a really good education. And in the matter of the hand lines, please be assured that if these are the only indications of the termination of his life, then they mean nothing except possibly a change of career. You should never take it as definite that death will occur unless there are about seven confirming indications. Too often palmists are guilty of criminal negligence in saying that a person is going to die, etc., etc., when it just means that they are going to change job and change location.

'You always state that death and after death are painless apart from the suffering at our own judgment, but in the Bardo Thodol and specifically in the Chonyd state the suffering seems to be atrocious (skrekkelig)."

The Bardo Thodol was written in English, it was just translated into that language by some creepish Christian who altered things a bit to make it tie in with the Christian belief of hellfire and damnation. There is no hellfire and damnation, that is all a bolster up (støtte) their own power in much the same way as some misguided parents frighten their children by threatening to call in a policeman if they don't behave. Of course we are not happy when we are judging ourselves, it really does give us a pain when we see what stupid clods we have been. The self-contempt can be quite hellish, in fact, and well justify the description of 'hellfire'. As one who has total recall I tell you most emphatically that there is no torture, no atrocious pain, no ferocious suffering.

'Spirits who haunt old houses, have they not been reborn yet?'

Spirits who haunt old houses have nothing to do with current entities. For example, a person dies in tragic circumstance's, and much energy is generated, but the person can go to a completely different plane and even be reborn while the energy which was generated will be dissipated in the form of hauntings. Its much the same as heating a piece of metal; the heat remains in the metal, although gradually fading, for quite a time after the source of heating has been removed. Here is a thought for you - it is quite possible for a person who dies in extremely difficult circumstances to have his energy as a thought form which haunts a place, and even to haunt the new-born incarnation who caused all the trouble in the first case?

'What is nervous force, anyway? What's the good of telling us about nervous force if we have no idea what it is.'

Nervous force is the power, which generates the

etheric, and nervous force properly directed can rotate a paper cylinder, as I say in one of my books. Everybody, whether animal or human, is a generator of electricity, even the Earth has its magnetic force, its magnetic field if you prefer to call it that. And just as a radio programme has to have a carrier wave to support it, so does a human have to have an etheric consisting of nervous force or energy which propagates the aura. This in its turn originates from certain cells in the brain. The food we eat goes into the blood, and some of that food well mixed with oxygen goes to highly specialized brain cells, and provides the food for the generation of an electric current which powers the thought impulses. This is nervous force. If you find it difficult to believe, remember that you can get a device consisting of a zinc case with a few chemicals and a carbon rod inside it. If you connect that to a piece of wire inside a glass bulb from which air has been withdrawn you get a light, don't you, an electric light. So you get electricity from chemical reaction, and in the human you get electricity from chemical reaction provided by the food we eat.

Learning the hard - and selfexperienced way

I have a letter here from Mr. H. Mr. H. writes, 'I have enclosed two questions which you may care to answer. I would be very interested in the answer to question one, and would like to expand it a little. In addition to the matter of personal responsibility, which I think very important, I am confused on the matter of personal identity. This really boils down to the definition of the word " I ". While I can see that in many ways "I" am not the same " I " that I was twenty years ago and presumably will not be the same as twenty years hence, yet I retain a sense of identity between these various I's.

However, if an Overself can operate ten puppets what happens to the sense of "I", and when all puppets are dead does the Overself then continue to operate ten astral puppets, and continuing the thought into the future, what happens if the ten puppets half succeed in liberating themselves?

On a more particular note I have often wondered why it was necessary for you to pick such an arduous route for your journey to the West. Would it not have been possible for you to go to a university in India or Europe, and could not funds have been deposited in the West for your use? Many of your troubles seem to have stemmed from a lack of money.

Well, Mr. H., let's see what we can do to answer your queries. Actually I think most of them have already been answered in this book or in previous

books, but let us write you an imaginary letter.

'Dear Mr. H. You really are in a state of confusion, aren't you? Much of your confusion arises from the fact that one has to write in three dimensional terms and attempt to describe the operation of an Overself working, say, in a nine dimensional plane of existence.

'You say that you think a puppet loses personal identity. But of course, if you think about it, that is not the case.

Look at that matter like this: Forget all about anything outside the body, and assume for the purpose of this explanation that the body is "compartmental". The brain, then, represents the Overself and everyone knows that the brain directs the hands, the fingers, etc. The fingers represent puppets and the brain can suggest that the fingers do something, but the fingers are still separate entities or separate individuals, they can feel and they can become highly skilled. In fact at times they seem to work of their own volition.

The heart is another mechanism which cannot be controlled (except in abnormal cases) by the brain-Overself, because if the brain, representing our Overself, got in a bad temper, then conceivably it could stop the heart from beating and that would destroy the entire mechanism of brain-Overself and the organs-puppets. So, you see, the actual Overself provides the substance from which the human astrals are made, and each entity or human body has full control and full choice of action always provided that such action will not jeopardize the Overself-human organism.

Take a big firm with many branches. There you have a chairman of the Board of Directors or a President. You have many departmental heads, and many general managers to staff all the district branches, and all these people work with their own responsibility while working within the frame-work of company policy. They do not have to tell the chairman of the Board of Directors every little thing, nor do they have to telephone him every moment about decisions which they are qualified to make.

The chairman of the Board of Directors or the President, call him what you wish, represents the Overself, and all the departmental heads and managers are the puppets.

You ask what happens when the puppets die, is the Over-self, derived of its ten or so puppets, immobilized, you say. Let me ask you a question; what happens if one of the branch managers retires or is removed for some particular reason? The firm or branch does not close down. Instead a fresh manager, or puppet, is appointed. And anyhow in this chapter and possibly the chapter before I have already

discussed how puppets return to the Overself.

Yes, I could have taken an easy, way. I could have gone to a university, I could have had sacks of gold all around me, but tell me, Mr. H., what sort of knowledge would I have gained then? I would be the reflection of other peoples' knowledge, some of it which is, admittedly, faulty. I would not have gained the knowledge of life which I have at present and which is very painfully firsthand, believe me. People who go to a University and learn everything the soft way merely learn the opinion of others from printed pages which may be years out of date. In a University a student may not dare to question the precepts of another. One is taught that it is impossible to do a thing except in the way specified in the text book, but the people who have not been to a University just go ahead and do a possible thing anyway.

Royce of Rolls-Royce, Edison, Ford, and thousands of other very intelligent men did not go to a University, so they did not know that the thing which they wanted to do was "impossible", they did not know that such a thing was "impossible" because they lacked the education (!) to read the text books which really are the opinions of other people. And so Royce, Edison, Ford and others just went ahead and invented the things which text books would say were "impossible". So attendance at a university can be a drawback.

Illness from within

That should straighten out a few questions for you, Mr. H., and I hope that you now find your thoughts are more settled.

Another question asks why we have illness and how would it be possible to detect illness through the aura. Well, illness and disease come either from within or without. When it comes from without - a germ or virus can be caught from another person and it is not the 'fault' of a body that catches it.

When we have a case of illness from within, that is, when the disease comes from within, the body chemicals are affected because everything comes from thought, what the electricians call electro-motive force comes into play. Thought is electric impulses. When we think we generate electricity. The electricity is thus the electro-motive force which causes our muscles to work, or even upsets our body chemistry. If a person is frustrated, worried, sad, bad tempered, etc., or has an abnormal emotion, their thoughts generate an electric current which is defective. It may not have the necessary correct wave form, and because the electric current is defective it causes wrong messages to go to the glands and the glands' secretion change to cope with the wrong thoughts and the wrong messages caused by those wrong thoughts. After a time - the most susceptible part is affected by the

changed secretions, or changed chemical balance of the body. It may be the muscles that are affected, and so one gets, perhaps, muscular dystrophy, or it might be something to do with the bones, it might be arthritis, or, if some wrong message uses a disturbance in the stomach, the gastric juices may become too acid, too strong, and then we might have an ulcer. Closer to home, if the messages are too localized and affect the brain, then there might be a brain tumor (svulst).

If the chemistry can be studied then it can be corrected by hormone treatment or some other appropriate treatment and the disease can be cured if it is caught in time. If too much damage has been done, then it can't be cured but can be alleviated. The person should remedy the thing or emotion that caused the damage in the first place by getting more balanced outlook, by controlling the emotions, or by changed set of circumstances such as fresh job, fresh partner, etc.

All these things can be seen in the aura. Whether happens to a body can be seen in the aura. Looking at the aura is like looking at radar pictures. You can see land or a storm disturbance which is quite beyond ordinary sight.

Whether an illness starts from 'within' or 'without' it can be detected from the aura. If one catches an infection from some other person then it takes a certain time for that illness to manifest substantially in the physical, yet in the aura at the exact instant when the infection took place it shows quite clearly, it shows like lines of stress.

If the illness is caused from 'within' - then a periodical examination of the aura will show the danger of an illness quite a long time before the body is seriously affected, and so the illness can be cured almost before it has become apparent.
End of extract from this book

(samlet for egen utskrift den 16-10-2001 - mens USA bomber i Afghanistan)

From T.LOBSANG RAMPA's book:

"You - Forever"

- a guide to understand the psychic world
and to develop parapsychic abilities.

Now - so many, many years after this book was written - so many similar books about these themes has appeared - and from comparison then, one can see the extreme accuracy of Rampas descriptions in this book - regarding the aura, parapsychic abilities, out of the body/astral trips, life on the other side, the reincarnation process etc. Rampa had the ability to follow all incidents by reading/looking in the AKASHA - earth's memory-bank and so retelling the connections in every detail. The one who SEES can here recognise the TRUTH. Research yourself!! The book is written almost 40 years ago - and today a lot of proofs, from many sources have appeared, that shows the accuracy in his explanations.

(some words are translated to Norwegian and there MAY BE some wordmistakes here because this is scanned from the book. Some headlines are added)

In the first chapter or lesson he describes how and what "life" is seen both from the physical and the psychical side. Physical seen, all is vibrations of atoms or matter in microcosmos - where the atoms is like miniature solar systems. He also writes that «...man is composed of molecules in motion and that motion generates a form of electricity which - uniting with the "electricity" delivered from the Overself - gives sentient LIFE».

In lesson 2 he goes on telling how the chemical side of the body also contributes in the electric process. We enter on page 20...

THE BRAIN AND THE OVERSELF

...the brain generates electricity of its own!(on a chemical way). Within the human body there are traces of metals, even metals such as zinc, and of course we must remember that the human body has the carbon molecule as its basis. There is much water in a body, and traces of chemicals such as magnesium, potassium, etc. These combine to form an electric current, a minute one, but one which can be detected, measured, and chatted.

A person who is mentally ill, can - by the use of a certain instrument, have his brain waves charted. Various electrodes are placed upon his head and little pens get to work on a strip of paper. As the patient thinks of certain things the pens draw four squiggly lines which can be interpreted to indicate the type of illness from which the patient is suffering. Instruments

such as this are in common use in all mental hospitals.

The brain is, of course, a form of receiving station for the messages which are transmitted by the Overself, and the human brain in its turn can transmit messages, such as lessons learned, experiences gained, etc., to the Overself. These messages are conveyed by means of the "Silver Cord," a mass of high velocity molecules, which vibrate and rotate at an extremely divergent (avvikende) range of frequencies, and connects the human body and the human Overself.

The body here on Earth is something like a vehicle operating by remote control. The driver is the Overself. You may have seen a child's toy car, which is connected, to the child by a long flexible cable. The child can press a button and make the car go forward, or make it stop or go back, and by turning a wheel on this flexible cable the car can be steered. The human body may be likened very, very roughly to that, for the Overself which cannot come down to the Earth to gain experiences, sends down this body which is US on Earth. Everything that we experience, everything that we do or think or hear - travels upwards to be stored in the memory of the Overself.

Very highly intelligent men, who get "inspiration", often obtain a message directly consciously from the Overself by way of the Silver Cord. Leonardo da Vinci was one of those who was most constantly in touch with his Overself, and so he rated as a genius in almost everything that he did. Great artists or great musicians are those in touch with their Overself on perhaps one or two particular "lines," and so they come back and compose "by inspiration" - music or paintings - which have been more or less dictated to them by the Greater Powers which control us.



This Silver Cord connects us to our Overself in much the same way as the umbilical cord (navlestreng) connects a baby to its mother. The umbilical cord is a very intricate device, a very complex affair indeed, but it is as a piece of string compared to the complexity of the Silver Cord. This Cord is a mass of molecules rotating over an extremely wide range of frequencies, but it is an intangible thing - so far as the human body is concerned. The molecules are too widely dispersed for the average human sight to see. *Many animals can see it, because animals see on a different range of frequencies - and hear on a different range of frequencies than humans.* Dogs, as you know, can be called by a "silent" dog whistle, silent because a human cannot hear it - but a dog easily can. In the same way, animals can see the Silver Cord and the aura, because both these vibrate on a frequency which is just within the receptivity of an animal's sight. With practice it is quite easily possible for a human to extend the band of receptivity (mottakelighet) of their sight, in much the same way as a weak man, by practice and by exercise, can lift a weight which normally would be far far beyond his physical capabilities.

The Silver Cord is a mass of molecules, a mass of vibrations. One can liken it to the tight beam of radio waves which scientists bounce off the Moon. Scientists trying to measure the distance of the Moon, broadcast on a very narrow beam - a waveform to the surface of the Moon. *That is much the same as the Silver Cord between the human body and the human Overself; it is the method whereby the Overself communicates with the body on Earth.*

Everything we do is known to the Overself. People strive to become spiritual if they are on 'the right Path.'" Basically, in striving for spirituality, they strive to increase their own rate of vibration on Earth, and by way of the Silver Cord - to increase the rate of vibration of the Overself. *The Overself sends down a part of itself into a human body in order that lessons may be learned and experiences gained.* Every good deed we do, increases our Earth's - and our astral rate of vibration, but if we do an evil deed to some person, that decreases and subtracts from our rate of spiritual vibration. Thus, when we do an ill turn to another, we put ourselves at least one step DOWN on the ladder of evolution, and every good deed we do increases our own personal vibration by a like amount. Thus it is that it is so essential to adhere to the old Buddhist formula - which exhorts one to "return good for evil and to fear no man, and to fear no man's deed, for in returning good for evil, and giving good at all times, we progress upwards and never down - wards."

Everyone knows of a person who is "a low sort of fellow." Some of our metaphysical knowledge leaks over into common usage - in much the same way as we say a person is in a "black mood," or a "blue mood". It is all a matter of vibration, all a matter of what the body transmits by way of the Silver Cord to the Overself, and what the Overself sends back again by way of the Silver Cord to the body.

Many people cannot understand their inability to consciously contact their Overself. It is quite a difficult matter without long training. Supposing you are in South America and you want to telephone someone in Russia, perhaps in Siberia. First of all you have to make sure that there is a telephone line available, then you have to take into consideration the difference in time between the two countries. Next you have to make sure that the person you want to telephone is available and can speak your language, and after all that you have to see if the authorities will permit of such a telephone message! It is better at this stage of evolution, not to bother too much about trying to contact one's Overself consciously, because no Course, no information, will give you in a few written pages - what it might take ten years of practice

to accomplish. Most people expect too much; they expect that they can read a Course and immediately go and do everything that the Masters can do, and the Masters may have studied a lifetime, and many lifetimes before that! Read this Course, study it, ponder upon it, and if you will open your mind - you may be granted enlightenment. We have known many cases where people (most often women) received certain information and they then could actually see the etheric or the aura or the Silver Cord. We have many such experiences to fortify us in our statement that you, too, can do this if you will permit yourself to believe!

The human aura and the etheric field

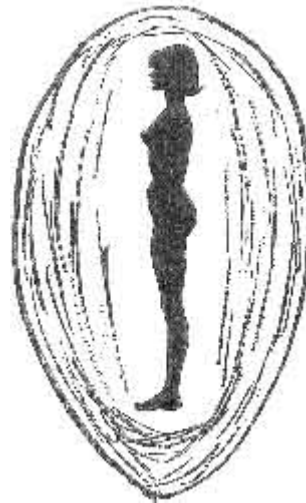
In lesson 3 he goes in to the etheric field of the body - also as a magnetic field - as the aura is. And in lesson 4 he describes the human aura - and the colours of it.



picture of the etheric and the aura field



the picture of the auric sheath



Picture of the AURIC SHEATH (mantel)

THE AURA AND ITS COLOURS

Last on page 45 he tells that the thoughts of a person is visible - as on a screen - on the outer surface of the aura. He compares it to a television screen:

...so eventually the human eye sees the whole picture on the television screen. As the picture at the transmitter varies, so does the picture that you see on the television screen vary. In much the same way thoughts go from our transmitter, that is, the brain, and reach that sheath covering the aura. Here the thoughts seem to impinge (ramme) and form pictures, which a clairvoyant can see. But we see not merely the pictures of present thoughts, we can also see what has been!

To see a persons past and «story» in his aura

It is easily possible for an Adept to look at a person and to actually see on the outer covering of the aura some of the things that the subject has done during the past two or three lives. It may sound fantastic to the uninitiated, but nevertheless it is perfectly correct.

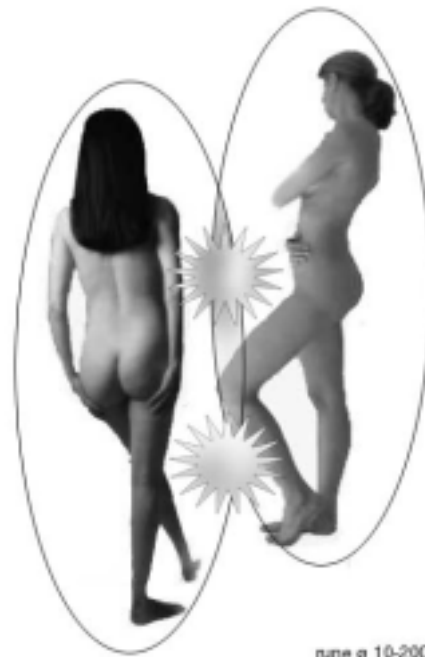
Matter cannot be destroyed. Everything that is - still exists. If you make a sound the vibration of that sound - the energy which it causes - goes on forever. If, for instance, you could go from this Earth quite instantly to a far, far planet - you would see, provided you had suitable instruments - pictures which happened thousands and thousands of years before. Light has a definite speed, and light does not fade, so that if you got sufficiently distant from the Earth

(instantly) - you would be able to see the creation of the Earth! But this is taking us away from the subject under discussion. *We want to make the point that the subconscious, not being controlled by the conscious, can project pictures of things beyond the present reach of the conscious.* And so a person with good powers of clairvoyance can easily see what manner of person faces him. This is an advanced form of psychometry, it is what one might term "visual psychometry." We will deal with psychometry later.

To sense an aura

Everyone with any perception or sensitivity at all, can sense an aura, even when they do not actually see it. How many times have you been instantly attracted, or instantly repelled by a person when you have not even spoken to him? Unconscious perception of the aura explains one's likes and dislikes. *All peoples used to be able to see the aura, but through abuses of various kinds, they lost the power. During the next few centuries people are going once again to be able to do telepathy, clairvoyance, etc.*

Let us go further into the matter of likes and dislikes: every aura is composed of many colours and many striations of colours. It is necessary that the colours and striations match each other before two people can be compatible. It is often the case that a husband and a wife will be very compatible (forenlige) in one or two directions, and completely incompatible in others. *That is because the particular wave form of one aura only touches the wave form of the partner's aura at certain definite points and on those points there is complete agreement and complete compatibility.* We say, for instance, that two people are poles apart, and that is definitely the case when they are incompatible. If you prefer, you can take it that people who are compatible have auric colours, which blend and harmonise - whereas those who are incompatible have colours, which clash and would be really painful to look upon.



rune a 10-2001

Illustration showing incompatible auras in contact and these women may really FEEL that they don't have contact - without knowing why - if they have no knowledge on it....

People come of certain types. They are of common frequencies. People of a "common" type go about in a body. You may get a whole herd of girls going about together, or a whole group of young men lounging on street corners or forming gangs. That is because all these people are of a common frequency or common types of aura, they depend upon each other, they have a magnetic attraction for each other, and the strongest person in the group will dominate the whole and influence them for good or for bad. Young people should be trained by discipline and by self-discipline to control their more elementary impulses, in order that the race as a whole may be improved.

As already stated, a human is centred within the egg - shape covering - centred within the aura, and that is the normal position for most people, the average, healthy person. When a person has a mental illness, he or she is not properly centred. Many people have said, "I feel out of myself today." That may well be the case, a person may be projecting at an angle inside the ovoid. People who are of dual personality are completely different from the average, they may have half the aura of one colour, and half of a completely different colour pattern. They may - if their dual personality is marked - have an aura which is not just one - egg shaped, but has two eggs joined together at an angle to each other. Mental illness

should not be treated so lightly. Shock treatment can be a very dangerous thing because it can drive the astral (we shall deal with this later) straight out of the body. But in the main shock treatment is designed (consciously or unconsciously!) to shock the two "eggs" into one. Often it just "burns out" neural patterns in the brain.

We are born with certain potentialities, certain limits as to the colouring of our auras, the frequency of our vibrations and other things, and it is thus possible for a determined, well - intentioned person to alter his or her aura for the better. Sadly, it is much easier to alter it for the worse! Socrates, to take one example, knew that he would be a good murderer, but he was not going to give in to the blows of fate and so he took steps to alter his path through life. Instead of becoming a murderer, Socrates became the wisest man of his age. All of us can, if we want to, raise our thoughts to a higher level and so help our auras. A person with a brown muddy coloured red in the aura, which shows excessive sexuality, can increase the rate of vibration of the red by sublimating the sexual desires and then he will become one with much constructive drive, one who makes his way through life.

The aura vanishes soon after death, but the etheric may continue for quite a long time, it depends on the state of health of its former possessor. The etheric can become the mindless ghost, which carries out senseless hauntings. Many people in the country districts have seen a form of bluish glow over the graves of those who have just been interred. This glow is particularly noticeable by night. This, of course, is merely the etheric dissipating away from the decomposing body.

In the aura low vibrations give dull muddy colours, colours which nauseate (vemmelse) rather than attract. The higher one's vibrations become - the purer and the more brilliant become the colours of the aura, brilliant not in a garish (grell) way, but in the best, the most spiritual way. One can only say that pure colours are "delightful" while the muddy colours are distasteful. A good deed brightens one's out - look by brightening one's auric colours. A bad deed makes us feel "blue" or puts us in a "black" mood. Good deeds - helping others - make us see the world through "rose tinted spectacles." (rosafarget syn).

It is necessary to keep constantly in mind that the colour is the main indicator of a person's potentialities. *Colours change, of course, with one's moods, but the basic colours do not change unless the person improves (or deteriorates) the character.* You may take it that the basic colours remain the same, but the transient colours fluctuate and vary according to the mood. When you are looking at the colours of a

person's aura you should ask: -

1. What is the colour?
2. Is it clear or muddy, how plainly can I see through it?
3. Does it swirl over certain areas, or is it located almost permanently over one spot?
4. Is it a continuous band of colour holding its shape and its form, or does it fluctuate and have sharp peaks and deep valleys?
5. We must also make sure that we are not prejudging a person because it is a very simple matter to look at an aura and imagine that we see a muddy colour when actually it is not muddy at all. It may be our own wrong thoughts which makes a colour appear muddy, *for remember, in looking at any other persons aura we first have to look through our own aura!*

Musical and mental rhythm

There is a connection between musical and mental rhythms. The human brain is a mass of vibrations with electrical impulses radiating from every part of it. A human emits a musical note depending upon the rate of vibration of that human. Just as one could get near a beehive (bikube) and hear the drone of a whole lot of bees, so perhaps could some other creature hear humans. Every human has his or her own basic note, which is constantly emitted - in much the same way as a telephone wire emits a note in a wind. Further, popular music is such that it is in sympathy with the brain wave formation, it is in sympathy with the harmonic of the body vibration. You may get a "hit tune" which sets everyone humming (nynne) it and whistling it. People say that they have "such - and - such a tune" running constantly through their brain. Hit tunes are ones, which key-in to the human brain waves for a certain time before their basic energy is dissipated.

Classical music is of a more permanent nature. It is music which causes our auditory waveform to vibrate pleasantly in sympathy with the classical music. If the leaders of a nation want to rouse up their followers - they have to compose, or have composed, a special form of music called a national anthem (hymne). One hears the national anthem and one gets filled with all sorts of emotions, then one stands upright and thinks kindly of the country, or thinks fierce thoughts of other countries. That is merely because the vibrations, which we call sound, have caused our mental vibrations to react in a certain way. Thus it is possible to "pre - order" certain reactions in a human being by playing certain types of music to that person.

A deep thinking person, one who has high peaks

and deep hollows to his brain wave form, likes music of the same type, that is, music having high peaks and a deep wave form. But a scatterbrained (vimsete) person prefers the scatter - brain music, music that is more or less a jingle - jangle and on a chart would be represented more or less accurately by just a squiggle.

Many of the greatest musicians are those who consciously or sub - consciously can do astral travelling, and who go to the realms beyond death. They hear "the music of the spheres." Being musicians - this heavenly music makes a vast impression upon them, it sticks in their memory so that when they come back to Earth, they are immediately in a "composing mood." They rush to a musical instrument or to lined paper, and immediately write down, so far as they remember, the notations of the music which they heard in the astral. Then they say - remembering no better - that they have composed this or that work!

The diabolic (djevolsk) system of subliminal (underbevisst) advertising, in which an advertising messages flashed on the television screen too quick for the conscious eyes to see, plays upon one's semi - awareness while not impinging upon the conscious perceptions. The subconscious is jerked to awareness by the flow of wave patterns reaching it, and the subconscious, being nine-tenths of the whole, eventually drives the consciousness to go out and purchase the item which was advertised - even though consciously - the person concerned knows that he or she does not even desire such a thing. An unscrupulous group of people, such as the leaders of a country, who had not the welfare of the people at heart, could actually make the people react to any subliminal commands by using this form of advertising.

Then we jump forward to LESSON EIGHT:

The flesh/coarse- and the spirit body

In previous lessons we have regarded the body as being the centre of the etheric and the aura; we have moved from the body outwards, discussing the etheric and then on to a description of the aura with its striations of colour, and forward to the outer auric skin. All this is extremely important, and you are advised to go back and re - read the previous lessons, for in this lesson and lesson nine we are going to prepare the ground for leaving the body. Unless you are clear about etheric and aura - and the nature of the molecular structure of the body - you may run into some difficulties. The human body consists, as we have seen, of a mass of protoplasm. It is a mass of molecules spread out over a certain volume of space in much the same way as a universe occupies a

certain volume of space. Now we are going to go inwards, away from the aura, away from the etheric, and in to the body, *for this fleshbody is just a vehicie, just "a suit of clothes - the garb (klesdrakt) of an actor who is living out his allotted (tildelte) part upon the stage - which is the world."*

It has been stated that two objects cannot occupy the same space. That is reasonably correct when one thinks of bricks, or timbers, or pieces of metal, *but if two objects have a dissimilar vibration, or if the spaces between their atoms and neutrons and protons are wide enough, then another object can occupy the same space.* You may find that difficult to understand so let us put it in a different way, let us give perhaps two illustrations. Here is the first:

If you get two glasses and you fill them right up to the brim with water - you will find that if you tip a little sand - say, a teaspoonful - into one of the filled glasses, the water will overflow and will run down the side, showing that in this case the water and the sand cannot both occupy the same space, and so one has to give way. The sand, being heavier, sinks to the bottom of the water thus raising the level in the glass to the point where the water overflows.

Let us turn to the other glass, which also has been filled with water to the brim - filled to precisely the same level as the first glass. If now we take sugar and we slowly sprinkle sugar into the glass, we find that we may be able to put even six teaspoonfuls of sugar into the glass before the water overflows! If we do this slowly -we wilt see the sugar disappear, in other words, it dissolves. As it dissolves, its own molecules occupy spaces between water molecules, and thus it does not take up any more space. Only when all the space between the water molecules has been filled with sugar molecules, does the excess sugar pile up on the bottom of the glass and eventually cause the water to overflow. In this case we have clear proof that two objects can occupy the same space.

Let us have another illustration; let us look at the solar system. This is an object, an entity, a "something." There are molecules, or atoms, which we call worlds, moving about in space. If it is true that two objects cannot occupy the same space, then we could not send a rocket from the Earth into space! Nor could people from another universe enter this universe, because if they did so they would be occupying OUR space. **So under suitable conditions - it is possible for two objects to occupy the same space.**

The human body, consisting of molecules with a certain amount of space between atoms, also houses other bodies, tenuous ("tynne") bodies, spirit bodies, or what we call astral bodies. *These tenuous bodies are precisely the same as to composition (sammen-*

setning) as is the human body, that is, they consist of molecules. But just as earth or lead or wood consists of a certain arrangement of molecules - molecules of a certain density - spirit bodies have their molecules fewer and further between each. Thus it is quite possible for a spirit body to fit into a flesh body in the most intimate contact, and neither occupies space needed by the other.



The astral body and the physical body are connected together by the Silver Cord. This latter is a mass of molecules vibrating at a tremendous speed. It is in some ways similar to the umbilical cord, which connects a mother to her baby; in the mother - impulses, impressions, and nourishment flow from her to the unborn baby. When the baby is born and the umbilical cord is severed, then the baby dies to the life it knew before, that is, it becomes a separate entity, a separate life, it is no longer a part of the mother, so it "dies" as part of the mother and takes on its own existence.

The Silver Cord connects the Overself and the human body, and impressions flash from on to the other during every minute of the fleshbody's existence. *Impressions, commands, lessons, and at times even spiritual nourishment come down from the Overself to the human body.* When death takes place, the Silver Cord is severed and the human body is left like a discarded suit of clothes, while the spirit moves on.



picture of the astral body soaring over the physical body with the silvercord between. The person in the background can not see the astral body if he is not clairvoyant.

This is not the place to go into the matter, but it should be stated that there are a number of "spirit bodies." We are dealing with the flesh - body and the

astral body at present. At all in our present form of evolution there are nine separate bodies, each connected to the other by a Silver Cord, but we are concerned now more with astral travelling and matters intimately connected with the astral plane.

*Man, then, is a spirit briefly encased in a body of flesh and bones, encased in order that lessons may be learned and experiences undergone, experiences which could not be obtained by the spirit without the use of a body. Man, or the flesh - body of Man, is a vehicle which, is driven, or manipulated by the Overself. Some prefer to use the term "Soul," we use "Overself" because it is more convenient, the Soul is a different matter, actually, and goes to an even higher realm. **The Overself is the controller, the driver of the body.** The brain of the human is a relay station, a telephone exchange, a completely automated factory, if you like. It takes messages from the Overself, and converts the Overself's commands into chemical activity or physical activity, which keeps the vehicle alive, causes muscles to work, and causes certain mental processes. It also relays back to the Overself messages and impressions of experiences gained.*

By escaping from the limitations of the body, like a driver temporarily leaving an automobile, Man can see the Greater World of the Spirit and can assess the lessons learned while encased in the flesh, but here we are discussing the physical and the astral with, perhaps, brief mentions of the Overself. We mention the astral in particular, because while in that body, Man can travel to distant places in the twinkling of an eye. Man can go anywhere at any time, and can even see what old friends or relations are doing. With practice, Man and Woman - can visit the cities of the world and the great libraries of the world. It is easy, with practice, to visit any library and to look at any book or any page of a book. Most people think they cannot leave the body because in the Western world they have been so conditioned for the whole of their life - to disbelieve in things which cannot be felt, torn to pieces and then - discussed in terms which mean nothing.

Nature Spirits

Children believe in fairies; there are such things, of course, only we who can see them and converse with them call them Nature Spirits. Many really young children have what are known as invisible playmates. To adults the children live in a world of make - believe, talking animatedly (ivrig) to friends who cannot be seen by the cynical adult. The child knows that these friends are real.

As the child grows older parents laugh, or become angry at the idle imaginations. Parents, who have for-

gotten their own childhood and forgotten how their parents acted, even beat a child for being "a liar," or being "over - imaginative." Eventually, the child becomes hypnotised into believing that there are no such things as Nature Spirits (or fairies), and in turn these children grow up - have families of their own - and discourage their own children from seeing or playing with Nature Spirits!



nature spirit between the big trees

We are going to say quite definitely that the people of the East and the people of Ireland know better; there are Nature Spirits, never mind if they are called fairies or leprechauns - never mind whatever they are called - they are real, they do good work, and Man, in his ignorance and boastfulness in denying the existence of these people, denies himself a wondrous treat and a marvellous store of information, for the Nature Spirits help those whom they like, help those who believe in them.

Leaving body during sleep

There are no limits to the knowledge of the Overself. There are very real limits to the abilities of the body - the physical body. Almost everyone on Earth leaves the body during sleep. When they awake, they say that they have had a dream, because here again, humans are taught to believe that this life on Earth is the only one that matters, they are taught that they do not go travelling around when asleep. So -wonderful experiences are rationalised into "dreams."

Many people who believe, can leave the body at will, and can travel far and fast, returning to the body hours later *with a full and complete knowledge of all they have done, all they have seen, and all they have experienced.* Nearly anyone can leave the body and do astral travelling, but they have to believe that they can do this, it is quite useless for a person to put out repelling thoughts of disbelief, or thoughts that they cannot do such a thing. Actually, it is remarkably easy to astral travel when one gets over the first hurdle (hinder) of fear.

Fear

Fear is the great brake. Most people have to suppress the instinctive fear that to leave the body is to die. Some people are deathly afraid that if they leave the body they may not be able to get back, or that some other entity will enter the body. This is quite impossible, unless one "opens the gate" by fear. *A person who does not fear, can have no harm whatever occur to him. The Silver Cord cannot be broken when one is astral travelling; no one can invade the body unless one gives a definite invitation by being terrified.*

You can always - ALWAYS - return to your body, just the same as you always awaken after a night of sleep. The only thing to be afraid of is of being afraid; fear is the only thing which causes any danger. We all know that the things which we fear rarely happen!

Thought is the main drawback after fear, because thought, or reason (fornuft), poses a real problem. These two, thought and reason, can stop one from climbing high mountains; reason tells us that a slip will cause us to be cast down and dashed to pieces. So thought and reason should be suppressed. Unfortunately they have bad names.

Thought

(hva er tanken?)

Thought! Have you ever thought about thought? What is thought? Where do you think? Are you thinking from the top of your head? Or from the back of your head? Are you thinking in your eyebrows? Or in your ears? Do you stop thinking when you close your eyes? No! **Your thought is wherever you concentrate; you think wherever you concentrate upon.** This simple, elementary fact can help you get out of your body and into the astral, it can help your astral body soar as free as the breeze. Think about it, re - read this lesson so far, and think about thought, think how thought has often kept you back - because you thought of obstacles, you thought of unnamed fears. You may, for instance, have been alone in the house at midnight with the wind howling outside, and you may have thought of burglars, you may have imagined someone hiding behind a curtain ready to jump upon you. Thought - here - can harm!! Think of thought some more.

You are suffering from toothache, and reluctantly you go to see the dentist. He tells you that you have to have a tooth extracted, you are afraid it will hurt; you sit there in the dental chair in fear. As soon as the dentist picks up his hypodermic (sprøyte) to give you an injection, you automatically wince (krymper deg), and perhaps even turn pale. You are sure it is going to hurt, you are sure that you are going to feel that

needle going in, and afterwards there will be that horrid wrench as your tooth comes bloodily out. Perhaps you are afraid that you are going to faint with the shock, so you feed the fear, you make your tooth hurt more and more by thinking and concentrating the whole of your thought power upon the site of that tooth! All your energy is devoted to making that tooth ache more, but when you idly think, where is the thought then? In the head? How do you know? Can you feel it there? *Thought is where you concentrate, thought is within you only because you are thinking of yourself and because you think thought must be within you. Thought is where you want it to be, thought is where you direct it to be.*

Let us look at "thought is where you concentrate" again. In the heat of battle, men have been shot or stabbed and have felt no pain. For a time they may not even have known that they were wounded, only when they had time to think about it - did they feel the pain and perhaps collapse with shock! But thought, reason, fear, are the brakes that slow up our spiritual evolution, they are but the weary clanking of the machine slowing down and distorting the commands of the Overself.

Man, when uncluttered by his own stupid fears and restrictions, could almost be a superman with greatly enhanced powers, both muscular and mental. Here is an example; a weakly, timid man with perfectly shocking muscular development, steps off a sidewalk into a heavy stream of traffic. His thoughts are far, far away, perhaps on his business or upon what sort of a mood his wife is going to be in when he gets home that night. He may even be thinking of unpaid bills! A sudden hoot from an approaching car and the man - without thought - springs back into the sidewalk with a prodigious (enorm) leap which would normally be quite impossible for even a trained athlete! If this man had been hampered by thought processes, he would have been too late, the car would have knocked him over. The lack of thought enabled the ever - watching Overself to galvanise the muscles with a shot of chemicals (such as adrenalin) - which made the subject leap far beyond his normal capability and indulge in a spurt of activity beyond the speed of conscious thought.

Mankind in the Western world has been taught that thought, reason "distinguishes (kjennetegner) Man from the animals." Uncontrolled thought keeps Man lower than many animals in astral travel! Almost anyone would agree that cats, to give just one example, can see things that humans cannot. Most people have had some experience of animals looking at a ghost or becoming aware of incidents long before the human became so aware. Animals use a different system from "reason" and "thought." So can we!

To control our thoughts

First, though, we have to control our thoughts, we have to control all those weary tag ends of idle thought which constantly creep past our minds. Sit down somewhere where you are comfortable, where you can be completely relaxed, and where no one can disturb you. If you wish, extinguish the light - for light is a drawback in a case such as this. Sit idly for a few moments - just thinking about your thoughts, look at your thoughts, see how they keep creeping into your consciousness, each one clamouring (skrikende) for attention, that quarrel with a man at the office, the unpaid bills, the cost of living, the world situation, what you would like to say to your employer - sweep them all aside!

Imagine that you are sitting in a completely dark room at the top of a skyscraper; before you there is a large picture window (panoramavindu) covered by a black blind (rullegardin), a blind which has no pattern, nothing which could prove a distraction. Concentrate on that blind. First of all - make sure that there are no thoughts crossing your consciousness (which is that black blind), and if thoughts do tend to intrude (trenge på), push them back over the edge. You can do so, it is merely a matter of practice. For some moments thoughts will try to flicker at the edge of that black blind, push them back, forcibly will them to go, then concentrate on the blind again, will yourself to lift it - so that you may look out at all that is beyond.

Again, as you gaze at that imaginary black blind, you will find that all manner of strange thoughts tend to intrude, they try to force their way into the focus of your attention. Push them back, push them back with a conscious effort, refuse to allow those thoughts to intrude (yes, we are aware that we have said this before, but we are trying to drive the point home). When you can hold an impression of complete blankness for a short time, you will find that there is a "snap"(smell) as if a piece of parchment is being torn, then you will be able to see away from this ordinary world of ours, and into a world of a different dimension - where time and distance have an entirely fresh meaning. By practicing this, by doing this, you will find that you are able to control your thoughts as do the Adepts (innvidde) and the Masters.

Try it, practice it, for if you want to be able to progress you must practice and practice until you can overcome idle thoughts.

LESSON NINE

To get yourself out of your body.

In the last lesson we dealt in the concluding stages (avsluttende etapper) with thought. We said "thought is where you want it to be." That is a formula which really can assist us to get out of the body, to do astral travelling. Let us repeat it.

Thought is where you want it to be. Outside of you, if you want it so. Let us have a little practice. Here again, you will need to be where you are quite alone, where there are no distractions. You are going to try to get yourself out of your body. You must be alone, you must be relaxed, and we suggest that for ease you lie down, preferably upon a bed. Make sure that no one can intrude and ruin your experiment. *When you are settled, breathing slowly, thinking of this experiment, concentrate on a point six feet (ca.2m) in front of you, close your eyes, concentrate, WILL (tving) yourself to think that you - the real you, the astral you - watches your body from some six feet away.* Think! Practice! Make yourself concentrate. Then, with practice, you will suddenly experience a slight, almost electric shock, and you will see your body lying with eyes closed - some six feet away.

At first it will be quite an effort to achieve this result. You may feel as if you are inside a big rubber balloon, pushing, pushing. You push and push and strain, and nothing seems to happen. It almost seems to happen. Then at last, suddenly, you burst (sprekker) through, and there is a slight snapping sensation almost as, in fact, puncturing a child's toy balloon. Do not be alarmed, do not give way to fright, because if you remain free from fright you will go on and on, and - not have any trouble whatever in the future, but if you are afraid you will (sprette) back into the physical body and will then have to start all over again at some other date. If you bounce back into your body there is no point in trying anything more that day for you will rarely succeed. You will need sleep - rest - first.

Let us go further, let us imagine that you have got out of your body with this simple easy method, let us imagine that you are standing there looking at your physical component and wondering what to do next. Do not bother to look at your physical body for the moment, you will see it again quite often! Instead try this: - Let yourself float about the room like a lazily drifting soapbubble, for you do not even weigh as much as a soap bubble now! You cannot fall, you cannot hurt yourself. Let your physical body rest at - ease. You will, of course, have dealt with that before freeing your astral from this fleshly sheath. You will have made sure that your flesh - body was quite at

ease. Unless you took this precaution, you may find when you return to it - that you have a stiff arm or a cricked neck. Be certain that there are no rough edges that would press into a nerve, for if, for example, you have left your physical body so that an arm is extended over the edge of the mattress, there may be some pressure upon a nerve which will cause you "pins and needles" later. Once again, then, make sure that your body is absolutely at ease before making any attempt to leave it for the astral body.

Now let yourself drift, let yourself float about the room, idly move round as if you were a soap bubble drifting on vagrant (vandrende) air currents. Explore the ceiling and the places where you could not normally see. Become accustomed to this elementary astral travel because until you are accustomed to idling (drive-) about in a room - you cannot safely venture (driste seg) outside.

Let us try it again with somewhat different wording. Actually, this astral travel affair is easy, there is nothing to it - *so long as you allow yourself to believe that you can do it.* Under no circumstances, under no conditions should you feel fear, for this is not a place for fear, in astral travel you are journeying to freedom; It is only when back in the body that you need to feel imprisoned, encased in clay, weighted down by a heavy body which - does not respond very well to spiritual commands. No, there is no place for fear in astral travel, fear is quite alien to it.

We are going to repeat astral travel directions under slightly different wording. You are lying flat on your back on a bed. You have made sure that every part of you is comfortable, there are no projections sticking into nerves, your legs are not even crossed, because if they were, at the point where they cross you might have a numbness after just because you will have interfered with the circulation of the blood. Rest calmly, contentedly, there are no disturbing influences, nor are you worried. - **Think only of getting your astral body out of your physical body.**

Relax and relax yet more. Imagine a ghostly shape corresponding roughly to your physical body, gently disengaging (frigjøres) from the flesh body and floating upwards like a puffball (røyksopp) on a light summer's breeze. Let it rise up, keep your eyes closed otherwise, for the first two or three times, you may be so startled (oppskremt) that you will twitch (nappe/rykke), and that twitch may be violent enough to "reel in" the astral to its normal place within the body.

People frequently jerk (rykker) in a peculiar manner just when they are failing asleep. All too often it is so violent that it brings one back to full wakefulness. This jerk is caused by a too rough separation of the astral body and the physical body, for, as we have already stated, nearly everyone does astral travelling

by night even if so many people do not consciously remember their journeys. But back to our astral body again.

Think of your astral body gradually, easily separating from the physical body, and drifting upwards to about three, - or perhaps four feet above the physical. There it rests above you - swaying gently. You may have experienced a sensation of swaying (gynging) just when you are falling asleep; that was the astral swaying. As we have said, the body is floating above you, possibly swaying a little, and connected to you by the Silver Cord which goes from your umbilicus (-navlen) to the umbilicus of the astral body



a view down to the earthly body lying under - connected by the silvercord

Do not look too closely because we have already warned you that if you become startled (skremt) and twitch - you will bring your body back and have to start all over again on some other occasion. Suppose you heed (tar hensyn til) our warning, and do not twitch, then your astral body will remain floating above for some moments, take no action at all, hardly think, breathe shallowly (svakt/lett) for this is your first time out, remember, your first time CONSCIOUSLY out - and you have to be careful.

If you are not afraid, if you do not twitch, the astral body will slowly float off, it will just drift away to the end or the side of the bed - where quite gently, without any shock whatsoever, it will gradually sink so that the feet touch, or almost touch the floor. - Then, the process of making "a soft landing" over, your astral will be able to look at your physical and relay back what it sees.

- You will have a quite discomfoting sensation of looking at your own physical body and we point out now that it is often a humiliating (ydmykende) experience. Many of us have a completely erroneous - idea of what we look like. Do you remember when you first heard your voice? Have you heard your voice on a tape recorder? For the first time you may have frankly disbelieved that it was your voice, you may have thought that someone was playing a trick on you, or that the recorder was faulty.

To watch your body from outside!

The first time one hears one's voice, one disbelieves it, one becomes appalled and mortified (ydmyket). But wait until you see your body for the first time! You will stand there in your astral body with your consciousness quite fully transferred to your astral body, and you will look down upon that reclining (-liggende) physical body. You will be horrified; you will not like the shape of the body nor the complexion, you will be shocked at the lines on the face and by the features, and if you advance a little further and look into your mind, you will see certain little quirks and phobias, which may even cause you to jump back into the body out of sheer fright! But supposing you surmount (overvinner) this first frightening meeting with yourself, what then? You must decide, where you are going, what you want to do, what you want to see. The easiest system is to visit some person with whom you are well acquainted, perhaps a close relative who lives in a neighbouring city. First it should always be a person that you frequently visit, because you have to visualise the person in considerable detail, you have to visualise where he or she lives and precisely how to get there. Remember this is new to you - new to you doing it consciously, that is - and you want to follow the exact route which you would follow if you were going in the flesh.

Leave your room, move to the street (in the astral, of course, but do not worry, people cannot see you), traverse the path which you would normally take - keeping fixed before you the image of the person, whom you want to visit and how to get there. Then, very very speedily, far more quickly than the fastest car could take you, you will be at your friend's or relative's house.

With practice you will be able to go anywhere, seas, oceans and mountains will be no bar, no obstacle, to your path. The lands of the world and the cities of the world will be yours to visit.

Some people think "Oh! Supposing I go and I cannot get back. What then?" The answer is - you cannot get lost. It is quite impossible to get lost, it is quite impossible to harm yourself or to find that your body has been taken over. If anyone comes near to your body while you are astral travelling - the body relays a warning and you are "reeled in" (spoler inn) with the speed of thought. No harm can come to you, the only harm is fear. So do not fear, but experiment, and with experiment will come a realisation of all your hopes, all your ambitions in the realms of astral travel.



"LEAVING THE BODY"

When you are in the astral stage consciously, you will see colours more brilliantly than you do in the flesh. Everything will shimmer with life, you may even see particles of "life" about you like specks (flek-ker). That is the vitality of the earth, and as you pass through it you will pickup strength and courage.

A difficulty is this; you cannot take anything with you, you cannot bring anything back! It is, of course, possible under some conditions - and this comes with much practice only - that you materialise in front of a clairvoyant, but it is not easy to go to a person and carry out a diagnosis of their health condition, because you really need to be able to discuss things like that. You can go to a shop and look over their stock and decide what you want to go and buy the next day, that is quite permissible. Often when you visit a shop in the astral, you will see the flaws (feil) and the shoddiness (dårlig kvalitets-) of some of the goods, which are high, priced!

Going back to the body on earth.

When you are in the astral and you want to return to the physical, you should keep calm, you should let yourself think of the flesh body, think that you are going to go back and that you are going to get in. As you think this, there will be a blur (slør) of speed, or there may even be an instantaneous shift from wherever you were - to a spot three or four feet above your reclining body. You will find that you are there, drifting, undulating (bølgende) slightly, just as when you left the body. Let yourself sink down very, very slowly, it must be slowly because the two bodies have to be absolutely synchronised.

If you do it right you will sink into the body without ajar (klem), without any tremor, without any sensation other than that the body is a cold and heavy mass.

If you should be clumsy and you should not exactly align your two bodies, or if someone should interrupt you so that you go back with a jerk (rykk), you may find that you have some headache, some almost migraine type of headache. In that case you have to try to get yourself to sleep, or force yourself out into the astral again, because until your two bodies are back in exact alignment, you cannot get rid of the headache. It is nothing to worry about be - cause a

quite definite cure is to go to sleep, even for a few moments, or consciously to get out into the astral again.

You may find that back in your flesh - body you are stiff. You may find that the sensation is much the same as putting on a suit of clothes which got wet the day before and now is still wet and dank (klam). Until you get used to it - it is not altogether a happy sensation coming back to the body, you will find that the glorious colours which you saw in the astral world have dimmed. Many of the colours you will not see at all in the flesh, many of the sounds that you heard in the astral are quite inaudible when in the fleshly body. *But never mind, you are upon Earth to learn something, and when you have learned that which was your purpose in coming to Earth, you will be free of the ties, free of the bonds of Earth, and when you leave your fleshly body permanently, with the Silver Cord severed, you go to realms far above that of the astral world.*

Practice this astral travelling, practice it and practice it. Keep away all fear, for if you have no fear - then there is nothing to fear - no harm can come to you, only pleasure.

LESSON TEN

Fear

We have said "There is nothing to fear except fear." We must emphasise (understreke) again - that provided a person remains free from fear, there is no danger whatsoever in astral travelling, no matter how far nor how fast one goes. But, you may ask, what is there to fear? Let us devote this Lesson to the subject of fear and what there is that should not be feared!

Fear is a very negative attitude, an attitude which corrodes our finer perceptions. *No matter of what we are afraid, any form of fear does harm.*

People may fear that in going into the astral state they may not be able to return to the body. It is always possible to return to the body, unless one is actually dying, unless one has come to the end of one's allotted span upon Earth, and that, as you will agree, has nothing to do with astral travelling. It is possible, we must admit, that one can be so afraid as to be paralysed with fright, and in that case one just cannot do anything. In such a condition a person may be in the astral body and may be so utterly terrified that even the astral body is unable to move. Of course that delays the return to the physical body for some time, until the sharpness of the fear wears off. Fear does wear off, you know, a sensation can be sustained only for a certain time. *So a person who is afraid - merely delays a perfectly safe return to the physical body.*

We are not the only form of life in the astral, just

as humans are not the only form of life on Earth. In this world of ours, we have pleasant creatures like cats and dogs and horses and birds, to mention just a few; but there are also unpleasant creatures like spiders (edderkopp-) bite or snakes that poison. There are unpleasant things like germs, microbes and other harmful and noxious things. *If you had seen germs under a high powered microscope you would see such fantastic creatures that you would imagine that you were living in the days of the dragons of fairy tale fame.* **In the astral world there are many things stranger than anything you can encounter on Earth.**

In the astral we shall meet remarkable creatures or people or entities. We shall see Nature Spirits; these, by the way, are almost invariably (uten unntak) good and pleasant. But there are horrible creatures who must have been seen by some of the writers of mythology and legend, because these creatures are like the devils, the satyrs, and other various aspected fiends (djevler) of the myths. Some of these creatures are low elementals, who may later become humans or they may branch (foigrene) out into the animal kingdom. Whatever they may be, at this stage of their development they are thoroughly unpleasant.

It is worth pausing a moment here to point out that drunkards (drankere), those who see "pink elephants" and various other remarkable apparitions, are indeed seeing precisely that type of creature! **Drunkards are people who have driven their astral body out of the physical body and into the very lowest planes of the astral world.** Here they meet truly fearsome creatures, and when the drunkards later recover - as much as he ever does ! - his senses, then he has quite a vivid (livlig) memory of the things that he saw. While getting thoroughly drunk, is one method of getting into the astral world and remembering, it is not one which we would recommend - because it takes one only to the very lowest, to the most degraded planes of the astral. There are various drugs now in use by the medical profession principally in hospitals for the mentally sick which have a similar effect. Mescaline for example - can so alter one's vibrations, that one is literally ejected from the physical body and catapulted into the astral world. Here again, this is not a method to be recommended. Drugs and other forms of getting out of the physical body are truly harmful, they cause harm to the Overself.

Elementals

But let us return to our "elementals." What do we mean by elementals? Well, elementals are a primary (-grunn-) form of spirit life. *They are a stage up from thought forms.* These thought forms are merely projections from the conscious or unconscious mind of the human, and they have merely a pseudo life of their own. Thought forms were created by the ancient Egyptian priests in order that the mummified bodies of great pharaohs and famous queens could be protected from those who would desecrate (skjende) the ancient tombs. Thought forms are constructed with the idea that they shall repel (drive tilbake) invaders, that they shall attack by impinging (innvirke) upon the consciousness of those who would intrude, and, in impinging upon the consciousness, to cause such extreme terror that the would-be burglar flees. We are not concerned with thought forms, for they are mindless entities, which are merely charged by long-dead priests and set to accomplish certain tasks, the guarding of tombs against invaders. We are concerned for the moment with elementals.

Elementals, as we have stated, are spirit people in the early stages of development. In the spirit world, the astral world, they correspond roughly to the position occupied by monkeys in the human world. Monkeys are irresponsible, mischievous (skøyeraktige), frequently spiteful (ondskapsfulle) and vicious, and they have no great reasoning power of their own. They are, as one might say, just animated lumps of protoplasm. Elementals, occupying about the same status in the astral world as monkeys in the human world, are forms which move about more or less without purpose, they jibber ("er umulige") and put on strange horrifying expressions, they make threatening motions at an astral travelling human, but, of course, they can do no harm. *Always keep that in mind; they can do no harm.*

If you have ever been so unfortunate as to go to a mental hospital and see really bad cases of mental derangement (sinnsforvirrete), you will have been shocked at the manner in which some of the worst cases there come up to one and make threatening, or possibly meaningless, gestures. They slobber (sikler) and drool, but if they are faced with determination (fasthet) - they, being of a very inferior (lavere) mentality, always retreat.

When you move through the lower astral planes you may meet some of these people, some of these strange, outlandish creatures. Sometimes if a traveller is timid (engstlig), these creatures cluster around and try to fluster (skremme) one. There is no harm in that, they are quite harmless, really, unless one is afraid of them. When one is starting astral travel you

will often get two or three of these lower entities congregating (samle seg) nearby - to see how one "makes out," in much the same way as a certain type of person always likes to look at a learner driver taking a car out for the first time. The spectators (tilskuerne) always hope that something gory or exciting will happen, and sometimes if the learner driver is flustered he, or, more usually, she, will collide with a lamp post or something else to the great delight of the spectators. The spectators, as such, mean no harm, they are just sensationalists trying to get a cheap thrill. So with the elementals, they are merely out for "cheap" entertainment. They like to see the discomfiture (forvirring) of humans, therefore, if you show any fear, these elementals will be delighted and will keep up their gesticulations, their fierce (barsk/bister) and threatening approaches. Actually, they can do nothing whatever to any human, they are more like dogs who can bark only, and a barking dog does no harm. *Furthermore, they can only annoy (plage) you so long as you, through your fear, permit them to.*

Have no fear, nothing whatever can happen to you. You leave your body, you soar into the astral plane, and about ninety or ninety nine times out of a hundred you will not see any of these low entities. Again, you will only see them if you are afraid of them. Normally you will soar up and beyond their realm, they are clustered right at the bottom of the astral plane in much the same way as worms cluster at the bottom of a river or sea.

When you move up into the astral planes you will meet many remarkable occurrences. You may in the distance see great and brilliant gleams (glimt) of light. These are from planes of existence presently beyond your reach. Remember our keyboard? The human entity, while in the flesh, can be aware of only three or four "notes," but in getting out of the body and into the astral world - you have extended your range of "notes" a little upwards, you have extended that range enough to become aware that there are greater things ahead of you. Some of these "things" are represented by the bright lights, which are so bright that you cannot really see what they are.



But let us content ourselves for the time being with the middle astral. Here you can visit your friends or your relations, you can visit the cities of the world and see the great public buildings, you can read books in strange languages, for - remember - in the middle astral plane all languages are known to you. You will need to practice astral travel. Here is a description of what it is like, a description which can be your own experience with practice.

The day had grown old and the shadows of night had fallen, leaving the purple twilight, which gradually grew darker and darker - until at last the sky turned indigo, and then - black. Little lights had sprung up all around, the whitish - blue lights which illumined the streets, the yellowish lights which were the lights within the houses, perhaps they had been tinted somewhat by the blinds or curtains through which they shone.

The body was resting in bed fully conscious, fully relaxed.. Gradually there came a faint creaking (knirkende) sensation, a feeling as if something was drifting, shifting. There was the faintest of faint itches (svak kløe) throughout the body, gradually there came a separation. Above the prone (liggende-) body - a cloud formed at the end of a gleaming Silver Cord, the cloud started as an indistinct mass something like a big blot (klatt) of ink floating in the air. Slowly it formed into the shape of a human body, it formed and rose to about three or four feet where it swayed and twisted. Over some seconds the body of the astral rose higher, then the feet tilted. Slowly it sank down, so that it was standing at the foot of the bed, looking at the physical body, which it had just left and to which it was still attached.

In the room the flickering shadows crept into the corners like strange animals at bay. The Silver Cord was vibrating and shining with a dull silvery - blue light, the astral body itself was slimmed with blue light. The figure in the astral looked about and then looked down upon the physical body resting comfortably on the bed. The eyes were now shut, the breathing was quiet and shallow, there was no movement, no twitching, the body appeared to be resting comfortably. The Silver Cord did not vibrate - therefore there was no evidence of any unease.

Satisfied, the astral form silently and slowly rose up into the air, passed through the ceiling of the room and through the roof above, and out into the night air. The Silver Cord lengthened but did not diminish in thickness. It was as if the astral figure was a gas - filled balloon tethered (tjoret) to the house, which was the physical body. The astral figure rose until it was fifty, a hundred, two hundred feet above the rooftops. There it stopped, floated idly, and looked about.

From houses all along the street and from streets beyond, there were the faint, blue lines, which were the Silver Cords of other people. They extended up and up, and disappeared into some illimitable distance. *People always travel by night whether they know it or not, but only the favoured ones, the ones who practise, come back with the full knowledge of all that they have done.*

This particular astral form was floating above the rooftops, looking about, deciding where to go. At last it decided to visit a land far, far away. Upon the instant of decision, it started into fantastic speed, whirling almost with the speed of thought across the land, across the seas, and as it crossed the sea below - the great waves leapt up with the white crests at the top. At one point in its journey it peered down at a great liner racing across the turbulent sea with all lights on and the sound of music coming from the decks. The astral form sped on overtaking time. The night gave way to the evening before; the astral form was catching up on time, night gave way to evening and evening, in its turn, was overtaken and became late afternoon. Late afternoon was outstripped and become noon itself. At last in the bright sunlight the astral figure saw that which it had come to see, the land so far away, a dearly beloved land with dearly beloved people. Gently the astral figure sank to the earth and mixed unseen, unheard among those who were in the physical body.

Eventually there came an insistent tugging (pågående rykk), a twisting of the Silver Cord. Far, far away in a different land - the physical body which had been left behind, was sensing the break of day and was recalling its astral. For some moments the astral lingered (nølte) on, but at last the warning could no longer be ignored. Up into the air rose the shadowed form, poised motionless for a moment like a homing pigeon (brevdue), then sped across the skies, flashing across land, across water, back to the place of the rooftop. Other cords were trembling too, other people were returning to their physical bodies, but this particular astral form sank down through the rooftop and emerged through the ceiling over the slumbering figure of its physical. Lightly, slowly, it sank down and positioned itself precisely above the physical body. Slowly, gently, with infinite care it descended and merged into that physical body. For a moment there was a sensation of intense cold, a sensation of dullness, of leaden weight pressing down. Gone was the lightness, the feeling of freedom, the bright colours experienced in the astral body, instead there was cold. *It felt as if a warm body was putting on a wet suit of clothes.*

The physical body stirred and the eyes opened. Outside the windows, the first faint streaks of daylight

were showing above the horizon. The body stirred and said, "I remember all my experiences of the night."

You too can have such experiences, you too can travel in the astral, you can see those whom you love, and the greater the ties between you and those whom you love - the more easily you can travel. It needs practice and more practice. According to old Eastern tales, in the days of long long ago - all mankind could travel in the astral, but because so many people abused that privilege it was taken away. For those who are pure in thought, for those who are pure in mind, practice will bring release for the leaden, cloying weight of the body, and will enable one to go wherever one wills.

You will not do it in five minutes, nor in five days. **You must "imagine" that you can do it.** Whatever you believe you are, that you are. Whatever you believe you can do, that you can do. If you really believe, if you sincerely believe that you can do a thing, then you can do that thing. Believe, believe, and with practice you will travel in the astral.

Again, have no fear for while in the astral no one can harm you - no matter how fearsome, no matter how terrifying is the aspect of lower entities whom you may, but probably will not, see. *They can do nothing to you unless you are afraid. The absence of fear ensures your absolute protection.*

So will you practice, will you decide where you are going? Lie down upon your bed, you must be alone in your bed, of course, and tell yourself that this night you are going to such - and - such a place to see so - and - so, and when you awaken in the morning, you will remember everything that you did. Practice is all that is necessary to make this attainable.

LESSON ELEVEN

THE PRACTICE OF THE ASTRAL TRIP

The subject of astral travelling is, of course, of vital importance, and for that reason it might be advantageous to devote this Lesson to more notes about that quite fascinating pastime (gjøremål).

We suggest that you carefully read this Lesson, go through it at least as meticulously (omhyggelig) as you have gone through the other Lessons, and then decide upon an evening a few days ahead as the evening of your Experiment. Prepare yourself by thinking that upon the chosen evening you are going out of the body and remain fully conscious, fully aware of all that is happening

As you know, there is a very great deal in preparing, in deciding in advance what one is going to do. The

Ancients of Old used "incantations," in other words, they repeated a mantra (that is, a form of prayer) which had as its objective the subjugating (undertvingelse) of the sub-conscious. By repeating their mantra - the consciously one tenth of us - was able to send an imperative order to the subconscious. You could have a mantra such as this: - "On such - and - such a day - I am going to travel in the astral world, and I am going to remain fully aware of all that which I do and be fully aware of all that which I see. I shall remember all this and recall it fully when I am again in my body. I shall do this without fail".

You should repeat this mantra in groups of three, that is, you should say it, then having said it - you should repeat it, then having repeated it - you should affirm it once more. The mechanics of it is something like this: One states a thing, that is not enough to alert the subconscious because one is always stating things, and we are sure that the sub-conscious thinks that the conscious part of us is very talkative! (snakkesalig). Having stated our mantra once, the subconscious is not at all alerted. The second time the same words are stated, and they must be stated quite identically, the sub-conscious begins to take notice. At the third affirmation the subconscious - as one might say - wonders what it is all about and is fully receptive to our mantra, and the mantra is received and stored. Supposing you say your three affirmations in the morning, then you will want to say them (when you are alone, of course) - at midday and again in the afternoon - and again before you retire and go to sleep. It is as knocking in a nail; you have your nail, you start the point in the wood but one blow is not enough, you have to keep administering blows (slag) until the nail is in the wood to the depths desired. In much the same way, the affirmations administer blows, which drive the desired statement into the awareness of the sub-conscious.

This is not a new device by any means, it is as old as humanity itself, for the old, old people of days long gone, knew a lot about mantras and affirmations, it is only we in this modern age who have forgotten, or perhaps have become cynical about the whole affair. For that reason we impress upon you the urge that you must state your affirmations to yourself and not let anyone else know about them, for if other sceptical people know about them they will laugh at you and perhaps throw doubt in your mind. It is people laughing and throwing doubt, which has stopped adults from seeing Nature Spirits and being able to converse telepathically with animals. Remember that.

You will have decided upon the evening of a suitable day, and on the day in question when it arrives, you must make every effort to remain tranquil

(rolig/fredfylt), to remain at peace with yourself and with everyone else. This is of vital importance. There must be no conflict within you, which would cause you to become excited. For example, suppose you have had a heated argument with someone that day, then you will be thinking of what you would have said if you had had more time to think, you will think of things said to you, and your whole attention will not be focused upon travelling in the astral. If you are disturbed or distressed during the proposed day, postpone (utsett) your astral travelling - consciousness until another more peaceful day. But assuming that everything's tranquil and that all day you have been thinking of astral travelling with pleasurable anticipation - just as you would pleasurable anticipate a journey to some loved one who lived so distant from you - that it would be an event indeed to so travel, then go to your bedroom, undress slowly keeping quite calm and breathing steadily. When you are ready - get into your bed, make sure that your night attire (antrekk) is quite comfortable, that is, it should not be tight around the neck nor should it be tight around the waist, for if you have distractions such as a tight neckband or a tight waistband, this irritates the physical body and may cause a jerk at a crucial moment. See that your bedroom is of a temperature most convenient to you, that is, neither too hot nor too cold. If you have little clothing on the bed - so much the better because you do not want to be oppressed by an excessive weight of material above you. (bruk altså en lett dyne).

Turn out your bedroom light, and you will, of course, have made sure that your curtains are drawn closed, so that no vagrant (flakkende) rays of light can flicker into your eyes at the wrong moment. With all this satisfactorily accomplished, lie down comfortably.

Settle yourself, let yourself go limp (avslappet), let yourself become completely and utterly relaxed. Do not fall asleep if you can help it, although if you have repeated your mantra successfully, sleep will not matter, because you will still remember. We advise you to stay awake if you can, because it really is interesting, this first trip out the body.

Lying comfortably - preferably on your back - imagine that you are forcing another body out of yourself, imagine that the ghostly form of the astral is being pushed out. You can feel it rising up something like a cork rising up through water, you can feel it withdrawing from your own flesh - body molecules. There is a very slight tingling (prikking), then will come a moment when the tingling almost ceases. Be careful here, because the next motion will be a twitch (rykk), unless you are careful, and if you do twitch violently - your astral body will come back

with a thud (dunk) into the physical.

Most people, in fact we might almost say everyone, has had the experience of apparently falling just at the point of sleep. Learned pundits ("forståsegpåere") have stated that this is a relic of the days when humans were monkeys. Actually, this sensation of falling is caused by a twitch, which causes the newly floating astral body to FALL back into the physical body. Often it will jerk (rykke) one into complete awakeness, but whatever it is, there is usually a violent twitch or jerk - and back comes the astral body without having got more than a few inches out of the physical.

If you are aware that there is a possibility of a twitch, then you will not twitch, so let yourself become aware of difficulties - then you can overcome them. After the slight tingling stops, make no movement at all, and there will be a sudden coolness, a feeling as if something has left you. You may have an impression that there is something just above you, as if, to put it crudely(vulgært), someone was dropping a pillow on you. Do not be disturbed, and if you are not disturbed - the next thing that you will know is that you are looking at yourself from perhaps the end of the bed, or even from the ceiling looking down.

Examine yourself with as much composure (fatning) as you can manage on this first occasion, because you never see yourself so plainly (klart) as you do on this first excursion. You will look at yourself, and no doubt you will exclaim(utbryte) with astonishment when you find that you are nothing like you expected. We know that you look in mirrors, but a person does not see a true reflection in even the best mirror. Lefts and rights are reversed, for example, and there are other distortions. There is nothing like coming face to face with yourself!

Having examined yourself, then you should practice moving about the room, look in a closet or in a chest of drawers, observe how easily you can go anywhere. Examine the ceiling, examine those places where you cannot normally reach. No doubt you will find much dust in the inaccessible places, and that will give you another useful experiment; try to leave fingerprints in the dust, and you find you cannot. Your fingers and your hand and your arm as well sink through the wall without any sensation whatever.

When you are satisfied that you can move about at will, look between your astral and your physical. Do you see how your Silver Cord is sparkling? If you have ever visited an old blacksmith's (grovsmed) shop - you will be reminded of the way in which the red hot metal sparkled when it was hit by the blacksmith's hammer, but in this case, instead of sparkling cherry - red, the sparklings will be blue or even yellow. Move away from your physical body and you find that the Silver Cord stretches without any effort, without any

diminution (reduksjon) of diameter. Look again at your physical body, and then go to where you had planned, think of the person or of the place, and make no effort whatsoever, just think of the person and the place.

Up you will rise through the ceiling, you will see your home and your street beneath. Then, if it is your first conscious trip, you will proceed fairly slowly to your destination. You will be going slowly enough to recognise the terrain beneath you. When you are used to astral travelling consciously, you will go with the speed of thought, and when you can do that there is no limit whatsoever to where you go.

When you are practised in astral travelling you can go anywhere at all, not merely anywhere on this Earth. The astral body does not breathe air, and so you can go into space, you can go to other worlds, many people do. Unfortunately, through present day conditions, they do not remember where they go. You, with practice, can be different.

If you find it difficult to concentrate upon the person whom you propose to visit - it is suggested that you have a photograph of that person, not a framed photograph -because if you have a framed photograph in bed, you may roll over and break the glass, thus causing cuts. Have an ordinary unframed photograph, and hold it in your hands. Before turning out the light take a long long look at the photograph, then extinguish the light and try to retain a visual impression of the person whose features are in that photograph. That may make it easier for you.

Some people cannot do astral travelling if they are comfortable, if they are well fed or warm. Some people can only go astral travelling consciously when they are uncomfortable, when they are cold or hungry, and it is indeed a fact, though an astonishing one, that certain people deliberately (vel overveiende-) eat something that disagrees with them - so that they get indigestion!(dårlig fordøyelse). Then they can do astral travelling without any particular difficulty. *We suppose the reason for that is that the astral body gets heartily sick of the discomfort of the physical body.*

In Tibet and India there are hermits who are walled up, who never see the light of day. These hermits are fed perhaps once every three days, and fed just enough in order that life may be sustained, in order that the feebly flickering flame of life may be not extinguished. These men are able to do astral travelling all the time, and they travel in astral form to anywhere where there is anything to be learned. They travel so that they may converse with those who are telepathic, they travel that they may perhaps influence things for good. It is possible that in your own astral travels you will come across such men as these, and if you

do - you will indeed be blessed, for they will stop and give you advice and tell you how you may progress further.

Read and re - read this Lesson. We repeat again that only practice and faith are necessary in order that you, too, may travel in the astral and be freed for a time from the troubles of this world.

In the 12th lesson he describes the necessity of total relax in the body if these higher spiritual forces shall begin to work and he also touches the strong forces building up in groupmeditation. Sitting in a circle but without physical contact between the participants - and nobody to talk - just silence. He underlines the necessity in silence in such gatherings. Inside one can think (or may yet say together) - BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD - BE STILL AND KNOW THE I WITHIN.

In the next lesson he comes into why we have to come to this heavy life on earth:

LESSON THIRTEEN:

THE SCHOOL OF EARTH AND THE PLANNING BEFORE INCARNATION

Who has not - at some time or other, wondered "What is the purpose of life on Earth? Is it really necessary to have so much suffering, so much hardship?" Actually, of course, it is necessary that there should be suffering and hardship and wars. We place too much store upon the things of this Earth, we tend to think that here is nothing so important as life on Earth. Actually, upon Earth we are merely as actors upon a stage, changing our clothes to suit the role that we have to play, and at the end of each act retiring for a while, to return to the next act perhaps in different garb.

Wars are necessary. Without wars the world would soon be overpopulated. Wars are necessary in order that there may be opportunities for self - sacrifice and for Man to rise above the limits of the flesh in the service of others. We look upon life as it is lived on this world as the only thing that matters. Actually it is the thing that matters least.

When we are in the spirit we are indestructible. We are immune from hardships and from illnesses. Thus, the spirit which has to gain experience, motivates a body of flesh and bone - a body which is but a lump of animated protoplasm - in order that lessons may be learned. Upon Earth the body is as a puppet, jerking and twitching to the orders of the

Overself who, through the Silver Cord, commands and receives messages.

Let us look at things in a rather different way for a moment, shall we? A person who comes to Earth for perhaps the first time is a helpless creature, something like a baby, and he is not able to make any plans for himself. Thus, plans have to be made for him by other people. We are not concerned with those who are unevolved, for if you are studying this Course it shows that you have reached a stage of evolution in which you are able to plan more or less that which you have to learn. Let us look upon the scene before one comes to Earth.

A person - an entity - has returned to the Overself in the astral planes - has returned from one life on Earth. The entity will have seen all the mistakes, all the faults of that life, and will have decided, perhaps alone, perhaps in company with others, that certain lessons were not learned and will have to be undertaken again. So plans are made whereby the entity will go down into a body once more. A search is made for parents who will afford the necessary facilities for the type of environment which is now required. That is, if a person has to be accustomed to handling money - he will be born to rich parents, or if a person has to rise from "the gutter" (rennestenen) - he will be born to parents in very poor circumstances indeed. He may even have to be born crippled or blind, it all depends on what has to be learned.

A human on Earth is as a child in a classroom. Think of it in terms of classrooms. A child is in a classroom with a lot of other children. For some reason this particular child does not do so well, does not master the lessons, and so at the end of the term he makes a very poor showing at the examinations. The teachers decide that on the basis of his general attitude and grades during the term, and the general mess (uorden) that he has made of the examination itself, he is not fit, not ready to be promoted to a higher grade. Thus, the child goes off on the school vacation at the end of term with the unhappy knowledge that when school starts again, he is going to have to come back to the same old class!

With the resumption of school activities, the child who was not promoted (forfremmet) goes back to learn all the same lessons, to have another chance. But those who studied more assiduously (flittig) - go on and reach a higher grade, and perhaps are treated with more consideration by the teachers, because these children are ones who have tried, who have mastered their lessons and who have progressed. The one who was left behind feels self - conscious (sjenert) with the new members of the class, he tends to lord (spille herre/tyranisere) it over them for the time being, to show that although he did not pass into a

higher grade, it was because he did not want to. If at the end of this term the boy does not show signs of progress, then it may be that the teachers will hold a conference, and they may even decide that the boy is of an inferior (lavere) mentality and recommend that he be moved to a different type of school.

If children at school are doing well and progressing satisfactorily through their studies, there will come a time when they have to decide what they are going to be in later life. Are they going to be doctors, lawyers, carpenters or bus drivers? Whatever it is, they will have to undergo the necessary studies. A doctor to be - will need to study different things than would a bus driver to-be(-vordende), and in consultation with teachers, the necessary studies are arranged.

So it is in the spirit world; before a human is born, several months before he is born, in fact, somewhere in the world of sprit - there is a conference. The one who is going to enter into a human body discusses with advisors how certain lessons may be learned in much the same way as a student upon Earth will discuss how he may study to obtain his desired qualifications. The spirit advisors are able to say that the student about to enter into the school of the world shall become a son or daughter of a certain married couple, or even of an unmarried couple! There will be a discussion as to what has to be learned and what hardships have to be undergone, for it is a sad fact that hardship teaches one more quickly and more permanently than does kindness. It is also worthy of note that it does not at all mean that because a person is at present in a lowly position, that that person is lowly in the spirit world. Often a person will be in a menial (tjener) position in a certain life - in order that specified lessons may be learned, yet in the life to be - the person may be a high entity indeed.

It is unfortunate that upon Earth a person is judged by the amount of money he has, by what his parents were, and this, of course, is tragically absurd. It is much the same as judging a school boy, or his progress, by how much money his father has - instead of judging the boy by his own progress. We repeat that no one has so far succeeded in taking even one single penny beyond the barrier of death, but all knowledge is taken, every experience undergone is stored and taken away into the life beyond. Thus, those who think that because they have a million or so, they are going to get a front seat in heaven, are going to be sadly and unpleasantly mistaken. Money, position, race and colour do not matter in the slightest; the only thing that matters is the degree of spirituality which one has reached!

To return to our spirit: it is about to enter into another incarnation; when suitable parents have been found, then, at the appropriate time, the spirit will

enter into the forming body of the unborn infant, and with the entering in to the body there will become an instant erasure (utvisking) of the conscious memories of the life beyond such entering. It would of course be a terrible thing if the baby had a memory of when he was, perhaps, very closely, very intimately related to his mother or his father! It would be tragic and painful if the baby could remember that in the past life he was a great king, and now he was the poorest of the poor. For that reason, among many others, it is an act of mercy that the average person cannot remember his or her past life, but when they once again pass through this life and return to the spirit world - everything - **Everything** - is remembered.

Many people adhere most rigidly (henger steil fast ved..) to the old statement "Honour thy father and thy mother." While this is indeed a most laudable (prisverdig) feeling, it should be made clear that many many people upon Earth will never again see their father or their mother when they enter into the spirit world! In the old days it was very necessary that the priests do everything possible to gain the co-operation of parents in order that young men and young women did not leave the tribes, because the wealth of tribes in those days rested in the young people. The more numerous the tribe was - the more easily could they overcome small tribes. Thus it was that the priests exhorted children to obey the parents, and the parents in particular obeyed the priests.

Let us state quite definitely that we do indeed agree that parents should be "honoured" provided they merit (fortjener) it. We also state that if a parent is overbearing or unkind or tyrannical, then that parent has rejected and spurned all rights to be "honoured". There is no need whatever for the slavish obedience, which some "children" give to their parents. Some "children" are adult and married, and have perhaps lived half a century on their own, yet they still tremble with fear or apprehension when the name of a parent is mentioned. Frequently it leads to a neurosis, and instead of commanding love, there is perhaps fear and ill-concealed hatred. Yet these "children" - perhaps half a century or more of age - feel guilt because they have been brought up to the belief "Honour thy father and thy mother."

For those so afflicted (rammet) - we would like to say again quite definitely, quite emphatically, that if you are unhappy with your parents, you will never see them again in the spirit world. In the spirit world there is the Law of Harnony, and it is utterly impossible for you to meet anyone with whom you are incompatible (passer sammen). Thus, if you are married to a partner and yours is a marriage of convenience (bekvemlighet), a marriage which you are afraid to break for fear of what the neighbours

will say, you will never again meet your partner in the spirit world - unless he or she alters so radically (or if YOU, alter!) that you are both compatible.

We must again repeat, so that there is no possibility of misunderstanding: - if you and your parents are incompatible, if you do not get on, if you are not happy together, if you are not suited to each other, then you will not meet on any other plane of existence. The same applied to relatives, or husband and wife. They must definitely be compatible and in complete harmony before they can meet again. This is one of the reasons why it is necessary for spirits to have a physical body, that lessons may be learned, because only in the physical body can two antagonistic (fiendlike) entities be brought into contact so that they may try to "smooth off the rough edges" and reach mutual (gjensidig) understanding.

Later, in another Lesson, we shall deal with the problems of God or Gods, and of different forms of religious belief. Humans mistakenly think that they are of the greatest form of existence. That is quite incorrect, and again it is an idea fostered by organised religions. Religious thought - teaches one that Man is made in the image of God, therefore, if Man is made in the image of God, there can be nothing higher than Man! Actually, on other worlds there are some very very high forms of life. God is not a benevolent old gentleman who peers at us kindly through the pages of some book. God is a very real thing, a living Spirit who guides us all, but not necessarily in the way that we have been taught.

Relationship with others

Finally in this Lesson think over your own relationship with your parents, or with your partner, or with your relations. Are you happy with them? Are you, really? Or are you living apart? Could you contemplate living with any of these people permanently throughout the rest of existence? Remember when you were at school, there were a number of people in the class with you, there were teachers. You had to pay respect to the teachers, but they are no permanently associated with your life, they were temporary measures, people appointed to supervise your education. Your parents also are people whom you have chosen - with their permission in the spirit world - to sponsor and supervise your development. If people sincerely love their parents, and not because some religious teaching tells them they should, then they will indeed have the greatest joy of all in knowing that they will definitely meet their parents on "the other side." Conditions on the other side will be what you here on Earth make them.

LESSON FOURTEEN

Giving and receiving

All of us are anxious to get things done for us, to get things given to us. Probably everyone would admit to having prayed for assistance! It is, of course, a natural thing in human affairs to want the assistance of someone else. Man feels insecure alone and wants the "God - Father" image or the "Mother" image in order that he may feel protected, may feel that he is one of a great Family. But in order that one may receive, one must first give. You cannot receive without giving, for the act of giving - the attitude of opening the mind - makes it possible for you to be receptive to those who are willing to give what you want to receive!

When we say "give" we do not necessarily mean money, although it is usual to give money, because that is what most people desire above all else. Money at the present time signifies security from want, relief from the fear of starvation, freedom from the visits of the debt collector! Money can be given, and must be given under certain conditions, but "give" also means to give of oneself, to be willing to be of service to others. We can, and must, give money or goods or assistance or spiritual consolation to those who need them. Again, unless we give - we cannot receive.

There is much misconception about "give," "aims," "begging," and similar matters relating to so - called "charity"(nestekjærlighet) in the Western world. It seems that people imagine that there is something shameful, something degrading in having to solicit (be om) assistance from another one. But this is definitely not the case. Money is merely a commodity(vare) which is lent to us while upon the Earth, it is a commodity with which we can buy happiness and self - advancement by helping others with that money - instead of hoarding (hamstre) it uselessly in some dead stone vault.(hvelv)

This, unfortunately, is the world of commerce (handel) where a mans measure is taken by the money that he has in his bank and by the outward show he makes with that money. The flashily dressed man or the woman who gives for his own satisfaction - to build up a false facade - is not a spiritual man nor a generous man, he is a man who is spending without any thought of giving, he is spending selfishly that his own ego may be bolstered... *(end of extract of this chapter - which also tells how the people of the east learn to GIVE and SERVE - but not through money - which they don't have..)*

Believing or understanding the higher realities

In lesson 15 he again talk about the meaning of believing or understanding the higher realities - also through religions - and underline the importance of mastering fear - which is an old heritage from religions long past.

...any parent will agree that it is much easier to control children by kindness than by constant threats. Those parents who keep threatening to call in a policeman or the bogeyman or to sell their children, are the ones who cause a neurosis in the child and, later, in the race. But those parents who can control by firmness and kindness, and have their children living in joy, they are the ones who produce good citizens. We wholeheartedly subscribe to the view that one must have kindness and discipline; discipline should never mean harshness or sadism.

Again, let us rejoice in religion, let us be the "children" of the "parents" who teach with love, with compassion, and with understanding. Let us do away with all the falseness, all the baseness of terror and punishment and eternal damnation. There is no such thing as "eternal damnation," no one is ever discarded (vraket), there is no such thing as a person being banished from the Spirit World! Every single person can be saved - no matter how bad he or she has been; no one has to be rejected. The Akashic Record, with which we shall deal later, tells us that if a person is so terribly terribly bad that nothing can be done with him for the moment - he is merely delayed in his evolution, and is later given another chance to come along with "another round of existence" - in much the same way as a child who played about in class, and could not pass the end of term examinations, does not move up to a higher grade with his fellows, but is kept back to study the curriculum (leseplan) all over again.

One would not say that a child is toasted over a slow fire or tossed to hungry devils for mastication - because he skipped some of his lesson work or played truant (skulket) a few times. The teachers assigned (tildelt) to him - might talk to him rather more firmly than he liked, but apart from that, no harm would come to him, and if he were expelled from that particular school, he would soon have to enter another, or be in trouble with the truant officer (skulkeinspektør)! So with the humans on Earth. If you mess up this chance, don't be too disheartened, you will always get another. God is not sadistic, God is not out to destroy us but to help us. We do God a grave disservice when we think that He is always on the lookout to tear us to pieces or toss us to the waiting

devils. If we believe in God, let us believe in mercy (barmhjertighet), because in believing in mercy we shall have mercy, but let us also show mercy to others!

While we are on this subject, let us turn over another box, one which has been collecting a lot of dust because no one in the past, seems to have been interested in this particular package. Turn it over and see what it says.

The Jewish peoples previous existence

According to the Akashic Record the Jewish people are a race who, in a previous existence, could not make progress at all. They did all the things that they should not have done, and they left undone the things that they should have done. They gave themselves up to all the pleasures of the flesh, they became excessively fond of food, fat oily food - so that their bodies became cloyed (overmette) and clogged, and their spirits were not able to soar into the astral by nights, but were instead bound by their gross fleshly envelopes. These people whom we now call "Jews" were not destroyed nor subjected to eternal damnation. Instead they were set off on a fresh round of existence in much the same way as children who play about in class may even be expelled from that school for unruly behaviour, and they may set off to a fresh school and start off in a different class. So for the Jews. In the present round of existence (which is some 72-thousand years of development? R.Ø.remark.) are people who are in a round for the first time, and when they come in contact with the Jews they are puzzled, confused, and afraid. They do not understand what is different about a Jew, they sense that something is different, they sense that a Jew has some knowledge which appears to be not of the Earth, and so the man and woman in a round for the first time wonders and fears, and what a person fears - they persecute (forfølger). Thus it is that the Jews, being an old old race, are persecuted because they are having to work their way through a round once again. Some people envy the Jews their knowledge, their endurance, and again, those things which are envied - one tends to destroy. But we are not dealing with Jews or Gentiles (ikke-jøder), we are dealing with joy in religion; joy, pleasure, makes you learn a thing which you would not learn through terror.

Joy in religion

There are - we cannot repeat it too often ! - no such things as eternal torments (pine), there are no such things as fires which are going to singe (svi) your skin off and make you feel awfully hot about the whole affair. Examine your thinking, examine that

which you have been taught and think how much more reasonable (rimelig) it is that you should have joy and love in your religious belief. You are not responsible for a sadistic father who is going to beat you up or send you into perpetual darkness. *Instead you are dealing with Great Spirits who have gone through all this - long long before humans were ever thought of; they have been through it all, they know the answers, they know the troubles and they have compassion.* So - from our attic (loft-) treasure we say "Rejoice (gled deg..) in religion," smile about your religion, have a warm feeling about your God - no matter what you call Him, for "He" (which also includes **your** HIGHER - OR REAL - SELF) is ever ready to send down healing waves to you, if only you will get this terror, this fright, out of your system.

But now it is time for us to leave this attic of ours and to go down the stairs again, those old creaking stairs. But soon - in the next Lesson - we shall ask you to rejoin us in the "attic" once again, for, looking about, we see there are quite a number of little items lying on the floor or on the shelves around - which will be of interest and; we hope, profit. May we see you in the attic in the next Lesson?

LESSON SIXTEEN

More about fear

So we meet again in our attic! We have cleaned up the place a bit and discovered a few fresh items. Some of them will perhaps shine a little ray of light onto a doubt, which you have had for some time. Look at this for a start: here is a letter, which we received some time ago. It says - shall I read it to you?

"You write much about fear, you say that there is nothing to be afraid of except fear. In your answer to my question you told me that it was fear that was keeping me back, preventing me from progressing. I am not conscious of fear, I do not feel afraid, so what can the matter be?"

Yes, that is quite an interesting problem! Fear - fear is the only thing that can hold one back. Shall we have a look at it? Sit down a moment, let us discuss this problem of fear.

All of us have certain fears. Some people are afraid of the dark, others are afraid of spiders or of snakes, and some of us may be aware of our fears, that is, we have fears which are in our consciousness. But - wait a moment! - our consciousness is only a tenth of us, nine tenths of us are sub - conscious, so what happens if the fear is in our sub - conscious?

Often we will do things under some hidden

compulsion (tvang), or we will refrain from doing something - because of a hidden compulsion. We do not know why we do a certain thing, we do not know why we cannot do a certain thing. There is nothing on the surface, there is nothing that we can "pin down." We act irrationally and if we went to a psychologist and we lay on that couch for long, long hours, at last it may be dragged out of our sub - conscious that we had a fear because of some thing that happened when we were small babies. The fear would be hidden, hidden from our awareness, working at us, nagging (murrende) at us from our sub - conscious, it would be like termites attacking a wooden framed building. The building to all cursory (flyktige) inspections would appear to be sound, flawless, and then, almost overnight, it would collapse under the influence of those termites. The same happen in the matter of fear. *Fear does not have to be conscious to be active, it is most active when it is sub - conscious because then we do not know that it is there, and, not knowing that it is there, there is nothing we can do about it.*

Throughout the lifetime - all of us we have been subjected to certain conditioning influences. A person who has been brought up as a Christian will have been taught that certain things are "not done," certain things are distinctly forbidden. Yet people of a different religion, brought up differently, are permitted to do such things. So in looking into the question of fear we have to examine what has been our racial and family background.

Are you afraid of seeing a ghost? Why? If Aunt Matilda was kindhearted and generous, and loved you dearly during her lifetime, there is no reason whatever to suppose that she is going to love you less when she has left this life and has gone on to a far better stage of existence. So why fear the ghost of Aunt Matilda? We fear the ghost because it is something alien to many of us, we fear a ghost because it may have been taught in our religion that there are no such things, and that one cannot see a ghost unless one is a saint or an associate of saints, or something. We fear that which we do not understand - and it is worth thought that if there were no passports, no language difficulties, there would be less wars because we are afraid of the Russians, or the Turks, or the Afghans, or something else because we do not understand them, we do not know what "makes them tick," or what they are going to do against us.

Fear is a terrible thing, it is a disease, it is a scourge (svøpe), it is a thing that corrodes our intellect. If we have certain reservations about a thing, then we must dig down and find out why. For instance, why do certain religions teach that there is no such thing as reincarnation? One obvious example is this; in the

days of long ago the priests had utter power and they ruled people by terror, by the thought of eternal damnation. Everyone was taught that they had to make the best of this life because there would be no other opportunity. It was known that if people were taught of reincarnation they might tend to slack in this life and pay for it in the next. In connection with this, it used to be perfectly permissible in the China of long ago to contract a debt in this life to be paid in the next! It is also worth remarking that China became decadent because the people believed so much in reincarnation that they did not bother much in this life, instead they just sat around taking their canaries out in cages under the trees at night, and deciding that they would make up for it in the next life, this one would be more or less of a vacation! Well it did not work that way, and so the whole Chinese culture became decadent.

Once again, examine yourself, your intellect, and your imagination. Give yourself "deep analysis" and find out what it is that your sub - conscious is trying to bottle up, what it is that is making you so afraid, so worried, so "jittery"(skvetten) about certain things. When you dig that out, you will find that there are no more fears. *It is fear which stops people from doing astral travelling.* Actually as we well know, astral travelling is remarkably simple, there is no effort to it, it is as simple as breathing and yet most people fear it. Sleep is almost death, sleep is a reminder of death, a reminder that eventually we shall go off into a deep sleep, and we wonder what will happen to us when death, instead of sleep, claims us. We wonder if during our sleep someone will sever our Silver Cord and we will be off. That cannot happen, there is no danger in astral travelling, there is only danger in fear, in fear that you know and more danger in fear that you do not know. We suggest again, and again, get down to this problem of fear. **That which you know and understand is not fearsome, so get to know and understand what it is that you now fear.**

(end of extract from lesson 16)

Dreams - fragments from experiences on the astral plane:

In the next lesson he talks about dreams - fragments from experiences on the astral plane - and he also mentions that many seem to forget to create - through concentration - clothes on astral body when in that body. And many have a lot of fun observing that.. He also recommends again having a photo by the bed - of a person you will visit in the astral. He says **THAT DREAMS ARE WINDOWS INTO ANOTHER WORLD.**

IN lesson 18 he recommends living the "middle way" - not setting up too high claims to oneself - but

just working as hard as necessary to accomplish a specific task.

Last in lesson 18 he has rendered from a letter received from a *clairvoyant lady in Yugoslavia* and the last of it here:

"we of the west have much to learn from the Far East. We have to learn to conquer our imaginations and to overcome fear.

"As I see it, the aura of Western people flicker a lot, they are never quiet, seldom in harmony, and our disorderly aura infects other auras and becomes like an epidemic. Hitler would not have succeeded with his ranting speeches unless the aura of people became afflicted, and influenced by the aura of Hitler. Hitler could only succeed because his listeners could not control their own imagination.

"Are you tired? Will you read a little longer? Let us go to the poorest of men, to the lunatics, let us go to a mental home in Zagreb. Many days ago I made studies through the iron wire there looking at the auras. But they were not the worst cases: A friend of mine introduced me to the senior physician, a very sceptical man. I told him that I wished to observe the aura of his patients. He looked at me as being worthy of incarceration as a lunatic (fengslet som en galning), then at last he decided that he would let me see some of his patients. At last attendants brought in a very very sick woman indeed, she was a terrible looking woman, her eyes rolled and her teeth ground together, and hair stood out like devilish flames around her head. It really was a fearful sight. But it was nothing to what I saw in the invisible world. I saw the soul of the woman right out of her body in a wild struggle with the dark shadow who tried to get possession of the body. All around was in a whirl, and in disharmony. Eventually (omsider) the woman was taken away, and I told the doctor that that woman could not be cured because she was indeed the victim of demoniac possession!"

So we will bring this particular lesson to a close with the remarks that what this very talented lady of Yugoslavia has seen, you also can see with practice, with perseverance(utholdenhed), and with faith. Remember - Rome was not built in a day, and a doctor or a lawyer is not made overnight, they have to study to succeed, and so have you; there is no easy, no painless way out!

And we continue on the...LESSON NINETEEN

The Akashic Records

We have from time to time mentioned the Akashic Record. Now let us discuss this most fascinating subject, for the Akashic Record is something, which concerns every person, and every creature who has ever lived. With the Akashic Record we can travel back along history, we can see all that has happened, not merely upon this world but upon other worlds also, for the scientist is now coming to realise what occultists have always known, that other worlds are occupied by other persons not necessarily human but sentient (sansende/følende) beings nonetheless.

Before we can say much about the Akashic Record we have to know something about the nature of energy or matter. Matter, we are told, is indestructible, it goes on for ever. Waves, electric waves are indestructible. Scientists have recently found that if a current is induced in a coil of copper wire, the temperature of which is reduced to as near absolute zero as possible, the induced current carries on and on and, on, and never grows less. We all know that at normal temperatures the current would soon diminish and die out because of various resistances. So science has found a new medium; science has found that if a copper conductor be reduced sufficiently in temperature, a current continues to flow and remain the same without any outside source of energy. In time scientists will discover that Man has other senses, other abilities, but that will not be discovered yet for the scientist proceeds slowly and not always surely!

We said that waves are indestructible. Let us look at the behaviour of light waves. Light reaches us from far far distant planets in universes remote from our own. Great telescopes on this Earth are probing out into space, in other words, they are gathering light from vastly distant places. Some of the planets from which we receive light sent out that light long before this world, or even this universe, came into existence. Light is a very fast thing indeed, the speed of light is so fast that we can hardly imagine it -but that is because we are in human bodies and are greatly bogged down with all sorts of physical limitations. What we consider to be "fast" here has a different meaning in a different plane of existence. By way of illustration let us say that a round of existence for a human is seventy-two thousand years. During that round, a person comes again and again to different worlds, to different bodies. *The seventy - two thousand years, then, is the length of our "school term."*

When we refer to "light" instead of radio or electric waves or other waves, we do so merely because

light can be observed without any equipment, a radio wave cannot. We can see the light of the sun, the light of the moon, and if we have a good telescope or a powerful pair of binoculars, we can see the light of the far distant stars - which started out before Earth was even a cloud of hydrogen molecules floating in space.

Light is also used as a measure of time or distance. Astronomers refer to "light years," and we are going to tell you again that light - coming from a far distant world - may still be travelling after that world has ceased to exist, from which it is clear that we may be getting a picture from something which is no longer there, something which died years ago. If you find that difficult to understand, look at it in this way; we have a star out in the remote fastnesses of space. For years, for centuries, that star has been reflecting light waves down to Earth. The light waves may take a thousand, ten thousand, or a million years to reach Earth, because a star, the source of the light, is so very distant. One day the star is in collision with another star, there may be a great flash of light or there may be extinction. For our purpose let us say that there is total extinction. So the light is gone, but for a thousand, or ten thousand, or a million years after the light is gone, light still reaches us because it takes all that time to cover the distance between the original source of light and ourselves. Thus, we should be seeing light after its source ceases to exist.

Let us assume something which is utterly impossible while we are in the physical body, but which is quite easy and commonplace when out of the body. Let us assume that we can travel faster than thought. We need to travel faster than thought because thought has a very definite speed as any doctor can tell you. It is actually known how quickly a person reacts to any given situation, how quickly or how slowly a person can put on the brakes of a car, or move the wheel to swerve aside. It is known how quickly thought impulses travel from head to toe. We, for the purpose of this discussion, want to travel instantly. Let us imagine that we can go instantly to a planet, which is receiving light, which was emitted from the Earth three thousand years ago. So we upon this distant planet will be receiving light sent from the Earth three thousand years ago. Supposing we have a telescope of quite unimagined type -with which we can see the surface of the Earth, or interpret the rays of light reaching us, then this light sent out three thousand years ago would show us scenes of the world enacted (ble utspilt) at that time. We should see life as it was in ancient Egypt, we would see the barbarous Western world where people ran about covered in wad or less, and in China we should find quite a high civilization - so much different from what is there at

the present time!

If we could instantly travel closer, we should see quite different pictures. Let us move to a planet which is so distant from the Earth that light takes a thousand years for it to travel between that planet and Earth. Then we should see scenes of Earth as they were enacted a thousand years ago, we should see a high civilization in India, we should see the spread of Christianity throughout the Western world, and perhaps some of the invasions of South America. The world would also look somewhat different from its present appearance because all the time a coast line is altering, land is rising from the sea, shores are being eroded. In a lifetime not much difference is noted, but a thousand years would give us a chance to see and appreciate the difference.

At present we are upon a world which has most remarkable limitations, *we are able to perceive and to receive impressions on only a very limited range of frequencies*. If we could see some of our "out of the body" abilities to the full as we can in the astral world, we should see things in a very different light, we should perceive that all matter is indeed indestructible, every experience that ever has been on the world is still radiating outward in the form of waves. With special abilities we could intercept (oppfange) those waves in much the same way as we can intercept waves of light. Take as a simple example of this - an ordinary slide projector; you switch on your slide projector in a darkened room and you put a slide in the appropriate place. If you put a screen - a white screen for preference - in front of the lens of the projector at a certain distance from it, and you focus the light on the screen, you see a picture. But if you have your projector projecting its picture out of the window and into the darkness beyond, you see just a faint beam of light with no picture. It follows that the light must be intercepted, must be reflecting on something before it can be fully perceived and appreciated. Take a searchlight on a clear and cloudless night; you might see a faint tracery of light, but only when the searchlight impinges (treffer) on a cloud or upon an aeroplane do you actually see it as it is.

It has long been the dream of Mankind to have a thing called "time travel." This, obviously, is a fantastic conception while one is in the flesh and upon the Earth, because here in the flesh we are sadly limited, our bodies are most imperfect instruments, and as we are here to learn, we have implanted in us much doubt, much indecision, and before we can be convinced, we want "proof" - - the ability to pull a thing to pieces to see how it works and to make sure it does not work again. When we get beyond the Earth and into the astral, or even beyond the astral, time

travel is as simple as upon Earth is a visit to a cinema or a theatre.

The Akashic Record then, is a form of vibration, not necessarily light vibrations -because it also embraces sound. *It is a form of vibration, which upon Earth has no term, which can describe it*. The nearest one can do is to liken it to a radio wave. We have about us at all times radio waves coming in from all parts of the world; every one of them brings in a different programme, different languages, different music, and different times. It is possible that waves are coming in from one part of the world, which contains a programme which, to us, is being broadcast tomorrow! All these waves are coming to us constantly, but we are oblivious (ikke-oppmerksomme) to them, and not until we have some mechanical device which we call a radio set - can we receive those waves and slow them down so that they become audible and comprehensible to us. Here, with a mechanical or electrical device, we slow down radio frequency waves and convert them to audio frequency waves. In much the same way, if on Earth, we could slow down the waves of the Akashic Record - we should undoubtedly be able to put authentic historical scenes on the television screen, and then the historians would throw a fit - when they saw that the history as printed in books is completely, completely wrong! (the same says cosmic contacts to spacepeople - who has since long ago overviewed this our earth. R.Ø.remark.)

The Akashic Record is the indestructible vibrations consisting of the sum total of human knowledge - which emanates from the world in much the same way as the radio programme is broadcast, it goes on and on. Everything that has happened on this Earth still exists in vibration form. When we get out of the body, we do not use a special device to understand these waves; we use nothing to slow them down, instead, in getting out of the body, our own "wave receptors" are speeded up so that, with practice, with training, we can receive that which we term the Akashic Record.

Let us get back to this problem of outstripping light. It will be easier if we forget about light for the moment, and deal instead with sound - because sound is slower and we do not have to have such vast distances before getting results. Supposing you are standing out in the open and you suddenly hear a very fast moving jet plane. You hear the sound but it is useless to look up to that point from whence the sound appears to be coming, because the jet plane is going faster than the sound, and so will be ahead of the sound itself. In World War 2, great rockets were sent from enslaved Europe to cause destruction in England. The rockets crashed down on houses, wrecking

them and killing people. The first warning that people had that these rockets were about, was the noise of the explosion and the crashing of falling stones, and the screams of the injured. Later, when the dust was subsiding (la seg) somewhat, came the sound of the rocket arriving! This quite weird experience was caused by the fact that the rocket travelled so very much faster than the sound it made. Hence it was that the rocket did all its destruction before its sound arrived!

One can stand on a hilltop and look at a gun placed perhaps upon another hilltop. One cannot hear the shell from the gun when it is exactly over one, but the sound comes shortly after when the shell is still speeding off into the distance. No person has ever been killed by a shell, which he heard, for the shell arrives first and the sound later. That is why it is so amusing when people in wars used to duck at the sound of a shell passing overhead. Actually, if they could hear the sound, it meant that the shell had passed by. Sound is slow compared to sight or light. Standing again upon this hilltop we can look at a gun being fired, we can see the flash from the muzzle, and much later - the time depending upon the distance we are from the gun - we hear the sound of the shell passing overhead. You might have watched a man chopping (hogge) a tree; the man would be some distance away, you would actually see the axe hitting the tree trunk, and then a short time after you would hear the "thunk thunk" of the sound. This is an experience which most of us have had.

The Akashic Record contains the knowledge of everything that has happened on this world. Worlds elsewhere have their own Akashic Records in much the same way as countries outside our own have their own radio programmes. Those who know how can tune into the Akashic Record of any world, not merely of one's own, and one can then see events of history, one can see how the history books have been falsified. But there is more to the Akashic Record than just satisfying idle curiosity - one can look into this Record and see what went wrong with one's own plans. When we die to the Earth - we go to another plane of existence - where every single one of us has to face up to what we did, or what we did not do; we see the whole of our past life with the speed of thought, we see it through the Akashic Record, see it not just from the time that we were born but from the time that we planned how and where we would be born. Then, having that knowledge, having seen our errors, we plan again and try once more just like a child at school seeing what went wrong with answers to the examination papers, and taking the examination all over again.

Naturally enough, it takes a long long training

before one can see the Akashic Record, but with training, with practice and faith it can be done and is indeed being done constantly. Do you think, maybe, we should pause a moment and discuss this thing called "faith"?(tro - tillit - håp).

"Faith"(tro - tillit - håp)

Faith is a definite thing, which can and must be cultivated in much the same way as a habit or a hot-house plant must be cultivated. Faith is not as hardy as a weed, it is indeed more like a hothouse plant. It must be pampered(forkjæles), must be fed, must be looked after. To obtain faith we must repeat, and repeat, and repeat our affirmation of faith so that the knowledge of it is driven into our sub - conscious. This sub - conscious is nine-tenths (9/10) of us, that is, by far the greater part of us. We often liken it unto a lazy old man, who just does not want to be disturbed. The old man is reading his newspapers, perhaps he has his pipe in his mouth and his feet are encased in comfortable slippers. He is really tired of all the racket, all the noise, all the distraction constantly going on around him. Through years of experience he has learned to shield himself from all - except the most insistent (pågående) interruptions and distractions. Like an old man who is partly deaf, he doesn't hear when he is called the first time. The second time he is called, he doesn't hear because he doesn't want to hear, because he thinks it might be work for him, or some interruption of his lazy leisure (fritid). The third time he starts to get irritable - because the caller is disturbing his trend of thoughts while he is perhaps more anxious to read the racing results than to do anything which requires effort. Keep on and on repeating your faith and then the "old man" will come to life with a jerk (rykk), and when the knowledge is implanted in your sub - conscious, then you will have automatic faith.

We must make it clear here that faith is not belief; you can say "I believe that tomorrow is Monday," and that means a certain thing. You would not say "I have faith that tomorrow is Monday" because that would mean a completely different thing. Faith is something which usually grows up with us. We become a Christian, or a Buddhist, or a Jew because, usually, our parents were Christians, Buddhists, or Jews. We have faith in our parents - we believe that what our parents believed was correct - and so our "faith" became the same as our parents. Certain things which cannot definitely be proved while upon the Earth require faith, other things which can be proved - can be believed or disbelieved. There is a distinction (forskjell), and one should become aware of that distinction.

But, first of all, what do you want to believe, what is it that requires your faith? Decide what it is that needs faith, think of it from all angles. Is it faith in a religion, faith in an ability? Think of it from as many angles as you can, and then, making sure that you think of it in a positive way, affirm - state - to yourself that you can do this or that, or that you will do this or that, or that you firmly believe in this or that. You must keep on affirming it. Unless you do so affirm, you will never have "faith." Great religions have faithful followers. Those faithful followers are ones who have been to church, or chapel, or synagogue, or temple, and by repeated prayers, not merely on their own behalf but by others also, their sub-conscious has become aware that there are some things which must be "a faith."

Mantras

In the Far East there are such things as mantras. A person will say a certain thing - a mantra - and say it again and again, and repeat it time after time. Possibly the person will not even know what the mantra is about! That does not matter because the founders of the religion who composed the mantra will have arranged it in such a way that the vibrations engendered (skapte) - in repeating the mantra - knock into the subconscious, the thing desired. Soon, even though the person does not fully understand the mantra, it becomes part of the person's subconscious, and the faith then is purely automatic. In much the same way, if you repeat prayers time after time you begin to believe them. It is all a matter of getting your sub-conscious to understand and to co-operate, and once you have faith then you do not have to bother any more because your sub-conscious will always remind you that you have this faith, and that you can do those certain things.

Repeat to yourself time after time that you are going to see an aura, that you are going to be telepathic, that you are going to do this or that, whatever it is that you particularly want to do. *Then in time you will do this.* All successful men, all those who become millionaires or inventors are people who have faith in themselves - they have faith that they can do what they set out to do, because believing in themselves - first, believing in their own powers and abilities, they then generated the faith which made that belief come true. If you keep on telling yourself that you are going to succeed, you will succeed, but you will only succeed if you keep on with your affirmation of success and not let doubt (the negative of faith) intrude; Try this affirmation of success, and the results will truly astonish you.

You may have heard of people who can tell another person what they were in a past life, what they were doing. That comes from the Akashic Record, for many people in their "sleep" travel into the astral and see the Akashic Record. When they return in the morning, as we have already discussed, they may bring back a distorted memory, so while some of the things they say are true, others are distortions. You will find that most of the things you hear about relate to suffering. People seem to have been torturers, seem to have been all sorts of things - mainly bad. *That is because we come to this Earth as to a school, we have to remember at all times that people have to have hardship to purge them of their faults, in much the same way that ore (malm) is placed in a furnace (smelteovn) and subjected to intense heat so that the dross or wastage rises to surface, where it can be skimmed off and discarded. (avkastes).* Humans have to undergo stresses, which drive them almost, but not quite, to the breaking point - so that their spirituality may be tested, and their faults may be eradicated (utryddes). People come to this Earth to learn things, and people learn much more quickly and more permanently by hardship than by kindness.

This is a world of hardship, it is a training school which almost a reformatory, and although there are rare kindness which shine out like the beam of a beacon light on a dark - much of the world is strife. Look at the history of nations if you dispute this, look at all the incipient wars. It is indeed a world of impurity, and it makes it difficult for Higher Entities to come here as they must - in order to supervise what is going on.

It is a fact that a Higher Entity coming to this Earth must take up some impurity - which will act almost as an anchor, and keep them in contact with the Earth. The High Entity who comes here cannot come in his own pure, unsullied form, because he could not stand the sorrows and the trials of the Earth. So be careful when you think that such - and - such a person cannot be so high as some people say, because he is too fond of this or too fond of that. As long as he does not drink, then he might be quite high. *Drink, though, cancels out all high abilities.*

Many of the greatest clairvoyants and telepaths have some physical affliction (lidelse/sorg) - because suffering can often increase the rate of vibration and confer (gi) telepathy or clairvoyance upon the sufferer. You cannot know of a person's spirituality by just looking at him. Do not judge a person to be an evil person because he is sick; the sickness may have been taken on deliberately (velvitende) in order that the person can increase his or her rate of vibration for a special task. Do not judge a person harshly because he or she uses a swear word, or does not altogether

act as you think that a Great Person should act. It may indeed be a Great Person who is using swear words or some other "vice" in order to have an anchor to enable him or her to remain upon the Earth. Again, provided that the person does not engage in drink, the person may quite definitely be the Higher Entity, which you originally thought him to be.

There is much impurity on Earth, and all that is impure decays (forfaller), the pure and the incorruptible lives on. That is one of the reasons why we come to Earth; in the spirit world beyond the astral, you cannot have corruption, you cannot have evil on the higher Planes, so people come to Earth to learn the hard way. And again, and again, a Great Entity coming to Earth will take a vice (uvane) or an affliction (lidelse), knowing that as he or she came for a special task - that affliction or vice will not be held as karma (we shall deal with that later) but instead be regarded as a tool, as an anchor, which passes away as corruption (fordervelser) along with the physical body.

There is a further point which we are going to make, and it is: great reformers in this life are sometimes those - who in a previous life - were great offenders (lovovertredere) in the line (felt) in which he or she "reforms." Hitler, undoubtedly will come back as a great reformer. Many of the people from the Spanish Inquisition have come back as great reformers. It is a thought worth thinking of.

Remember - the Middle Way is the way in which to live. Do not be so bad that you have to suffer for it later, and if you are so pure, so holy that everyone is beneath you, then you cannot stay on this Earth. Fortunately, however, no one is THAT pure!

And we goes on to LESSON TWENTY

Exercising telepathy and such....

Soon we hope to deal with telepathy, clairvoyance, and psychometry, but first of all you must permit us a digression - permit us to deal with another subject. We are quite aware that you are thinking by now that we wander off the subject, but that is deliberate; we know what we have in mind, and often it pays YOU for us to draw your attention to a subject and then go on to something else, which is so very necessary by way of a foundation.

We will make it clear now that people who want to be clairvoyant, who want to be telepathic and to have psychometric abilities, will have to proceed slowly. You cannot force development beyond a certain limit. If you will consider the world of nature - you will find that exotic orchids are indeed hot-

house plants, and if they have been forced in their development, then they are very fragile (skjøre) blooms indeed. The same applies to everything - the growth of which has to be stimulated artificially, or which has its growth forced. "Hothouse plants" are not hardy, they are not reliable, they fall prey to all sorts of remarkable ailments (sykdommer). We want you to have a very healthy dose of telepathy, we want you to be able to see into the past by clairvoyance, and we want you to be in such a position - that you can pick up a stone, for instance from the seashore - and tell what has happened to that stone throughout the years. It is possible, you know, for a really good psychometrist to pick up an article on the seashore, where it has not been touched by man, and to visualise quite clearly the time when that fragment of stone was perhaps embodied in a mountain. This is not exaggeration (overdrivelse), it is very ordinary, very easy - when one knows how! Let us, then, lay a good foundation, because one cannot build a house on shifting sands and expect the house to last for very long. In dealing with our "foundations" - let us state first that inner composure (fatning) and tranquility (ro) are two of the cornerstones of our foundation, for unless one has inner composure - one will not have much success at telepathy or clairvoyance. Inner composure is a very definite "must" if one is going to progress beyond the most elementary primary stages.

Humans are indeed a mass of conflicting emotions. One looks about and finds people hurrying about in the street, dashing about in cars, or rushing off to catch a bus. Then there is the last minute dash to the shops to lay in supplies possibly before the shops close for the weekend. We are always in a jangled state; we seethe (koker) and boil, and our brains send off sparks of rage and frustration. Often we will find ourselves growing hot, we will find that we are under tension, that we have queer (underlige) pressures within us. At such times we feel that we could explode. Yes, you might almost do that! But it will not help one at all in the field of esoteric research, if one has such uncontrolled brain waves that one blanks out the incoming signals - the signals are coming in all the time from everywhere from everyone, and if we will open our minds, we will pick up and comprehend those signals.

Have you ever tried to listen to radio during a thunderstorm? Have you ever tried to watch some television programme while some idiot was parked just outside your window and you were getting his car ignition as zig - zag flashes through the screen? Perhaps you have attempted listening to a far - distant station over the howl and crackle of static generated by an electric storm. It is not easy! Some

of us are interested in short - wave reception and listen in to the whole world, listen to the news from different countries, listen to music from various continents. If you have done much in short - wave work, and have listened to far off places, you will know how very very difficult it is at times to pick up speech because of all the interference caused by static, both man - made and natural. Car ignition noises, the clicking on and off of the thermostat in the refrigerator, or perhaps someone is playing about with the doorbell just when we want to listen. We get hotter and hotter "under the collar" as we try to concentrate and pick up the message from the radio. (Remember that this was written in the old days - before we had radioreceivers on the FM-freq.band . r- ø-remark). *Until we can get clear of some of that "static" in our own mind we are going to have difficulty with telepathy, for the noise a human brain churns out is far worse than even that from the most battered old car.* You may think this is exaggeration, but as your powers increase in this direction - you will find that we have rather under - stated the matter.

Let us develop this theme a little further because we must be quite sure of what we are doing before we do it, we must be quite sure of the obstacles in our path, because until we know the obstacles, we cannot overcome them. Let us consider it from a different angle; it is a fairly easy matter to telephone from one continent to another provided that there be a suitable cable laid beneath the ocean. The trans - Atlantic telephone line from, let us say, England to New York, or to Adelaide from England, is a case in point. Using these telephone lines under the water one still gets garbled patches (rotete områder) of speech. At times, also there will be fading, but on the whole we can understand quite well what is being said. Unfortunately, much of the world is not connected by telephone cables! In certain areas, such as between Montreal and Buenos Aires, there are not telephone cables but abominable (gyselige) things called "radio links." (Remember this was written soon half a century ago. R-ø-remark) These horrendous contraptions (innretninger) should never, never be dignified by the name "telephone" because using them appears to us to be a feat of endurance. Speech is frequently garbled beyond recognition, speech is chopped up, high frequencies are cut off and low frequencies are cut off, and so instead of getting a human tone of voice which we can comprehend, we get a flat monotone which could have been spewed out without inflection by some robot. One strains and strains to make out what is being said, but all the time there is a further grave disadvantage; one has to keep talking all the time (even if one has nothing to say!) in order to "keep the circuit open." Added to

that there is the static, which we have already mentioned, but there are various refractions and reflections from the different ionised layers around the Earth. We mention this to show that even with the best equipment on Earth, speech by radio telephone is a matter of hit or miss, and in our experience it is more often miss than hit. *We personally find telepathy to be far far easier than a radiotelephone!*

The brain generates electricity.

You may wonder why we keep on writing about radio and electronics and electricity. The answer is because the brain and the body generate electricity. *The brain and all the muscles send out pulsing electrons, which are in fact, the radio programme of the human body.* Much of the behaviour of the human body, and much of the phenomena of clairvoyance, telepathy, psychometry, and all the rest of it can be so easily understood by reference to the science of radio and electronics. We are trying to make this easy for you, so we are going to ask you to very carefully consider all this matter about electronics and about radio; it DOES mean much to you if you study electronics. The more you study radio and electronics, the more easily will you progress in your development.

Delicate instruments need to be protected from shock. You would not expect to have an expensive television receiver and bang it about, you would not expect to have an expensive watch and keep banging it against the wall. We have the most expensive receivers of all - our brain - and if we are going to use that "receiver" to the best effect, we must protect it from shock. If we are going to let ourselves become agitated or frustrated, then we are going to generate a type of wave within us which will inhibit reception (hemme mottagelsesbølger) of waves without. In telepathy we have to keep as calm as possible otherwise we are going to be wasting our time in making any attempt whatever at receiving the thoughts of others. The first time we shall not get much result in telepathy. So let us concentrate on composure.(bevare fatningen).

Whenever we think, we generate electricity. If we think calmly and without any strong emotion, then our brain electricity will follow a fairly smooth frequency without high peaks, and without low valleys. If we have a high peak, it means that something is interrupting the even tenor of our thoughts. We must be sure that there are no excessive voltages generated, and nothing which could cause "alarm and despondency" (engstelse og fortvilelse) must be permitted within our thinking processes.

We must at all times cultivate inner composure,

cultivate a tranquil manner. No doubt it is annoying (irriterende) if one is hinging out the washing and the telephone rings when one just has one's hands full of wet soggy clothes. No doubt it is frightfully irritating when one misses the special bargain (kjøp) for the week at the local store, but all these things are very mundane (verdslige), they do not help us at all when we leave this world. When we do terminate our stay upon Earth, it will not matter greatly if at all, whether we have dealt with the great super - markets or with the little man in the corner store. Let us repeat again (in case you haven't read it before!) that we cannot take a single penny away with us to the next life, but we can and do take away all the knowledge that we have gained, for the distilled essence of all that we learn upon Earth is that which makes us what we are going to be in the next life. Therefore let us concentrate on knowledge, on the things which we can take away. At present the world has gone money - mad, possession - mad (oh - so much worse today - soon two generations later. R.Ø.remark.) Countries such as Canada and the United States of America are living under a false standard of prosperity, everyone seems to be in debt, everyone is borrowing from the finance companies (alias of the old fashioned money lender, now done up with chromium plate!). People want new cars, each one flashier than the one of the year before. People dash about, they have no time for the serious things of life, they are chasing the things that do not matter. *The only things that matter are the things we learn; we take away with us all the knowledge that we acquire during our stay on Earth, we leave behind us - if we have any - money and possessions for someone else to squander.* Wherefore it be worth for us to concentrate on the things, which will be truly ours - knowledge.

One of the easiest ways of acquiring tranquillity is by breathing in a regular pattern.

Correct breathing

Most people, unfortunately, breathe in a manner, which could be termed "suck - blow, suck - blow," they pant along really starving the brain of oxygen. People seem to think that air is rationed, they have to gulp it in and puff it out. They seem to think the air they take in is hot, or something, for no sooner is it in than they are anxious to get rid of it and get the next load.

We should learn to breathe slowly and deeply. We should make sure that all the stale air is removed from our lungs. If we breathe with only the top of our lungs, that air which is at the bottom becomes staler and staler. The better our air supply is, the better our brainpower will be, for we cannot live without oxygen

and the brain is the first thing to be starved of oxygen. If our brain is deprived of the minimum amount of oxygen we feel tired - sleepy - we become slow in our motion, and we find it difficult to think. Sometimes, too, we find that we get a bad headache, then we go out into the fresh air, which cures the headache, and also proves that one does need plenty of oxygen.

A regular breathing pattern soothes (døyver irriterterte-) ruffled emotions. If you are feeling thoroughly bad tempered - "out of sorts" - and really would like to do violence to someone, take a deep breath instead, the deepest breath you can manage, and hold it for a few seconds. Then let it out slowly over a few seconds. Do that a few times, and you will find that you calm down more quickly than you thought possible.

Do not just suck in breath as fast as you can, and then blow it out as fast as you can. Draw in the breath slowly, steadily, and think - that you are inhaling life and vitality itself. Let us give an illustration; compress your chest, and try to expel as much air as you possibly can, force your lungs in so that - if you wish - your tongue is hanging out from the lack of air. Then, over some ten seconds of time, completely fill your lungs, throw out your chest take in as much air as you can, and then cram in a little more. When you have got in as much air as you possibly can, hold it for five seconds, and after that five seconds slowly let out the air, so slowly that you take seven seconds to get rid of the air within you. Exhale completely, force your muscles inwards to squeeze out as much air as you can. Then start all over again. It might be a good idea if you do this half a dozen times, - and you will find that your frustrations and your bad, bad mood has gone, you will feel better inside too; you will find that you are beginning to get inner composure. (Fatning)

If you are going for an interview which really matters, before you actually go into the interview room, take some deep breaths. You will find that your racing pulse will race no more, it will steady down, you will find that you are more confident (sikker), have less to worry about, and if you do this your interviewer will be impressed with your obvious appearance of confidence Try it!

- There are a shocking number of frustrations and irritations in everyday life, and these things are very harmful indeed. "Civilization" is quite the opposite of that. The more one gets tied up with the trammels of civilization, the more difficult it is to get peace. The man or woman in the heart of a great city is often more irritable, more nervous, than the man or woman in the heart of the countryside. *So it becomes more and more necessary to gain some control over one's emotions.* People who are frustrated and irritable find

that their gastric juices become more and more concentrated. These juices are, of course, acids, and as they become more and more concentrated they "boil up" within us, and eventually reach such a degree of concentration that the inner protective lining (belegg) of our stomach or other organs cannot resist the attacks of the strong acid. Possibly some part of our inner lining is thinner than the rest. Possibly we have some small blemish in side, some hard piece of food which we have swallowed may have caused slight irritation in the stomach. Then the acid has a place at which it can work. It works and works on that thinner place, or irritated spot, and in time it penetrates the protective layer within us. The result is a gastric ulcer which leads us to considerable despondency and pain. As you have probably heard, gastric ulcers are known as the complaint of the irritable and nervous! Let us think about all these irritations; you may be wondering where to get the money to pay the gas bill, or why the electric meter man is fussing around your door when you are busy with something else. You may wonder why do so many silly people send you stupid circulars through the mail? Why should you throw them away? Why not let the sender destroy them first and save You the trouble?

Well - take it easy - think to yourself, ask yourself this question: - "*Will all this matter in fifty or a hundred years' time?*" Whenever you get frustrated, whenever you get almost overcome with the press of ordinary, everyday living, whenever you think that you are going to be submerged in your troubles and your difficulties, think about it again, think - "*Will any of these matters, any of these worries, be important in fifty or a hundred years' time?*" This age of civilisation, so - called, is a very trying age indeed. Everything conspires to make us build up unnatural brain waves, conspires to make strange voltages generate within our brain cells. Normally when one thinks - there is a fairly rhythmical pattern of brain waves which doctors can chart with special instruments. If the brain waves follow a certain pattern, then we are stated to have some mental affliction, so that when a person has a mental sickness probably the first thing that is done is to chart the brain waves to see how they diverge from the normal. It is a fact known to Easterners that if a person can subdue (undertrykke) the abnormal brain waves, then sanity (mentale helse) returns. In the Far East there are various methods used by medical priests whereby the distressed person - the person who has a mental affliction - can be assisted in restoring his brain waves to normalcy.

LESSON TWENTY - ONE

At last - telepathy

We now come in this Lesson to subjects which interest all of us; telepathy. You may have wondered why we have been stressing so much the similarity between the human brain waves and radio waves. In this Lesson you may get more enlightenment on that subject! Here is Figure Nine(not printed here). As you will see, we call it "The Tranquil Head."(det fredfylte hode) It is called "tranquil" because we must be in that state before we can do telepathy or clairvoyance or psychometry, that is why in our last Lesson we dealt (did you say "ad nauseum"?) with those matters. *We must be at ease (ro) within ourselves if we are going to progress.*

Look at it this way; would you expect to get a good symphony concert if you were in the vicinity (naboskap) of a boiler factory? Would you be able to enjoy classical music or whatever form of music you favour - if people were hopping up and down around you screeching at the top of their voices? No, you would either switch off the radio and run screaming yourself, or you would tell everybody to be quiet!

From the Figure of "The Tranquil Head" you will see that there are different receptor areas of the brain. The area, which corresponds roughly to the halo, picks up telepathic waves. We will deal with the other waves later, first we are dealing with telepathy. When we are tranquil we can pick up all sorts of impressions. They are merely the radio waves of other people - coming in and being absorbed by our own receptive brain. You will agree that most people have "hunches."(innskytelse). Most people, at some time, have had a most strange impression that something was going to happen, or that they should take some specific course of action. People who know no better call it "a hunch."(Innfall) Actually it is merely unconscious, or sub - conscious, telepathy, that is the person with the "hunch" was picking up a telepathic message sent out consciously or unconsciously by another person.

Intuition is the same type of thing; it is stated correctly that women possess more intuition than men. *Women could be greater telepaths than the average man if women would not talk so much!*

The female brain is stated to be smaller than that of the male, but of course that does not matter in the slightest. A lot of rubbish has been written about the size of brains affecting the size of intelligence. On the same basis, we suppose an elephant should be a genius compared to human standards! The female brain can "resonate" in harmony with incoming messages, and again in

radio terms, the female brain is a radio set which can be tuned in to a station more easily than can the male brain. It is a matter of simplicity if you prefer that explanation. Do you remember the old old radio set that your father or your grandfather had? There were knobs and dials all over the place, and it was almost a feat of engineering to tune - in the local station. One had to turn up filament controls to make sure that the tubes were at the right voltage. One had to tune-in with a pair of slow motion knobs, often one had to move coils as well, and then there was the volume control. Your grandfather will tell you all about the first radios. Now - well, now one gets hold of a pocket radio, switches it on, moves a knob perhaps with one finger, and there is the programme maybe from half way across the world. The female brain is like that, it is easier to tune than is the male brain.

Identical twins

We would also remind you of identical twins. It is an established fact that identical twins are nearly always in contact with each other, no matter how far they may be apart physically. You can have one twin in North America and another twin in South America, and you will get reports of happenings occurring to the pair of them simultaneously, you will get reports that each knows what the other is doing. That is because these two came from a single cell, came from a single egg, and so their brains are like a pair of carefully matched radio receivers or transmitters. They are "in tune" without any effort at all on the part of the owners.

Now you will want to know how you can do telepathy, for you can do it with practice and with faith, but no matter how much practice, no matter how much faith, you will not do it unless you have our old friend inner composure (indre orden/fatning). The best way to practise is: - Tell yourself for a day or two that on such - and - such a day at such - and - such a time you are going to make your brain receptive so that you can pick up, first general impressions, and then definite telepathic messages. Keep repeating to yourself, keep affirming to yourself, that you are going to succeed in this.

On the pre - determined day, preferably in the evening, retire to a private room. Make sure that the lights are low, and that the temperature is just comfortable for you. Then recline in the position, which you have found to be the most comfortable. Have in your hand a photograph of the person to whom you are most attached. Any light should be behind you so that it

shines on or illuminates the photograph. Breathe deeply for a few minutes, and then clear your mind of all extraneous thoughts, think of the person whose photograph is in your hands, look at the photograph, *visualise the person standing in front of you*. What would this person say to you? What would you reply? Frame your thoughts. You can if you like, say "Speak to me - speak to me." Then wait for a reply. If you are composed, if you have faith, you will get some stirring inside your brain. First you will be inclined to put it down to imagination, but it is not imagination but reality. If you dismiss (avvise) it as idle imagination you will dismiss telepathy.

The easiest way of acquiring telepathic ability is to work with a person whom you know very well, and with whom you are on the most intimate terms of friendship. Both of you should discuss what you are going to do, you should both agree that on such - and - such a date at such - and such a time you will get in touch with each other telepathically. Both of you should retire to rooms, it does not matter how far apart, it can even be a continent apart, for distance is no object. But you must make sure that you make allowance for any difference in time, for example Buenos Aires may be two hours ahead of New York in time. You have to allow for that otherwise your experiment will fail. You also have to agree who is going to transmit and who is going to receive. You can do it easily if you synchronise your watches, and go by Greenwich Mean Time, which will obviate any possibility of confusion. One can obtain Greenwich mean time almost anywhere, and if you decide to transmit first, and then after ten minutes, neither more nor less, but a definite fixed interval of time, your friend will transmit back. The first two or three times you will not necessarily succeed, but practice makes perfect. Remember that a baby cannot walk at the first attempt, the baby had to practise and fall down and crawl. You will not succeed necessarily at the first attempt at telepathy, but again practice makes perfect.

When you can send a telepathic message to a friend, or receive one, then you are well on the way to getting the thoughts of others, *but you can only get their thoughts provided that you have no evil intent toward them*. We are going to make one of our famous digressions here!

You can never, never, never use telepathy or clairvoyance psychometry to do harm to another person, nor can any another person do harm to you by these means. It has often been stated that if an evil person were telepathic or clairvoyant - they would be able to blackmail (utpresse) people who had made some slight mistake - but that emphatically is not the case, it is impossible. You cannot have light and darkness

at the same time in the same place, you cannot use telepathy for evil, that is an absolutely inexorable law of metaphysics. So - do not be alarmed, people don't send you thoughts to do you harm. No doubt many would like to, they cannot do so. We mention that because of the fear that many people have that a person by telepathy can know all most secret fears and phobias. *It is true that the purest minded people could pick up your thoughts, could see from your aura what your weak points were, but the pure person would not for one moment contemplate doing such a thing, and the impure person permanently lacks the ability.*

We suggest that you practice telepathy with a friend, or if you cannot get a friend to cooperate, relax as we have said and let thoughts come into you. You will find first that your head is a buzz of conflicting thoughts, it is similar to when you go into a crowd of people. There is a babble of conversation, just a horrible noise - everyone seems to be talking at the same time at the top of their voices. But if you try you can single out one voice. You can do that also in telepathy. Practise, you must practise and have faith, then, provided you keep calm about it all and have no intention of hurting any other person, you will be able to do telepathy.

From our Figure Nine you will see that the rays from clairvoyant sight come from the location of the third eye, and as you will observe they are of a completely different frequency from telepathy. It is in some ways the same type of thing giving different results. *One might say that when you get telepathic messages - you listen to radio, when you get clairvoyant messages you see television pictures, and often in "glorious technicolour"!*

To see clairvoyantly with a crystal

If you want to see clairvoyantly you will need a crystal or something which shines. If you have a diamond ring with one stone - that is as good as a crystal, and certainly it is less tiring to hold! Here again you will have to recline comfortably, and you will have to make sure that the lighting is of a very low order indeed. Let us assume, though, that you have invested in a crystal - You are resting completely at ease in your room in the evening - the curtains or blinds have been drawn to cut out any direct of light. The room is so dark that you can hardly see the outline of the crystal. It is so dark that you certainly cannot see any pinpoints of light in the crystal. Instead the whole thing is hazy - almost "not there," - you know that you are holding it, you know you can see "something." Keep looking into the crystal without trying to see anything, *look into the crystal as if you were looking in the far far distance.* This crystal will be just a few inches from you, but instead you have

to look miles. Then you will see the crystal gradually begin to cloud, you will see white clouds form, and the crystal, instead of being apparently of clear glass, will appear to be full of milk. Now is the critical time, do not jerk, not let yourself become alarmed, as so many people do, because next stage - The whiteness rolls away like curtains being drawn away - to disclose a stage. Your crystal has gone - vanished - and you see instead the world. You are gazing down as a God on Olympus might look upon the world, you see perhaps the clouds with a continent beneath, you have a sensation of falling, you might even involuntarily jerk(rykke) forward a little. Try to control this because if you jerk you will "lose the picture" and have to start all over again some other night. But supposing you did not jerk, then you will have the impression that you are speeding down and the world is getting larger and larger, you will find continents sweep beneath you, and then you will come to a halt at some particular spot. You might see a historical scene, you might even appear to land in the middle of a war and find a tank charging at you. There is nothing to be alarmed at in this, because the tank cannot hurt you, it will go right through you and you will not know a thing about it. You may find that you are seeing apparently through the eyes of some other person, you cannot see the person's face but you can see all that he or she would see. Again, do not be alarmed, do not allow yourself to jerk, you will see quite clearly, quite plainly, and although you do not actually hear a sound, you will know everything that is being said. So it is that we see in clairvoyance. It is a very easy thing provided - again - that you have faith.

Some people do not actually see a picture, some people get all impressions without actually SEEING. This often happens to a person who is engaged in business. We can have a very clairvoyant person indeed, but if that person be engaged in business or commerce, then often there is a sceptical attitude which makes it difficult to actually see the picture, the person subconsciously thinks that such a thing cannot be, and as clairvoyance will not be completely denied - the person gets impressions "somewhere in the head" which are, nevertheless, as real as are the pictures.

With practice you can see clairvoyantly. With practice you can visit any period of the world's history and see what that history really was. You will be amused and amazed when you find most frequently that history was not as written in the history books, for history as written reflects the politics of the time. We can see how that happens in the case of Hitler Germany and Soviet Russia! Now let us deal with psychometry.

Psychometry

Psychometry can be termed "seeing through the fingers". Everyone has had some form of this experience, for instance, take a heap of coins and get some other person to hold just one of the coins for a few minutes. Then if that coin is put back with the others you will be able to pick the coin because it will be warmer than the rest. This, of course, is just an elementary little thing, which has no place off the stage.

By psychometry we mean the ability to pick up an article and to know its origin, what has happened to it, who has had it and the person's state of mind. You can often get a sort of psychometry when you feel that an article has been in happy surroundings or in unpleasant surroundings.

You can practise psychometry by enlisting the aid of a sympathetic friend. This is how you should set about it.

Assuming that your friend is sympathetic to you and wants to see you progress, we suggest that you get him to wash his hands and then pick up a stone or pebble. That also should be washed with soap and water and well rinsed (skyllet). Then your friend should carefully dry his hands and the stone, and then, holding the stone in his left hand, he should think strongly for about a minute, he should think of one thing - it can be of the colour black, or white, or good temper, or bad temper, it does not matter what he thinks as long as he thinks strongly of one subject for about a minute. Having done that, he should wrap the stone in a clean handkerchief or a paper handkerchief, and hand it to you. You should not unwrap it then but wait until you are alone in your "contemplation room." We are going to digress again!

We said "with the left hand" and let us first explain the reason. Under esoteric lore the right hand is supposed to be the practical hand, the hand devoted to the things of the world. The left hand is the spiritual hand, that which is devoted to metaphysical things. Provided that you are normally right handed, then you will get greater results by using your left "esoteric" hand for psychometry. If you are one of those who are left handed, then you will use your right hand in the metaphysical sense. It is to be observed that you can often get results with the left hand when you cannot with the right hand.

When you are in your room of contemplation, you will need to wash your hands very carefully, and then rinse them before drying them - because if you do not do that - you will have other impressions on your hands, and you want one impression only for this experiment. Lie down, make yourself comfortable, and in this case it doesn't matter how much or how little light there is, you can have every light on or you

can be in complete darkness. Then unwrap the stone or whatever it was, and pick it up with your left hand, see that it rolls into the centre of your left palm. Do not think about it, do not bother about it, just try to let your mind go blank, think about nothing. You will next experience a very slight tingling in the left hand, and then you will get an impression, probably what your friend was trying to put over to you. You might also pick up the impression that he really thinks you are engaging upon a crackpot stunt! If you practise this you will find that provided you are tranquil you can pick up most interesting impressions. When your friend is tired of assisting you do it on your own, go out somewhere, get hold of a pebble (småsten) which has not been touched by man so far as you know. This is easy if you are by a seashore, or you can dig up a stone from the earth. By practising you will have truly remarkable results, you can, for example, pick up a pebble and know about the time when it was part of a mountain, how it was swept down by a river and out into the sea. The information that one can pick up by psychometry is truly amazing, but again, it needs a lot of practice, and you must keep your mind tranquil.

It is possible to pick up a letter, which is still in an envelope, and to be aware of the general trend of the contents. It is also possible to pick up a letter written in a foreign language, and by running the finger tips of the left hand lightly over the surface you will pick up the meaning of the letter even though you do not understand the individual words. This is quite infallible with practice, but never do it just to prove that you can do such a thing for the benefit of other people.

He again and again repeats the necessary to be free from upsets - not irritated. To keep calm is of utter importance for our health - both physical and mental he says. (page 168) *"if we think too much of sadness - then we start a process which results in certain of our bodycells becoming corroded..."* (p. 166)

In this following lesson he comes into a theme that has been well repeated in the "modern new-age books" - and especially the American - this of visualisation. But again - he wrote about it many, many years before the (most female) channels took up the subject again - some 20years later.

THE POWER OF THE MIND.

In lesson 22

It is unfortunately possible for anyone to have anything that one wants. There are certain laws of nature, or, if you prefer, of the occult, which makes it possible for anyone to have success or money if they will follow simple rules. We have tried to show throughout this Course, that occultism, which really means "that which is unknown," follows absolutely sensible laws and rules, and that there is nothing mystical about such things. For that purpose we are going to tell you how to get what you want!

Let us say, though, that when we say "Get what you want" we emphasise and re - emphasise that one should strive for the spiritual values, one should at all times work with determination to increase one's worth in the next life. A million or two would be very useful, let us hasten to agree on that, but it would be a snare and a delusion (illusjon) if we had "a million or two" at the expense of the next life. Our stay on Earth is temporary, and again we state that; every effort of ours upon this Earth should be devoted to learning and to improving ourselves so that we are worth more when we move into the next life. Let us, then, strive for spirituality, let us strive that we may show kindness to others, and that true humility(ydmykhet) which must not be confused with false modesty, but the humility which assists us on our climb upwards.

Everything is in a state of movement, all life is movement, even death is movement because cells are breaking down and turning into other compounds. Let us remember at all times that one cannot stand still on a tightrope, one can either go forwards or backwards. Our endeavours should be to go forward, that is, we should move forward into spirituality, into kindness, into understanding for others, not backwards - where we should be among the money-grabbers, those who cling to temporal possessions rather than striving to attain richness of the spirit. But - let us show you how you may gain all you desire.

The mind can give us all that we ask if we will let it. There are immense powers latent within the sub-conscious. Unfortunately most people are not taught how to contact the subconscious. We function at one tenth consciousness, and - at most - one tenth of our

abilities. By aligning the subconscious on our side - we can achieve miracles as did the Prophets of old.

It is useless to pray idly(passivt) and without being specific. It is useless to pray with an empty mind because one's words will echo hollowly if one does so. Use your brain, use your mind, use the great possibilities of the subconscious. *There are certain inviolable steps, which always must be followed.* **First decide precisely what you want, be absolutely definite, you must know what you want, you must say what you want, and you must visualise it.** WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT? It will not do to say you want a lot of money, it will not do to say that you want a new car or a new wife or a new husband. You must state EXACTLY what it is that you want. You must visualise it - picture it in your mind - and hold that picture firmly before you. If you want money, state quite definitely how much you want. It must be a definite sum. "About half a million" will not do, it must be definite. If you are wise, however, you will not bother so much about money, about the mundane things, you will WANT to be like Gandhi, Buddha, Christ, St. Peter, St. Anybody. You will strive to gain virtues, which will be of use to you, when you leave this life.

When you have decided what you want, you come to stage two. We have already told you that you must GIVE in order that you may receive. What are YOU going to give? If you are asking for a certain sum of money (and that sum must be exactly, specified) - are you willing to give a tithe, which, of course, is a tenth, of that money? Are you willing to give help to other people who are not so fortunately placed as you? It is futile(forgieves) to say, "Yes, when I get this money I will give a tenth of it." You must start helping before that, you must start assisting those in need. If you do that - you will be living the spirit of "Give that you may receive." Again, you must be definite, you must be absolutely precise. The third item is - when do you want this money or this car, or a new husband or new wife? It is not enough to say that you want it sometime in the indefinite future, and of course it is absurd to say that you want it immediately, because there are physical laws which cannot be broken. It is not possible for a God to drop a gold brick into your waiting heads, and in any case if the brick did fall - it would probably crush a few toes! Your time limit must be physically feasible(mulig). You could, for instance, say that you will have the money by such - and such a month in such - and - such a year, but you could not say that you would have a fortune within the next five minutes - because that would be contrary to the laws of nature, and it would nullify (annulere) your thought power.

What are you going to do to realise your ambition?

Supposing - just by way of illustration - that you want a new car. Well, first of all, can you drive? It would be of little point to desire a new car unless you knew how to drive, so if you are determined to have a new car, take driving lessons first. Then you can decide on the type of car you want, and all that sort of thing. If you are looking for a husband or a wife make sure that you in your turn are fitted to be an adequate partner, make sure that you understand the law of give and take and are prepared to do your share - to make a success of marriage, because marriage is not just a case of take all and give naught. When you take a partner you also have to give a partner to the other person. When you get married you cease to be one person, and you take on the problems and the worries and the pleasures of two persons; before you can hope to be satisfactorily and happily married, you have to be sure that you are able physically, mentally and spiritually to be a satisfactory partner yourself.

As our fifth item we are going to say that the written word is stronger than the spoken word, while the two together make an unbeatable combination. Write out what you want, write it out as simply and as clearly as you can. You know what you want, so write it down. Do you want to be spiritual? Who is your ideal in the world of spirituality? Enumerate (regn opp) that person's abilities, talents, and strong points of character. Write it all down. If you are trying to get money write down the precise sum you want, write down when you want it, and make clear in writing that you are going to help other people, make clear that you are going "to tith." When you have written all this down as simply and as clearly as you can, write at the end "I will give that I may receive." You must also add a note stating how you are going to work for the desired result, for bear in mind once again - that you cannot get anything for nothing, everything has to be paid for in some form or other, there is no such thing as "getting something for free." If you receive a hundred dollars unexpectedly you have to give a hundred dollars worth of service. *If you expect other people to help you, then you must first help them.*

Assuming that you have written all this down; read your statement aloud to yourself three times a day. There is power gained if you can read it aloud in the quietude and privacy of your own room. Read it in the morning before you leave your bedroom, read it at lunch time, and read it once again before going to sleep at night so that three times a day, at least, you have read your affirmation which has thus become akin (som et..) to a mantræ As you read this - FEEL that the money or car, or whatever it is that you want, is coming to you, be positive about it, imagine that you have the thing desired, imagine that it is actually

within your grasp. The stronger you can think about this, that you can imagine all this, the more positive will the reaction be. *It is a waste of effort to think "Well, I only hope it works - I only hope I shall get it, but I have my doubts." That will invalidate your mantra immediately, you must be quite positive and absolutely constructive all the time, and you must not permit any doubts to enter.* If you will adopt these steps you will drive the thought into your subconscious, and the subconscious is nine times cleverer than you are! If you can interest your subconscious, then you will get help, more help than you believed possible. It is a fact proved time after times, that when one makes money other money comes more easily. A millionaire, for instance, would tell you that after he has made one million, two, three, or four millions come very much more easily and with little additional work. The more money one has, the more money is attracted to one, it works on the law akin(a la) to that of magnetism.

Again let us caution you that there are things of greater value than money. Once again let us say that no one has ever taken a single coin into the next world, and the more money you have, the more you leave for other people, the more you strive for money - the more you contaminate(forurenser) yourself; and make it difficult for yourself to aspire and to attain to the spiritual values. The more good you do for others, the more good you take away with you. Life on Earth is hard and one of the hardest things of all is the falsification of values. At the present time people think that money is all that matters. So long as we have enough that we may eat, clothe ourselves and be sheltered (en beskyttet tilværelse), that will suffice. But we can never have too much spirituality, we can never have too much purity of thought, we can never help others too much, for in helping others we help ourselves.

We suggest that you read and re - read this Lesson. Perhaps it is the most important Lesson yet. If you follow the instruction you will find that you can have almost anything You want. What do YOU want? The choice must be yours, for you CAN have whatever it is that you desire. A pointer - money, success on this Earth? And then eclipse(tilbagegang) and a start all over again. Or will you choose spirituality, purity, and service to others? It may mean poverty or near - poverty on the Earth, which, after all, is only a speck of dust floating in the void...

In the next lesson - 23 - he again describes how the power of imagination works - and how this power is also stronger than the WILL.

In lesson 24 he brings some examples on how the

LAW OF KARMA

- works and he writes:

...everyone - be he prince or beggar - travels along what we call the WHEEL OF LIFE - the circle of endless existence. A man may be a king in one life - but in the next he may be a beggar - travelling a-foot from city to city - perhaps trying to get work and failing, or perhaps just drifting along like a leaf blowing before a gale(storm).

There are some people who are exempt from the laws of kharma, so it is useless for you to say, "Oh, what a terrible life that person has had, he must have been a terrible sinner in a previous life!" *The higher entities (whom we call "Avatars") come down to Earth in order that certain tasks may be accomplished.* The Hindus, for instance, believe that the god Vishna descends onto Earth at various times in order to bring to mankind once again the truths of religion, which mankind is so prone to forget. This Avatar, or Advanced Being, will often come to live, perhaps, as an example of poverty, but to show what can be done in the way of compassion, in the way of what seems to be immunity to suffering. Nothing could be further from the truth about this "immunity to suffering," for the Avatar, being of finer material, suffers the more acutely.

The Avatar is not born because he has to be, he is not born that he may work out his kharma. Instead he comes to Earth as an embodied soul, *his birth is the result of free choice, or under certain conditions he may not even be born, he may take over the body of another.* We do not want to tread on anyone's "corns" in the matter of religious beliefs, but if one will read the Christian Bible closely, one will understand that Jesus, the man, was born of Joseph and Mary, but in the fullness of time and when Jesus was a grown man, Jesus wandered into the Wilderness (ødemarken) and the Spirit of Christ - the Spirit of God - descended and filled the body of Jesus. **In other words, it was a case that another soul came and possessed the willing body of Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary.**

We mention this, though, because we do not like to think that some people are being blamed for misfortunes and poverty when actually they come to help others by showing what may be accomplished by misfortune and poverty.

Everything we do results in some action. Thought is a very real force indeed. As you think, so you are. Thus, if you think of pure things you become pure, if you think of lust then you become lustful and contaminated, and you have to come back to Earth time after time until "desire" withers(tilintetgjøres) within you under the onslaught (stormløp) of purity and good thinking.

No person is ever destroyed, no person is ever so bad that they are condemned to everlasting punishment. The "Everlasting Punishment" was a device started by the priests of old who wanted to maintain discipline over their somewhat unruly flock. Christ never taught eternal suffering, eternal damnation. Christ taught that if a person repented(angret) and tried, then a person would be "saved" from his own folly and given a chance and a chance again.

Kharma, then, is the process whereby we incur debts(pådrar gjeld) and we pay off those debts. If you go into a store and you order certain goods, then you are incurring certain debts which have to be paid for in coin of the realm. Until you have paid for those goods, you are a debtor, and if you do not pay for the articles- you can, in some countries, be arrested to be made a bankrupt (konkurs). Everything has to be paid for by the ordinary man, woman and child - upon the Earth, only the Avatar is immune from the laws of kharma. So those who are not Avatars had better try to lead a good life so that they may cut short their sojourn (opphold) on this Earth, for there is much better on other planets and on other planes of existence.

We should forgive those that trespass (krenker) against us, and we should seek the forgiveness of those against whom we trespass. *We should always remember that the surest way to a good kharma is to do to others as we would have them do to us.*

Kharma is a matter, which few of us can escape. We make a debt, we have to pay it, we do good to others, they must pay us back and do good to us. It is much better for us to receive good, so let us show good, compassion and kindness to all creatures, no matter what their species, remembering that in the eyes of God - all men are equal, and in the eyes of Great God - all creatures are equal whether they be cats, horses - what will you call them?

God, it is stated, works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. It is not for us to question the ways of God, but it is for us to work out the problems allotted(tildelt) to us, for only in working out our problems and bringing them to a satisfactory conclusion - can we pay off kharma. Some people have a sick relative with whom they must live, some people have this sick relative living with them and they think, "Oh, how tiresome! Why cannot he die and be out of his misery?" The answer is, of course, that both are working out a planned life span, working out a planned form of existence. The person who is looking after the sick one, may have planned to come just for that purpose.

We should at all times show great care, great concern, great understanding for those who are ill or sorrowing or are afflicted, for it may be that our task

is to show such care and such understanding. It is too easy to brush off a tiresome person with an impatient gesture - *but those who are sick are most frequently very high sensitive* - they feel their disabilities (uførhet) - they feel very keenly that they are in the way - not wanted..

In lesson 25 he underwrites the importance in not be sorrow for the dear who has gone over - and once again describes the process of dying - about which he writes very much detailed in many of his books. And as said before - this was created so long before these "things" of the death(-research) was known here in the western world. We enter on page 188:

Telephone to the «death-world»

It is sad indeed to have a loved friend go off to a far distant country, but upon Earth we console ourselves with the thought that we can always write a letter, send a cable (telegram), or even use a telephone. So called "death" on the other hand does not appear to have any room for communication. Do YOU think that the "deads" are beyond reach? You could be greatly and joyously mistaken! We say to you that there are various scientists in reputable (anerkjente) scientific centres of the world who are actually working on an instrument, which will be capable of communicating with those to whom we must refer as "disembodied spirits." This is not a pipe dream, it is not a fantastic thought, it is an item of news which has been bruited about for quite a number of years, and according to the latest scientific reports there is at last some hope that such developments may soon become public knowledge, public property.

(Here we must be clear that there are very strong religious forces which very strong will try to prevent such instruments or equipment to come forth - because they are afraid that it will undermine their power over the masses - when another picture of the "other side" appear through such communication. R.Ø.remark). But before we can get in touch with those who have passed beyond our immediate reach we can do much to help them.

When a person dies the physiological functions, that is, the actual working of the physical body, slows down and eventually stops. We have seen in the preliminary stages of this Course that a human brain can live for minutes only when deprived of oxygene. The human brain, then, is one of the first portions of the body to "die." Obviously when the brain is dead, death is utterly inevitable. We have a special reason for making this what appears to be a long drawn out affair.

If you are studying this Course conscientiously, by having faith in yourself and in the Greater Powers of this life and of the next life, you too should be able to get in touch with those who have passed over. It is possible to do so by telepathy, it is possible to do so by clairvoyance and by so - called "automatic writing." In this latter, however, one must keep clear of one's own distorted imagination, one must control one's imagination so that the message which is written out, apparently sub - consciously, does not emanate from our consciousness nor from our subconscious, but comes instead directly from one who has passed over and who can see us although most of us cannot, for the moment, see them.

Be of good cheer, be of good faith, for believing you can miracles. Is it not written that faith can move mountains? It certainly can!

"Rules for Right Living."

We finish these extracts from the course in metaphysics given by the initiated Rampa - with some simple rules from LESSON TWENTY - SIX

We are going to set down now what we term "Rules for Right Living." These are completely basic rules, rules which are definitely a "must." To them you should add your own rules. First we will set them down and then we will go over them again examining them more carefully so that we may perhaps have some insight into the reasons behind them. Here they are then: -

1. Do as you would be done by. (behandle andre slik du selv vil behandles)
2. Do not judge others.
3. Be punctual in all that you do. (vær presis i alt du gjør)
4. Do not argue about religion nor scoff at the beliefs of others. (diskuter ikke religion - eller håne andres tro)
5. Keep to your own religion and show complete tolerance to those who are of the different religion.
6. Refrain from dabbling in "magic." (avhold deg fra å fuske med "magi")
7. Refrain from taking intoxicating drinks, and drugs.(avstå fra å bruke berusende drikker og stoffer)

Shall we have a look at these rules in somewhat greater detail? We said "Do as you would be done by." Well, that is good enough because if you are in possession of your normal faculties you would not stab yourself in the back, nor would you swindle yourself or overcharge yourself. If you are a normal person you like to look after yourself as much as possible. You will be living according to "The Golden Rule" if you look after your neighbour as you would yourself. In other words, do as you would be done by. It helps, it works out. This turning the other cheek business works out with normal people. If some person cannot accept your purity of thought and motive, then after you have suffered in silence two, or, at most, three times, you would be well advised to keep free of that person's presence. In the world beyond this life we cannot meet those who are opposed to us, those with whom we are not in harmony. Unfortunately we have to meet some pretty horrible people while on Earth, but we need not do so from choice but only from sheer necessity. So do as you would be done by and your character will stand you in good stead - and will be as a shining light to all men and women. You will be known as a person who does good....

End of extract from this Rampabook

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Utdrag fra
**LOBSANG
RAMPAS
BØKER**

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