

My dear Friends,

I am writing this very early, because on Dec. 15, next Saturday, I am off to Nairobi to speak at the Convention of the East African Section, and to tour the Section afterwards for two months. I shall come back via Durban, and after a week or two in Johannesburg again, I shall go to the Cape to lecture there a short time until I sail, on April 5, for a year's work in England. My address there will be c/o the T.S., 50 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

I have just been reading a most entrancing book. I do advise all of you to get it, if you can. It is written by a Tibetan Lama, who is now living in America, and is called "The Third Eye." This must surely be the very first book written by a Tibetan of high spiritual degree. It is really his own autobiography, at least of his early years and training. At the tender age of seven he entered a lamasery, because the astrologers decreed that he was born for that path. The training and tests were almost unbelievably harsh for so young a child, yet he says that he understood all he was taught, and survived them all. He learnt to sit in the Lotus posture completely still for as much as twenty-four hours. He hardly ever had any amusements, but studied hours at a stretch. He was found to be a proved reincarnation who had brought over clairvoyante power.

By a special surgical operation -- and the high Tibetans seem to be first-class surgeons -- his "third eye" was further opened, so that he always saw, and learnt to read, the auras of everyone he met. He belonged to the medical branch of the monk-hood, and one of the most extraordinary and beautiful accounts he gives is of an expedition to lonely and untrodden highlands where in glades of surpassing beauty, reached after incredible hardships in which four of the brethren lost their lives, they gathered rare herbs for healing. On these untrodden heights he saw on more than one occasion a "yeti", or what the West calls an "abominable snowman." His teacher told him that they were throwbacks of the ancient human race.

One of the heart-warming aspects of the book is the deep love and devotion that he plainly had for his teacher, who emerges from the narrative as a most benign and lovable character. He describes the Tibetan method of preserving the bodies of the great amongst them by covering them with gold, whilst the rest are given to the vultures as is also a custom with the Parsees. The Tibetans do not consider the body as anything more than a worn-out suit of clothes. And they know that everyone goes to their rest in the "Land of the Golden Light."

Lamaism is clearly an enlightened form of Buddhism, and here are some of the sentences in which he outlines their beliefs. "For us, life on earth is but an illusion, a testing-place, a school. There is no death. Death is birth. Dying is merely the act of being born in another plane of existence. We believe firstly that we are born time after time. But not merely to this earth. There are millions of worlds, and we know that most of them are inhabited. Though their inhabitants may be in many different forms to those we know, they may be superior to humans. We in Tibet have never subscribed to the view that Man is the highest and most noble form of evolution. We believe that such higher forms are to be found elsewhere, and they do not drop atom bombs."

Tibet seems to be familiar with "flying saucers" which they describe as the "Chariots of the Gods". A group of Lamas who have telepathic power have established communication with them and are told that they are watching our earth, apparently

in much the same way as humans watch wild and dangerous animals in a zoo! (Which reminds me of an ancient char-lady who would call the Lodge room the "Zoo-room.") He speaks of astral travelling, levitation, the melting of snow through self-generated heat, space walkers such as Madame Alexandra Neal saw.

He is not sure that Eastern methods are good for Westerners. He thinks they should be moderated and undertaken with caution. Readers will be amused by his reactions when he first saw European dress, and the large square of white with which the white gentleman made a noise like a trumpet! He knew his own future, that he was destined to undergo torture, and to die in the United States. He was tortured by both the Japanese, and the Chinese Communists. He says the Japanese torturers were gentlemen compared with the Communists. His knowledge of breath control enabled him to endure such tortures.

He writes that the Tibetan astrologers know what is going to happen in this world and that a third world war is imminent in 1964 if England and America do not check Communism.

This book, as also George Adamski's two books on the space men he has met, had the effect on myself of suddenly making me very happy. That such purity, kindness, true knowledge and greatness is still clearly to be found when one's time comes is, for me, an enduring joy. This world is so sad, so ignorant, so lost. I long for the true knowledge to come back to it, that happiness may once more reign amongst men. Happiness at present is a rarity. I know so much of what has happened of recent years. I could not write down the tragedies I know of, not only for men, but for animals too. Our author says that they only work horses and donkeys every other day, that they do not make pets of animals but treat them as beings who have rights. Well! Well! No wonder the Master called us the "white barbarians." And yet there is a deep fundamental strain of good feeling in so many, only our civilisation does not permit its full egress. So true are the words of the Lord Christ that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

To return to its main motif, this delightful book is chiefly beautiful for its underlying note of deep devotion and love to his teacher, who, as I said before, emerges as a most entrancing character. I feel as if I knew him by merely reading about him. Now get the book and read it, my friends. It is by Lobsang Rampa, and published by Secker and Warburg, London.

Your affectionate friend,

Clara M. Codd

From Miss Codd: "How awful of me!...I did receive the money order, and quite forgot to acknowledge it. It was a lovely birthday present. Thank you all ever so much. I always feel so touched by all the kindness you all show me. Will you please give them all my best love.....and ever so many thanks..... I am quite thrilled at the prospect of seeing all the old people again (in England). And I would simply love to come over to see all of you again.... My book "The Ageless Wisdom of Life" is out now. And my next one "The Technique of the Spiritual Life" will be out at Easter time. I would like to write two more before I die...."