

Did T. Lobsang Rampa actually go buzzing through the solar system in a flying saucer? Or was he just another deluded psychopath dredging up a good yarn from the dark depths of a twisted mind?

If he was a nut, he had plenty of company. Men (and some women) have been circumnavigating the cosmos for thousands of years, leaving extensive records of their travels behind for us to puzzle over. Even Enoch, the traditional son of Cain and father of Methuselah, is supposed to have visited other worlds where he had such harrowing experiences that they became a part of religion and folklore. According to the Books of Enoch, which were once part of the Christian bible, he was sleeping alone in his house one night when he was suddenly awakened by “two men, exceedingly big, so that I never saw such on earth...They were standing at the head of my couch and began to call me by my name.”

The two giant entities plucked Enoch from his bed and escorted him into outerspace where, during the next sixty days, they gave him a guided tour of ten different worlds. Some were occupied by deliriously happy people while others were gloomy and dark, filled with Gregori...wretched

gray beings with withered faces who mumbled and marked in dreariness. Enoch saw worlds of dazzling lights and allergy, too. He was the first space traveler. He was also the first abductee. Although he supposedly underwent those adventures more than 4,000 years ago, copies of his "books" (scrolls) were smuggled out of Russia about 1,500 years ago. Since then, thousands of other people have claimed almost identical experiences. Indeed, the beginning of Whitley Streiber's COMMUNION, the big bestseller of 1987, is un-easily similar to Enoch's account.

A great Swedish seer, Emanuel Swedenborg, went floundering around the cosmos in the 1700's, leaving behind a score of ponderous books written in Latin. Apparently, he was a powerful psychic and astral projectionist. Many of his experiences were undoubtedly what we now call OBE's (out-of-body-experiences). Like Enoch, many modern OBE's begin when the percipient is seemingly aroused from a sound sleep and finds himself confronted with a guide who resembles an Indian, a giant, a dwarf, an ethereal spirit or even a space entity. This guide then takes the percipient on a wonderful tour of a very realistic universe. It doesn't seem to be a dream but there are many dreamlike qualities. For example, the tour may seem to take many hours, even days, but when the percipient is returned to his bed he finds only a few minutes have passed. This happened to Enoch and Swedenborg. The process can also be reversed. The experience may seem to be short but when the percipient returns he finds he has been gone for days, weeks, even years. Earth time loses its meaning in these adventures.

For most of his life, Swedenborg was a scientist, mathematician and mining engineer. Then, suddenly, at the age of fifty-six, he underwent the classic Cosmic Illumination process when powerful visions and psychic insights revolutionized his thinking and changed his entire life almost overnight.

The dull, middle-aged man of science suddenly became aware of the great universe of energies that surrounds all of us. And, like so many other victims of Cosmic Illumination, he abandoned his former life completely. His friends and

relatives thought he had gone bananas. He claimed that he had visited Jupiter and other planets. And he professed to have daily conversations with the spirits of great men from the past. He often fell into trances that sometimes lasted as long as three days, much to the alarm of the people around him. Of course, during some of these trances he became the victim of missing time. That is, his brain was unable to account for long periods of time or supplied confabulations (false memories) to fill in the gaps. This “missing time” phenomenon has been happening wholesale in the 20th century and whole cults have sprung up around the confabulations produced by the percipients. Lacuna amnesia, the medical term for this, has become a serious study for many doctors and psychiatrists and hundreds of technical books have been written about it.

Did Enoch and Swedenborg actually visit heaven, hell and all the myriad worlds in between? It's not very likely. But their minds did take trips stimulated, perhaps, by the mysterious forces which seem to control the human race and are actually able to distort our reality. These forces have been given a thousand names over the centuries and have been credited with all kinds of wonders, miracles and catastrophes.

“Man is so created,” Swedenborg noted, “as to live simultaneously in the natural world and in the spiritual world. Thus he has an internal and an external nature or mind...of the interior state of the mind, or of his internal man, man knows nothing whatever and though infinite things are there, not one of them rises to man's cognizance.”

Swedenborg astonished his friends with precise prophecies of future events. He was even able to accurately describe events that were occurring hundreds of miles away at that exact moment. He traveled in the highest circles, mixing with Royal court circles and the wealthiest people of his time. But his books were poorly received during his lifetime. After he died, at the age of 84, his work became the center of a religion that flourishes to this day. And his books have been translated into many languages and are easily obtainable through the various Swedenborgian Foundations and churches around the world. So here is a “contactee” who has survived for almost four hundred years!

There have been many others.

Several years ago, I was mysteriously drawn to a cemetery on Long Island after a rash of strange phone calls and eerie instructions from various UFO contactees. Following their directions, I found myself standing among the tombstones of

a family named Denton. But I didn't understand why. So later, on one of my many visits to the musty book stacks in the cavernous New York Public Library, I decided to see if I could locate any information on the Denton family. I was flabbergasted by what I discovered.

Back in the 1860's, shortly after the Civil War, the Denton family of Wellesley, Massachusetts began to visit Venus and other planets! They did it psychically, with their mind's eye, according to William Denton. His son Sherman was the first to establish contact in 1866. Venus was very prominent in the sky and Sherman just closed his eyes and, according to his father, "described trees, animals that were half fish and half muskrat, and water that was heavy but not wet. This was the first of a number of experiments in outer space, achieved by choosing the object, then closing the eyes."

Sherman's next trip was to Mars where he saw flying machines made of aluminum.

Public interest in the Denton family's adventures soared. Mrs. Denton was soon fluttering around the solar system, too, while Papa Denton wrote a series of best-selling books. "A telescope," he observed, "only enables us to see; but the spiritual faculties enable their possessors to hear, smell, taste and feel, and become for the time being, almost inhabitants of the planet they were examining."

The Denton family hit the road with the act and, for the next several years, they played theaters all over the country, peddling their books in the fashion of the medicine shows popular during that period. They took advantage of the New Age craze that was sweeping America in the aftermath of the Civil War and the amazing rise of Spiritualism. Every-

one everywhere was suddenly aware of Swedenborg's "internal man" and before the century ended, most were chatting with spirits, Atlanteans, Indian guides, Ashtar and assorted space entities. Astral projectionists everywhere were zooming around to the backside of the moon and frolicking on the satellites of Jupiter.

The next New Age revival took place in the aftermath of World War I. The boys who failed to come home in 1918 began conversing with their loved ones through spirit mediums and spiritualism again became the rage. (Spiritualism began in 1848 and has had many revivals since.) Harry Houdini saved his flagging career by exposing some of the many phony spiritualists who claimed they had visited distant planets, particularly Mars. Mars was a favorite of the Sunday supplements because bearded astronomers of great repute claimed they could see broad canals and even cities on the faraway body. Our space probes of the 1960's and 70's proved that they were wrong and that there is apparently no sign of intelligent life anywhere in this solar system. However, astronauts gazing back at the earth from deep space did discern peculiar grid marks in North America that suggested some kind of intelligence. It turned out that the grid marks were logging roads in northern Canada. Except for those roads, there is no other visible sign of life on our own planet!

Following World War II, there was another big revival of interest in things spiritual and a whole new New Age movement sprang up in the 1950's. These New Agers were preoccupied with flying saucers and the space brethren who were issuing stern warnings about our atomic follies. We were told to shape up or ship out. And some of us went! There were growing numbers of contactees all over the world who claimed they had been flown to other planets in flying saucers. Thousands of others were complaining about being seized by hypnotic-like trances and losing time. The phenomena were so widespread and so bizarre that no government could deal with them. Investigating the manifestations was an impossible task. Even more impossible was the task of interpreting what was going on. Hard facts were few. Speculations were rife. Scientists who attempted to study what was going on soon were at each other's throats. Civilian groups ended up battling meaningless windmills...and each other. Because no government would confirm their personal theories, they assumed the governments of the world were engaged in a massive cover-up. The French government did finance civilian investigatory efforts in the

1970's. The result was that the French civilian ufologists soon decided there were no UFOs and the whole French movement collapsed in a sea of disgruntled blarney.

Here in the U.S., a sign painter named Allen Noonan fell off a ladder, banged his head and found he had awakened strange psychic abilities in himself. He was soon communicating with space people and undergoing all kinds of strange experiences.

In Holland, a man named Peter Hurkos also fell on his skull and the accident turned him into a world famous psychic who has spent his life helping police solve crimes.

In 1947, in England, a struggling British writer named Cyril Hoskin told his astonished wife that he had decided to change his name. A few months later, Cyril Hoskin became Carl KuonSuo by court order. But he found he was just as unemployable as KuonSou as he had been as Hoskin. Life was a tiresome struggle even though he felt a strange compulsion to adopt Oriental ways. He became confused mentally, abandoned his home and moved to a distant district where he was troubled by hallucinations (by his own admission later) and developed a kind of split personality, the Englishman being slowly replaced by an Oriental entity while his appalled wife watched. Then, on June 13, 1949, while climbing a ladder in his garden, Carl KuonSuo fell and cracked his head, suffering a mild concussion. When he recovered, the Englishman was gone and had been replaced by a Tibetan with full memories of growing up in Tibet!

In 1949, Tibet was still one of the most remote and inaccessible places on Earth. Only a handful of Westerners had ever been there. It was a forbidden mountain kingdom.

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ted to answer his critics. The newspapers would not give him any space and only one television station offered to interview him provided he followed a script they wrote!

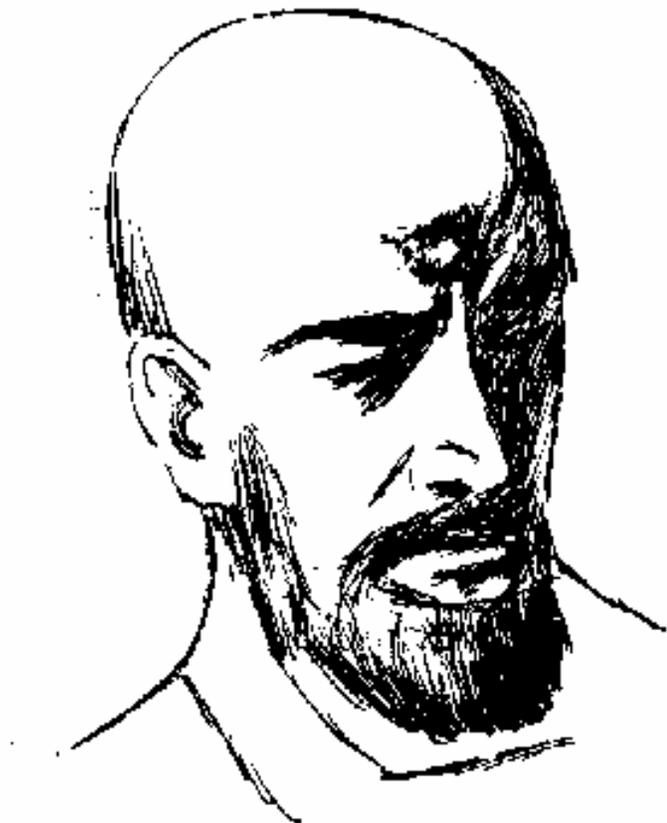
For the rest of his life he repeatedly insisted that all his claims were true. But the British press delightedly pointed out that he was an unemployed Englishman named Cyril Hoskin who had never once set foot outside Great Britain. The controversy raged for years and the press finally drove Tuesday Lobsang Rampa out of England to Canada where he spent his remaining days.

His wife later wrote, "Although The Third Eye has been such a great success and brought enlightenment to many, my husband never wanted to write it. Instead he hoped to obtain a position which would provide an adequate income so that he could avoid publicity and the limelight...Being unable to obtain employment, there was no alternative to writing The Third Eye, which is absolutely true, and he is satisfied that it has been a means of bringing help, comfort and assurance to many."

Once he was a famous Tibetan author, Tuesday Lobsang Rampa wrote other books, including the one now in your hands. This book was, in fact, chapters deleted from one of his other works. It was discovered by the late Gray Barker, who rescued it from total oblivion. It is possible, of course, that it is total hogwash. It is also possible that it is a description of an O.B.E., like so much of Lobsang's work purports to be. Certainly, it is at least as valid as Swedenborg's visits to Jupiter, Enoch's travels among the Gregori and William Denton's excursions to Venus. It may be that there is a curtain of magnetic frequencies between our reality and some other, greater universe that only a few are privileged to see. And everything indicates that T. Lobsang Rampa was one of them.

John A. Keel
P.O. Box 1594, Prescott
Ontario, Canada
New York, N.Y. 1988

My Visit To Venus



By T. Lobsang Rampa

Mr. Gray Barker
Box 2228
Clarksburg
West Virginia

October 31, 1966

Dear Mr. Barker,

This book should not have been published really, but I am prepared to believe that you published in good faith under the assumption that I was in South America and so not available.

To regularise your position I suggest this; you make two alterations as requested by me, and I will give you permission to publish and sell the book. I will not take royalties on this book, "My Visit to Venus," but instead you can send ten per cent of your profits to The Save A Cat League of 245 West 25th Street, New York City, because poor little cats have a miserable time in this hard world.

You and I have had a hard time at the hands of the ignorant and spiteful, and I have NEVER been afforded any opportunity of giving my own side of the case. The moronic press are like mad dogs in their insensate hatred of that which they do not understand.

I tell you definitely and emphatically that all my books are true, are my own personal experiences, and I am whom I claim to be.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "T. Lobsang Rampa". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style with a large, decorative flourish at the end of the name.

T. Lobsang Rampa

Introduction

In 1956, London publishers Secker and Warburg brought out what they thought was a very good occult book. Never did they, nor Doubleday and Company the New York publishers, foresee that the book would suddenly capture the imagination of two nations as the general public read the most fascinating book on Tibet ever published.

The book was autobiographic and told the strange and inspiring story of a Tibetan monk who had progressed from neophyte to lamahood, and had eventually attained a certain occult faculty which comprised the title of the book.

“THE THIRD EYE,” by Tuesday Lobsang Rampa was not only a recounting of his initiations and monastery doings, but it also proved to be a highly lively account of everyday Tibetan life.

We read the book from cover to cover one night, every bit as fascinated as everybody else. But we couldn't help wondering how an Easterner could have mastered the English language so vivaciously.

The reason was soon to come in the furor over the book

which took place in London when some Tibetan scholars challenged the authenticity of Rampa and averred he was not a Tibetan and had never been to Tibet!

Then T. Lobsang Rampa's side of the story was revealed. No he had indeed never been to Tibet, in his present body.

The spirit of a Tibetan lama had, however entered his body, under unusual circumstances. In reply to his critics, Rampa stated:

“THE THIRD EYE is absolutely true and all that I write in that book is fact. I, a Tibetan lama, now occupy what was originally the body of a Western man, and I occupy it to the permanent and total exclusion of the former occupant. He gave his willing consent, being glad to escape from life on this earth in view of my urgent need.

“The actual change-over occurred on the 13th of June, 1949, but the way had to be prepared some time before that. I know that I have a special task to do, and I became aware that it would be necessary to come to England for various reasons connected with it. In the latter part of 1947, I was able to by telepathy send impressions to a suitable person. In February, 1946, he changed his name by legal Deed Poll.

“To make the change-over easier he altered his address a number of times and lost contact with all friends and relations. On the 13th of June, 1949, he had a slight accident which resulted in concussion and which ‘knocked him out of himself.’ This enabled me to take over.

“I tried very hard indeed to obtain employment in England, but for various reasons there was no assistance from the Employment Exchange. For years I visited Employment Exchanges and the Appointment Bureau in Tavistock Square, London. I was also registered with a number of private Employment Agencies and paid quite a considerable amount to them in fees, but none of them did anything for me.

“For some time we lived on capital which had been saved and upon anything which I was able to earn from doing freelance writing or advertising.

“I have a special task to do because during my life in Tibet I had been to the Chang Tang Highlands where I had

seen a device which enables people to see the human aura. I am clairvoyant and can see the aura as I have demonstrated to many people at many times, but—I am aware that if doctors and surgeons could see the human aura then they could determine the illness afflicting a human body before it was at all serious. It was not possible for me to come to England in the body which I then had. I tried but to no avail.

“The aura is merely a corona discharge of the body, of the life force. It is similar to the corona discharge from a high tension cable which can be seen by almost anyone on a misty night, and if money would be spent on research, medical science would have one of the most potent tools for the cure of disease. I had to have money in order to carry out my own research, but, I have never taken money for curing people's illnesses or for taking their troubles off their shoulders as has been misrepresented in a certain paper!

“And how did *The Third Eye* come to be written? I certainly did not want to write it but I was desperate to get a job so I could get on with my allotted task. I tried for job after job without avail, until eventually a friend offered to put me in touch with a gentleman who might be able to use my service. Mr. Brooks said I should write a book. I insisted that I did not want to write a book and so we parted. Mr. Brooks wrote me again and once more suggested that I should write a book. In the interval between seeing him and receiving his letter I had been for other interviews and had been rejected. So with much reluctance I accepted Mr. Brooks' offer to write such a book, and here again I repeat that everything said in that book is true. Everything said in my second book, *Doctor From Lhasa* is also true. One should not place too much credence in ‘experts’ or ‘Tibetan Scholars’ when it is seen how one “expert” contradicts the other, when they cannot agree on what is right and what is wrong, and after all how many of those ‘Tibetan scholars’ have entered a lamasery at the age of seven, and worked all the way through life as a Tibetan, and then taken over the body of a Westerner? *I have !*”

What about the man whose body Rampa took over? What of his former life before the transformation? Following are some remarkable statements by his wife:

“Many people will wonder about the one who occupied that Western body before it was taken over by a Tibetan and I, as the wife, would like to tell something of events leading to the change of personality.

“At the first indication of something different I was more than a little startled. We were leading a quiet life in Surrey, my husband being on the staff of a correspondence college, in an advisory capacity, and the war had been over for two years. Out of the blue came his remark toward the end of 1947—sitting quietly for some time, he startled me by suddenly saying, “I am going to change my name.” I looked at him aghast for I failed to see any point in doing such a thing. We had nothing to hide, nothing from which to run away. It took me some time to recover after he continued, “Yes, we will change our name by Deed Poll.”

“By February, 1948, all the legal formalities had been completed, and we had no further right to our previous name. My husband's employer was not pleased, but there was little he could do about it, especially as at about that time one of the firm's directors had made an alteration to his own name.

“Of course everyone thought we had at last taken leave of our senses, but that never bothered me. I had lived with my husband for eight years and knew that if he had a hunch to do anything at all there was always a good reason for it. Soon, however, we noticed people were not saying our name when addressing us, and even after seeing it written they didn't seem able to spell it; for that reason we later shortened it. I want to clarify this point to show that we have at no time used an alias as has been mistakenly suggested.

“At about this time my husband talked a great deal about the East and on occasions he did in fact wear Eastern dress; he often seemed to be very preoccupied in his manner, and I have known him to fall into a trance state and speak in an unfamiliar tongue, which I now believe to be a language of the East. In July, 1949, he again made a sudden decision—this time to give up his job! This he did to the consternation of his employer who had always found him to be a very useful and conscientious member of his staff.

“The idea behind this was so that we could leave the district and lose all contact with the past, which we did. Within a year we had completely lost touch with previous acquaintances and with our former life. We managed to exist on what we had saved, together with what we could earn from various forms of writing.

“The day I happened to look out the window and see my husband lying at the foot of a tree in the garden is something I shall never forget. I hurried out to find he was recovered, but to me, a trained nurse, he seemed to be stunned or something. When eventually he regained consciousness he seemed to act differently, and in ways I did not understand.

“After getting him indoors and upstairs to our flat to rest, the main thought in my mind was to get a doctor as quickly as possible, but I was reckoning without him—he seemed to sense my alarm and implored me not to do so, assuring me that he was quite all right. Certainly his speech seemed different, more halting—as if he was unfamiliar with the language, and his voice appeared deeper than before.

“For some time I was quite concerned, for something seemed to have happened to his memory. Before speaking or moving he appeared to be making calculations; much later I learned that he was “tuning in to my mind” to see what was expected of him. I do not mind admitting that in the early stages I was very worried, but now it seems quite natural. I have never ceased to wonder that such an ordinary individual as myself should be so closely associated with such a remarkable occurrence as the advent of a Tibetan lama to the Western World”

Although the so-called “Tibetan Scholars” grabbed most of the press copy, there were those who felt that they were not so scholarly after all. Consider the following letter, received by Gray Barker from a Buddhist, when Barker announced that he would publish Rampa's second book in the United States and discuss the controversy in print.

Dear Mr. Barker:

After reading your remarks on Lobsang Rampa's *The Third Eye*, I am prompted to add a few of my own. During 1957, I had occasion to write a review of the book for the *North Indian Buddhist Quarterly*, and most especially to discuss the theological and philosophical material contained within the text. At the time I wrote the review, I was, as were so many others, trying to find fault with the accuracy of the information given. I had already heard that some of the descriptions of costume and garb did not accord with the reports of academic anthropology, and, in my ignorance of the divergences of Tibetan religion from orthodox Buddhism, I was shocked to find that one who called himself a monk should embrace views which, from the standpoint of Aryan doctrine, were all but heretical.

Imagine my surprise, then, when I received letters from Tibetan phoongi, complimenting the succinct description of dbu-chan theology contained in my review. This description was composed exclusively of paraphrases on the Lobsang Rampa book under review.

The greatest point of discussion was that which had to do with the order of discipline within the itinerant communities of Tibetan monks. The Western correspondents, and Indian observers all told me that Rampa was wrong; but the Tibetans wrote complaining that he had divulged secret knowledge, which was the property of the arcane schools of their country, and which "a closed brother, in physical form, or etheric, did poorly to publish in the far lands to the West, where it lay open to the gaze of the Uninitiate."

Sincerely yours,
Ganesha, Mahaguru,
at Bodhi Sangha Sat America
New York, N.Y.

Even though “exposed” by “Tibetan scholars,” the public continued to believe in Rampa—and to buy his books.

Lobsang Rampa's subsequent books give more details of experiences which he encountered after the period covered by *The Third Eye*. Some of them consist of practical occult teachings from which the ordinary person can profit.

Rampa kept the subject of flying saucers and space travel out of his books, evidently afraid that these accounts might not be believed. Some of these writings, included in this book, have been published by the “saucer press,” and some of them have been circulated privately in a mimeographed manuscript edition.

Public awareness of the UFO phenomena, however, has come a long way since the 1950's. We think it is time to put together Rampa's flying saucer writings in book form so that the public can read of these remarkable experiences.

And so this limited edition has been prepared and published. We predict that it will be much sought after, and that once this original edition is gone it will become a prize collector's item. The copy you hold will become much worn and dog-eared before its demise. We hope it gives pleasure to the owner, and to those who borrow it!

Gray Barker



PART ONE
THE HOME OF THE GODS

Flying saucers? Of course there are flying saucers! I have even been for a trip in one.

Tibet is the most convenient country of all for flying saucers. It is remote from the bustle of the everyday world, and is peopled by those who place religion and scientific concepts before material gain. Throughout the centuries the people of Tibet have known the truth about flying saucers, what they are, why they are, how they work, and the purpose behind it all. We know of the flying saucer people as the gods in the sky in their fiery chariots. But let me relate an incident which certainly has never been told before in any country outside of Tibet, and which is utterly true.

The day was bitter. Frozen pellets of ice driven by the howling gale hammered like bullets into our flapping robes and tore the skin off any exposed surface. The sky was a vivid purple with patches of startlingly white clouds which raced off into the hinterland. Here, nearly thirty thousand feet above the sea, in the Chang Tang Highlands of Tibet, we were toiling upwards, upwards.

At our last resting place, some five miles behind us, a voice had come into our consciousness: "Strive on, my brothers. Strive on, and enter the fog belt again, for there is much for you to see." The seven of us, all high lamas from the lama-series of Tibet, had had much telepathic communication with the Gods of the Skies. From them we had learned the secret of the chariots which sped swiftly across our land and which sometimes alighted in remote districts.

Onwards we climbed, higher, and higher, clawing a foothold in the hard earth, forcing our fingers into the slightest crevice in the rocks. At last we reached the mysterious fog belt again, and entered. Soon we were through it and into the wonderfully heated land of a bygone age.

"A day's march more, my brothers," said the voice, "and you shall see a chariot of old."

For that night we rested in the warmth and comfort of the Hidden Land. We found ease and relaxation on a soft bed of moss, and in the morning we gratefully bathed in a warm, broad river before setting out on another day's march. Here in this land there were pleasant fruits which we took with us for our meal, a satisfactory change indeed from the eternal tsampa!

Throughout that day we journeyed upwards through pleasant trees of rhododendron and walnut, and other the like of which we had not seen before. All the time we were rising upwards, and all the time we were in this pleasant warm land. With nightfall upon us we made our camp beneath some trees, and lit our fire, then rolled ourselves in our robes, and fell asleep. With the first light of dawn we were again ready to continue our journey. For perhaps another two to two and a half miles we marched, and then came to an open clearing. Here we were stopped, dumfounded with amazement; the clearing before us was vast, and incredible.

The open plain we saw was perhaps five miles across and the scene was so strange that even now I hesitate to write because of the knowledge that I shall be disbelieved. The plain was about five miles across and at its distant side there was a vast sheet of ice extending upwards, like a sheet of glass reaching toward the heavens. But that was not the strangest thing before us, for the plain contained a ruined city, and yet some buildings were quite intact. Some buildings, in fact, looked almost new. Nearby, in a spacious courtyard, there was an immense metal structure which reminded me of two of our temple dishes,

clamped together, and it was clearly a vehicle of some sort. My guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, broke our awed silence, saying. "This was the home of the Gods half a million years ago. During those days men strove against the Gods, and invented a device to shatter an atom which wrought disaster on the earth, causing lands to rise and lands to sink, destroying mountains and creating anew. This was a mighty city, the metropolis, and here was once the seashore. The convulsion of the earth which followed an explosion raised this land thousands of feet, and the shock of that explosion altered the rotation of the earth. We shall go closer, and we shall see other parts of the city embedded in the ice of the glacier—a glacier which, in this hot valley, was gently melted, leaving intact these ancient buildings."



We listened in fascinated silence, and then, as if by one common impulse, we moved forward. Only as we came close to the buildings did it become apparent to us that the people who had lived here must have been not less than twelve feet tall. Everything was on a giant scale, and I was forcibly reminded of those huge figures which I had seen deep in the hidden vaults of the Potala.

We approached the strange vehicle of metal. It was immense. Perhaps fifty or sixty feet across and now dulled with age. We saw a ladder extending up into a dark opening and, feeling as if we trod sacred ground, we crept up, one by one. The Lama Mingyar Dondup went first and soon disappeared into the dark hole. I was next, and as I reached the top of the ladder and stepped inside the metal hull I saw my guide bending over what looked to be a sloping table in this large metal room. He touched something, a bluish light came on, and there was a

faint hum. To our horrified amazement, at the far end of the room figures appeared and walked toward us and spoke to us. Our first impulse was to turn and run, to flee this house of magic, but a voice in our brains stopped us. “Be not afraid,” it said, “for we were aware of your coming and have been so aware this last hundred years. We made provisions so that those who were intrepid enough to enter this vessel should know the past.” We were held as if hypnotized, powerless to move, powerless to obey our animal instincts and escape. “Be seated,” said the voice, “for this will be long, and tired men do not listen well.” We sat, the seven of us in a row, facing the end of the room, and waited. For some seconds the buzzing continued. The light in the room faded, and we were in a darkness so profound that we could not see our hands before us. Some seconds later the buzzing stopped and there was a faint click, then upon the wall appeared pictures—pictures so utterly strange that they were almost beyond our comprehension. Pictures of a mighty city among whose ruins we now sat, a city beside the sea upon which rode many strange craft. Overhead, disc-like vehicles soared through the air, soundlessly, effortlessly. Upon the shore of golden sands giant figures strode amongst waving palm trees. We could hear the sound of happy voices of children at play as they splashed in the surf. We saw scenes in the streets, in the houses, in the public buildings. Without warning, we saw as if from some craft in the air. It reminded me so vividly of my kite flying that I almost clutched a non-existent cross-bar. Then there was a dreadful boom, and from afar a mushroom-shaped cloud soared miles to the heavens, a cloud shot with crimson and yellow, as if the very breath of the gods was afire.

ENGULFED

From our vantage point we saw buildings topple, and people fleeing for their lives. Then, from out of the distance roared a huge wave of the sea, perhaps fifty feet, perhaps a hundred feet high. It struck the land and engulfed the houses—the once stately metropolis. The earth shook, the picture swirled, and spinning, and all was blackness. For what seemed to be a long time we sat wondering in the darkness. A picture came on the wall again, but this time a different picture. We saw the clearing, and in it were strange craft, such as that in which we now sat. Men seemed to be doing maintenance work, servicing.

Craft were continually arriving and departing. There seemed to be many different types of people, ranging from those about fifteen feet tall to some about five feet tall. The picture changed and we saw views outside the earth, and a view of the dark side of the moon. The voice of the screen gave us an explanation throughout the picture. We learned that there was an Association, a White Brotherhood, composed of incarnate and discarnate entities. Those who were incarnate came from many different planets, and they had as their one aim the safeguarding of life. Man, we were told, was certainly not the highest form of evolution, and these people, these guardians, worked for creatures of all kinds, not merely for man.

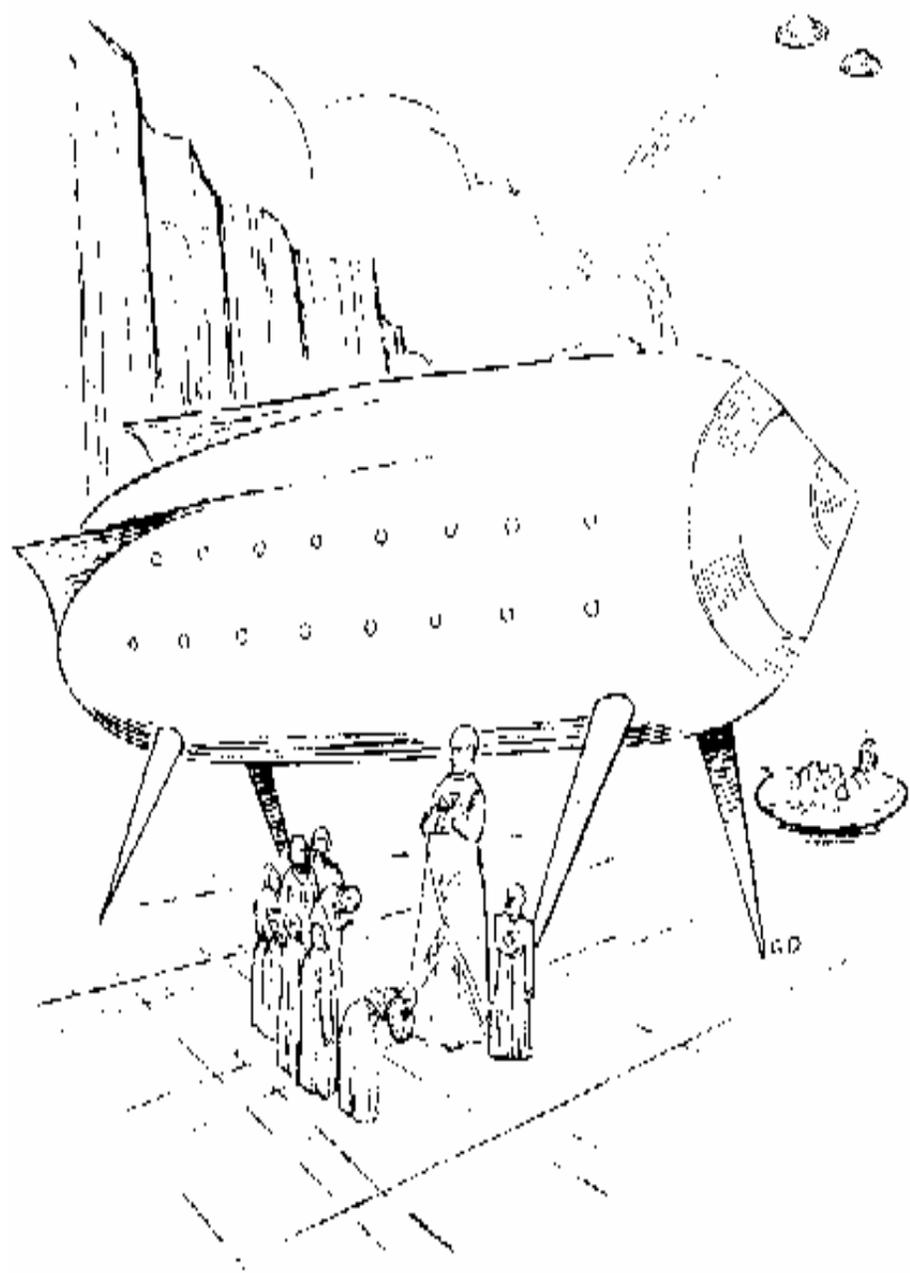
INVASION

We were told Tibet was to be invaded, and that the invaders, Communists, would be as a disease on the body of the earth. Communism, we were told, would be eradicated and in the age to follow creatures of all kinds would commune together as in the days of long ago.

Tibet was to be invaded. But even Tibet would play her part with telepathic lamas who could so easily contact space ships. Earth, they said, was a colony, and these people of outer space supervised the earth so that they could mitigate the effects of atomic radiation and, it was hoped, save the people of earth from blowing their world to pieces.

We, the seven telepathic lamas, were taken in a space ship, and up into the air. We saw, in half an hour, our land of Tibet—a land which it would take three months for a man on a fast horse to cross. Then with no increase in gravity, with no sensation of speed, we were taken out of the atmosphere and into space.

We know how these space ships work. We know why they can turn so quickly, and why those within them are not affected by centrifugal force, but that is for another occasion.



PART TWO

INSIDE THE SHIP

The vivid purple of the afternoon sky was suddenly cut by a snow white line as if a finger of a god had swept aside the dark to show a light beneath. The glittering silver at the head of the growing line sped across the sky almost too fast for the eye to follow. A sudden flash of light, and the silver was gone, heading for the blackness of space.

We lamas lay upon our backs upon the soft green sward of the hidden valley some twenty-five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Higher still towered the jagged peaks which surrounded the warm and pleasant land and protected larger than the British Isles, has many mysteries but none so strange as this, a valley of tropical splendor amid the subing back to the time of the Flood, and stranger still, where the Gods of the Sky had a base.

For centuries past telepathic lamas of high degree had been in communication with these Gods, and had learned much from them. Now we, highly favored men, were meeting them.

We lay upon our backs, thinking of the wonders we had seen. To our right, in an immense clearing, stood strange machines, machines which would be strange even to the highly merchandised world beyond our land. Men of other worlds than Earth walked about, some moving with lithe

grace, breathing the air we breathed, and others stumbling a little in strange clothing which, transparent, covered even their heads, and allowed them to breathe a different atmosphere.

For some hours we had lain thus, watching, marveling and following by telepathy the purpose of these activities. Our close concentration was suddenly shattered by a deep humming which came from just above us. Turning our heads we saw a spinning disc approaching. As it passed over us we were flattened to the earth as if by a very strong wind, as if our weight had surprisingly doubled on the instant. Then it was over, and we raised up, resting upon an elbow to watch the landing of the machine.

It resembled two very shallow Tibetan bowls placed edge to edge, one resting upon the other, and through the center of both was a transparent dome, or perhaps translucent would be a better description, because, while it was obviously transparent, we could not see clearly into it. Now the whole machine was rotating above the dome, and making a “swish-swish-swish” noise, reminding us of Prayer Flags fluttering in a strong breeze. The deep humming had stopped as the machine hovered above what was quite obviously a landing ground. Gradually the machine sank, lower and lower, until it was obscured from the view by a much larger tubular vessel. From a nearby building a pear-shaped vehicle sped to the newly-arrived machine. Some minutes later it came into view again, going in the opposite direction, and returning to the building.

Our intent watching was interrupted by a man who came towards us and said: “Come now, my brothers, for we have much to show you.” We rose to our feet, and once again we felt ashamed of our lack of stature; the Lama Mingyar Dondup was six feet tall, and we were all within three inches of that, but this man was twice as tall as Mingyar Dondup! I felt as if we were a seven-year-old about to enter a lamasery for the first time. The Tall One had apparently guessed my thoughts, or read them telepathically, for he said: “It is not the size of the body which matters, my brother, but the size of the aura, and the soul which is within. Here we have people ranging from those smaller than you to taller than I.”

He led us across the green, moss-covered earth. This was as hard as rock, smooth without mark or blemish, yet it

did not jar our feet as we walked across it as rock did. I looked about me in fascination, wondering at all the strange alien activities going on around us. The Tall One was evidently a man of much importance, for all those working nearby touched their heart to him as he passed—a greeting which we in our ignorance thought was our Eastern method. We felt very self-conscious in our shabby robes, torn and threadbare through the hard journey from Lhasa.

As we walked, the Tall One amplified the remarks of the day before, telling us the Earth was a colony, a colony which was afflicted with a dread disease which made most of the inhabitants behave like mad dogs. For centuries the Earth has been observed so that all at the right time people could be helped. That time was near. Certain of us, of Tibet, were more developed telepathically and esoterically, so we were being given special information and special experience. “Now,” he said, “we are going to show you your world from beyond its atmosphere. For this it will be better if you are in a craft manned by those of your own stature.”

INSIDE THE SHIP

We were standing before a vessel of tubular shape, some three hundred and fifty feet long by about sixty feet wide. A broad platform led from the ground to the interior. As we approached, a man of medium height, but very broad, came down to meet us. He touched his heart to the Tall One, and for a moment they looked at each other while a message passed between them. Then the Broad One turned to us and beckoned for us to follow him. We, following the example of my Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, turned first to the Tall One, touching our right hand to our heart before bowing and turning away to follow the Broad One.

The unknown is always fearsome. My own heartbeat increased in tempo as we walked up the sloping ramp, paused a moment, and entered that alien doorway. Inside was a long corridor, pale restful green in color, and the walls appeared to be luminous. The light was uniform, and there were no shadows. The Broad One led us along the corridor for several yards, then stopping, he raised his hands and a portion of the wall slid aside to reveal a pleasant room of which one side and the floor appeared to be so transparent that we were almost afraid to enter.

“Have no fear,” he said. “The floor is very solid and will bear you safely. What you actually see is a special screen which shows all outside. There are no windows here.” We gasped, and entered hesitatingly: it was as if we were walking on nothing and I certainly had the impression that I would fall through to the ground.

The Broad One faced a wall and seemed to become remote from us as if he were deep in thought for a time. I stood idly gazing through what I had thought was a transparent floor, but now knew to be a special screen. I watched other vessels nearby, and people working on them. Suddenly my knees felt weak with terror. Things were moving further away: the ground was dropping beneath us, and I expected us to fall as well, but there was no sign, no sensation of motion.

The Broad One came out of his seeming reverie and spoke. “We are going to take you off the earth,” he said. “We are going to show you your earth from afar.” I replied, “But we are not moving. If we were we would feel something. When I swung at the end of a rope, or when I flew in a kite I certainly felt. But here there is no sensation.” The Broad One replied, “No, there is no sensation, but we maneuver at speeds beyond the ability of any flesh and blood to withstand, and we have special devices which automatically neutralize the effect of sudden turns or of too high speed stops. You will feel nothing whatever in this ship, nor is there anything for you to worry about. We have long ago mastered the science of gravity. Later you shall see through this ship, but first—” He gestured with his hands toward the screens. We looked.

NO SENSATION OF MOTION

Far beneath us the rugged land that was Tibet was sinking. The mighty mountains, some towering higher than the much-vaulted Everest, were becoming flattened by the distance, becoming just pimples on a plain surface. We rose higher and higher until at last we could see our Happy River (as we Tibetans call it) swelling out into the mighty sacred river of India, out into the ocean which we had not seen before. We saw the outline of the coast and could easily distinguish the Bay of Bengal, and see far into China. We could even see the Great Wall of China as a thin crack across the ground.

The sun seemed to be below us, huge, swollen by the refraction of the air, glowing red like the open mouth of a lamasery furnace.

Still there was no motion, no impression of anything. We stood and watched, and thought how utterly remote was all this from our normal life upon the arid earth.

The Broad One gestured to a wall. He touched something and bench-like seats sprang from the previously smooth surface. "Sit down," he said. "You can see more comfortably sitting."

We sat, rather gingerly and rather embarrassed, because as we sat down we seemed to sink into something which gripped our shrinking forms through our thin robes. "Form-fitting seats," said the Broad One. "very comfortable. They prevent you from slipping off yet they yield to every movement." "Form-fitting indeed," thought I. Certainly I am not used to being held in this manner. Still, I supposed I shall get used to it. Now safely seated, I gazed again at the screens and held my breath in sheer amazement. I had been taught that the earth was flat, now I knew better because I could see myself that the earth was round globe like the ball with which I used to play. Here we were, far up above the earth, going higher and higher, until at last we were completely free of the atmosphere. The earth turned slowly beneath us, a huge globe largely covered by the grey-green of the ocean. The land masses appeared insignificant, with splotches of green and russet. Large areas of it were covered with white fleecy clouds obscuring much of the surface. Through gaps we could see the outline of continents and islands. We could see inland lakes, but of cities there was no sign. From height there was no indication whatsoever that there was life upon Earth.

VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE

Surrounding the Earth was a faint bluish haze, fairly dense close in, but fading out altogether after a few miles. The Earth rolled on, turning lazily like a hawk wheeling slowly in the sky. The Broad One said. "You are intent upon Earth, yet the whole of your Universe is before you. Is it not worth a glance?" It brought us to life with a start, and we looked up. Above us was utter blackness interrupted with startlingly vivid points of light. Distant planets appeared sharply round and of many different hues, while on

those nearer we could distinguish features of their surface. So that we could gaze upon the sun, the Broad One caused a dark shield to cover part of the screen. We saw the sun huge and clear, and the sight struck us with terror because we thought it was on fire. Vast tongues of flame leapt from its circumference, while its surface presented itself to us as a writhing mass, freely marked with dark blobs.

“We have a base on what you call the Moon,” said the Broad One. “The Moon always presents one side to the Earth. Our base is on the other side and we are going there now.” The filter was swung aside and we were able to gaze upon the blindingly brilliant face of the Moon, that airless world which still contains life deep beneath its surface. We approached it at a speed which was so fast as to be quite incomprehensible to us, but there was no sensation of speed. “You have learned much about us,” said the Broad One. “Yet, upon Earth people are taught that we do not exist. They have to be taught so because of the religious teaching that Man is made in the image of God, and the people of the Earth think that Man is the Earth human. Today to admit the possibility of Man on other planets would be to prove the various religions wrong. Again, those who hold the power of life and death over nations dare not let it be known that there is even a greater power, for to do so would be to lessen their hold upon their enslaved people.”

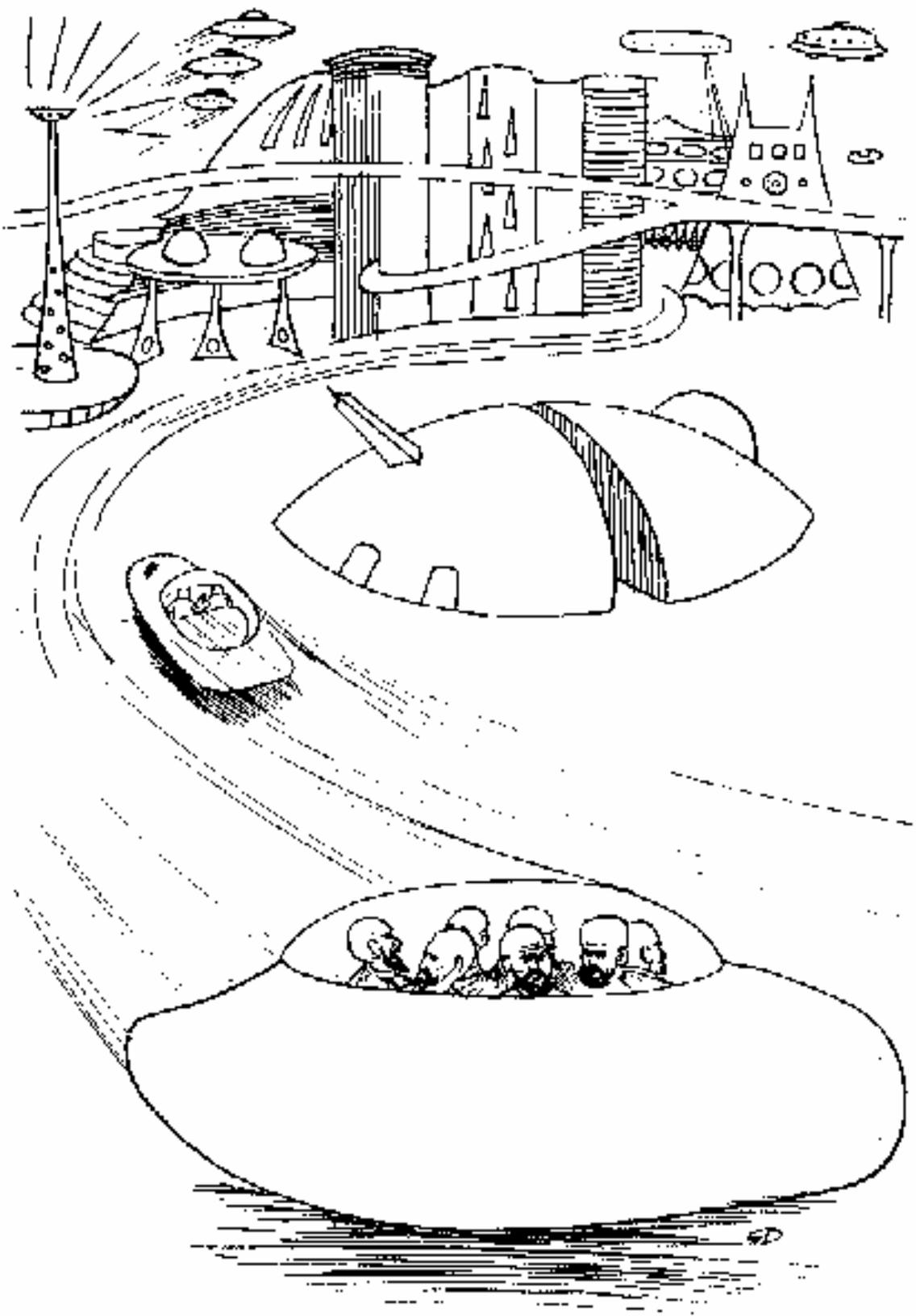
PROPULSION

Later we were taken on a tour of the space ship and were introduced to the large crew. We felt very ignorant in their presence, but they did everything possible to answer our questions and set us at ease. The problem of propulsion interested me greatly, and I was given an answer in much detail. There were a number of methods used, ships for different purposes had the appropriate method of propulsion. That on which we were traveling had a form of magnetism which was repelling to Earth's magnetism. The electricity used on Earth, we were told, was most crude. That used elsewhere was a form of magnetism based on cosmic energy. The force was picked up from the cosmos by special collectors on the surface of the ship and conducted to the “engine room.” Here it was fed through induction coils to the two halves of the ship. The half facing the Earth was

strongly repelling to Earth, and the half facing the planet of destination, in this case the Moon, was strongly attracted to that planet.

On a planet the repelling force could be adjusted so that the machine could hover, rise or sink. The whole interior of the ship was lined with a network of conductors so that no matter what attitude a ship adopted, the force of gravity was at all times that most suitable for the occupants. We were shown the remarkable simple device which automatically adjusted the gravitational force.

But there is no more space to go into greater detail. It is indeed a tragedy that Western peoples are so skeptical, for there is such a lot to tell, and it is a waste of time to even start when one KNOWS that one will be disbelieved. Flying saucers are real. Very real.



PART THREE

MY VISIT TO VENUS

The evening winds sighed gently through the trees of the Hidden Valley. There was an atmosphere of peace, of harmony, of Beings working for good. We lay by the side of our camp fire, the Lama Mingyar Dondup and three companions, five of us in all. We had journeyed far from Lhasa, from the frozen slopes of mountains and barren land. Now there were but five of us though eleven of us had started out. Our companions had fallen by the wayside, victims of avalanches, victims of privation and of the bitter, freezing cold.

Now, though, in the warmth of this Hidden Valley we lay at peace. Marvels had indeed befallen us since we had first communed with the Gods from other worlds, the Gods who looked after the Earth and kept it from self-destruction. Tonight, we thought, we will retire early. We had earned our sleep, our rest, for throughout the day we had been seeing the secrets of the immense city which was half buried in the glacier. We had learned much but— we were to learn more.

We looked at each other, wondering who was speaking, because a gentle but insistent thought kept coming into our minds. “Brothers, brothers, come this way for we are waiting.” Hesitantly, one after the other, we got to our feet and looked about us. There was no one in sight, but again came the

insistent command, "Brothers, this way, we are waiting." So we followed our intuition and made our way to the bustling camp where the machines from other worlds lay, where Beings of many other worlds swarmed about doing their multitudinous tasks. As we approached one of the larger ships a man, the Broad One, descended from it and came to meet us with his hand upon his heart in a gesture of peace and of greeting.

"Ah, brothers, so you have come at last. We have been calling you for the past hour. We thought perhaps that your brains slept."

We bowed humbly before him, bowed to the Superior Being from outer space; he turned and led the way to the vessel. We stood on a certain spot beside the ship; it felt as if we were caught by some strong force and wafted upwards. "Yes," he said to our unspoken thoughts, "that is an anti-gravity beam, a levitator we call it. It saves one climbing."

Inside the vessel he led us to a room with seats along the wall. It was a round room, and it reminded us of the ship in which we had recently had a trip. We looked about, and we could see out as if there were no walls at all, and yet we knew that those walls were as solid as metal, a metal harder than anything we knew.

"My brothers you have traveled far according to your standards, and you have endured much according to any standards. This night we are going to take you far away from your own Earth, we are going to take you to a planet which you call Venus. Take you there just to show you that there are civilizations beyond anything that you know on Earth, take you so that your days of life upon Earth may be brightened by the knowledge of what is, and what can be. First let us eat. You were, as I am aware, about to partake of your evening meal."

He gave a telepathic command, and attendants entered bearing dishes. One went to a wall and pressed various buttons. A section of the floor rose up as a table, and with it appeared seats upon which we could recline in the old fashioned Eastern way, and not be cooped up in the Western style.

The covers of the gleaming dishes—dishes which appeared to be made of purest crystal—were removed, and we were

helped to food. The food to us was truly amazing. Fruits of various colors, and then pastes in crystal jars. Our hosts were very attentive to our wants. The Broad One said, "Here we eat only that which nature provides. These are fruits such as you know not on Earth, fruits which to us supply bread, meat, everything. These pastes which you will find truly delicious are compounded of nuts from other planets of this system." They were, as he said, "truly delicious," and we ate very well indeed.

The flavors were most strange to us, but wholly pleasant, and the liquors which we drank were again the juices of fruits. These people were, we thought, even more humane than we of Tibet. They killed nothing, nor did they restrain animals in order that their milk could be taken.

At the conclusion of our meal the dishes were removed and the table and dining seats disappeared again into the floor. The Broad One said, "This time I shall go with you. We are moving now." We turned and looked through the wall. There was no sense of movement, no sound, yet we were rising. We rose faster and faster, leaving the darkening Earth and going out so that looking down we could again see the sun gleaming over the horizon, gleaming over the curvature of the Earth in the far, far distance.

As we rose higher and higher, we could see the continents of the Earth in various hues and colors, green and browns; we could see the white of the clouds, and the bluish-grey of the turbulent waters of the seas, but of the works of man there was no sign, no sign at all from our height that anything lived upon the Earth. As we went higher we found that the strange lights were playing about outside the windows as if the rainbow had come in sheets, undulating sheets, but here were more colors than any rainbow ever possessed. It was an electric discharge from the aurora. It looked as if the whole Earth was girded with gold, red, green, and of deepest purple, waving as if in some invisible wind. Showers of light, glinting and scintillating with all colors, flashed about through the curtains as if those curtains were being pierced by the spears of the Gods.

Higher and higher we went, out into the deep blackness of space. The Earth was now but the size of a small round fruit, gleaming with a blue-grey light, not at all like the moon which had a yellowish light, but blue-grey, a strange color

indeed. We sped on and on into space, and the stars ahead of us changed color, the sun ahead of us turned from its golden rays to blood red. Behind us the Earth had disappeared. Behind us, to our amazed stupefaction, there was nothing at all save darkness, blackness, the blackness of an utter void.

I turned with a gasp of amazement to the Broad One, but he just laughed and said, "Oh, my brother, we are going faster than light, and so behind us there is no light because we are outstripping it, and ahead of us we are catching up on light, so the whole visible spectrum is deranged. Thus, instead of the white glare of a planet you see red, and darker red until the red turns purple, and the purple to black, and the light which you see is not light at all but an illusion of the senses."

FASTER THAN LIGHT

This indeed was fascinating, but on we sped without feeling any sensation, outstripping light itself. I could not understand how they could navigate at such a speed, but the answer to that was that it was all done by robotic controls. We were spellbound in our seats watching outside. Instead of pinpoints of light we saw streaks as if some clumsy artist had daubed a black wall with glowing colors which changed as we looked at them. At last the colors began to appear more normal. The black gave way to purple, the purple to red-brown, and then to scarlet-red, and then behind us again we saw pinpoints of light. Stars, though, behind us were green and blue, while ahead of us they were red and yellow. As we slowed down still more the stars ahead turned to their normal colors, as did those at the back.

Ahead of us was a huge ball, turning lazily in the black sea of space, a ball completely covered in white fleecy clouds, a ball which reminded me of thistledown floating against a black sky. We circled two, three, perhaps five times, and then the Broad One said, "We are about to enter the atmosphere. Soon we shall be down and you can walk upon a world which is not alien, but merely strange to you."

Slowly the ship sank, slowly it became immersed in the fleecy white cloud, billowing fingers reached out and fled by our windows. The Broad One touched a control, and it was

as if magic fingers had swept aside the cloud, swept aside everything that obscured the view.

We looked out in awe. The clouds by some magic of the Gods had been made invisible, and beneath us we saw this glittering world, this world filled by superior beings. As we sank lower and lower we saw fairy cities reaching up into the sky, immense structures, ethereal, almost unbelievable in the delicate tracing of their buildings. Tall spires and bulbous cupolas, and from tower to tower stretched bridges like spider's webs, and like spider's webs they gleamed with living colors, reds and blues, mauves and purples, and gold, and yet what a curious thought, there was no sunlight. This whole world was covered in cloud. I looked about me as we flashed over city after city, and it seemed to me that the whole atmosphere was luminous, everything in the sky gave light, there was no shadow, but also there was no central point of light. It seemed as if the whole cloud structure radiated light evenly, unobtrusively, a light of such a quality as I had never believed existed. It was pure and clean.

At last we left the cities and came to a beautiful sparkling sea, a sea of purest blue. There were a few little craft upon the water, and the Broad One smiled benevolently as I pointed to them, and said, "Oh, they are merely pleasure craft. We do not use anything so slow as ships on this world." After some minutes we crossed the ocean and came to another gleaming city, even better than the ones we had seen before, and in the very heart of the city there was a clearing to which we approached. For some minutes we hovered perhaps half a mile above the city, above the clearing, and then, as if in answer to some signal, we sank slowly, soundlessly, and effortlessly. Gradually, imperceptibly almost, the ground came closer and closer.

Soon we were level with the topmost towers of that glittering city, that fabulous city, the like of which no man from Tibet had ever seen before. We could not determine the nature of the materials; they towered toward the stars, pointed, and from every window of those immense buildings faces peered out. As we got closer and closer, and lower and lower, we could discern those faces with startling clarity; they were beautiful. Throughout our stay on Venus, indeed, we saw no one who was not by earth standards startlingly beautiful. Ugliness was unknown here on this world, whether it be ugliness of mind or ugliness of body, both were absent. Almost before we were aware of it we were on the ground.

Our machine had descended without a tremor, without a jerk. The Broad One turned to us and said, "It is time for us to alight, my brothers." And then he led the way out of the room. As we reached the ground we looked about us for the first time. Before we had been too busy marveling at the method of our descent. Now we found people waiting for us, officials obviously, tall men, grave faced, but with a dignity and presence not known upon the turbulent Earth.

One of them stepped forward and inclined his head in our direction. Into our minds flooded thought, his thought, telepathy. He was greeting us in the universal language of thought. No sound was uttered in all that gathering, no sound, that is, except perhaps our own involuntary gasps of astonishment.

THE HALL OF KNOWLEDGE

For some minutes we all stood thus in telepathic communion, and then the spokesman bowed to us and turned away with a telepathic instruction for us to follow him. We did so for some fifty paces, and then we came to a most remarkable vehicle. They called it an air car. It was a vehicle perhaps thirty feet long and it was floating two or three inches above the ground. A section of clear plastic slid aside and we were shown inside. The Broad One and the spokesman got in with us. We sat back on those very comfortable seats, and then again we exclaimed in astonishment for without feeling motion we were speeding along at a truly frightening speed. Buildings by us were blurred with the velocity of our travel, and I certainly was quite frightened. There were no controls in the vehicle. We were sitting and the machine was taking us. The Broad One smiled benevolently at me, and said, "Fear not, my brother, there is nothing to fear. This machine is controlled from afar. Soon we shall be at our destination, The Hall of Knowledge, where you will be greeted, where you will be shown the past of your Earth, the present of your Earth, and the future of your Earth, the probable future, my brother, that is, because man makes his own path, but probabilities are very strong things indeed, and unless man changes his mind the probabilities that you will see in The Hall of Knowledge will be facts."

I looked over the side and found that we were perhaps six feet above the ground which was absolutely flashing by. The

vehicles passing on either side of us seemed to come charging at us, and then at the last instant miss us. It really frightened me, it sent chill shivers up and down my spine to think what would happen if two of these vehicles travelling at such colossal speed met head on. I became aware that the buildings were passing by more slowly. I could think that the buildings were moving and not us, because we had no sensation of moving nor of speed.

Gradually the vehicle slowed, then it hovered, and turned in a half circle and went to the left, to an immense building which stood in a clearing. It was a huge public building supported on glittering pillars. Wide stairs led up to it, and on the stairs there were groups of young people, apparently just waiting to see us visitors from Tibet. The machine continued on slowly, perhaps at the speed of a man running. It rose to the level of the top of the steps, and then slid inside the main doors of that magnificent building. It came to a halt; attendants hurried to meet us, slid aside the doors of our machine, and helped us to alight.

I looked about me in absolute fascination. To one side was a green covered table, and around it there were what appeared to be a group of golden thrones in which a group of men sat. Soon we were in telepathic communion with the group, the Lords of Venus, the controllers of that particular sphere of activity. It does not matter what they told us, nor what we told them, but eventually one man thought at us. "Now, my brothers, we have exchanged much knowledge of interest. We will give you a sight of your world, a sight of the present day conditions of your world as they are in all countries of that globe, and we will show you the probable course of your world's future."

He rose, and the others rose also. They lead the way along a corridor, and then we of Tibet involuntarily stopped and held our breath in sheer shocked amazement. Before us appeared the blackness of night, the utter blackness of space, and floating, turning lazily, was our own Earth. We saw the blue-grey of the continents, the brownish patches, the streaks of green, and the white of the clouds. We saw the bluish haze of the atmosphere of the Earth, extending round, girdling our world.

Our great friend, the Broad One, touched me and whispered, whispered in Tibetan, "Fear not, my brother, for this is but the simulacrus, this is the Hall of Memories, the Hall of all Knowledge of the Earth; be not afraid of what is to

happen, for this is but science, the science of illusion, and that, too, is but the world of illusion. You shall see, and what you shall see will be the truth.”

We sat down, and that seemed to be the signal. We gazed upon the Earth, and then we seemed to be falling, gently falling. As we got nearer and nearer to the Earth we saw that it was a very different Earth. First we saw a molten bowl, then before our startled eyes the molten bowl became solidified, cracks appeared, gouts of flame rushed out, water came and spread across the face of the Earth. The land rose, parts of it sank, countries were formed, and seas too; we saw the convulsions of the Earth as it was at its birth, we saw the strange unbelievable people which were the first people of Earth. We saw Poseidon, Lemuria, Atlantis.

We saw also the mighty civilizations which flourished unbelievable eons before Poseidon, before Atlantis and Lemuria. By now we could accept anything without a flicker of surprise. We had a surfeit of marvels, wonders had no power over us. So as the Earth grew older before our gaze, and nations were swept and replaced by other nations it evinced interest in us, but no more. Our potentialities of being surprised had ended. Then we came to our own time.

We saw Tibet when the founder of our religion first appeared in that country. We saw the buildings of the Potala, of the sweeping aside of the old fortress which had been put there before by the bloodthirsty king of Tibet. We reached our present year, passed it, went on and on into the future, into the year 3,000. It was wonderful the things we saw and heard. We seemed to be upon the Earth, as if we were standing beside, or even slightly behind, the principal actors. We could see all, hear all, but we could not touch, nor be touched. But eventually these wondrous impressions faded into the year three thousand and something.

The Broad One stirred and said, “Now you see, my brother, why it is that we guard the Earth, for if man's folly is allowed to go unchecked terrible things will happen to the race of men. There are powers upon the Earth, human powers, who oppose all thought of our ships, who say that there is nothing greater than the human upon the Earth so there cannot be ships from other worlds. You, my brothers, have been shown and told, and have experienced this so that you through your telepathic knowledge, can contact others, so that you can bring influence to bear.”

We do not know how long we were there upon that planet, it might have been days, it might have been weeks, we were almost blinded by the splendor of the sights we saw. people desiring only peace, desiring, as we of Tibet desired, to do as we would be done by. And at last it was time again to return to the Earth, which now to us seemed a tawdry place, and earth which paled into insignificance against the glory of Venus. Sadly we got aboard this space ship, and sadly we returned to the Hidden Valley; never again, I thought, shall I see such wonderful things. How mistaken I was, for that was but the first of many trips.

Once again, the late T. Lobsang Rampa has shared his experiences with us. Whether or not we accept his claims as authentic is really quite irrelevant. One cannot deny the knowledge, wisdom and true desire for the brotherhood of humankind which his writings impart to all those willing to listen. In this short book, as in all his other works, his descriptive words, be they of a hidden valley in Tibet, the icy chill of the Tibetan mountains, or the shimmering beauty of Venus, make each scene one of reality.

My Trip To Venus is one of Rampa's shortest works but well worth the reading. There is wisdom to be gained as the little group of lamas is taken to the Hall of Knowledge for a view of our world as it was, is now, and will be. As the travelers return to Earth, the reader is left with much to ponder and perhaps with a bit of longing for the peace and brotherhood achieved on other worlds.

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