

A Monthly Review

APPROACH

Man in Life and Space

Editor: Edgar Sievers

Contents:

Courage of Detachment.. ..	23
Night Session Dialogue.	24
Space Ship Field News.	24
The UFO News Stand	25
A Point, a Theme and my Angle.	25
Our Book Service: a first list	25
Dr. T. Lobsang Rampa: Journey into Space (I).. .. .	26

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COURAGE OF DETACHMENT

WE HAVE been surveying a different approach to those two global aims of peaceful, undisturbed conditions and a brotherly attitude amongst all men. We found we had to turn to the inner man to be able to detect that which makes all of us equally and truly Man, no matter the outward appearance. With this in mind we can, in practical life, bridge gaps, sink differences, forget about shortcomings or overlook in the other a lack of refinedness.

This works well within the sphere of our personal endeavour and influence. But what happens when we step outside to where we are confronted with the world at large, quarrelling, fighting? How can it work there where we feel ourselves far removed from high politics and frustrated in the face of its precarious courses? Isn't it somewhat foolish then to still cling to a "vague ideal" of peace and brotherhood? The answer is no, under no circumstances! Whatever blinded mankind may itself be engaging in, it has nobody's innermost sanction! Inner man, the eternal trustee of virtues and all the higher things in life, is against it. Thus it is him we must follow. We must remain positive and true to our ideal. To remain positive, one must detach oneself from the negative. This is not so easy when every day so many new headlines full of excitement or fear are battering against our braincells! But let us be at ease and do as our inner man does: though keeping active contact with the world yet disengaging himself from all that which is not of his nature.

And so, be your own! Never stoop to lowly things, don't fall. Raise yourself above the slogans and passing fashions of the day, neither let them influence nor disturb you. Breathe the cosmic atmosphere, consciously. Shed any fear! For while your feet are rooted to this planet your heart can comfortably snuggle up in God's warm hand. Don't drift with the masses. Be independent yet have compassion with all. Never worry over outward events; stay unattached to what is not of your making. Trust your intuition; the more you do, the less will it fail you. Determinedly sow your good seed, serve your fellow-men wherever you can. Be the strength to your neighbour first, then you'll be a stronger pillar unto yourself. And where it comes to the worst: remember that only the body can be crushed; the Father will keep carressing you until you wake up to another life's day - grown, wiser and happier.

NIGHT SESSION DIALOGUE

QUESTIONS are the surest and simplest sign of inner growth, and it is not a bad one either, if there are more questions in an individual than can be answered, for the time being. But at one time or other there will be an answer for every question. If only we kept asking till the end of our lives, steady progress in development were our's.

"Although I have tried to digest the implication of Dr Rampa's claim of being a Tibetan who took over a new body for the sake of corporeal convenience, I cannot quite settle down with the fact that this should be possible at all!"

SPACE SHIP FIELD NEWS

YOUR editor's brother, Rolf Sievers, of Johannesburg, had a very good sighting end of June. Coming from Johannesburg very early in the morning - it was still dark - and driving toward Lichtenburg, Western Transvaal, he clearly perceived a strange craft passing in front of him, perhaps at 2,000 ft, with three portholes and the luminous, ionized 'airtail' trailing behind. It was going faster than a jet plane and made no noise.

A silvery, round disc hovered over a group of picknickers near Swakopmund, South West Africa, on July 17, and was observed by them for 15 minutes.

It is not possible for anyone. It is possible for those who have come to understand the function involved, its natural law, and who have learned to master it. These two points are principal conditions everywhere. We cannot hope to be able to ride a bicycle until we realise that there is a functional relation between keeping ourselves moving AND balanced. By exercise, practice, repetition, we are 'running in' the whole set of inter-related functions to a degree where we can establish and stop them or interfere with them at will. We have trained ourselves and are master over them. The same on ever higher and higher levels of nature's functionings. Once we know her, she becomes our friend and servant.

The mere possibility is also revealed in an authentic passage 77 years old, written by a Tibetan for a Western man, where it says that an adept who has become freed from the necessity of unconscious transmigration "may at his will and desire and instead of reincarnating himself only after bodily death, do so, and repeatedly during his life. He holds the power of choosing himself new bodies - whether on this or any other planet...." A 'tchang-chub' is the name given to such adepts. This establishes the principle. What Rampa did was using a related possibility.

"I have the highest respect for these Tibetans, but why always them..?"

Well, why not? Aided by various factors, not least a geographical one, they came to be the heirs and preservers of higher knowledge and ancient traditions. They too, as we learn now, have up to this day, had an unbroken contact with our Brothers from space - an important and original source of wisdom, namely: of the one cosmic wisdom.

"Talking of higher functions and laws of nature - aren't we heading there again for a mechanistic outlook, reducing God and his universe to some clock-work? Is there room left for the spirit?"

As much as you would grant it! Universal nature is always richer than our efforts of labeling and classifying her can be. Her stock of prints, which we try to label and stamp, will always outdo the inventiveness of our language. Therefore she is holding much more Truth than we can hope to express at any time or stage! Apart from this: if you register for a university course with, in consequence, a wealth of time-tabling, arranging, learning, adjusting, working, organizing, relaxing and developing to many a fixed rule and regulation - would you consider yourself and your effort, 'some mechanistical clock-work?' "Hardly! I see. And neither can God's arrangement be..."

Approach - July, 1958

THE UFO NEWS STAND...

APPROACH acknowledges receipt of a couple of UFO publications and periodicals from every continent, with which we are in contact on an exchange basis.

The "Interplanetary Foundation News Letter" (Michigan) mentions a Mr. Leo Childers, of Detroit, who claims to have already had many contacts with space people but of whom we have not heard before.- The "Fl.Saucer Review" (London), July/Aug., brings a summary of Danish sightings with their Air Force playing a major role; an article by a Richard Carl Ogden 'The Creation of the Solar System' which betrays psychic trends; a stop press from Japan where a party of 50, after a long vigil of watching, saw a space ship from which a voice cut in (as claimed) saying: "Hullo, Japan's people, thank you very much for your long wait to try and see us..."- Maj D. Keyhoe's "UFO Investigator" (Washington), June, quotes a letter from the USA Joint Chiefs of Staff, written to Keyhoe's National Investigations Commit. on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP) wherein it says that "no effective means have been developed for the establishment of communication by radio or otherwise with unknown aerial objects." Could this phrase imply that such objects DO exist despite their own Air Force?- J. Escobar Faria, a Approach - July, 1958

lawyer and distinguished poet, is the editor of the cleverly & interestingly made up "UFO Critical Bulletin" (Sao Paulo). In the Mar/Apr issue we find, apart from many Brazilian sightings & landings reports, a full account on the Trindade Isle UFO photos which were taken from aboard a Brazilian navy vessel and were confirmed as such by the Brazilian authorities.- Gene Duplantier, Toronto, edits "Saucers, Space & Science" and has closely gone into the Galt landing story. Jack Stephens, aged 15, watched a saucer land 4 miles from Galt in a gully. Jack didn't venture nearer but kept his eye on the ship for 45 min.- Active, with ever more groups forming, is the "Junior Skywatch of the Americas"! We wonder whether we have boys enough, keen to copy them here?

A POINT, A THEME AND MY ANGLE

There were a couple of entries in our little competition of 80 words: What are you hoping for when you look up into the sky?! We are going to have quite a job finding the winner because the entries all seem to be of equal merit. Result next month!

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Reading about the levitator ray our Brothers use for various purposes and as related in Dr. Ramp's account, page 27, brought to mind a case where this same device seems to have been employed by some space people in the West. The overcoming of gravity by any readily accessible energy suitably harnessed, is, of course, an aim intensively pursued in Western countries.

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APPROACH'S BOOK ORDER SERVICE: First Book List

ENCLOSED today is a book list with many titles on the UFO, Space & Cosmic Wisdom subjects recommended to our friends and readers in the Africa Region. As some of the titles are published in the USA, prices are comparatively higher and times of delivery longer. There may or may not be one or the other extra copy left at any given time but ordinarily no stock is kept; orders are forwarded immediately. Readers are advised to keep this list as it virtually represents

a bibliography of UFO books hitherto published. New titles will be announced in APPROACH as they become available from time to time. For German-speaking readers: there is one single copy left of the German edition of "Flying Saucers Have Landed" at 24/-. It is unlikely that the book will be republished for a long time to come.

We trust that friends will avail themselves of our service as this will benefit APPROACH's still small publication fund.

Once ways have been found how to reverse a certain polarity in any object intended to be moved, the possibilities and opportunities for such a device are simply limitless. According to Felix Schmidt's "Spiritual Life" of Dec 1956, Inez Robb reported the following event from Nampa, Idaho: the owner of a ranch near Twin Falls, lawyer Rayburn, and 2 cowboys were inspecting cattle when a flying disc descended over a herd. It hovered, a door opened, a 400 lb prime bull made its way toward it, gently floating upwards and through it. The door closed, the ship ascended, and was gone.

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There had been no time, never mind the gentlemen's surprsie, to interfere, neither could the Sheriff do anything about it to whom they went straight for reporting. On the meaning of this incidence one can only speculate. It might be classified with those others where space crews have been observed to take in water, specimens of soil and plants. There is little doubt that this could serve some scientific purpose. Thus it is not far-fatched to reason that animals might present suitable objects for similar aims. Could interplanetary scientists not have been interested in the effects of radiation on the reproductive glands of a purebred bull for a change? It would be the nearest explanation.

Dr. T. Lobsang Rampa:

JOURNEY INTO SPACE

IN TWO earlier articles we introduced APPROACH's readers to the Tibetan Master and author of "The Third Eye", his autobiography. We also said why we took his side in the controversy that subsequently arose. As we hold that his claims are true we here present, in the same conviction, the following contribution. Our readers will notice soon enough that this was more than a Journey into SPACE! What we learn here is both new and of far-reaching consequence. We should therefore like to record our deep-felt gratitude for the author's willingness to make his experience known through our Review. Unconcerned whether the world will listen or not, we are satisfied to see that this account towers miles above the mere dreams of quite a few who did claim that they had been taken to other planets. - The scene here is still the space ship base in the Chang Tang Highlands of which the author wrote in "Flying Saucer Review". The space man referred to as 'Broad One' acted as guide to the party of lamas.

THE EVENING wind 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 (the author's own teacher) and 3 companions, 5 of us in all. We had journeyed far from Lhasa, from the frozen slopes of mountains and barren lands. Now there were but 5 of us though 11 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 Be-

Approach - July, 1958

ings 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 the 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, and it felt as if we were caught by some strong force and wafted upwards. "Yes," he said to our unspoken thoughts, "that is an antigravity 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 me of the ship in which we had recently had a trip. We looked about, and we could see 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 travelled 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 carrying 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 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
Approach - July, 1958

was truly amazing. Fruits of various colours 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 existence." They were, as he said, 'truly delicious', and we ate very well indeed. The flavours 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 strain 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. 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 colours, greens 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 strange lights were playing about outside the windows as if the rainbow had come in sheets, undulating sheets, but here there were more colours 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 colours, flashing about through the curtains as if those cur-

tains were being pierced by the spears of the Gods. Higher and higher we went, 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 colour, but blue-grey, a strange colour indeed. We sped on and on into space and the stars ahead of us changed colour, the sun ahead of us turned from its golden rays to blood-red but 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 astonishment 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 to purple and the purple to black, and the light you see is no light at all but an illusion of the senses." This indeed was fascinating, but on we sped without feeling, without 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 robot 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 colours which changed as we looked at them.

At last the colours began to appear more normal. The black gave way to purple, the purple to red-brown colour 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 stars ahead of us turned to their normal colours, 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 the white fleecy clouds, a ball which reminded us of thistledown floating against the 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 fairycities reaching up into the sky, immense structures, ethereal, almost unbelievable in the delicate tracings 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 colours, red and blue, 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, and the light was 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. (To be concluded next issue.)