

A Monthly Review

APPROACH

Man in Life and Space

Editor: Edgar Sievers

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MEETING THE CHALLENGES

INNER DETACHMENT from the stream, the silly ups and downs, the blind turns, the erratic and inconsequential bursts of modern life around us, is not escapism. When we say detach yourself, we do not mean: flee! When we advocate disengagement we DO mean: rise! We cannot progress if we dodge life's tasks and tests. There is nothing to be gained by escaping its challenges. No one can cut wood by turning the keen edge of his knife away from the job.

Now every Sunday countless preachers who still understand neither man nor life, freely thunder away at those wretched sinners who dare go to bioscope, dance-halls or cocktail parties. They raise hell over them as if they, the preachers, were the ones who have to answer for the deeds and omissions of those addressed! What they do, and did, all the time, was but raising generations of cowards, cripples in the sight of powerful Life! The point is not whether there is temptation around anywhere - it just IS! - but how well or badly equipped we go to meet it! How, in what frame of mind, with what motives or aim! If you have an inner or outer business to go, and see a film, you just go. The point is HOW YOU RISE ABOVE IT, whether you detest OR enjoy the stuff! Life in our days, however we might have shaped it, is here to stay with us as long as we don't knock it into different shape. We have played a long part in whatever befalls us. There must be an equally long-handed preparation toward our rescue - which is, unfolding our inner man, step by step, from challenge to task, from task to engagement. Moreover, just to try and stay away from a bioscope is no escape or salvation from its subtler influences. What have we to offer against them if our exercise is turning and running? Sunday preacher mentality, this! Born of a fear that leads away from, not closer to God. Born of the same confusion that fixed the Prayer into a- "Do not lead us INTO temptation.." instead of: "Do guide us, when in temptation!" Can there be a god so nasty as to constantly manoeuvre us into temptation with us imploring him, he mustn't do it? There can. In man's warped mind - not in reality!

A knife's keen edge, that is YOUR inner man. He has honed himself for his effectiveness through many a lifetime. Trust him! Grip him, cut open films and parties, preaching and the lot and see whether THERE an INNER MAN steps out! If not then you have all the less to worry. Just go your way. Rise.

FLYING SAUCER OVER ACCRA, GHANA
Report by James H. Neal

At appr. 4.40 am., on May 10, I was informed by a member of my household that there was a very bright light in the sky whereupon I donned a dressing gown, put on slippers and went into my lounge. Opening a window on the eastern side I observed a gleaming light low in the clear starry sky almost overhead. It swayed slightly in the atmosphere as I gazed at it.

My room on the 1st floor, has a wide verandah and surrounding balcony outside. I went and sat there for about 5min., watching. As it was cold I retired inside and when passing the clock observed the time to be 4.50 a.m. Returning 3 or 4 min. later to see whether the object was still there, I found it had disappeared. Although I looked all around the sky no trace of it was to be seen.

I do not know whether there is any significance in the fact that exactly 1 month earlier, I saw a similar object whilst visiting Keta some 135 miles from Accra on 10th April. (See APPR. May, 1958.) There is obviously some interest in Ghana by our friends from outer space!

I hope I may be fortunate enough to have deeper and wider experiences in the future.

(Dated 10th May, 1958)

Analysing the trends in thinking in the entries to our 80-word competition "LOOKING UP INTO THE SKY WHAT AM I HOPING FOR?" turned out to be quite an interesting task. What approach would be taken - a more individualized egocentric one, with personal thoughts uppermost in the mind (and in which, according to the theme set, an entrant would have been perfectly justified); or would thinking drift already more to the wider outlook which includes the non-personal, all others, too? +

Furthermore, would that hope have a pretty sentimental, escapist and weak colour - or rather express a consciousness of our own inner strength, which

APPROACH's BOOK ORDER SERVICE

On our book list, front-page: Change: The price of Barker G., They knew too much about FL.S. is now 20s., this being the UK edition.

Add: "Flying Saucer Review's World Roundup of UFO Sightings & Events", 29s. - all that has happened in 1956 and 1957.

Published: The 3 booklets, complete set of GA's "Course in Telepathy" (85s.) are out and orders will now be accepted.

Out of print: Arnold, Coming of the Saucers; McCoy, They Shall be Gathered Together.

Pretoria: Our next meeting will take place on September 24 at 8 pm., Hotel Boulevard. Subject: Discussion of Dr. Rampa's article and "His Answers to various Questions put to him".

Arrangements for a forthcoming Johannesburg meeting have not yet been finalised.

does not take things sitting back with folded hands, 'hoping' for the best, but is ready to pack the feeling of hope with a drive toward action? These were our guiding lines in assessing the contributors' merits.

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Well, friends, we were in for a pleasant surprise! It is almost as if APPROACH had been in existence already for years and not only for 5 months - so strikingly well has our cosmic outlook been formulated and incorporated, in the answers to that little question above, BY ALL. And while the one added a personal ambition here, the other a private expectation there, the viewpoint of looking at us and human affairs with a cosmic eye from outside earth, has somehow been covered without exception.

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It was therefore no easy matter to come to the final decision. At last, after accepting one or two further and minor considerations, we liked this entry best, so simple, poignant, sincere: -
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IS THERE STAGNATION IN THE UFO FIELD?

How OFTEN have we lately been asked this question, the idea of course being that there is! A lull, stagnation, tiredness, lack of interest - never did they appear so clearly pronounced as at the present moment. What is the answer? Is this correct? It is both, yes and no, depending on the viewpoint taken.

First, it is quite surprising to note that UFO magazine editors, too, are uneasy about the situation. Why they? Are there no more sightings? No, if anything, their number throughout the world is increasing! Are there no more landing reports? Enough to give all editors the

"I look into space for assistance - knowing there are Brothers on other worlds, willing to give of their aid if we are ready to receive it - not to escape from the chaos we have created on our planet but to find the way to put things right! If we sincerely wish to bring about a brotherhood of man, we will get help! One way to get it is through those Brothers who visit us in their space ships."

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Indeed, Mrs Neslie Schmutz of Johannesburg, we WILL get help once we abandon our present devious ways and would put shoulders to the wheel in a different spirit! Congratulations to you, for winning a book to your liking. Will you please select one from the book list and let us know the title? Thanks to you, and thanks to all the other entrants for their keen interest! Approach - August, 1958

creeps, especially with those accounts coming in from Brazil! Are there no further happenings of any kind? Again enough; photos having been taken, even officially confirmed ones, as in the case with the Trindade Island photos taken from a Brazilian navy vessel, and the subsequent and usual rumpus to and fro! Is there nothing to discuss, clarify, evaluate? Enough we should say, from the case of Reinhold Schmidt, USA, who had to suffer arrest and worse for his contact report, to Dr Jung's incredibly misleading stand recently taken, and, of course, Dr. Rampa's sensational contribution to our knowledge! No, it is definitely not lack in events or subjects responsible for any feeling of stagnation! The complaint is (1) that "the governments (foremost USA & U.K.) who hold so much knowledge on the UFO-problem with all their bursting files" should for goodness' sake at last release all their information; and (2) all that does happen - sightings, reports, controversies, theories - is all so REPETITIOUS, nothing NEW and rather BORING! Ah, here we are! Take (1). Ok., let them release! WHAT THEN? If you ask

us we think you won't hear from any government officially for yet a long time to come. What Cabinet, especially one that is blowing up billions of dollars into 'space' for the blue smoke of it, could hope to survive the announcement that there are space travellers around, PAYING NOT A CENT FOR ALL THE ENERGY USED, for longer than an hour? Remember how with Sputnik I the USA public roof caved in? Now that it's been propped up with 'space race achievements', and a feeling of the USA being a 'universal' power - how could THAT survive an announcement of the contemplated kind? To fall so low as to have to accept some space people as superiors? The mere thought of it is preposterous!

So take (2): repetitious, boring! Quite! Namely for all who have nothing else than the outward approach to the UFO question, who live from day to day with the drift and the scoop of the day, who need the ever more spectacular around them to keep them going through this miserable present-day life! Now that the UFO-road gets steeper, with tabulating, theorising behind us, the inquiring into the space travellers' motives AND OUR PERSONAL ADJUSTMENT TO THE SAME MOTIVES BEFORE US they sit down, weak-kneed, complaining of stagnation! ROT! To build up health, morals, character, that's what the space people want of us! Unselfish UNFOLDMENT! NOT STAGNATION!

JOURNEY INTO SPACE

IN THE FIRST part of his account the author told of another invitation by the space people to join them on a flight, of the meal before the start, of the journey through space and the arrival on Venus, clothed in clouds and lazily turning in dark outer space. The planet was circled a number of times, the landscape, beautiful cities gliding by underneath. An ocean was reached. There were a few little craft upon the water, and the Broad One (the space man and guide to the party of five Lamas) smiled benevolently when Rampa pointed at 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 that ocean and came to another gleaming city, even better than the ones we had seen before. 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, 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 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 tremour, without a jerk. The Broad One turned to us and said: "It is time for us to alight, my brothers, time for us to descend to this world of beauty." He turned away from us and led the way out of the room. We followed along a corridor to the right, and once again down that remarkable escalator. As we reached the ground we looked about us for the first time. Before we had been too busy marvelling 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 on the turbulent earth. One of them stepped forward and inclined his head in our direction. Into

our minds flooded thoughts, his thoughts, 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.

For some minutes we all stood thus in telepathic communion and then the spokesman bowed to us, turned away with a telepathic instruction for us to follow him. We did so for some 50 paces and then we came to a most remarkable vehicle. They called it an aircar. It was a vehicle perhaps 30 ft. long and it was floating 2 or 3 in. 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 this 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 Approach - August, 1958

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 6ft 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 to 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 down, then it hovered, and turned in a half circle and went to the left, to an immense building which stood in the clearing, 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 communication 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 Approach - August, 1958

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 led 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 clouds. We saw the bluish haze of the atmosphere of the earth, extending around, girding our world. Our great friend, the Broad One, touched me and whispered, whispered in Tibetan: "Fear not, my brother, for this is but a simulacrum. 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. But 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 who 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 aside and replaced

by other nations, it evinced interest in us but no more. Our potentialities for 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 building 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, and 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 principle actors. We could see all, hear all, but we could not touch, nor be touched. But eventually these wondrous impressions faded in the year three thousand and something.

The Broad One stirred and said: "Now you see, my brothers, why it is that we guard the earth, for if man's folly is allowed to go on terrible things will happen to the race of man. 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 splendour of the sights we saw. The people - content in their righteousness, peaceful people desiring only peace, desiring as we of Tibet desire, do as we would be done by.

And at last it was time to return to the earth which now seemed a tawdry place, an earth which paled into insignificance against the glory of Venus. Sadly we got aboard the 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!

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Here we leave the author - surely not forever, no, may we hope not even for long! For we are listening, his readers here as well as many of such publications as will reprint his experiences. We are open and ready to listen to this amazing tale from another world. It is no fairy tale. And more: does it not evoke a faint echo within ourselves of having known all this before - strange splendour, the golden light, the colours, the web-like structures, the peace-loving, noble people? Beings who have risen, by their own efforts, to the level where Unselfish Existence toward a Common Good is a reality! Now we understand those poets who, not having been taken to the other planets, yet have captured these inner echos, who have reached, with their intuition, right up into the fields of truth, gathering all into immortal passages! Now we see. Now we remember that the true state of (those higher) affairs (above) is, down here, our permanent, though sleeping, knowledge! Now we see why its beautiful elements, whether hidden in ancient tales or worked into modern science fiction are NOT so much 'fantasy' or 'imagination'!! Oh, indeed, as there, too, are human powers on earth who deny, as the Broad One has said, even the existence of their ships, how much less can so many admit life on other planets, let alone a richer, happier life outside earth? Yet, their refuting and debunking notwithstanding, LET US FEEL REASSURED: for this all is fact and the truth! THIS is the GOSPEL, aeon-old 'evangelium', message of bliss and salvation for all mankind from the heavens above! AND TRULY A MESSAGE AS SOBER AND FACTUAL AS IT IS WONDERFUL!