

## Readers' Letters 26

*Editor's Note: The Readers' Letters files consist of correspondence between PB and his students, followers, fellow philosophers, spiritual leaders, friends and family. Most of these letters were sent to PB by readers of his books. They are in no particular order, and there may be letters by the same person in other files as well. Most of the letters in this file were written between 1935 and 1985.*

*PB had a tendency to make edits, write notes regarding his replies, or insert address information and meeting times on the letters themselves after receipt. We have noted PB's insertions and marginalia, but have not noted edits made by the original author, assuming that they were corrections made at the same time as the rest of the letter. To preserve both readability and the voice of the author, we have corrected spelling errors but have generally left grammar as is.*

*Less interesting letters have been summarized instead of fully transcribed. Please refer to the scanned PDFs for the full content, or to view all stationary headers, postmarks, unidentified markings, marginalia, etc. Proper names and dates have been written exactly as found in the original for each letter in this file; where we discovered multiple versions of a person's name, we have noted the full name either in the body of the text in {curly brackets} or in a footnote.*

*In many letters, there are words that are illegible or missing; in such cases we have included either our best guess or the word "illegible" inside {curly brackets}. In rare circumstances, we have added a word or phrase to a letter for readability, which are also noted with {curly brackets}; a footnote was added where we deemed it helpful. – Timothy Smith (TJS), 2020*

### L26.001

1 - 4

Letter from Amar S. Latava

c/o Hong Kong Trade development Council, Connaught Centre, HONG KONG

8th July, 1975

Dear Mr. Brunton,

I feel that I owe you an immense debt for all that I have learnt from you through your books.

I really wish that I had come across your books earlier, as this would have saved me 6 years of intense suffering and depression.

To me, there is no greater book on the spiritual quest than 'The Inner Reality' and no greater chapter than 'A Sane Religion' contained therein.

Strange that I should have learnt from you the secret which for centuries has been taught and handed down by my forbears the Indians.


'Be Still and know that I am God.' Could anything be more simple, and yet how many persons have realized this Truth. I don't know. I pray that everyone will read your books and learn for himself the secret path which you have so assiduously been proclaiming all these years.

I thank kind Destiny for coming into contact with your books and, through them, with you who, more than anyone else, have succeeded in bringing abstruse religion down from the Olympian heights to the ordinary man-in-the-street.

May God bless you with a long and rewarding life so that you may continue with your noble work of raising others from the quagmire of spiritual lethargy.

Thanking you once again,

Yours sincerely,

*Yours sincerely,*  
  
Amar S. Latawa

## L26.005

5 - 8

Foreign language letter from Madame Lucienne Faivre  
French letter dated 22 Fevrier 1973<sup>1</sup>

Extract: None

## L26.009

9 - 30

Letter from Charles Isaacs<sup>2</sup>  
Germiston, Transvaal, South Africa  
1/12/64

Dear Mr Brunton,

Let me begin by telling you of what comfort your books have been to me in my sorrows and of what help they have been in my spiritual life. In profound veneration do I bow my head before the spirit which flows into you and through you, for it is indeed divine.

Yet I have not written to you to praise your works, for they are beyond my praise, but I have written for guidance therefore I shall have to tell you something about myself and my problems.

As far back as I can remember I have always felt a longing for something more, something spiritual, in my life. Naturally I first turned to my religion which is Jewish Orthodoxy. The community in Germiston, however, is anything but religious and as we were without a rabbi at the time, it was very difficult to get any closer to it. I attended an

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<sup>1</sup> "Yes must contact" is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>2</sup> "I" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

afternoon class where<sup>3</sup> I was taught Hebrew and through some of my teachers were very enthusiastic they were not able to satisfy my spiritual thirst.

Ultimately when I was 14 years old, I was sent to a religious youth camp and there I learned much of the ritual of the synagogue as well as many laws and customs. I thoroughly enjoyed that camp and, like a sponge, I soaked in a good deal of information. When I came back home, I continued to observe the commandments as I had been taught them, and continued to attend the synagogue after I had attained the age at which most of my friends left. By this time we had secured the services of a Rabbi who also taught Hebrew at our communal heder and it was under this man that I received further instruction. Unfortunately we came into conflict, as a result of which I left off attending his lesson, whereupon he set out to make a misery of my life. When I attended the synagogue he would humiliate me and treat me shabbily and the congregants, taking their cue from him, smeared my wounds with salt. It became more and more of an effort to attend services but I continued – I<sup>4</sup> felt I just had to.

At school I had worked hard and did quite well so that, while most aggregate curves sloped downward as the pupil moved toward the upper classes, my marks improved every year and in form four I won the science prize. I was very excited, of course, for being a social misfit as I was, study and music were the two things that made life worthwhile. Imagine my chagrin when my father, who was home on the night of the prize giving, didn't even come along. My father had never been interested in me but I did not quite expect such indifference.

When I got to university I again set out to do well. I would much rather have attended a Rabbinical college but as my parents, and especially my aunt, had little confidence in a "yeshiva" diploma I was not encouraged to voice my opinion. Nor was I allowed to choose for what degree I wished to read. Still, I was used to such high-handedness and I tried to adapt myself. I did well the first year and then suddenly<sup>5</sup> I was stricken with a painful illness that clung to me for about three years.

As a child my genital organ had been affected and I had been treated for it. The doctor injected me with hormones and it grew normally. That was when I was nine.

But suddenly, without warning, it began to trouble me again. I was too embarrassed to say anything to anyone. So I continued at university. I tried my best but the pain came between concentration and me and at the end of the year I failed. I was heartbroken. My mother was furious and troubled and exasperated, all at the same time. The news spread and the whole town gloated especially the Rabbi.

I changed my course at this state to B.A. at least my knowledge of Hebrew which I acquired at the heder would stand me in good stead. And it did. I passed that year with a first in Hebrew and a second in Italian. But this bit of success did not bring me much happiness.

And thus, with this weight upon my shoulders, I entered 1964. It was in February<sup>6</sup> this year that I joined a tiny group. We called it a shiur, where for the first time in my

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<sup>3</sup> Page 11

<sup>4</sup> Page 13

<sup>5</sup> Page 15

<sup>6</sup> Page 17

life, I was given spiritual teaching. The head of the group was my much beloved teacher Rabbi D. Sanders and the other two boys in the class were formerly his pupils at the Yeshiva College, where Rabbi Sanders had been the Dean. Rabbi Sanders had come into conflict with the community here, the exact details are not particularly pertinent, and had resigned his position as Dean. He was too spiritual a man for our community under Rabbi Sanders I became less fanatical and more spiritual. He said I was reaching my own level. At last I was strong enough emotionally to disclose to my parents that I was ill and I began to seek medical treatment. Most doctors told me I would never be cured. However a cure was discovered and I received a course of "Ballatin" injections. I recovered my health slowly but emotionally I was still very depressed and unbalanced. It was then that My Rabbi left South Africa to take up a position in America. In<sup>7</sup> my gloom I suddenly thought of Yoga and decided to take a few lessons in Hatha. I had never been much good at sports or physical exercises but I now determined to make an all out effort and surprisingly I found it easier and easier to master the postures. I still have difficulty with pranayama and relaxation but here too I am improving.

It happened at this stage that I met a newly married couple, who live just round the corner from us. This couple were very interested in the metaphysical side and they became my next teachers. Being spiritual people themselves they inspired me and spurred me on. Dr Aubert, a dentist by profession, is not a Yoga teacher, nor does he claim to have attained self- realization. But he did help me further along the spiritual path. I began to read, at first with disbelief and distrust. But when I started one Saturday afternoon on "The Secret Path" and studied each difficult sentence enthusiastically and with deep concentration, I know that I had at last stumbled upon the true spiritual path. At<sup>8</sup> first a wonderful sense of severity came upon me and my concentration was excellent. I practiced the meditations regularly and once I felt as if I had no body at all. It lasted only a few seconds and when I asked Dr Aubert about this experience he told me not to be afraid. It was either astral travelling or else the beginning of self-realization.

After this momentary experience the sense of peace and happiness seemed to disappear and fatigue and depression returned. Meanwhile, realizing the limitations of my teacher Dr Aubert, I set out again to seek a spiritual teacher. I met quite a few men and women who appeared to be quite sincere yet they were not what I was looking for. I joined the Sivananda School of Yoga and attended their satsang on Sunday evenings. Again I was very impressed at first. The sweet fragrance of incense, the harmonious changing in Sanskrit, and the friendly atmosphere attracted me immediately.

The Sivananda School is affiliated to the Divine life Society in Rishikesh. Most of the<sup>9</sup> members in Johannesburg are European, though sometimes members of the Indian community also attend and our chairman's wife has been to the Ashram in India.

It was this last Sunday that she, the chairman's wife, delivered a talk on her Guru, the late S. Sivananda. The talk was an emotional slap in the face I felt so disappointed with all that I heard that I know I had to ask your advice.

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<sup>7</sup> Page 19

<sup>8</sup> Page 21

<sup>9</sup> Page 23

This woman told us that Swami Sivananda's method was to break down the ego. He would build one up, show a special interest in one, and then ignore one completely. This woman described the dreams she had once she felt she was in Sivananda's hand and he said to her the following terrifying words, namely "I can make you or break you." This woman was sometimes so terrified of him that she missed the Satsangs. At other times he would show her the letters he received from devotees, praising him to the skies. Yet at other times he would display his new velvet slippers with ostentation and<sup>10</sup> take them off for all to admire.

This woman worships at his feet. I fail to see the deity.

Moreover the emotionalism of all this hero worship is most distasteful.

But what bothers me most is this the world itself is hard, very hard, for most of us. Our consciousness is closed and consequently illness and misery and poverty is never far away. If man needs an ego-breaker the world preforms this operation perfectly. But surely when one enters and Ashram he should be treated courteously. After all, he come there, and especially in the case of this woman who went to India for the express purpose of learning under her Guru, because he is seeking the kingdom of heaven. I think it is simply revolting to have a "spiritual" teacher behaving like a spoilt child even if his disciples claim he is merely busy ego-breaking.

At the other end of the spectrum I received a long letter yesterday from a friend of mine in Bnei Brak, Israel, who<sup>11</sup> cannot forgive me for going to a university. He says that being primarily concerned with a career I have relegated the spiritual to a secondary or even tertiary place. He wants me just to leave home and go off to a certain Yeshiva which he recommends. How can I just leave my career in the middle? How can I just abandon my mother who although she is my severest critic yet loves me and maybe needs me? I can go away for a couple of months namely during my long vacation but I cannot just give up everything I know and love. And then I have no assurance that I will realize my spiritual aspirations at the Yeshiva.

Thus having found no comfort in my own religious society, nor in that of the various yoga and metaphysical societies which flourish in Johannesburg, and moreover having had to part with my beloved Rabbi, it is to you to whom I turn for guidance. I am seeking a spiritual teacher firstly and secondly some society or organization in<sup>12</sup> which I could express my spiritual nature for the benefit of my fellow men and myself. You mentioned in one of your books that there was such a society and that you instructed and guided them.

No doubt your followers are specially gifted people and I have no special gifts to offer. Yet do I ask you to teach me and help me. I know that the vast stretches of land which separate us physically, present no barrier to you. If you could just raise me up during my meditations, I would be most grateful. I meditate, Wednesday to Saturday inclusive at 7p.m. (30 degree E.) S.A.S.T.

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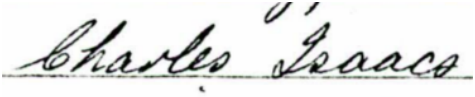
<sup>10</sup> Page 25

<sup>11</sup> Page 27

<sup>12</sup> Page 29

I now close my letter with apologies for the abrupt style. I myself am an amateur co-editor and as such I should have taken more care with this letter. Yet what it lacks in elegance is made up for, by the sincerity and humility of its writer.

Yours sincerely,



It is good that a man should quietly wait  
For the salvation of the Lord.  
It is good for a man that he bear  
The yoke in his youth  
-Lamentations 3 (26,27)<sup>13</sup>

### L26.031

31 - 40

Address delivered before St. Andrews Lodge #35 Free and accepted Masons of  
Washington by H.W. Bearse  
Renton Washington  
December 28th, 1935

*Extract: "Most Worshipful, Right Worshipfuls, Worshipful Sirs and brethren: I thank you for your invitation to address District #7 on the subject of the Holy Bible and other Bibles."*

### L26.041

41 - 50

Writing titled "Psycho-Analysis and Yoga" by Prof E. G. Servadio  
Rome  
1950<sup>14</sup>

*Extract: None.*

### L26.051

51 - 52

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri<sup>15</sup>  
36 Ammani Ammal Gopuram Street, Tiruvannamalai  
15.1.46<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>13</sup> This Paragraph is handwritten in a different hand with {Hebrew} characters.

<sup>14</sup> "To Paul Brunton with best regards E. Servadio" is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>15</sup> "S" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>16</sup> "now dead" is handwritten at the top of the page.

Dear Doctor Brunton

I have your kind letter of the 12th instant. I am wonderstruck at the attitude of your boy who acted like this. I have {him} no ill will. I was no doubt very eager to see you and have a long talk with you. Any how I would like to do so in {illegible} circumstances are favourable, if possible after the 25th instant. How far is your residence from the {Ry} station? If I remember right {Lovedale} is nearer to Ooty {than} to {Coonor}. I believe there is no {illegible} {convenience} at {Lovedale} If I should come true I will have to find {illegible} either at {Coonor} or Ooty.

I saw Sri Ramana Maharshi {yester} {evening}. He is now entirely weak and walks very slowly {illegible} {of} those who was supplying food for the past {nearly four} decades to him. {illegible} {illegible} ({illegible}) passed away about three weeks back.

Mr Sarvadhikari is more like {Hitler} but without brains. Even Mr Chadwick is not satisfied with the treatment that is being accorded to him by the Ashramas management - especially by Mr Sarvadhikari. When I saw Mr Chadwick on 1.1.46, the above was what he told me.

I am positive that the part you have played in making {the world} know about {Maharshi}, is such that it can never be forgotten.

In spite of a sad domestic calamity - the {illegible} of a grand daughter of mine {age} six years due to {fire} accident at {illegible} on the 5th instant, I am still keeping up my equanimity of mind {through} the illegible Grace of Sri Sri Baba

Yours sincerely

*V. Ganapathi Sastri*

**L26.053**

53 - 54

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri<sup>17</sup>

23 Ammani Ammal, Gopuram Street, Tiruvannamalai

4.9.44

Dear Doctor Brunton

I am in due receipt of your very kind Remittance for {Rs} fifty {only} and I feel overwhelmed Thoughts are no doubt the very principle for Creation. I deeply feel the effects of my first thoughts about you when we met for the first time more than a decade back.

{illegible} Sri Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi is doing much though he is extremely weak. {I} said {that} he takes very little nourishment.

God willing I do hope to see you in person and express in person my gratefulness.

Yours sincerely

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<sup>17</sup> "S" is handwritten in the top left corner of the page.

V. Ganapath Sastri.

L26.055

55 - 56

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
23 Ammani Ammal {Gopuram} Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South  
India  
12.7. {1934}<sup>18</sup>

Dear Mr Brunton

I have not been writing to you for the past three months, {because} I had nothing important to write to you. I was told by Mr Bose that you were at Bangalore when his only son breathed his last.

I have noted carefully that our conversation at Mysore regarding Sri Bhagavan was merely a private discussion between myself and your self. You may rest assured that I will not on any {account} act indiscreetly.

I remember I have already told you about my very hard circumstances here. My monthly pension which is my Rs 33/61 - is hardly sufficient to maintain a family of half a dozen members and is quite insufficient {illegible} {and} {the} sake of your books which I {possess} has been helping me to a considerable extent. You may perhaps be aware the cost of provisions has continuously risen. For the past over six weeks since has been no sale of books and I am put to a good bit of difficulty, I have to pay {illegible} rent at Rs 11/{illegible}<sup>19</sup> per {illegible} and I have to pay three months' rent. A {illegible} {illegible}<sup>20</sup> of 60 Madras {illegible} may last me for a month {illegible} Rs 28/{illegible}<sup>21</sup> the {illegible} from {illegible}, I understand would not be paid till the {illegible} of {illegible}.

In the above circumstances, please allow me to {appeal} you for some tangible help. You have been kind and generous to {illegible} me ever since we met each other nearly a decade back. It is this which has made me now appeal to you.

I paid my salutations to Sri Bhagavan yester evening. He is still very weak

Yours sincerely

V. Ganapath Sastri

L26.057

57 - 60

<sup>18</sup> "Let him wait fortnight" is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>19</sup> Writing runs of the page.

<sup>20</sup> Writing runs of the page.

<sup>21</sup> Writing runs of the page.



Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri<sup>22</sup>  
Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India  
22.2.1940

Dear Doctor Brunton

It is very long since I heard from you. After you left this, so many things have happened Lady Bateman who was here during the beginning of this year, told me that you were here guest at Madras before her arrival here and so my long cherished desire that you should meet her in India, has come to pass. She has a high regard for you.

I have been visited by two dire {calamities}. My fifth daughter aged 28 years died here on 16.1.40 after a prolonged illness. On 25.1.40 my grandson C.S. Balakrishnan who was of so much use to me and to you also while here, passed away as a result of {hectic} fever for over four months. I am now {stranded} and crippled owing to so many troubles on account of abnormal expenditure.

From the beginning of this month, I have been paying my salutations to Sri Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi in the hall and there has not been any molestation what ever. As a result of my {illegible} observation of events from {April} last, I am fully convinced that you have been most undeservedly misrepresented and misunderstood. Those who {illegible} to interfere and bring about a better understanding {illegible} yourself and the Asramam management, did not {pay} their part disinterestedly and at times their attitude towards you has been hostile.

Believe me when I tell you that it is my considered conviction that Sri Bhagavan does cherish good affection for you and that you are having His Grace in spite of what others may think and say.

I venture to believe that there will not {illegible} be any thing {obstructing}, if you should renew your visits to Shri Bhagavan whose estimate made by you in 1934 (Search in Secret India) is absolutely correct to the last letter.

Can you not at least lend me your latest publications (after Hermit on the Himalayas) for a few days, so that I may go through {them}.

The present European War has fulfilled your prophetic words in your "Message from Arunachala." The treatment {meter} {out} to Hore-Belisha (Minister for war) by the British Govt. must {illegible} your eyes to see the attitude of Englishman towards races foreign to them. Please do reply. With sincere regards your ever loving friend and {illegible}



Please note change of my address

**L26.061**

61 - 64  
Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri

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<sup>22</sup> "S" is handwritten in the top left corner of the page.

Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India  
11.4.1940

Dear<sup>23</sup> Doctor Brunton

It is over a fortnight since I am in receipt of your very kind letter of the 23rd proximo written from Fern Hill. It was extremely kind of you to give me financial aid {more} and I do {illegible} greatly acknowledge the receipt of the mo. for Rs twenty five. I am aware of your generosity in having sent me a similar remittance last year. Your benevolence at this period is all the more precious.

I referred in my previous letter to Mr Bose who promised to bring about an understanding, but in the end he was completely overwhelmed by the false records and correspondence in the Asramam under the supervision of Mr {Srinivas Rao} (the {illegible} M.A.B.{L.} at the Asramam.)

My suggestion to your visiting Sri Bhagavan was {purely} out of the high regard and affection you have for Him {even} now. I honestly and sincerely believe that Sri Bhagavan - a Realised Soul - is absolutely indifferent to what ever is {being} at in the Asramam. More about this when we meet in person at Madras.

It is becoming increasingly sad day by day as one watches the trend of the huge {conflagration} {more} {raging} {illegible}<sup>24</sup> your prophetic exposition contained in your "Message from Arunachala"

I am anxious to meet you at the earliest possible opportunity.

Sri Bhagavan is doing well and one of my four daily salutations to Him, is for the exclusive continuance of His Grace to you

Yours sincerely



**L26.065**

65 - 68

Incomplete letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India  
14.6.1939

Dear Doctor Brunton

Your kind letter of the 6th {ultimo} from {Goti} was received by me a month back. For practically the whole of last month I was {away} from Tiruvannamalai. {Further} I wanted to see Mr Bose, {he} I replied to you. Mr Bose who was here from the 10th {instant} - and who left for Bangalore this day, did not give me any good news. From the very brief conversation which I had with him for a few minutes, I was led to believe that

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<sup>23</sup> Page 63

<sup>24</sup> Page 61, the first line is illegible because the top of the page is cut off.

both, Ramayya and he had vowed not to interfere in the affairs of the Asramam any longer, possibly having been disgusted with the present management.

Dr Sayed of Allahabad is now here with his wife stopping in only the rooms of Mr Bose. He sends his greetings to you. Ever since 11.1.39, I have not entered the Asramam precincts, though I have paid my salutations to Sri Bhagavan near the Hill gate on the northern side once in 2 or 3 weeks.

From a careful study of Sri Bhagavan's horoscope both {illegible} and progressive one for the 60th year is to be completed towards the end of this December {I am}<sup>25</sup> strongly of opinion that this present management {illegible}<sup>26</sup> {lease} within September 39 and things will {only} be higher before December 39. There is {hence} no room for<sup>27</sup> despair. I am positive in this point. The interchange of Saturn and Jupiter in Aquarius and Pisces and the conjunction of the Progressive Sun with {illegible} Jupiter (now {forming}) {assure} the still more prospective greatness of Sri Bhagavan in the coming decade and the consequent influx of more devotees to {has} His darsan, from all parts of the world.

Whatever you may be led to think of me by recent contact, I may still assure you, that I fully and truthfully sympathise with you in all your difficulties. I am prepared to undergo still further any further sufferings for your sake. I honestly and sincerely believe that you have been grossly and mischievously misrepresented and most undeservedly maligned. An illustrious friend of mine is {illegible}<sup>28</sup> that you are to Sri Bhagavan what Paul was to Jesus Christ.

The attitude of Mr Chadwick and {illegible} {illegible} Rao (now in charge of the Asramam Correspondence), towards you, has I am led to believe brought about the present highly deplorable state of affairs. Truth must triumph ultimately.

Recently a lady from Argentina (South America) Adelma del {Camil} de {Guiraldes} now at the {Rama} Krishna Asramam Bangalore, {accompanied} {by}<sup>29</sup> Bose on a visit to Sri Bhagavan and she is {illegible}<sup>30</sup> much impressed. She has come to know of Sri {Bhagavan} {illegible}<sup>31</sup> your "Search in Secret India. I hope to go to {illegible}<sup>32</sup> {next} week for a stay of about a week. If convenient {illegible}<sup>33</sup> I have your reply, I shall try and see you at Mysore {illegible}...<sup>3435</sup>

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<sup>25</sup> One or more words may be covered by tape.

<sup>26</sup> One or more words may be covered by tape.

<sup>27</sup> Page 67

<sup>28</sup> One or more words may be covered by tape.

<sup>29</sup> One or more words may be covered by tape.

<sup>30</sup> One or more words may be covered by tape.

<sup>31</sup> One or more words may be covered by tape.

<sup>32</sup> One or more words may be covered by tape.

<sup>33</sup> One or more words may be covered by tape.

<sup>34</sup> One or more words may be covered by tape.

<sup>35</sup> Following pages may be missing.

L26.069

69 - 70

Letter from V. Ganapati Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai  
26.3.1939 3p.m.

Dear Mr Brunton

Enclosed please find a note handed over to Mr Bose by me this day at 1 P.M. and prepared by Mr M in consultation with me.

I expect by Sri Bhagavan's Grace everything will end well since Virtue must triumph in the end

with regards yours sincerely

*V. Ganapati Sastri.*

L26.071

71 - 72

Letter from V. Ganapati Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai  
25.3.1939 5.30pm

Dear Mr Brunton

I have your kind letter of the 23rd instant. I thank you sincerely for all the kindness you have been showing me.

I have just returned after seeing Mr A. Bose at his cottage. He arrived here this morning. I had a lengthy conversation with him for about an hour, this evening. Towards the end professor Venkataramiah joined us. I am told by him that you are expected to go over here as the result of a {wire} which he has sent you soon after his arrival here. I sincerely pray that Sri Bhagavan would see His way to see that the present awkward ridiculous dictatorship<sup>36</sup> is either {mender or ender}.

I have removed all the articles of furniture of Mrs Jennings to Mr Bose's cottage. I {am} handing over the key of your house to Mr B.S.S. {illegible} on the 31st instant the {illegible} {illegible} has been removed

Hoping to see you soon yours sincerely

*V. Ganapati Sastri.*

L26.073

73 - 76

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India  
20.3.1939 6.30pm<sup>37</sup>

Dear<sup>38</sup> Mr Brunton

I have your letter of yesterday's postal stamp written from Egmore. Thanks, it has to a certain extent allayed my anxieties. Anyhow I consider it a very important historic document. I can very well understand your feelings and you are perfectly aware that you have my fullest sympathies.

When I was informed yesterday morning by your servant living {illegible} {illegible}, that you had left Tiruvannamalai by the 9pm train on the previous night, I was taken by surprise and it was not until your secretary turned up at 9pm, I was relieved of my anxieties. Ever since I saw you at 3pm on Saturday the 15th instant, my mind has been extremely uneasy.

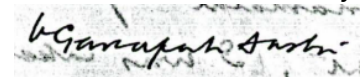
This evening at 5.30 pm I had a private interview with Sri Bhagavan on the {hill} for about 15 minutes when I showed Him your letter. Believe me when I tell you that you have a place in His Heart. I honestly believe that things<sup>39</sup> will not be allowed to go on like this Sri Bhagavan admitted about the {illegible} affair mentioned in your letter and that matters may be set right soon after the arrival of Mr Bose.

I firmly believe that Truth will ultimately triumph. You have undoubtedly Sri Bhagavan's Grace, inspite of what all other people may do.

I shall hand over Mrs Jennings {illegible} to the watch man at Mr Bose's Cottage as instructed.

Please do write to me about your further programme.

with sincere regards and love  
Yours sincerely



**L26.077**

77 - 80

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot district, South India  
14.2.1939

Dear Mr Brunton

Your kind letter dated 28.1.39 from Hong Kong by Airmail has relieved me considerably about your voyage safe. I had several interviews with Lady Bateman while here and also at Madras and she was very eager to meet you and have some talks with

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<sup>37</sup> "25 Rs sent" is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>38</sup> Page 75

<sup>39</sup> Page 73

you. She has the highest admiration for you through your books. Mr Jean Herbert who was here for two days in the 1st week of this month with his wife, was very eager to meet you. He is now staying at Pondicherry for a few days. Mr Bose, whose cottages here are progressing, send his love to you. Mr A. {Dhar} {L C.S.} (now here) Collector in {N.P.} and Mrs Dhar would be very happy to receive you in {N.P.} when you happen to go to Northern India. Lately they were in Cairo and visited the Pyramid and have read your books. They feel very grateful to you, for your "Search in Secret India" which has<sup>40</sup> brought them to the Maharshi

As already {information}, I have {illegible} {and} the house in {Tiruvadanaï} {illegible}-{illegible} the 22nd ultimo at a monthly rental of Rs twenty for your stay here.

As for any further arrangements I have to make for you here, I await your further instructions after your arrival at Colombo.

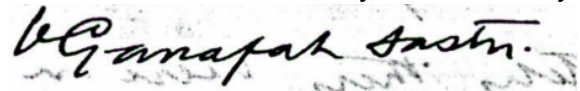
I have duly informed Sri Bhagavan about the Cause of delay in your arrival here.

Everything here is progressing, {excepting} the management at the Asramam which is becoming worse and intolerable more about this in person.

I heard from Mr {Grant Duff} now at Los Angeles and he says that you have done a Real service with your Search in Secret India

Eagerly expecting to meet you here

yours sincerely



L26.081

81 - 84

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India  
27.1.{1939}

Dear<sup>41</sup> Mr Brunton

I have your kind letter of the 6th December.38. I am very eagerly looking forward to meet you and pour out to you in person how much I feel for you and your great self-less work for the humanity in {general.}

I have {fined} your old house at {Tiruvadanaï} {illegible} at a monthly rental of Rs 20/- per {illegible} for you as {desired} from {the} 22nd instant when in was vacated by Mrs Joyce Ricke Higgingh and her friend.

Lady Bateman of Shobdon Court Herefordshire, who brought a note of introduction to me from Swami {Siddheswara Anandaji} of the Ramakrishna Mission) now is {Paris} and another from Mr Grant Duff Douglas {Amshe} paid a 2nd visit to Shri Bhagavan on the 8th instant and was here till the 19th instant. She has read your gem of a book "Search in Secret India" and she very sincerely admires you for that monumental

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<sup>40</sup> Page 79

<sup>41</sup> Page 83

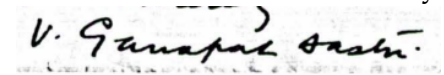
work which has marvellously brought about a great spiritual outlook on the thinking section of<sup>42</sup> Europe and America. She was very eager to meet you and have some talks with you while she was here. She wanted me to inform you that she would be most happy to meet you at No: 36 room Connemara Hotel Madras on the 3rd of February 39. If that be possible you can do please wire to her to the address given above, on the 1st proximo, soon after you land at Colombo. I too honestly believe you would be doing a {night} {thing} in seeing her as requested. Lady Bateman is a great large hearted Lady of noble Spiritual sentiments.

My Jean Herbert, (The French Journalist) arrived here last evening with his wife and I from Bangalore and I had the privilege of welcoming them at the Ry station. They stay here for a couple of days and then proceed to Madras. They are lodged in your house at {Tiruvadanaï} Street.

There is a Dutch lady {illegible} an American one now stopping here. Sister {Sen} is doing well and she is stopping in one of the two finished structures of Mr Bose. I have some letters to you which would be handed over to you in person here.

With sincere regards and love

Yours sincerely



**L26.085**

85 - 88

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India  
10.1.1939

Dear Mr Brunton

I have not had any letters from you after the 25th August 38 I learn that you would be arriving at Colombo on the 1st Proximo. Your friend Mrs Joyce Ricke Hiddingh and {Arthur} {illegible}, are now here since the 11th ultimo staying at the house in {Tiruvandrum} street once occupied by you at a monthly rental of Rs Twenty only. They are sailing back from Colombo about the 27th instant.

Lady Bateman of Shobdon Court, Herefordshire has arrived here for a second time on the 8th instant in a special Saloon attached to the train. She is staying the Ry Carriage and visiting the Maharishi in the evenings. She has read your books and says that you have done a very sacred service to humanity by bringing out the teachings of Sri Maharishi. She wants me to inform you that she had fervently expected to meet you in person {in} {here}. She has been introduced to me by letters from Messrs Grant Duff and Swami Siddheswarananda of the Ramakrishna mission, now at Paris.

In anticipation of your approval, I am {illegible} the<sup>43</sup> house at {illegible} street for your stay after {Mrs Hiddingh} leaves.

All are doing well here. Sri Bhagavan who was {informed} by me about your arrival is doing well.

More in person

with regards  
yours sincerely



**L26.089**

89 - 92

Letter from V. Ganapati Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai

14.11.1938

Dear Mr Brunton

It is now over two months since I heard from you. Evidently your health is not perfectly all right for undertaking the long voyage and hence you have declined to continue there for some time longer. Mrs {Bechjord} has not replied to my letter dated 20.3.38 in reply to hers of 19.2.38. She wrote to me that some Lady friend of hers would be going over to tour through India after having Darsan of Sri Bhagavan who is doing well. I wrote in reply that I would comply with her request for doing the necessaries for making her friend's sojourn in this country, comfortable. If you happen to meet her please remind her about her reply.

I heard recently from Mr Duff who is now in {Brevoort} Hotel in Hollywood there. The Asramam is growing. Recently {in} {my} addition in the shape of {his} {illegible} of 3 talks at a cost of over Rs 15000/- has been made.<sup>44</sup> The {Hitlerism} of the {Savadhikari} continues, though in this case there is complete absence of Hitler's brain.

Mr Mac Iver who has built a cottage at a cost of about Rs 1000/- on the other side of the road, left this for Europe on the 7th instant, proposing to return soon. A Swiss Lady friend of your Joyce {Ricke Hiddingh} is arriving here on the 10th proximo and I am making separate arrangements in the town for her stay.

Dr {Sen} is now living in one of the rooms of Mr Bose.

The recent savage {persecution} of the Jesus in Germany, in an unparalleled butchery. I believe this bad karma on the part of the Germans would not go in vain. Alas the West-Europe - is marching at very high speed towards utter ruin.

With sincere wishes,

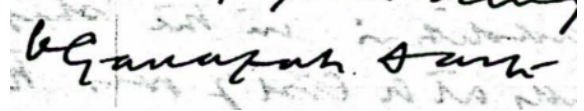
yours {sincerely}

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<sup>43</sup> Page 87

<sup>44</sup> Page 91





**L26.093**

93 - 94

Incomplete letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India.  
26. 7.1938<sup>45</sup>

Dear Mr Brunton

I am enclosing a letter received this day to your address and handed over to me by the Asramam Post Master.

My son-in-law P.R. {Subramania} the photographer whom you have seen here, wants that you would be so good as to recommend him to your friend in the management of "The Illustration Weekly" of India Bombay for a job in the photographic department of that business {illegible}. His latest photo was published in the Center Page of the "Illustrated Weekly" of 10.4.38 (Pages 52 and 53). If you think he deserves your note, please do the {needful}. At present he is stopping with me without employ.

My grandson C.S. Balakrishnan reminds you for used stamps....<sup>46</sup>

**L26.095**

95 - 98

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India, South India  
28.6.1936<sup>47</sup>

Dear Mr Brunton

Enclosed please find a letter received this day to your address. I was told in the Ashram this day that you are now near {Jamnotri} and I am addressing this letter to the address given by them

Mr Chadwick has returned from {illegible} about a week back. Dr {illegible} also is here. Owing to the rather early commencement of the monsoon this year, the weather here is now pleasant

I dare say you are making Tremendous progress in your meditations.

Bhagavan has very carefully gone through your "Message from Arunachala." He expressed that you have there-in stated the truth which has been unpalatable to many

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<sup>45</sup> "Ask not to get house" is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>46</sup> The following page is missing.

<sup>47</sup> "S.I.S." is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

and that you have done your duty.<sup>48</sup> In<sup>49</sup> spite of the silence of the English Press towards your latest work, I feel sure that "The Message from Arunachala" is destined to open the eyes the present day humanity in general and bring about a salutary change of Spiritual outlook, so indispensably {illegible} at the present day.

All are well here. My son-in-law Mr {Mani} is now here without a job since Mr {Frydrian} has not been able to give him one in his factory. He is developing his photography.

With kindest thoughts  
Yours sincerely



**L26.099**

99 - 102

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri<sup>50</sup>

69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India

21.7.1938

Dear<sup>51</sup> Mr Brunton

I have your letter of the 30th ultimo. I am glad to hear about your improvement in health in your new congenial surroundings. I conveyed the news about your health etc to {S} yesterday evening to Sri Bhagavan who was much concerned to hear about you. He wanted to know if Mr Grant Duff, who left Singapore for California last March met you there. I told him that no mention about him had been made by you. Sri Bhagavan is doing well here.

A Copy of Miss {Pasqualine} {Mallets} book "Twin Eastwards" was received in the Asramam a few months back and I chanced to glance through it. It deals with her Travels in India from Cape Comorin to Kashmir and there is a chapter devoted to Sri Ramana Maharshi and her visit to Tiruvannamalai. Her experiences with Sri Bhagavan and His Teachings have been well expressed {though} {illegible}.

I am eagerly looking forward to the starting of your new magazine and I am sure it would help immensely regardless of your books.

I am glad to hear about our visits to Mrs {Bekjord} who I see is now living with her husband. I am expecting to hear from her. Please convey my greetings to her and to Mrs Jennings

I<sup>52</sup> welcome your idea of training a few ardent students who would be able to do the public lecturing there about spirituality

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<sup>48</sup> A vertical line and "X" are handwritten in the left margin by this paragraph.

<sup>49</sup> Page 97

<sup>50</sup> "S" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>51</sup> Page 101

<sup>52</sup> Page 99

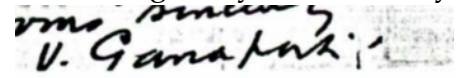
Your advent to America now - I honestly believe - is designed by {the} {providence} for the spreading of Sri Ramana's Teachings in {illegible} {illegible} {illegible}

Recently I had occasion to read "Cheiro's World Predictions" It is a {nicely} written book and the predictions there in my opinion - have been made on reasonable grounds. According to Cheiro the United States of America has got a bright future for the next five centuries. I believe that there is a strong demand there for spiritual knowledge.

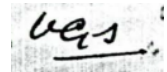
(Mrs) Joyce Ricke Hiddingh and your Swiss friend has written me two letters. She has {programmed} to be here about the middle of December 38 and for a stay of a few weeks here. I am arranging to engage a house etc for her here.<sup>53</sup>

The remnants of your articles {illegible},<sup>54</sup> mattress, {illegible} after their return to me by the German {illegible} were handed over to Dr Sujata Sen {illegible} paid to me a nominal sum of Rs Ten for {illegible} she sends her greetings to you. The Countess has not written to me after {illegible} arrival in Europe. But she told me that she {illegible} like to go back here after some time for a {illegible}

with sincere love and regards yours sincerely



Your return to India would I believe be after a visit to Australia and South America.



**L26.103**

103 - 106

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India  
18.1.1938

Dear<sup>55</sup> Mr Brunton

I am in due receipt of your two letters of the 24th and 29th ultimo sent by Air mail. The German Countess who arrived here on the 26th ultimo has been making a prolonged stay here from the 3rd instant. She had a small accident to her right leg about 10 days back and she is now considerably better. She is attending the Hall where Sri Bhagavan sits continuously every evening and I believe she is impressed by His holy presence. I have placed all your furniture and kitchen articles at her disposal and they shall be used for such of your European friends who may chance to go over here after the Countess.

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<sup>53</sup> "Keep re Indian Journey domicile furniture" is inserted in a different hand.

<sup>54</sup> The rest of the illegible on this page are due to the writing running off the page; one or more words are missing.

<sup>55</sup> Page 105

I have sent the books you wanted (securely packed and carriage paid) to messrs. Thomas Cook & Son about 5 days back. The charges incurred by me in that connection comes to Rs {2/8/}.

I am extremely thankful to you for the valuable {library} you have presented me.

I am very delighted to hear that the spiritual light emanating from Sri Bhagavan is rapidly spreading both in intensity and extent. I am glad that your stay at London is being availed of by earnest people who chance to go over to you every week. I wish you God speed in this auspicious work. Sri Bhagavan - I may tell you - announced in the hall after He had finished reading your "Quest of the Overself" that you are now writing another big book. Please make use of whatever you have gathered as a result of your Contact with Sri Bhagavan during all these years, to the fullest extent and without any fear or reservation. You are indeed a blessed soul with a definite mission for fulfilment in this incarnation. There is not the least<sup>56</sup> doubt that Sri Bhagavan is always protecting and guiding you in all what you do.

I shall introduce the Countess to Mr Bose and his German wife during their next visit here.

I believe your "Quest of the Overself" has found an extensive sale there. Has the American edition come out? Some of the journals here have reviewed it. Evidently sufficient number of copies have not been sent out to India

As days advance, the formation of a colony for the benefit of International visitors who may in all probability visit the Maharshi during the winter of this year, is I believe sure to be a necessity. What Mr Bose is doing from his private purse would I believe be quite insufficient. A good and effective beginning is possible with at least a thousand pounds or Rs 15,000 and it will certainly form a good supplement to the efforts of Mr Bose.

Mr Grant Duff who is now in Madras is expected to go over here in a day or two for a stay of about 4 weeks. He is to stop at the {illegible} {Rest} house for a week or two and then move on to one of Mr Bose's rooms.

We have another European visitor Mr David Mac Iver and he is to be a permanent resident here like Major Chadwick.

In spite of my best efforts, the {illegible} of Madras has turned a deaf ear to my appeal. I have unconditionally surrendered to my {illegible}. It is needless to say that I am passing {hard} days.

Yogi Ramiah who has now broken his silence maintained for over ten years, is now here and {he} daily visits the "{Skandasramam}" over the Hill for one or two solitary hours.

Messrs, B.V.N Swami, Professor {Venkataramia} {illegible} etc are all here in {Pelakothu} and doing well.

Major Chadwick and Dr {Sujataluta} Sen are here and doing well. Mr {Cohan} is now absent at Madras for improving his health.

With kindest thoughts and sincere regards

{illegible}<sup>57</sup>



**L26.107**

107 - 110

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India  
27.4.1936

Dear Mr Brunton

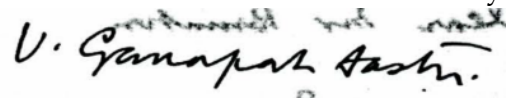
I am in receipt of your very kind and interesting letter of the 20th instant for which I thank you. I returned from a trip to Pollachi in the {Coimbatore} District this morning in connection with the first birthday of my grandson there on the 24th instant and was absent for 4 days from here. All are doing well here including Bhagavan.

Today I have redirected three letters and Sunday times. Your instructions regarding "Message from Arunachala" are noted and will be carried out soon after the arrival of the copies.

Though you may not yourself be aware, you<sup>58</sup> are going to be one of those few important persons who are to contribute to the spiritual uplift of the Nations in general at this period of 1936 and I do honestly believe your "Message from Arunachala" is to bring about the much desired and necessary result.

I am glad to hear that there are some chances for your Kailas trip this year becoming an accomplished fact<sup>59</sup> with sincere regards and kindest thoughts

Yours sincerely



**L26.111**

111 - 114

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India  
5.1.1938<sup>60</sup>

Dear Mr Brunton

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<sup>57</sup> The last line is cut off by the bottom of the page.

<sup>58</sup> Underlined in a different hand with two vertical lines in the left margin by this paragraph.

<sup>59</sup> Page 109

<sup>60</sup> "ask to send Gnaneshvar's "Gita" commentary forgotten in list of books" is handwritten at the top of the page.

I have yours of the 24th ultimo and I thank you for the same. The Countess your friend has arrived and I have been attending to her wants personally. All our {arm} table furniture etc have been lent to her. I have go second the terraced house no:51 {in} {illegible} street (just 6 houses to the east of your former residence) at a monthly rental of Rs 18/-. The house occupied by last in {Tirvundal} Street is occupied and hence not available. The Countess proposes to stop here for about a month. I have noted your instructions regarding your furniture.

I fully agree with you that 1938 is to {witness} very {big} things as a result of the spread of Light from Sri Bhagavan.

Mr Grant Duff landed in Bombay {and} towards the last week of December 37. He is expected to go over here about the 12th instant. I am looking to the arrangements in connection with his stay here. He has written to me that his revisiting India now is to see Sri Bhagavan again and that he will stay here for about a month and then proceed to Singapore etc. Mr<sup>61</sup> {Fredrick} {Levean} who was here for over a fortnight has left on an extended tour and is expected to go back here about the middle of the next month.

I am indeed highly gratified to hear about the Grace of Sri Bhagavan towards you. You are really a blessed soul and {richly} deserve it.

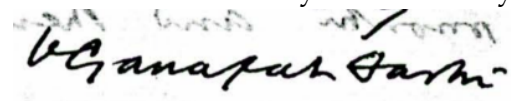
Sri Bhagavan who has gone through your Quest is pleased. He specially pointed out the remarks in the first chapter about the Asram and its surroundings (past and present). It appears in the description about "Heart" your mention of {exact} measurements of {Ventricle} on the right side etc (p. 230). You have rather over-rated the measurements, which are not capable of being {illegible}. He has also it appears openly given out that you are at present engaged in a bigger work which is also sure to see the light of day.

I am glad to hear that you are trying in your own unique way to help others. I wish you god speed. The Countess told me that your new home in London is very good.

The letter received was posted yesterday here by Air mail.

With kindest thoughts and sincere admiration and regards

yours sincerely



P.S. I am enclosing a letter received this day without the envelope {for} {illegible} {him} for fear of {illegible} {illegible}

**L26.115**

115 - 116

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri

69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India

19.12.1937<sup>62</sup>

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<sup>61</sup> Page 113

<sup>62</sup> "Copy {illegible} of review and send to {Potter}" is handwritten at the top of the page.

Dear Mr Brunton

I have your letter of the {5th}, instant from London. I have noted the contents. I shall do the needful for receiving your friend the Countess {Solms Lanback} here and making her stay comfortable.

Your other friend Mr Fredrick {Levaun} is now here and he has become convinced of the greatness of Sri Bhagavan. He is also highly spiritual. He has also become my friend.

I am enclosing a review of your "Quest of the Overself" by my friend Mr S.S. {Srinayanarayana} Sastri who {illegible} at your lecture in the {Chidambaram} University last year. He is an authority on Indian Philosophy and I may be allowed to say that he is perhaps even greater than your friend Mr V.S. {Iyer} of Mysore. He is also the best friend of Professor {Radhakrinshnan}. The review is exactly to my liking. It will be published in the University Journal soon after they get a copy.

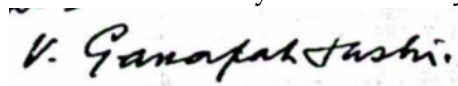
An Indian friend of yours Mr {Bajora} has written to me from {illegible} {that} he would be going over here soon to have darshan of Sri Bhagavan. He has enclosed for my information copy of your letter of 25.11.37 to him I shall do the needful for him.

Mr Bose who stopped here for 10 days has made arrangement to push on with the construction of eight sets of rooms for the use of ladies and gentlemen from the west. I dare say the whole thing would be an accomplished fact before the end of April 38. These rooms will certainly solve the question of quarters to {possible} visitors to Sri Bhagavan from the West.

Sri Bhagavan's birth day happens to fall today and I pray He will shower his blessings on you

With kindest thoughts and affectionate regards

yours sincerely



**L26.117**

117 - 120

Letter from V. Ganapathi Sastri<sup>63</sup>

69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai, North Arcot District, South India

12.10.1937

Dear Mr Brunton

I have your kind and interesting letter of the 29th ultimo. Your letter to Sri Bhagavan was duly given to Him at 3.30pm. on the 10th instant. He perused it carefully and I conjecture He would have appeared before you at {Budapest} on that evening during your meditation and blessed you. I have taken care that it was not read by {Sarvadhikari} and Co.

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<sup>63</sup> "S" and a small triangle are handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

I note your instructions for arranging for the visit of your friends only after I hear from them. I had a letter addressed to you from your step-mother on 4.10.37 and the same has been sent to you along with my letter by sea-mail of 5.10.37, which I hope would reach you along with this letter which is sent by Air mail.

I am very glad to hear that the German Version of your "Secret India" has gone through three editions. My prophecy made to you in 1943 about its being translated into the several languages of Europe is coming out true. With the Dutch translation, it is now four (German, Czech, French, Dutch). I confidently expect that an Italian and Russian versions would soon follow. Though<sup>64</sup> you have not benefitted materially much, you have been selected by Providence to spread Sri Maharshi's Message to the whole world. I expect that in the long run there will be a great response from America to Maharshi's teachings.

In the Hindu of the 6th instant there was a photo of yourself. The Yuvaraja of Mysore and Mr V.S. {Iyer} etc. Sri Bhagavan when I saw Him at about 4pm on 7.10.37, drew my attention to it in the hall. The fact that you are the Chosen disciple of Bhagavan is abundantly being shown here as days advance. Your name has become permanently fastened with Maharshi and his Teachings. Please convey my greetings to Mrs de {Rathoniji}.

Mr {Dandapani} who arrived here about 10 days back from his tour in North India, is now stopping at {Pelakothu} and he does not take any part in the Asramam activities.

I am not surprised at the attitude of Mr V.S. {Iyer} towards Bhagavan/. His pride of book knowledge of Sankara's philosophy has made him blind to actualities. He has to wait for some more births, before he can appreciate a Inani.

I have conveyed your greetings to sister {Sujatalecta} Sen. I am eagerly awaiting your new book.

All are doing well here including Sri Bhagavan. Please do always keep me informed of all details which you think should interest me.

With deepest love

Yours sincerely



P.S. Sister {Sujatalecta} Sen wants me to inform you that she is always remembering you and she thanks you very much for the photo as it is good. She further requests that two more may kindly be sent for the use of her family. She is very glad that you saw Madam - de - {Rotherji} and sends all her good wishes and best fraternal messages.

**L26.121**

121 - 122



Incomplete letter from V. Ganapati Sastri<sup>65</sup>  
69, Big Street, Tiruvannamalai  
Undated

...<sup>66</sup> I am glad to hear about your studies in the Vedanta philosophy. I am sure it will do you immense good.

Regarding news about Mrs Brunton, I see that you are working out your Prarabdha. I sincerely pray that your peace will not be disturbed any more.

At times I feel your absence from here very acutely and the tension is relieved by advent of your letters. Evidently we were connected in our past lives.

All are well here including Sri Bhagavan. We had recently some good {showers}.  
With best wishes

Yours sincerely

*V. Ganapati Sastri.*

P.S. "{illegible} {illegible} {illegible}" is also sent

## L26.123

123 - 124  
Incomplete letter fragment  
Undated

...<sup>67</sup> long silence. The book however that I find absolutely indispensable in my library is your, "Discover Yourself." The last few days I have been concentrating on the chapter on Psychospiritual Analyses and am appalled that I could have missed so much in so many re-readings. It will be many years before we the ordinary man will be able to comprehend the true meaning of the things set down in your books.

I am a sincere student, obsessed with the search of truth in everything. I find Truth of most ...<sup>68</sup>

He<sup>69</sup> regrets that he does not know anyone whom he could recommend as a qualified master of the philosophy given in his books.

He asked me to say that experience has shown that it is indeed better to follow the individual Quest, whereon you are unhampered by unnecessary restrictions from outside and are free to devote your efforts to the fundamental tasks of working on your own special needs. In the end you will have to acknowledge and accept the Overself as

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<sup>65</sup> "S" and a small triangle are handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>66</sup> "2" is handwritten at the top of the page; previous page is missing.

<sup>67</sup> The previous lines are missing because the page has been cut.

<sup>68</sup> The following lines are missing because the page has been cut.

<sup>69</sup> Page 124; this page is typed in a different font.

your only leader, since your own modest experience of the Divine is much more valuable to you than someone else's highest attainment....<sup>70</sup>

## L26.125

125 - 126

Letter from M.L. Poplai  
4 Racquet Court Road, Delhi. 8. (India)  
3\_6\_60

The Mail Secretary to Dr Brunton  
Box. 337  
Times Square Station  
New York 36, N.Y.

Dear Friend,

Your letter without date, envelope posted on 2nd. April has been received by me and it has gladdened my heart very much. I had almost lost hope of getting any acknowledgement and was just thinking whether to write another letter or not.

I am very glad that my letter will be forwarded to Dr Brunton and I may perhaps get my doubt removed mentally or in any other way.

On account of the strict foreign exchange control in India it is not possible to get the book referred to by you for the photo of Dr Brunton. If at any time a photo does come into your hands, be so kind as to forward the same to me in due course.

As regards my question and doubt contained in my original letter, which was to the effect that: -

According to Mentalism mind is not bounded in space, that is, it is not limited within any specified lines or surfaces of head or body. It is beyond space, is its originator and immaterial.

But one finds as many different minds in this world as there are persons. Two men sitting and talking together do not know each other's mind or thoughts passing in each other's minds. If mind is not bounded by space and contained in it, why does not the mind of the two persons coalesce or overlap or know each other's thoughts, there being no spatial or temporal difference between the two (according to Mentalism both the minds being beyond space and time)

What is it that separates and differentiates the two minds of two persons? Even in the same mind two different thoughts differ in time.

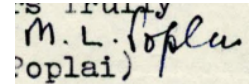
I would be exceedingly glad if some one who understands this mentalism better and is able to explain this query was referred to by you and requested on my behalf to remove this doubt of mine.

Thanking you for the trouble and with all good wishes,

Yours Truly

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<sup>70</sup> The following lines are missing because the page has been cut.



(M.L. Poplai)

**L26.127**

127 - 128

Letter from Mail Secretary to Dr Brunton  
Box 339, Times Square Station. New York 36, N.Y. U.S.A.  
July 12, 1960

Dear Mr {illegible}<sup>71</sup>

Even in {the sputnik}<sup>72</sup> age mail takes its time in delivery!

Friends {illegible}<sup>73</sup> in the international departments of book {publishers}<sup>74</sup> here tell me there would be no problem {of}<sup>75</sup> your ordering any American or British book from {Indian}<sup>76</sup> bookshop. Apparently the foreign {illegible}<sup>77</sup> controls do not apply to single copy {order}<sup>78</sup> So it might be worth your while trying.

In addition the picture of Dr Brunton on the jacket of {illegible}<sup>79</sup> American edition of THE SPIRITUAL CRISIS OF MAN {available}<sup>80</sup> from EP. Dutton, 300 Fourth Avenue, New York {illegible}<sup>81</sup> am told that a new paperback edition of THE SECRET PATH has just been published by Rider and Co. (17 {illegible}<sup>82</sup> Portland Street, London W.C.2) with a {photo of} P.B. on the cover: this is an inexpensive edition, costing only 2/6 sterling.

Let me know {illegible}<sup>83</sup> you do have trouble obtaining either of the {illegible}<sup>84</sup> books.

Your {question} regarding mentalism is an understandable one. You {illegible}<sup>85</sup> find it easy to visualize the truth of this if {you} think of infinite Mind as represented by a large {illegible}<sup>86</sup> of water. This water is all the same, yet when {illegible}<sup>87</sup> poured into

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different shaped vases it takes on {illegible}<sup>88</sup> shape of those vases and is separate from the water {in}<sup>89</sup> another vase -- yet it maintains exactly the same {quality}<sup>90</sup> and is indeed the same water. Thus it is with {illegible}<sup>91</sup> {material} in different personalities. There {illegible}<sup>92</sup> and ultimately) is no difference between minds --{illegible}<sup>93</sup> egos make us think there is {illegible} prevent us from {illegible}<sup>94</sup> the real truth. The ego (the vase) is the {illegible}<sup>95</sup> we have to overcome.

Again, {illegible}<sup>96</sup> same mind thoughts differ in time, as you say. This is like the flickering images cast on a motion picture screen; the images seem real and seem to differ in time -- yet the screen upon which they appear is changeless and immutable. The screen is our real mind, the deeper mind, the Overself.

Sri Ramana Maharshi explains this latter point well in his "Maha Yoga" book.

I hope that, upon reflection, the truth of this problem will be apparent to you.

May the peace of the Higher Power keep you under its protection.

With all good wishes,

Sincerely

MAIL SECRETARY to Dr Brunton

## L26.129

129 - 132

Letter from {N}<sup>97</sup>

8, Luard Road, Cambridge

12 January, 1951

My dear Friend,

Yes, Mrs Poggensee is making the translation of The Hidden Teaching, and she is under contract with Raschers to complete it by the end of June. She has now gone to her mother in Zurich for as long as a stay as is permitted by the Swiss Authorities - several months for certain. She has also adjusted Das Ueberselbst exactly as the copy of changes which I return to you. She is using a new edition of The Hidden Teaching and any alterations for it should be sent to her or to me. In any case I should be glad to have them so that I can have them readily available for Riders next reprint of this book.

I accept fully your reproof about my remarks about Mrs P. in the letter to C.M. I am sorry.

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<sup>88</sup> The ink has been removed in a strip down the page.

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<sup>90</sup> The ink has been removed in a strip down the page.

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<sup>95</sup> The ink has been removed in a strip down the page.

<sup>96</sup> The ink has been removed in a strip down the page.

<sup>97</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

With regard to the C.M.B. story, now very old, my only purpose in telling you this was because it has always seemed to me to be an illustration of what not to do and how not to speak about you. Also I have thought that it shows how gossip begins, first there is some odd or unusual or unexplained fact, and this is repeated with a question mark. After a few repetitions the question mark straightens itself into an exclamation mark, and then it settles down simply to a full stop. The gossip is established. It never even raised a question in my mind about the conduct or conventionalities or anything else about you or about C.M.B. I have always been sorry that I exasperated her so much. I have no excuse except that we have come to the Quest by such widely different ways. I am nearly totally ignorant of Spiritualism and Occultism in general, and she is unversed in Catholic Mysticism and a scientific approach to life, the Quest included. Actually we are very complementary and have much to give each other eventually.

Regarding Mahoney. Please believe that I do not take to myself and right whatever to criticise your treatment of him or of anyone else. I offered the criticisms as being the way I saw things, and I am happy to have your corrections. I do not know the ways of the Orient but I fully concur with the view that all service given to the Master is unconditional in every way, and wholly without thought of payment, reward or return of any kind. I have always held this view. It is service given to the world by way of the Master as well as to him personally. In fact this is one of the things I said to Mahoney, and I said that was the way in which I worked for you. He seemed to be moved by this, and he may remember it in time to come and find it helpful. I take the view that a disciple is a devoted servant alert at all times to his Master's needs, ready at all times to meet them. He is also a bridge between those who approach the Master but do not understand him. It was wholly in this spirit that I talked to Mahoney, and it is wholly in this spirit that I offered you my views about him.

I should not have approached Ward for any help except for the fear of chatter about No. 3 on the chart I sent you fermenting and none of us knowing anything about it until it blew up into trouble. If we knew we could at least do something. When Ward revealed his deep loving devotion to you it seemed to me very right and proper to ask for his help, and entirely correct for me to give him an outline of likely difficulties. I never doubted his capacity to understand, especially as I went to great trouble to explain that I was taking an unusual course because<sup>98</sup> I believed it right to do so. Again I took the view that a disciple is a person upon whom the Master can rely to the last ounce of the disciple's strength. Of what use is love and devotion in the abstract only. Nothing I said cast doubt or aspersions of any kind on you. In effect I said you were in danger, come and help me to protect him. Was I really in error in doing this? Will you please instruct me now. Am I to see him when next I am in London, or not to see him. Please remember that whatever else I am not an irresponsible gossip. In fact I am one of the most discreet and reserved of women. My openness to you and particularly in regard to this affair is a very new experience for me. Please remember also that my honesty cannot be called into question because you are in possession of every word I have written.

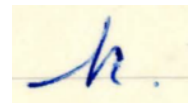
I have relied upon your word given in your letter of Dec. 6 that you had sent to C.M. the letter I advised. Isn't it Cicero who says that good faith is the foundation of all friendship. Actually<sup>99</sup> you have advised her not to see me, and thereby you have cut the ground from under my feet and there is nothing whatever I can do more in the matter. You say that my real feelings are such that she is not to see me. Are they? Is she really in need of protection against me? I said "I will care for her as if she were my own daughter" Have I ever broken my word to you?

In laying before you the facts of this case as I have done I have acted solely by the light that was in me, and from an inner compulsion not to be denied. If the light was wrong and the compulsion wrong then all the rest is wrong. But I take comfort. If what I have had<sup>100</sup> to tell you has helped you to make the decision to drop the interviewing and the correspondence then I feel sure my intuition was genuine. If now you will concentrate instead on the writing I shall feel happy that I was the instrument used to give you this kind of illumination.

At the same time I beg and I pray for your forgiveness if I have seemed to be hurtful or intrusive into your private affairs. I have had no such intentions whatever. You now know that my love and my devotion is founded upon nothing superficial and it is impervious to anything anyone may say about you or anything you may say to me in temporary resentment. I remain at your service, and at your call for help of any kind at any time.

And again I close, dearest of friends, with the noble words from the 'Light of Asia'  
In the life which knows no ending  
In the Love which doth not cease

Yours ever



**L26.133**

Dr Paul Brunton,  
C/o Allens Service,  
545, Fifth Avenue,  
New York 17.

133 - 134  
Letter from N.<sup>101</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
Wednesday. 10.12.50<sup>102</sup>

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<sup>99</sup> Underlined by hand with "?" handwritten in the right margin.

<sup>100</sup> Underlined by hand.

<sup>101</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>102</sup> PB inserted "I have now found in NYC a small maker of cashew butter which is OK" by hand at the top of the page.

U.S.A.<sup>103</sup>

My dear Paul,

Up to date I have sent you four parcels of the cashew<sup>104</sup> nut butter each parcel containing half a pound. I had such an argument at the General Post Office here over the last one that I took drastic action and I have now nagged out the whole question with the Head of the Eastern Region Ministry of Food here. I am assured by him that I can do what I like with my own rations and can send up to two pounds at a time of any rationed food to anywhere in the world. He says many people now send small amounts of specifically English made foods to America, and they are perfectly in order in doing so. Mapletons having no export license cannot send it. I am advised to ask you to acknowledge the parcels so that there is no hitch in any customs department which is not speedily discovered. There should be no hitch, but there may be clerks like the G.P.O one who are not au fait with the latest regulations.

Therefore the supply will continue. Neither my daughter nor I need all our margarine ration, and yesterday when Tony was here he said he very seldom used his. So you need have no compunction about accepting this gift of rationed food, and if there is anything else I can send please be sure to ask me for it.

Tony<sup>105</sup> told me that he had spent an evening with Joachim and Clarice Meares before she saw me, and he had been dismayed and unhappy about the slap-dash disloyal unthinking talk about you and your affairs. He found the whole atmosphere so distasteful that he decided not to go again unless there was good reason for it. The Perdue affair was talked about a good deal but not explained to him. So I explained it, and his comment was "I would back Perdue's story against C.M.'s every time"

I explained also how inadvertently the material for his Joachim's<sup>106</sup> kind of gossip was in Joachim's possession. Tony agreed with me that Joachim would probably forget that if Clarice took him back but that he was not the kind of man to be loyal or faithful about anything or anybody.

I was glad to have my own judgment confirmed by Tony's quite independent observations.

You have in Tony a very loyal friend valiant and devoted. He said he found it difficult to write to you, in fact to write to anyone. He hasn't got a 'ready pen,' but he will write you soon. He is still looking for a job and for a cheaper flat. His father, he says, has a large income and can afford to support him, but he cannot accept it any longer in view of the enormous taxation etc., and his father's long years of goodness to him.

Then Tony questioned me closely about the spiritual life and its goal. I gave him my views, and my witness to the possibility of finding it, at least in part. I told him that in any ordered sequential way I had received from you nothing that could be called teaching, but that in contact with you I had found confirmation of what to me before were

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<sup>103</sup> Address appears on page 134.

<sup>104</sup> "3 recd" is inserted in a different hand.

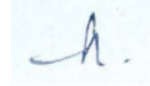
<sup>105</sup> "recM" is inserted in a different hand with parentheses around the next three paragraphs.

<sup>106</sup> "Joachim" is inserted by hand he the author.

dim intimations, and that in that confirmation I had found very much strength and inspiration to venture further.

Tony spoke of the autobiography with C.M. is writing, and I told him I had advised her to finish it without revision, put it away for a couple of months, and then revise it. I do not think its value is more than a confessional outlet for her, but I did not see enough to make a really careful estimate.

as ever

A small, handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be the initials 'A.' followed by a period.

## L26.135

135 - 154  
Letter from N  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
9th Dec. 1950

My dearest friend,

Thank you very much for your two airletters just received. When I wrote in the downright way that I did after the C.M. had stayed here I knew that I put myself in danger of being thought jealous because her help had been accepted and mine refused. There was nothing I could do about that possibility except to ignore it. In actual fact jealousy along with anger and fear left me many years ago now, and they are reactions to events and situations which I never make. And so that you should be quite free in your own decisions I offered to efface myself if you wished it. There was no threat of my doing anything. And my loved friend, at no time, not for a single instant, did I doubt your own personal relations with C.M. I Certainly reeled when she said she had been verbally accepted as she did. I questioned her as closely as I could without casting doubt on your words in her mind. She was certain she said. And so I wrote you for help. The help came long before your letter. Like peace at the heart of a storm assurance came, and then C.M. wrote restating her memory of what you had said, and then it was plain to me that her first statement was a twisted version. Dear Heart it would have been less upheaving for me if you had told me quietly and plainly during the summer the position you were being forced into and why. It would have saved this trouble if you had accepted my help and refused C.M.'s. But destiny evidently knew better. The outcome of this to you and to me will be a far deeper understanding in surface things than the other less troublesome course might have yielded. I feel I am in a far stronger position to help you now than I have ever been before.

I<sup>107</sup> am very thankful that Perdue has written his story, because, as I have written you before, I knew from the outset that the story as told by C.M. was the story of nymphomania. It was an almost textbook case. It was a half truth, an appeal to your personal sympathy, a pull on your own person. I have done much voluntary public work



for women and girls, and for Mental Welfare, far too much to be caught out by C.M. When you write to Perdue let him feel that you were not 'taken in' by C.M.'s story, but that you know he was as much injured as he gave injury, and regrettable though the incident is it will not deprive him of your belief in his further progress. It is really important that he can feel this.

The X.Y.Z. to which I referred are accusations which he is said to have made against you. I cannot set them down here, nor would they help you if I did. Some of them I know to be untrue, one or two I see to be a breach of trust with you, but further talk, or rather correspondence with C.M. shows me that it may have been her breach of trust, since you evidently told her them also. Others I think are the background of C.M.'s own subconscious mind, and the result of her undisciplined life.

C.M. told me that up to six months ago she was any man's property. That her mother knew about this and rather welcomed the presence of J. in the flat as indicating some faithfulness, even if not a quite regular kind. C.M. said she longed to marry him and bear his child, but he refused even when she had symptoms of pregnancy. He lived on her money. He had such grandiose ideas about his music that he would not take small jobs which offered, nothing less than an Albert Hall Concert was suitable<sup>108</sup> for him. And at last seeing there was no future in the relationship. and after her mother died, she turned him out. But she still loved him and he still depended on her. She found him a flat, made it pleasant for him, arranged his food, read with him, encouraged his music, and so on. In many ways she is a grand woman. As I have said I loved her from the first. In no way do I judge or condemn her way of life. I remember an afternoon I spent once with Miss Ruth Fry, or was it her sister, I forget. But we talked over this question of amateur prostitution, and she said it was very often caused by unrequited frustrated love of a deep kind. She also said that in all her experience of work amongst this sad kind of women she had never met a woman amongst them who did not show signs of a very loving heart.

When I was so forthright in my letter to you about her it was because of the plate of possible gossip your apparent friendship with her handed to H.J. Let me record for you the kind of things she said with me and said.

"He read me bits from people's letter and we roared with laughter"

"We played a game late one night. We picked the house to pieces and tried to picture what Mrs G. was like."

"He said he liked having me around. He couldn't bear some people, they were too possessive."

These things do not disturb me, they are probably quarter truths or less. But a friend does not speak like that of a friend. They indicate the lack of a good taste and good breeding in C.M. But repeated in the occult circles of London and nicely magnified they become a menace to your work.

When<sup>109</sup> I sat with H.J. in the Cora Hotel having tea the last time I saw him he said after I had for the umpteenth time said I could not help me with his House of Retreat idea "P.B. thought a lot of Clarice. He asked her to write for his journal. He kept her around

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<sup>108</sup> Page 139

<sup>109</sup> Page 141

with him a lot." Do you know how much he kept her with him? I merely ignored all this not knowing in the least to what he referred, if anything. It was not until Clarice told me of her time with you that I suddenly saw that H.J. had been trying to convey to me. I saw what a really complete scandal had been presented to H.J., and how when he got round to it amongst the people he knew, he was going to regale it. I remembered the other scandalous tales of people have tried to tell me. Sooner or later I have said to myself I shall come upon the worth and the meaning of these bits of gossip. Now I think I have done. It is your lone defenceless position, and the fact, as I have said in a previous letter, that you do not use skill in your human relationships. Also that people expect from you a perfection of every kind such as no one living can possibly have. Your position is unique, you cannot fail to excite a great deal of interest. To sit in meditation with you is to many people the first touch of God they have known, and they do not know what to make of it.

Many people who come to you have only read in the occult kind of literature, seldom in psychology, and they cannot relate the one to the other. Nearly all to whom I have spoken have a feeling of great reverence and great affection for you, mingled always with a bit of strong curiosity, as to who and what you really are. When I have replied as I often have done "He is a wholly integrated man" and when they question what does that mean, and I say "well, call it God surrendered" they<sup>110</sup> say dubiously, "Do you mean like Christ." To that I always reply "you must answer these questions yourself to your own satisfaction, as I have done for myself."

A rose by any other name... I am more grateful than any words can say for the past two years, and so far as I am aware there is no change of any kind in my heart. Please call it what you will. I was very stupid to be so long in coming to this fact. I was quite bowled over by the treatment you gave me. It was that which made me think you were off poise. Ever since I first came to you I can say with absolute truth that I have given you immaculate loyalty, impeccable honesty, the devotion of my whole heart, and all the service I could think of and that you would accept. I offered you much more this year than you would take. After you had gone, I said to myself. "I can think of nothing more I could have done that I knew he needed. I wonder if my presence irks him and why"

I have looked back over the last two years and seen how again and again in different ways the admonition has come to me "Help him" It has come in a dream, in meditation, in reflective reverie, and I do not think it means no more than financial help. What do you think it means?

And so I had to spring up to your help in this last set of muddled events. I never doubted my right and my duty to do so, or my joy to be of service.

And there is something more which I can tell you now. I gave you to read a few scribbled pages which I said were in Mark Rutherford style They<sup>111</sup> were merely introductory, and the story is so nearly the same as this C.M. one that I was almost terrified by the likeness. You will see in one letter to her I mention a priest sobbing. That was the man. His wife appealed to me for help, and I gave what I thought was help. But

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<sup>110</sup> Page 143

<sup>111</sup> Page 145

I tried to be tactful, and I am naturally reserved. Events ran their course miserably but inevitably towards ruin for the man, and he died. I am still in touch with his wife and his sons. And so I determined not to fail again. If I lost your friendship and saved you I should be content. I dared not stop to be tactful and considerate. You may think I made a great fuss over very little. Perhaps I did, but I do not yet think so myself. I think it was a real attack of evil on you.

Anyhow insight and strength have come to me as a result of all this. I shall never in this life do much work myself. My task is in the background helping others. And whatever I have of wisdom, ability or anything else is for your helping.

Dear friend, I know the jittery state of America now. I know the economic uncertainty throughout the world. I can imagine how all this may affect you, your income, your position as a free lance spiritual teacher, whose teachings are not in the least understood, and which may be suspected of being the very reverse of what they really are. If you can think of any way I can help please do not hesitate for one moment to tell me.

As for the nut butter. I have this organised now. I can buy plenty of cooking fat which is unrationed. So far I have sent you three<sup>112</sup> lots. I have also sent navy blue socks with one lot, and the Welsh wool socks with another lot but in a separate parcel. I have sent four Listeners with the Reith Lectures in them, and I will send the rest. Would you like the Listener each week? And I have today sent the University Press reprint from the St John's College "Eagle" about the Wordsworth Commemorations.

I will see Parrot as you ask. I have in fact written him but he has not replied, and I imagined he had asked you for instructions. But I hear that Miss Cotter is near to death with a very generalised form of carcinoma, and he may be very occupied.

I would like very much to see Perdue. Do you know where he is?

Mrs Poggensee is coming again on Thursday for several hours work on T.H.T.B.Y. She has got Himalaya, and she estimates that the expurgations made will take about thirty pages to restore. We are not yet sure about Das Ueberselbst. I must get a recent copy from Riders. I feel sure I have not got all the alterations you have made since the first edition.

Tony has been seeing Joachim, so I have warned Tony, and I will see him soon. I will also see Watkins. I do not want to make H.J. feel enmity, I may try to see him too.

I shall be very grateful for the sugar. Thank you very much.

My husband remembers you with happiness, and he put you on his Christmas card list. He puts lovely work each year into these. The one sent to you is a wood engraving of a Christmas rose which he has done this last few weeks.

My<sup>113</sup> friend so greatly loved, I have nothing in the world I value more than your friendship. I shall continue to give you the same loyalty, devotion service that I have always given. You have helped me to achieve some knowledge of inner realities. I may have very far yet to go, but I can stand firm on my own experience, and to that extent I can stand beside you.

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<sup>112</sup> Page 147

<sup>113</sup> Page 149

I have read your letter again. I want you to be utterly certain that there was at no time a single doubt of your personal integrity. The Discipleship claim cleared itself before you wrote. The rest I accept. I also want you to feel like an anchor that ceaselessly holds you in my heart in love before God and I pray that you may have comfort and blessing, and reach the highest goal.

The table was delivered in {Potters} Bar yesterday, and taken to {Tewin}, {Hertz} today where my son has just bought a house.

The Hibiscus seeds and plants shall be despatched at the right season. You will see by correspondence sent in a parcel yesterday that C.M. learns quickly. I hope when she holds my little grandchild in her arms that more of her loving heart will have an outlet. Her offer to dedicate her lullaby to him is very sweet, and touched his mother deeply.

Written in great love



I<sup>114</sup> see there is a little more I should say. You may remember the day I came to you and you went out leaving me typing and hoping to finish I did not do so because Mahoney came in the moment you went and so a note on your desk about this, but you did not refer to it in any way, so I did not. But Mahoney told me that Constance Beach had suggested to him that he might offer you his services while you were in London, as he had wanted to come out to America to you, as she had done earlier. He spoke of you very affectionately, most considerately, and there was obviously nothing he was not willing to do for you. But he could not see that he himself was getting anywhere by being with you. And so I let him talk. I asked him where he wanted to get, what he supposed the goal of the spiritual quest to be, and what he hoped to gain by living with you. He had not really thought these things out. He was living much more by emotion than by any reasoned attitude. I cannot remember quite what I said to him, but I asked him to tell you what I had said and to ask you for your comments on it. Apparently he did not do so, and relapsed into pained emotional disappointment. But I was moved to tell him that I knew from my own experience the truth that at the heart of one's being to be as direct as this. I have found that any tendency to do so makes people either puzzled, or inclined to exalt me to a pedestal which is which is totally wrong, and very unpleasant to me.

I think if you had given him a little more time for talking and a little more interest in his slow moving mind and its problems, you<sup>115</sup> could have saved him from upset easily.

I have sent to you all the correspondence I have had with C.M. so that you can judge my wisdom in dealing with her, observe how I have slightly criticised you in order to loosen her hold a little, and to instruct H.J., if he is capable of being so instructed. There is no more now that any of us can do. We must leave the affair in the hands of destiny. I

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<sup>114</sup> Page 151

<sup>115</sup> Page 153

beg you not to write sharply to anyone about any of it. If any of it rises to trouble you from any quarter please tell me at once.

The emotional weakness you note in me I regret as much as you do. I regret all my many faults. If now you think of me as the most interfering meddling person you have ever known I have no plea except such were not my motives. I had the same motives as a loving watch dog might have if it saw its beloved charge in danger.



Please send the para for the prefatory of the translation of Egypt.

**L26.155**

155 - 156  
Letter from N  
8 Luard Rd. Cambridge  
22/2/1951

My dear Paul.

Thank you very much for your letter. It had never occurred to me that the honour of a place in P.B.'s heat was mine I only asked to be allowed contact and the privilege to serve. I am very happy.

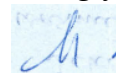
I will write a longer letter when I can. Today I must give all the time I have to questions from Mrs Poggensee.

My husband has been extremely ill, but he is recovering now, and in his convalescence I am kept very occupied as nurse, cook, secretary, etc. He is at home again now, I have had, and in fact am still having a most difficult time in many ways. We are so short of fuel, and I am always so cold and so tired. I think the effort the body makes to maintain warmth is much fatiguing, especially when one is {illegible}.

I<sup>116</sup> will {re}live the copies {of lectures} to C.M. in a day or two. I am glad to have seen them. The first was described to me by C.M. as "melodramatic and {illegible}" - such fun!! - Now I have seen it I am confirmed in my first opinion of C.M. - the melodrama and {illegible} are in her own mind. But don't worry or think about these<sup>117</sup> people again. I am glad I scolded her like I did. I see that my treatment of H.J. was not far wrong.

Yes I will write {Ward} and Tony and send you the carbons.

Most gratefully and most lovingly



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<sup>116</sup> "reCM" and "+" are written in a different hand in the right margin with a bracket around this paragraph.

<sup>117</sup> Page 156

Incomplete letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>118</sup>

8 Luard Rd. Cambridge

Nov. 6. 1950

Henry Joachim, -

I met Mr Joachim in London on Thursday, Nov 2nd. After lunch I listened to him for two hours. First he put forward his project for a house of retreat, as he called it, and said you had assured him such a place was needed but he was to do nothing about it until he has talked with me. The statement that you thought such a place needed prevented my saying, what I think which is that there are far too many of them already and they are worse and useless. So I allowed him to talk without any check. I merely tried to make him face practical issues. Finally I left him with one suggestion, that he put an advertisement in some occult journal - Prediction N is the one he favours, and I drafted it for him. I have yet to meet Carice Mears, who asks to see me alone, and I will certainly see her when I am in London again. But this project of theirs seems to me to be about the most impracticable and unattractive idea possible. Neither of them have any money, so someone, presumably, is going to produce quite a lot of it. Neither of them know the first thing about housekeeping or catering for numbers, or dietetics, or country life and ways. Neither of them know anything about working and maintaining a vegetable garden, or flower garden, and I doubt if they could maintain even a lawn. They dream of a place so derelict that no one else want it and so it will be very cheap. Clarice is not to live in the house, but in some little place in the grounds. She will keep an eye on things. It is all so utterly silly that I walked down Picadilly wondering whether Henry Joachim was a fool or a knave, and what he supposed I was. The part cast for me, I imagine, is the mystical old lady so devoted to P.B., that she will produce the money for this lovely project which is alleged to have his blessing. Also her social position will give other people confidence in the scheme. I own to being a mystic, but not to being a fool, and without any cynicism whatever, but merely as a statement of fact I put it to you that what these two are trying to pull off is a variety of confidence trick. Clarice is Henry Joachim's mistress. The irregularity of their relationship does not perturb me in the least, and would make no difference to my attitude to them, but it makes me almost hilarious to think of founding a house of retreat on such a basis.

Henry Joachim told me that you had said that you had been instructed not to meditate any more with people at the close of your stay in London this year. I saw at once how right this was. These two people are in a very confused state of mind. They are a little attracted by the spiritual life, or what they imagine is the spiritual life, but primarily it is because all other ways to the success they desire have so far failed. They are definitely not seeking truth for truth's sake. And when they realise that I am not the fool I am supposed to be, and give them neither money nor support materially, but only

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<sup>118</sup> Author determined by handwriting and address.

spiritual counsel, they will turn against me and then against you and revile both you and me.

I was also told by Henry Joachim that the Persian Perdue has proved himself to be both imposter and criminal, but I was given no evidence and no details, and I asked for none.

This does not disturb me in the least. It does not surprise...<sup>119</sup>

## L26.159

159 - 162

Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>120</sup> to Mr Joachim  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
7th November, 1950<sup>121</sup>

Dear Mr Joachim,

Thank you for your letter. Yes, our conversation was left a little in mid air. I felt I wanted time to consider why P.B. sent you to me for advice on your project of a House of Retreat when he knew my views about such places. Also I hoped it would become clear to me exactly what kind of intellectual help you were seeking.

Please allow for the fact that I am used to the ways of dealing with things of the scientifically trained mind, and I am unused to vagueness. So if I seem to overemphasise clearness and tidiness of mind you will know that is because I can work better that way.

It gave me much pleasure to meet you, and I was not bored but honoured to receive your confidence.

P.B. knows that I know the countryside pretty well. This summer I have been through hundreds of miles of it, and I only remember seeing one empty house, and that was a very large mansion. My son has just searched and searched for a house and finally bought a cottage in Herts at vast expense. The Guide Dogs for the Blind Association searched nearly all the South for a large old house with grounds and outhouses, and have finally bought one in Devon. My son's cottage needs an enormous amount of work done on it before it can be called a home, and he is relying on his own skill and hard work quite as much as on being able to get permits and pay for labour and materials. The Association I have mentioned are now there to make it habitable. The kind of derelict house which no one wants and is therefore cheap may exist, but I have no notion where. And supposing you got it who is going to put it in order so that anyone is willing to pay for the privilege of staying in it. And who is going to provide the furniture and other equipment. More than that how can you devote morning to music and afternoon to such a house with any hope of being efficient in either way. From a practical point of view the idea seems to me to be utterly impossible.

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<sup>119</sup> The following pages are missing

<sup>120</sup> Author determined by address and content of the letter.

<sup>121</sup> "Copy not {illegible} again" is handwritten at the top of the page.

From the point of view of a mystic, retreat can be very attractive at times. But I have come myself to the view that such retreat is quite unnecessary, and I should never even think of going to any so called house of Retreat. Not that I may not go into quietness and silence, I may. But I will find a place for myself without the aid of anyone. It might even be a room in central London. Of course this is only my point of view. There may be people eager to go to specially prepared places for retreat, but if so I do not know them. I do know that there are many such places provided by various church organisations and other cults.

Your advertisement may give you some idea of what people are thinking as you are doing, how many such there are, and what help in the project is likely to be forthcoming.

I must say quite definitely that no help from me can be looked for, and that you must not link up your project with P.B. That would be wholly<sup>122</sup> wrong in view of the fact that he is insistent always on strict independence and impartiality. Also it must be quite clear that I cannot sponsor any such project for the reasons I have given, that it seems to me to be so impracticable and unattractive.

I sympathise very much with your desire to live in the country, but I assure you there is no more peace in the country than in the town. And life in a village can be very trying to one who is unused to it.

The peace you seek is only to be found within the heart. It is a spiritual quality of the divine nature of us all, and its finding does not depend on any outward place or circumstance, but upon inner integrity of mind and soul and upon the grace of God. P.B.'s written views about this are very clear and straight. You cannot do better than read and ponder them until full understanding comes to you.

As for intellectual help. I have read very widely. Please ask me for what you want in this way.

You may think this letter is very negative and gives promise of no material help or change in your admittedly difficult circumstances. That is so. The spiritual quest which P.B. teaches must be followed for its own sake. Truth must be sought for truth's sake. That outward changes may follow upon such a quest is not denied, but to follow the quest with an eye upon possible material gain will lead only to confusion.

Please share this letter with Clarice Meares, and then tell me if she would like to meet me for tea at 7, Albemarle Street on Tuesday next, November 14th about 4.30.

With my kindest regards and every good wish,  
Yours sincerely,

**L26.163**

163 - 166  
Incomplete letter from N.<sup>123</sup>

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<sup>122</sup> Page 161

<sup>123</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.



Monday, Nov. 27th.<sup>124</sup>

...<sup>125</sup> Mrs P tells me Raschers say they have posted Das Ueberselbst and Miss Hopp's copy of Himalaya to her, but they still insist that she states a figure for T.H.T.B.Y. She asked me for my opinion, and I suggested that she made an offer to do it for 3 1/2 Swiss francs per typewritten page, which I think is about half the difference. I have written Raschers asking if Egypt is still in the printers hands and can a paragraph be added to the Preface but I have not yet received a reply. I have held up this letter for a few days pending a reply, but I now suggest to save time that you send to me by return the paragraph you wish to have added, and I will translate it and post to Raschers in the hope that it can be added, and if not, perhaps they will keep it for the next impression. Please also send to me your additional changes for T.H.T.B.Y. because Mrs P is unsettled about her movements, but she will keep in touch with me. She told me on the phone on Saturday that she had a really long list of things to discuss about T.H.T.B.Y. She will spend several hours with me now each week until we get things clear.

Returning to Henry Joachim. I have given him the opportunity to discuss the practical side of his scheme with Mabel Bishop who is now in Ealing, but, as I expected, he has no wish to follow this up. Also I have given him details of the cost of houses, rates, etc., and again as expected, it is not what he wanted. I have offered to lend him any of my books that he would like to read: to discuss any question about our books which is in his mind. As I knew from my observations of his talk none of this is what he wants from me. What he wants is an uncritical patron who is hazy about business matters and who can be charmed into doing what he wants them to do. He belongs to the middle ages, not to the world of today, and he has not the stamina mentally or morally to adjust himself to conditions as they are. I believe that Clarice is perfectly aware of all this, but she loves him, and puts it from her as much as she can. But she did say "I could not go supporting him, especially when I found that he had more money than I had."

This experience has made me resolve that I shall be forthright with everyone. I expect you find as I am doing that scarcely anyone is interested in living the spiritual life with their circumstances as they are. They always want the circumstances changed first. They want advice on how to deal with this or that difficulty. They want to shift the responsibility for making decisions on to someone else. Most people too are lonely and long for a friend in whom they can really trust. I feel I could write a commentary on life from this angle.

I told Clarice "I cannot alter your circumstances, nor provide you with work, and I can give you no guarantee that difficulties will vanish when you or anyone begins to live as a spiritual being. They may be like having a plumber in the kitchen and get worse before they get better. All that I can give you is the views to which I have come as the result of my trying to live the spiritual life. These are only mine and they are not infallible. Also I am very versatile, I can be sweet and tactful and non committal, or I can be my

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<sup>124</sup> "Tuesday Nov. 28th." is typed on page 165.

<sup>125</sup> "3" is handwritten at the top of the page; previous pages are missing.

most North Country self and very plain. What would you like" She said she would like her own thinking laid out straight and criticised. Bless her.

Mr<sup>126</sup> Dennis Brooks of the Hertford daily paper is coming on Friday. I have an idea I shall like him, he sounded so pleasant and honest on the telephone. I may be around Hertford quite a bit. My son has just bought a house in a village three miles from there.

My daughter is very happy to have your messages. My grandson Terence Robin Fellgett was eight weeks old yesterday. He is strong and healthy and very happy. To watch him grow and develop from day to day is to be confirmed in belief in reincarnation. I am now certain he is very old in experience and I think extremely intelligent. This is not just adoring grandmotherliness, it is close observation. He came to birth very willingly, and everything has favoured him. Although he is so large and strong his mother has more milk than he needs, and he must be taking about two pints a day now. He could hold up his head a few hours after birth. His great grandmother writes to me after seeing his photograph at the age of seven weeks "what extraordinarily intelligent eyes for a baby" I enclose the photograph for you to see.

Yes, the Manx wool is rather thick, but the Welsh wool is very like the black sock I sent. I have sent one pair of navy blue ones with the last lot of cashew nut.

Under separate cover and by sea mail I am sending you a book of poems by Franklin Kidd and one by Frank Kendon, and a wood engraving by my husband. So you have the work of three very close friends. The books may be pleasant to have when you are resting.

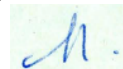
My reply to the earlier part of your airmail letter is that I will do as you say.

The index arrived safely on Friday morning last but the notes have not yet arrived. I will acknowledge them by air as soon as they come.

From many people coming over we learn about conditions in America just now.

May God bless and keep you

Written in great love



Tuesday Nov. 28th.

The registered package of notes has just arrived.

Please be sure that despite my perhaps to sweeping assessment of H.J's character I will do all that I can for him. My only forthrightness to him has been a strong plea that he does not use our name in support of his scheme unless you give him your written consent to do so, and that I personally cannot help him in establishing such a place. I have no right to judge anyone in a condemnatory way, I only write as I do in this letter to you to give you whatever value lies in my personal judgement. The educational value to me in trying to help such a man is considerable. I have lived so long with highly educated people and with people with meticulous manners and moral standards that I am very ignorant of other standards.

To<sup>127</sup> find a man like H.J. so far on the Quest that he has your personal guidance and advice compels me to do a lot more thinking.<sup>128</sup>

It seems likely that his unbalance may cause him some few years of hard effort to correct once he sees that he is unbalanced.

An enormous gift parcel of food just arrived for my son's wedding from Robert Emerson's wife reminds me of what it has been near the surface of my mind to tell you for some time, and that is Robert Emerson's address

806, West Main Street,  
Urbano,  
Illinois.

He is friend of all persecuted misunderstood people. He has a high regard for us, and any appeal in our name would get a warm hearing. And he is a very experienced man.

## L26.167

167 - 172  
Letter from N.<sup>129</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
30th Nov. 1950<sup>130</sup>

My dear Paul

I have just spent two hours with Mrs P. on the H.T.B.Y. and the following questions arise.

p. 49 Is "The Inner Reality" translated into German and what is the title?

p. 59 Please say from what book of Nietzsche the sentence quoted is taken.

Mrs P. had a very long list of other things and I think we have managed to get them into satisfactory and precise meaning. I hope so. We have tried very hard.

1st Dec. 1950

What follows is an appeal for your help, and please remember that I gave never before asked you for anything for myself. My need is now very great indeed.

Clarice Meares at her own request saw mw in London, and as I had so little time I invited her here for the day and night, she has just gone. I hope she is happier for her visit. She may have sensed my disquiet but I did not express it to her. But I did say that I observed how off poise you were in the latter part of your stay in London.

As I walked with Clarice around Cambridge yesterday she told me about Perdu, the whole story from A. to Z., and the dregs of the X.Y.Z. affect you very seriously, but you have not been told them. I shall not tell you in this letter, nor ant any time unless it

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<sup>127</sup> Page 166

<sup>128</sup> "x" and parentheses are written in the margins around this paragraph in a different hand.

<sup>129</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>130</sup> "1st Dec. 1950." appears part way down the page.

becomes necessary. I extracted the whole story for the sake of Clarice getting peace of mind. So far as I am concerned it has now gone to earth and will never be repeated to anyone. And for your assurance Clarice is now certain that she is not pregnant. After she had told me the story I took her to Evensong in Kings Chapel, and in that surpassing beauty of worship by music in the candle lit grandeur of that lovely place she found comfort and some peace.

Then<sup>131</sup> we came home to supper, and afterwards we sat by the fire talking, and Clarice told me of her being verbally accepted by you into a relationship which you have just said you have been enjoined to repudiate with everyone without exception. She told me of how she was to have the qualities of devotion, loyalty and service, and to look for inspiration. I read to her our own words, and she was very puzzled, so to cover up the subject to your advantage I said it must be a completely inner thing. Will you please tell me if I may have a plain clear explanation of this discrepancy. If I am to be of any service to you or to any of your readers and correspondents it is necessary that I should have 100% faith in you and in your words. In a few minutes I have Mr Dennis Brooks coming from Hertford to discuss this very subject. Can you imagine the heartbreaking task I gave immediately before me. You may rest assured I shall not let you down whatever happens to me.

What follows is an offer of help to you. If you reject it it is the last word you will ever receive from me because it will mean that you wish it to be so.

Henry Joachim is already turning violently against me, and quite as much so against you. In the witches cauldron which he uses as his mind there is stewing and simmering the fact that you sent him to me and I have flatly refused to give him any help whatever with his scheme. There is nothing else he wants or can think about. He is Clarice Meare's rejected lover. She talks about meditations with you. About being accepted into the relationship I have mentioned, can say nothing but how marvellous you were and so on. Henry Joachim belongs to some occult societies in London about which I have<sup>132</sup> never heard before, and there is his gossip outlet. Add Perdu to the stew, and the fact that Joachim has no notion of what your writings mean, or what I still believe them to mean, that he is amoral and irresponsible, and you can see what is coming.

Clarice is now writing her autobiography and I have read it. She is a far better balanced person than Joachim but she is a nymphomaniac in the throes of the transference of love missed by her lover (he refused to marry her even when she thought she was pregnant by him) to "The Master."<sup>133</sup> This is not surprising, and wisely handled it could help her. But was it wise, knowing how unbalanced Joachim was, and knowing their relationship, to make this close intimacy with her on such brief acquaintance, to the exclusion of Joachim.

This is my offer of the help of a friend, and it is made from my personal regard for you, and for your great work.

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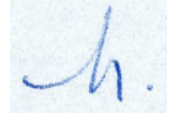
<sup>131</sup> Page 169

<sup>132</sup> Page 171, "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>133</sup> "You are wrong!" and a parenthesis around this sentence are written in the right margin in a different hand.

Write to Clarice the same repudiation you have sent to other people of the whole relationship, and say you must retire for the present from public work and cannot answer letters. Say that you wish her to look to me for help and what guidance I am able to give, and let it be a goodbye for ever if you wish for peace of mind again. This will throw her back to Henry, and they can make the best of it. If she turns to me I will care for her as if she were my own daughter which she is young enough to be.

May God forever bless you



### L26.173

173 - 180  
Letter from N.<sup>134</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
11.12.1950

My dear Paul

Please do not sigh when you see yet another missive from me. I enclose Parrot's reply. It is about what I expected. As a result of how many years is it? of Mrs C's guruship (he told me she was his guru) he can only make this kind of reaction. Understanding, tolerance, a detached view point, No. Just a thicket of aversion, disgust, and a wish to bury it all and forget it. I sent him a note yesterday saying I had a letter from you which it was your wish I should share with him, and could he see me on Thursday, Dec 21. I cannot go to London next Thursday because Mrs. P. only has that day free, and on Tuesday when I should go to some meetings, my husband is having a dental operation and I must be with him.

I shall not show him {illegible} your letter, and Joachim's gossip and possible gossip I will merely warn him against, and ask him if anything reaches his ears to let me know at once and from whom it comes. I will deal with it and him then.

Please be guided by me for a little while. Write no more letters to anyone about any aspect of this affair. If you receive letters and appeals refer the writers to me as being in full cognisance and understanding of it all.

And will you look with me at the philosophical consideration of it.

It is clearly a bit of karma presented to us all, and a good many lessons can be wrung from it. Least said soonest mended may apply to the world outside, but to the few of us inside the affair it does not apply. We should by now be strong and wise enough to be detached about<sup>135</sup> everything, and placid in dealing with it. I am well aware that the impact hit me hard but I was soon round to taking a good look both at what hit me and at myself.

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<sup>134</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>135</sup> Page 175

Please add your own views about it to mine and let us see what we have gained (or lost?).

Looking at the history of the T.S. the Huxley Heard combine and other similar efforts to disseminate spiritual truth you can see how much of similar troubles have accrued, and how often friendships have split and good work has been wasted. Looking at the Church both the Anglican and the R. Catholic, you can see how the organisation is designed to eliminate these troubles, and to protect the priesthood. It is good in many ways to eliminate organisation to reach truth in its purity, but with the organisation it is not always immediately obvious that good protection and defence against even goes also. If the defences and protection are not used then there is overwhelming need for the wisest possible precautions.

You said to me that you stimulated people so much that both good and bad came out together, I think that this is what happened to C.M. and J.P. She had a profligate life close behind her, J.P. is an Asiatic in whom the forces of Nature run deeply. She would not know that despite her interest in spiritual things her manner and enticements and sexual interest had not changed. She was irresistible to him, fair game, and he may or he may not have taken her against her will. It is quite likely he did not. She says she cannot account for an hour and a half. She does not know what happened. It is not possible for<sup>136</sup> any experienced woman to receive a man and not know it. When I quietly pointed this out to her she was, for her, rather taken aback, and said "yes, that is so, isn't it" Minutia like this, of course, would not be discussed with Parrot. By the time she reached him she was the innocent injured maiden, and he swallowed her story, hook, line and sinker. I think she was surprised at the way events went with J.P. and looking back on them she was revolted, and very mixed with the revulsion arose the clinging to you, the pulling on your person. She was amazed at the way I sorted these things out for her, and very surprised that a "spiritual" person should know so much. It is quite possible she may go very straight from now on, but it will be some years before she is, what might be called, safe.

So that I think I can see that the way in which you have given interviews and meditations to people whose life and past are quite unknown to you has been very dangerous from the point of view of this stimulating to both good and evil. Your own beauty of spirit, the Overself in its manifold working, has been your protection, but such protection needs usually a human agent, and your wandering over the world free of all continuity of near understanding friends has left you often without such human agents.

It is possible that the pressure now upon you to abandon this line of work is the Overself in its wisdom and care for you, and the pressure may be lifted when you see the lines which are indicated. My reading, for what it is worth, is that writing should now predominate.

But even though C.M. and J.P. may appear to have been over stimulated and have brought evil near to us all, we have to remember that in the great unfolding of the Spirit there is little respect for our limited views and our paltry feelings. If we lay ourselves

open to God we can expect His wisdom and His Majesty at times to show in ways which are awesome.

You have nothing with which to blame yourself, except perhaps lack of a little more foreseeing organisation near the close of your stay in London. It may easily be that it was not within your power or that of any of us to avert what happened. In any case remorse now is waste of effort.

N.

## L26.181

181 - 182  
Letter from N.<sup>137</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
11.12.1950

My dear Paul

You must be heartily sick of letters from me. This just brings you happy thoughts.

"A very special Christmas and New Year thought for Dr Brunton"

Constance {Pany}. S. Rhodesia.

"Christmas Greetings to Dr Brunton"

from Emmy Poggensee

"Please give our Christmas wishes to Dr Brunton"

Mary and {Pelei} Fellgelt

I<sup>138</sup> send you "A Year of Grace" by Victor Gollancz. It is a most lovely anthology. (separate cover. book post) with my wishes for great blessings this Christmas season.

The enclosed note on {Healing} will be of interest to you but it must remain confidential for the present.

Yours. as ever.

Tony has just telephoned - am I going to be in London soon. C.M. {invites} him in her flat, but he is unhappy and on guard all the time he is with her. Why is it? I will see him next {week}.

I hope the enclosed copy of letter to {L.C.P} is the end. He is going to {illegible} for Christmas, therefore I cannot see him. Waiting is probably {illegible} anyhow. It is more precise.

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<sup>137</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>138</sup> Page 182

**L26.183**

183 - 186  
Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>139</sup> to Tony  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
17th December, 1950<sup>140</sup>

Dear Tony,

I am sorry to say I cannot come to London on Thursday as arranged. My husband has been ill after two dental operations, and still needs so much care that I have cancelled everything which would take me from home until after Peter's wedding on January 20th.

I can quite understand your sensing disturbance around Clarice Meares, and feeling 'on guard' in her presence. Since P.B. left it has come to light that she has lived a very undisciplined life until a few months since. Her own admissions indicate nymphomania. In fact this diagnosis has been made by other people when she has been in trouble.

She has seen the light of the Quest, but she has so much leeway to make up in her ethical and moral standards that until these are established she is liable to make bad falls herself and to drag others down with her.

Henry Joachim has even more to make up. He has not yet established a clear understanding of what is ordinarily regarded as right and wrong. He makes me think of a troll or an amoral fairy in human birth.

If<sup>141</sup> you hear gossip around these two, or emanating in particular from Joachim and involving P.B. please stamp on it hard and let me know at once from whence it reaches you. If you get puzzled let me know also and I will explain it to you. They are a pair of very trying people.

Please regard this letter as very confidential. Keep on your guard with C.M.

All this does not mean any judging or condemning, nor does it preclude helping her, but it does mean that "forewarned is forearmed."

I do hope your own affairs prosper to your liking. And what about those days in Cambridge which you promised. What about your coming here on Thursday until Friday.

With my kindest regards, and every good wish,  
Yours sincerely,

**L26.187**

187 - 194

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<sup>139</sup> Author determined by context and address. "H" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>140</sup> "Copy for P.B." is inserted by the author at the top of the page.

<sup>141</sup> Page 185



Incomplete letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>142</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
28th Dec. 1950

My dear Paul

I return to you the pages of alterations for the Quest. They do not quite coincide with those received in 1949 for Raschers and sent to them, so I have altered your pages to agree with and include the 1949 alterations. There is only one difference which needs your attention, and that is on page 238 lines 9/10, where this present page of alterations says delete "Overself-atom, a little to the right side of the," my previous instructions also deleted "but in a downward direction." The sentence now reads as follows: -

Then one should gently and gradually draw the conscious abstracted attention away from the head, introverting it still further until it is brought and settled in the region of the heart.

In my view this is a better rendering of your meaning than without the deletion "but in a downward direction" because this phrase puts a movement in space indication which is inherent in the whole sentence as originally written and then partly removed by the first deletion mentioned above; with this second deletion it is wholly removed. Head and heart may then be read in both an abstract as well as a concrete sense. Anyone who receives the touch of the Overself will quickly know that it is the heart which receives, although the head has the task of understanding and explaining on any level where communication with others is sought.

Whenever I come to a close analysis of your work like this I am always lost in admiration of the way you have got your message over, to<sup>143</sup> thousands and thousands of people, where eminent scholars writing in meticulous laboured sentences strictly within the rules of logic are listened to by no one, even though they may receive high academic honour. I never deviate from the view that it is because you write from the knowledge bought by experience, and not from deductions, from deductions made by other men. It is not that I do not value scholarship or that I think it can be abandoned. Obviously it has a place. But men are not moved to think or work for themselves by scholarship, but by the flaming conviction of someone who knows. At the present time when the human intellect is more alert and more trained by contemporary education than en masse it has ever been, and the Church of Rome meets its needs with some more dogmas, poor even in the dark ages, and plain silly nonsense of today, your work is of priceless value. I am in a position to see this even better than you can. I have, as you might say, a foot in both worlds. I have many links with the Church (only a few hours since a car brought to my house a beautiful child's cot from a Bishop's Palace - so that my little grandson has a cot in his grandparents' home as well as in his own. A thoughtfulness for which I am immensely grateful) I live amongst eminent people. Often in my life I have been asked "but how can you believe in these strange unorthodoxies,

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<sup>142</sup> Author determined by context and address. "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>143</sup> Page 189

even heresies, and reject the wisdom of the ... who is recognised by ... and ... as being a great this or that” Perhaps the only answer is intuition gained long ago.

On<sup>144</sup> December 23rd along with Frank Kendon’s poem “Hellebore” by ordinary mail I sent you the really relevant information arising from the Perdue affair. At first I thought I would never tell you, because of any hurt to you either in the telling or in the knowing. But on that day intuition to find a way of telling you was so strong that I wrote it.

In the first place, my loved friend, I want you to rest upon the fact that none of this makes the slightest alteration in my regard for you, nor in Tony’s, not in the slightest. I am inclined to agree with Tony that it probably did not emanate from P. at all, but it was the subject of the same kind of irresponsible chatter that was still going on when Tony went to the flat. I was told that under hypnosis it was all placed in the mind of C.M. and she was especially upset by it, even more than by the alleged physical act. But under questioning she revealed that No. 3. had been told her by yourself - didn’t I know? No. 1. is current gossip in the circles where Joachim moves - a kind of occult slumdom. In fact there is quite a fantasia of gossip there.

Years since now E.C. Bolt came back from seeing you in Hampstead and said with grief that he feared your wife was far from understanding you and had in fact said, and you had repeated to him “you love the Maharishee more than you love me,” and that divorce was imminent. Within a year or two of this I met Constance Beach. I think I must have exasperated her by being woodenly unmoved by what she said because she flashed her hand before my eyes and said “He (meaning you) gave me this ring to wear. It is magnetised by him for me.” I took it that she said this to impress her authority upon me. Of course the effect<sup>145</sup> on me was the very reverse of what was intended. I registered the thought in my mind that she was very silly to divulge such things. If the magnetised ring was of use it would perform its function of itself and certainly not by being brought to my notice in that way.

Later still it was brought to the notice of E.C.B. in a similar way. He told me and he put the two things {illegible} {and} {illegible} into what I considered and still consider unjustifiable juxtaposition, and I said so vigorously. He withdrew. I have heard no more of this since, and I only tell you now because of this spring-cleaning of understanding between us. Any similar thoughtless act or word by anyone becomes a seed from which a forest of gossip may grow if planted in suitable minds.

It would grow around anyone in your unique position. It will grow around me from the day I have to venture alone into a teaching position, if ever I do.

There is never anything you can do about it. Your friends can deal with it if they know, but you cannot. But they must be FRIENDS.

I told Tony nothing of this in detail, but only that I had seen thoughtlessness create possibilities of gossip before, and I told him something of the responsibility as well as the privilege of being a friend of yours. He said he was glad I had told him this, he would never forget it.

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<sup>144</sup> Page 191

<sup>145</sup> Page 193

When I wrote those letters to C.M. I wrote them in part for H.J. to see. I wanted to {knock} into his head the idea that your friends, at least this one, could regard you quite critically and e ...<sup>146</sup>

## L26.196

195 - 196  
Incomplete letter from N.  
Undated


...<sup>147</sup> may be able to think "What good friends P.B. has, and be drawn to look further into his work themselves"

Do you know this lovely Mahomedan prayer.

"Exalt me to thy Oneness so that Thy creatures seeing me may see Thee, and Thou art there and I am not there"

With my love,

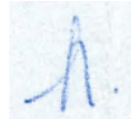
For<sup>148</sup> my loved friend



## L26.197

197 - 198  
Incomplete letter from N.  
Undated

...<sup>149</sup> Written as always in love and in gratitude but in a way which is impersonal if you need to show it to anyone at any time:



## L26.199

199 - 200  
Incomplete letter from N.  
Undated

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<sup>146</sup> This letter is continued in L26.201.

<sup>147</sup> Page 196, "2." is typed at the top of the page; previous page is missing.

<sup>148</sup> Page 195

<sup>149</sup> Previous pages may be missing.

...<sup>150</sup> What moral responsibility have you got to her especially? and All<sup>151</sup> the stories of being so {enjoined} by people must be read in the light of what you now know of her character!

Anyhow<sup>152</sup> if you have the urge to write her will you cover yourself by sending me a copy of all letters?

And my dear, Mrs Poggensee is returning soon to Zurich. Her brother is one of your devoted readers, and so is Oscar Dalvit. The latter is called an abstractionist painter. It is a little problematical to me how, say, the ideas of the spiritual struggle towards Realisation can be expressed abstractionally in painting, but perhaps they can. Anyhow Oscar Dalvit is said to be trying. A letter of appreciation and of encouragement to Mrs P. would be only fair. I will tell you when she has gone, and give you her Zurich address. She is coming here again on Friday.

My loved friend, you need have no hesitation whatever in accepting any of help from me. It is yours by right of love, and much more it is a way for me to give to the world.

As ever and forever



No. I decided not to show your letter to anyone. I never met Perdu, and if he is in Paris I am not very likely to do so now.

The index sent by ordinary mail {illegible} now and I must wait until term begins and new {illegible} come in to {illegible}

## L26.201

201 - 204

Incomplete letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>153</sup>

Undated

...<sup>154</sup> even observe weaknesses. Any thought of your being so deified by them that in their eyes you could make no error - they little knew the kind of man you were etc., etc., the gist of what he was moving towards, I wanted to scotch and quickly.

When I spoke of the woman friend who would probably go and skin C.M. alive, I had C.M.B. in mind. I haven't the remotest idea of ever telling her, of course.

And when I said I had seen you reject a good woman, busy translating your books for a worthless one, I put Mrs Poggensee against C.M. herself, and I did mean that. You sighed when Mrs P. wrote you and C.M. says she is told to write regularly.

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<sup>150</sup> Previous pages may be missing.

<sup>151</sup> Page 200

<sup>152</sup> Page 199

<sup>153</sup> Author determined from context.

<sup>154</sup> This is a continuation of L26.187.

About Mahoney. What you put right at the last I know nothing about. I hope it was put right in his mind. But when he placed himself in the position of menial and ate his lunch in the tiny kitchen I said to myself, this is not a good idea, and it is not going to last. But at that time I was in no position to say so to you. When on my next visit he came to me the moment you went out and showed me in what a chaotic frame of mind and heart he was in I was not really surprised. As I have told you I did my utmost to assure him. But, of course, I have no authority to speak for you. Nothing I can say on such an occasion has the weight of anything you can say. I gave my evidence, my testimony, in fuller detail than I usually do on such slight acquaintance. What good, if any, I did I do not know. What in fact was turning round and round in his mind was "I work all day for him, but he does not talk to me at all. When he has interviewed people he likes to sit down and perhaps listen to the wireless and read the paper. One evening he actually took me to the pictures. He laughed at them, I could hear him chuckling. I wasn't amused. (I was!) I can't do any more for him. I don't seem to learn anything. and so on." My dear, you should have given him a regular half hour of your time each day, and really picked up his wave length, so that he felt the full force of you. He was like a little child who couldn't reach you. Do not bother about this any more. I only tell you because you ask.

C.M. has not written to me. I expect she has written a lot to you. Joachim was turning very much against me - I had seen too clearly for his liking. Usually he makes a conquest of women, and he thought at first he had me nicely. But now he may have brought C.M. round to his viewpoint. I sent a note of Christmas wishes to them both and neither have replied.

If you drop Perdue you should in all fairness drop C.M. She is the real culprit, look at it how you may. If ten years from now she is still on the spiritual path that will be quite soon enough for you to write her. Any sooner is at your peril, and not yours alone. Would you risk such irresponsible chatter about you that your work is impaired. Until she has pulled up the ethical moral and even simple good taste side of her character any more spiritual stimulation will do more harm than good....<sup>155</sup>

## L26.205

205 - 206

Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>156</sup> to Mr Parrot  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
12th Dec. 1950<sup>157</sup>

Dear Mr Parrot,

Thank you for your two letters. I very much sympathise with your view point and completely agree that the sooner this drab tale is finished the better. Unfortunately, much

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<sup>155</sup> The following pages may be missing.

<sup>156</sup> Author determined by address and context.

<sup>157</sup> "reply to P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.

as we may dislike it, my diagnosis is a true one. There is a long story of an undisciplined life by C.M. the latest bit of it being her relationship with H.J. who had just been rejected and turned out of her flat before they met P.B.

P.B. was unaware of this, although the last time I saw him he did say while he was giving me information about J. whom he asked me to see, that he did not altogether understand their way of speaking but he thought perhaps they were living together.

When I saw J. he had nothing to discuss or speak about except a highly impracticable and very undesirable scheme for collecting small sums of money towards founding a kind of House of Retreat in the country. I turned down flat all such ideas and schemes and help towards them so far as I am concerned, and J. is now annoyed with me, and with P.B. It seems J. mentioned his scheme to P.B. who, more en passant, than in any considered way, told him to talk to me about it. P.B. knows I am a very practical woman with wide experience of many kinds. J. regarded P.B. as a kind of wizard whose every word was that of fortune telling value, and some of P.B.'s quite sound advice to him he has misconstrued into absurdity.

As you know C.M. offered and gave to P.B. help in packing and transport during his last five days here. If J. gets angry enough he may begin gossiping about those days in a way which seems discrediting to P.B. Actually J. did throw out hints to me when last I saw him which conveyed nothing to me at the time, but which I saw at once after C.M. had been here and told me herself in her casual hearty way about her days with P.B. I have the full story both from C.M. and from P.B., and it agrees in every detail, and no blame whatever attaches to P.B. I have trounced C.M. thoroughly for her foolish and selfish unconventionalities, and like the sweet woman she really is, despite her weaknesses and follies, she accepted it and saw why I did it.

Therefore if foolish gossip filters through to you please jump on it hard and quickly. If needs be refer anyone in doubt to me.

P.B. says he has now received Perdue's story which contradicts C.M.'s

I do not think you need bother much about recovering the letters of introduction. Perdue was quite as much sinned against as sinning, and one fall is neither here nor there in the long stages of the quest. P.B. can quite well write his friends and tell them that Perdue seemed to waver in rectitude, and will they bear it in mind in kindness and wisdom if he presents the letters.

There is little more to add except that I think P.B.'s lone pilgrimage and the absence of any organisation around him lays him very open to contact with people like these, and to injury from their immediate past. It is remarkable like the stories and hints of stories which gathered around the Sage of Galilee. Didn't he consort with all and sundry and be criticised for so doing.

With kindest regards, and every good wish for a happy Christmas.

Letter from N.<sup>158</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
28th De. 1950

My dear Paul,

This correspondence is sent so that you know exactly what has been done.

Mr Ward's love and devotion are so beautiful, and his idea of the Guru so precious to him that I do hope you will let him keep it. The anguish of feeling jettisoned and flung into perplexity is so great I could not bear to think of it happening to him. And he is not tiresome like me. He asks for nothing, bless him.

In great love



P.S. As I write I am bathed and flooded in blessing. God give me grace to understand.

**L26.209**

209 - 210  
Letter from N.<sup>159</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
3rd Jan. 1951

My loved Friend

I enclose two letters. The one from G. Watkins seems to indicate that perhaps Joachim will now drop his scheme and with it all pressure on people for donations towards it because P.B. wished it to flourish. he is no doubt very angry with me.

The one from C.M. is proof positive that I read her correctly. She has not accepted the letter which you say was sent to her telling her you were withdrawing from all teaching and asking her to turn to me. I felt sure such a letter would produce this kind of result. It is also possible that Parrot has also turned against me and is in contact with her. It would be a very fitting sequel if she compromised and seduced him. When the great forces of destiny and karma rise to crescendo power strange things happen.

You will hardly credit it, but a very similar case has now blown up in my husband's department within the University. A woman, highly trained as a scientist, but with the forces of sex most abnormally strong and unleashed, all lack of discipline justified by false arguments of many kinds, has so played on senior scientists and so compromised him by the flouting of all convention, that his wife has left him. We now find that a man servant has also been drawn in, and worst of all the scientist's young son has been drawn into it all. My husband has brought to me the task of sorting this out, making peace if possible all round. I honestly do not know where to begin. My domestic

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<sup>158</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>159</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

help is away ill. My daughter is beginning to give Robin sips and scraps of new foods, and likes my help and advice from my experience with her and her brother. All my son's many possessions around the house are to be packed and despatched to his new home by the end of this week. And he is put into perplexity by a foolish and unthinking mother-in-law elect. "Mother" he telephoned "please make all this smooth for us, like you have always done for me." When I add that medical diagnosis on me is "exhausted heart," perhaps you will not be surprised. I am even amused.

God bless you and bring you to the highest goal.  
In the love which has no ending



**L26.211**

211 - 212  
Letter from N. to {Unknown}  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
3/2/51

My loved Friend

The enclosed correspondence is for your information.

Mrs Brown of New York wrote very kindly and I am grateful to you for asking her to write. She gave me much more than she knew herself and did not convince me in the slightest degree in the way she intended. In case this is too cryptic let me be clear to you. In the way she has evidently thought of a "Guru," I have never thought, and in the way Parrot regards his "Guru" Mrs Cotter and speaks of her is anathema to me. I have never sought a Guru, and if anyone even on bended knee offered to give me spiritual advice and instruction and to be my guide in any way I should refuse to accept a word of it. Least of all have I ever thought of P.B. in this way. I should consider it belittling and even stupid to do so. But from the time I first met P.B. I have felt sympathetic contact with him in my heart. Throughout the war years when I had few letters and wrote few that contact was my comfort and my support, and once at a time of intense fatigue I had the experience I have related to you. I stood with him for an instant on a road amid the rice fields of India. The fatigue left me and I got up feeling completely refreshed, strong to continue the exhausting work I was doing. I received no word of advice or guidance, they would have been superficial and of surface value only. In the depths of my consciousness I touched the depths of P.B. and knew from the touch the presence of the Reality within me, which was the same Reality which he by reaching it first was able to communicate to others who were sensitive enough to feel and know it. In 1948 renewed contact brought me the joy of confirmation of all this and knowledge drawn from these depths which nothing can take from me. I loved and honoured and revered the human being who gave me gifts so priceless. I shall love and honour and reverence him to my life's end and far beyond, and nothing in Heaven or on earth or in hell will change it. I have never deified his personality, or placed my love for his personality before my



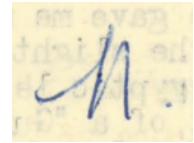
love for Truth. In my understanding there is no error, of that I am certain. In my expression of my love and gratitude there may be a lack of clarity, incoherence, even inconsistency. With understanding so clear, and with feeling so deep how can I hope to achieve perfection of expression.

In the sense in which Mrs Brown so kindly writes, P.B. has never been my "Guru," in the sense in which I hope I have clearly explained P.B. has been and is my loved and honoured and revered Master. This places upon him no obligations of any kind whatever. I would be happy indeed to feel that he was able to accept and to place his trust in my devotion, but he must do as he pleases.

As I have said before I regard this relationship as too deep, too sacred to be discussed with or even mentioned to anyone. They who also find it will understand without discussion, and they who do not will never be brought to it by argument.

When in the ripeness of time I am able to stand firmly where<sup>160</sup> P.B. stands now there will be no change in my regard for him, but perhaps I may gain the power to work with him and make my expression of regard a more perfect one.

Gratefully lovingly as ever



P.S. I do not mean that I have no need for teaching, but that I now know I can be certain of guidance from intuitional depths within myself. This interior way of learning is strange at first, but gradually I have come to think I understand it, and actually I believe it is partly made possible by contact "in love" with P.B. or that contact stimulates dormant layers of consciousness into activity. When P.B. flung me from him I was compelled to test every bit of myself, and again and again I have experienced the interior "word," and again and again I have found that contemplative prayer is an unfailing channel for sublime and lovely assurance. I have come to be grateful to P.B. for imposing these tests upon me.

**L26.213**

213 - 220  
Letter from N.<sup>161</sup>  
8 Luard Road, Cambridge.  
3rd March, 1951

My dear Paul,

Thank you for letting me see these copies of letters to C.M. If she writes me again I will certainly help her if I can, but until great changes have taken place in her character

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<sup>160</sup> Page 212

<sup>161</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

it is impossible for any male to do anything for her, and you will be very wise not to see her again unless she is accompanied by H.J.

Yesterday by ordinary mail I sent you letters from Mrs P. and copies of my replies, also copy of a note to Mr Ward and of a letter to Tony.

I am very sorry that C.M. and H.J. and J.P. were so bothersome. I am glad it all came to my notice. I hope now that that attack of evil is repelled. You can be absolutely certain that I shall never repeat any part of the story unless circumstances arise which compel me to do so for the sake of truth being established. If that does happen then I shall inform you very fully. Please do not be disturbed by it any more.

I am very glad indeed to hear such good news about Mahoney. I am glad too that the "occult leader" has expressed regret and remorse for the harm he has tried to do.

What gives me great pleasure also is that you have undertaken to deliver a book to Duttons this year. Please use me in this connection in any way you like. So far I have only done preliminary sorting of the notes sent. If you will say which section you would like to have first, or the order in which you would like to have the work I will do it in that way as quickly as I can. Or if you have something else more urgent to be done then please send it.

As I said in my airletter I have had a very busy and a very difficult time indeed. I will not enumerate my many difficulties, they are so many and so various, but one of the worst has been that my husband's illness has coincided with physical and mental distress in our doctor, and until the Medical School here grasped the situation I was desperate for help. Another has been my own intense fatigue, and the fact that every day has brought problem upon problem of medical etiquette, and I have had no one to whom I could turn. Franklin Kidd went down with pneumonia, Frank Kendon is threatened with paralysis, two senior members of my husband's staff are very ill, and the man now acting as his deputy is in the beginning stages of Parkinson's Disease. When it finally dawned on me that I was required to nurse my husband night and day and deal single handed with all the multitude of problems for ever cropping up I just resigned myself to it and did it. I discovered or rather rediscovered the strength to be had from inner prayer.

My husband is up and about again now, and we are going away next week for a short holiday. I wish we could go into the sun, but a long journey, or an air journey is inadvisable, so we shall go by car somewhere. I have not yet decided where.

In about three weeks' time I hope to be less tired myself and to have leisure again, so please feel free to call on me for anything you want.

Several<sup>162</sup> times during the last few weeks I have thought of the artificial discipline of the monastic life, and the discipline which life itself was laying upon me. I thought I will tell P.B. of my ponderings and they may stimulate his own thought. Why should there be such glamour, and such value attributed to regulated fasting, curtailment of sleep, flagellation and the rest. Can any discipline equal the bearing, giving birth to and then care and bringing up of another human being. I did not have to wear a spiked girdle, I had a stretched tendon that ached for weeks on end before my son was born. And when he was born I had the discipline of feeding him naturally for as long as my body was able

to do it. Many and many a broken night's sleep I had during his and his sister's childhood. And many a time I have observed in myself the tendency of spirit to rise in sweetness when the body is so tired it ceases to be predominant. And I have thought too that my own idiosyncrasy of going into an involuntary fasting on the least provocation is really very sound sense, it tends to push the body out of the way while the spirit may speak and make its point of view known.

This is scrappily written, but perhaps you can see the way my thoughts ran. I am still rather short of time today, and I have been trying for several days to get an hour or two clear to write to you.

Many times during these last months when the uprising tender sweetness has come to me, I have tried to make full surrender. How far I have succeeded I do not know. I suppose one cannot know. The only indication of some success is the absence of resentful tensions in me whatever pressure there has been. This leads me to think that perhaps the present world tensions are insoluble on the plane of human consciousness nearer to its spiritual source is the only way, and of course, it can be observed that the tensions themselves tend eventually by their very pressure to bring this about.

For the very many people who have ceased to take the emotional consolations of the symbolism which is all that organised religion offers, is it possible to strip off the symbolism and show the soundness and truth of the underlying structure.

But I must fly back to my chores.

I don't mind anything you do, but why not use the postal vouchers. I will not send more if you do not wish it.

I hope you have kept well throughout this winter. The influenza epidemic has been severe here, and most families seem to have had it.

My<sup>163</sup> husband's illness began with it, and then it must have aggravated a septic appendix which had become perforated and gangrenous before it was diagnosed. But for the fact that some flash of intuition prompted me to say I wished my husband to go into the hospital and not to a nursing home. I do not think he would be alive now. I had only a minute or less given me in which to decide, and the intuition came first, the justifying reasons and allowed, and in fact manifested themselves in many ways. Without knowing it I took my husband out of our doctor's care (and I didn't even know then how negligent due to his own distresses the doctor had been) and into the care of the whole Medical School and all its resources. People have since told me this saved hours of time as there was a surgeon on night duty and a theatre ready, which the nursing home cannot maintain. Some people have said that the same speed in Lord Rutherford's case might have saved his life. It took a lot of effort and trouble to get a private ward for my husband but I managed it the second day.

The relapse which my husband had the day after<sup>164</sup> I brought him home was my hardest hit, and I think his, but my nursing training helped, and my spirit never faltered, however tired my body became. Apart from weakness my husband is very well now.

Gratefully, lovingly always.

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<sup>163</sup> Page 216

<sup>164</sup> Page 218



**L26.221**

221 - 224  
Incomplete letter from N.  
8. Luard Rd Cambridge  
9th April. 1951

My dear Paul

Tony Howlett has just telephoned, and (I think now it must be the fifth time) he has replied to a note he has not yet received. He must be very psychic or else most peculiarly attuned to me. Also it has happened again that events have readjusted themselves so that Tony and I can meet in London next Tuesday evening. It is too long a stay to say how things have worked out, but it seems to happen every time I try to see Tony. If there arises any difficulty or obstacle to our meeting then some quite extraordinary rearrangement takes place in either Tony's affairs or mine and we do meet. I feel it right somehow to tell you this tonight.

Tony is very grateful and very much moved by your long letter to him. I think he wants to talk to me about what you tell him, partly perhaps because he has no one else to talk to, and partly because I seem to him to be so much in line with your thought that talking to me in your absence is a comfort to him.

I don't want to burden you with the tale of my troubles recently, but I do want to tell you this. I came to a point where quite simply and without any fuss I think I renounced wanting anything or anybody. I gave in as completely as I knew how to do. I would have died or lived with equal ease. Now I begin to find things<sup>165</sup> happening to me for which I can see no possible explanation except that a higher or different self than any personal one is asserting control and guidance

Last week I looked over this house and decided it was time some spring cleaning was done, and I began to organize. At once I lost the use of my right hand and arm. There was no injury, nothing whatever to be seen or to account for it in any way. After two days, when I was about to seek medical advice, the thought came to me very clearly that there was no need to do that. If I began a large campaign of house cleaning my work on your notes would be postponed. So I cancelled the spring cleaning, and the hand and arm recovered immediately. I am now about to give my usual two days a week to the notes.

Please do not hesitate to tell me if you think my assumptions are wrong in any way.

You will see in my last reply to Mrs Poggensee that I did not answer her question about altering philosophy of India in one chapter heading only as {directed} by you, or

wherever it occurs in the book {The} philosophy of Asia, I am now writing her that the answer is "yes" it should be altered everywhere, unless the context is quite clear that it means one or the other.

It<sup>166</sup> has just become possible to buy a new type writer in this country, and I have placed an order for a British made portable one and am told delivery will be in about 3 months. Please regard this as yours when in England so that you have no more need to {hire} one.<sup>167</sup>

Lovingly, gratefully



P.S. Before I posted the letter to Mrs P. the enclosed letter from her arrived, so I have rewritten mine to her and enclose a copy.

Horace Furness writes rather disconsolately about the world situation, rising prices and the difficulty of making ends meet when living on a pension. When I get time I will reply from the angle of "The Philosophy of Truth" as I understand it, and send you a copy.

Dennis Brooks of Hertford surprised me the other day. I have seen him once and I have never written him or he me. The other evening he telephoned from the offices of the newspaper for which he works as Sports Editor, to ask if by any chance I had been in Hertford and tried to get him without success. As a matter of fact I had driven through Hertford three times, but although I had remembered and thought about him I had done nothing about seeing him because I had not been alone or had any time. I think I will see him when next I go that way. My son now lives in Tewin Water three miles from Hertford.

Dennis Brooks has spent six of his twenty four years in sanatoria for tuberculosis. He is now without home or parents and his earnings on the newspaper are less than £300 a year. In hospital he began to read your books, and he took them so deeply and seriously that when he came out he did his utmost to get<sup>168</sup> to India. In 1948 while you were in London he was going from shipping office to shipping office begging for any way to work his passage to India. Finally he got a job but was turned down at the medical examination. He felt at all costs he must do as you did in "Secret India" find his Master. He came to me with that story and strong desire on the day that Clarice Meares so baffled me. Therefore I asked him to write to you and tell you what I said to him. The other evening he asked me why I requested him to tell you what I said to him. I replied that it was for two reasons. The first was so that he could feel certain that you knew what I had said and unless you contradicted or corrected it he could place reliance upon it as being given by you. The second reason was because events had just happened which caused me to wonder if you had changed your views in any way or if my understanding was at fault and therefore again it was right that you should know what I had said to one of your readers. I then said to him on the telephone "If P.B. has not written to you and corrected my words then you can take them as being approved by him."

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<sup>166</sup> Page 225

<sup>167</sup> Underlined by hand with parentheses around this paragraph.

<sup>168</sup> Page 226

My loved friend, whatever else I do I will not speak one word on this subject, or any other, which I do not believe to be as near to truth and accuracy as I can express it. This man, Dennis Brooks, is sincere and clear minded, and his need is great. Also he is young and he may be a writer of the future. I hope you will see him when next you are in London.

I may introduce him to my son who will be able to give him a little material help and advice, but I am not yet quite sure of the wisdom of doing this.

N.

## L26.227

227 - 228  
Letter from N.  
8, Luard Rd. Cambridge  
19th April. 1950

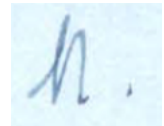
My dear Paul

I have just spent some hours with these notes, and I want to make a suggestion to you. - To put the ideas in them into a form suitable for a book means that I must rewrite them. I find myself very loath to do this because as they are, just a trifle connected in {syntax} here and there, they are so very much P.B., and there must be hundreds, perhaps thousands of your readers who would love to have these notes in book form more or less as you have written them in your letters to people.

Will you allow me to classify them to this end as seems to me most suitable, and to see Mr Butler about the possibility of Riders publishing a book next Spring "Extracts from {letters} by Paul Brunton."<sup>169</sup> You would have to write a fairly long preface explaining how you came to have such a wide and varied correspondence, etc. etc. You would have to check every note and my arrangement of them, of course. And, of course all my work would be, as always voluntary and anonymous, - just secretarial.

I have such a hunch that this is the right way of using this material that I do beg you to consider my suggestion very carefully. I can envisage a little since, perhaps. of slender books of this kind very carefully prepared, being an invaluable addition to modern thought. Your clear sound, practical advice on the spiritual life is so direct and so sweetly expressed it is a joy to receive it, and I would be so very happy to help to give it to a wide public.

As ever,



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<sup>169</sup> "No!" is inserted in the right margin in a different hand.

**L26.229**

229 - 230  
Letter from N.  
The Lamb. Burford  
Midsummer {-7-1}

My dear Paul

I could think of no lovelier place in England for my husband to rest than this Windrush valley in the Cotswolds - so here we are. I have the notes with me, and yesterday in Bombay sitting on the {ridge} I had the clearest possible "intuition" to shape them into a kind of monograph on the Quest that I should like to receive myself. Then I hopped into the car and we went to Bourton-on-the-water where more thought confirmed my "intuition" but cast a lot of doubt on my right to follow it. This morning in Sherborne I just about completed sorting the notes - all cut up - into the index you gave me.

I really think when I come to type them I shall do them so that they can be used in either way, and this note is to tell you so.

This place is full of Americans in high powered cars seeing the "quaint" places in England. They are curiously uninformed of the history which has made this country what it is, but they seem anxious to pick up the peacefulness of the atmosphere. I hope they do, but they make an Englishwoman shrink into silent observation of their ways. I can never find anything to say to them.

God bless you and prosper your writing.

Unless you ask for them I shall not send this lot of notes in sections but keep them until they are all done.

In love and gratitude



Constance {Pany} writes from S. Rhodesia that her daughter {June} (and her first child) was happily born in April. She takes a very similar view of the holiness of marriage and motherhood that I do.

**L26.231**

231 - 240  
Letter from N.  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
6th May, 1951

My dear Paul,

Under separate cover and by ordinary mail I send you a report of the World Congress of Faiths meeting in Cambridge last September. I found the address by

Christmas Humphreys the most interesting because of the good historical survey it makes. I do not think any of the others are of much real value, even the Swami has been sidetracked into trying to argue the impossible. I think this Congress is in some danger of falling to pieces for lack of internal agreement about aims and policy. One group in London is trying to hold a meditation meeting with the Rev R.G. Coulson and one or two others as leaders, and another group considers this is quite outside the proper activities of the Congress. I am inclined to agree with the second point of view, but as I am no more than an associate member in Cambridge (just to please Mrs de Beaumont) I have no say in the matter. I send the report because I said I would, and because it may be of interest to you.

I did not go to London last month after all. I wrote Tony explaining and I asked him for his own opinion about what kind of a book he would like to have from your notes, and what he thought others might like. He send, or rather he wrote me the enclosed letter, and then telephoned asking. if he could come on Saturday, which he did, bringing the letter with him.

Tony also brought me your last letter to him. This has given him great assurance and much happiness.

I learned with some misgivings that Clarice Meares is continually inviting him to her flat. So I gave him a plain warning of what he was up<sup>170</sup> against, and I hope he will be wise in his dealings with her.

A few days before Tony came I was thinking over the events of last Autumn and during meditation in occurred to me to pray with deep sincerity that in my relationship with you I might have the wisdom to dispel and to avoid all misunderstanding. During Tony's visit he spoke of the devotion which he observed in a woman who came for an interview, and of how angrily she looked at him when he disturbed the interview. Tony said he spoke to you later about this possessive kind of devotion, and, of course, you deprecated it. I said "Tony, I am devoted to P.B." and he said "Oh yes, I know, and so am I, but not like that" Then I said "Did P.B. know of whom you were thinking when you spoke to him in this way," and Tony's reply was "I think he did, it was so obvious, but I did not mention any names." I said no more to Tony but I wondered if my prayer was being answered, in part at least, and that you thought Tony knowing me so well was thinking of me, and that was why you then dictated to him the letter which so puzzled me.

Then Tony and I had a long discussion of the best way of dealing with these notes. He thinks that my way of cutting them apart and filing them in labelled envelopes under the categories given in the index and then working each section into a little essay and typing it is the best way.

This<sup>171</sup> is what I am now doing. The work can then be shaped for publication in any form you choose. Tony and I both think that a little handbook or even a series of little handbooks on the daily living of The Quest would be very useful to a great many people.

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<sup>170</sup> Page 233

<sup>171</sup> Page 235



Working over your notes has a most stimulating effect on me. I often feel I have thought these things before and reading your words brings back most curious memories which must be of lives long past. It is strange too, but I never find myself in any disagreement with what you say. I feel very often that given time I could expand many of the thoughts very much as you might expand them yourself, they seem so familiar to me. Where you hint at the more profound things, as, for instance, that true immortality must be in the undifferentiated mind only, and that what most people seek as immortality exists in relation to the Overself and is enough until the Overself is fully realized, I was moved to write several pages more. I will include these in the notes carefully separated from your work, and you can do what you please with them.

The Authorised publishers of the Bible in this country - the University Presses of Oxford and Cambridge and I think Eyre and Spottiswode - have arranged for a completely new translation to be made, and a team of scholars is now working. Frank Kendon is an adviser to this team on<sup>172</sup> poetry and other matters about the use of English. Last week he told me that during some of the meetings in London with the translators Professor Dodd said that nowhere in any existing record of the crucifixion story could he find one scrap of evidence of the use of nails, and he thought this was a later accretion perhaps due to the imagination of the early painters. In the gospel of St Mark, therefore, the word "fastened" was agreed upon instead of "nailed." It was also stated that the words of the last cry "Eli, Eli" properly translated became "Sun, Sun" and not the traditional "My God, My God." I almost gasped when Frank told me this, because it seems to indicate that Jesus knew and accepted the Mithraic regard of the Sun as God of the Earth. The Gospel story says that darkness fell. It also says the bystanders asked upon whom does he call, is it Elijah? There is no justification in the view of present translators for using any but the word "Sun" which in the common vernacular is "Eli."

When Frank first told us about this translation of the bible I said I thought it was an unnecessary effort, but I begin to think perhaps it is a very necessary one. However, Frank says it will not be completed in our lifetime, the task is so big. So far only the Gospel of St Mark and the Book of Ezekiel are being done. I think this ought to be regarded as confidential, since it came to me in the way I have said.

I am typing this letter on the typewriter I have bought for you. You will see the type is identical with your own. Perhaps the machine is.<sup>173</sup> It is an Empire Aristocrat, made in England. It is very light and very portable, and quite pleasant to use.

My circumstances have now settled down again, and I am back to my routine of very early rising with meditation and breakfast perhaps reading before anyone else is about. I have blessing upon blessing to acknowledge with deeply loving gratitude.

This grandson of mine is showing a beautiful disposition. He is very contented and has a smile and baby words for everyone he meets. The family sails for New York en route for Mt Hamilton on September 14th. By that time I think the child may be walking, he can stand now, and he is only seven months old. He and I are great friends,

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<sup>172</sup> Page 237

<sup>173</sup> Page 239

and I shall find it sad parting from his family for a year or two. I would like the child to meet you if possible.

All Blessing abide with you and comfort you



I decided not to see Mr {Ward} and not to write {Horace} {F} in the way I mentioned.

## L26.241

241 - 244  
Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>174</sup> to Tony and Note from N. to P.B.  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
23rd May, 1951<sup>175</sup>

Dear Tony,

Thank you very much for your letter, and especially for your kind offer of help if I need it again. I shall treasure this, and although I hope I may never have to call upon it, I shall not hesitate to do so if need arises.

We were all very glad to have you with us. You will be glad to know the Lanchester has a new roof and should take to the road again this week-end. And by the way of celebration of all the effort which has gone into repairing Peter's car I am the happy recipient of a cake made in the shape of a brick, and drawn on it in icing sugar is a Lanchester car, the back propped up with brick, one wheel on and three others lying around. Crossed spanners emblazon the corners, the whole surrounded with a wonderful sugar picture of almond blossom. I think my dear daughter-in-law must have had a lot of fun in making it.

The Times photographs of your exhibition in Baker Street are very clear and endearing to all Sherlock Holmes fans. But what a litter those Victorians lived in. If and when I come up to London again I must take a peep into that room.

Would you like to get in touch with:

Dennis E. Brooks,  
12, Tower Street,  
Bengeo,  
Hertford.

He is Sports Editor of the Hertfordshire Mercury, and he is a "Brunton fan." I think you could help him a great deal by just talking to him of P.B. as the man you found him to be. Dennis Brooks is not much older than you, and he has had nothing much in this life so far except six years in a sanatorium, and poverty and struggle ever since. I have seen him once. I promised him I would see him when I was in Tewin with Peter,

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<sup>174</sup> Author determined from address and context.

<sup>175</sup> "Copy for P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.

but I did not foresee that I should then be nursing my husband. And except for odd days I do not think I shall be in Tewin much this summer. Dennis Brooks felt at one time that he would do anything to find a Master. I find a great many people feel this. You know how you and I have discussed this. Perhaps you could help Dennis Brooks to a better understanding. But do just what seems to you right.

I think companionship on the Quest is a great help at some stages, and I think, as you say, it keeps ones orientation more approximately right. I suppose all our religious and other organisations were in some measure prompted by this need. Some of them. The Society of Friends in particular, are very strict indeed about the character of the people admitted to their inner circles. Around P.B. there is no organisation, and he makes himself accessible<sup>176</sup> to people at all stages on the Quest. This imposes upon his friends the need to be vigilant for his sake, as well as being wise and tolerant. I have had to find this out for myself, and I pass it on to you so that you may avoid errors which I have made.

If you are anywhere near an Arts Council Exhibition Centre look out for the Blake Engravings illustrating the Book of Job. These are in Cambridge now. they have captions by Geoffrey Keynes - the surgeon brother of Lord Keynes - who has made a life long study of the mysticism of Blake. Also you may be interested in Bertrand Russell's broadcasts. I find I learn continually in the most unexpected ways.

We shall be away most of June, so that it will be July before I am in London again, but I will let you know in good time.

With kindest thoughts and wishing you all blessing,  
Sincerely yours,

My<sup>177</sup> dear Paul

I send you this letter so that you may see what I say to Tony and connect it if necessary.

Bless you exceedingly



**L26.245**

245 - 246  
Letter from N.  
11/6/51

My dear Paul

This journal may be of interest to you. The review of Christmas Humphrey's book was the most interesting to me. Nearly all the writing and the talking done by this Society

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<sup>176</sup> Page 243

<sup>177</sup> Page 244

is academic only, they do not seem to produce anyone who can or will speak from experience. Perhaps later they will do so.

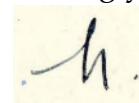
The correspondence with Mrs Poggensee is just for your information. There is nothing anyone can do about it so far as I can see.

Tony Howlett telephoned me again on Saturday night. He was in Cambridge for a few hours - at the Races and other May Week Festivities -, but I was too busy to see him, and I have promised to go to London about the middle of July and spend a few hours with him. He is unsettled in his job and seems unable to find anything else. He has no really first class qualifications, and so I think he often does not get a hearing or an interview when his other excellent qualities could be seen.

I can do no more even in thinking about the egoic surrender. I have now turned to doing as much work which is hard and heavy - gardening mostly - as I can manage, more in fact. I am very sorry that these various upsets have delayed my work on the notes. I give them several hours a week, but every note makes me want to write three or four more amplifying and explanatory ones. They are so compact.

Then this baby needs my time for the next few months. I confess to being an adoring grandmother, why not, but I am still detached enough to see that he is a very unusual child. He is like a person without any tensions or distresses or fears of any kind. With his large blue eyes he looks straight into the eyes of everyone he meets and smiles his blessing. He has chosen his home well. His parents have such sympathy with him, and the relationship is lovely.

Gratefully and lovingly

A small, handwritten signature in black ink on a yellowish rectangular background. The signature appears to be a stylized 'h' followed by a period.

**L26.247**

247 - 250  
Letter from N.<sup>178</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
5th Dec. '50

My dear

This is being written before any reply from you can be received so that you can feel it is in no way influenced by anything in your reply.

After feeling hurt to the core of my soul I have just work up to the fact that I am free, emancipated. I am your colleague, and in some ways very much wiser than you are. Also that there are a lot of things I must tell you. After I have told you you can do whatever you please about it. You will never hurt me any more because I know now where we are. As you say you cannot change what you are and I add you cannot change the fact, and I am convinced of it, the between us there is alignment of spirit. I am also convinced, if our understanding of philosophy is correct, that this could not be unless

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<sup>178</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

there were lives and lives of effort and blunder behind us. You have not stopped the blundering yet, neither have I, only we make different ones, also they are more like echoes of a past way of living and they have no ill in them, only incompetence.

You are a nit wit in managing human relationships. It is the cause of nearly all the gossip and misunderstanding which grows up around you. I saw very plainly that this was happening with Mahoney, and I should think it has happened with many more people. Why didn't you let me talk with you?

Looking at this philosophically it can be seen that fate has, so to speak, tied one hand behind your back to compel you to make the grade in this life. But for it I think you would now be a happily married man prosperous on the Stock Exchange, and with a charming family. Fate had other designs for you and much more widely important work. But before you came to it you had to go through much suffering. You haven't yet got that hand free, and the effect of the suffering and this handicap has so affected you that now you often cannot tell a goose from a swan.

Your lone pilgrimage and work makes you the most defenseless of people, in a world which has little understanding of spiritual values. One day a few people may think they see your point of view, and the next their every word and action is in direct unknowing opposition to it. You will have no organisation around you and that makes you yet more open to attack and injury.

My brain is much quicker than yours. This is not said in any other way than just simple fact. We must call spades spades from now on, my dear friend. You ought to have a copy of my letter to Clarice now. It was designed to let Henry Joachim know that there were friends around you who did not deify you and who could see you as you are weaknesses and greatnesses equally well. It was to tell him that they had also seen Clarice for what he well knows her to be - little more than a common prostitute that they knew all about Perdue and how to assess both the value of her story of the affair and the real story, and that they were entirely unmoved by it in their friendship with you. It was designed to tell him that he is being quite wrong in thinking your every word is the word of a sybil and soothsayer. I hope it works.

Also my dear, wild denunciation gets no one anywhere. I must now try to see Perdue and recover your letters of introduction, and let him know you have at least one friend who can see that he was quite<sup>179</sup> as much sinned against as sinning, and that one fall makes little difference in the long run. Also he should be made to feel that there are people around you who really do know what you teach to be true, and that he is still a friend and not a pariah.

To this end I have written Parrott, and he has not replied. I expect he will send my letter to you and ask for instructions. It is ludicrous his handling such a case although no doubt it will be educative for him. He thinks I am a typical middleaged woman sentimental and unbalanced, pleasant perhaps and a little knowledgeable about your work, but a person you should be protected against. So unless you tell him what you know mw to be he will pinion me from seeing Perdue if he can.

Well. That is about all. My love and friendship are yours any time you like to pick them up. But if they are not to your taste then I will disappear completely when the various tasks I have on hand for you are all done. I will leave nothing unfinished. It was {true} intuition - "You must help him." How much more now your own choice.

God bless you.



Dennis Brooks is about 24. Sports editor on a Hertfordshire Paper. He has just had 6 years in hospital with T.B. and that, he says, made him seek for meanings and understandings. He is a first class student, with a very sweet sensitive face and most endearing directness of speech - well read and wisely balanced. I asked him to write you himself about our interview

The Spirit has wonderful ways of instructing the outer person. I never thought I should have to have my {ears} {illegible} to make me see I really was standing on my feet. It isn't at all like the romantic picture of the {illegible} extending his waving {rod} is it?

I<sup>180</sup> enclose more postal vouchers. I shall now do what I damn well like, Sir you have freed me from any obligation of obedience to you. And I sent you a lot of letters during the last two years.

Bless you.

## L26.251

251 - 252  
Letter from N.  
8, Luard Rd Cambridge  
15.1.1951

My dearest friend,

With this letter I am going to try to bring this spat of letters to a close afterwards I shall send several envelopes containing vouchers to cover postages. Also if you agree I will place your money in {illegible} Savings {illegible} so that it is available with any interest when you return to this country free of income tax. I will then lapse into infrequent letters, sending you only whatever is necessary in the work or seems likely to be of service to you.

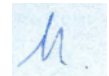
Then I want to say to you with all my heart that I am no fair weather friend. Whatever befalls you I remain your friend. If persecution threatens I am at your service instantly, if poverty I will help you in any way open to me, if any adversity comes please tell me and ask for what you need. I regard the M/d relationship as formed for all time, flexible to all conditions, sacred, inviolable, of the nature and within the purpose of Mind in its beauty of working secret and never to be talked about to anyone.

Your words about my real feelings for C.M. have driven me as no doubt you meant, into deep prayerful searchings of heart. I find no hostility, only compassion and a desire to give comfort. I have written so many {case} sheets of this kind that I think my swift, matter of fact unemotional words have misled you, as I can well see they might. I should be very glad if now you would write her and ask her to come to me. If she is left friendless it will be very bad for her, and if she could be nursed into trustworthiness and sanity, she might give you valuable service as a travelling secretary even. Let us turn evil into good by the very love which is in us. Please do write her to come to me. I will never hurt her or anyone in the world

This morning I have a charming letter from C. Waegner of California saying the sugar was sent on your account. Thank you again very much.

My daughter and her husband and Robin will be going to Lick observatory in California in the autumn. Peter is urgently incited by the University of California for at least a year's research. then Massachusetts want him for a time. As you saw, there is genius in Peter. If you have anyone you would think it helpful to introduce I should be glad to know. The observatory is on Mt Hamilton, San Jose the nearest town, and they will have a fair amount of travelling to do. to other observatories and universities, especially Peter. I should think he will demand a car and drive himself and family around.

In unceasing love and gratitude and praying always for your care and comfort and Divine blessing.



## L26.253

253 - 254  
Letter from Nora<sup>181</sup> to Mrs Davis  
19.9.1948<sup>182</sup>

My dear Friend

Thank you for your letter, I grieve that you feel so very ill and despairing, and I hope this will find you happier and better. I hope your husband also is recovered now, and Alice well.

It is most kind of you to send me P.B.'s letters to you, and I return them with this. In no word that I have read of his or heard him speak has he departed in any way from the attitude expressed in the letters. Letters, of course, are a very limited means of communication, and although it is implicit in what he says it is not much amplified - that the Quest demands in some of its stages a high degree of versatility of outlook, and flexibility of intellect and emotion. That at times things grasped by the intellect must be forgotten temporarily and lived in the emotions, the aftermath being illumination of both

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<sup>181</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>182</sup> "Copy" and "(to Mrs Davis)" are handwritten at the top of the page.

intellect and emotion, and therefore a greater degree of integration; of wholeness. Sometimes I think the very simplicity of the Quest is its most baffling aspect. Intellectual processes can be very complex, and to turn away to utter simplicity can be quite perplexing. To grasp analytically that the clamour of the "I" can be laid low, and the ego surrendered, and to give mental assent to the idea is still not the whole of doing it. Perhaps "egotistical questioning" is one of the ego's last efforts. "Why should "I" take this step before "I" understand it" seems to me like running round in circles. Also it reminds me of T.S. Elliott's line "They know the answers, all the answers it is the question they do not know." Whatever answer the ego gives to its own question is more or less of that order. the question has no validity in the realm of intangibles. Perhaps one answer is "Because you, the ego, can never know why you were created and why you must go." But all this is just my idea and must not be laid upon P.B. I gave you his message in his own words and really I cannot add or take away from it.

About "guru," I am not quite sure of the exact meaning of this word. But P.B. declines the position in any public sense both in his published words and his letter to you. I think the T.S. in<sup>183</sup> its teachings about "Masters" and men gave out just enough to be dangerous and not enough to be true. Luckily they keep their Masters safe in a Himalayan Village so all is well. But once during my brief stay in the T.S. I saw a relationship of such breath-taking beauty and simplicity that I have never forgotten it and never spoken about it and I never shall. You cannot pin any label or stake any claims on P.B. He won't have it. But nothing can prevent you pinning the reverse label on yourself and foregoing any claims of every {deception}. You may be making a mistake, of course, in which case you will soon know, and you can then throw the label away.

"Finally and lastly" Claude Houghton writes in "Kingdoms of the Spirit" "we come to the kingdom of Love." I imagine that finally and lastly one comes to a rhythm of being so great that one becomes in compassion the heart of the Universe. The Overself in its fullness is perhaps no other. Perhaps then one finds that he who had seen the glory first and in his compassion had drawn one to it is no longer at the centre of ones heart because the centre has gone. He is by ones side. As I say these are just my ideas and I may be quite wrong

With my loving good wishes



**L26.255**

255 - 258

Writing by {Nora Briggs}<sup>184</sup>

3rd Sep. '48

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<sup>183</sup> Page 254

<sup>184</sup> Author determined by handwriting. "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.



After spending the afternoon on the notes, and after several interruptions, I laid them away and sat by the window for a few minutes, doing nothing, not even thinking, when a wave of the most unutterable peace swept through me, and left me in a mood of quiet trembling beauty. I prayed "Thy will be done." I couldn't stay {tea} must be laid, then other jobs, then several telephone calls came. Then Peter came home for the weekend, supper. Ah, now for a few moments. But no Muriel P called and stayed talking. "Elaine has been for the weekend - what a dull child she is." "How I hate these modern young women." "Five times they have {puttied} in the long window in my dining room, and it won't hold. How I hate these substitute materials." and so on. I found there were two of me, one watching the other. It is like living two lives, one a {descant} over the other. Is it always two lives, or can it be one. How does one live it in exile and among strangers? What is the {moods}, just {outskirts} of the Overself? I will scribble these things just as they come.

{4th} Sep.

Twice in the night I wake looking for "my peace" like a child. I find a clear picture of a face, quiet, gentle, and so greatly loved. Questions begin intruding, but I vanish them. I lay in wonder, and then it dawns on me. So<sup>185</sup> this is the Adepts way. To stand himself and draw ones love. When one can reach out to the Overself, he will withdraw. I see. "I must go now" he said. I am so glad I have had the good sense freely to acknowledge the love. Surely life on earth can hold no greater human relationship. The tears will come. I am awed into reverence and into silence. I look ahead. And then what. Friendship, perfect understanding, sympathy, peace. All down my life in every relationship I have looked deeply for just this. So all ones loves have an element of greatness in them. All beckon one nearer the Divine How stupid to be hurt because the lesser fails to be the greater, and how stupid not to see the beckoning finger and follow. I want to go back and apologise to all the people who I thought hurt me, and thank them rather for what they gave. My sister my husband. I was so arrogant, independent, proud. These tears, how strangely healing

Later

Marjorie has just been to fetch {illegible} for her mother. Her father she says writes in his last letter of impressions of P.B. - so and so. I listen and inwardly I note with surprize that beautiful as the relationship may be between the two men it is not this one - not yet - I learn the immense wisdom of the Adept, never to proclaim himself. He is all things to all men, until they find him in their own heart. I begin to see the power of<sup>186</sup> words, destructive if used wrongly, strangely constructive when used aright. What self control, what fine discrimination what a high state of sensitivity is needed. What continuous awareness, unfaltering sincerity. "He will be safe in your love" Yes. I see. I will never speak. The Adept out in the world is always in danger again of crucifixion by contempt misunderstanding, ridicule, criticism, and his own could so easily betray him. What is it which {hedges} me around so carefully? The Grace of God? I feel so poor, so humble, so grateful, so unworthy, so overcome.

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<sup>185</sup> Page 256

<sup>186</sup> Page 257

"That thou shouldst come to me, my Lord, the {illegible} son"

Sunday morning

Twenty five or more years ago Evelyn Underhill was coming each week to the Baron Von Hugel here in Cambridge to work for him and to learn of him. I never spoke to either of them, but I read then deeply mystical work and had a most sympathetic even affectionate regard for them. Evelyn Underhill I was told had said to a friend "I only really began to learn when I began to work for him." I never passed the Von Hugel House without a kindly thought. To this day it gives me pleasure in passing it to remember {their} work together in it, and in the garden behind. Once I even thought of buying the house. I thought it would be good to live where so great beauty had passed, but it was a house built for a bygone generation, and way of living I think it is a girls school now. I hope some of them catch the sweetness lingering there. I think some old {shards} of memories<sup>187</sup> of like relationship long ago must have been struck in me that I felt such sympathy.

Sunday evening

We took the car to the old Roman Road and walked in the quiet evening. I lingered by the beech wood and in this mood of utter serenity just listened. I feel that all my mind and all its memories have been so {stirred} up that nothing is quite coherent, but floating to the surface is scrap after scrap of the lovely lives and phrases I have so cherished. Bits of the {illegible}, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding" Kabir. "Know Him in life while thou livest for in life is the release" "Therefore with Angels and archangels and all the glorious company of heaven we praise and magnify the Holy name, evermore saying. Holy Holy Holy from the Mass.

I will give these scribblings to PB. He will tell me wherein I go astray.

May God {speed} him, protect him and bless him in his journey and work in central Europe.

**L26.259**

259 - 260

Letter from N.<sup>188</sup> to Mrs Watkins  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
11th Feb. 1951

Dear Mrs Watkins,

I was so pleased to hear of the great improvement in the health of your sister under the care of Dr Renault, and I do hope it is being maintained. Before now I had hoped to see you in London and hear more of the methods etc., but a birth a marriage and a death in the family within the last five months along with some serious illness and a multitude of troubles have kept and will keep me firmly at home for a long time.

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<sup>187</sup> Page 258

<sup>188</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

My reason for enquiring into this way of healing is because of Margaret Scott. You may remember I asked a good deal about Alexander Cannon on her behalf a year or more since. Margaret has been to him several times now. She has great faith in him and always seems better after a week or two in his care, but she has always slipped back again within a few weeks of leaving him. Cannon says that the physical cause of the mental illness is now gone, but the habit of inertia, depression, lassitude, etc., remains, and of course he may be right. Apparently he can offer no help in removing the habit, and so the patient's last state is just the same as the first.

The way in which I am brought into these things is because John Scott, the husband, is one of my husband's students and research workers, and a scientific department here has a lot of the qualities of a family. We all do what we can to help each other. But more than that I am now quite pitifully asked for any help I can give by Margaret's mother. I think Margaret would benefit by some wise spiritual counsel allied with psychological help, but from whom is the question. I am well aware that they are all looking to me, but I feel quite unequal to the task. It would need very many friendly talks and a great deal more thought and attention than I want to give, even supposing I had the wisdom, which I haven't. Of course, I do not know that they would take Margaret to Dr Renault if I gave them her name. I think money is beginning to be a difficulty with them now, but they have a certain amount of faith in my opinions, and if I did give them her name they would consider what I said. So I must be careful what I say. From your knowledge of Dr Renault do you think Margaret Scott's case is one she would take if asked to do so? I should be very glad to know what you think.

My husband is in hospital following an emergency operation for a perforated appendix and an abscess. He has responded well to the sulpha drugs as well as penicillin and I hope to get him home soon. The entire Medical School here seems to have been officially and unofficially looking after him, I shall never cease to be grateful to them all. To one man, Professor Mitchell, who is in charge of all the cancer research and treatment, I<sup>189</sup> am particularly indebted. He told me exactly what to expect and protected me from all shock and disappointment by giving me detailed information about all that was being done. In fact he read my character and temperament so perfectly that he knew truth I could cope with, but not with uncertainty and mystery. He must be marvellous with his patients.

With my kindest regards,  
Yours very sincerely,

This copy of a letter is sent to P.B. because it is written to one of his friends about one of his friends.

N.

**L26.261**

261 - 262

Letter from N.<sup>190</sup>  
8, Luard Rd., Cambridge  
31st July. 1951

Senor P. Brunton  
Calle E. Zapata 45  
Cuernavaca  
Morelos,  
Mexico<sup>191</sup>

My dear Paul,

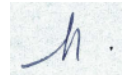
Thank you very much for your letter. All your commissions will be put in hand in a few days. Shaving soap and lotion are being despatched today, one of each.

The relaxation for 2 mins each hour is wonderfully recuperative. But the first day or two I fell deeply asleep once for two hours instead of two minutes.

Raschers now have the H.T.B.Y. in proof, and {thus} P has chosen a book jacket design. She says she feels like a foster mother to this book.

A letter will follow this note in a week or so.

Yours, as ever



## L26.263

263 - 264  
Letter from N.<sup>192</sup>  
Gibraltar Point S. Lincolnshire  
19th Sept. 1951

My dear Paul

I send on to you at once a letter received this morning from Mrs Poggensee.<sup>193</sup> I have replied to her that I am sending you the letter at once. I have also told her that in about two years or so I hope a book will be shaped which has been called into being by many questions asked by your readers.

I meant to spend hours on that work here on the sand dunes around the northernmost point of the Wash, but instead I am adjusting the index and reading the proofs of the 12th edition of the Quest. I like the vigorous lively style in which it is written, and I will try to maintain that in the other notes.

Tomorrow I am spending with an old friend - a lifelong friend - who is recovering from an operation for cancer of the breast - but is a hopeless invalid osteo arthritis of the

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<sup>190</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>191</sup> Address appears on page 262.

<sup>192</sup> "P" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>193</sup> PB inserted "(re Raschers) {not} in new book" by hand.

spine. Fortunately she has money in great plenty and is well cared for. Many years ago I gave her one of your books and I think she has them all now. She accepts her suffering with cheerfulness and serenity and even understanding. Her name is Maude {Barker}. I don't think she has ever written you - it would be unlike her to write much to anyone. But she has learned more from your work than many people I have met.

From here we go to stay with my brother in his Northamptonshire {illegible}.

Around here in big square houses, farming some of the most fertile land in England I have many relatives, and this is a centre from which to visit them.

As always

**L26.265**

265 - 272

Letter from N.

8, Luard Road, Cambridge

5th October, 1951<sup>194</sup>

Paul, my dear

Thank you for your letter of September 17th. I have now completed the index of the newly set edition of *The Quest*, the twelfth edition. Yes the type is larger, and you can estimate how much when I tell you that the old edition had 160 pages and the new one has 230. The paper of these proof pages is slightly better than the old, but I do not know if it is what they mean to use for the final printing. Writing on the old paper has been a bit of a problem. Ink ran into it like blotting paper. However I managed with a Biro pen eventually and typed out the large blocks. The correction to the gazing exercise is included and several other revisions. I am now finishing reading the whole newly set text. Quite apart from any service this may be to Riders or to your readers it is very good for me to re read this book. I cannot think why I did not do so when I was trying to understand the surrendering of the ego. The truth was, I think, that I was far too deeply involved in my effort to want to read anything.

Yes the addendum to the dedication is included.

I am very puzzled what to say to Arthur Ward. When I saw him I did not initiate any talk of P.B. at all, and I never mentioned the word "Guru." I dislike the word very much anyhow because of the unpleasant connotations the T.S. always manage to put upon it. But A.W. wanted to talk of nothing but P.B. He said that someone he called Dorothy Last had told him that she was a disciple of P.B. and had been for many years and why did not he, Arthur Ward, ask P.B. to take him as a disciple. So he did ask P.B. who, so it seemed to me, had evaded any direct reply by asking a counter question.

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<sup>194</sup> PB inserted "I have written direct to Rascher reply to Poggensee letter re new book" by hand at the top of the page.

“What is it that you want” and then saying “You must make great efforts yourself.” But A.W. had taken his reply to indicate the acceptance he had asked for. I remembered the words of the D. Notes Cannot be given verbally, or by mail or by any signed certificate or words to this effect. And that was why I lent A.W. the notes for one week end only, to be returned to me by registered post, to be regarded as confidential and their existence not to be mentioned to anyone. I am sorry now that I did this because I do not think A.W. got any clarification of understanding from them at all. I think he quite missed the point of my lending them to him. Anyhow I will never let anyone else see them without consulting you first. Whatever I say to A.W. will be talked over with this Dorothy Last who, I am told, has been your friend for very many years and therefore is unlikely to want to learn anything from me, even supposing I had anything to say to her. You will see what I have written to A.W. and beyond this I think I shall evade saying anything more about P.B. to him. If I thought I could help in any way I would do so most willingly, but I think that everything<sup>195</sup> is so weighted against me that helping is not within my power. You will be able to read the psychological state of this highly emotional man much better than I can. If he ever put me into the position of adviser I should advise him to lay aside all thought of the Quest as such for a year and to take, say a book like Trevelyan’s Social History of England and to read one chapter each week and compel his mind to grasp every shade of meaning in it. And along with that mental discipline I should ask him to return in his mind to the love he felt for his wife when he married her, and strongly remembering that to live with her a perfectly normal married life with the additional high purpose of making every detail of that life as magnificent as he could possibly imagine. The selflessness involved in such an effort would carry him on the Quest many miles further than luxuriating in a morass of self pity. I do not say this for lack of sympathy. And of course the effort might fail to restore and hold harmonious relationship with his wife but it would make him great to try to do it.

My little brood have now reached Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, and that is their address for a year. If your travels take you anywhere near them I am certain you would receive a warm welcome if you saw them. The apartment given them is opposite where the new 120” telescope is being erected. My daughter tells me that the view from this height of over 4,000 ft of mountain peaks and tree lined valleys is so superb she cannot stop looking and thrilling to it. Robin has responded by getting firmly on his feet and walking properly. I miss them very much. But they have let their house here to a Dr Wagner from Chicago who is with the American Air Force near here. He has had his wife and six weeks old son brought over by military plane. The girl, she is little more in age, has not been in England before, and is barely recovered from the surgical birth of the child (Caesarean). My dear son in law gave me such a reputation of being friend to everyone that I cannot turn away from these people, busy in other ways, as I should like to be. You may not know my son-in-law’s name. It is Peter Berners Fellgett, and my daughter is Janet Mary Fellgett, known as Mary.

I am sorry I gave your Mexican address to Watkins. He asked for it, and I gave it very reluctantly and with the proviso that it was given to no one else and that it was

counted invalid by the beginning of October. I explained to Watkins that I only had it because of the bit of work I sometimes did for you.

Yes,<sup>196</sup> I think the books by Zuzuki reveal very fine scholarship and deep spirituality but not any deep sense of realization. This distinction is very hard for Western minds to understand, and is really the basic difference between the Oriental and Occidental approach to the search for ultimate truth.

I think Christmas Humphreys has done a very good service to the West in retrieving these books from the oblivion which threatened them. In times yet to come they will be comparable to the store of writings which the present day Christian theologian calls Patristics - writings of the Fathers of the Faith. When mankind has finally knocked down all the barriers of race and caste and creed these studies in other religions and older philosophies will be the material from which the civilizations to come will draw their own philosophy.

I have bought nearly all the Zuzuki books and read them carefully with quite considerable profit, but I have never been attracted by the Koan meditations and never tried to practice them.

It is probably not quite fair to make criticisms at this remote distance in time, and from my own limited knowledge, but there is not mention in the books of anyone except monks seeking Truth. As you know I have no respect or regard for monasticism, and it seems to me likely that the Cults who dabble in these things may find the emphasis on monks in the books misleading. I should think that the monks who kicked their pupils around in Zen Buddhist monasteries in Japan were little more enlightened really than the collection of Abbots etc to be found in Europe about the same time. But all these things apart, the core of the Zen philosophy as stated by Zuzuki in these books has great qualities of illumination.

It is a legitimate question to ask these days - What contribution to the solution of our present day problems does the philosophy of truth give that the plain man can understand? I expect it is along these lines that you are writing, and that is why I offer you some of my own reflections. The first answer is why I offer you some of my own reflections. The first answer is that it lifts from its ancient context reverently and carefully the essential theme of all religious teaching, and with equal reverence and care it lays that context on one side so that those to whom it is dear are not hurt in any way. The theme is very simply stated in the Anglican branch of the Christian Faith in the opening question and answer of the Westminster Catechism - "What is the primary end and aim of man?" A. "To know God and enjoy Him for ever." To lay this beside the search for liberation, enlightenment, in the East only requires a semantic search for meanings and definitions to make alignment possible. I could, if I had the time, write a very long disquisition about the strength of the foundations of the Philosophy, about its vast ramifications in every department of man's life and in every section of his knowledge. Now what does it offer towards the solution of present day problems. At the level of human thought and activity upon which these problems arise philosophy observes them<sup>197</sup> as being like an

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<sup>196</sup> Page 269

<sup>197</sup> Page 271

interminable game of some kind in which man unknowingly plays with Nature. Since man does not know the purpose of Nature's play and has no means of estimating her power or her patience nothing is more certain than that in the end man will never win in any way which leaves him merely man. Is it not obvious that he is being pressed on all sides to extend and extend again his understanding of Nature both without and WITHIN himself so that some glimmer of what the game is all about lights his way. When that glimmer becomes full light of day the problems which beset us now will be seen for what they are. - wraiths of poor weak thinking, twisted emotions, mixed aims, insincerities, small poor ideals. Every man who abandoning all his purely egoistical thinking and acting invites and allows the greater self within him to think and act fully, instead of as now, creating an ethical sieve for all it offers, is changing the game into a cooperative effort. und so weiter.

The whole of the Quest is contained in that last sentence.

And then another thing, Paul dear. All through your books you refer to the need for a "guru," and nearly everyone puts that as requirement No 1. to begin the Quest. It is not possible to state publicly just what that utter unity of spirit which makes this greatest and finest of all human relationships possible, wither is or how it can be attained. But a distinction can be indicated between a personal guide whom a student can run in every little difficulty, and a friendship so great that only lifetimes of effort can have forged it, and which by its very magnificence gives a strong clue to the glorious potentialities in all human relationships. I have never seen that mentioned anywhere, but I am quite sure of it myself. And to me it throws great emphasis on the wisdom of using the maximum of skill and care in all human relationships. This is one of the things I have taught both my children, and I can see that they are both trusting me enough to try out my ideas.

I grieve that you are driven to fly from American civilization. I wish you had a nook within this old university where the outer hampering of civilization is only dimly heard.

God forever bless you and comfort you.

In Him I {indeed}



You will be very much welcomed in April. Please say if there is anything I can do for you in advance.



**L26.273**

273 - 274  
Letter from N. to Arthur Ward  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge



5th October, 1951<sup>198</sup>

To Arthur Ward

Thank you very much for your letter, and for allowing me to see the enclosed letter from P.B. No, it cannot be connected with my telling him I had lent you the notes because he could not have received my letter at the time he wrote to you. Also I did not mention to him anything of your personal anxieties because I did not know of them.

But since I took the responsibility of lending you the notes I feel I must do my best to ensure your correct understanding of them.

P.B. does not accept the position of personal "guru" to anyone. He gives help casually from time to time. His full teaching is open to all in his books. I lent you the notes to help you in understanding. You will remember you said that on Mrs Last's suggestion you had asked P.B. to be accepted as a disciple, and from what you told me of his reply I could see that he had evaded a direct reply and turned you back upon yourself to think what it was you really wanted. You will remember that the notes, which are jottings of P.B.'s thought indicate that in his view it is not possible to ask for and be accepted into such a position. I need not expound the further implications, but I will only remind you that I felt your great sympathy with P.B. and his with you, and that prompted me to do what I did.

I hope life goes well with you now.

My husband and I had a pleasant change wandering about in Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire etc. We had one lovely day around Somersby where Tennyson was born, and where the brook still runs, and the woodman's cottage still stands. It is a tiny hamlet quite unchanged during the last hundred years I should think. I have known it for half that time.

To<sup>199</sup> her great pleasure Mrs P. has made contact with the Australian man who translated the first volume. He is a student of the books and {felt} the urge to translate - very different from doing it commercially. When you visit Europe he would like to meet you. I will get his address and let you have it.



**L26.275**

275 - 276  
Incomplete letter from N.  
Undated

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<sup>198</sup> "Copy for P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>199</sup> Page 274

...<sup>200</sup> as I have said I am aware of a moreness in all things than any merely I and mine reaction gives. I am just waiting in peace. I think when Nature, God, Whatever It is, has completed in Itself in me the task begun I may find words of explanation.

And love like a full river runs to that other human being whose affinity of spirit has moved me so much. There is no gainsaying this, and I see no reason for trying to do so.

I will say nothing now of the project for the monograph. I shall not be able to do much on this until October now. I have many ideas and I will ponder them before putting them on paper.

As ever



P.S. This letter has far too much about me in it. I pray that the good surroundings have now materialised for you in Cuernavaca, and that life is easy for you, and work will go well.



**L26.277**

277 - 278

Incomplete letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>201</sup> to {Unknown}

Undated

...<sup>202</sup> I think, as you said P.B. had hinted to you, we are {pioneering} a new way of approach to this old as the world Quest, and like all pioneers we shall make some blunders at times. A major one would be to pin P.B. down to elementary teaching and explaining such as you and I can very well do for him. I think we must set him free to write and wander the world as he is within himself directed to do. We can see his position very clearly and give him such sensible devoted service that our affection for him is a strong aid to him and never a mill-stone round his neck.

And I believe too, that like that great saint of old St Paul taught his little communities, we have to cultivate between ourselves true and lasting friendships which being based upon the oneness of all that lives are not subject to friction and fluctuations.

Believe me I write this to you in sincerity and in love.

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<sup>200</sup> Previous pages may be missing.

<sup>201</sup> Author determined from context.

<sup>202</sup> "2." is typed at the top of the page; previous page is missing.

## L26.279

279 - 282  
Incomplete letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>203</sup>  
10/9/51

...<sup>204</sup> I have sent you one jar of shaving cream and one bottle of lotion well packed to the California address, and hope they will reach you safely. I will send off a further supply next week.

As I think I said in a previous letter I cannot do any more at the moment about {illegible} and his Hibiscus plants, but I will do so at the appropriate time.

I went to London last month to see Arthur Ward. He had lunch with me in 7 {Albermarle} St at the National Book League Club. I found him delightfully sincere and sweet. His trouble lies partly I think in his deeply emotional temperament and some lack of ability to trust his own judgements. He said that he felt he was retrogressing, and longed for your presence to steady him. He said that whereas a year ago he felt thrilled by nature and beauty he<sup>205</sup> had now lost it. I told him I felt sure he could regard that as progress. He had merely turned over a page and must now learn another lesson. He seemed very comforted by that. Then he had been told by Captain somebody who found you the room in Maida Vale in '48, of the changed name and he said "if only I could understand" This same Captain... I think had told {Parrott} and he had told C.M. etc. Ward has the very small suburban view point, but is quite capable of bigger views. Dear Heart, you will see how I have tried to help him. I have written in love and in deep sincerity. I want you to feel you can rely absolutely on my sympathy and understanding. I have not sought this task, but I have also not evaded it. And there let it be.

## L26.283

283 - 286  
Letter from NB to Ward<sup>206</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
9th October, 1951

My<sup>207</sup> dear Friend,

Further to my rather bleak statement the other day about P.B. always refusing to accept the position of personal Guru which I was compelled to send you by P.B. himself, may I add a few reflections of my own. The first is that once you have also accepted the idea that P.B. is not a personal Guru to anyone you will find that your happy relationship

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<sup>203</sup> Author determined by handwriting. "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>204</sup> "2" is handwritten at the top of the page; previous page is missing

<sup>205</sup> Page 281

<sup>206</sup> "Copy for PB is" is handwritten at the top of page 285; "NB to Ward" is written in a different hand at the top of page 283.

<sup>207</sup> Page 285

with him is unchanged in any way. I do not know why this idea of a personal Teacher has got such a hold of our imaginations in the West, because it belongs primarily to the East and to a period when there was no teaching possible except by word of mouth. Here and now in the West with all the amenities which we have of printing, rapid travel etc., we are released from the necessity of seeking personal teaching beyond word of mouth. Of course with that release we lose the personal contact and the close intimacy of living day by day with a Teacher who has within himself become a God realized man, but the facility of rapid travel makes it possible for such a man to contact far more people than he could ever do by living in one place and being visited by a few people. In his gentle rather silent way I think P.B. is the most clear seeing man I have ever met, and I have met a great many men whose names are famous in various ways. But for P.B. too explain himself and his position to everyone he meets is not his way at all. Those of us whom destiny has placed in close alignment with his thought must do the explaining for him, and like the close friends of the Eastern Gurus must act as subsidiary agents for him.

You would be surprised if you knew how stupid I have been about all this. I must have made all the errors there are with a few extra thrown in. But the pressure of being forced to understand has cleared my way more than a lifetime of easy going resting at a Master's feet could have done.

P.S.<sup>208</sup> I held up this letter while I pondered again your question about the change of name. It seems to me, and must emphasise that these are entirely my own views and may be wholly wrong, that in addition to the possible reason I mentioned in London - that it might have been kindness following a divorce, I think it may be simply that from the time of his writing "A Search in Secret India" P.B. surrendered his own personal life completely and the change is a symbol of this. Also since he chose to write a book under the name Paul Brunton and became widely known as such what is more reasonable that that to us who know him as P.B. he remains P.B. Because in his lovely way he gives us access to his inner life we have no right whatever to intrude in his outer life, and the name gives him the chance at any time that it seems to him right and proper to do so to retreat into a private life. There is no reason whatever why if he thought it desirable for any reason he should not marry again and live quietly. There can be nothing whatever incompatible in an adept marrying - his great difficulty will be, as it evidently has been, in finding a partner of his own standing. All lesser people would fail to understand him and his disciplines.

I do hope these reflections will help you to think your way out of perplexity.

**L26.287**

287 - 288  
Letter from N.<sup>209</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge

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<sup>208</sup> Page 283

<sup>209</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

9th Oct. 1951

Paul my dear,

If ever a letter was inspired this one to A. Ward is. I had no idea until I sat down to this typewriter what I was going to say, I only had an overpowering command to write something. If there is error in any way whatever please tell me.

Also I enclose copy of a letter to Riders. I do wish just for the sake of making my way easier that when I have done a job like this for Riders they would have the courtesy to send me one line of thanks and acknowledgement that I could tell my husband I had received. He is most cooperative and willing for me to do anything I consider it right to do - he always says he has unfailing trust in my common sense about such things, but he has the regard for courtesy of the old tradition of this country. He is punctilious himself about everything.

As ever



**L26.289**

289 - 291

Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>210</sup> to Horace  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
24th October, 1951<sup>211</sup>

Dear Horace,

Thank you for your letter and for your message sent by Margaret Scott. I met her in Cambridge a few days since and was very pleased to see how well she is keeping now. She is not quite like her old self and has developed some traits quite out of keeping with what she used to be (but this is confidential). The great thing is she is well and able to live fairly normally. I have asked her to come to tea with me tomorrow, but I fear I shall have to postpone this until my house is both tidier and cleaner. We have workmen in now doing some plumbing and the dust is everywhere.

I hear that P.B. intends to come to England in the early summer of next year. I think he has been studying Aztec and Toltec remains, but whether he intends to write about them I have no idea. I hope he will.

I do sympathise with your feeling that the "God is Love" statement seems to need a lot of evidence to support it. I wish I had the time to think out the thesis on this subject that I would like to have. As I haven't the time I shall have to be very brief and if I miss out a lot of things please forgive me. --- I think it is the thesis of everything P.B. has written and it lies implicit if not always explicit in his every sentence. I do not know how you came to know P.B. but I should think that you were attracted to his books by this

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<sup>210</sup> Author determined by address and context.

<sup>211</sup> "Copy for P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.

very fact. As you know he outlines and underlines continually the need for some inner communion with that part of our own individual consciousness which he calls the Overself. There have been saints and sages in every age and in every land and they speak with on this subject "God is Love." To pursue this line of evidence is a vast undertaking, but even a little thought about it convinces me that it is REAL evidence and not to be brushed aside as of no value. It may be that because we ourselves cannot produce within ourselves comparable testimony is because we have not developed or unfolded the necessary faculty. If my husband tried to do this wood engraving with the tools these plumbers are using he would not get very far, and he might very well say that wood could not be carved into a delicate tracery. I think this is a very just analogy. If we try to reason about a part of our consciousness we can get just as far as reason developed in us will go. But my reason tells me that I have also emotion, responsiveness to beauty, odd feelings and "hunches" about things which do not come into any clear category and for me to try to know the whole with a part is an impossible task. In fact so far as I can see to know the whole I can do no less than become the whole, and I shall then find that the "knowing" I attain will be of a finer and fuller order than the "knowing" by just reason alone. Towards that finer and fuller knowing P.B.<sup>212</sup> points with an assurance and a clarity which I have not found in any other modern writer. I know that is saying a lot, but it is true.

God bless you and reveal to you Himself.

Now I must dust this room - you could write your name on the furniture, and it has been done once today.

P.S. I have glanced through Lawrence Hyde's book "The Nameless Faith" and I have met the man. I have also heard him speak at the World Congress of Faiths gathering in Cambridge last September. It is another approach. There is also a flourishing Ouspensky Guardieff Bennet. Kenneth Walker fraternity in London, and I get warm invitations to go to the Vedanta Group. Last week I was invited to the Bramo Samajh meeting. As I never go to any of these I am not really competent to speak about them. I have not the time or the inclination to pursue any way except the one outlined by P.B. which suits my temperament and needs and meets my own thinking.

I see my letter is far from being an adequate reply to yours. Yes supposing "God" is a great "Force." I can see no way of separating man - the part - from God the whole. How then does man have this knowledge imperfect though it may be of Love. How is it that all man's best work and highest idealism hinges from Love. How is it that even the continuance of man as a being in form depends upon love between man and woman. I even venture to think that marriage gives us perhaps our greatest opportunity, because whoever can find unity of spirit with another human being has found in some measure a clue to what God is. If in our every human relationship we have this great potentiality then life on earth becomes a holy pilgrimage.

**L26.292**

292

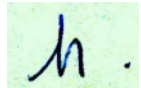
Letter from N.  
31st Oct 1951

My dear Paul.

I send you this so that you may know exactly what I say to your friends. I send the leaflet (I went to this service) for the lovely translation of the passage from Corinthians and the Vaughan poem. The College has its own hymnal, and often uses its own translations in these private services, which are most valuable at times.

Mr Yule was the nephew of the distinguished Author who edited Marco Polo. Mr Yule was a great friend of yours and a great mystic in his way. He spent his last years on a Concordance of the Psalms - dropping his mathematical work entirely.

As ever

**L26.293**

293 - 294

Letter from N.  
8, Luard Rd Cambridge  
29.10.1951

My dear Paul.

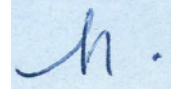
I think you should know that Arthur Ward has not acknowledged either of the letters to him, of which you have the copies, and to save him from possible hurt and unnecessary bewilderment I must commend him to you. I am very unhappy in the position of mediator between you and your friends, and I {think}<sup>213</sup> shall refuse to be pushed into it in future by anyone. This whole question of "Gurus" needs careful {threshing} out for the benefit of many people. To pick up the Eastern system and try to plant it in the West is obviously not right and not necessary. At the same time the need for help in {some} stages of the Quest is very great, and the helpers are very few. {And} it is a fact that in these delicate intangible moods and experiences of the spiritual self the mind clings to almost anything. A face which can be seen, a voice which can be heard is like a boon beyond price. It seems to me that the unity of spirit which is the true and perhaps final relationship is not possible with more than a few people for any adept. It is very nearly unexplainable in ordinary terms, and so sacred that (for me at any rate) discussion or even speech about it is a profanation. I thought Arthur Ward's great affection for you and his obvious intuitional ability would pull him round into a true perspective. But there is Mrs Last, and if she speaks with a different voice from mine, he

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<sup>213</sup> "{think}" is inserted by the author.

will find only irreconcilable differences and unhappy confusion in the contradiction. And so, my dear, I must place him directly in your care. My efforts are useless.

Gratefully, lovingly, as ever



## L26.295

295 - 296  
Letter from N.<sup>214</sup>  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
7th Nov. 1951

Paul, my dear

I have today received from Emmy Poggensee a copy of "Die Philosophie der Wahrheit - tiefster Grund des Yoga." It is an excellent production - good paper, good print and pleasant green cloth binding. The book jacket is its weakest part in my view. It has a sugar loaf kind of castle in the air on a black ground with the title printed in black on four green hands below. The Authors name is on the right hand top corner. I am much amused to see that it was translated by "Karim Eckhart," but I quite understand her need to be in hiding from her husband's family, and she is a great admirer of Eckhart. The book has a written inscription to me on the fly leaf, but if they have not sent you a copy and you would like this one to complete your own sets I will most willingly give it you.

So far as I am able to judge from reading bits here and there the translation seems to be faithful and in good German. The Swiss do not have a reputation for speaking good German, but Emmy P had lived for many years in the pre-war Germany and had taught there. I am certain she has done her very best to be both accurate and in faultless style. The book has dignity in all ways is my impression.

I hope your present writing goes well.

For the moment I am quite engulfed in work and difficulties - nearly all concerned with other people. Mabel Bishop is coming to live in Cambridge from the<sup>215</sup> Isle of Wight and to work here as a Psychiatrist - for which she was trained. That has brought me into close touch with the Mental Welfare organisations again. With almost one voice the workers ask. "What is there we can give to people in place of the churchianity they have either shed or never known." I find I can talk to the professional workers, but so far I cannot frame "Die Philosophie der Wahrheit" into one syllable words for the nervously ill and the mentally unbalanced. I am by no means sure that it can be done. Or has some one de it easily and I have not seen it.

I have the blessing to acknowledge with love and gratitude quite often,

As ever

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<sup>214</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>215</sup> Page 296





L26.297

297 - 298  
Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>216</sup> to Emmy  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge.  
18th November, 1951<sup>217</sup>

My dear Emmy,

P.B.'s address is -  
Box 34, Cooper Station,  
New York 3,  
U.S.A.

He is not in New York, he is thousands of miles away, so do not be surprised if you have to wait a long time for a reply. Earlier I was entrusted with his direct address, but I have not got it now.

I do not know anything about the new book except that it is hoped to deliver the mss to the American publishers at the end of this year. I should think there is little likelihood of the book being published before the summer, and that you will have plenty of time to finish Lin Yu Tan before the "new Brunton" is ready for you to begin. But these are merely my views. I suggest that you write to P.B. yourself and ask him to tell you the position exactly.

I am interested that you think of translating Kersti. You wanted it for teaching. I had not seen the book before and thought it a very nicely told children's story. Isn't it modelled on the German fairy tale. I had several books of these when my children were small and I used to translate as I went along. I still remember their surprise when after having learned to read themselves they found they could not understand the "Good Night" books, as we called them. I think it was their introduction to the knowledge of there being many other countries and languages than their own.

It is an odd coincidence but the American family to whom my son-in-law has let his house while he is in California are from the resort in Mexico where P.B. has been staying, and they have told me all about it. And I have read Vaillant's "The Aztecs of Mexico" on their recommendation. It seems to me there is a glimmer of Die Philosophie der Wahrheit even in their dreadful asceticism and bloody human sacrifice. I am wondering if P.B. has done much searching among their remains and those of earlier races. A book by him on 'A Search in Secret America' would make a stir, wouldn't it?

Just now I am being pursued by some very difficult questions about the Quest. I am sure P.B. would be able to give simple answers, but it is more than I can do.<sup>218</sup>

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<sup>216</sup> Author determined by address and context. "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>217</sup> "Copy for P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>218</sup> "Briggs X" is inserted in the left margin in a different hand.

P.S.<sup>219</sup> No I have not heard of the Yesudian. It is clear that Christianity as taught by all the churches is no longer accepted by the majority of people, and no longer suited to minds now growing up. One of my most difficult questions is "how can the 'Philosophy' be presented so that the great and deep humanitarianism of the Christ is not obscured, and so that the essential tenets of His teaching are made more plain and not lost in philosophical abstractions and speculations?" I shall be interested to hear what you think of Selva Raja.

## L26.299

299 - 300

Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>220</sup> to Arthur Ward and note from N.  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge.  
26th November, 1951<sup>221</sup>

My dear Friend,<sup>222</sup>

I am returning your poem herewith and thank you very much for allowing me to see it. You have put much careful thought into the writing of it, and blank verse is not at all easy to maintain with a theme running through it. I think you have done it very well.

Please do forgive me if I even seemed to argue about P.B. I was only carrying out his own instruction, which are to allow nobody to regard him personally as their guru. I think he means that P.B. the man is to have no personality worship from anyone. He does not deny that he has realised Mind in Itself within himself, and that in the parlance used by occultists etc he holds in his own right the appellation "Adept." Perhaps a generation more advanced than ours will use a wiser parlance, and say that such an one is fully a man. As Blake wrote

Thou art a man, God is no more  
Thine own humanity learn to adore."

I felt that your great love for P.B. and sympathy with him would carry you right into his own wishes and his own real meaning when he says "it will not be advisable to let anyone hold this erroneous belief about a personal guru. I cannot budge from this attitude as whatever little help I give is given casually and as a fellow student. It is better to tell people now what I shall otherwise have to tell them personally when I meet them again"

So I told you. I was not expressing my own views, but P.B.'s own views. I very much honour him for them. I think he wishes to make people see that the Quest is not for any person but for Mind. Perhaps it is clearer to say Mind than to say God, because God has so many associations and accretions for everyone. I feel sure that P.B. has no

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<sup>219</sup> Page 298

<sup>220</sup> Author determined from address and context. "B" is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>221</sup> "Copy for P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>222</sup> "(Arthur Ward)" is inserted in a different hand.

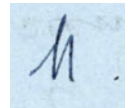
intention of refusing his help to us or denying us his sweet friendship. I have sometimes thought that he must have a far greater knowledge of the responsibility which personal guruship carries than ordinary people can have, a responsibility which he is not able or willing to take. As I told you I do not think that we of the West have anything like the need for such a guru as the Eastern peoples had until quite recently. Anyhow after all we can say or think about guruship there remains our relationship with P.B. we know. Names and labels do not matter. If we are sufficiently en rapport with his inner self then we have a way to his inner being, which, with all egoism gone, is at one with God. The privilege of this brings tears of thankfulness to my eyes as I write. It beggars description or words of appreciation. Blessing flows from it like a river in flood.

But I must stop. I do hope this will help you understand.

With every good wish.

Paul,<sup>223</sup> dear

Please help me with this man



## L26.301

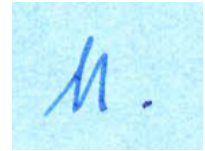
301 - 302  
Letter from N.  
8, Luard Rd., Cambridge  
9/2/1952

My dear Paul

For some little time I have been reading a Pelican book on Spinoza by Stuart Hampshire with an increasing feeling of its importance in correlating Eastern and Western philosophical insight. Spinoza himself wrote so tersely and so originally that it is intensely difficult to follow his thought. Hampshire's exposition is not light reading by any means, but it does illumine Spinoza's dark style. I wish I had the leisure as well as the scholarship to get down to the task of showing that this masterly mind using only {illegible} insight in the deepest concentration arrived at the knowledge of the non-duality of the world - God only immanent - a knowledge which modern physics is rapidly approaching. Perhaps in my isolation I have missed anything which occultists have made of this, but although I know many people who have an interest in the Quest, I do not know anyone who applies any intellectual acumen to it. In fact my greatest difficulty in dealing with people who say they are following the Quest is in following their tortuous, often casuistic thought (but that digresses). I will keep a copy of this book for you - to send it now to California doesn't seem very sensible. Another very important little book is "Science and Humanism" by Erwin Schrodinger. I remember I sent you his first little

book "What is life," but I do not know if it<sup>224</sup> appealed to you at all, or even if you are interested in modern academic thought. I have so little respect for Schrodinger as a man that I read his books at a disadvantage, but he "has the sight."

Yours ever



## L26.303

303 - 308  
Incomplete letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>225</sup>  
8, Luard Rd., Cambridge  
5/2/1952

Paul, My Dear,

The enclosed from Mrs P. came last week. I still await some kind of inner mandate to reply, but I think you should have the letter, and I will keep a copy of my reply and give to you when you come.

I have no information upon which to frame any judgement of the recurring financial dispute with Raschers, but I am certain it would be quite wrong for you to forego anything. In my view it will be best to leave Mrs P to fight it out with Raschers herself. She is quite capable of doing so.

As for her other troubles it seems to me that anyone who has, like she did in her youth, joined a society like the {Nazis} is bound to reap a very bitter harvest. I feel that I may even have to say this to her as gently as I can, but I am not sure yet.

Last week I went by invitation to a small party here to meet the leader of the Bahai Faith in England, and to discuss it with him - {Fenaby} is his name. Since I knew nothing of the Bahai Faith I was in no position to discuss it. I wondered if I should be drawn into joining them<sup>226</sup> and emerging from my isolation, but I am not much attracted. Did you meet any of these people in the near East?

I have not written much to you lately. I did not want to take your time and attention just when you were busy getting a book to the press. Ward said you had {Esther} Hutchinson<sup>227</sup> with you and so were in no need of help, and in any case I am probably too far away to be of any use.

On Saturday I was in London at the Royal Academy with my husband. In the late afternoon we walked to Trafalgar Square and near to St Martins in the Fields I remembered the pain of being told what wrong beliefs in a "Master" I had built up. The colour drained from my face and it was with an almost superhuman effort that I checked

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<sup>224</sup> Page 302

<sup>225</sup> Author determined from handwriting and context.

<sup>226</sup> Page 305

<sup>227</sup> Underlined in a different hand with "x" and a parenthesis written in the left margin.

it and stopped a faint. When I got home I re-read your introduction to "Practical Yoga." Again you speak or rather write of the necessity of a "Teacher." Who and where are such "Teachers?" I am quite unattracted by anything wood writes. I got all the Maharshee publications, and good though they are, they do not grip my spirit, and I have no bond of spirit with the writer. I have read very widely, and I do not lack a clear intellectual grasp of the Philosophy. I am not interested in being<sup>228</sup> mystified by occult by paths I seek only true knowledge I am, of course, open to connection, but I still think I was dead right in believing that there is only one way of recognising a "Teacher," one's own "Teacher," and that is in the depths of ones heart as I did, and love of that order bears about as much resemblance to the ordinary concept of love as the moon does to a green cheese.

When Arthur Ward told me that he to whom my reverent love flowed, was born in poor surroundings and had known sickness and distress and had fought his way through the occult mazes of spiritualism to the {quiet} clear light of philosophy, that twice he had married and been twice deserted and that he had a son in America often with him, and so on, it did not make the slightest difference to my respect and regard. But I decided to add a few tests of my own to all those which were being given to me so generously by fate, and I put the "Master" out of my mind, locked up his photograph, and shut up his books and I said now my heart you just prove you were right, or forget all about it. Many times that silent blessing came. I know {illegible}<sup>229</sup> ...<sup>230</sup>

## L26.309

309 - 310  
Letter from N.  
Undated

Paul, my dear, you need not feel disturbed about me in any way whatever. I can just tack along by myself. I ask for nothing whatever from anyone but I receive with gratitude unbounded the inner blessing and communion of spirit which it affirms

as ever



And God bless you.

## L26.311

311 - 316  
8, Luard Rd. Cambridge  
7.1.1952

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<sup>228</sup> Page 307

<sup>229</sup> Writing runs off the page; one or more words is missing.

<sup>230</sup> The following pages may be missing.

Paul, my dear

I hope your Christmas retreat was very blessed to you. I hope your book is finished and in the printers hands and that all else is well with you. I enclose a wood-engraving of a Berkshire village which my husband gave me for you, but this is the first opportunity for sending it that I have had.

Maude Barker - my oldest friend and your reader died in December suddenly. It was a wonderful release. When I saw her in September she was resisting her illness with all her strength, but somehow I realized that she was near the close, and when she asked my advice I counselled her to make complete acceptance of the situation and resist nothing. I think she must have done this with her customary thoroughness because one day when alone she fell and broke her thigh. She did not regain consciousness and died peacefully three days later. The doctors say she was saved months of awful pain and weakness - she was suffering from carcinoma of the liver and there was no cure possible. Maude lived among conservative well to do people, but she managed<sup>231</sup> to get her own way, and she was, as she wished cremated at the {Hull} crematorium. I went to the memorial service on the South side of the {Humber}. Only her men folk went by Keadby Bridge to {Hull}. Her passing, and the bitter cold journey to the funeral service added to all the severe strain of 1951 for me temporarily bowled me over completely, and I had to rest for a while. I have lost by death nearly every friend of my early life this year. Day and night I have nursed my husband never knowing what was coming next. Domestic help being so scarce and my need of leisure so great I have made a really tremendous effort and let two senior students have four rooms which we never use now. I hope it will work out as I intend, but I shall find it very difficult not to mother them at times. They are both Lithuanian Jewish refugees, and tremendous workers - both writing then Ph.D. Thesis on theoretical physics. Before I did this I tried every way to find a more compact house, but it is quite clear to me now that I must not leave this one yet. When I applied for a license to make this small conversion it was granted at once by the City Authorities and all completed in six weeks. It leaves me with nine rooms. The University Authorities are glad for every bit of good accommodation that<sup>232</sup> people will give them these days.

I had to make a great second effort at non attachment, and probably there are more to make. I flounder I think in my efforts but so far something always pulls me straight And on Wednesday I was near to giving up the thought of living, when on the stairs I fell over some loose carpet and crashed head first into a wall. Amazing though it is to record something so steadied my fall that my head touched the wall with a feather lightness and I suffered no injury of any kind. Through my mind the phrase ran "Man is immortal til his work is done." I will go on.

For myself I have proved again and again that the spirit is ceaseless in His efforts to make me understand in my mind sufficiently to turn me into His way. I believe now

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<sup>231</sup> Page 313

<sup>232</sup> Page 315

that this is a natural growth of the human psyche, and it seems to me "The sky is the limit" to its eventual possibilities

My dear, I have done no more with your notes yet than to sort them to your index. Since there is no hurry perhaps I can discuss my ideas about them with you when you come in April.<sup>233</sup>

God bless and bless you.



## L26.317

317 - 320

Incomplete letter from N. Briggs  
8, Luard Rd, Cambridge  
31.7.44<sup>234</sup>

My dear Mr Brunton,

Thank you for putting me in touch with Mrs Davis of Malvern. She thinks clearly.

I feel I owe you an explanation for failing to take advantage of your suggestion and Constance Beach's most kind offer of hospitality and instruction in the art of meditation. I was about to go - a little reluctantly - when I told Edwin Bolt of my intentions. He said he greatly hoped I would go, and burst the whole glamorous bubble. He said he had been, and nothing would induce him to go again. He<sup>235</sup> said the experience was like being gassed and that when Major General Beach who was walking in the street outside spoke to him as a perfect stranger of his distress of the silly people who filled his house, he Mr Bolt felt quite sick and hurt and walked and walked to recover his peace of mind. This experience of Edwin Bolts rather confirmed my own impression from the one meeting at the Overseas Club in London, and the letters. Finally I decided to abandon the project. I do not wish to trust anyone's bubble of illusion, nor to distress anyone<sup>236</sup> ...<sup>237</sup>

## L26.321

321 - 322

Incomplete letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>238</sup>  
{1944}<sup>239</sup>

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<sup>233</sup> "Wrong there is hurry" is inserted in the left margin in a different hand.

<sup>234</sup> "Beach" is written at the top of the page in a different hand.

<sup>235</sup> Page 319

<sup>236</sup> "-from N. BRIGGS" is inserted in a different hand at the bottom of the page.

<sup>237</sup> The following pages are missing.

<sup>238</sup> "BRIGGS" is inserted at the bottom of the page in a different hand.

<sup>239</sup> "1944" is inserted at the top of the page in a different hand.

...<sup>240</sup> {There is no}<sup>241</sup> opportunity for meditation. We are all flung into activity. England is now one vast {illegible} and the roar of planes seems incessant. At no time can I rely on a quiet hour day or night. I have ceased to look for one, but I live a deep current of peace,<sup>242</sup> and find life good - flying bombs and all included in the amazing panorama....<sup>243</sup>

## L26.323

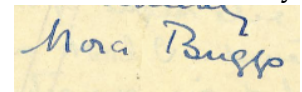
323 - 324  
Incomplete letter from Nora Briggs<sup>244</sup>  
Undated

...<sup>245</sup> puzzling time in her confirmation class and the man who took it had to stand up to some close questioning by her. But she went through with it and made her first communion at Christmas. She confessed once that she wanted to be just how far we shall {illegible} {illegible}<sup>246</sup> just how far we shall {illegible}<sup>247</sup> who or what will stop us. From this Davis Malvern I have a letter asking /Do we wrongly use reason or attempt to use it in planes where it cannot function? I am going to reply by asking {illegible}<sup>248</sup> questions: Is it possible {illegible}<sup>249</sup> taken the strength and colour from my hair and the sight of my eyes is threatened. I look on life with a very detached {air} and nothing shakes me It occurs to me that the awareness it<sup>250</sup> is not easy to be sure of changes or to measure them. We in the West need help on these points. They all come {within} the scope of applied mentalism

{I am re-reading, not for the first}<sup>251</sup> time your last two books. What a joy it is to go with you step by step and how grateful I am beyond telling, for the stimulation and help you give so lavishly, and with such sweet sincerity.

Any help at any time that I can give is yours for the asking  
With kind thoughts and many thanks

Yours sincerely



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<sup>240</sup> Previous pages may be missing.

<sup>241</sup> "There is no" is inserted in a different hand.

<sup>242</sup> Underlined in a different hand.

<sup>243</sup> The following pages are missing.

<sup>244</sup> "10" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>245</sup> "5" is handwritten is handwritten at the top of the page; previous pages are missing.

<sup>246</sup> Some words may be missing because the page is constructed out of a few pieces of paper.

<sup>247</sup> Some words may be missing because the page is constructed out of a few pieces of paper.

<sup>248</sup> Some words may be missing because the page is constructed out of a few pieces of paper.

<sup>249</sup> Some words may be missing because the page is constructed out of a few pieces of paper.

<sup>250</sup> Page 324

<sup>251</sup> PB inserted "I am re-reading, not for the first" by hand.



L26.325

325 - 328  
Letter from N.  
8 Luard Rd. Cambridge  
23.12.50

My dear Paul

I enclose a further page in the story I have mentioned to you before. What I enclose is just the bare theme of the last chapter. I hope it is the last. I am so tired now of writing it. Don't you think it is a good thriller? as thrillers go. But I don't want to write any more, two are enough for me.

With my love,



P.S. Queer finding myself writing thrillers. I never read such books.

Frank Kendon's Christmas card poem also enclosed. Hellebore is the name for Christmas Rose. Herbalists say the sap of this causes madness, and in old Herbals it is given as a cure for Madness also. It is to this he refers when he speaks of the dark drug sunk in her sap. My husband asks do you know of anything or anyone or any book orthodox or unorthodox which gives a slant upon epilepsy. Robert Emerson has an eighteen years old son suffering from a form of this, and has searched in vain for help.

P.S.<sup>252</sup> It now seems that Mrs P is leaving for Zurich early in January, but it looks as if her stay will only be for a month or two, as because of her marriage to a German naval officer, and her own membership of the Nazi party, repatriation is denied her for ten years. I have had a long talk with her about the party and she says she joined as did many others from idealistic motives and became disillusioned only bit by bit. It is really moving to me to find that she pursued the Quest in her own way on the opposite side during the way, and that from the time I met her we have been as old friends.

To my husband's Christmas card wood engraving of a Hellebore - Christmas Rose - Frank Kendon has written a most lovely poem and sent it out as this Christmas card. I think all the University circle around us are very touched by both the Christmas Cards and by the friendship of fine minds which stimulated them into being. I will send you the poem, because I always feel that I must draw you into this circle, where you belong and which belongs to you.

I<sup>253</sup> beg you deal lovingly with Perdue, as I give you my word I will do with Clarice Meares and Henry Joachim insofar as they will allow me.

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<sup>252</sup> Page 327

<sup>253</sup> Page 328

Perdue's letters are full of distress. I feel for him. Since the end of September I have lost 14 lbs in weight because I have been unable to regain any liking for food. I have never much interest in much eating, but so far I am quite deserted by appetite and I cannot get it back. In my heart I am at peace, but my body will not recover. The family are very kind, and have many theories about it, but only I know the right one.



Mrs P. asks for addresses of anyone in Switzerland who is interested in your work and to whom she could be introduced.

Also any further alterations for The Hidden Teaching and the para for Egypt should reach her soon now.

## L26.329

329 - 332

Poem: Hellebore For G.E.B. by Frank Kenden  
Christmas 1950

She is carved by thought of an infinite past  
Out of the protean stuff of which all lives  
Are made; the texture of her limbs, the green  
And white, is a fine network of bright lace.  
Her perianth is fashioned in its curves  
Out of ice. She can accept with joy  
The days that make us shiver. Strong is she,  
Though delicate beyond expression; brave,  
With a most gentle aspect; and will bruise  
At a finger touch, although the buffets  
Of pitiless winter bring her no harm.  
Than unknown Force which oversaw her fashioning  
We file as God; but of His way with her  
Our mind knows nothing, but is not content.

Her strange vitality, her passion to unfold,  
The incalculable fineness of her build,  
Her intense separateness, her unblushed beauty,  
Winning out eyes, but sealing lips and thought  
To an unwanted silence and a cool  
Deep love - all these - as well as the dark drug  
Sunk in her sap - are of their fashion perfect.

Why is she beautiful? Why is she poisonous?  
What we call "answer" is a chain of questions.

With her rank poison in our veins we change;  
With her pure beauty stealing through our eyes  
We change. We are made new by Essences;  
MAD by her blood, EXALTED by her look,  
Neither of which she owes us or desire.

The God that made her, having also made  
Our foreign selves, established thus between  
A flower and a man relationship  
That has effect, which, though it should have root  
And reason, is beyond the wit of earth.

Beware<sup>254</sup> her poison, it is dangerous.  
Yet undergo the danger of her beauty;  
It is a window open upon strange matters -  
Not delusion, if we think not so.

Beware her beauty, she is poisonous -  
Beware her poison she is beautiful -  
No. She is lifetime in epitome -  
Beauty and death enhancing death and beauty -  
Only those fear who love because they fear.  
She, too, with irresistible strength of meekness  
Callous innocence is, careless for either,  
Passioned for both, whose game is joy, is death.

## L26.333

333 - 336  
Letter from N  
Undated

...<sup>255</sup> My dear

I learned so much of your great patience and tolerance yesterday. (I fail in. both respects I fear) It seemed to me H.F. had rather gone downhill a bit and Mahoney's grip on the quest was weak in places. But they both love you and your treatment of them illumined me. It reminded me of the psalmist - "thy gentleness hath made me great." I certainly was blessed indeed.

I hope the various problems are solved quickly, and that peaceful surroundings and comfort await you in Hampstead. Save any shores for me.

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<sup>254</sup> Page 331

<sup>255</sup> "5" is handwritten at the top of the page; previous pages are missing.

And, dear friend, please shape<sup>256</sup> your ideas of the book of excerpts from experiences recounted to you in letters, and before you go let us be quite clear about how it is written, and how my work is to be organised to meet your views and your convenience. Please talk to me about this on Thursday.

Then about the journal. Can you give me - a list of possible contributions more information about the people in Ohio and what they are doing.

Can the woman who has had editing experience do the editing and perhaps teach me.

What about distribution and sales.

I<sup>257</sup> am inclined to think I can serve you best by doing your own literary work. Your books are more important than the journal, and I am more about to work on them.

I have almost no contacts with the general run of replies, and I should need so much of your time and advice to get going on editorial work, that I should weary you. You wouldn't reply to my letters and in many ways I should get stuck.

But put me in touch with the other people in this country who are willing to do something, and I will do all that I can.

Lovingly and gratefully



and<sup>258</sup> about myself. I feel the deepening peace, especially in your presence. Please check me or instruct me or command me as in your wisdom you observe that I need it.

## L26.337

337 - 338

Incomplete letter by {Unknown}

Undated

...<sup>259</sup> JOHN BERRY phoned Tony to get me. Ellimay said she would give me message. I returned call expecting to hear Barbara had died or something but John was just trying to check on the ceremony Mataji had performed with Kenneth - hoping (Ellimay said) when I discussed it with her later, that a real marriage had been performed and he would have grounds to sue her as she was now in the process of sui-ing him. I told him it was an Indian "blessing" wherein they were given Indian names but not a marriage. No civil ceremony had taken place. He sounded angry and said he would phone GD to get it straight. I warned that ashram by phone - GD was in Laguna but they will tell her. It's the last phone call I will ever return. He does not have my number here nor is he interested he's out to get Barbara. I have heard no more on that score nor has GD.

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<sup>256</sup> Page 334

<sup>257</sup> Page 335

<sup>258</sup> Page 336

<sup>259</sup> Previous pages may be missing.

Have<sup>260</sup> you found a place? Are the girls carrying your typewriter back for me? Shall I phone you? Ok, hold on, I shall try once more --- Nope. Just as I thought - but I had to try twice. I really don't know why but that's the way it is.

Raja Iyer sent me so many nice things! including more peacock feathers and guess what - incense! This came as a boon as I was out -- it came by seemail. I am sending you the stamps which seem to be quite colorful may be you know someone young who collects them - or not young - what am I saying!<sup>261</sup>

Oh! heard from Muriel Ames who is selling Aspen and return

P.S. John B, said "A good cabbalistic number" when {giving} Ellimay {his own}<sup>262</sup>

## L26.339

339 - 342

Writing by {Unknown}  
Croton on Hudson. N.Y.  
Sunday, August 3rd. 1947

Tonight was the most wonderful night of my whole life! My Faith in the Quest has been restored, my confidence in its ultimate reality regained and a new lease of life granted unto me. For the first time I 'saw' P.B. in his true light, namely, that of the guru and instrument of the World Mind. I felt the awareness of his real presence beyond the mere personality. P.B. cleared the ground of my stay in his house and as he explained the situation attendant upon it, I had my suspicions confirmed. To put it briefly: - Wherever P.B. goes a host of forces, both good and evil are in attendance. Naturally, he is protected on account of his status. I am the first person ever to live entirely with him intimately for a long time. Normally, he does not permit this and he refuses to expose people to the dangers surrounding him. The forces are here, and I am unprepared to deal with them in fact, I am quite unable to deal with them at my present stage. Naturally, the heavy strain has had its effect upon me - and I have been constantly under pressure. Also adverse force has been at work, trying to undermine my relationship with P.B. - to cause him harm through me (Although I have been aware somewhat of this last factor.) The question of the irritations in his personality, P.B. said he would explain to me in a few years' time when I was more developed. As a result of this terrific pressure, all the bad qualities latent within me have been brought to the surface. This normally would never happen, but under these exceptional circumstances every single bad fault has risen to the top (why I have been so "on edge" lately) Fortunately, the silver lining to this cloud is that I now have the opportunity to thus deal with them and correct these faults within the space of a few years, when otherwise it would have taken me a lifetime just to discover them, let alone eliminate them. So now I am going to make a determined effort

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<sup>260</sup> Page 338, the writing on this page is crossed out by 3 "X"s.

<sup>261</sup> "No will not" and parentheses around this sentence have been inserted by hand.

<sup>262</sup> The postscript is inserted by hand.

to root out these faults by a proper process and thus improve my character. This is a necessary part of the Quest. But also their elimination will be an asset in social and business life, enabling me to get along with people much better. So it is essential that I make a concentrated and sincere attempt to conquer these shortcomings. P.B. stated that so powerful were the forces in the house that there was a genuine danger of my losing my sanity were I to remain here much longer (I have of course felt this myself) and so I shall move to Ossining and visit P.B. daily.

Later<sup>263</sup> Sunday night I had an uncanny experience. I awoke suddenly, sharply in the night, and at once I was in full consciousness of myself and senses. But I was also aware of some invisible presence in the room, an evil presence which boded me no good. This intangible awareness was very strong and clearly defined. I looked out of the window and saw that Dawn was just breaking (my alarm clock said 5 a.m.) I remember wondering if I could keep awake until 7 a.m. or thereabouts - I was afraid to go to sleep in case the alien presence was thereby enabled to harm me. Then, quite suddenly I turned the matter over to P.B. mentally. I called up all my faith in him and put myself in his protection -- and turned over and went to sleep. All of this took place within less than a minute, I should say.

## L26.343

343 - 346

Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>264</sup> to Clarice  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
3rd Dec. 1950<sup>265</sup>

Dear Clarice,

Thank you for your sweet letter. I am so glad you like Kings Chapel. To me it has been a refuge and a hope for many years. Does Henry like choral music?

I have been thinking over what you told me about P.B. accepting you as a disciple after such a very short acquaintance, especially in view of the fact that he has been busy writing to many people a complete repudiation of the position of Master. I am not his disciple and so I have not seen the mimeographed letter to which he refers. I am nothing whatever to him except a friend with a high personal regard for him and his quite unique and highly valuable work. But to save your being hurt, and I well know how deeply emotion is aroused by contact and meditation with him, there are a few things I would like to say to you. AND PLEASE SHATE THIS AND ALL MY LETTERS TO YOU WITH HENRY. P.B. has written a lot about this question, and then just lately he has revised his views and his position completely. I consider it a mark of his high integrity and his real greatness that he has done this. But P.B. has weaknesses. He once told me that a man's characteristics were not changed by his attaining Realization. He is very inexpert at

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<sup>263</sup> Page 341

<sup>264</sup> Author determined from address and context.

<sup>265</sup> "Copy for P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.

character reading, and only this year I have seen him discard a woman of lovely character who is devotedly translating his books for a woman of worthless character, and I do not think he knows he has done it.<sup>266</sup> Also he once told me that he always aroused misunderstanding wherever he went. This inability to read character quickly may be largely the reason for this. As you know I think no less highly of him because of this weakness, if anything it makes me feel it is the more necessary for me to stand by him both for his own sake and the sake of his work.

As you told me, and as I well know, gossip about him says many very discreditable things, and as I have so roundly and soundly told you by staying with him into the early hours and throughout one or more nights you have done him very serious disservice. Never do it again to any man, and especially one in the fierce light of public service, as he is. I can think of one of his woman friends who will probably come and skin you alive when I tell her this.

I once saw a priest sobbing his heart away because a 'reformed woman' flouted convention repeatedly in this way and in so doing brought his church into chaos and his work to an end. She was reformed, but she was too unbalanced and emotionally excited by contact with him to see what she was doing.

Now think back to that gossip about P.B. and perhaps you can see as I think I can what a lot of it is really worth. Also P.B. once said to me with great sadness "I stimulate people too much, it brings out everything both good and bad, and finally they turn and hate me." Now can you see as I can that the Perdue incident falls into this category, and that you must take equal share of the blame for it with Perdue.

My dear, you told me to be plain with you. If you can take this letter aright we shall be friends in life.

And this is what I am really coming to. It will not be<sup>267</sup> a great surprise to you now will it if you find that P.B. send you one of his mimeographed letters sooner or later. Don't be heartbroken if this happens. P.B. is not good at managing his human relationships, and this most sacred of them all is a severe trial to him. In my humble view he is very inexpert in his handling of it.

Please thank Henry for sending me his love. Please ask him if I may hear some of his music, in your flat perhaps, a little later, because my guests propose to stay until Sunday morning so I cannot possibly accept the very kind invitation to dinner on Saturday next.

With my love to you and every good wish,  
Yours sincerely,

**L26.347**

347 - 348  
Letter from {Nora Briggs} to Clarice  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge

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<sup>266</sup> "who is this?" is handwritten in the right margin.

<sup>267</sup> Page 345

6th Dec. 1950<sup>268</sup>

My dear Clarice,

Bless your dear self. I will tell you what I have said to P.B. about you. "I loved her the moment I saw her, and if she turns to me for help I will care for her as if she were my own daughter, which she is young enough to be." I said other things, of course, but nothing which need disturb anyone.

I only wanted you not to be hurt by any misunderstanding of P.B.'s position regarding the sacred relationship of Master and disciple. My direct way of saying things has evidently no hurt you, so if he is direct in any way you can also take it wisely. I am not his keeper, and I have no idea of what he will do at any time. I only know what he has done.

So not worry any more about Perdue, or about my spanking because of your disregard for the conventionalities. I observe them punctiliously, but I was also born with no inhibitions and I also have nothing which ties me to the conventional. I keep the rules because I see that much quite unnecessary suffering can be caused by not keeping them.

Your service to P.B. was a very good thing, and I am grateful to anyone who helps him and his work. Go right on with it if you can. But also keep an anxious eye towards his protection. Save him from gossip, talk very little about him, never tell anyone where he is or give them his address unless you have his permission to do so.

Yes, my dear, your great loving heart has brought you into sorrow and into joy. It would. But now you have seen wisdom, you will also see that the knocks and the bumps were all part of the training for the Life Divine.

A book which once gave me much help was "Kingdoms of the Spirit" by Claude Houghton.

Do about Henry whatever you think right and wise, but I would prefer him to see the letter.

After Christmas I want you to come and see my new treasure. He was nine weeks old last Sunday, and it has become necessary to give him a little food extra to his mother's milk. He will not take the bottle from her, so Granny has to give it. Yesterday he lay in my arms and laughed heartily at my persuading him to take milk from a bottle. We both were in fits of laughter. Eventually he took it, and I remembered the anthem "How beautiful are the feet of them that bring the gospel of Peace." I think he is bringing it.

God bless you and give Peace.

Clarice will send you a copy of her letter. It is {grand}. We can reduce the life sentence of banishment to a few years. Also she has thought again and revised her memory of what you said to her, which as now stated is quite the reverse of the first statement: You are protected, my dear friend.

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<sup>268</sup> "Copy for P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.



**L26.349**

349 - 350

Letter from Clarice to Mrs Briggs  
17 Norfolk Mansions., Prince of Wales Drive. S.W.11.  
Dec. 7 1950<sup>269</sup>

My dear Mrs Briggs,

Very many thanks for your sweet letter, which gives me much joy. I learnt a lot in the last few days, for which I am grateful to you - above all to distinguish carefully between the vital and the non-essential. Even the most fragmentary glimpse into the real truth immediately shows that there is nothing to fear, and even nothing to hurt. The rest is appearances.

Yes, I would dearly love to see your little one after Christmas. If I manage to get my Lullaby published, (a setting of Golden Slumbers), may I dedicate it to him?

With all my love,

Clarice

**L26.351**

351 - 352

Incomplete letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>270</sup> to Clarice  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
8th Dec. '50<sup>271</sup>

My dear Clarice,

What a lovely idea. I feel certain my daughter would accept the dedication on her son's behalf most joyfully. When his grandmother sings to him Robin certainly listens quite carefully, but granny's voice isn't what it used to be, and it is not yet clear whether Robins listening indicates a musical ear or plain fright.

Terence Robin Fellgett is his name, and my daughter is Mary with of Peter Fellgett, 16, The Homing, Meadowlands, Cambridge. When you are ready to write to Mary and offer it to her.

To mark your first day with us I am sending you two books by the two men you met at lunch in the Whim. Franklin Kidd, uncle of my daughter-in-law elect, was the man who sat on my left, and the man on your right hand was Frank Kendon. Both men are Fellows of St John's College. You will see how near in thought and understanding of ultimate values is Franklin Kidd to our loved P.B. In fact I have now introduced each to the other's books. Once P.B. in his naturally diffident, self-effacing way said to me "your

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<sup>269</sup> "for P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>270</sup> Author determined from address and context.

<sup>271</sup> "Copy for P.B." is handwritten at the top of the page.

friends will not read my books." Well, they are doing, and I believe to the mutual benefit of all.

It seems to me that some of Franklin's verse has a lyrical quality. Would it be set to music. There's an idea for you.

Yes, my dear, you have got the idea dead accurate. The living of The Quest is a continual assessing and reassessing, a refining and a perfecting of one's values. It has been called a razor's edge of a path. No one can hope to follow it without blundering about. Look at Apologia on P. 45 and see how Franklin puts it.

Contact with P.B. gives one the inner assurance the comfort and the joy of feeling the touch of The Overself. It is impossible to receive that without flooding love for the person who gives it, even though he insistently says he doesn't give it. Nor does he in a personal sense. But has so entirely and so gloriously made the turn over from egoic to universal - rather like his swivelling ring - that The Overself radiance is his radiance. If you think you can see how lone and how defenceless that makes P.B. When I say that he is a nit with in his human relationships I do not mean that he is a fool or anything of that kind. I mean that he only sees a person's potentialities, he does not look at them as they are now, or see how their immediate past trails after them and will probably hit him. He puts up no protection against it. He just sadly suffers it if it comes, and it often does come. One of the best of all services to him is so to order one's life and one's thoughts and feelings that people ...<sup>272</sup>

## L26.353

353 - 354

Letter from N.<sup>273</sup>

8. Luard Rd Cambridge

29.11.1950<sup>274</sup>

My dear Paul,

Your air letter of Nov 25th just received. I have a very busy morning ahead and must write this hurriedly. I have never seen the book "Atlantis Rising" and I was not the person who undertook to post it. Can you please give me the address of the person who undertook to return my folding table to Patters Bar.<sup>275</sup> If I know where {it} is I will take out far to London and collect it myself.

I sent you a long air letter yesterday in which Joachim occupies much more space than he deserves. I knew perfectly well that he was twisting and distorting your words to him, and I knew perfectly well why you sent him to me. I jumped to the danger of his use of your name around London and have done my best to put a stop to it. But I think a straight note to him about this is necessary from you. He writes me that he has been to

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<sup>272</sup> The following pages are missing.

<sup>273</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>274</sup> "Thank for butter arrived" is handwritten at the top of the page.

<sup>275</sup> Underlined in a different hand with an "X" in left margin and the handwritten note "done."

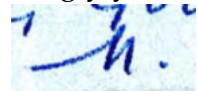
see {G.} Watkins, who is considering the ideas, but tells him the venture will need {at least £5000 capital.} {illegible} told me your instructions to him were that he must see me and get my views before he saw {G.W.}. I wrote {G.W.} at once, and told him Joachim was going to see him, and that I guessed your instructions about my seeing him first meant that you wished me to give my views to {G.W.} and this I promised to do verbally when next in London.<sup>276</sup> So that this but of the situations is under control. Joachim wants me to be "his spiritual guide" and to be this I must understand him perfectly, listen to his music and so on. Oh! dear! When I think that he was in the Intelligence Department of the British Army. I feel like someone said when seeing some {illegible} army recruit "Thank God we have a Navy."

I'll manage him. I am at least endowed with a send of humour.

My dear friend, I send those {Intimation} vouchers for the further postage of the letters across America. I didn't know you were still in N.Y.

Last evening here alone, I came again to illumination. It is a most assuring experience. I was sitting sewing, when the sweetness began softly in my heart and rose into compelling enfolding strength. God be praised.

Gratefully and lovingly yours



## L26.355

355 - 356  
Letter from N.  
8, Luard Rd Cambridge  
14.1.51

My dearest Friend

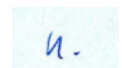
As has happened so often before, my letter is answered before it can have reached you.

I shall not see Ward.

What has the appearance of unreliability is really the changeability of moment to moment living by intuition. No one can cooperate with you in any long term manner who is not heart of your heart spirit, and any attempt to do so, even in the devoted way in which I have done is bound to fail. I never saw this until a moment ago.

God bless you and keep you in perfect peace,

As ever



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<sup>276</sup> "Urgent write Watkins" and "done" are handwritten in the left margin.

Do<sup>277</sup> you hold any British National Savings Certs. If so what is your number? If the holding is not more than 400.



**L26.357**

357 - 358  
Letter from N.  
8, Luard Rd Cambridge  
17.1.1951

My dear Friend

From Raschers this morning I have a letter saying that "A Search in Secret Egypt" was published by them in November 1950 under the German title "Geheimnisvolles Aegypten" therefore the addition to the prefatory cannot be included on this edition. Moreover they point out that the book has no prefatory, so that they need instructions about where to place it in the next reprint. My English copy of this book is a fifth impression (1936) and has a dedication to Prince Ismail {illegible}, and then goes straight into Chapter 1.

I have looked at the two chapters to which the note refers and I think they would be spoiled by any alteration or addition. I think the book {illegible} a little forward which includes the up to date information. At Christmas by way of Diplomatic {bags} we heard from {illegible} now back at {El Azhar} and he has not found any news of the Sheikh {Abu} {illegible}. Our Egyptian friends are very {faithful} despite present difficulties, and we had many communications from Cairo posted at London Airport; which means they came in the Embassy {illegible}.

Will you please consider this question of a forward, or a place in the text for the addition, and let me have your decision fairly soon.

As ever

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be a stylized 'h' or similar character, located below the text 'As ever'.

I<sup>278</sup> am sorry I did not notice before that the book had no prefatory

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be a stylized 'u' or similar character, located at the bottom right of the page.

**L26.359**

359 - 360  
Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>279</sup> to Emmy  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
18th May, 1951

Dear Emmy,

I am very glad to hear of the translation going so well. I am sure when you have finished it it will be a good translation.

p. 278 2t. Actually we do know more of the nature of the object than what it is in terms of sensation, i.e., idea.

I think the clue to the meaning here is in the i.e. (trams from the Latin - that is). The sentence could read - Actually in addition to our knowledge of the object in terms of sensation we know it in terms of idea. It means that in addition to feeling, hearing, seeing etc an object we have also a mental construct, or idea, of it.

I could amplify this more, but I hope this will make it clear to you. Please do not hesitate to question me further if you wish.

I can understand your life being changed as you say. It reminds me of the saying of Christ "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Myself." I think that real contact with P.B. stimulates us to live more closely from the Christ within.

Thank you, Robin continues to flourish in his sweetly happy way. He is trying to walk now. He pulls himself to his feet very easily and with much delight.

My husband is much better, but still under medical care. As soon as this term is over we shall go into the country so that he can rest. I think this time I shall take him into the Cotswolds. (All letters will be forwarded.)

Have you any plans when the translation is completed?

With every good wish,

**L26.361**

361 - 362  
Letter from {Nora Briggs}<sup>280</sup> to Emmy  
8, Luard Road, Cambridge  
10th July, 1951<sup>281</sup>

My dear Emmy,

I am very happy to have your letter and to know that despite all the difficulties you can reach inner peace at times.

I like the title you have finally chosen, and if Yoga must be in it then I think it is best in a subsidiary phrase as you have placed it, but I wish P.B. could have had it his

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<sup>279</sup> Author determined from address and context.

<sup>280</sup> Author determined from address and context.

<sup>281</sup> "Copy for P.B." is written at the top of the page.

own way. His own knowledge and understanding of "The Philosophy of Truth" is as wide as the world and inclusive as well as exclusive of all religions and systems now. But books have to be sold commercially and profitably, and no doubt Raschers understand their customers' needs.

It seems a great pity that Raschers are so unhelpful to you, but perhaps there are reasons for their attitude. I am told that in this country the publishing trade are having a very difficult time. Here I should think it is because with the "galloping inflation" as it is being called, there is a falling off in the sale of books, and a rise in the price of all that goes to make a book. It always seems to come back upon authors and there has been a lot of letters in The Times about the whole question of royalties and authors contracts. In your case it seems to be including translators. Also I am not surprised at the delay in publishing. I have never yet known a book to go through the press without some delay. Earlier this year when my husband was still very feeble after his illness he was urged to do some wood engraving for a little book which was said to be wanted quickly for this Festival Year. So he did them and now it seems unlikely the book will be out before next year, if then.

I hope you will get your repatriation soon and be free to take up your teaching again. It must be very hard to be patient, but I am quite sure P.B.'s advice to you would be that after you have done all that you can to make things come right leave them in the hands of God and accept with gratitude or with fortitude whatever comes and wring from it whatever lesson it may contain.

Robin is here staying with me now. He is asleep in his cot and I have just been up to look at him. It is the last time I shall have him before the family go to America. I shall have a great heartache when they have gone.

**L26.363**

363 - 364  
Letter from Bernard  
Tucson  
1947

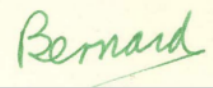
Dear P.B.,

I am writing this note to ask you respectfully to consider giving me a change of duties. I find certain limitations prevent me from working for you as I should have liked to work.

The defect of being super-sensitive to criticism is something that cannot be reasoned away. It is there and cannot be changed easily. Moreover, there is criticism which points out errors that can be corrected. To such criticism that shows the faults in order that such faults may be corrected, I have no objection. To object would be to show too much ego. But your criticism is phrased: "How can you be so forgetful, etc?" You are pointing to no fault that can be corrected under the circumstances under which I have to work. Therefore there is the feeling that the criticism is unjust. How can anyone not be forgetful under the conditions? P.B. gives me something to do. No sooner am I seated

in front of my typewriter, than you call me with the bell to notify me that you have made a small change in the previous instruction. Then when I am back again, ready to work, bing -- I am called to learn that P.B. has something very urgent to get out. Finally, after four or five bings, is it any wonder that I am forgetful of the third or fourth change to the second job you gave me? Then when you ask me with a note of irritation: "Why are you so forgetful?" isn't it reasonable for me to feel that the criticism is unjust? I do not mean to imply that I am not forgetful by nature, but I have gotten along very nicely with such a serious defect which I have had for years I had hoped that after being in this country awhile, you would modify your demands and not expect so much in a secretary. Well, one can't change overnight, I guess. So under the conditions, as I still wish to assist the work, in however limited a capacity, I respectfully that I be given some other work, perhaps straight typing, or perhaps something similar to the work Jim is doing, where I can do my best work without the handicap of psychological inhibitions.

To this note, I have to add a further remark that should you wish to disregard my request for a change of duties and still want me to continue as I am, I can only answer that I will do my very best under the circumstances. It is because I have been doing my very ultimate best under the circumstances that I am hit with the injustice of P.B.'s attitude. The thing is simple: "Can one do more than one's very best?"



## L26.365

365 - 370  
Incomplete letter from Bernard  
Undated

...<sup>282</sup> Although I may swerve at times from this attitude, this slight temporary swerving is due to human faults. I readily acknowledge that I must work to erase these faults. Anyway, what I mean is that under the attitude which I have imposed on myself in my relationship with P.B., it is entirely up to me to be a good chela, as far as possible. Regardless of P.B.'s actions, attitude, etc., it is upon myself that I must work. I accept everything in other words.

Under the second relationship, however, based on an entirely different motive, I find that I have criticism to make. P.B. must understand, however, that it is criticism made in order that I can assist more and not less, in the impersonal Work. It is not personal criticism of the petty fault-finding nature, but it is criticism based on the conviction that only good can come of it. I wish P.B. to understand thoroughly that I deplore the critical attitude in any would-be chela, and that it is not definitely a part of my mental make-up. My use of the word "criticism" is probably wrong. I merely wish to present a few facts for P.B.'s consideration, in the sincere wish that P.B. will consider

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<sup>282</sup> Previous pages may be missing.

these seriously, and then I will accept whatever P.B. decides. I feel that I will have done my duty. I am not interested in anything else.

Now to get to the point. Here is Bernard, who wishes to serve P.B. It is a sincere desire to serve P.B. in the impersonal Work. It is a desire to be part of that same current. Well --- does Bernard wish to be P.B.'s secretary? No, definitely not. The idea of Bernard working for P.B. as secretary originated with P.B. and not with Bernard. This secretarial idea is also maintained by P.B. and not by Bernard. Did Bernard object to it? No, Bernard did not object to it, because he has the conviction that if P.B. needs a secretary with certain qualifications, then if he will express the wish to Bernard, the latter will become that secretary with the requisite qualifications. Bernard recognises no limitation in what he can do or in what he can become. P.B. on the other hand, talks limitation to B., and B. has to accept what he does not feel. There are inherent karmic limitations which no amount of mental gymnastics can hurdle. Before these limitations, I bend my head in humble agreement. But I certainly do not bend my head before an obstacle like the learning of grammar and syntax, or the necessary acquirement of polish and suavity which P.B. may deem it necessary for his secretary to have. However, we are not interested in what B. may become --- we would like to know what present qualifications he has at present.

When an employer wishes to hire someone, he first inquires about the latter's qualifications. P.B. did not do this with Bernard. Bernard tried to acquaint P.B. with his past experience and qualifications, but P.B. paid no attention. This lack of attention to these details is probably good discipline for such a self-centred aspirant as Bernard, and it is good to shatter his ego at times. But it does not help the Work. For the good of the Work, B.'s qualifications should be understood and used to the best advantage. Well, what experience has Bernard had? He has worked in offices for about sixteen years. He has been personal secretary to executives in the Navy, but mostly he has done what could best be described as "office management." He has taken offices in a run-down condition, with a bewildering confusion of detail which no one could straighten out, where everything was delay and frayed nerves and confusion. In a few weeks' time, through organization and office efficiency, he has changed such bedlams into a quiet orderly, efficient offices, where system and order prevailed, where everyone knew where everything was. It was after such organizational job that I obtained the leave of absence in 1938 to come to Hollywood to see P.B., a sort of reward for work well done. Incidentally, that particular office had an intricacy of detail and correspondence. Everything was gone over, itemized, standardized and indexed. The result was that whereas previously it took three clerks to work there, frequently working overtime in the evenings, when I got through with it, there was not enough to do for {more}<sup>283</sup> than myself and another. I had so much time on my hands that I took over the publication of the weekly magazine which was given me. I am only mentioning one<sup>284</sup> of the several organizational jobs that I had to perform in my sixteen years of office work.

Here are B.'s qualifications for any work that P.B. may have, but he has not availed himself of these unusual skills. B. has witnessed with amazement and sorrow the

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<sup>283</sup> This word is illegible because the page is folded.

<sup>284</sup> Page 367



spectacle of P.B.'s fretting and fussing with small details which could be handled so easily and efficiently by B. Why on earth should P.B. spend precious time and energy and mental force on little details which sap him? Well, they do not seem to sap him. It seems that P.B. has an inexhaustible supply of energy both physical and mental, and that he can cope with small details as well as large problems. Granted that that is the case at present, I can see approaching very rapidly the time when the pressure of detailed work will become larger and larger, greater and greater. Should P.B. continue to furl and fret and labour at these small things? Force of circumstances alone will compel him to delegate unimportant things to others? Why does he not begin to do so now, when it is so easy to avail himself of the qualifications of one who can take these off his {shoulders} to a certain extent, of course.

In Palm Springs, Bernard began to urge P.B. to modernize his correspondence system. After several weeks, no change had been made. P.B. wishes to be his own office manager. With due respect, I must state as a fact that P.B. is not qualified for that. If he wishes to follow European and Indian methods of working, then naturally there is no change to be made. If however, he wishes to Americanize his methods, he must turn over the job to someone who is qualified, and he must not interfere.

P.B. has called Bernard a Elbert Hubbard disciple. Well, one saying of Hubbard has stayed in my mind. It is his statement to "Hold the Thought -- but Hustle." I know of only one way to make dreams come true, and that is by taking off one's shirt and sweating at hard work. Hard work is my specialty. I am willing to work for P.B. as I would be willing to work for no employer. Why doesn't P.B. let me?

Perhaps P.B. does not know that B. dislikes office work. I have done so much of it that I am sick of it. Yet, the measure of my sincerity and sacrifice can be gauged by the fact that I will do for P.B.'s work what I would do for no one else, not even for myself.

The gist of my entire criticism is that P.B. is using or has been using about fifteen percent of Bernard's present worth. As for my future, as I said before, I recognize no limitation. I acknowledge that I am gauche at times, socially awkward, self-centred, etc., but I do not acknowledge that I cannot be just the opposite. The ideal secretary for P.B. would have been a person like Ted Spicer. Such a secretary would reflect credit on P.B. and on the work. As he is unavailable now, P.B. must wait until the right person comes along. In any case, when his secretary shows up, such a person would doubtless be used as contact man with the world. There would still remain a great deal of work which this secretary would be either averse to doing, or incapable of doing.

As I said before, I do not wish to be P.B.'s secretary. Let P.B. tag me with the title of "Typing assistant," which would suit me fine. Or even "the husband of my housekeeper." But whatever title I get, let P.B. make the most of my services. In the chela-guru relationship, I do not mind being regarded as a Hindu servant. But for the sake of the Work, should I not in addition be used conveniently to lessen P.B.'s work, since I am there at hand.

So you see, my criticism is not criticism after all. It is perhaps a prayer to be used more in small things, so that P.B. will have more time himself for the big things.

Devotedly,<sup>285</sup>



Bernard.<sup>286</sup>

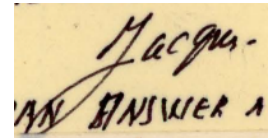
## L26.371

371 - 372

Incomplete letter from Jacques Masson and note from Diana  
C/o Mr B Morriss, 9115 Leander Place, Beverly Hills, California 90210

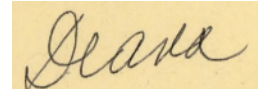
Undated

...<sup>287</sup> I also want to thank you for the spiritual help you gave me when I first met you 35 years ago. Now I need your help again (spiritual help). You must help me reach the Absolute can you? I am 68 y. old now. I haven't much time to lose. Only you can help me now!



You can answer at J.V. Masson  
C/o Mr B. Morriss  
9115 Leander Place  
Beverly Hills  
California 90210  
Tel: (213) 273 5958

much love from the deepest your



## L26.373

373 - 376

Letter from {Opal} Macrae<sup>288</sup>  
2111 Hyde Street, San Francisco, California 94109<sup>289</sup>

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<sup>285</sup> Page 369

<sup>286</sup> "Bernard told Jacques "I cannot work with PB because he is neurotic hard to please and changes his mind too often." is inserted in a different hand below the signature.

<sup>287</sup> Previous lines are missing because the page has been cut.

<sup>288</sup> "Mrs John Macrae" appears in the letterhead.

<sup>289</sup> Address appears in the letterhead.

March 23rd<sup>290</sup>

Dear Paul Brunton,

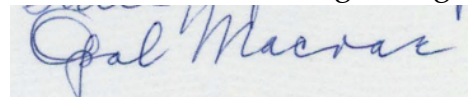
You have no doubt heard of the death of Elliott Macrae a great shock to us all. The seriousness of his illness was kept from everyone, the cancer giving him deep suffering for long months.

Are you planning to come to U.S. this year? I do hope that you will find your way to California and we can have some satisfying conversations. You<sup>291</sup> might be interested in my experience at the ashram of Sathya Sai Baba at Prasanthi Nilayam not too far from Bangalore in India. Three months was deeply enlightening and I translated the teachings of Baba into English and went to Bombay for three months to see to the publication of the book. Seven months in Hong Kong working with the blind was deeply rewarding.

Do come to California! I long to talk with you.

My kindest wishes always.

Sincere greetings



March 23rd

**L26.377**

377 - 378

Form letter from Paul Brunton

Undated<sup>292</sup>

Your letter was carefully, sympathetically read.

However I regret that owing to advanced age, retirement from public activities and further withdrawal into spiritual retreat, it is no longer possible to reply directly to readers of give personal interviews; hence the need of this printed form.

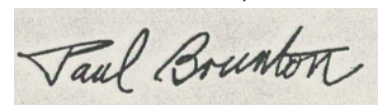
Concerning your personal problem: have you tried to turn it over to the Higher Power? This is worth doing before using the normal human means open to you, and also after you have tried them.

Remember the Quest includes not only difficulties but also compensatory joys.

Peace and Light are the promise it holds if you persist to the end.

You have my benign thoughts for your inner welfare.

Yours, in Peace



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<sup>290</sup> The date appears on page 375

<sup>291</sup> Page 375

<sup>292</sup> There are many handwritten symbols on the right side of the page.

**L26.379**

379 - 380  
Duplicate of L41.177

**L26.381**

381 - 382  
Letter from Mail Secretary to Dr Paul Brunton to Mrs Syfert  
Box 339, Times Square Station, New York 36, N.Y.  
Undated

On behalf of Dr Brunton, dear Mrs Syfert...

who, as you can see from the enclosed notice, is unable to attend to correspondence, may I answer your questions of August 24?

1. Dr Brunton is semi-retired and does not give lectures.

2. A milk-product diet is vastly preferable to a flesh diet. Many vegetarians obtain their protein from cheese and nuts and thus find no need to eat meat. The true vegan eats no animal-derived product but, as you say, this is difficult to do for the average person. Thus, it is a matter of degree... and it is certainly much better in every way to give up, flesh-eating-especially when your own sensitivity encourages you to do so.

3. There is an old saying in the East: "When the student is ready, the teacher will appear." And, if one does not find a teacher on the physical plane, then God is not helpless and can operate directly. The careful attentive reading of books written by one in whom one has faith can be effective.

Yes, the Overself is the Christ within. It is what Jesus and the other great spiritual leaders found. And it is what you yourself can contact as you have already, for the divine spirit resides in every one of us. Encourage those beautiful moments when it reveals itself to you in meditation for they are truly windows opening onto the higher life.

While the Church does not stress the value of meditation and indeed the average religious person is not ready for it, yet this is what Christian mystics have practiced and experienced - as have Buddhists and Hindus.

With best wishes for your spiritual growth and welfare.

MAIL SECRETARY  
to Dr Paul Brunton

**L26.383**

383 - 384  
Incomplete letter from Richard R. Knowles  
Undated

...<sup>293</sup> One more incident will amuse you I am sure. It happened in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. While there a young woman burst into the chamber. She was crying out "I must see where he slept. I must." Her guide was trying to hurry her as her party was waiting. I immediately realized what she wanted. I went over to where she stood looking into the sarcophagus. I said "You are thinking of Dr Brunton?" She looked at me surprised and startled and we had a brief conversation while her guide pestered her to return to her waiting group. Oh, these people who stay in Cairo for two days! But bless her heart she tried.

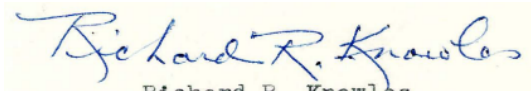
I wrote to you some years ago and your secretary wrote that you were "traveling in China." I think of you often and wonder where you are. I check the bookstores often but I have found nothing since "The Spiritual Crisis of Man."

Your books have become much more clear in the last few years than they were when I met you. Natural I suppose. I have also found much help in "The Life Divine" by Sri Aurobindo. Plus his many volumes of letters.

I would be greatly pleased to have a line from you. What happened to Myron. His younger brother stopped in to see me many times while I was at Sears. Then his suddenly stopped. I have often wondered why.

I cannot thank you enough for the many years of help I have received from your writing. With best regards I am,

Most sincerely yours,



Richard R. Knowles

Richard R. Knowles.

**L26.385**

385 - 386

Letter to {Bernard} and note from Jack to Kenneth

Undated

{Vick} was here for my birthday she does not look good at all this morning she {illegible} saying she wants to travel... to Paris... and... Israel!!! But she can't even go anywhere by herself.

{Charles} Diana is now too sick to have visitors, hopefully she will improve later.

Jeff finished his book before leaving it will have dozens of photographs.

Re P.B.<sup>294</sup> and myself when I met him I knew nothing about spiritual matters and told him so, slowly slowly he taught me, but never gave me the highest truth guess I was not ready for it, so I will always be grateful to him and bless him.

Kenneth<sup>295</sup>

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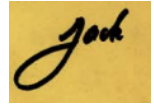
<sup>293</sup> "-2-" is typed at the top of the page; previous page is missing.

<sup>294</sup> Underlined in a different hand.

<sup>295</sup> Page 386, the rest of this letter is written in a different hand.

This is a copy of a letter just sent to Bernard about P.B.

Regards



**L26.387**

387 - 388

Letter from Paul Brunton to James H. Crawford  
care THOS. Cook & SON Ltd., Postbox 191, Madras, India

June 18, 1943

To: - James H. Crawford,  
1st. Mus.  
United States Coast Guard Academy,  
28 School Street  
New London, Conn., Conn. U.S.A.

Dear Mr Crawford

Thank you for the kind words in your letter. It is encouraging to hear that the books have been helpful to you. The new book about which you enquire is called "The Wisdom of the Overself" and is now available in print.

The feeling which you have about the writer is a correct one, however inexplicable it seems to ordinary sense. There is however a perfectly rational explanation but this unfortunately cannot be set down here. But one day I shall be free to return to America and then you may learn it.

What you say about the world's present need is true enough. It is however changing before our eyes, although at the price of unparalleled human agony. The divine arms still enfold us and the divine love is still there. We shall not be left bereft. Those who have learnt the spiritual lessons of this war by the time peace arrives, will be able to profit by mystical presences which will then manifest themselves. But those who have not done so, who have missed these lessons, will have to share the responsibility for the further troubles which may occur to themselves individually and to humanity collectively.

You have my good wishes in your personal aspirations. If you want to put any questions arising out of your studies in these books you may send them to or through my friend, My Myron Frantz, to whom I am mailing this letter by air for delivery to you. His address is 615 East Leland, Chevy Chase, Maryland.

With this I send my peace,



**L26.389**

389 - 390

Letter from M. Daniel Franz<sup>296</sup>  
1 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y.  
8 Feb., 149

Dear P.B.,

I had hoped to be in Cal., before now but events have determined otherwise. There are many questions that suggest themselves; true some of these dissolve in the unfolding pattern of experience but some can only be vanquished by you.

To say that I am overwhelmed by good fortune is to profane what can only be expressed with all humility in inner rededication to a more spiritual expression of existence. This inward evolution is in compassion accepted with an inner peace and a degree of serenity that precludes questions. During such benign intervals one understands that it is indeed futile to thresh about intellectually on this endless pattern of Gordian knots which the Higher Self (and/or Powers) alone can untie, Effort remains to be expended but not on one's self posing of future situations - only what lies at hand to be done. Even that must be reduced by discernment to what is necessary - not merely what appears as such.

The relaxation which you counselled now seems on the verge of manifesting in a meaningful manner. Doubtless it is an expression of the emerging state of mind. Now can I hope to live more and more in the moment. How a divorce will come about, when and how a marriage, where and when to move, how to deal with the local bar, how to deal with my associates and how to live with my colleague are all beyond the reach of Daniel tonight - and every night. The opportunities for right action with respect to these and all other situations, however, will present themselves from minute to minute in whatever manner and form the Overself shall decree.

There is an inconsistency between the last sentence of the first paragraph and the preceding paragraph. It disappears with the recognition that however well one lives the minutes personal limitations will continue to distract and the ego will continue to confuse. Hence something will always remain that can only be vanquished by P.B. Yet even here one believes that this is less to be discerned by this which seeks than by THAT which enlightens.

**L26.391**

391 - 398

Letter from Paul Brunton to Tony Howlet  
c/o Allen's Service, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, U.S.A.  
March 13, 1951<sup>297</sup>

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<sup>296</sup> Name and address appear in the letterhead.

<sup>297</sup> "Letter, 13th March 1951, from Paul Brunton to Tony Howlet" is handwritten at the top of the page in a different hand.

My Dear Tony,

The Danish book volume III has arrived safely at last you will be relieved to know. Thank you. You well know that volume II was delivered to Mr Butler of Rider & Co. Will you keep in touch with him so that when he is finished with it it is sent to me and not returned to Copenhagen by mistake?

An old friend of mine was recently appointed head of the personnel department, Oriental section of Unesco. He is compiling a register of persons available for appointments through Unesco on individual missions or as members of delegations. The field covers every Oriental country from Turkey to Japan. The work is connected with education and is an attempt to improve the standards of the supposedly backward countries. The jobs are well paid and may last from six months to three years according to the individual case. I have been asked to recommend suitable persons for these jobs. I do not know, but if you think you could fit into this work in some way and would like to, please write directly to my friend (who incidentally is not a Questor -- but a devout Jesuit) mentioning my name. His address is: Prof. W.G. Eagleton, Department of Education, UNESCO, 19, Avenue Kleber, Paris (16.)

In view of the special circumstances which exist in your case, that is the unselfish cooperation which you gave in the relief of my burden of work, I<sup>298</sup> am breaking my rule about photographs and send you one today by sea mail.

Concerning the termination of your attachment to the Swiss girl, you will be correct in regarding this result as fate-ordained, so it has to be accepted as such. However, you are still young and you do not know what the future will bring you in this line.

The book on Atlantis was received, and although I have known of it for many years, this is a much improved edition. Thank you.

I have read Duke's autobiography. The night he spent in the Great Pyramid happened in a year subsequent to that in which I performed the same feat. We had a mutual friend in Yates Brown who told him about what I did at the time it occurred.

So far I have had more activity than retreat, but next week I leave New York for some work in Ohio and Chicago after which I expect to settle down in California to write the new book. When that is finished I have to go to Mexico. So the real retreat will be, I hope, in California.

You ask my opinion upon the step you have taken in your career. As a temporary measure it seems well advised, but I feel that you have yet to find your real work in life. Until you can see your own way to it more clearly or until it is thrust upon you from outside by fate, it is not essentially important as to what you labor at for the purpose of earning your livelihood. Incidentally in this connection you might consider the matter which you once told me of rejecting help from your father, that is if he is still willing to make you an allowance. There<sup>299</sup> is nothing unethical in your acceptance of it until the time comes when you can stand financially fully on your own feet. A partial dependence

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<sup>298</sup> Page 393

<sup>299</sup> Page 395



on him, in view of the nature of the profession for which you were educated is quite in order and quite pardonable, whether viewed spiritually or materialistically. Do not let pride which is a fault of the need of self-reliance which is a virtue persuade you otherwise.

Thank you for your offer of service. I shall bear it in mind if anything needs to be done in England.

You may not realize it, but you will eventually go further in this spiritual quest than you believe yourself to be capable of doing. In your case progress will come through well defined spurts at intervals rather than through slow plodding steps. You have as good an equipment as most young men I know to come into closer communion with the Overself, so never let self doubts, emotional moods of repression, or personal weaknesses dismay you into thinking<sup>300</sup> that you can not do so. You can see for yourself to what a wretched pass civilization in the West and even the static society of the East have come because egoism, whether operating with or without a religious background, rules the world. The only cure for it, in the end, is the quest. Since the world will not take this cure suffering and catastrophe are the ordained alternatives. It is the men and women of your age who must fit themselves spiritually to act as pioneers for the period of reconstruction which will follow catastrophe. We have to face the fact that the present day humanity is doomed, that the larger part of it will disappear through violence or pestilence from this planet within our own life-time, though not as soon as most people think. But those who can put themselves in harmony with the Universal Life-Force will be<sup>301</sup> useful to its purposes and will be preserved. This Force is neither blind nor un-intelligent. The events of our time are heavily fraught with a deeper meaning as I predicted they would be many years ago in the closing chapter of "The Secret Path."

You may count on whatever little help I can become a humble channel for.

Affectionately, and with my peace

P.B.

**L26.399**

399 - 400

Incomplete letter from {Unknown}

Apt. 3b 47 E 74 NYC 21

December 9, 1951

Dear P.B.,

This letter is being composed because it is only fitting that it should, so long deferred, at last be written. It is merely to express my forthcoming withdrawal from personal self interest to the fullest degree that an awakening will, a growing recognition of limitations due to personal weaknesses and the mercy of a beneficent Providence will

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<sup>300</sup> A handwritten bracket is inserted in the left margin from here to the end of the paragraph.

<sup>301</sup> Page 397

permit. Whatever years yet remain are to be spent outwardly, insofar as Life will allow, in the effort to expiate so much of the misdeeds as I now comprehend together with such other useful work as may be possible in existing circumstances. It will be little enough at best for an unparalleled and continuing manifestation of Grace which fell on such stony ground, ground which lacked even the simple virtues and which failed to manifest even the minimum qualities.

Had it not been for the Compassion of a P.B., I would now be so appalled that only a retreat to monastic seclusion would have provided any respite. But this alas would but leave the disastrous consequences to continue without reparation now and postpone needlessly the job which must be done. Nor do I delude myself that remedial action now, however all embracing of time and energy, can fully or substantially accomplish the righting of the injuries which have been done by this ego but a start can be made. Meanwhile, in some respects even more important, it must be recognized that much of the consequences of these misdeeds have fallen on your shoulders with all the detriment to your time, energy and effort that implies. This then becomes another debt which I can only discharge in some acceptable coin as Life now, and in future incarnations, will permit.

How so to live, where to begin and what to do I shall have to learn from Life and I do not expect it to be anything but arduous. But at last I can at least begin with a sense of unifying purpose which in my blindness has heretofore been lacking. Nor am I now proclaiming that such blindness has ended and that at last I have found the Way. Of course there is little of achievement in the tiny fragment of Understanding manifested and even that slender but would have been only Fate knows how many lifetimes away but for P.B. Such distortions as I can now perceive go so deep through the ego that I can only expect to keep on finding more of them and more about them for unguessable time. But however overwhelming such a conclusion better is dismaying prospects than further fatuous folly.

Nothing I could say would express my awareness of benefit derived from and through you and again such awareness cannot be more than a hint of how much more it will come to be. Let then my inner

## L26.401

401 - 402

Letter from P.B. to Tony Howlett  
c/c Grindlays Ltd, 54 Parliament St, S.W.1.  
December 1952<sup>302</sup>

Dear Tony,

this is to wish you and {Fredd} and to express my sincere hope that in the coming year both will come closer to the fulfilment of life's best purpose.

I shall be happy to hear at any time how you are getting on.

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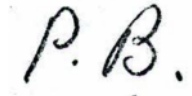
<sup>302</sup> "Letter, December 1952, from Paul Brunton to Tony Howlett" is inserted at the bottom of the page in a different hand.

I have been travelling and working in India since September. My mission is successful in result.

Evangeline remained behind in Holland, working hard to perfect her secretarial qualifications, and learning rapidly that surrender which the higher phases of the Quest requires. She is very happy will rejoin me as soon as I am back to the West on the completion of my mission here.

I write from Travancore, on the southern top of India {surrounded} by coconut palms everywhere.

With my peace and affection



**L26.403**

403 - 404

Letter to from {PB}<sup>303</sup> Mr Preston J. Brogen  
P.O. Box 34, Cooper station, New York 3, N.Y.  
2 October, 1953

Mr Preston J. Brogan  
2032 East 90 Street  
Cleveland 6  
Ohio<sup>304</sup>

The reason for the suggestion, Mr Brogen...

that my books be read in sequence is that when they are read in correct order, the book more closely corresponds to the reader's own spiritual development.

The exercises given in the earlier books are suitable for you at this time. You are right in assuming the practices and study of the later books to be more advanced work, and I suggest that you refrain from attempting them now.

Your present study should follow a slow and careful course. Do not try to rush things, since this will only lead to misunderstanding and wasted effort. Apply what has been learnt from your reading to your daily life, accompanying your endeavours by a firm determination to bring about the inner change of character which is the basis and beginning of our work.

You are to be congratulated, Mr Brogen, for having, in these unsettled times, appreciated the inner support to be gained from this Philosophy.

Peace be with you!

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<sup>303</sup> Author determined from the address and context.

<sup>304</sup> Address appears at the bottom of the page.

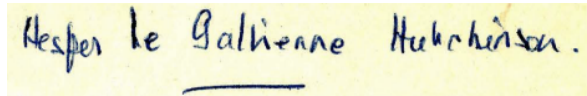
**L26.405**

405 - 406  
Letter from Hesper le Galienne Hutchinson  
W. Redding Conn.  
Dec: 20th 1953

To P.B.

The {Gwin}

He came into my room and sat  
Among my sacred things a while.  
There was great blessing in his eyes  
And benediction in his smile.  
Few words we spoke, yet much was said,  
And after he had gone I knew  
That in this quiet room I'd met  
One of the Few.



Hesper le Galienne Hutchinson.

**L26.407**

407 - 408  
Incomplete letter from J.V. Masson<sup>305</sup>  
838 Mokulua Dr., Lanikai, Hawaii<sup>306</sup>  
May 20, 1955

P.B.,

Your letter was so welcome and we appreciate all the news.

We all certainly did enjoy ourselves and loved every minute of your stay here. But it was more than enjoyment, it was golden opportunity! We mailed the enclosed letter and thus far no calls for you.

We are definitely leaving Hawaii either the 13th by Lurline if that should come through, or else by United Airlines on the eve of the 15th. Also we have reservations out of New York on the "Liberte" Aug. 3rd and so Europe and India seem to be our next destination.

The days are absolute jewels with intense blue skies, warm sunshine and delightful cool breezes.

Saw Don Blanding on the beach one Sunday and talked for awhile. The kids met him too and were hypnotized by his enormous opus. It was spilling all over everything

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<sup>305</sup> "M" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>306</sup> Name and address appear in the letterhead.

out of his tight bathing trunks. He asked about you and remarked, "My, what a power is wrapped up in a small envelope." ...<sup>307</sup>

## L26.409

409 - 410  
Duplicate of L26.411

## L26.411

411 - 412  
Personal account of PB by {Unknown}  
October 11, 1959

It was Columbus Day. I sat late that night with P.B. in a coffee shop in New York City. "If you have gone as far as a human being can," I asked, "I suppose you won't be incarnating on earth again?" "As far as I know," he said, "this will not be my last incarnation on earth." "You mean you're volunteering to return?" I asked. "Do you think any of us volunteer?" he replied. I knew what he meant. When you have surrendered your will to God, then you do his will.

P.B. was leaving that week for Australasia. "We will miss you," I said "even though we try to know the inner P.B. the sheep naturally miss their shepherd." "The shepherd and the sheep analogy used by Jesus," he said, "it belongs to the realm of religion. The shepherd represents the personal leader whom the sheep follow blindly. In philosophy our goal is not to be blind; we try to emulate the shepherd so we can become shepherds ourselves."

"I have had more personal contact with you than anyone else during this lifetime," I said, "yet I have failed to take full advantage of my opportunities. I have failed you, and myself." "You have done what you could," P.B. said, "you have done what your personality allowed you to do, all the tendencies you brought over with you." But I couldn't help thinking of dozens of other students who would have jumped at the chance to spend as much time with him as I have.

## L26.413

413 - 414  
Letter from L. E. Daniels<sup>308</sup>  
Australia  
28 DEC 1962<sup>309</sup>

Dear Sir,

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<sup>307</sup> The following lines are missing because the page has been cut.

<sup>308</sup> "D" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>309</sup> Postmarked date.

Approximately 6 months ago I wrote you what I now consider a rather {coarse} letter of appreciation on your writings. I now apologise for my flagrant breach of etiquette.

In the last 6 months I have had time to study your writings most deeply, words could never convey the respect I have for these axiomatic masterpieces. I can only hope that more people in the world can discover your literature.

Since putting into practice the teachings of The Secret Path my intuition has developed to such a transcendental state that every waking moment is pure joy; a state of living in the ever present NOW, with enough grace for the strength required for that NOW.

I hope I am conveying to you exactly what I mean; perhaps I could best describe by saying that there is now no desire or distraction of any kind (which used to affect me). that can ever detach me from this state.

Not being one for writing Sir, it is difficult for me to express myself. However I should like you to know that your words were very much appreciated by myself. I have never seen any literature of a spiritual nature that can even come near your works, I am convinced that Psychology, Science, Biology etc. etc. etc. ... all stand in the shadow of Philosophy.

I am also convinced that through renunciation of selfish and base desires as one evolves spiritually the more temptation is thrown in one's way, and<sup>310</sup> in refusing to yield to some, (having by grace the strength to do so) one reaches such a high detached state wherein all doors are open; this is the most dangerous time, it is in this state that such freedom is most dangerous because evil dressed up as goodness and purity makes the largest doorway most attractive and natural and "Let He take Heed lest he really fall." However Sir knowing that praise and flattery are far below the both of us I just wanted you to know that your writings are definitely not in vain, they shall I feel sure come into front rank prominence at a much later date when men realize the futility of "Labouring for the meat of this world" of the enslaving trap of passions materiality etc; at this stage I shall express my best wishes to you a Merry Xmas and a most sincere desire to see you write more books.

Yours Faithfully

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Leo Danes". The signature is written in a cursive style. Below the signature, there is a small red stamp that says "DHEXIVE".

**L26.415**

415 - 418  
Letter from {illegible} {Brownson}  
England  
19-8-63<sup>311</sup>

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<sup>310</sup> Page 414

<sup>311</sup> PB inserted "Keep" and "a mystic experience which came in surprise and unprepared" by hand at the top of the page.

Dear Dr Brunton.

I feel I should like to write to thank you for your book "A Hermit in the Himalayas." I found it wonderful, because it was as though you were writing out of some experience of I {own} - something that I have never been able to share or discuss with anyone.

I hear you are living in the west, and if it were possible I would very much like to meet you.

Unlike you, my first experience came when I was quite unprepared - except that like you I was staying, alone in a very remote and beautiful place - It was in France.

I {waked} in the night in what seemed to be another dimension - There was a sense of absolute weightlessness, well being and peace.<sup>312</sup> Thought was quick since it no longer needed the slow thinking brain mechanism - distance did not prevent communication. There was complete lack of effort,<sup>313</sup> a sense of strength and of being one with all the beauty of nature, and<sup>314</sup> I was also receiving a message. I {lived} {there}, in a happiness I had never before {illegible}, for 4 weeks - the only shadow was that I should have to return to England to carry out certain arrangements - but I felt so strong and did not believe that this peace and vision could ever again leave me under any condition. I also felt, (as you must in writing that book) that it was a message I could carry too others.

It lasted for 2 weeks after returning to England. In order to return to France as I have been told, I had to make changes which affected the lives of others, and the desires of others. Suddenly I questioned, "was I right?" "was it selfish?" Then a conflict, and loss of confidence in myself and my own reality, and complete darkness.

I did no good to anyone whereas what I had been told to do gave purpose to life - I'm realising my own spiritual being. I became I think 'cause,' and not effect.<sup>315</sup>

It would have been good to have had your book then, or to have been able to talk with you - yet I feel I should have been able to have remained unafraid and gone on alone.

<sup>316</sup> made life for myself so difficult, the main experience of France was the depth and awareness of love and understanding. It fulfilled without needing the personal individual love I had known with my late husband. this was so deep I did not need the actual presence of another to make it possible - though I did feel I needed beauty of untouched nature and a certain setting in which I could remain and grow. Perhaps the experience came because I found myself exactly where I wanted to be - and so I was in present time not wanting to live in the past or future, but just 'be' in the natural beauty of where I was - One thing I know, that state was reality, as opposed to a world full of delusion.

I found it again in Kerala South India, where I went after the death of someone greatly loved. Again we had the same simplicity and natural beauty - and it was where

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<sup>312</sup> A vertical line is inserted in the left margin by this sentence in a different hand.

<sup>313</sup> Underlined in a different hand.

<sup>314</sup> Page 416

<sup>315</sup> A vertical line is inserted in each margin by this paragraph in a different hand.

<sup>316</sup> Page 417

I wanted to stay - unfortunately my host had to leave,<sup>317</sup> so I was only there 2 weeks - and {Cochin} after it again came as a shock of unreality. I travelled many thousands of miles with my body - but the only real travelling came in those 2 still weeks in Kerala as it was in France.

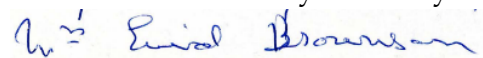
Is it difficult, or is it quite easy?<sup>318</sup> I am merely using the wrong effort turning the key in the wrong direction? Perhaps being afraid to let go the world of action and practical {illegible} at which I am good?

There are times when I feel I'm walking in two different directions at the same time, and it makes it that I don't reach the destination along wither road.

I want to know more of truth, to meet others who want to know. I want to know why we all behave so {insanely} in this very beautiful world -

I hope you will find time to answer me and perhaps to meet.

Yours very sincerely<sup>319</sup>



## L26.419

419 - 424

Letter from L.E. Daniels<sup>320</sup>

7. Henderson St, New - Lambton, Newcastle, N.S.W., Australia

19/2/64

Dear Dr Brunton,

What an exhilarating and agreeable surprise to receive a letter from yourself Sir! But first let me welcome you home to England - yes from here in Australia - I trust you had a good trip, possibly spent in blissful reverie.

Your letter did quite a lot for me - it seemed incredible from the one man or the only man whose works I regard so high (adjectives fail here) I have got and am still getting so much out of your works and to receive a letter from the author it's probably just as well you didn't drop in as the shock would have been too much - but I certainly would have like to shake hands with you and meet you. {Its} still incredible the Author who recorded so many experiences The Pyramids India Himalaya with such faultless pen and courage was actually down under here!

And thank you so much for your advice on the meatless diet and more joyous attitude etc., I've come along way on the Quest since my first contact with your works "The Inner Reality" destiny lead me to it; Surprisingly you mentioned things going much better materially when dedicated to Truth - My material position has increased so much in the last two years that it is embarrassing - Nevertheless as long as I am in constant contact with Christ and his words (what you call the overself) nothing material can

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<sup>317</sup> Page 418

<sup>318</sup> Underlined in a different hand with a handwritten symbol in the left margin.

<sup>319</sup> PB inserted "Excellent description" by hand at the bottom of the page.

<sup>320</sup> "D" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.



greatly affect the real self - The experience I had that I mentioned to yourself Sir: - the memory of that night shall never leave me when I quite rigid and heart palpitating madly tears streaming down my face laying on my bed singing out Father, Father.

I am sure you are familiar with what I mean.

Each one of your works is a masterpiece in every way it is my contention that as time goes on they shall be recognised more and more in fact will become immortal.

You have done a wonderful service to have written so many and not from the armchair either - You are very widely read down here and definitely appreciated.

As I mentioned years ago I consider you should write more even tape record your thoughts - One last condensed book say on Yoga and Breathing for Meditation with a brief run through on the most {latter} part of the Bible Revelations also practical advice for Mystics

You<sup>321</sup> Dr Brunton are the only Philosopher worth while in the world to-day - I often debate with a couple of Rosicrucians who claim that you are in their Order; What do you think of this Order? For my part your works and the New Testament are sufficient to live continually in the Overself.

I find also that the series of coincidences in one's life is bordering on the miraculous For instance what you wrote about Charles Chaplin in a hermit in the Himalayas July 1937!! Well I read this one Saturday Afternoon, that night I saw Charles Chaplin film "Limelight" 1963 January, now {talkies}; but the conversation "It took millions of years to bring you into being" "Life is a vibrating force" Rocks Trees etc etc; your very ideas Sir 26 year later! Now talking<sup>322</sup>

I must relate an incident which comes to my thoughts: - it happened after my reading (absorbing) your Hermit in the Himalayas I was at that time so very successful and stopping my thoughts, {Intellect} that the next day found I was completely in an intuitive condition - So decided to go to work next day and try letting the body carry on whilst still letting the intellect remain still; an observer so to speak. At that time in control was one of those tyrannical Dictators with strong ego motives and sadistic. He came rushing up about something and when I calmly looked into his eyes he literally wilted it was as though he was spiritually cringing and from then on he could not look me in the eyes but adopted a somewhat timid attitude to-ward myself almost apologetic. Several others noticed it - all also the more rowdy and vocally incessant types could not look me in the face whilst talking - I mention this Dr Brunton as you are aware not for reasons of self aggrandizement but for your information; for you see I am convinced you can say what you mean without speaking, and most times more effectively.

Through your works; like others I have been able to see into the essentials of Spirituality from all over the world also the manner in which you slice through half baked Scientific Theories and Speculations is most stimulating

I should certainly consider it a great honour and privilege to meet you - and when you come back to Australia I would travel hundreds of miles just to see you - If there is anything I can do for you down here<sup>323</sup> don't hesitate to let me know - anything you want

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<sup>321</sup> Page 421

<sup>322</sup> "Now talking" is circled by the author.

<sup>323</sup> Underlined in a different hand, with two vertical lines in each margin by this paragraph.

sent over? I would consider it an honour to be of service to you after all I owe you so much through your writings.

There<sup>324</sup> was a time when I regarded Renunciation with a some-what tongue in the cheek attitude but I now realize that the things before (intuition) I was seven years old also the difficult conversations concerning the beliefs I still hold, around the 14 year old period were carried over from the last life. Beside the New Testament amply quotes Reincarnation "Who did Sin this man or his Father." "The sins of the Father... children (children not yet born into which this Father's soul incarnates)" "Many mansions" "(various other physical bodies)" "The resurrection of the flesh"

"Ye must be born again". "except a grain of wheat..."

Christ eternal "Go and Sin no more" I became the blindness, disease, crippled condition etc are carry overs from the past incarnation and above all "As ye sow so shall ye reap"

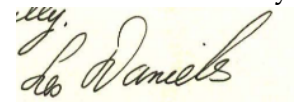
Well Dr Brunton I seem to have been carried away with my reply of thanks to yourself and written more than I originally intended. But you see the sudden shock of actually receiving a letter from yourself; it was most encouraging to say the least

I'm thirty eight years old now and I feel sure on looking back on your life and that period, you had your frustrating moments of despair at that age - well your letter has convinced myself more than ever that there is only one purpose in life all others just fall short and are sometimes speedily cut short.

But at this stage I can ask "Death where is thy sting the grace where is your victory" for no matter what stage I find myself in I am content. As I write this above my writing desk is a framed photo. 6" by 5" of Ramana Maharshi the calm understanding eyes gazing from {illegible} head - What height he must have attained and you actually were the first to go and find him!!

I realize Sir that you must get hundreds of letters and if I appear to have rambled more than the others I apologize. In my deeper meditations there are times when your advice has been invaluable there are also many times when I become quite rigid as I feel the deep spiritual force operating. But when I go through that being Spiritually re-born state again I'll know what to do. The best of health Sir - may you continue your indestructible way - enjoying the very best of everything I shall continue with renewed vigour my Dedication to Truth - Thank you so much once again for writing to me - I've left so much unsaid but I am sure that you understand.

Yours Faithfully

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "L. Daniels", written in black ink on a light-colored background.

P.S. Please do let me know when you are coming back.

**L26.425**

425 - 426

Letter from Judith Hollister<sup>325</sup>  
The Temple of Understanding, Inc., Room 1800, 44 Wall Street, New York 5, N.Y.<sup>326</sup>  
July 14, 1946<sup>327</sup>

Mr Paul Brunton  
c/o E.P. Dutton  
New York City<sup>328</sup>

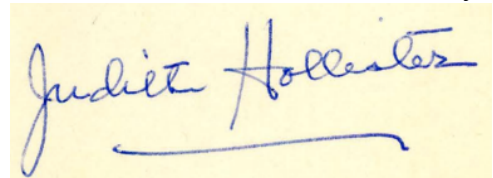
Dear Mr Brunton -

I have just finished reading your book, "The Secret Path," and it has meant so much to me.

Are you ever in this part of the world? If so, I would very much like to meet you. I believe we have much that could be shared.

Thank you for answering my particular prayers in writing that book -- you did a magnificent job!

Most sincerely,



P.S. I have just ordered a dozen copies to give away -- Mr Dutton should be pleased!

**L26.427**

427 - 430  
Letter from M. Daniel Frantz to Jathanial  
510 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, California 90013 Suite 618  
-November 19, 1966

Thank you for your heartening letter, Jathanial,

and for the encouraging message from PB. This is my first letter in response to anyone since the operation.

For the operation itself I have been very fortunate. Some outstanding surgeons and the good luck of having stopped smoking almost a year prior to the operation resulted in the loss of only part of a lung instead of all of it. I have had periodic checkups, including one earlier this week and the surgeons so far seem to be confident that they have dealt with the problem. If so in Kieffer's prognosis I could live for many years restored to effective action.

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<sup>325</sup> "H" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>326</sup> Address appears in the letterhead.

<sup>327</sup> "1946" is circled and "?" is written in a different hand.

<sup>328</sup> Address appears at the bottom of the page.

I realize that even the outer good fortune, surgeons, hospitals etc., were more precisely a manifestation of grace but we can talk of this in future.

In the few days between being informed of the cancer and entry into the hospital I made the first order of business the accumulation and packing of all correspondence, papers, carbons etc., relating to PB. I made arrangements with both Kieffer and Mike for the transfer case to be shipped to you should I not return from the operation. Now that I have some more time I hope in due course to go more carefully through my files to glean anything more that may yet remain. Meanwhile, the transfer case is packed and labelled so should anything more happen to me the original instructions will apply.

I am enclosing a reproduction of part of the dust cover of Kirsch's new book. It has had one quite laudatory review in the book section of the Sunday LA Times, and others I have only heard of. Kirsch is of course the dean of his field here. He is also a seeker, almost a quester, in his own way. He also has adequate personal means. A year or two back he went to Japan to work in Zen. He found modern day Zen not too rewarding. Recently with this book off his chest he had been considering going to INDIA to see what he could find in the way of spiritual guidance. It appears that he wrote to someone in London whom he respects and got the cryptic answer to follow his nose. This he interpreted to mean to start here, so he began with Kieffer. Who had seen PB when he was here. Kieffer put the situation to me and I suggested that I would write to you when you came back from your vacation. My thought being that Kirsch could come down to New York, and have an interview with you and you can take it from there.

Basically,<sup>329</sup> I enclosed the reproduction for its biographical material and for the photograph, however inadequate.

I have not had too much contact with Kirsch but I have always understood he was among the growing small minority, who sought beyond the limitations of doctrinaire psychology, psychiatry etc.

If perchance you conclude not to give Kirsch an interview could you provide the name of someone for him to seek in INDIA. Since he spent his early years in the tropics (Guatemala) he can probably manage the Indian climate better than most of us.

-O-

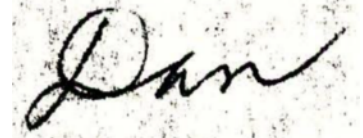
Coming to MDf individually: physically I am quite healed outwardly. Inwardly is another matter - Within the chest cavity such a multitude of tissue involvement leaves one with the phenomenon of aching muscles at a time of conditioning - as each layer, or group, of {muscle} {ends} etc heals it springs into focus another layer to go through the same process. And to carry the analogy on, like the coach for athletic sports who wants to hear about sore muscles as a signal of adequate activity so do the surgeons here insist that one push oneself to the point of continuing pain. Their reward held out to the patient: in this manner there will be less loss of physical faculties maybe even little or none. Kieffer concurs so I am quite active. Now I go to a law office in the morning and by now am up to virtually a schedule of a full professional day with car driving trips to Gov. buildings etc. In this situation the car which seemed such a folly has been a real blessing - and continues to be one.

Mentally there is quite a different situation. Sometimes a touch of the Slough of Despond of Pilgrims Progress days. However, as a daily battle, it gets dealt with sometime. And each battle if not a final one is at least a rewarding one. It seems to me that in these three months since the operation I have grasped and understood more than at any earlier time in this incarnation. That alone has of course made continuation of this incarnation, for the present at least, more than very rewarding.

In the law office where I am now associated there is secretarial help.

I will be glad to hear any news when you are free to write. And of course the big questions: Any news on the book; any news of PB coming again to these United States.

Affectionately and fraternally,



### L26.431

431 - 434

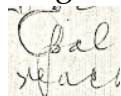
Letter from {Opal} to Jimmie

11-23-66<sup>330</sup>

Dear Jimmie,

When my letter was sealed, I taped it - was too heavy to enclose pictures - so here they are - I am pretty much a skeleton, having lost 20 or most pounds here - food not our kind, so I subsist mostly on bananas, rice and buffalo mile! Milk is so dirty, with bits of grass and lumps of ? - But<sup>331</sup> I shut my eyes and boil vigorously, stir in powdered nescafe, and with a cracker feel very grateful! One really puts little value on material objects or desires here - it is surely primitive and Baba keeps it this way to inspire all to worship -

Love again



Hope this reaches you -

### L26.435

435 - 442

Letter from {illegible} to Jimmie

11/26/66<sup>332</sup>

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<sup>330</sup> "{DM}" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>331</sup> Page 433

<sup>332</sup> "P.B." and some illegible notes are written at the top of the page in a different hand.

Dear Jimmie -

I am utterly shocked to {find} such a length of time and no letters from me received by you! But take one look at this envelope. It came yesterday - all open, at this - and your check waving gaily in the wind - with your letter - all {illegible}!!! How they ever keep the various pieces intact until delivery. The poverty is so great that the temptation to remove stamps and resell is prevalent everywhere.

But now where to begin! This is an ashram, though fully organized by the tremendous spiritual leader, Sri Baghavan Sathya Sai Baba. We call him Baba or Swami. This is an intense personality, unifying all religions under one God. So all the great sages, seers, prophets, come under one {heading} - all religions are simply one in worshipping God. This place has visitors from the four corners of the globe - maharajahs without number, ministers of state. Next door are 2 young women with whom I lived for 6 weeks - each the daughter of different Maharajahs - a fascinating experience. The parents of each have come twice and invited me to go to their palaces to stay "for a few months." We had {said} {more} conversation {those} many days. They have known Baba for 18 years and he has visited them often. Baba goes on tour several times a year and begins one of a month on December 1st. His 40th birthday<sup>333</sup> is next Wednesday. Nov. 23rd, when a crowd of 30,000 to 50,000 will be here to observe the rare celebration! "Dasara" a unique observance was held Oct 15th to 25th - and I was the principle speaker of the day!!! I was called the "President" and represented the 10th anniversary of the fine hospital here (all belonging to Baba) there<sup>334</sup> is no greater honor. I quaked beforehand, saying I simply could not speak so close to Baba on the platform - his power is overwhelming. Two hours before the event, a messenger appeared with {illegible} saris, one to be kept and worn by me. They were dark and mentally I said if only Baba had sent a light color! Within 10 minutes, back came a pale dusty rose taffeta exquisite in quality, with silver {leaves} embroidered all through it - it is my favorite color! I was enchanted, and after being dressed, anointed, blessed etc etc etc, by man, the band came, all playing vigorously, to escort me to Baba. The Maharani who was president last year, was at my side in the possession of doctors! Then {he} was garlanded, first with handmade silver, gold and crimson - then with rope of white lilies from Bangalore. Baba then took me to the podium and though my speech was tucked under my sari in case of need, I spoke to the crowd of 30,000! Told about using music to cure disabilities in children - mostly Hong Kong experiences, as soon as I began, all trepidation left and I spoke for an hour or more. Then Baba gave a lecture and afterward led the crowd in singing of spiritual songs - first Baba singing a section, repeated by the crowd. I was utterly fascinated by the glory of his voice and his power over the audience. The 10 days were filled with entertainment of unique nature, each day ending under an enormous tent, with spiritual songs. This is a ritual here, from<sup>335</sup> 11 AM to 12, and from 7 PM until 8. It is inspiring and I have never heard such an outpouring of pure sound - in devotion. Well! I could do {illegible} forever - there 2 months - (3 on Dec, 10 - though I shall leave for Bangalore on December 1st - and

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<sup>333</sup> Underlined in a different hand.

<sup>334</sup> Page 437

<sup>335</sup> Page 439

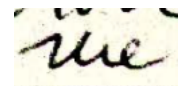
stay at the West End Hotel for a few days and then go on to Delhi where I expect to be at the Ashoka Hotel, which I like very much.

Jimmie, as soon as Baba unifies all India and brings it back to its great spirituality he will come to America to unify all under one God. Then the world, He is one of the most forceful speakers I have ever heard - he is worshipped as God in man. His teaching powerful and spreading everywhere. There are Sai Baba groups established in America. Queen Elizabeth and Margaret have written for spiritual help, and Margaret has asked to come here to see Baba. His Miracles are endless - healing thousands. By a wave of his right hand he produces jewels of all kinds, medals, sacred ash, etc etc etc. Twice each day for the 6 weeks with the 2 girls, he came to see us, talking, laughing, joking - the {illegible} experience one could hope for. Baba has written much and translated poorly into English by {M. 'Kasturi'} here. I have been spending this time here in doing a book of his saying or teachings - short - like parables -

I<sup>336</sup> will send it to you from Bangalore to get your reaction. During "Dasara" - 10 days - his books were on sale and they sold "madly" - "Oh, a new book of Baba's!" and everybody stampeded the book stall. In Bombay, where he usually speaks for a week each year - and now goes again I think the first stop - the crowd numbers 300,000 at the stadium. This is always highly publicized for weeks in advance. Really, Jimmie, I cannot describe this man - he is truly the seer prophet sage of our era and he promises to unify the world under one God in the next 5 or more years. -

If there is a picture of Baba on the cover of a book, it is snatched as a priceless treasure. I thought if you publish this book - and I surely think you will. I suggest the picture enclosed, on a cover about the size of Brunton's Arunachala. Enclosing snap of me speaking to 30,000! Did not enclose earlier to you because photographs from Bombay had not developed - Thanks again for the check - am enclosing - Your dearness and thoughtfulness in sending books cannot be measured by me. Glad you enjoyed China book. Don't even know if you will ever see this! And it is repetition. A letter from my sister has taken 3 weeks - airmail to reach me here. So happy you are feeling better. Yes! I can never be grateful enough that you did not get into China! Horrors there multiplied daily, espec. to foreigners. Enchanted by {Monica's} adventures in Munich - do send as they come to you. Writing on my knees.

All love



Jimmie - what a venture for Paul Brunton - the life of Sathya Sai Baba!

**L26.443**

443 - 444

Letter from Elliot B. Macrae<sup>337</sup>  
E.P. Dutton & Co. Inc. Publishers, 201 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003<sup>338</sup>  
March 5, 1967<sup>339</sup>

Dr Paul Brunton  
% National & Grindlay's, Ltd.  
13 St. James Square  
London, S.W.1, England

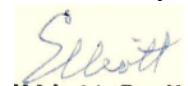
Dear Paul:

It is a long time since I have heard from you, and I am wondering where you are, how you are, and what progress you have made on the new book? Production becomes more and more difficult, and we have to line up our publishing schedules at least a year in advance. Could you give me an approximate date when the manuscript will be completed?

And now I would like to ask your friendly and confidential advice. As you know, Opal was in Hong Kong for some months. She left there without telling me her next destination, and finally, after several cables, I received a long letter from her, dated November 17th, saying that she was at an Ashram in India being run by Sri Baba. She also sent some pictures, one of which showed her, barefooted, in flowing white robes, on a platform with Sri Baba, addressing a sizable audience of his followers. Do you know anything of Sri Baba? I have checked here with those who should know, and find no recognition of him or his work.

Opal has now left India and gone to Teheran(Teheran Hilton Hotel); after that I don't know what her plans are. I do look forward to hearing from you, Paul, and will of course keep whatever you say most confidential.

With affectionate greetings,  
Sincerely,



Elliot B. Macrae

**L26.445**

445 - 446  
Letter from {PB}<sup>340</sup> to Elliot Macrae  
(Rome)  
May 30, 1967

Elliot Macrae

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<sup>337</sup> Name appears in the letterhead; "Macrae" is circled with the note "re Mrs" inserted in a different hand.

<sup>338</sup> Address appears in the letterhead.

<sup>339</sup> "attach to Mrs Macrae and write her now" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>340</sup> Author determined from context.



New York

Dear Elliot:

Concerning the subject of O's letter from India I have communicated with three sources for information connection with it, as I myself have no personal knowledge of the man O has met.

The first source, in England rejects the claim that Queen Elizabeth of England has become a devotee of this man, Sri Baghavan Sattya Sai Baba.

The second source, Professor T.M.P. Mahadevan, Head of the Department of Philosophy at the University of Madras, has heard about this man in terms substantially the same as those in O's letter. He also has not met the man personally and so cannot give a first-hand statement. But, in his opinion, and also in my own, the mixture of a claim to materialize gold and jewels with religious doctrines and philosophical teaching sounds dubious.

The third source, Swami Naucheketasananda, moves around India quite frequently, and visits Bombay from time to time. He especially is in contact with spiritual circles. When I get definite information of his report based on personal contact with this Sri Baba, I shall pass it on to you. It will not be fair to come to any conclusion, one way or the other until such a first-hand contact is available.

With affectionate greetings,

**L26.447**

447 - 448

Letter from I. Gabriel

1400 20th St. NW, Washington, D.C. USA

3 JUN 1967<sup>341</sup>

Dr Paul Brunton.  
c/o American Express,  
Bahnhofstrasse 20,  
8001, Zurich,<sup>342</sup>

{illegible}<sup>343</sup> {wonder} where you are and how you are getting along. {illegible}<sup>344</sup> your health is still improving and a host of other {illegible}<sup>345</sup> thoughts sent for your welfare.

Life for me since you were here has been a constant search to try and find health. The chest condition I developed while you were here is still with me - turned into a chronic thing, and after all this time, I think I may have an answer - and like you - have received a spiritual healing too. It seems I have had (and still have remnants) of a hidden

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<sup>341</sup> Postmarked date; "1968" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>342</sup> Address from page 448.

<sup>343</sup> One or more words are illegible because the page is torn.

<sup>344</sup> One or more words are illegible because the page is torn.

<sup>345</sup> One or more words are illegible because the page is torn.

Beta Staph infection which caused all the complications - partially. I tried everything - Finally, I heard of a man in Georgia who is a spiritual etheric surgeon and flew down April 24 to see him, after waiting for over 3 months for an appointment. A host of doctors in Spirit (mostly English - with an Irishman, Dr Murphy, acting as diagnostician, diagnosed my case, and within an hour on the table 7 operations were performed. Spine and neck calcifications from injuries received over 30 years ago; lung operation for pockets of infection; breasts for cysts grown again, which were removed physically in 1954; prolapsed ascending colon; liver chirotic<sup>346</sup> and enlarged; cysts on ovaries causing strangulation, etc.

It was an incredible experience. Hypodermic needle was given to withdraw etheric body from physical (although physical body was never touched) but pulse was lowered from normal to almost none. Watched the whole pantomime of instruments, cutting, sewing etc., with no awareness at all of anything happening. Then orders were given for me to be put flat on my back for 24 hours with only fluids. During that time I experienced post-operative symptoms exactly as if I had been physically operate on. Never spent a more miserable 24 hours, after which I felt fine, but was told to lift nothing over 5 pounds for 6 weeks, not to bend, and other precautions. Then a drop of my blood was sent to both a medical technician and clairsentience, who gave the most detailed confirmation of all the deficiencies and what to eat and take as supplements. This has just been completed and I am 1 week on the food, so little time yet to get a complete picture, but I know I had many healings, and that the {ultimate}<sup>347</sup> results will be good. Only yesterday one pocket of the hidden infection its monstrous head and apparently my teeth are infected, which I am {checking}<sup>348</sup> on at Georgetown Dental Clinic today.

I wanted to send you a booklet on the work being done here, written by Anthony Brooke, an Englishman who visited there. He is of the family who were the rulers of a S. Pacific Island and the younger generation gave it back to the natives. I can't remember the Island, perhaps you remember.

Another event in my life of importance (and for you too) is the reading of Edgar Cayce, The Sleeping Prophet by Jess Stearn, published by Doubleday. HE lived at Virginia Beach and died in 1945. Hindsight is better for the lay person than foresight. Cayce prophesied so many things which have come true that now scientists and doctors as well as geologist are going there to do research. TIME magazine, May 12 issue had an article in Science section which predicted the possibility of the Earth's poles reversing. Cayce's Time Table says it will happen before 1998 - a 40 year span from 1958 will see many changes in the Earth's structure. Man's destructive nature may play the most vital role. Do get it and read for many reasons too numerous to mention, and for God's sake write - and better yet, COME.

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<sup>346</sup> This may be meant to say "cirrhotic".

<sup>347</sup> Typing runs off the page.

<sup>348</sup> Typing runs off the page.

**L26.449**

449 - 450

Letter from Dorothy Menzies

E.P. Dutton & Co. Inc. Publishers, 201 Park Ace. South, New York, N.Y. 10003

March 11, 1969

Mr Paul Brunton  
c/o National & Grindlays, Ltd.  
13 St. James's Square  
London, S.W.1, England

Dear Mr Brunton:

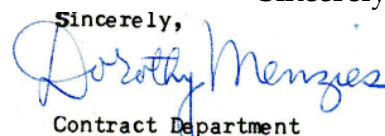
Mrs Jane Recca of our Production department has shown me your letter of February 25th, in which you inquired as to Mrs John Macrae Senior's address. It is:

2111 Hyde Street (Apt. 503)  
San Francisco, California 94109

I am sure that mail addressed to her as above will reach her safely.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Sincerely,  
  
Dorothy Menzies

Contract Department

Contract Department

**L26.451**

451 - 452

Note by {Unknown}

Undated

In {Capricorn} {illegible} write Mrs Macrae at once<sup>349</sup>

**L26.453**

453 - 454

Note by {Unknown}<sup>350</sup>

Undated

Satya Sai Baba's Asram can be reached by bus or car mile from nearest RR station which is MUDIGURRA {(Majaba)}

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<sup>349</sup> "at once" is inserted in a different hand.

<sup>350</sup> "B" is handwritten in the top left corner of the page.

**L26.455**

455 - 456  
Letter from Antonia d'Arc Levy de Queiroz<sup>351</sup>  
Belo Horizonte, MG  
November 16th/71

Dear Mr Brunton,

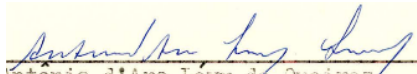
There is a very long time that I am waiting for an opportunity to tell you thanks for your wonderful book "A Search in India" reading of which was a turning point in my life by the big - change introduced in.

I am intending to visit London in the end of the next month and I would like to take this opportunity to meet you, to be in your presence if it will not be a trouble for you. I admire you very much, you are for me as a spiritual guide and I think that - anyone admires as much as I do have a right to meet you.

May I have the pleasure of your reply?

With my anticipated thanks for the attention afford to me I beg to remain, with my kind regards

Sincerely your



Antonia d'Arc Levy de Queiroz<sup>352</sup>

Av. Contorno 7871  
Belo Horizonte, MG  
Brazil<sup>353</sup>

**L26.457**

457 - 458  
Foreign Language letter from Antonia d'Arc Levy de Queiroz  
French letter dated 20/12/71 and annotated by PB.

*Extract: "I promised her to send her address to "Call Divine" for specimen copy and also they to send her copy of issue cont. my act on M.<sup>354</sup>"*

**L26.459**

459 - 460  
Foreign language letter from Antonia d'Arc Levy de Queiroz

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<sup>351</sup> "Q" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>352</sup> PB inserted "(Companhia de Pesquisa de Recursos Mineraiis (CPRM" by hand.

<sup>353</sup> "Elana Cooper (Michael)" and " Sun or Mon nite" are inserted in a different hand on page 456.

<sup>354</sup> Extract is an annotation by PB.

French letter dated 18 de marco/ 1972 and annotated by PB.

*Extract: None.*

**L26.461**

461 - 462  
Foreign language letter from PB  
French letter dated 28-2-1972.

*Extract: None.*

**L26.463**

463 - 464  
Letter from Antonia d'Arc Levy de Quiroz  
Belo Horizonte, MG  
20.12.72

Dear Mr Brunton,

The reason for this letter is to present you my best wishes for a merry Christmas and a very happy new year.

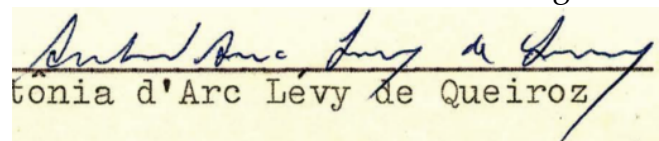
I think you have forgotten me at all but I haven't. Your teaching - and your sweet figure are always in my heart and supporting me - when doubts and feebleness take me over.

I wrote you a letter some months ago but I didn't get your answer. - I think I didn't deserve it.

Next month I will be leaving for India to visit Arunachala and I - wouldn't like to do this before thanking you very much indeed for - all those spiritual improvements your books arose in my heart.

On the way to India I will spend one day in Zurich and two days on the way back. Please tell me whether you want something to or from - there. I will be very glad if I am able to be useful to you in some way. Write please.

Your in Sri Baghavan



tonia d'Arc Levy de Quiroz

Antonia d'Arc Levy de Quiroz

My new address: Rua Goncalves Dias 1054 - CPRM -  
Belo Horizonte - MG - Brasil.

465 - 466  
Letter from Andrew S. Ross  
16 Tompkins Ave., Beacon, N.Y. 12508  
July 30 1973<sup>355</sup>

Dear Dr Brunton,

In one of your writings are words to the effect that you fondly hoped that the pages that blew from your window would come to rest under earnest and inquiring eyes. The devious currents that eventually brought your pages to my seeking eyes are numerous and obscure. But that such forces are at work in the world is cause for optimism!

Sufficient to say that due to a pilgrimage to holy Ireland by bicycle, I discovered "The Quest of the Overself" in an attic store room of a used book shop. This book became my most treasured reading. I soon discovered this and the rest of your writings to be currently published in my backyard, so to speak. However, I was led to them by my initial search through dusty archives. Nor have I ever since found any other of your volumes in such a place.<sup>356</sup>

My wish is to express the great worth and value of your writings as they flow into my life at middle age. Having realized a lifetime dream of becoming an airline captain, and further had much love, family, as well as material success visited upon me with a minimum of agony and grief, I never-the less had begun to feel cravings of dissatisfaction with my life. Despite what many might call "success" a strong feeling of "is this all there is" in life began to manifest itself into my thoughts some years back. Like yourself I began to wonder if in some remote place in the world teachings were done to restore a fundamental purpose to life. Your detailed writings not only save the yearner immense time not to mention the countless pitfalls of such journeys, but in the end your priceless explanations bring the pearls of such wisdom to surface when we might easily voyage unknowingly over the oyster beds of wisdom and truth.<sup>357</sup>

If these days you are accessible and not averse to a visit from a devotee, albeit a recent one, I would come to England during my Holidays in September<sup>358</sup> to pay my respects. I would like to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for a reply as you undoubtedly have a wide correspondence with the attendant drain on the exchequer. But my post office says there is no way to do this so I will have to depend on your largess while in addition asking the favor of a visit!

If you simply choose to ignore the previous paragraph, I will understand and respect of your wishes, and simply hope the previous ones will bring a spark of satisfaction to you.

May God bless you and keep you,

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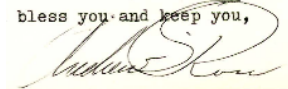
<sup>355</sup> "Interesting" is handwritten in the top left corner of the page.

<sup>356</sup> A vertical line is handwritten in the left margin by the first two paragraphs of this letter.

<sup>357</sup> Two vertical lines and an arrow are handwritten in the left margin by this sentence.

<sup>358</sup> Underlined in a different hand, with an illegible note in the left margin and a vertical line in each margin.

bless you and keep you,



**L26.467**

467 - 468

Letter from {Emmie Douglas}  
2575 Jackson Ave. Union, NJ 07083<sup>359</sup>  
Dec 10. 1974

Dear P.B.

Romaine told me that she sent you a diagram of the physical problem I am confronted with because she is deeply concerned. I think I should explain the whole situation.

For some months, I've been having peculiar pains in my right foot and leg and then a few toes became inflamed and very painful. One doctor diagnosed the condition as inflammation of the sciatica and said there wasn't much that could be done and the pain would eventually leave. I then was bedded with the flu and the toes became so painful that I had to see another doctor close to home. He sent me to a vascular surgeon for diagnosis. The vascular surgeon's stethoscopic diagnosis was that I has arteriosclerosis and my arteries were clogged in several places. He said that surgery as outlined in his sketch, was the only solution, and that the inflammation of the toes would not heal because blood is not circulating to that area. However, he would not take Xrays nor could he operate until I was over the flu and the congestion in my chest cleared. Of course, I was shocked at the diagnosis.

Having a horror of operations, I called Dr {Loomis} is Calif - the doctor Romaine had seen - and he referred me to a homeopathic physician in my area. So now I am being treated with homeopathic remedies for what he diagnosed as {arteriosus} - inflammation of arteries in toe ends. In 3 1/2 weeks there seems to be a slight decrease in inflammation and pain, and I do feel a little better.<sup>360</sup> I still can't step on the foot and walk properly. Now my legs seem to be heavy. I don't know if I have made the right decision, i.e. The homeopathic way, I suppose I'll soon find out.

I certainly did not want to burden you with my physical problems, but since Romaine sent you the diagram and wants to be helpful and of service, I thought I should detail the story. (I'm somewhat embarrassed.)

Of course, we lose sight of the fact that years pass, and the body is subject to degeneration - which comes as a shock.

I do trust and hope that you are well and in good health.

Sincerely



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<sup>359</sup> Address is inserted in a different hand under the signature.

<sup>360</sup> Page 468

There is a Dr {Getlen} in New Jersey who claims he can cure any disease by Vitamins and diet. The first available appointment is in May - he is so solidly booked.

## L26.469

469 - 470  
Letter from {Mariza C.P. Aranzi}<sup>361</sup>  
Sao Paulo  
{1} of June, 1977<sup>362</sup>

Dear Dr Brunton,

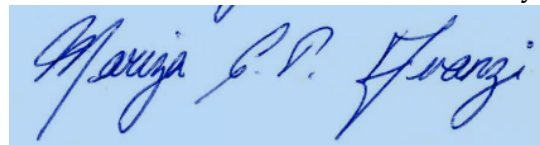
Thank you for the books you have written. They have brought light, hope, sense and joy to my life. They have touched me very deeply and have put me in the right way in the search of God and Truth.

My name is Mariza; I live in Sao Paulo, Brasil. I am married and I have 3 children.

Everything you have transmitted through your work has meant too much to me. I know you have for some years been in spiritual retreat; but I feel I must make your acquaintance and be for a short time with you. I promise I will not disturb you. Would it be possible? I hope you will not disappoint me.

I will anxiously wait for your reply

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in blue ink on a light blue background. The signature reads "Mariza C.P. Aranzi" in a cursive script.

Address: Rua, Holanda, 68  
Jardim Europe  
Sao Paulo - Brasil

P.S. - My sister would also like to get in touch with you

## L26.471

471 - 472  
Letter from PB<sup>363</sup> to Li Ai Vee and Ed Kreis  
Chemin de la Mariache 1, Corseaux s/Vevey, CH 1802<sup>364</sup>  
Jan 9, 1979

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<sup>361</sup> "A" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>362</sup> "PENDING" and "c/o Grindlay" are written at the top of the page in a different hand.

<sup>363</sup> This letter was transcribed in a different hand.

<sup>364</sup> Address appears at the bottom of the page.



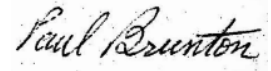
Dear Li Ai Vee and Ed Kreis,

It was good of you both to remember me at the beginning of the New Year.

Certainly I should be pleased to see you whenever convenient to you, and also to tell you about the gentlemen whom I sent to visit you, and who probably now has visited you master in Japan.

Until then -

With Peace



**L26.473**

473 - 474

Letter from {Jey}

25785 Guejito Road, Escondido, California 92027

July 28, 1979

Dear Dear P.B.,

It has been a long time - much too long since I have written. Gloria and I have had many conversations in which "we must now write" is repeated.

Alas, we don't even know where P.B. is staying these days! Where? Under what condition? How is his health? We worry about these things. We hope, of course, that all is well, a tiny letter would help reassure and make us very happy! Please - if it is possible - a few lines.

We have been quite busy in that old business of earning a living and keeping our heads above water. We do this of necessity, almost mechanically, and with no real interest.

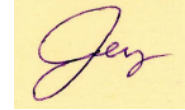
But, P.B. I am most delighted to be able to say that development, it really seems, does continue! I hope I am not presumptuous in this or over optimistic. I always try to keep a gauge - a perspective - yet I cannot deny certain things - feelings - understandings. It would be difficult to attempt to put into this short letter those indications of which I speak, so I will wait until that time - that proper time - that happy time when we sit with P.B. at the table, whenever and wherever that may be. Gloria and I both so much look forward to this.

We have enclosed a few photos of our place in an underhanded attempt to entice you back to us. The weather has been consistently good - and you mustn't forget Gloria's cooking!

Our hopes are bright and our path is known, all so much because of P.B.'s help! We can but give our thanks, our love.

with every respect I remain,

Your younger brother,



**L26.475**

475 - 480

Letter from Voitto Viro<sup>365</sup>  
Puolikuu 3 A 2, 02210 Espoo 21, Finland  
Espoo Julu 2nd 1979<sup>366</sup>

Mr Paul Brunton

Dear Sir,

It was utmost surprising, that I had some years ago an occasion to get an answer to my letter from You, although only a brief one.

Now I have partly an official matter to ask such a contact once more. The question is as follows:

1. Two of Your books have been translated into Finnish. The publisher is a known one, named Arvi A. Karisto, in the town Hameenlinna.

2. The same publisher decided to get the "classic" book "A Search. in Secret India" translated next. I have read this books already year 1951 in German translation because it is for me easier to read German. Since that time you have been very near me in inner meaning. The publisher and the translator, by then it happened, that he withdrew.<sup>367</sup> So the publisher called me and asked, if I were willing to translate the book. After a consideration of some days I agreed, and during the spring and early summer I translated the book. It shall be published this year in autumn. The task of translating was not an easy one, because of Your personal way of writing (and my knowledge of the language, of course.). But now it is ready, and it looks me, that this can be the first one thorough translation, which if fully complete, I mean that I haven't left anything away. For example the German translation had been shortened about one hundred pages, which was really surprising. I hope, that the Finnish translation contains a little more Your original style than some others do, and what is most important, Your message and spirit. I have tried to do my work so, and I am grateful to have had an occasion to serve with this work. (I have been in charge of a parish in Helsinki, now retired since two years, aged 65.) Maybe I am the<sup>368</sup> only one clergyman in Finland, who knows Your works and Sri Ramana Maharshi.

3. For the book I am needing a little information about You and Your works.

a) I think, that the photos, which have been printed in Your books during the latest Years, are not the best ones, e.g. that one among the painting. It is not clear enough, and it does not belong to the time You have written the book mentioned. I hope You can send

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<sup>365</sup> "V" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>366</sup> Date and address appear on page 479.

<sup>367</sup> "withdraved" in the original.

<sup>368</sup> Page 477

Your photo from the thirties, which I have seen somewhere before. Those pictures describe Your personality much better than some later ones.

b) I hope You can write Your signature to that photo, and it shall be printed in the translation.

c) I am sure You have somewhere 1-2 pages information about Your life and Your works. I do not know even Your birthday, the names of Your parents, the profession of Your father, time of their departure, how many sisters and brothers You maybe have, what is Your order among them, Your education, when was Your first journey to India, when it ended, Your other journeys a.s.o. Further the publishing year of all Your books, maybe Your professions in England (and I hope that I am not hurting You, but I think, that You have not been married.) I am sure, that You can understand, that those kind of matters are not mere curiosity, they can be little and important paths to get an orientation to You and Your message. All is depending with all. Maybe your own publisher has printed something on this.

If I were younger, it is very possible, that I would try to get a personal contact with You. You cannot surmise, how valuable this personal connection should be for me. The message has since remote times - also the Christian message - always gone chiefly through the personal connects, from one heart to the other one.

I<sup>369</sup> am really glad to have been to say an interpreter for You and Your message. Now I find, that it is almost impossible to read any book in the other language. The genuineness of the translation is dependent chiefly on the authenticity of its spirit. I hope that I could have mediated, transmitted the essence of the inner reality in Your book.

Yours sincerely:

Espoo Julu 2nd 1979.

Voitto Viro  
Addr.: Puolikuu 3 A 2  
02210 Espoo 21  
Finland

**L26.481**

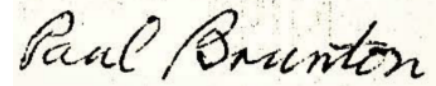
481 - 482  
Letter from Paul Brunton  
Apt 22, Avenue Alpes 107, 1814 La Tour de Peilz  
4 Dec 79

Please tell me, dear Li Ai Vee and Edo Kreis, when it would be convenient to visit your exhibition at Mt. {Pelerin} and I will come with pleasure

Until not I have had heavy weight to readjust to the new residence I entered, so much change and afterwork was necessary. Any day from Saturday the 8th onwards is acceptable to me, and anytime suitable to you.

I hope also to hear about the reunion with your blessed Master - a good fortunate experience.

May the presence of the Overself be yours!



**L26.483**

483 - 484

Letter from PB

Chemin de la Maraiche 1, 1802 Corseaux

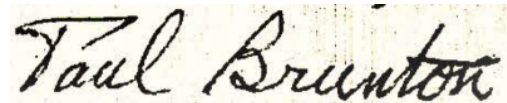
Undated

It was a pleasant meeting the other day, dear Li Ai Vee and Edouard Kreis, and uplifting too

I was glad to note the improvement in your surrounding so that you will benefit by it.

You both mentioned the "Au Couscous" and thought you might visit it possibly if in the area. But it occurred to my mind later that if you did so it might disappoint you. This is likely only if you attend there in the evening 6pm - 1am because it is then crowded with younger people who like very loud "Beat" music. Several bring their own instruments. I found it deafening. But if you go only 12 noon - 1:45pm it is tolerable. It is open only for evenings on Sundays.

Accept my kindest thoughts.



**L26.485**

485 - 490

Incomplete letter from Unknown

December 7, 1980

A series of work pressures and new physical problems came up together and interrupted what was being prepared from your action plan. The work concerned with foreign edition books (Portuguese version) which is now off in the post until the revisions and the changes which I have sent to Brazil can be dealt with by the publishers wither fully or to the extent they are willing to go along with it. The health problems interfered with my sight making it hazier and shifting of my capacity to formulate words and sentences. My doctor is not quite sure what is the cause. But he is trying out medicines,

both allopathic and homeopathic. He'll wait for results to be reported within a week or two and then he'll decide whether to hand the case over to a colleague in Vevey - a neurology specialist. It may be a case of "Dyslexia." I cannot find this word in the dictionary. This problem occurs mostly in quiet young people who grow out of it with time. And at times it occurs with some elderly people. Spelling of words is interfered with and made difficult and words are mixed up. The writing,<sup>370</sup> by hand as well as typewriter, is also interfered with. Also, the hand trembles. So I had to stop writing letters or anything at all. The only way to communicate was by dictation. However a little improvement has begun in the writing. But I must continue to watch and wait the results. The doctor thought the trouble may pass away but he doesn't know yet.

Concerning the action plan for our meeting in February, I was of course held up by illness. But what has been so far done is as follows:

1) The doctor said that he'll have to furnish the death certificate. It must be done in La Tour and not in Montreaux.

2) Arthur asked to transfer the supervision and the work of arranging and packing to somebody among Anthony Damiani's students. He does not feel strong enough to handle it so rapidly as it needed. He is not only slow by nature but is also getting elderly. He doubts whether he can have the strength to do it satisfactorily. So I accepted his<sup>371</sup> resignation. I would discuss any alternate arrangement during our meeting in February 12-16.

3) The doctor has agreed to keep your name, address and telephone number in his private file so there would be no delay in communicating with you. And should he be absent from his home through business or holidays, his colleague will take the information over for necessary action.

4) The British Vice Consul has now been given your name address and telephone number. So you'll now be covered by 5 persons.<sup>372</sup>

Yes please come here as you request and I have already reserved at Hotel de Famille for you a Duche and Toilette successfully (from Feb. 12 through 16). Concerning the {illegible} broth powder, I have now finally found the address of it:

Better Diet Shop  
49 East 57th Street  
New York, NY 10022.

Please specify low sodium if possible. It is advisable to pack the powder in double plastic bags<sup>373</sup> ...

**L26.491**

491 - 492

Letter from Voitto Viro<sup>374</sup>

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<sup>370</sup> Page 487

<sup>371</sup> Page 489

<sup>372</sup> "?" is handwritten in the left margin by this sentence.

<sup>373</sup> The following pages are missing.

<sup>374</sup> "V" is handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

Zurich  
June 26th 1980

Dr Paul Brunton

It has been inevitable for me to search after You, and now, when knocking at Your door, this is really "A Search in Secret Switzerland!"

I have been as a rector in the Finnish church, in one congregation in Helsinki, 66 years old and now retired since year 1977. Midsummertime 1951 I read Your fundamental book "A Search in Secret India" in the German translation. Since that I have felt a unity of spirit with You. Last year I translated the same book into Finnish, and I would give a copy of it to You personally.

Just now I am waiting the fulfilling of Jesus' world in this matter literally: "Seek, and ye shall find."

May God tell You that a little meeting with You is a realization of the same spirit, which You experienced before Sri Ramana Maharshi.

Zurich June 26th 1980.

Yours truly:

Voitto Viro  
Rev., retired  
{illegible} 3A1  
Espoo 21, Finland  
Phone 8030636

**L26.493**

493 - 494  
Letter from Voitto Viro<sup>375</sup>  
Undated

Dr Paul Brunton

What has to happen, among the inner laws, it shall happen. If I am at the door of the Truth, it shall be opened by Your hand and Your heart. I am sure, that You understand the essence of my inner attitude and the meaning of my poor words. On my side I can only say, that this means a meeting of old friends since the year 1951.

When ringing the bell of the door I have sent a silent pray, that my pilgrimage could find its final purpose.

Of course I do promise, that I shall honour Your privateness.

In the inner unity Yours:

Voitto Viro

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<sup>375</sup> "V" and "2." are handwritten at the top of the page.

**L26.495**

495 - 496  
Letter from Voitto Viro<sup>376</sup>  
Undated

Dr Paul Brunton

The fulfilment is in that fragile moment, when waiting and realization are touching one another.

You have written in Your book "A Search in Secret India," these words: "I had sought truth all my life." So have I also tried to do. It is possible, that Your spirit has called me to this moment since the year 1951, when I read Your first book. It is possible that You know, that I am praying, that the laws are ready for this meeting.

Like Sri Ramana accepted You in the thirties after your long searching, please, if You see, that this it can not be against God's will, let me see You for a moment and give my Finnish translation to You personally.

In the unity of the inner understanding, Yours:

Voitto Viro

**L26.497**

497 - 498  
Incomplete letter from Ed McKeown  
530 Hudson Street, Ithaca, New York 14850  
July 10, 1981

Dear PB,

Your suggestion, through Randy, that I might be able to return to Switzerland and be with you again means a great deal to me, and I am grateful to you for permitting him to write to me and extend the invitation. Truly, I can think of no greater gift than to be allowed to be of use to you in any way possible. I hope you will understand how especially difficult it is for me to tell you that I don't see how I can consider such a trip at this time.

I am aware that I have willingly accepted obligations here that I cannot lightly dismiss. Although I feel no special commitment to Cornell University, the people with whom I work directly have been good to me and patient while I have learned my job. My taking a leave of absence now would make their work more difficult, and I doubt that they would hire someone temporarily to perform my duties. Others on the staff would have to compensate during my absence. Were it necessary for me to leave, I should choose to resign so that my supervisor would be free to begin immediately to train a permanent replacement.

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<sup>376</sup> "V" and "3." are handwritten at the top of the page.

I would not hesitate to resign if by doing so I could arrange to come to you. Unfortunately, my savings are nowhere near sufficient to enable me to pay for a flight to Europe and to live in Switzerland without becoming completely dependent on you, or on others, for financial support. My almost four years at the Center and my six months in Europe were financed entirely through the generosity of family and friends, and I feel that, even for ...<sup>377</sup>

## L26.499

499 - 50

Incomplete letter from {Unknown} to {Ken}<sup>378</sup>

Undated

...<sup>379</sup> recommend "The Inner Reality!"

The Siddha Yoga people have been very busy {illegible}<sup>380</sup> with an Australian tour by one of the two Gurus {illegible}<sup>381</sup> Nityananda. He visited four Australian states, and gave daily programmes and talks in each place. He was in Sydney for a fortnight and life became a constant movement from home to ashram for the morning programme then back again for the evening programme. Young Chifley came with us every evening and responded very positively to the Guru and to his darshan. Indeed, his condition - narcolepsy - seemed to leave him for this period of time, and he commented himself that he just did not feel tired. We put it down to the Shakti he received from daily physical contact with Nityananda {but} it was great to see him chanting and enjoying yoga so much.

The<sup>382</sup> tour has now been over for 3 weeks, but he still seems much improved. The drugs are still necessary, but he seems to manage better. We are going to India for 6 weeks at the end of the year, and Chifley is already counting the days.

Your own health sounds rather precarious Ken. I do hope that the spondolitis has cleared up. It sounds a terrible trial to sleep in an armchair in a cervical collar all the time. Your account of feeling PB's presence when you gave the memorial lectures was very moving, and it must have been a great consolation to you. Even better is the fact that he visits your dreams of a night that you can continue to enjoy his darshan even though he has left the physical body. That is a great blessing and a great mystery in how the heart approaches what it yearns.

When will we see you again down under? Don't keep us waiting too long Ken - your friends miss you.

In love and peace,<sup>383</sup>

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<sup>377</sup> The following pages are missing.

<sup>378</sup> Determined from the content of the letter.

<sup>379</sup> The previous lines are missing because the page is torn.

<sup>380</sup> One or more words may be missing because the page is torn.

<sup>381</sup> One or more words may be missing because the page is torn.

<sup>382</sup> Page 500

<sup>383</sup> The signature is missing because the page is torn.



**L26.501**

501 - 502  
Letter from Vivian A. {Vljoen}  
P.O. Box 2188, Pretoria 001, South Africa  
15th Dec. 1981

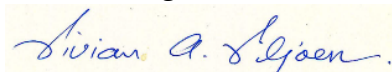
Dear Dr Paul Brunton,

If I should at this moment enter into your presence it would be impossible to hold back the tears that would flow - tears of deep heartfelt thanks and joy for all the inspiration and guidance received from reading your books.

You have helped me to understand the {walkings} of Grace that touched me some thirty years ago. I now firmly tread upon the path to the Infinite.

May your life ever be blessed with graciousness, and joy.

Once again and ever into Eternity my deepest respects, love and gratitude.



**L26.503**

503 - 510  
Letter from Anthony D. Howlett<sup>384</sup> to Kenneth Thurston Hurst  
"Rivendell," 30 Curthwaite Gardens, Oakwood, Enfield, Middlesex. EN2 7LN  
11th January, 1985

Mr Kenneth Thurston Hurst,  
Mountainview East,  
696 Sierra Vista Lane,  
Valley Cottage.  
New York, 1089,  
U.S.A.<sup>385</sup>

Dear Mr Hurst,

I was saddened to read in your introduction to Paul Brunton's "Essays on the Quest," published over here at the end of last year, that your father died in 1981. Although this letter comes to you so late, I nevertheless send you my sincere sympathy. Even though he may have completed his pilgrimage here, the physical loss of him must be a great sadness to you. His English publishers have given me your address.

I knew your father quite well many years ago and, in fact, he greatly influenced my life. Back in 1950 he told me that he had a son in America who was about my own age and who was in close understanding with him. I am therefore taking the liberty of

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<sup>384</sup> "H" and "Give Tape" are handwritten in the top right corner of the page.

<sup>385</sup> Address appears on page 509.

writing to you. I also have some papers relating to him, which may be of interest to you. But I had perhaps better begin by explaining my connection with P.B., if you will bear with some personal reminiscences.

I first met your father in 1950 through a mutual friend, the late Mrs Norah Briggs of Cambridge. During the previous four or five years I had read several of his books and they had made a very considerable impression. In my mid-twenties I had returned to Cambridge to resume my university studies after several years war service in the navy, and it was for me a period of uncertainty and much searching for a philosophical life. I had read quite extensively in western philosophy, but was confused and dissatisfied with the conflicting conclusions. Your father's "The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga," which was the first I read, opened up new and fascinating horizons of discovery and, as I eagerly studied all his other books, I found such sympathetic rapport with the author and that was impelled to try to follow the quest he advocated. As I sought out works on eastern religion and philosophy, including publications by the Maharishee's ashram, it was always to P.B.'s books that I returned for clear-sighted guidance. I still return to them again and again today.

I forget now how I first met Mrs Briggs, who was the wife of a Cambridge professor and a lady many years my senior, but it was a delightful and rewarding friendship. When I found that we had a deep mutual interest in P.B.'s work and that she was a long-standing friend of his, I asked her to introduce me when next he was in England.

I see from my papers that our first meeting was on 22nd July, 1950. His quiet but powerful personality and obvious deep spirituality made an immediate impact. One could also not fail to be impressed by his unobtrusive learning which, in your own apt phrase, was forged in the crucible of life. By then I was a newly fledged barrister and, with the summer vacation in the offing and no clients, I had ample spare time. It was a propitious moment. As he was heavily overburdened with work, especially with arrears of correspondence, and he seemed kindly disposed towards me, I volunteered my assistance as a sort of honorary secretary. I was with him and privileged to share his life every day for some two months until he left England at the end of September 1950.

Those<sup>386</sup> couple of months were among the most memorable and influential in my life. It was during this period I got to know him and, however inadequately, began to understand better his work and his achievements. In spite of the disparity in our ages and attainments, I think that a true rapport, friendship and indeed affection grew up between us. We had many long talks together and I was further privileged to share his meditation periods. It was indeed a privilege because at that time he had given up meditation in the presence of others, except on very rare occasions.

I also recall how patiently he listened to my criticisms, doubts, probing and puzzlements and how his views and gentle guidance were always so sound.

When he left England we corresponded for some time, mainly about dealings with his publishers, about books and about certain personal and spiritual matters. I still have his letters: I enclose a photocopy of one of them, written on 13th march, 1951, which you

may like to see with regard to the penultimate paragraph concerning his prophesies of the future.

P.B. also asked me, in early 1952, for some help regarding his will, for I think he was then facing some crisis but I did not know what it was. He also enquired whether Mrs Briggs and I were willing to be his literary executors, but Mrs Briggs felt unable to do so and I, particularly in view of the magnitude of the task and its international complexities, did not feel qualified or experienced enough to do so. I sent him some notes and he wrote to me that in consequence he was able to arrange the matter satisfactorily with American lawyers.

We met again one afternoon, and it proved to be for the last time, in May 1952. He had by then been remarried - to Evangeline. For reasons which I am sure you will understand, this came as rather a shock and our meeting was a little strange. I was also sorry to find him a somewhat changed man from the P.B. I had known only two years before - remote and withdrawn and difficult to contact except on a superficial level. He wrote, two months later, "I have great preparations to make during the next year or two; you will then see to what all these teachings are leading. The gates are wide open for further illumination along the lines of philosophic mysticism."

I have so often wondered what happened, for I heard nothing further from him until December 1952 in what was his last letter to me: I also enclose a photocopy of this letter. I did write several times after that, but received no reply. The rest is silence.

At our last meeting in 1952, I introduced P.B. to my fiancée, Freda - we were married on 31st May, 1952. However, as I have mentioned, the meeting was not really a satisfactory one. Afterwards, with all the changed circumstances of a newly married man and the absence of any replies from P.B., we lost touch. Perhaps the fault was mine, I shall never know. All that was 32 years ago now, and clearly our paths were destined never to cross again, although his influence has remained indelibly with me across all those years. More than anyone I have ever met he changed my life and for that I shall always be deeply grateful to him. I like to think that, mentally at least, the contact was never lost.

It<sup>387</sup> is strange, incidentally, that he should have spent the last twenty years of his life in Vevey Switzerland. I have been many times to Switzerland, and in fact to Vevey, and never knew he was there. I had somehow always imagined him in India or in America, and always thought we would meet again some day, but Fate obviously decreed that our paths should be separate. He had done his work with me so well, back in 1950, when most needed, and he quietly passed on his way.

I should dearly welcome any news about your father in his later years, whenever you may feel moved to write. Furthermore, if you were to visit England at any time, I should greatly appreciate an opportunity to meet you.

Is there hope that you might consider writing P.B.'s biography? It would be a formidable task, but he was such a remarkable man that his personal life, with all its many ups and downs, should be preserved on record to supplement his own books, which are

singularly reticent about himself. You are in a unique position to undertake such a biography.

My I offer my congratulations on the publication of the recent "Essays on the Quest." I presume you were the editor. I well know P.B.'s habit of jotting his thoughts on odd scraps of paper - I remember tackling a sea of them in 1950, and going through them with him to bring them into a preliminary order for him to work upon. The "Essay's" are most interesting, helpful and truly valuable: you are sincerely to be congratulated on editing them so excellently. I hope there are more volumes to follow in due course.

If you are interested I do have some papers which may be of use to you. They are all copies of material of which P.B. had the originals, so you may already have them. He gave me permission to retain these copies for my own private use. They are as follows:

(1) Notes on Discipleship. These are 15 pages of P.B.'s notes, which were assembled and roughly edited, about 1950, into narrative form by Mrs Briggs. As far as I am aware, P.B. never prepared them for publication. They are in 5 parts: (a) Seeking the Master. (b) Messiahs and Cults. (c) Meditation. (d) Discipleship. (e) The Disciple's Work: Difficulties and Errors.

(2) Corrigenda to "The Inner Reality" (U.S. title "Discover Yourself"). In 1950, when I was with P.B., he prepared some corrections to the first edition of 1939. These were, I believe, for a Danish translation. He later mislaid them and I had to send copies on to him. They mainly relate to chapter 14, with some slight changes to chapter 13. I notice, however, that when the second edition of the book was published in England in 1970, the same passages were revised but not quite in the same way.

(3) Miscellaneous Notes (I). These are 5 pages of 11 short notes on miscellaneous subjects, plus a healing and meditation exercise and a devotional exercise. They all date from 1950.

(4) Miscellaneous Notes (II). This is a bundle of transcriptions (at present in my handwriting, but shortly to be typed out) of 59 of P.B.'s notes or letter extracts. They cover a wide variety of topics, but have been classified, very roughly indeed, under (a) bibliographical; (b) biographical; (c) meditation etc.; (d) philosophical; and (e) miscellaneous. They all date from around 1950.

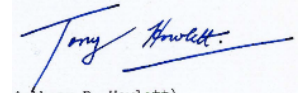
(Both<sup>388</sup> (3) and (4) obviously need to be combined, rearranged and indexed.)

Should you wish to have copies of any of the above, particularly in view of your preparation of your father's papers for publication, please let me know and I shall be pleased to send them to you.

I fear I have already burdened you with a disgracefully lengthy letter, but I did wish to contact P.B.'s son and felt that an explanation of my connection with P.B. was necessary in the circumstances.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,



(Anthony D. Howlett)

**L26.511**

511 - 516

Letter from Anthony D. Howlett to Kenneth T. Hurst  
Rivendell, 30 Curthwaite Gardens, Oakwood, Enfield, Middlesex, EN2 7LN, England  
16th July, 1985

Kenneth T. Hurst, Esq.,  
Mountainview East,  
696 Sierra Vista Lane,  
Valley Cottage,  
New York 10989,  
U.S.A.<sup>389</sup>

Dear Kenneth,

Thank you very much for your most friendly letter of 25th February. I was so pleased to hear from you and even more pleased to find that we are kindred spirits with so much in common.

I must apologise for my delay in answering your letter. This matter was to some extent taken out of my hands because early in May I was suddenly stricken by three small strokes, which caused me to be rushed into hospital and I am still having an extended period of convalescence. Luckily there have been no lasting after-effects and I have recovered well. You ask me whether I am starting to ease into retirement: the answer would have been 'not yet', but now I may perhaps have to think again later this year. The message is clear that I must ease up on the work burden: worldly affairs and their worries had become too dominant and I must obey the warning and restore the balance.

I enclose with pleasure the P.B. papers in which you are interested. I am only glad that they may be of use to you - after all, they are P.B.'s notes not mine, so by all means feel free to make whatever use of them you wish. I should be delighted if you felt some of them were suitable for inclusion in the "Notebooks" series.

I am therefore sending you the notes on "Discipleship." These are photocopies of somewhat battered carbon copies, but quite legible. P.B. gave me these carbons in 1950 and he said that Mrs Briggs had worked them up into a connected narrative form from his rough notes. They certainly read like true P.B. and I know that Mrs. Briggs (whom P.B. once told me was "a very advanced mystic on the Quest") was a very scrupulous editor of some of his other notes.

I also enclose a photocopy of "Miscellaneous Notes (I)" and "Miscellaneous Notes (II)," which, since last writing to you, I have amalgamated, re-classified and had typed. I have retitled them "Notes on the Quest." These 71 notes are all exactly as P.B. wrote them

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<sup>389</sup> Address appears on page 515.

in 1950, many are extracts from letters which I typed for him. The only exceptions are: (a) numbers 58, 70 and 71, which are my notes from what he told me at the time; and (b) the bibliographical references, in brackets, in numbers 51 - 57 are not P.B.'s but mine. I have not attempted to fit these notes into P.B.'s recent classification of 28 categories because, of course, I did not know about them until very recently. I have also no idea whether anything in these notes duplicates material which you already possess.

It is such good news that there is still so much new P.B. material to come. I went straight to Watkin's Bookshop, which I know well, as soon as<sup>390</sup> I received your letter and was lucky enough to get their last copy of "Perspectives." I have been happily studying it these last few months. How right P.B. was: these evocative single ideas in this form are exactly the seed-thoughts required now - his lengthy expositions and re-expositions had already been dealt with in his earlier books. It is good to have the distilled wisdom of his later year. I should be most grateful if you could keep me informed as soon as new volumes come out.

However, I can so well understand what a truly formidable task you have in preparing all this vast array of material for publication, but it is such a worth-while job and you are so clearly the right man to be the editor. How I wish I could have been among those lucky students collating the material!

It is strange that Riders did not take up the "Notebooks" for the U.K. market, but they always were and still are third rate publishers. I had an argument with them on P.B.'s behalf in 1952 and I see from the correspondence that Mrs Briggs commented "Riders... must be about the most disreputable and dishonourable firm of publishers in London." The recent reissues of P.B.'s books in the paperback "Rider Pocket Editions" are very shoddy productions on the cheapest paper and the hardback editions are, with the exception of "Essays," no longer in print.

Incidentally, there is a small puzzle about P.B.'s books that you can perhaps clear up for me. In your Introduction to "Essays on the Quest" you say "he wrote thirteen books from A Search in Secret India, published in 1935, to The Spiritual Crisis of Man in 1952." On the dust-jacket of "Notebooks: Perspectives" there is a reference to "His ten books (1934-1952) on yoga, meditation and mystical philosophy." But, as far as I am aware, P.B. wrote eleven books between Secret India in 1934 and Spiritual Crisis in 1952.

I enclose a list of all his books of which I know, with dates of first publication and of revised editions. (I see P.B. revised most of them, but only in minor respects, between 1969-70.) I should be most grateful if you could check the list and correct any errors, as I must ensure I have a complete set in the latest editions.

I was interested to hear about your Indian tour in 1984 and your visit to the Ramanashram. Is there any chance that I might be permitted to have a copy (for my personal and private reading only, I assure you) of your P.B. In Memoriam Lecture. I should dearly like to read it. I see occasional back numbers of the Ashram's "The Mountain Path" and noticed that in the January 1983 issue they announced that "Mr K. T. Hurst, son of the late Dr Paul Brunton (the late Ralph Hurst) has kindly donated to Sri Ramanashramam the precious collection of Paul Brunton's hitherto unpublished notes of

his private conversations with Sri Ramana Maharshi. The Ashram proposes to publish in due course this valuable record in book form." I must certainly keep my eyes open for this. I have to rely on Watkin's Bookshop keeping me notified, but they are not quite as reliable as they used to be.

I am so very pleased that you have decided to write P.B.'s biography. You are indeed the only one to do it: see number 70 of "Notes on the Quest" - that was your father's view 35 years ago! Of course you must respect his privacy,<sup>391</sup> but nevertheless I beg of you not to be too selective. He was truly great enough not to need any covering up - his weaknesses were part of the whole man and made his achievements all the greater. For instance, I had little doubt that in early 1952 he was facing another major crisis in his life and for a period was very markedly off balance. This would at least be some explanation of the Evangeline business which evoked so much unkindness and intemperate criticism at the time. The danger of saying nothing is the real risk that others less sympathetic and with no understanding will rake the coals to his detriment, if not now at some future date.

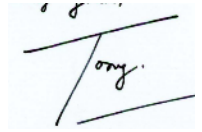
For my part, I should be particularly interested to learn about his background and his earlier years (e.g. those preceding "Secret India"), about his youth and early manhood, about how he came to the Quest, about that first illumination at 19, about his early struggles, mistakes, trials and tribulations on the Path, about the reasons for his various name changes, and about his early journalistic writings, etc. Although we talked freely when we were together, I never liked to intrude by asking him too many personal questions about himself. There was, of course, also the point that he was just not interested in P.B. the man - in vain did I seek to argue that this was all part of the pattern of the whole person. I thought then and I still think now that biography is important. If philosophy is a way of life, it is surely relevant to look at the life of its greatest exponents, but, perhaps more importantly, if one loves one's friend and mentor, it is a natural wish to know more about him and that without varnish or distortion. Yes, I am indeed glad you are writing P.B.'s biography.

Incidentally, it is odd to reflect that P.B. was 51 - 52 (moustache, no beard) at the time I knew him: ten years younger than I am now! I have a photo-portrait of him at that time: by the way, it is easy to see you are your father's son.

I shall, of course, ask Watkins to get me your "Live Life First Class," which I assume must be being published about now. I look forward very much to reading it.

Once again, thank you for such a welcoming reply. I do hope the enclosures will be of some use and that, now the contact has been made, we will keep in touch. If at any time there is anything that I can do to assist you in your great task with P.B.'s work, please do not hesitate to let me know - I should be both delighted and honoured to be of assistance.

With all best wishes,  
Sincerely yours,

A small, light blue rectangular box containing a handwritten signature in black ink. The signature is written in a cursive style and appears to be the name 'Tony'. There are some faint, illegible markings above the signature.

Anthony D. Howlett.