

"DOCTOR FROM LHASA"

part III

DEEP HIDDEN TUNNELS WITH RECORDS OF THE FAR PAST

from page 154

"Beneath the Potala were hidden mysterious tunnels, tunnels which may hold the key to the history of the world. These interested me, they fascinated me, and it may be of interest to recall once again what I saw and learned there, for it is knowledge apparently not possessed by peoples.

I remembered how at the time I was a very young monk in training. The Inmost One, the Dalai Lama, had been making use of my services at the Potala as a clairvoyant, and He had been well pleased with me and as a reward had given me the run of the place. My Guide, the Lama Mingyar Dondup, sent for me one day.

"Lobsang, I have been thinking a lot about your evolution, and I have come to the conclusion that you are now of such an age and have attained such a state of development that you can study with me the writings in the hidden caves. Come!"

He rose to his feet, and with me at his side we went out of his room, down the corridor, down many, many steps, past groups of monks working at their daily tasks, attending to the domestic economy of the Potala. Eventually, far down in the gloom of the mountain, we came to a little room branching off to the right of the corridor. Little light came through the windows here. Outside the ceremonial prayer flags flapped in the breeze. "We will enter here, Lobsang, and we will take lamps so that we may explore those regions to which only very few lamas have access."

In the little room we took lamps from the shelves, and filled them. Then, as a precaution, we each took a spare. Our main lamps were lit, and we walked out, and down the corridor, my Guide ahead of me showing me the way. Down we went, down the corridor, ever down. At

long last we came to a room at the end. It seemed to be the end of a journey to me. It appeared to be a storeroom. Strange figures were about, images, sacred objects, and foreign gods, gifts from all the world over. Here was where Dalai Lama kept his overflow of gifts, those for which had no immediate use.

I looked about me with intense curiosity. There was no in being here so far as I could see. I thought we were going exploring, and this was just a storage room. "Illustrious Master," I said, "surely we have mistaken our path in coming here?" The lama looked at me, and smiled benevolently. "Lobsang, Lobsang, do you think I would lose my way?" He smiled as he turned away from me, and walked to a far wall. For a moment he looked about him, and then did something. As far as I could see he was fiddling about with some pattern on the wall, some plaster protuberance apparently fabricated by some long-dead hand. Eventually there was a rumble as of falling stones, and I spun around in alarm, thinking that perhaps the ceiling was caving in or the floor was collapsing. My Guide laughed. "Oh, no, Lobsang, we are quite safe, quite safe. This is where we continue our journey. This is where we step into another world. A world that few have seen. Follow me."

I looked in awe. The section of the wall had slid aside revealing a dark hole. I could see a dusty path going from the room into the hole, and disappearing into the stygian gloom. The sight rooted me to the spot in astonishment.

"But Master!" I exclaimed, "there was no sign of a door at all there. How did it happen so?" My Guide laughed at me, and said, "This is an entry, which was made centuries ago. The secret of it has been well preserved. Unless one knows one cannot open this door, and no matter how thoroughly one searches there is no sign of a joint or of a crack. But come, Lobsang, we are not discussing building procedure. We are wasting time. You will see this place often." With that he turned and led the, way into the hole, into the mysterious tunnel reaching far ahead. I followed with considerable trepidation. He allowed me to go past him, then he turned and again manipulated something. Again came the ominous rumbling and creaking and grating, and a whole panel of the living rock slid before my startled eyes and covered the hole. We were now in darkness, lit only by the flickering glimmer of the golden-flamed

butter lamps which we carried. My Guide passed me, and marched on. His footsteps, muffled though they were, echoed curiously from the rock' sides, echoed, and reechoed. He walked off, without speaking. We seemed to cover more than a mile, then suddenly without warning, so suddenly that I bumped into him with an exclamation of astonishment, the lama ahead of me stopped. "Here we replenish our lamps, Lobsang, and put in bigger wicks. We shall need light now. Do as I do, and then we will continue our journey."

Now we had a somewhat brighter flame to light our way, and we continued for a long, long way, for so long that I was getting tired and fidgety. Then I noticed that the passageway was getting wider and higher. It seemed as if we were walking along the narrow end of a funnel, approaching the wider end. We rounded a corridor and I shouted in amazement. I saw before me a vast cavern. From the roof and sides came innumerable pinpoints of golden light, light reflected from our butter lamps. The cavern appeared to be immense. Our feeble illumination emphasised the immensity and the darkness of it.

My Guide went to a crevice at the left-side of the path, and with a screech dragged out what appeared to be a large metal cylinder. It seemed to be half as high as a man, and certainly as wide as a man at the thickest part. It was round and there was a device at the top which I did not understand. It seemed to be a small, white net. The Lama Mingyar Dondup fiddled about with the thing, and then touched the top of it with his butter lamp. Immediately ere was a bright yellow-white flame which enabled me see clearly. There was a faint hissing from the light, as it was being forced out under pressure. My Guide extinguished our little lamps then. "We shall have plenty of light with this, Lobsang, we will take it with us. I want to learn some of the history from aeons of long ago."



He moved ahead, pulling this great bright light, this flaming canister, on at a thing like a little sledge. It moved easily. We walked on down the path once again, ever down, until I thought that we must be right down in the bowels of the Earth. Eventually he stopped. Before me was a black wall, shot with a great panel of gold, and on the gold were engravings, hundreds, thousands of them. I looked at them, then I looked away to the other side. I could see the black shimmer of water, as if before me was a great lake.

"Lobsang, pay attention to me. You will know about that later. I want to tell you a little of the origin of Tibet, an origin which in later years you will be able to verify for yourself when you go upon an expedition which I am even now planning," he said. "When you go away from our land you will find those who know us not who will say that Tibetans are illiterate, savages who worship devils and indulge in unmentionable rites. But Lobsang, we have a culture far older than any in the West, we have records carefully hidden and preserved going back through the ages..."

He went across to the inscriptions and pointed out various figures, various symbols. I saw drawings of people, of animals - animals such as we know not now - and then he pointed out a map of the sky, but a map which even I knew was not of the present day because the stars it showed were different and in the wrong places. The lama paused, and turned to me. "I understand this, Lobsang, I was taught this language. Now I will read it to you, read you this age-old story, and then in the days to come I and others will teach you this secret language so that you can come here and make your own notes, keep your own records, and draw your own conclusions. It will mean study, study, study. You will have to come and explore these caverns for there are many of them and they extend for miles beneath us."

For a moment he stood looking at the inscriptions. He read to me part of the past. Much of what he said then and very much more of what I studied later, simply cannot be given in a book such as this. The average reader would not believe, and if he did and he knew some of the secrets - then he might do as others have

done in the past; use devices which I have seen for self-gain, to obtain mastery over others, and to destroy others as nations are now threatening to destroy each other with the atom bomb. The atom bomb is not a new discovery. It was discovered thousands of years ago, and it brought disaster to the earth then as it will do now if man is not stopped in his folly. (According to the spacecontact Semjase - a "spacebomb" in the form of a man-steered asteroide - was what at last sank the continent of Atlantis - see more of those spacecontact in [UFO-CONTACT FROM THE PLEIADES](#) or in norwegian - [JORDENS FJERNHISTORIE I NYTT LYS.](#))

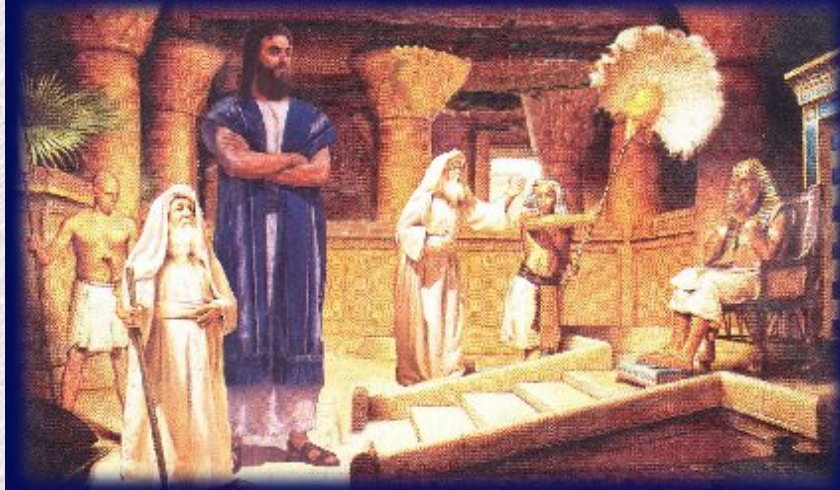
The flood, natural disasters and hightech wars in the past

In every religion of the world, in every history of every tribe and nation, there is the story of the Flood, of a catastrophe in which peoples were drowned, in which lands sank and land rose, and the earth was in turmoil. That is in the history of the Incas, the Egyptlans, the Christians - everyone. That, so we know, was caused by a bomb; but let me tell you how it happened, according to the inscriptions.

My Guide seated himself in the lotus position, facing the inscriptions on the rock, with the brilliant light at his back shining with a golden glare upon these age-old engravings. He motioned for me to be seated also. I took my place by his side, so that I could see the features to which he pointed. When I had settled myself, he started to talk, and this is what he told me.

"In the days of long, long ago earth was a very different. It revolved much nearer the sun, and in the opposite direction, and there was another planet nearby, a twin of the earth. Days were shorter, and so man seemed to have a longer life. Man seemed to live for hundreds of years. The climate was hotter, and flora was both tropical and Fauna grew to huge size and in many diverse forms. The force of gravity was much less than it is at because of the different rate of rotation of the earth, and man was perhaps twice as large as he is now, but even so he was a pigmy compared to another race who lived him. For upon the earth lived those of a different tem who were super-intellectuals. They supervised the earth, and

taught men much. Man then was as a colony, a class that is being taught by a kindly teacher. These huge giants taught him much. Often they would get in strange craft of gleaming metal and would sweep across the sky. Man, poor ignorant man, still upon the threshold of dawning reason, could not understand it at all, for his intellect was hardly greater than that of the apes.



"For countless ages life on earth followed a placid path. There was peace and harmony between all creatures. Men could converse without speech, by telepathy. They used speech only for local conversations. Then the super-intellectuals, who were so much larger than man, quarrelled. Dissident forces rose up among them. They could not agree on certain issues just as races now cannot agree. One group went off to another part of the world, and tried to rule. There was strife. Some of the super-men killed each other, and they waged fierce wars, and brought much destruction to each other. Man, eager to learn, learned the arts of war; man learned to kill. So the earth which before had been a peaceful place became a troubled spot. For some time, for some years, the super-men worked in secret, one half of them against the other half. One day there was a tremendous explosion, and the whole earth seemed to shake and veer in its course. Lurid flames shot across the sky, and the earth was wreathed in smoke. Eventually the uproar died down, but after many months strange signs were seen in the sky, signs that filled the people of earth with terror. A planet was approaching, and rapidly growing bigger, and bigger. It was obvious that it was going to strike the earth. Great tides arose, and the winds with it, and the days and nights were filled with a howling tempestuous fury. A planet appeared to fill the whole sky until at last it seemed that it must crash straight onto the earth. As the planet got closer, and closer, immense

tidal waves arose and drowned whole tracts of land. Earthquakes shivered the surface of the globe, and continents were swallowed in the twinkling of an eye. The race of supermen forgot their quarrels; they hastened to their gleaming machines, and rose up into the sky, and sped away from the trouble besetting the earth.

But on the earth itself earthquakes continued; mountains rose up, and the sea-bed rose with them; lands sank and were inundated with water; people of that time fled in terror, crazed with fear at what they thought was the end of the world, and all the time the winds grew fiercer, and the uproar and the clamour harder to bear, uproar and clamour which seemed to shatter the nerves and drive men to frenzy. (more of this in Velikowskys books and in the material from Semjase. R.Ø.anm.)



"The invading planet grew closer and larger, until at last it approached to within a certain distance and there was a tremendous crash, and a vivid electric spark shot from it. The skies flamed with continuous discharges, and soot-black clouds formed and turned the days into a continuous night of fearful terror. It seemed that the sun itself stood still with horror at the calamity, for - according to the records, for many, many days the red

ball of the sun stood still, blood-red with great tongues of flame shooting from it. Then eventually the black clouds closed, and all was night.

Jorden lemlestes av kometens nærpasasje og menneskene er fulle av dødsfrykt og ærbødighet



The winds grew cold, then hot; thousands died with the change of temperature, and the change again. Food of the Gods, which some called manna - fell from the sky. Without it the people of the earth, and the animals of the world, would have starved through the destruction, of the through the deprivation of all other food.

(Here I will include what a spacecontactperson in Columbia - Enrique C. Rincon - got of information about MANNA - from some pleiadian spacepeople he came in contact with in 1973. He wrote in his book UFOs - A GREAT DAWN FOR HUMANITY - and also this is in UFO-CONTACT FROM THE PLEIADES: *"They gave me a kind of chocolate bar, sealed in plastic, which I opened and ate. It had a taste like 'sabajon', a kind of mild liquor sold in Colombia, and my hunger disappeared completely. And then he said, 'WE have something that we want to give you that is very important.' My body began to warm up all over. 'You are going to eat something very interesting and which you will like very much.' They brought me something like large white corn taco and told me to eat it. I broke it and put some in my mouth. In a moment I felt a tremendous sensation and warm feeling. I thought at that moment that they were drugging me. 'ciril; Krhisnamerk said 'Do you know what they called that? The Jews were fed on that for 40 years in the desert.' 'The manna of the scriptures,' I said. 'No more, no less,' was the reply 'You are eating manna and you will not get hungry for 24 hours. It gives you tremendous energy; it is prepare for us.' Then ideas began to rush into my head, so fast I could not coordinate them. I thought of Elias and of Moses, and then I returned to the present. I felt like I was going crazy. They laughed and simply observed, 'We were one of those who helped the Jews. Our great ship were always camouflaged. They could be made invisible by a simple change of vibrational energy, right over the heads of the people, and they could not see them.'"*

"I couldn't understand this then, and I can't today. I have a little more knowledge about it now but I still do not completely understand. The public has asked many questions and I have

tried to answer but I must confess(tilstå) my ignorance concerning a civilization so advanced as this, and they were trying to simplify everything as much as possible so that I could understand it better.")

Back to Rampas story of the recordings in the hidden tunnels:

'Men and women wandered from place to place looking shelter, looking for anywhere where they could rest weary bodies wracked by the storm, tortured by the turmoil; praying for quiet, hoping to be saved. But the shook and shivered, the rains poured down, and all time from the outer space came the splashes and charges of electricity. With the passage of time, as the heavy clouds rolled away, the sun was seen to be coming smaller, and smaller. It seemed to be receding, and the people of the world cried out in fear. They thought the Sun the God -The Giver of Life, was running away from them. But stranger still - the sun now moved across the sky from east to west, instead of from west to east as before.

"Man had lost all track of time. With the obscuring of the sun there was no method with which they could tell its passage; not even the wisest men knew how long ago these events had taken place. Another strange thing was seen in the sky; a world, quite a large world, yellow, gibbous, which seemed as if it too was going to fall upon the earth. This which we now know as the moon appeared at this time as a relic from the collision of the two planets. (also Semjase said the same on this theme. R.Ø.anm.) Later races were to find a great depression in the earth, in Siberia, where perhaps the surface of the earth had been damaged by the close proximity of another world, or even a spot from whence the moon had been wrenched.





"Before the collision there had been cities and tall buildings housing much knowledge of the Greater Race. They had been toppled in the turmoil, and they were just mounds of rubble, concealing all that hidden knowledge. The wise men of the tribes knew that within those mounds were canisters containing specimens and books of engraved metal. They knew that all the knowledge in the world reposed within those piles of rubbish, and so they set to work to dig, and dig, to see what could be saved in the records, so that they could increase their own power by making use of the knowledge of the Greater Race.

"Throughout the years to come, the days became longer, and longer, until they were almost twice as long as before the calamity, and then the earth settled in its new orbit, accompanied by its moon, the moon, a product of a collision. But still the earth shook and rumbled, and mountains rose and spewed out flames and rocks, and destruction. Great rivers of lava rushed down the mountain sides without warning, destroying all that lay in their path, but often enclosing monuments and sources, of knowledge, for the hard metal upon which many of the records had been written was not melted by the lava, but merely protected by it, preserved in a casing of stone, porous stone which in the course of time eroded away, so that the records contained within would be revealed and would fall into the hands of those who would make use of them. But that was not for a long time yet.

Gradually, as the earth became more settled in its new orbit, cold crept upon the world, and animals died or moved to the warmer areas. The mammoth and the brontosaurus died for they could not adapt to the new ways of life. Ice fell from the sky, and the winds grew bitter. Now there were many clouds, whereas before there had been almost none. The world was a very different place; the sea had tides; before they had been placid lakes, unruffled except by the passing breeze. Now great waves lashed up at the sky, and for years the tides were immense and threatened to engulf the land and drown the people. The heavens looked different too.

At night strange stars were seen in place of the familiar ones, and the moon was very close. New religions sprouted as the priests of that time tried to maintain their power and account for the happenings. They forgot much about the Greater Race, they thought only of their own power, of their own importance. But - they could not say how this occurred, or how that happened. They put it down to the wrath of God, and taught that all man was born in sin.

"With the passage of time, with the earth settled in its new orbit, and as the weather became more tranquil, people grew smaller and shorter. The centuries rolled by, and lands more stable. Many races appeared as if experimentally, struggled, failed, and disappeared, to be replaced by others. At last a stronger type evolved, and civilization began anew, civilization which carried from its earliest days a racial memory of some dire calamity, and some of the stronger intellects made search to find out what had really happened. By now the wind and the rain had done their work. The old records were beginning to appear from the crumbling lava stone, and the higher intellect of humans now upon the earth were able to gather these and place them before their wise men, who at long last, with much struggle, were able to decipher some of the writings.

As a little of the records became legible, and as the scientists of the day began to understand them, they set about on frantic searches for other records with which to piece together the complete instructions, and to bridge the gaps. Great excavations were undertaken, and much of interest came to light. Then indeed the new civilisation sprouted. Towns and cities were built, and science started its rush to destroy. The emphasis always on destruction, upon gaining power for little groups. It was completely over-looked that man could live in peace, and that the lack of peace had caused the calamity before.

"For many centuries science held sway. The priests set up as scientists, and they outlawed all those scientists who were not also priests. They increased their power; they worshipped science, they did all they could to keep power in their own hands, and to crush the ordinary man and to stop him from thinking. They set themselves up as Gods; no work could be done without the sanction of the priests. What the priests wanted they took: without hindrance, without opposition, and all the time

they were increasing their power until upon earth they were absolutely omnipotent, forgetting that for humans absolute power corrupts.



"Great craft sailed through the air without wings, without sound, sailed through the air,' or hovered motionless as not even the birds could hover. The scientists had discovered the secret of mastering gravity, and anti-gravity, and harnessing it to their power. Immense blocks of stone were manoeuvred into position where wanted by one man and a very small device which could be held in the palm of one hand. No work was too hard, because man merely manipulated his machines without effort to himself. Huge engines clattered across the surface of the earth, but nothing moved upon the surface of the sea except for pleasure, because travel by sea was too slow except for those who wanted the enjoyment of the combination of wind and the' waves. Everything travelled by air, or for shorter journeys across the earth. People moved out to different lands, and set up colonies. But now they had lost their telepathic power through the calamity of the collision. Now they no longer spoke a common language; the dialects became more and more acute, until in the end they were completely different, and to each other incomprehensible, languages.

"With the lack of communication, and the failure to understand each other, and each other's view points, races quarrelled, and began wars. Fearsome weapons were invented. Battles raged everywhere. Men and women were becoming maimed, and the terrible rays which were being produced were making many

mutations in the human race. Years rolled by, and the struggle became more intense, and carnage more terrible. Inventors everywhere, spurred on by their rulers, strove to produce more deadly weapons. Scientists worked to devise even more ghastly devices of offence. Disease germs were bred, and dropped upon the enemy from high-flying aircraft. Bombs wrecked the sewage systems, so that disease and plagues raged through the earth blighting people, animals, and plants. The earth was set on destruction.

"In a remote district far from all the strife - a group of farseeing priests who had not been contaminated by the search for power, took thin plates of gold, and engraved them the history of their times, engraved upon them of the heavens and of the lands. Upon them they revealed the innermost secrets of their science, and gave warnings of the dangers which would befall those who misused this knowledge. Years passed during which time these plates were prepared, and then, with specimens of the actual weapons, tools, books, and all useful things, were concealed in stone and were hidden in various places so that those who came after them would know of the past, and would, it was hoped, profit from it.

For these priests knew of the course of humanity; they knew what was to happen, and as predicted the expected did happen. A fresh weapon was made, and tried. A fantastic cloud swirled up into the stratosphere, and the earth shook, and reeled again, and seemed to rock on its axis. Immense walls of water surged over the land, and swept away many of the races of man. Once again mountains sank beneath the seas, and others rose up to take their place. Some men, women, and animals, who had been warned by these priests, were saved by being afloat in ships, afloat and sealed against the poisonous gases and germs which ravaged the earth. Other men and women were carried high into the air as the lands upon which they dwelt rose up; others, not so fortunate, were carried down, perhaps beneath the water, or perhaps down as the mountains closed over their heads.





"Flood and flames and lethal rays killed people in millions, and very few people only were left on earth now, isolated from each other by vagaries of the catastrophe. These were half-crazed by the disaster, shaken out of their senses by the tremendous noise and commotion. For many years they hid in caves and in thick forests. They forgot all the culture, and they went back to the wild stages, as in the earliest days of mankind, covering themselves with skin and with the juice of berries, and carrying clubs studded with flint in their hands.

"Eventually new tribes were formed, and they wandered over the new face of the world. Some settled in what is now Egypt, others in China, but those of the pleasant low-lying seaside resort, which had been much favoured by the super-race, suddenly found themselves many thousands of feet above the sea, ringed by the eternal mountains, and with the land fast cooling. Thousands died in the bitter, rarefied air. Others who survived became the founders the modern, hardy Tibetan of the land, which is now Tibet. That had been the place in which the group of far-seeing priests had taken their thin plates of gold, and engraved upon them all their secrets. Those plates, and all the specimens of their arts and crafts, had been hidden deep in a cavern in a mountain to become accessible to a later race of priests. Others were hidden in a great city which is now in the Chang Tang Highlands of Tibet.

"All culture was not quite extinct, however, although mankind was back in the savage state, in the Black Ages. But there were isolated spots throughout the earth's surface where little groups of men and women struggled on to keep knowledge alive, to keep alight the flickering flame of human intellect, a little group struggling on blindly in the stygian darkness of savagery. Throughout the centuries which followed -

there were many states of religion, many attempts to find the truth of what had happened, and all the time hidden away in Tibet in deep caves was knowledge. Engraved upon plates of imperishable gold, permanent, incorruptible, waiting for those who could find them, and decipher them.

"Gradually man developed once again. The gloom of ignorance began to dissipate. Savagery turned to semi-civilisation. There was actually progress of a sort. Again were built, and machines flew in the sky. Once more mountains were no bar, man travelled throughout the world, across the seas, and over the land. As before, with the increase of knowledge and power, they became arrogant, and oppressed weaker peoples. There was unrest, hatred, persecution, and secret research. The stronger people oppressed the weak. The weaker peoples developed chines, and there were wars, wars again lasting years. Ever there were fresh and more terrible weapons being produced. Each side sought to find the most terrible weapons of all, and all the time in caves in Tibet knowledge was lying. All the time in the Chang Tang Highlands a great city lay desolate, unguarded, containing the most precious knowledge in the world, waiting for those who would enter, and see. Lying - just waiting

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