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Robert Temple: *A Word In Your Ear...*

A Short Visit To Heaven

Robert Temple wants to share an experience with us. Join him on a remarkable night flight to heaven. Any volunteers for The Earth Management Centre?

Every issue, renowned author and lecturer, Robert Temple, will be bringing us his social commentary in the *Word In Your Ear* column. Robert is the author of a number of critically acclaimed books including, *The Sirius Mystery*, *The Crystal Sun*, *The Genius of China*, *Open to Suggestion*, *He Who Saw Everything* (a verse translation of the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, which was performed at the Royal National Theatre in London), *Aesop: The Complete Fables* (with his wife, Olivia Temple) and his new book, *Netherworld*. Two further books are scheduled for release in 2003 and 2004.



IN THE EARLY morning of August 21, 2003, I made a short visit to heaven. In my dream I unexpectedly met our dog Kim who died a few years ago. We had a nice cuddle and I noticed that she was not with my wife Olivia but was in the custody of a girl of about 28 whom I did not recognise. I eventually realised that she, like Kim, was dead. She invited both me and Olivia to go with her to make a short visit to the place where she worked, and where she kept Kim. So we went to heaven.

A Girl With No Name

The girl, whose name I have forgotten, had died at the age of about 28. She worked in the portion of heaven known as the Earth Management Center. This looked a bit like a very luxurious university campus, and the building she took us to was the Visual Arts and Earth Archives building. Visual Arts was upstairs, and Olivia hastened to join that section by going up the stairway from the Archives. It was fairly packed with enthusiastic young dead people in their twenties and thirties, many of them gathered round viewers and discussing the latest exhibitions which they could see on them. Public and critical reaction were somehow displayed simultaneously by telepathy. The staff were more interested

in the impact and meaning of the exhibitions than in the exhibitions themselves, which were looked upon as being less important. I gathered that the purpose of this center was to monitor activities in the visual arts from the point of view of their effect on the health of culture and the future of earth.

In between the two sections there was a complicated Projection Center on the landing. It consisted of a circular array of small cubicles somewhat resembling the stalls horses go into before they start a race. This is where staff entered and departed. In heaven it is considered extremely rude to disappear in public. One is supposed to enter a private cubicle to do this, rather in the way in which we all go to the toilet in private on earth. A member of staff merely enters

the cubicle and disappears, reappearing at his or her destination in a similar cubicle in another building. It is considered too shocking just to appear somewhere without obeying this polite convention.

The girl in the Archives had a rather crisp and businesslike manner, extremely efficient at dealing with complex information, and I gathered that she had worked for an intelligence agency on earth, so that she was a natural recruit for the Earth Archives of heaven. I was amazed that the many wooden bookshelves lining

There was a desperate shortage of new recruits, because young people today were so selfish and hedonistic, that it was difficult to find any newly-dead young people who were prepared to do anything to help others at all

the rooms were all empty. Nothing at all could be seen on them. However, I was then made to realize that they were really all full. They were in fact packed tight with invisible knowledge packets which only became visible when they were consulted. It seemed to me an admirable way to stuff huge amounts of information into a limited number of shelves and eliminate overcrowding.

All the desks were completely bare. There were no sheets of paper, no notepads, no computers. And yet the girl demonstrated how the desks were used. For convenience, one sat down and laid an invisible knowledge packet on the desk surface. One activated this knowledge packet mentally, simply by directed intent. When activated, a multimedia interactivity such as no one on earth has yet dreamed of took place from a rectangular 'book' or three-dimensional folder which looked as if it were made of pure light. I could see many colours appearing in the images which were emitted by this knowledge packet. The images, information, sound, maps, diagrams, and footnotes were all simultaneously downloaded into the girl's consciousness, and were of course directed specifically at her. Access to the Earth Archives is denied to living people, except on a selected leak basis through dreams, and in any case only a dead person has the actual ability to open and download a knowledge packet.

The Earth Management Center

ALL THIS WHILE my dog Kim was with us, and had settled down nicely on her silk eiderdown which she had had on earth, and was looking at us contentedly. She was many years younger, indeed about two years old, the same as when I had seen her ghost three days after she died, sitting on her own grave in the garden. I was glad she had remained so rejuvenated. But I asked the girl why she had Kim with her. I tried to say politely to this girl that I didn't know who she was, and I was puzzled as to why she was looking after our dog so devotedly, and why she had invited us on a short visit to heaven.

The girl explained that I had tried to prevent her death, and it was not surprising I didn't recognise her, because I had not known her on earth. She was so grateful for my efforts that she decided to return the favor by looking after our dog for us until we eventually joined the Earth Management Center and could be reunited properly with Kim, who was being allowed to live there as one of the few



pets anywhere on the 'campus'. The girl was a curious sort of character, because although she had such a crisp businesslike manner, this was really a very sentimental thing to do and it indicated that her manner belied her true nature. She stressed that we had been strangers to each other on earth but would eventually be colleagues in heaven. I had no awareness of having tried to prevent this girl's death, but she brushed such apologies aside and assured me that she remembered it well enough, because it had been her death!

It was then that she explained the dire state of the Earth Management Center. She said that it was a purely voluntary division of heaven, involving a great deal of intensive labour, and that it was staffed entirely by people who were actually prepared to go to the trouble of working hard when they didn't have to. She said there was a desperate shortage of new recruits, because young people today were so selfish and hedonistic, that it was difficult to find any newly-dead young people who were prepared to do anything to help others at all. I had already noticed that both outside and inside, the 'campus' was nearly deserted. Most of the young people who were flooding heaven these days were people who had died of drugs or in silly accidents caused by drunk driving, and that sort of thing. The principle was that the Earth Management Center was open to all the dead, and prolonged visits were encouraged, even when it was just eighteen year olds who had been killed in battle and only wanted to pass the time. These kids were idealistic, so that their presence was refreshing, and

eventually they would be taught some skills, but there was no rush, because everybody was going to be dead for a long time. (The other reason was not revealed to them, namely that there was a desperate staff shortage and nobody could be spared to train them.)

The Hypers

I SAID, BUT what about the older generations? Many more of them had a sense of duty, and she said yes of course, but they had all fallen victim to the Stale State and been phased out. She explained that only a tiny number of exceptional 'hypers' who were long-term specialists ever managed to survive a 'death generation' in service. These 'hypers' were hyper-evolved entities who did not need to be processed and could skip rehab and go straight into service and stay there for several 'death generations'. The only hazard for them was psychological depression, which eventually took its toll on most of them so that they could not go on. And a surprising number of the 'hypers' had been forcibly retired recently because of this increasing and overwhelming depression. By depression she meant depression at the state of the world. They had been worn down and were losing hope. It was in fact being realized that even 'hypers' were not as 'hyper' as everybody had thought, because depression was taking far too high a toll on them. In short, there was a greater need for fresh recruits who were youthful and vigorous, and more promising kids in their twenties and thirties were going to have to be harvested from earth ►

in order to keep the Earth Management Center staggering along. But this had to be done sparingly because otherwise earth itself would become too depleted of idealistic young people, and left only to the hedonistic young, who made up such an overwhelming majority today.

I thought I detected a contradiction. How could one harvest recruits when service was meant to be purely voluntary? I was told it was done by means of reading the soul-tone. The soul-tone, I was told, is a complex emission of the soul, a chief component of which is the Fundamental Tone. The Fundamental Tone rises in frequency according to the evolutionary state of the soul according to ethical criteria. High tones are rarely also of high intelligence. They are often savagely persecuted on earth, a typical example being Joan of Arc, who was burnt at the stake at the age of only 19 because she was a high tone and all the low tones in charge of the church were seething with evil envy and hatred of her. It is usual for high tones to be badly bullied and beaten up as children, because the low tones always hate them. The most valuable high tones are the ones who also have high intelligence, and this is the only source of 'hypers'. But the 'path of knowledge', as the Hindus call it, is a perilous one, and few intellectuals ever make it to the state of becoming high tones. This is because they are so vain. In heaven they estimate that at least 99.5% of all earth intellectuals are so vain that they can never become high tones. The possession of knowledge is an even greater danger to the character than the possession of beauty: both produce vanity, which tends to keep people in the status of low tones. Only ex-

ceptional intellectuals ever break through the vanity barrier. From this tiny minority, all the 'hypers' derive. So in harvesting, one looked for intelligent high tones, and that was no easy matter. If they had emotional earth ties, these were generally disregarded as being of minor significance in the greater scheme of things.

Ecological Decay

APPARENTLY THE THING that has been knocking out the 'hypers' and causing their depression is not the human disasters, to which they are hardened, but the unprecedented decay of the ecology of earth. They see this as essentially irreversible, and they are increasingly saying they 'cannot go on'. The trouble with the 'hypers' is that they can see and understand too much, so that all the deepest resonances and meaning of every situation are too clear to them. Apparently the pain of this is becoming unbearable for them and they are dropping out at a perilous rate. The psychic disruption and lowering of the general psychic level and tone is one of the energy sources for the destabilizing which is taking place in the human psychic sphere, and leading to the cascade effect which is building the levels of violence and intolerance even beyond their already drastic levels. Humans are a violent species, but when they become more violent, they can spill over into the cosmic dustbin category. The struggle to prevent this happening is being abandoned by an under-staffed and demoralized Earth Management Center.

In heaven they are already readying themselves for a total reorganisation, where heaven abandons earth and concentrates

Everyone on earth is living too long and going straight into the Great Peace when they die rather than volunteering for service, because they are too worn out by what they did on earth and the stress is too great for them

on its own affairs. The Earth Management Center was set up long ago (its current image as a modern 'campus' is purely a contemporary construct, and long ago it looked instead like a Renaissance palace, when people like da Vinci passed through) by gung-ho volunteers who thought they could make it work. It used to be staffed by intellectuals who had all died too young because of the primitive nature of earth medicine. Now, however, everyone on earth is living too long and going straight into the Great Peace when they die rather than volunteering for service, because they are too worn out by what they did on earth and the stress is too great for them. But we are entering a phase where the Center is teetering on the edge of obsolescence. Earth/heaven relations are about to change, and it is not to our benefit down here on earth.

What can be done? It seems that we are increasingly being thrown back upon our own resources. If we cannot sort out things better on earth ourselves, our backup will be gone before long, and a downwards spiral to chaos will occur, accelerated by a disintegration of climatic conditions rendering physical survival increasingly difficult. And before many decades have gone by, heaven will have plenty of fresh recruits, but with too little left for them to do! For by then, any good souls who might feel inclined to volunteer for relations with an earth which has ceased to be viable will find themselves out of a job. And as to what happens then, well, it isn't good news. At this point the Great Peace will be disrupted.

Postscript

When I got out of bed, Olivia, for the first and only time since our dog's death, said to me while she was still nearly asleep:

'You had better let Kim out.' ■

