

Conspiracy theories

This is T. Lobsang Rampa, the author of the *'Third Eye'* and the *'Doctor from Lhasa'* speaking to you. Although I am a Tibetan Lama certain people in England and one man in Germany have tried to discredit me. There is really no point in going into this because my agent in England and the publishers of the *'Third Eye'* and many, many other people in countries throughout the world have seen my papers where it's specifically stated that I am a Lama of the Potala in Tibet and an Abbot in my own right. My papers also show that I served in the Chinese Forces as a surgeon. Certain sections of the press in England because I would not give them an interview — I would not say what they wanted me to say — started a campaign against me. The real underlying reason was spite on the part of various people! And because I was a person whom they did not understand, so many Western people try to persecute or drag down, or discredit those who they do not understand. My third book, the truth of *'The Rampa Story'* will tell you all about this, but I want to repeat and emphasise that everything I have written and said is true and is my own personal experience. Let me also emphasise that I am all that I claim to be. This may be of interest to you a few more detail about myself, details which will embrace something else of the three books. I was born in Tibet of a noble family and became a boy monk at a very famous lamasery. As I progressed through my studies I progressed in rank, in status; eventually the time came for me to leave Tibet and go to Chungking in China. There I studied for and obtained the degrees of 'Doctor of Medicine', 'Doctor of Science', and 'Master of Arts'. I also learnt to fly aircraft; later in my life, this became a very great asset to me. In December 1933, the beloved Thirteenth passed on and I returned to Tibet for a brief visit in order to take part in those sad final rights. The Japanese started their reign of terror in Shanghai on the 13th August 1937. I was granted a commission as Surgeon Captain in the Chinese Forces. My duties were to fly to badly stricken centres and perform in emergency operations. Early in 1938 I was shot down by the Japanese and taken prisoner. After three months, I managed to escape, and I made my way back to Tibet to see my friends and to take part in certain ceremonies. After this, and a visit to my home in Lhasa, I returned to duty with the Chinese Air Force. By now the world war had started and the Japanese were winning everywhere. We were short of supplies as the British had closed the Burma road. Once again it was my misfortune to be captured by the Japanese, they tortured me very badly when they recognised me as a former prisoner who had escaped, for escape from the Japanese was a crime indeed in their eyes. As a surgeon, I was sent to the Medical Officer of a large prison camp for women. Once again, I escaped but was recaptured, once again I was tortured and both my legs were broken to stop me escaping in the future. In 1944, I was sent to Japan to a camp near Hiroshima, also this was a camp for women and I was the Medical Officer. Some of the women were very influential persons, highly placed and with high social connections. Some, in particular, were dying after torture and had information which the Japanese badly wanted and for which they had been tortured. As they knew the women had told me, they tortured me as well. All these hardships caused pneumonia. When I was recovering from it the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. In the considerable

confusion, because the Japanese were very frightened, I escaped and made my way to the sea where I was able to steal a fishing boat and I cast myself adrift on the Sea of Japan, without food, without water, but not without hope. Days later the boat grounded on the shores of Kervia [outskirts of Najin on the North-East coast of Korea] and I made my way to Vladivostok getting lifts where I could and at other times walking. At Vladivostok, I found many other refugees some who were hiding in goods' trains. I concealed myself beneath a wagon of the Trans-Siberian railway and we made our way across frozen Siberia. Weeks later I arrived in Moscow clad in clothing which I had obtained from the wagons. I also secured some food from those wagons but at times I and others were reduced to eating the grease from the axle boxes and rats which swarmed into the trucks, and which we caught with our bare hands and ate them raw. After a few days in Moscow, Soviet guards arrested me and took me to Lubyanka prison as a suspected spy. Brain washing procedures went on for some weeks, then I was told I was to be expelled from Russia. I was marched out of Lubyanka prison, one poor man with an escort of heavily armed guards and taken to the railroad station. There, still in company with those guards, I was put aboard a train and taken to Sykhiv in Poland [Lwów Voivodeship is now known as Lviv within the Ukraine]; once again I was upon my own. Europe was very unsettled at that time, just after the war. I made my way through Poland, through Germany, and on to Cherbourg in France. There I boarded a ship and worked my passage to the USA, to the port of New York. As a member of the crew I was allowed ashore and I stayed ashore and tried several types of work in an attempt to settle down. One of the jobs was as a radio announcer, but after a time life in America bored me and I decide to visit England. Once again, I applied for and was given a job aboard ship, so I could work my passage. In 1951 I landed in Southampton, England, my papers were in order but one of the officials there for some unstated reason took an instant dislike to me and in contravention to all rules and regulations he took my papers and ripped them up and threw them away; I was taken away and lodged in a cell. Two days later I was removed from the cell and put aboard another ship bound for America. Arrived at New York I had no papers and my story that a British Official had torn them up was not well received. Well I will not go into that here, but I will say instead I had to return to England because I, like so many other people, have a task and a purpose in life; mine is in connection with the Human Aura, and a device which I am trying to perfect. I had to return to England. How I actually did it, well that is in the third book.