

Don't be a Monkey  
all your Life

OR

Tantric Episodes  
OR

casual reflections and curses and  
affirmations and actions and past  
lives and subjectivity and objectivity

and so on  
and on  
and on

By  
Harry Jivenmukta

You might find the contents a bit random. Well, life can be like that sometimes.

## **Dedication**

for Hina,  
my Libyan princess.  
It was so, so good.  
I will call to you  
when I need some respite.  
We will sit by your tent  
in the desert  
around the small wood fire  
cooking goats' bones  
and laughing at  
the old men

I will sing to you across  
millions of universes  
a song of joy  
and feel your love

my heart flies



## My biography

I am re-born every day, and so find it difficult to write a typical biography of myself. All that has gone in the past is irrelevant. Anyway, for those who need one, here is my best effort.

I was disappointed to find out that I am only almost a genius, after testing by professionals. I hold three post graduate qualifications in English, Education and Technology in Teaching. I am an advanced practitioner of virtual learning environments. I have published nearly 70 workbooks for schools and colleges. I am a web designer, desktop publisher, and love computer technology. I have been writing since I was five years old.

For nineteen years, I have been a Tantric, (see [www.loosewords.org/harrysite](http://www.loosewords.org/harrysite) and click on the bottom left hand *Tantric Courses* link).

**This is the single most important thing in my life.**

I love Hindi poetry, and music in particular, because it allows me to leave this world behind and fly.

My creativity is as sharp as a knife but my body has many diseases caused by fast living. I live on handfuls of tablets and lots of injections every day. It is only a small inconvenience.

### **The most important thing of all**

The most important thing to remember when working with curses, or affirmations, is 'association'. If you associate yourself with the action you take, you will inherit all the karma that results. That includes 'good' karma as well as 'bad'. Remember that good and bad are simply subjective terms that mean different things to different people. Karma is neither good nor bad, but simply exists; it is the use and the interpretation that people give to it that gives it a false 'good' or 'bad' tint.

**NB** think of karma as weight. You should carry the least weight as possible. Whether they are perceived as good or bad or neutral, all actions that you associate yourself with will give you weight. So, work towards actions that add the least weight or preferably no weight to your existing karma. That is why some charity workers do themselves great damage; they associate themselves with the 'good' deeds they do and so accumulate great extra weight. Karma does not discriminate, and in karmic terms there is no right or wrong.

### **What is a curse or an affirmation?**

Both are the same. Again, it is perception that makes something seem good or bad. We will now drop the terms 'curse' and 'affirmation' and talk simply of 'actions'.

When you take an action, it is an interference with someone that you feel will benefit the person in question, or yourself, or someone else. It is subjective in the sense that you are making a decision about the efficacy of the action. It is you that thinks a person needs to be influenced or changed. It is your action that otherwise would not occur. It is you that makes the action work and therefore if there are consequences, it is you who will inherit them.

### **Example 1**

One night I was at a loose end and so I casually wandered into someone's subconscious mind. There I met a past life of the woman in question and decided to enjoy this relationship. There is much more to it than just relationships, and it was brilliant! I did wander into the subconscious mind of the woman every two weeks or so to observe how she herself was feeling, in case there was a side effect of removing a past life. Each time I did this, I found that there was no ill effect and so concluded that this past life could be enjoyed by me without consequences. After a while, the past life disappeared and I have not been able to find it again. And so, it has been an action without consequences that I have greatly enjoyed and from which I have not accumulated any additional weight of karma. There is a possibility that I might have received a little karma depending on how the past life felt when she finally disappeared.

### **Example 2**

If there is someone who I want dead and I kill him, all his karma and the effects of the action will pass directly to me. This is because, I want him dead; I am associating myself with him. But, if I help someone to pass beyond life because he is in excessive pain, it is not associated with me; it is just a process for him. In that case, I inherit no karma at all. Remember, I am not happy or sad about it otherwise I would be associating myself with the action. It just is. Do you see?

Sometimes I might consciously accept some karma for an action that I want to associate with. For instance, in the example above of taking a past life, if I wanted to mould the woman or her past life into something that suited me more, that would entail association and then I would receive karma weight for it. I would probably welcome additional weight in this case because it also gives me pleasure. I can work off some of the karma at a later date. After all, it isn't just processes; sometimes I need fun as well.

### How you speak the words that set off an action

It is important that if you borrow an action from me that you hear me say it. It maximises the effect and also determines whether there is karma collection involved or not. I could speak all of the actions below in many different ways by emphasising particular words, and each has a different effect. So, here are some actions. Think about what they say and if they entail collecting karma.

<p>ke bankeh dost apne doston se dushamani kiyi hai</p> <p>under the guise of friendship you (are) were an enemy to your friends</p>	<p>This is a statement that is not personal and therefore there is no association.</p> <p>The person referred to here, has collected a lot of karma and will carry on doing so.</p>
<p>mujhe gam dene walee tu khushi ko tarse</p> <p>you who gave me grief, may you long for happiness</p>	<p>This definitely involves karma because I am saying it is about me and therefore association is inevitable.</p>
<p>jiye tu iss tarah keh zindagi ko tarse</p> <p>May you live in such a manner that you long for life</p>	<p>It could be both karma free or karma collecting depending on how it is issued.</p>

'long for' in the above examples insinuates that you will long for but never get.

My actions are usually spoken in Hindi because I feel it is a better language for this purpose. For me, it has more emphasis and impact. **You can speak the actions in any language you want to.** One of the most powerful actions is:

meri chahat hai ke tu hazar salo se jiyo  
my hope (desire) is that you live for a thousand years

This is very powerful because it means may you never be free of your physical body, in old age, illness and pain. And, may you never move on from where you are now. It is not to be used willy-nilly. For that matter, none of them are to be used without great forethought. It is a good job that you don't know how to place the actions effectively. I wonder whether I should teach that bit; it does need special instruction. As an example of how I can change the strength of the action above, I could say:

‘you will live for a thousand years’.

That is explosive!!! Be careful and talk to me first.

## **Two worked examples of taking a life and karmic implications.**

### **If someone kills a man who is a father and a son**

The wife, children, parents and relatives of the man will think of the death regularly and have very strong emotions. The murderer will receive karma from the unfinished business of the man, including bringing up his children, looking after his partner, and the sadness of his parents. The whole of the local community will also think about the event. Some people will think of it every day or indeed several times a day. The murderer will require at least five and possibly seven lifetimes to work off the massive karma that he collects every day. He will even receive karma from as yet unborn grandchildren and others. Murder is probably the biggest karma collecting event possible.

### **Taking a life without karma collection**

A tantric once took the life of a middle-aged woman who was destitute and suffered severe mental health problems, in India. You can read the details in my novel Hillside Retreat. In this case he didn't collect any karma because the woman wanted to die and because he made sure her spirit was directed to birth in another specific life. Note: He didn't kill her directly but used tantric methods on her from a distance. She is alive in her new body today.

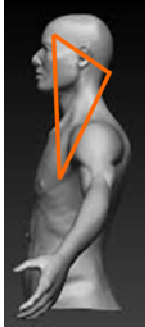
### **Should you try to apply actions?**

I would say you shouldn't without training because you will almost certainly fail without instruction and if you did inadvertently apply an action it could be open ended and lead you to lifetimes of karma weighted existences. When I apply an action, I know what I am doing; where and when it starts and finishes. Once I applied an action to someone living in a terraced house. There were also two other people living there and so I had to make sure they were not touched in any way by my actions. It can be quite detailed and precise.

A good action is like shooting a rifle where the bullet is directed very precisely. A bad action is like a shotgun that spreads its lead shot in a wide area and is indiscriminate. In this case, there will be implications and potentially massive karma collection.



**Let's try a simple action**  
**First let's gather some energy**



- 1 Base of skull
- 2 Third eye centre
- 3 Heart centre

Relax for at least twenty minutes before you start this energising exercise. Drink a cup of tea or watch some TV or whatever. Turn off all electronic equipment so that you don't split your attention between this exercise and the anticipation of something going off.

Breathe in through your nose. At the same time pull in energy from the base of your skull and along the path indicated in the image, to your third eye centre.

Breathe out through your mouth and release the energy from the third eye centre to travel downwards to your heart centre.

When you breathe in again repeat the process. Don't worry about the residue energy already in your heart centre. It will start travelling up and out of the completed triangle at the base of your skull.

Repeat the exercise for as long is comfortable. You should do this exercise regularly in order to accumulate and store energy for use later.

### **This is designed to unbalance someone's aura**

A friend of mine told me that he was fed up with a colleague at work and wanted to teach him a lesson. I was feeling a bit mischievous myself and so told him to try the *marble* action. This can be both a karma free, and karma collecting exercise. Think of the front door of the person's house. In one of your hands you have some marbles. They can be metal or glass, large or small, colourful or plain but make sure they are always the same. Picture him going out of the door and then bend down and release the marbles. He will physically feel nothing but his aura will be unbalanced like a person sliding about and tripping.

Repeat as many times as required. The effect will be to make the person make irrational decisions and make mistakes in his everyday life.

My friend returned to see me after two days and wanted to know how to stop the action because he was becoming unbalanced himself. He had associated the action with himself and each time he released the marbles he was also releasing them on to himself. Funny!

To stop the action, simply stop rolling the marbles. It might take a few hours or a few days depending on your previous efforts.

### **To change someone's behaviour**

This requires much more energy than can be collected from the exercise shown above. I will not explain the process of accumulating that amount of energy here.

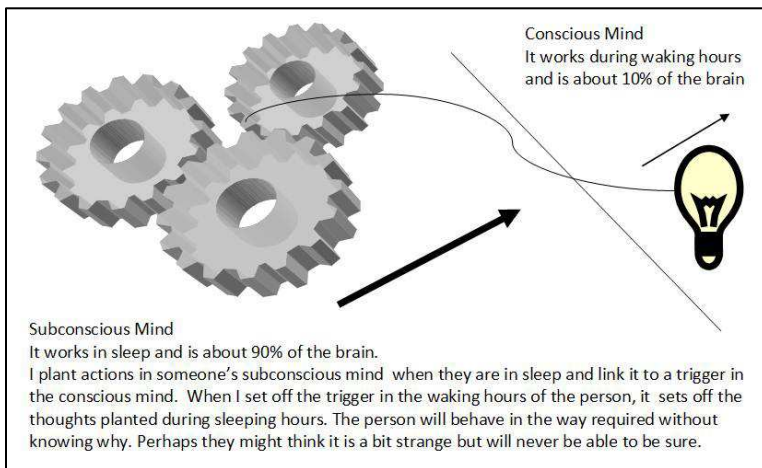
I was just trying this action to see if it worked for me.

I wanted a woman known to me, to turn up at a specific place at a particular time and day of my choosing. To make it even more

precise I decided that she should also tell me that she was going to a particular supermarket to buy three items, chosen by me in advance.

It took me nine months of trying to make it work. But now I can do it in a few days. I sent a constant stream of requests to her subconscious mind every night. I also set triggers that I could activate during the day, in her conscious mind. I waited at the said spot every week for nine months. When she did turn up, I waited for her to also speak the words I had sent. She did. I was amazed! She said the words exactly!

I have since found a way of speeding up the process by deflecting further energies off her friends and overcoming her mind until she has only one thing on it; to act as required.

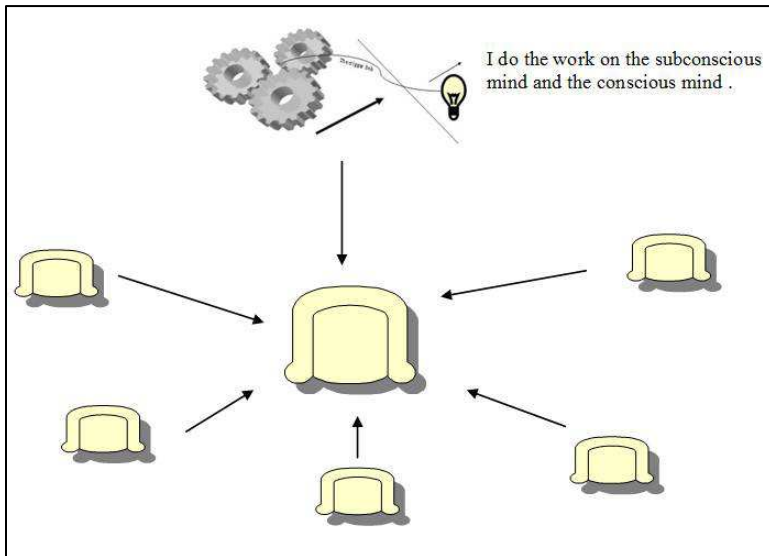


The messages sent to her subconscious mind act like suggestions. You may remember when a particular thought came into your head when you were thinking about something else and you ask yourself 'where did that thought come from?'

When the door to the conscious mind is open then the door of the subconscious mind is closed and vice versa. The door of the subconscious mind and the door to the conscious mind are both open for a very short time when they are switching over. The Sikh religion calls the morning switch over Amrit Vela, the nectar time. There is not only one of these but two nectar times, the other being as you fall into sleep. You cannot count for how long these doors are both slightly open except to say that they are open for a few seconds, maybe. No religion has identified these nectar times except Sikhism that recognises only one such time, in the morning. So I claim the discovery of the evening nectar time for myself.

All my work happens when only one door is open. This is because I start work at between 2am and 3am when the target is probably asleep. I can then plant triggers easily when the person is awake.

The way I can speed up the time it takes to influence someone to change their behaviour is done by the method shown above plus additional messages planted in the minds of people close to the target person. For instance, if I want her to go to the cinema to see a particular film, if the suggestion is already in her mind and then her friends also suggest the same thing, there is a much greater chance that she will go to the cinema. See the illustration overleaf.



By planting suggestions in the minds of her friends and associates, she will be overcome by the suggestions and will, in effect, have no choice.

The main problem we now have, is how to activate the actions that have been placed in the sub conscious mind. When the person is awake, the door to the sub conscious mind is closed, and so, cannot be directly reached in order to activate it. The answer is to set triggers in the conscious mind that are connected to the actions in the subconscious mind. When the trigger is set off, it links back to the sub conscious mind and sets that off as well. It's just like a real bomb; without a detonator, the explosive is fairly safe. It is only when there is a detonator and it is activated, that the main part of the bomb goes off.

## **So how can we set triggers in the conscious mind?**

This is really easy. Examples:

### **Example 1**

I went up to a woman that I knew very little of, and gave her a piece of paper with my telephone number on it. She took exception to this and asked me why I had done it when she hardly knew me and had not asked for my phone number. I told her that if she didn't want it she could throw it away. In the end she kept it and showed it to me later. The point of this was that every time she looks for a phone number she will think of 'that idiot Harry' who gave her his number uninvited. This lets me use that place in her conscious mind to place triggers. Simple, or what?

### **Example 2**

On my first visit to the Write Stuff writing group I heard a woman talking to her friend. She said she had been very 'naughty' because she had bought a bag of Maltesers and eaten them all herself in one sitting. On my second visit, I introduced myself to her and told her that I would always think of her as the 'Malteser girl' because that was the first thing I heard her talk about. That became the in-point for her trigger setting.

The aim of planting triggers is to make sure you are remembered by the person in question. I have done some really outrageous things. The more consternation you cause the better because then the person will always remember you. But there is no need for violence, either verbal or physical. Ideally, the feeling planted should be consternation and surprise, or a bit of outrage, but nothing that might make the person think negatively of you.

If you get an outburst from the target person, that is excellent because the stronger the response, the more likely it is that the target person will remember you. So, don't be shy. But remember, you want the person to remember you in a positive or at least a

neutral way. If they begin to hate you, that will act as a barrier when you are planting triggers.

### **A big action**

I have used an action in a major way only once. The action is:

maine onko ponchha diya hai  
satme narak mein

I have delivered him  
to the seventh hell

No messing about with this action, is there? It is preceded by another statement:

What's that shot?

Never mind it.  
You never hear the  
shot that kills you.

If you have been delivered to the seventh hell, or satma narak, you are going to be suffering for a long time. I might explain that actual story later.

### **Where is God, Heaven and Hell?**

This is a really easy one to answer. We like to believe that there is a real place called hell and another called heaven. It is an impossibility because spiritualism is not based on 'somewhere else'. Everything is here. Both heaven and hell are right here. And as for God, there is God in everything. We are living in God. A story might be helpful here.

## **The story of the little fish**

Once there was a little fish that lived in the ocean. He had a big question. He wanted to know where the ocean was. He had heard a lot about it all his life, but he was very inquisitive and wanted to know more.

He went to see the big fish who told him that he knew there was an ocean but the question of where it was or what it was, was too big for his small brain.

The little fish went to see the whale who told him that there was an ocean but you only got to see it when you died. If you have been good in this life then you go to the great ocean, otherwise you are destined to live out the rest of eternity in a bucket of water.

The little fish was unimpressed by all these types of answers because they didn't really tell him anything. So, finally, he decided to dive as deep as he could and visit the wise octopus who was the oldest and wisest one in his world. The octopus told the little fish to stop worrying. The octopus had spent all his life trying to fathom out this mystery but was no closer to finding out. He concluded that the ocean was a mystery too complicated to understand.

The little fish gave up after that and thought that if no one knew then he, with his little fishy brain, had no chance of finding out.

One day, as the now carefree little fish was happily swimming along, he was suddenly caught up in a net. In fact he was caught right at the edge of a fishing net and began wriggling to free himself and escape. The net was pulled up and for the first time in his life the little fish left the water. As he looked around him he was surprised to find the ocean all around and below him. This sudden realisation, that he had been living in the ocean all the



time, that the ocean wasn't somewhere else at all but right here, right now, made him struggle even more to be free so that he could tell the others.

He fell back into the water and in his excitement swam all over the ocean shouting that he had seen the ocean and that they were all living in it. The reason why no one knew where the ocean was, was because they were already in it.

Of course, no one believed him, the little fish; how could such a small mind have realised such a big truth?

**And there we have it**

And there we have it. This story is all you need to know. I have died twice in this life, both times brought back to life by doctors. I have seen the ocean. Are you big enough to believe me or will you carry on like the big fish, the whale, and the octopus and keep believing myths, stories and holy books?

Don't be a fool....

So, why can't anyone find God? In order to find something you have to lose it first. We can't find God because God isn't lost. We are already living in God.

Don't be a monkey all your life!

It is all so easy.

## **Subjectivity and Objectivity**

For the last three hundred years or so, the world has been dominated by one type of science; objective science. This means the study of objects outside of the individual, hence objective – of the object. Objective science is great because you can conduct experiments or observations that can prove things, and you can repeat these so that others can see the efficacy of the findings. Biology, Chemistry and Physics are all objective sciences, and they have achieved so much.

Before this time, for a period of many centuries, science was a mixture of superstition, local traditions and fear induced beliefs.

If you go back further, thousands and thousands of years, mainly in Asian countries, there was another kind of science called subjective science. This is the scientific study of the subject – yourself. These days subjectivity is described as something negative and, compared with the evidence and proof of objective science you can see why. But you cannot study subjectivity in an objective way. How can the part study the whole? A man cannot dissect himself and if he did he wouldn't be alive to report the findings. In any case what he is searching for does not have a physical existence whether it is the mind or the heart centre.

The first thing that you have to remember when undertaking a subjective experiment is to question whether it is your imagination that has made up the solution or whether it is indeed a subjective truth – a truth about your own past. This is remarkably difficult to explain but not so difficult to experience. And, of course, the experience can only be in the individual concerned. The experience cannot be shared because it is subjective. That's why some of the old saints have said that they can indicate the path but you have to walk on it yourself. Subjectivity is something that can only be experienced first hand.

## **A discussion with Karen Habibi**

Whilst this Earth is one, though inhabited by many people, we can each observe the Earth in our own limited or experienced ways. Someone in China can test gravity just as well as someone in South Africa can. But in subjective science, your world is made up of your past lives and experiences: and mine are mine. It is possible for me to view some of your world if it overlapped mine, but even then I would only see it from my perspective and the bits that were shared by us both.

When I look into someone's past life it can be seen in two ways. Firstly, if I shared something with you I can look at it from my experience and remembrance. Secondly, if I never experienced anything with you I can look at your remembrance and merely articulate it for you – a skill learned by spiritual practice and Sadhana.

Well, there you go. This has been such a difficult time because I am of the left hand path. People of that path simply jump in and struggle, to come out with an answer or die in the process. That is why the initiation requires the understanding that the minimum entry requirement for this path is the willingness to die: as a compensating factor, those of the left hand path get there quicker, if they live to tell the tale. This might explain to you my utter disregard for job, money, and other material things; just toys.

At the moment a great peace has descended on me. The struggle was very hard indeed. I have the answers I needed and one of my two great blockages is gone. I hope you don't think I'm mad or anything. It's just that I work on a different plane. It's got nothing to do with a higher or lower plane, or being superior or inferior. It's just about doing what I have to do. I'm sure you have things that you have planned to achieve. It's just that most of yours are probably material and mine are spiritual.

I don't know how much of it I want to explain to you. It always sounds strange and, at least, slightly weird, explaining Sadhanas to others, even when they were part of it all. As you are sceptical in any case, maybe you can let me keep it to myself for a while; or forever.

People exist in a three dimensional reality. When you are in a Sadhana you are in a five dimensional reality; time being the fourth and layered time the fifth. Time in its fourth dimension is in a linear form; past - present – future. In its fifth dimension it is more like this:

Past	Past	Present	Present	Future
Past	Past	Present	Present	Future
Past	Past	Present	Present	Future

Of course there are infinite pasts, presents and futures; the above is just a simple illustration. Fifth dimension time is layered; there is more than one each of past, present and future. If I want to, and have the ability, (mmm), then I can move from my past, present or future into multi-layered pasts, presents and futures.

Past <b>Clinical</b>	Past	Present	Present	Future
Past	Past <b>HJAC</b>	Present	<b>HJAC sadhana</b>	Future
Past	Past	Present	Present	Future

This is how I found our connection. The difficulty I had in uncovering the link was that I was looking for you in the same past as mine, i.e. the last life. But the link appears two lifetimes ago for you and only one lifetime ago for me. It is easily done; it simply means that you died at an early age two lifetimes ago and came back again. We have both come back again this time but you have had another life in between our first link and this one. It does feel so difficult to explain in words but was startlingly simple in the end, in the Sadhana.

As soon as I realised your early death two lifetimes ago I remembered the complete story of it all. Read Remembering Chandi (Appendix 1). That experience has formed one of my two major blockages. The massive emotional experiences I went through had been waiting for a long time. Suddenly, it was all removed. Dare I say it; I am almost flying again! Well I dare, do you?

Incidentally, the other main blockage for me comes at least three or four lifetimes ago, so that one might be more difficult. Read Near Devonport (Appendix 2). Can you imagine what I've been through for this awareness? Can you imagine what the final one might be like? It doesn't bear thinking about.

Anyway the link; we were not lovers, not married or anything of the sort. In fact we were both children. The whole story is very vivid in my mind but I'm not sure how to tell you or whether to say it. I don't think you will remember it because it was so sudden. You were about 10 and I might have been the same or a year older. Nothing untoward or strange; just sudden.

### **Linking destinies with Karen Habibi**

introduction

In order to link destinies you have to complete three Sadhanas, each lasting 7 days. The first one is to get the information about the other person and make changes, as required. The second one is to align yourself with the destiny you have changed. The third is too sensitive to mention here. This dummies guide does not go into the actual Sadhanas but does give a simple overview of what you might expect.

When you pop your clogs, so to speak, you have to go to a review with your old teacher. You must know the drill, 'Which parts did you enjoy, what could you have done better, what are your short, medium and long term goals?' Then you get to sign a bit of paper

and agree and new list of things to do next time round. A bit like an Individual Learning Plan. Once you've got your new list, you're ready to go.

### Setting The Scene

Imagine a cinema full of individual spirits (or souls if you prefer). One spirit one seat, (it's all very organised). Each spirit has a little list of goals. On the huge screen in front there is a film about to start. The film is made up of lots of tiny separate films. In each tiny film there is a couple, a man and a woman, (no same sex please), and they are about to make love. Just before they go for it, a list appears in every tiny screen of what's on offer. The spirits quickly scan the screen to see if they can get an exact match with their own list. It's a bit like bingo. If one does match, the spirit calls out 'BINGO' and is rocketed into the tiny screen. The rocket is in the seat if you were wondering. Then that particular tiny screen goes blank. The spirit has found a home and will be born in nine months time.

### Part One

Harry goes to the cinema and slips the man at the counter a Tenner. 'When a spirit called Karen Habibi comes in, give her this list of requirements and make sure she gets a seat with a clear view.'

The man answers, 'Do you know how many spirits come here every day? Do you think I've got nothing better to do than look out for some Arabian fancy spirit of yours?'

'It's OK, I've been upstairs and checked the records. She's coming here on xx/xx/xxxx.' Harry is always very organised in matters like these. 'I've even got a time; it's xx.xx.' (This is the point of the first Sadhana, where such details are elicited).

The man nods grudgingly and then adds, 'But she'll have her own list.'

Harry slips him another Tenner, 'Ask to see it and then swap the lists. She's a trusting type, she won't check'.

The deal is done.

#### Part Two

Harry goes upstairs again, but this time to the projection room. He slips the guy a Tenner. 'I want this bit of film inserted.'

'Piss off you Paki.'

He slips him another Tenner.

'Ah well, you might be a Paki but your money's OK, I suppose'.

Harry resists the temptation to run to the Equal Opportunities Commission building next door. 'And it must be the first one, positioned in the top left hand corner so it can't be missed'.

#### Part Three

Karen Habibi's spirit comes skipping up to the counter, 'One please,' she gaily says.

'Let me see your list, Arabian miss,' the counter man feels the twenty notes in his shirt pocket.

Innocently, Karen hands it over.

Guiltily he hands back the dodgy list, having briefly let his hands fall out of view.

'Thank you,' she says, skipping off for an ice cream before she goes in.

Inside, the film is about to begin. The advertisements are ending and suddenly there are all the films.

'Bingo!!' Karen can't believe her luck. The first one!! WOW! Some spirits have to come back time and time again.

The rocket goes off and catapults her into the waiting womb.

#### Part Four

Harry has already sorted his own destiny out. It cost him dear but it's going to be worth it.

## Appendix 1

### Remembering Chandi

(Part one is one of my lives about a thousand years ago

Part two is my last life and Karen's second last life.

Part three is later on in my last life)

#### Part One

The story had been

that he was half man

and half some sort of animal.

As usual the imagination of the villagers

had got the better of them.

He was, in fact, a man.

No-one knew when he'd

arrived in the forest.

The old men nodded sagely

and said it had been a long time ago.

The story was that Yakshini,

a daughter of the village,

had heard all sorts of music and songs,

in her dreams.

Those dreams, they say, led her into the forest.

It was indeed folklore.

The half man and Yakshini

created the Devi

who now visited the cave

and blessed the village women.

The local Brahmin shook his head

and entreated the women not to go,

not to visit the Devi.

He said that he could give them mantras

to help them conceive male heirs.

My job was to live in the wooden hut

at the edge of the forest



near the cave.  
I was the custodian of the shrine  
and kept nature company.  
My hut was about the size of a small bed.  
The furniture; a small bed.  
The features of my home;  
a door and some wooden walls.  
I even had a roof.  
I awoke with the dawn  
and stretched the sleep out of my body.  
I waited for the day to get brighter  
and then swept the entrance of the cave,  
and waited.  
Waiting is what people who  
live in villages are good at.  
Except the new brides,  
who cant wait to be filled with a male heir  
to satisfy their in-laws.  
All those eager eyed new women  
nervous of their neighbours,  
wanting to prove their womanhood  
by giving birth in less than a year  
of their marriages.  
They all came up the hill  
from the village.  
They came regularly to the huge stone  
under which the cave  
to their salvation lay.  
No-one knew where the Devi lived,  
just that she came out of the forest  
at the given time  
and blessed the women  
and showed them the future.  
Really, I had an easy life.  
Sweeping a few yards of ground,

looking into the darkness  
down through the entrance  
of the shrine.  
I had been in the shrine, of course,  
under the pretence of cleaning.  
It was down three rough steep steps,  
two cave rooms  
each about ten foot square.  
Both rooms lit by the magical rocks  
that glowed in the dark,  
the second room with a small pond of water  
and the wall behind, projecting images,  
but only when the Devi opened her palm.  
The Devi never spoke.  
She was just like a young woman  
except when she gazed at someone.  
She wasn't a normal woman.  
She had magic in her eyes.  
That was my life.  
No questions about truth.  
Just the truth that was all around.  
Just the barren women filled with males  
and Brahmins shaking their heads.

## Part Two

I am ten years old.  
Maybe, give or take a year.  
No-one really cares about numbers;  
it's enough to be alive  
in the village.  
I go to deliver some milk,  
just a small amount  
in a brass container  
with a brass saucer on top.  
For my grandfather.

I walk up past the old stone shrine  
that no longer glows.  
Where the Devi no longer comes,  
where the new brides no longer visit.  
Where I used to live as an old man.  
Round a curve and along the stream  
about two feet wide.  
It's not a long walk.  
It's never a long way when  
you visit an old person.  
Chandi is following me,  
a girl of the village,  
a neighbour, she is a chatterbox.  
She taunts me  
where am I going?  
I walk along  
don't want to talk to Chandi.  
She skips along on the other side  
of the stream.  
Where and what am I taking?  
I ignore her and just walk.  
She is bolder and leaps to my side  
of the stream.  
She is cheeky.  
She is trying to make me spill the milk.  
Give me some to drink, she taunts.  
Going to the toothless relatives?  
I want some of your precious milk.  
You are a sissy, she taunts,  
running to your mother?  
She bounds towards me and stretches  
out an arm.  
I stand forward defensively,  
she retracts from me instinctively.  
She falls backwards.

There is silence.  
Chandi no longer taunts.  
I don't look back,  
but can't resist.  
She is spread out on the floor.  
I stop, look back.  
Take a step on.  
Stop.  
Take a step on.  
Stop.  
She hasn't moved,  
not an inch.  
She is a statue, made of stone.  
The hairs on my back  
stand in fear.  
I take some steps back  
to where she is fallen.  
She looks asleep.  
Chandi! Chandi! I call.  
She does not move.  
I stand for minutes  
mixed up inside.  
I have never touched a girl before.  
You can't touch a girl.  
It's not allowed.  
I stand for minutes.  
She doesn't move.  
I bend down and whisper  
Chandi.  
She will not wake up.  
I put down the brass pot  
and bend down.  
I touch her forearm.  
The fine hairs are so soft,  
I have never felt anything so soft.

Chandi, wake up.  
Chandi, wake up.  
Chandi, go home.  
Chandi, please.  
Chandi, please...please....  
She is asleep.  
I touch her shoulder,  
I am frightened,  
she still sleeps.  
Chandi, wake up!  
I shake her in fear  
and her head slips to the side.  
There is a little bit of red  
in her hair.  
Like a married woman wears.  
I don't know,  
am not sure,  
she is not alive.  
She is not sleeping,  
it is something else.  
Chandi...  
terror is welling up inside.  
Chandi...  
my head is spinning  
why wont you wake up?  
Time is sliding past me,  
the milk is seeping into the grass.  
Chandi?  
She is cold and her eyes  
are closed.

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I am in my home, sitting  
with my knees hugged  
to my chin.  
I can't tell anyone  
that Chandi is asleep.  
Where's Chandi? asks her mother.  
She's a chatterbox, probably talking  
to someone, annoying them.  
She should be home by now.  
She will be annoying someone.  
Where's Chandi, asks her mother  
There is an anxiety in her voice.  
I can hear her speak.  
Chandi is my neighbour.  
Was.  
The sun is sinking into evening.  
Where is Chandi?  
The desperation is clear now.  
The men collect together  
to plan, to find her.  
The men go out to search.  
I sit with my knees clasped  
to my chin.  
It was me,  
they will know it was me.  
Night.  
Chandi's mother is screaming  
Chandi! My daughter, my life  
where are you?  
Chandi! Chandi!

I am frozen.  
In fear.  
It was me, my fault.  
The men and all the village calls

Chandi! Chandi!  
The night of terror ends with the dawn.  
The men gather and sit outside  
Chandi's house.  
They shake their heads in confusion.  
What has happened?

I cannot sleep.  
The nightmare comes every night.  
A village dog returns  
with an arm, a leg  
a strip of her clothing.  
Every night for the rest of my life  
Chandi comes back  
as a leg or an arm or  
a bit of bright cloth.  
She is my madness.

### Part Three

I am in the theatre entrance.  
Cowering in another corner  
are two women, one young.  
They think that being near a soldier  
will help.  
I have never been to war before.  
There are only a few of us.  
I look up to where the road bends  
and hold my rifle in sweating hands  
waiting for the enemy to come.  
Waiting is what soldiers do.  
Wait and wait and then what?  
Win or die in a few seconds.  
I wait for the enemy.  
The two women whimper.  
The hot day cools into evening.

In my head only two thoughts:  
fighting and Chandi.  
It's because of Chandi that  
I joined the army.  
She follows me even here.  
A Japanese bullet might end the nightmare.  
The enemy won't come  
but I know that we can never win.  
There are only a few of us.  
I know that Chandi is dead  
but always dream of the dog  
that returns with an arm or leg  
or a bit of her bright clothing.  
Chandi, leave me alone!  
In the end the battle was easy.  
The only battle of my life.  
We just stood up and put our hands  
on our heads.  
Surrendered.  
The enemy were tired.  
We were all marched to the railway station.  
We sat for hours.  
Nothing happened,  
for days.  
In the end the Japanese  
left us in the station  
with one of our own officers in charge.  
They told us to stay there  
they had other things to do.  
We stayed in the station for three days.  
No-one came.  
In the end we just walked out.  
I lived under a bridge with another soldier.  
It was unreal.  
A woman gave us food.



We couldn't thank her.  
We couldn't speak her language.  
We gestured and she smiled;  
women should not smile at strangers.

#### Part Four

I have returned to my village,  
where Chandi lived.  
My brother has died  
and I have come to  
cremate him.  
The village is not the same,  
much poorer than before,  
fewer people, and strangers  
for neighbours.  
Chandi, why did you die?  
My brother had one son,  
married, and three children  
playing in the dust.  
Their mother brings me  
a tray of food.  
It is hard to eat when you have  
just cremated your brother.  
I eat.  
My mother and father were cremated.  
I wasn't there.

## Appendix 2

### Near Devonport

(one of my lives, 3-5 lifetimes ago)

Let me tell you about where I live. It is a small whitewashed Inn on the south coast of England. It must have been an important Inn in

the past because it is by the side of a road that runs along the coast. Up the side of the Inn there is another road leading inland. Now, though, no-one travels on these roads and the Inn is a lonely place. The nearest town is called Devonport. If you look out from the Inn you can see the little road, then some rough ground. After that you can see the sandy beach and then the sea stretches out to the horizon.

The Inn is rectangular in shape and I live on the first floor. It is a two storey building. The room is very odd indeed. When you go up and open the door, there is a space about four feet by six feet that has a roof about eight feet high. The rest of the room is raised and you have to go up three small steps. The ceiling is about six feet high then. In our room the walls are lined with dark wooden panels, everywhere; the walls and the ceiling. There is a small square window at the far end from where you enter. There are two pieces of furniture; a big four poster bed and my wooden chest where I keep all my clothes. The room is dark because of the wooden panels, but it really is quite a nice room.

I am nineteen years old and am married to a sailor. He is often away. I never know when he will be back. After we were married he brought me here. I don't know how he pays for the room. I help out downstairs, cleaning and sweeping, but I would never serve beer to the men who come here. Most of the time it is very quiet but sometimes, when the ships are in, it can be very noisy and busy. I never go down then. I can't imagine standing there with all those drunken men, serving beer.

My life is very serene most of the time. There are no people around. Even then I don't go walking out very far from the Inn. I just keep to myself and look out at the sea to watch for my husband's ship. It's silly really because the ships never cross this part of the sea anyway. They dock much further away. But I can dream of his ship.

My husband is a good man. When he drinks he gets very angry. Most of the time he is very caring, especially in the mornings when he is sober. He gives me enough money to manage, but then there is nowhere to spend it. I keep the money in the bottom of my wooden chest at the front in the right hand corner, wrapped in a handkerchief. When he comes home from the sea he is always happy to see me. I love him so much. He does beat me though, but only when he has been drinking. I wish he wouldn't drink, but all the men do, he says. I suppose that's true. When he comes home drunk I have to be very quiet. Sometimes he just goes to bed and I am relieved. If he isn't sleepy then I have to be very careful. He is my husband and I do everything I can to please him but I am not a hussey. He says that a wife should do anything for her husband and I try to. It is very difficult though, especially if he's been away for so long. He complains about everything. He says he would rather be back at sea and he swears at me, some words I don't even know.

On the last day he came home drunk. He was wild with rage and demanded money. I was trembling. I opened the chest and gave him the handkerchief with the money in it. He was furious and said that he wanted more. What could I do? I was just quiet but trembling inside. He slapped my face and then told me to take my hand away and slapped me twice again. He lay on the bed fully clothed and kept swearing at me. He wanted to know what I did when he was away. I couldn't get any words out. I was just too frightened. He made all sorts of accusations; that I loved someone else, that I loved lots of men, that he worked hard and I just lay with others. There is no-one else here, what can I say. He wanted me to speak, but I couldn't. The words just stuck in my throat. He said that I couldn't answer him because it was all true. I just stood there hoping he would go out or go to sleep.

He said that he would beat the truth out of me, that he was my

husband and could do anything he wanted. I suppose that was true, but I never even looked at another man. He said I needed a lesson. He told me to stand by one of the posts at the bottom of the bed. He tied my hands together around the post. He reached up to the neck of my dress and tore it down the back. He kept tearing until all my back was bare. He had a stick, I hadn't seen it before. He told me not to slouch and that if I did he would beat me more. I hugged the post so hard. The pain was terrible but I didn't cry. I couldn't cry just like I couldn't talk. I think it made him angrier, that I didn't plead or beg or scream. He beat me until he was out of breath. He carried on but for me the pain had stopped. It was very strange. It felt like it wasn't me he was beating. I could still hear the stick falling on my back but there wasn't any more pain. It felt like just a warmth. It felt unreal, like it was happening to someone else. I felt at peace.

I can't remember any more....

