

Milarepa continues....

Feeling a powerful longing for my mother, I looked back at her again and again and shed many tears. My mother too had strong attachment for me, her only son, and stayed there watching me with tears in her eyes for as long as I remained in sight. I had the heartrending thought, "Should I turn back, should I turn around and see my mother for just a moment?" I felt that mother and son would not meet again. Then, soon we went out of sight, and my mother returned home weeping.

After a few days, rumour spread widely that Nyangsa Kargyen's son had gone off to train in black magic. We took the road to Uu Tsang and reached Yakde in Tsangrong. There I sold my horse and dye to a very wealthy man and the gold I received as payment I carried on my person. After crossing the Trsangpo river, we turned toward Uu and at Tongluk Raka encountered many monks and nuns from Uu. We asked them for the name of a master in the region of Uu skilled in black magic, curse and casting hail. One of the monk said, "In the village of Kyorphu in Yarlung lives a *Lama* name Yungtong Throgyal of Nyak. He is an accomplished master of wrathful mantra practices such as black magic and curse." The monk was his disciple.

So then, with the intension to meet Lama Yungtong Throgyal, we reached the village of Kyorpo Yarlung. Upon meeting the *Lama*, my companions offered only trifling gifts, but I offered everything, gold and turquoise. I said, "I further offer my body, speech and mind. There are some people who live nearby in my region who envy my happiness. Have pity and give me your most potent black magic, one that will show signs of working in my region. Until then, out of compassion, please give me food and clothing."

The *Lama* smiled and replied, "I shall think over what you have said." But from that day onwards he did not teach us the deepest black magic. Rather, he gave us a few evil mantras that he claimed would make heaven and earth tremble and clash, as well as a few useful instructions together with their ritual practices. About a year passed in this way, and by then my companions were all preparing to leave. The *Lama* offered them each a fine cloak he had sewn from woollen cloth. But I was not convinced. I thought it would be difficult for the black magic I had learned to show signs of working in my region. And my mother would surely kill herself should I were to return home without showing signs of magic. Thus I did not prepare to leave.

My companions said, "Thoepaga, are you not going?" I replied, "I have not yet learned enough black magic to leave." They responded, "These instructions are all most profound if we are able to practice them effectively. The *Lama* himself has said that he possesses nothing more than what he have bestowed on us. We no longer doubt on his black magic. You go and see if he will

give you anything else more.” They offered their thanks and made prostration to the *Lama*, and then they left. I too put on the cloak given by the *Lama* and accompanied them until they took their meal. We bid each other good health and then they set out for their homeland. On the way back to the *Lama*, I collected horse and donkey manure, cow dung, and dog droppings, filling the bottom of my cloak. I dug a hole in a fertile field owned by the *Lama* and buried them inside.

The *Lama*, who was at that time on the roof of his house, saw me and remarked to several of his monks. “Of all the disciples I have had in the past, there has never been, nor will there be, one more good-natured than him down there. A sign of this is that he did not come to wish me farewell this morning and yet he returned. When he first arrived at my home he requested black magic, because, as he had put it, ‘There are people living in my region who envy my happiness.’ He said, ‘I offer my body, speech and mind.’ If the story of such a simple fellow is true, it would be a pity were I not to grant him black magic.”

One of the monk sent by *Lama* repeated this to me and I joyfully thought, “I will finally get the black magic that has been withheld from me.” I then went to see the *Lama*, who asked, “*Thoepaga*, why did you not return home?” As a gift, I offered the cloak that the *Lama* had presented to me, then made prostration and touched his feet to my head. Having done so, I said, “Precious *Lama*, there are three of us, my mother, sister and I. Some of our neighbour and countrymen, led by my uncle and aunt, have risen up as enemies and had tormented us with all manner of cruelty. Being powerless to retaliate against them, my mother sent me to train in black magic. If I return home without showing signs of black magic, my mother will kill herself in front of me. For this reason I did not leave, and that is why I am requesting that you grant me the deepest black magic.” I made this appeal with weeping.

How have your uncle and aunt, countrymen had tormented you?” Asked the *Lama*. Sobbing, I narrated at length about how my father *Mila Sherab Gyeltshen* died and about the ways in which my uncle and aunt then tormented us. Tears also streamed from my *Lama’s* eyes, and he said, “If what you say is true, this is completely intolerable. The magic I cast will be sufficient. But I do not assist people hastily. For this same black magic, I have been offered gold and turquoise by the hundreds and thousands from *Ngari Korsum* in the west; case of tea and silken garments by the hundreds and thousands from the three ranges of *Dokham* in the east; woollen cloth and loads of butter and barley by the hundreds and thousands from the four regions of *Uu* and *Tsang* in the centre; and crossbred yaks, horses, and sheep by the hundreds and thousands from *Jayul*, *Dakpo*, and *Kongpo*. Yet no other than you has said that he offers his body, speech and mind. I will instantly verify your story.”

At that time, the Lama had a monk who was swifter than a horse and stronger than an elephant sent to my home to look things over true to what I have said. He quickly returned and said, "Precious Lama, Thoepaga has told the truth, so you should really teach him magic." Then the *Lama* said to me, "If I made rush to give you black magic right away, I feared that a simple fellow such as you would have made me regret it. Since you have told the truth, you will now be granted black magic, but you must go to another master to study under. I possess a black magic rite called Zadong Marnak (Dark Red Faced Dza) that, when caste kills with the syllables *Hūm* and cause unconsciousness with the syllables *Phat*. In the region called Nup Khulung in Tsangrong lives the Khulungpa Lama named Yonten Gyamtsho, knowledgeable in both medicine and mantra, and I gave this practice to him. He possesses the practices of casting hailstorms by pointing one's finger, which he gave to me. As we then became close friends, those who come to me to study black magic I send to him and those who go to him to study hail casting he sends to me. For this reason, I will also send you to him together with my son."

My *Lama* provided me and his elder son named Dharma Wangchuk with a crossbred yak loaded with thick wool and blended flannel from Uu province together with a small gift and sealed letter. Having then reached Nup Khulung in Tsangrong, we met Lama Nubchungwa Yonten Gyamtsho and offered him the woollens along with the gift and letter from the *Lama*. Explaining the circumstances of my situation in detail, I requested that he agree to teach me black magic. The *Lama* said, "The Lama has been my friend for a long time and is true to his word, and I shall certainly teach you two the instructions for black magic. On that mountain spur down there, construct a retreat hall where you will not be disturbed by human hands." The cell built had three stories below and one story above in which the beams were aligned side by side like rows of fish. We secured the perimeter with boulders nearly the size of yaks, leaving no gaps between them so that others could neither discover its door nor find a way to infiltrate its walls. The master then gave us instructions on black magic, until then seven days passed practicing.

The *Lama* came and said, "In the past, seven days were sufficient, that should be enough this time too." I replied, "Since this is black magic cast from a great distance, I ask that we continue for another seven days." "In that case, continue to practice," *Lama* said. On the evening of the fourteenth day, the *Lama* returned and said, "Tonight, signs of black magic will appear at the edge of the Mandala." That night, oath-bound protectors of the teachings appeared carrying thirty-five human head and hearts, covered in blood. They (protectors) said, "For some days, you have called upon us and this is just what you have asked for," and they piled the heads and hearts at the edge of the mandala. In the morning, the Lama returned and said, "There remain two people (Uncle and

Aunt) to be liberated. Should they be killed or spared? “Spare them,” I replied. In order to make known my satisfaction and justice, they were left alone, and thus my uncle and aunt were spared from being annihilated. Then we offered the thanksgiving ritual and feast to the oath-bound *Dharmapālas* (Protectors) and then left the retreat cell. Today, the remains of the retreat caves can be still seen in Khulung.

To be continued....