

HORIZON

The magazine
of useful and
intelligent living

SEPTEMBER

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Articles by MANLY PALMER HALL Philosopher

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- *In contemplation of misfortune we gain strength;
intelligent adjustment can be made to any state of world condition*

Soul-Power from Daily News

THERE are times when it is difficult to live the principles we believe. One of those times is now. Each day we gather up all that we can muster of common sense, detachment, and sound judgment, and resolve that this time we shall meet the dawn of the morrow with understanding and high purpose.

Then comes the morning paper, a tightly folded little bundle of chaos neatly tied together with a broad band of editorial policy.

Woe is us!... we will just take a little peek at the main headlines so we cannot be accused of being unaware of world happenings.

Hmm... Rather discouraging. The English are advancing. The Germans are advancing. The Russians are advancing. The Italians are advancing. We will have to look lower in the smaller type to discover the direction in which they are advancing... Maybe the second page will be better.

The maps ought to be more lucid... No. The enemy has taken Sculdug and the Scurvians are retreating along lines

A to X... Local news. Another murder! And somebody we never heard of is getting divorced... Let's try the ads.

So, our social standing is hazarded by not buying a new icebox? What's this about tattle-tale grey? How'd it be for dunking the newspaper in that kind of soap... Ah, at last the comics! Now we have found something really edifying. It's the only part of the newspaper that our disillusioned souls will accept with implicit confidence. Although there is of course probably some truth in the obituary notices.

What about this fourth estate?—

What's to be believed about victories and defeats, air raids, and the sinking of ships? By no known means can we hope to extract the whole truth out of so much that is deliberately false. And yet that is no reason to hold, as too many people do, a blind prejudice against the press. World conditions are changing with almost incredible rapidity; innumerable difficulties of censorship and distance have to be daily overcome, and on practically any item that trickles

through is imposed the heavy hand of national policies and the designs of government leaderships. Some news errors are made; but looking at it fairly, the press in its endeavors to interpret and convey news is doing today the best job it has ever done. And aided by radio, a great intensification of contact has been provided between peoples great distances apart, with well informed analysts to throw light on daily news high-spots.

What is missing are the guideposts to an intelligent thinking-through—for without something in terms of standards of ethics or even normal attitudes toward mankind there can be no clear path to the meaning of all that is going on. We recognize that world affairs are our affairs. But they are in a mess; which makes us realize that the person who permits himself to take the affairs of the world about him too seriously, who thinks about them too much, is sure to become ineffectual, discouraged in necessary acceptance that everything in life has lost proportion, all sense of ordinary meaning.

But, nothing is gained by ignoring world news. It is futile to attempt to wipe out of our consciousness the state of the world catastrophe. The same query is set up constantly by the defense mechanism in all minds of average individuals: Why ponder deeply crisis after crisis for which, so far as I am personally concerned, there are no solutional elements? Giving them too close attention means less daily capacity to meet my normal personal problems.

There is justification for such an attitude; it can be backed up with sound argument. But it is an incomplete attitude; it overlooks the soul-power to be gained in not ignoring the news.

In contemplation of misfortune we gain strength. If there is no attempt to escape the implications of realities, intelligent adjustment can be made to any state of world condition, no matter how dismal. It is philosophy's belief that all situations exist to be studied, to be defined, and then to be established in their relationship to principle.

The problem with news, as with all things, is to find out why things have happened as they have, and to seek then the governing principle.

We accept that the thing that has happened in the way it has happened is the right thing. Then determine why.

The steps in reasoning are applied in the full conviction that the Universe is dominated and controlled by Intelligence, which we back up with the honest belief that spiritual principles are at the root of living, not personalities. As a thought process this is exactly opposite to platitudinous affirmation that despite appearances everything is just jolly, which is exceedingly stupid. Emotionally akin to it, the saccharine affirmation that the world is filled with love. For whatever the love is that the world is filled with, it is not today being abundantly demonstrated in human relationships. The mission of philosophy is to seek Truth, find Law and find Reason, without outraging common sense in denials of the obvious.

Looking intelligently at our daily newspaper we can see there the record of consequences to a civilization which man built up without an adequate philosophy of life. What we read are news accounts of what happens, inevitably, to ignorance.

That is the first thing news means. As it brings before our eyes consequences monumental in misery and misfortune we can know that they arise from lack of the essential knowledge that there is a Law behind the game of life and that we have to play it according to the rules. Daily news is the chronicle of what happens to those who ignore the Law, who deny the Law. It discloses for us the fundamental principle beneath world difficulties of this time, and all other times, which is lack of adjustment between human institutions and Universal Law.

Men have not built civilization according to the pattern of the place and space which it occupies. Space is ruled by Motions, Laws, and Tides that are continually flowing through it. They are motions intrinsic and inherent; they

require no sense of the personal in their administration; they are Laws, absolute and inflexible. They are great enough to govern the motions of suns, they are small and gentle and intricate enough to control the dancing of atoms in Space. They flow through every branch of human activity, exist in every department of human life, extending upward from man to Space, and downward from man to the molecules — inflexible, absolute and unchangeable. Man may work with them and by applying what he discovers accomplish greatly, but if for any reason he works against them he is destroyed, because man himself is but a tiny atom floating in the great mass of Life.

Governments founded without consideration of the principles of Universal Government will fall. Human ambitions that run contrary to Divine Purpose cannot survive. Human institutions have for thousands of years been set up in conflict with Principle, in flagrantly ignoring the necessity of adjustment of human desires to the Divine Plan which is Universality. Nothing can survive which rotates or vibrates contrary to the Universal pattern.

And so, the very height and supreme pinnacle of wisdom is to know what the pattern is; and having discovered the nature of the pattern to apply the knowledge to every institution man has built up—whether religion, politics or government, business, economics, art, science, literature; alike to industrial structures and all cultural achievement. Either we apply the Law to the thing we are doing, or recognize that it will not and can not survive.

It seems to me that when our look at the morning newspaper is possessed of this kernel of realization it alone is sufficiently vital to give tremendous

spiritual awareness of what is really happening; we gain new courage and strength, a new sense of values with which to understand and estimate the significance of news.

The press discloses to us also the relationship between small personal actions and their consequences. We see the fallacy of human beings overestimating and underestimating other humans. The dynamics of living teach us that it is impossible for optimism alone to reform mankind, and likewise we may know it is not possible to make Truth work for man merely by the affirming of it. The Universe can not be depended upon for light unless man himself administers that light through intelligent personal action. Each of us in finality is a complex of Law itself, and underneath

our ego, underneath our ambitions, underneath all the petty things that make up our personal life, is this substrata of Universal Law within ourselves. We are the Law. We are the great pattern of Law within our own frail personalities.

Personal action then is root and branch

of such problems as world peace. Peace is the most desirable state for the world. The Universe unquestionably desires that all its creatures abide together in a concept of peace. But beyond any doubt or question peace is not going to come merely because we want it. Nor because it is cosmically right. Peace will come ultimately, for peace is essentially right, and Law will establish itself. But peace will not come as a manifesting fact in the lives of people until people themselves become vehicles and manifesting media through which peace can operate.

Prayers for peace, platitudes regarding peace, and leagues for the promotion of peace will be impotent as long as there



is no peace in the hearts of men. A fact is not legislated, it is established, released and revealed. We do not publicly vote Reality into manifestation, we release it into manifestation through ourselves. The good thing that we desire shall be accomplished only as we release peace through our own consciousness. Universal laws must come into manifestation naturally, like the growth of plants. They cannot be forced by the optimism of small minorities.

It is the newspaper which has told us that opposed to those nations which sincerely desired peace were great structures of military ambition and ideology with no interest in peace, unless it allowed them to dominate the entire human race.

Such domination is not conceivably possible in the ultimate; but it is equally obvious that weakness is not a substitute for intelligence. A weak thing, although its principles be right essentially, will not survive merely because it

is established upon certain normalcy. Strength and strength alone is sufficient to assure us things we desire.

When we unite a noble purpose and policy with an adequate technical strength we can build on these ideals and make them stick, establish them on enduring foundations. On an adequate base must be built the hope for world peace.

Principles have not failed merely because peace has not been achieved in this world. The failure is not in their not being strong enough, nor because right could not assert itself. The failure has been because for mankind all good things must come to man through man. It is impossible for any good to be interpolated into human life except through humanity itself. The weakness of man, not the failure of the Universe, confronts us.

Man in the course of time will come into his great philosophic empire, but it is a state to be brought about only through ages of study and growth. The

task we immediately face is to be prepared to face and meet the great problems of life as these problems come to us in daily living. Peace will arrive in our modern world only when it is backed up with the same strength we now devote to competitive industry and political institution. When we want peace as much as we desire personal advantage we will then have peace. Not until then.

World affairs, and our news interpretation of them, should be in terms of the effect of these affairs under the laws at work in nature, rather than laws merely set up abstractly in Space. We forget that men are the personification of motions, of ideas, of impulses and systems of thought. A

dictator is no more than the personification of the will power that motivates most of humanity. It is the will to power in all men personified in one man, that produces the chaos. The dictator is not ultimate

cause, he is merely the manifestation, as reflection or pattern, of an intrinsic cause within the life of people. Definitely realizing this we become aware of a great principle: interpretation of the news of the world becomes interpretation of the world as news.

Helpful also to viewpoint is evaluation of your reaction to news in its peculiar application to the problems of your own personal life. We are concerned frequently with such questions as, Are we going to war? How soon? Such questions can be viewed either as bearing upon incidents contributing to the story of the development of the world, or as fragmentary in the development of humanity. In a large sense they need not be important.

If we are alert to the definite need for something to substitute for feelings morbid and morose after reading the morning paper, instead of taking bad news personally, we can take it philosophically.



The first thing to do, it seems to me, is daily to ask ourselves: What do these things mean to me here and now in actuality? How can I use what I read, or what I hear, or what I learn, to make my own life more rational, reasonable and intelligent? Can I interpret or apply news to the enrichment of my own soul power, the creation of a greater internal capacity for Truth?

Consider that philosophically speaking each one of us is a fragment of the pattern which we call civilization. We are the units which combined together create the world. The root fabric, the basic substance, is made up of millions of living things, and the composite structure of states, nations, and empires is nothing but an aggregation of these minute separate parts. Theoretically and practically, if we put the parts in order and put each in their proper place, we have a harmonic result. As one weak thread will ultimately destroy the fabric, as one rotten apple will affect the whole barrel, one dissonant factor corrupt an institution, so each individual is a center of either constructive or destructive forces both going on about him and emanating from himself. It is very obvious, very essential, and very evident that the first practical thing the average person can do to help his world, is to get himself out of the way of progress. Let him make sure that he himself as a living entity is not interfering with growth.

Any normal person is the center of a sphere of influence which will increase according to the development of nor-

malcy within himself. It may be that the sphere of influence is one other person, two or three people, a dozen, a nation or a race; but no matter how few or many people are within the sphere of our individual influence, it is definite that the contributions we can make to the normalization of this world rest in our own normalcy, our own healthy attitudes, our constructiveness, our self-discipline. The building of a better world begins with the building of a better individual.

Each individual can in his own right set himself to the task of accepting what he reads in his newspaper as the basis of a program of self-improvement. What is going on in the world he can consider the content of a great textbook, one which he is going to study and from which he is going to derive his working idealism, his productive, constructive viewpoint, his new appreciation of all the values of life. In the light of a new sense of personal integrity he can try to find the Law as that Law works and operates through the things that are happening in the world. Of himself he can demand the right to participate in the Reality of life.

Making adjustment through a positive and serious study of world conditions which surround us is a practical beginning. While such adjustment is not stupendous and startling, and certainly not revolutionary, it has tremendous implication of good, a tremendous power to bring about the changes that we desire in human society.



Another way to look at news is to see in it the working out in world affairs of the Law of Cause and Effect. We can observe life as a laboratory within which a vast experimental process is taking place, learn to appreciate and understand how closely "luck and merit are linked," how closely Cause and Effect can follow each other. And too, how rapidly the Law works. How inevitably corruption destroys itself. All this by simply sitting back and meditating upon what is occurring around us. The Law is there, it is working, and we can see it. We become so agitated and so upset over the temporary that we overlook Law. But the press makes us sort of demi-gods; we sit on high Olympus of a morning at our breakfast table, and the world is unfolding about us, affairs, problems and lives of innumerable people are evolving in our awareness and through our printing ink and paper. We share the experiences of people in becoming aware of some of the extraordinary complexes they take on, the perplexities with which they involve themselves, and this demands of us that we seek a philosophy big enough to find a place for the problems of all these multitudes of people!

The philosophy that is big enough will give the reason for all the strange things that all human beings do, it will search out the motives and impulses that cause people to do these things. We have to understand, and we can. Out of that understanding will come soul-power, the power of Principle, the power of Light, the power of Integrity, the power to rebuild our world.

To do this we must first extricate from this mass of strange and complicated factors a hope, a fundamental hope that is not a blind optimism, not just wishful thinking, mere confusion. The need is for a substantial, intelligent hope, a hope based upon Law. It is to be found in the realization that there is a Plan, and that Plan is working. Universal Law is the one Reality, the solid rock and refuge. It is that which can never fail, and that which will endure. It will bring all things finally into harmony

and pattern within itself. Law is the great patterned Purpose. Law makes us one with hope, and one with purpose, and one with Truth. To know this Law is philosophy, to love it is religion, and to practice it is science.

This Law is the thing that makes life worth while, livable and enduring. To all of us, it is not only justifies existence, it glorifies it. It makes it just for us to suffer. It makes it noble and great for us to experience. It makes it divinely necessary for us to learn. Out of all learning, seeking, and experiencing there is coming one thing: Someday we are going to love that Law as we love nothing else in life. It is the absolute justice. It is the justice that cannot be compromised, the justice that is eternally fulfilling, the justice that is forever working things out according to adequate principles and adequate reasons, and that Law is our divine foundation.

It is something that exists in Space. It makes Space part of us. It makes us part of experience. It binds us all together in the motion of progress.

It is Truth coming of age in time and eternity.

Wars and strife, dictators and generals, despots and tyrants come and go; they are like little motes dancing in the sunbeams; the Law goes on. In the Law the great and small, the rich and poor, the powerful and humble, are all parts of a Plan. Law is eternally working.

One of the great privileges our morning paper gives us is the chance to study news intelligently to find there proof that the Law is working. Horrible things may shock us when we first encounter them, but when analyzed dispassionately, devoutly and insistently, they become proofs of Law.

Taking up our morning newspaper should be accompanied then with the resolve that we are not going to be emotionally upset by news. Calmly considering it, we are going to see in the major items the motions of enumerable forces. We do not believe men die. Nations are not swept away, nor does ideology cease. Anything that has nobility within it can never be destroyed.

The Universe presents eternal change but the Law goes on forever. If thousands of young men are dying, they have lived. They will live and die again. Nations that have had an existence too short for their great dreams and hopes have lived and died. But they will live again. There is no beginning nor end for human progress. Nothing that man has ever built that is good will be lost; nothing evil that man has built is ever sustained.

Beneath all changes taking place is the great permanence of Law. It decrees and declares that throughout all time and eternity all motion is toward the Real. We are growing up.

Nothing is happening that is not necessary to our growing up; nothing is occurring; the only death is for those who believe in death, and even they cannot die. They only seem to die. Nothing that is real can perish, as nothing that is false can live.

The great changes taking place in the world today all head toward the great Reality, the reality of adequate purpose. "God is in his heaven, and all is right with the world." To see right to that which is contrary to our desires and impulses is to find strength and courage, in the knowledge that it must be right that men shall suffer until men learn. If in a superior Universe human beings live in an inferior state and are satisfied, they must be satisfied with suffering. As long as man is less than man, he must suffer the pain of the interval between himself and the thing he was destined to be. That pain is the price of his progress. It is the force that is moving us as

human beings triumphantly on to accomplishment. It is the birth pain of true power within mankind, the power of intrinsic right, the power of spirit, the power of Reality within us, the power that is gradually transforming us from animals into gods.

The press cavalcades before us the Great Wisdom that is in the world when we realize that Truth is eternal. We are immortal creatures, dreaming a dream of mortality, believing we live and die. We think we kill, and can be killed. We hold our little viewpoints to be important, our opinions tremendous, our policies and politics cosmic; all the matters we are concerned about are of great pith and moment. In reality we are neither persons nor are we problemed as we think we are; we are minute particles of Universal Law dancing and floating in the midst of Law, destined by a power beyond

our control to obey the Law, destined to find happiness, fulfillment, completeness, and security for ourselves and our world when we seek adjustment to the Law.

Trying to live the Law, the newspaper can be picked up in the morning with the full realization as we read that the world is growing; if we know how to read we will find not distress but the proof of that growth. In the conspiracies of little men we can see the divine conspiracies of the gods. If we know how to look through forms to fact, the fact will be seen in every news fragment. Peace.

It comes to those who find Reality in all that occurs, Truth in all that happens, and Wisdom in things as they are.

PATTERNED PURPOSE



TO KNOW THIS LAW IS PHILOSOPHY, TO LOVE IT IS RELIGION, AND TO PRACTICE IT IS SCIENCE.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE

Suggested Reading: LECTURES ON ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY)

The Magic of Music

THE opera singer Caruso liked to hold a glass in his hand, nicking it with his finger until he got its exact tone; he'd sound that tone then, and the glass would shatter. It is well known that there are mission bells which when pealed break a water tumbler placed on the tower three feet away.

This is harmony as controlled dynamic force. Music is disciplined sound. In the philosophy of sound, music takes precedence over the speaking voice, which has its own power, because throughout our lives we contact sound more completely in music than through other forms of human endeavor.

Quite apart from the esthetic significance of sound, music has definite occult aspects. Sound is to be recognized as a metaphysical force. Little has been written about the occult significance of sound as a metaphysical subject; mostly sound is dealt with in terms of the various modes and degrees of the vibration which we know constitutes the Universe.

The modern day does not know the ancient mystical art of music. We do not know the music by which natural things are changed, the music of Pythagoras. Pythagoras, walking through the village of his native Sidon, said of his lyre that on this stringed instrument it would be possible for him to sound the vibration of every house in that village, and each house would collapse as its tone was struck.

The bible tells of the walls of Jericho falling at the blast of trumpets. Every inanimate object has a rate of vibration which can be sounded to its destruction.

And each living thing has a keynote,

for it is built around a vortex of vibration; if that vortex of vibration could be sounded it would result in death.

In its origin, and for a long time, music consisted of striking one tone at a time and one tone after another; all ancient music was melodic. It was at a comparatively late period in the history of mankind, not until the time of Pythagoras, that the octave was discovered; and not until the beginning of the Christian Era did we have the concept of harmonizing chords and of several instruments playing together. Music's origin unquestionably was when men of the Stone Age began imitating the sounds they heard in nature. Each sound in its own peculiar quality struck a response in the subconscious mind of the human; when man was happy he made the sound of the breeze in the trees or of falling water and rushing stream; when he was angry he snarled the sounds of the wild animals. It was emotions expressed through sound that led gradually to the ability to speak, which we must realize is the last sensory perception man developed. Speech dates from the latter part of the Lemurian Epoch and the early Atlantean, prior to which the

sounds man made were the most primitive. As man gradually expressed his nature by copying the sounds he heard about him, he established his emotions in a series of tonal qualities. Music and words come from the same root.

In the course of ages strings and wind instruments were used for an accompaniment to the spoken word, in emphasis and interpretation of the emotions man felt; the resultant fluency and a more



understanding interpreting of these gradually led to singing. And as with all our primitive arts, sound was in time to be patterned after tangible objects, expressed in hieroglyphs—as we know from musical compositions on ancient Egyptian papyri.

Gradually realizing more or less perfection of technique for melodic music, a notable change came about some five centuries before the Christian Era, and composition was added to accompaniment. Great strides were made as men began thinking in terms of creating. Composers adopted the Greek intervals, a discovery of Pythagoras as he observed the beat of anvils struck with hammers. Later, the same Greek philosopher established the seven modes, or moods. They were created for a particular purpose: Mode, or mood, meant creative mood. The martial mood was inspirational to valor when men marched away to war; stately music was composed for the reception of kings and emperors; the amorous mood was developed in love songs, just as sacred music suitably served the rituals and ceremonies of the temple. Pythagoras contributed to music and world knowledge the philosophic pattern of seven modes of music, a mode corresponding to each of the seven planets.

It is significant that music, after it had reached a certain development out of the primitive, still remained predominantly in the minor key. The preference for minors is recognizable in their being closer to the sounds of nature; but minor keys also express sadness, the emotion which is dominant in primitive peoples. Pathos is the quality in music which is most appealing to humans. Man comes weeping into the world, as one Greek philosopher has said. In minor chords the earlier developers of music also found natural expression for ancestor worship and the noble heroics of the tribes gone long before, effective utterance to the cries of peoples continuing to wander upon the earth, stricken unto death in an unending search for home, happiness and peace. The lamen-

tations of the ages are still with us in the sounds to be heard day and night at the Weeping Wall of Jerusalem. There is no stranger sound on earth; it is not equalled by the wildest cry of the jungle. And another centuries-old wild cry is still to be heard from the tops of Mohammedan mosques, a minor wail almost identical to the cry of some night bird.



The pathos of realization that there is something missing in his life is in the heart of every human creature. In some way every living creature is alone. Something within man stands in the way of his mingling with other creatures, and this alone-ness is to be heard in his music. Man's music strives too for expression of his subjective existence, his life; here again he encounters the feeling of being alone, knowing the ultimate to be beyond and above all other life. As one Gnostic said, Man is an exile in a distant land.

As with pitch, so with rhythm. The human heartbeat is to be heard in the drum beat. The pulse sounding in the ear in the aftermath of battle and conflict set the original rhythm patterns which men have used imitatively on the drums from earliest times. In the drum music of primitive people there are some thirty or forty rhythms. The drum sounds you hear in India come to you as though you were listening to the beating of your own heart, from drums that are pitched over a range of octaves. In the West Indies and in India it is common knowledge that the sound of drums can drive a man mad, lead him to destroy himself.

The pattern of any sound form can have a profound effect upon health, psychology and spiritual viewpoint of all humans—if the sound is lived with long enough. Although civilization's musical development long ago relegated the drum to secondary place, pounding on the parchment head has through modern day music come back with a literal bang. And omnipresent radio furnishes insistent and unparalleled exposure to these

drum beat sounds and rhythms, for long intervals. In many homes the radio is kept tuned in for five and six hours daily.

Sound as an external force is dangerously capable of exercising a control similar to that of maintaining protracted contact with another person. A human intimate can affect and change the direction of another individual's purpose, and we can by placing ourselves under frequent and protracted exposure to sound of a specific nature and unvarying character influence the direction and tenor of our lives. It is a person's own responsibility whether such change departs from the direction of the individual's own choosing, or remains in accord with his preferred purposes. Immortal music can be listened to, or trash.

The stuff of our modern fox-trot music (of the genus jitterbug crossed with 'jive') is a manifestation of today's social unrest. It is the product of an unhealthy mental attitude. It is a mild form of



dope. It is a musical narcotic. It is created for the single purpose of causing human beings to forget themselves. It expresses the primitive breaking through the crust of civilization, so we are told; more accurately, it is imitative wail in expression of our own chaos in a modern day of disjointed life psychology. This music is an offered escape mechanism, one which works only by pumping fast and hard, for nothing is harder than for man to lose himself.

Whatever is imposed on our sensory perceptions is as insidious as poison. Is there maniacal influence behind this music?

The composers who give expression in so-called modern musical idiom are not

specially to be singled out for mental unbalance; they are racially typical, one with the mob in the bewilderments and frustrations of the period we are living through. Their music is evolved in the psychology of a people whose economics has snarled up into hopeless tangles of insecurity, whose beliefs in stabilized values have been for ten years falling apart in shreds. Reflecting the times, composition has gone into decomposition.

Music which has survived a hundred years or more, standard music, not necessarily classical, has something in it you do not hear in modern music. When it was written a positive idealism was functioning in the world. It was an idealism produced by the strong influence of religion during a long period when theology held the seat of political power, when creative art could gain recognition only if it stemmed from noble aspirations. The soul of the artist was at one with his work. Today's composer is not dominated by his art; almost without exception he is a fellow who holds what he calls a practical viewpoint: music is made to sell. If his commercialism is not conscious, it is at least an instinctive attitude, for no matter where you turn today the arts have been commercialized. A composer, like other humans, has to eat.

The composers of a bygone day who derived their ideals, hopes and aspirations from religious codes and so conceived their uplifting melodies and glorious harmonies were under the wing of theology's powerful patronage; fine sacred music assured its creator fame and generous reward. And the worthily creative in all the forms of art were sustained too, either by frequent and generous commissions from the nobles, or by subsidies from families of wealth. Artists of integrity did not have to think of money.

Interpretative art today equally reflects the modern commercialized status. Anyone and everyone performs publicly. High acclaim is given to the microphoned come-hither of the 'personality singer'. Not having ever had five minutes training, these crooners deliver a

conglomerate expressive of musical mayhem; and it takes preference rating over, say, the dulcet artistry of Tito Schipa, who was forced to practice the scales for five years before he was allowed to sing even simple songs. With a public that does not want to think, inured to music's shot-in-the-arm escapes into forgetfulness, any stimulation to inward higher aspirations must meet competitive demand for hot-tots in terms of market value. Any entrepreneur of music will verify it, sex appeal rates higher than soul.

A low objective results in a lowdown theme. The music of recent years has had many amazing themes. Almost without exception something of utter stupidity is singled out for glorification. While occasional exception supports the contention that all modern music is not bad, it brings us only to the point of saying that modern music isn't always as bad as it is sometimes.

Music, or whatever it is we are in constant contact with, profoundly influences us. Color combinations in wall paper, the pattern of rugs, the shape and proportion of the furniture lived with, distort or contribute to a family's harmony of viewpoint. It is readily observable that people whose homes are without benefit of esthetics talk louder than is necessary and flare up unduly over little irritations. It is demonstrable that surroundings affect health, contribute to producing today's neurotics, retard an individual's spiritual development. Just as people who live together for a long time take on certain physical resemblances, inanimate objects 'condition' our characteristics. An old librarian at the end of fifty years acquires the aspect of his books, he takes on that musty, dusty look, his skin becomes like old vellum. Anything that we live with for a long time becomes part of ourselves.

A vast number of people, as radio has developed today, center home life about the loudspeaker; they listen to music too much, entirely too much. They have not been told that musicians themselves place a strict limit on their own hours of listening, that the schedules of performers of swing provide layoff periods

to protect themselves against the shattering influence of musical abnormality to fine sensibilities.

Rare indeed is the habitual listener who has learned that discrimination between good music and bad is important



to keeping his mental processes in balance.

Into all lives should come periodic intervals of realization of man's higher aspirations. Inspiration to spiritual uplift is not to be heard from a composer who lacks it himself. One way to discrimination is to know who wrote what you are listening to. As in all the arts, music has creative exponents who are in a literal sense just insane. To become too attached to the music of abnormality, the emotional expression of a crazy man, is positively dangerous. High devotion to insanity can be achieved only by the insane.

People who are normally happy and contented have no natural interest in abnormal and foolishly stupid things. All that is grotesquely sophisticated in today's music is intended solace for those whose courage has departed, who seek escape from facing themselves as they know they are, who would drown life's bewilderments in a sea of sound. This music is the product of lost ideals. Its theme is to get away from responsibility, run away. Its motif is oblivion to thought. In its crashing chords and dissonances climaxing in piercing shrieks it is the music of a world in jitters, spiral-

ling into long overdue collapse of a vaunted civilization that lived for decades by the creed of the go-getter, to brush by beauty and brotherhood in the rush to get there first with the most goods at the greatest profit. It is not the music of sophistication but of sophistry.

The alleged merit attributed to so-called modern composition in advocacy follows along the general line of what is supposed to be revealed in dim-witted paintings of the modern school, incoherencies daubed on canvas in a semi-coma of abstraction. These arouse emotion, which in itself, irrespective of what emotion is aroused, is supposed to be art. It is heralded as art because someone who is thought to be important has said it is. One who is supposed to know starts it off, and the echo travels on, "It must be stupendous, So-and-So went into a rave—" and 'appreciation' gradually works up a momentum through average people who do not 'understand' these paintings, do not like these paintings, but who are afraid to say so. They go to a gallery to look at a Van Gogh... he's famous, they've been told, so this painting must be good. He was also an inmate of the insane asylum at Ste. Remy—this they are not so often told—and his boost into prominence might fairly be said to have been commercially motivated at the hands of his brother, who was a successful art dealer. Supposed also to elicit gasps of admiration are any works at all signed by Cezane, a paranoiac, or Seurat. Seurat's aim was abstract art for the multitude; it was his belief that he could invent color formulas that could be used by those who had the urge to create but lacked technical proficiency. And thus in the name of 'culture', and under the guise of 'progress', the walls of nice conservative

homes are hung with the product of the scorn for skill, side by side with a visual statement seen through the eyes of the insane! By the simple process of calling bad art 'modern' the dealers have fabulously profited from the gullible public. They get the money. Humanity gets the neuroses.



Homes should have paintings, homes should have music. The arts are the instruments for the manifestation of ideals. Any false expression must be recognized as art failing in the loss of idealism in the world as we know it today. We do not have to accept these false things. In our own homes we have the right to exercise the censorship and deletion of a Hitler. He threw modern art out of Germany. What he could not recognize, he declared, could not be exhibited in Germany. Music that is not worth listening to, does not have to be listened to. A mere twist of the dial frees us from the discord in bedlam that represents the decadency of our own civilization, another twist can bring in music that is great, written by men who were great, written at a time when the world had not lost faith in God and man.



If love of the fine seems to have vanished, we can know that it was for the restoration of fineness that philosophy gave us esthetics. We do not have to live with lesser things; each person in his own life can rescue his ideals out of delinquency by surrounding himself with the art which is meritorious, true and beautiful, the music of integrity which will restore his ideals. Products of small minds are not to be compared with those of great minds and cultures. This is all we need to understand, even in a jittery world, to sharpen the edge of discrimination for the choice of surroundings and the environment that will spiritually achieve for us that desirable something known as the balanced life.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE.

Suggested reading: FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHILOSOPHY; RADIO TALKS)

Science, long dabbling solely with effects, comes to a partial realization that unless it can discover causes is cannot justify itself as a body of learning

Science Acts its Age

ONE of the principal difficulties which science presents to the philosophically minded is the problem of adolescence. Strictly speaking, science is in the heyday of its precocity. Its certainties are reminiscent of the perfect assurance with which a small boy in his first suit of long pants faces the exigencies of existence.

Like the infant prodigy of Nicholas Nicolbee, science is nothing if not certain. It is not always certain about the same thing. But it is always certain about something. To squelch the ardor of this juvenile branch of learning would be wrong; that is, it would be wrong if one could. The courage of youth is as nearly indestructible as anything existent in this frail estate.

Philosophy is thousands of years old. Religion goes back to the dawn of time. And science had its beginning with Descartes and Bacon in the opening years of the 17th Century, A. D., and, the initials A. D., according to a modern school-boy, really signify After Dark. So, perhaps philosophers may be excused if they take an ancestral attitude towards this obstreperous youngster who has great promise, but whose promises are not yet entirely fulfilled.

As youth resents the advice of age, rejoicing in its own certainties, so science has little time for venerable philosophy and equally venerable religion. It regards these ancestors of itself as old fogies in their dotage. Where is the small boy who has not been impelled to put his parents' lives in order? Where is the youth who does not tolerate indulgently the whimsies of its sires? In similar spirit, where is the scientist who when asked about philosophy and religion does not somewhat condescendingly remark, "Oh, yes, they have their place. There are still people who need them. We are not intolerant. We just know better."

It is easy to become irritated with the almost incessant prattling of small children, and it is most unpleasant when the small boys of the town hold session with fife and drum under our windows of a Sunday morning. For an instant there may be a nervous reflex which would incline us to acts of violence. But then philosophy, blessed gift of maturity, comes to our aid, and we remember the time when we did likewise. For this excellent reason, we are not depressed by some of the odd pronouncements and confounding statements that circulate under the name of science. Rather we try to divide the wheat from the chaff, realize that some is good and some is bad, and much is pretty terrible. All this chaos is a kind of growing-pains, and out of it will come in time a maturity, to contribute much to the permanent good of humankind. If science fulfills its promise it will be very great. If its maturity justifies the expectations inspired by its adolescence, science will be a great help to this world, when it grows up.

Science is at the point now of having to sustain itself by knowing the facts of life. This condition will mean a split in science. Feuds in intellectualism will be inescapable. A few will be interested in facts, the rest want only that other people shall agree with them. The new-old enlightenment will be a gradual process. It has to be, because man has to grow gradually. Change which happens suddenly is insignificant change. Opinion which changes suddenly is almost unheard of.

Modern science began about 1600 A. D. On the basis of man's three-score-years-and-ten, that's back only five spans. Only that short time ago certain men decided they could no longer accept the empiric systems of thinking then dominating Europe, as they had throughout the Dark Ages. All thinking then be-

ing a process of conformity, the process was something like this: "Galen said a certain matter is true, therefore education consists in justifying Galen. We shall work *from* conclusions not toward them. The fact is stated; it is the duty of education to prove it." So, for centuries there were no changes in fundamental facts. When this attitude was not acceptable to men of intelligence, notably Lord Bacon and Descartes, their rebellion arose in a righteous wrath to overthrow in bloodless revolution the whole system.

This was revolution for freedom of science thought. But, as with the Puritans who came to this country for religious freedom and immediately denied it to other members of their own colony, science established its right to think as it pleased but forbade anyone else to think differently.

This is the freedom which is the right to believe in the supremacy of our own opinions. Our doxy is orthodoxy. Your doxy is heterodoxy. Science, having struggled for three centuries to establish itself as possessing the right of free thought, set about gradually to dominate institution after institution until it had crammed its conclusions down the throat of the entire educational system. And through the educational system it fed the minds of millions of human beings who lived and died under this system.

The age was one in which free thought was unthinkable. Science had to fight against religious persecution as well as scientific darkness; with the Inquisition still fresh in the minds of the fathers of science, they were none too secure themselves in their revolution which was one against superstition. The fathers of science, men like Bacon and Descartes, were not atheists or agnostics. They were religious men and deeply pious, but with the intelligence to recognize a difference between religion and superstition, which is something modern science has not been able to keep in mind. Somewhat belatedly science shows signs now of acceptance of the Baconism, "Small knowledge inclineth a man's mind toward atheism, but greatness of

knowledge bringeth the mind back again to God."

With the passing of the age of Bacon and Descartes and its opportunity for deep understanding and learning, science in sophistication began to think in terms of its responsibility, began to think it was responsible for the thinking of the whole world. Men of the caliber of Huxley and Darwin began telling the 19th Century world arbitrarily what they thought was right. It seemed to matter little what the universe was really, everything came to be the way



Huxley said it was, or Darwin said it was; science was in its adolescence. It was the period of debate; theory, conclusion, and fact went flying in all

directions.

By the dawn of the 20th Century the layman attitude was one of comparative indifference. To the average man came an overwhelming realization of his own insignificance; there was no keeping up with the scientists because they didn't agree among themselves. This led the scientists to conceal their disagreements behind an extraordinary vocabulary of unpronounceable words, so the layman could not continue to know how they were disagreeing. Education had to have new textbooks each year to keep up with the new 'discoveries', which consisted mostly of someone's contradiction of someone else.

As a new factor to deal with, the 20th Century brought to human life an increasing internationalism. This gave the world the advantage of systems of culture that had previously never met. It also found ground for a general broader concept of man on matters of religions and life. And too, a new interest in economics and industrial relations. And all these had a profound influence on learning. The new systems of learning that gradually came into existence were keyed to economic progress.

While Huxley and Darwin were worrying about the descent of man, no

one thought of the ascent. But the 20th Century scientist with a normal quota of intelligence tied up to an industrial organization. He worked on the formula for a new kind of paint, or schemed an airplane, or a design for a radio; he entered upon all the so-called practical accomplishments. The profound student had to become practical when economics came into learning. He now had to see things which he had previously only read about, for money had entered learning. Practical thought along scientific lines had gotten into business as it had into politics and religion. Science helped the world to enjoy a widespread agnosticism, the impulse toward war and chaos. By 1918 most of our petty conceits were broken up. The depression that began in 1929 took away the rest.

Gradually it has dawned on most thinking people that whatever we know, we do not know enough about it. With what we know there is apt to be something wrong; knowledge does not year after year produce security, comfort and happiness, which proves there is something wrong with knowledge. In popular demand for something better, science has had to seek new direction, slip down off the high horse of 'practicality' in materiality and begin the slow creep up to the gates of the unknown.

The material, you see, had by scientists been dematerialized. They had taken the atom and dissected it. They cut it in half. Then they cut it the other way. Before they got through they had reduced the irreducible to a sort of final hypothetical point of reduction. By continuing on, now halving, and again quartering even the final hypothetical, persistence rewarded them one day with the discovery that in some way they had lost it altogether. They had finally hypothetically whittled nothing down to such a fine point that even hypothetically nothing was left; and that ended it.

It is more than mildly disconcerting of course to have a great laboratory and have nothing left in it, because you have broken everything down so small you cannot find it. Even the art branch of

the field found itself at a loss; photographs could not be made of something nobody could find. Seriously researching everything into nothing had been ponderously adequate during the period of certain and liberal endowments. But with the dawn, there were fewer economic royalists seeming to have fewer fortunes to be bequeathed for study of something that couldn't be found to be studied, and science was given pause. On its own survey it had followed matter to its reasonable extension to find nothing at the end. It had groped along the various lines of possibilities with a great vacuity as the reward to each effort. All facts remained as distant as before, for science having reduced a material everything to nothing, was in a squirrel cage.

Thus jerked back to the realities of life, science could better perceive suffering humanity going through wars, and waves of crimes and chaos, about which the breaking up of atoms had done nothing perceptibly effective. The great



certainties of life that all men sought, the great issues, were as distant as ever. Science had become too scientific to be of basic help to the race.

It was natural then that thinking people should turn to trying to figure out what science had discovered that was worth looking for. This led to the discovery that nothing man really wanted to know had ever been discovered. All that science had uncovered was definitely of secondary importance. No man could be wise until through knowledge he could know who he was, why he was here, and where he was going. Until learning could give a reasonable interpretation to our lives here, and our prospects hereafter, there was no knowledge. Marvelously interesting as it might be to know of a small body in space that this body has within it a certain number of electrons, it advanced man nothing in dealing with the problem of happiness. Even if man could find and possess these

electrons it wouldn't do him any good; if it brought happiness, it was only to a few enthusiastic scientists.

Science's neglect has been of the great moral values. In trying to avoid superstitions, science lost contact with the great universe of cause that lies behind effects. Without knowing the cause you cannot intelligently appreciate the effect. Science turned in every direction to the extension of matter, and in every direction was space. To what could be seen, weighed and analyzed, no final answer could be found; every answer required more answers. So, a few years back it was realized by a progressively minded group that the need for science was extension of a different order, extension into the unknown.

A numerical majority of scientists still stands opposed. They are the many whose education has trained them out of any desire to be original. Inheritors of a bigoted parent science viewpoint, they look with disfavor upon the occasional ones who come forward with creative minds to think differently from their fellows. Yet in these creative minds is the hope that the future is to bring us some useful results.

The natural direction for science's progressive searching to turn is to the sphere of the mind. Mind is the most tangible of the intangibles. Whoever the scientist is, he can not deny the existence of thought without eliminating himself. Long ago he would have found some way of eliminating thought, could he have done that and still remain a thinker. Thinking is a process. Thought is a force. Mind does exist. And there is something about it that does not seem to be entirely bound to the physical structure. Thought is the aura of the cell, and not the cell itself. The scientist finds his mind to be a working link between the visible and invisible. After all, it is his own mind that must cross this interval. So, mind must possess potentialities in the ability to link cause and effect.

The enormous step taken by science was to pick psychology out of the body of philosophy, and admit psychology

into the body of science. Embracing the first heterodoxy it had taken hold of for a long time, science went to work to imprison and classify the thought processes of man. This it did by arriving at the *conscious* the *sub-conscious*, the *super-conscious* — three excellent names for something the psychologist knows nothing about—and gathering an elaborate mass of information. Most of the data being too intangible to be worked on, there was forced recognition of other values. Thus was the psychologist made aware of the necessity, in bridging the interval between the mind and the unknown, to move mind ever toward the unknown. This motion is the most helpful thing that has happened to science for hundreds of years. It means giving serious consideration to primal causes, ignored by science since the decline of the ancient religious institutions, when it was fundamental to thinking that without knowledge of causes that sustain life, right living, right thinking, and right knowing cannot possibly be accomplished. Science, long dabbling solely with effects, came to a partial realization that unless it can discover causes it cannot justify itself as a body of learning.

Faltering and pathetic still is the motion toward the unknown, with science about a thousand years behind the intelligent thinker. But here and there science is beginning to astonish itself with its own discoveries. Consider Dr. Alexis Carrel discovering it was possible to produce healing without drugs! Stupendous. Most any gypsy could have told him that a hundred years ago, or he could have read it in the papyrus from Egypt, or read it in the sacred books of India and nearly all the great sacred books of the world; he could too have been given proof by the famous healers of Germany... in any event, Dr. Carrel said he saw a cancer dry up and fall off at the Shrine of Lourdes. A fact. Something had happened, something observable. And the distinguished medical man who saw it happen was a fair-minded man and not crystallized in his work, so he spoke up.

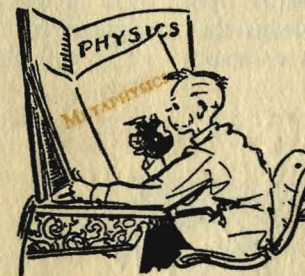
This was a great break, a great breach in the wall. So far as Dr. Carrel was concerned this led naturally to two other things—telepathy and clairvoyance. He announced these subjects as worthy of scientific consideration.

The reverberation was terrific. The suggestion was deplorably on a par with Dr. Millikan's publication of his essay on God, a statement of belief which caused a number of his confreres to think the Nobel Prize physicist had reached his dotage as a scientist; no scientist believes in anything. It is five years since the announcement of Dr. Carrel, and the effects of the shock to unenlightened science are still to be felt. Yet metaphysical healing has been practised in the world for 2,500 years of recorded history, clairvoyance has existed since prehistoric times, some form of telepathy has no doubt occurred in your life and in the lives today of nine out of ten people you know. That gives the general idea of how far behind science really is.

The bombardment kept up; skepticism as the foundation of learning has had a hard time. Dogs that talk appeared in Germany. This wouldn't do; it might mean that dogs can think, which science wouldn't want to believe. Science is sure that only humanity can think, and within humanity it is only scientists who can think of anything important. These were dogs who talked about the immortality of the soul, who wondered about what will happen to them after they die, and asked questions for which the scientist lacks an answer. And dismal is the day when a dog can ask a question a scientist cannot answer.

Out of Germany too came the problem of Teresa Neumann with her stigmata; the markings of the crown of thorns on her forehead, the nails of the cross on her hands and feet—replicas of the wounds of the Saviour—which dripped blood every Friday for nearly thirteen years, as testified to by thousands of visitors.

While this inexplicable thing was occurring, a group of native astrologers over in India discomfited scientists by announcing that at a certain time a great earthquake would occur. The earthquake did. And a publication of the Oxford University Press laid the facts before the world. Very bad; for scientists know that native astrologers positively cannot predict earthquakes, even if they had. Science didn't get mad at science; it got mad at astrology... men pretty soon would be believing anything. Men will, too. When heavily attested things happen it is likely that the public will want to know why. These are days when science lacking an answer is going to have to do a little thinking or be caught out of position.



A man made a photograph of an Indian Yogi floating in the air. Yogis are not supposed to float in the air, and to photograph one doing so was at least unkind to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton. That the man floated is of no consequence. He should not have; such

actions are an affront to people who are learned. So when Dr. Cannon came back to the British Academy and said he had positively seen a man walk off into space in Tibet, insult had been added to injury. It was no help that the same phenomena had been recorded 5,000 years ago; the dictum of science is: "If you can't explain it, it isn't so."

Then there was the late Mr. Charles Fort. He wrote books, two of great importance. One was called, *Lo* and the other, *The Book of the Damned*. He was connected with one of our large museums, when the books appeared they asked him to retire. He had found things that just spoil the day for any scientist; he had dedicated his time and thought to little things that science had overlooked. Such things as well formed hand-made iron nails in a glacier, deposits in a house in England where crude oil was pouring from the ceiling, and there was no crude oil in the ceiling.

The crude oil was manifesting about an inch below the ceiling and the ceiling was not wet. He brought out, one after another, literally hundreds of unexplained things. It was science's decision to hush them up, rather than investigate.

The physical phenomena which science cannot explain, it refuses to discover; and ordinary people enjoy the rare privilege of having a large part of knowledge withheld from them by the group which is supposed to give it to them. Denial and condemnation is preferred by science rather than attempting an answer to questions that would require science to get off its dogmatic dictum and acknowledge a metaphysical force. Observing complete silence seems both unethical and unscientific, and too, it might indicate that most scientific men would rather withhold knowledge than admit they are in error. At enormous expenditure of the money it has taken us years to earn, our young people go to school to be taught a residue in personal opinions of educators which makes up the so-called field of exact learning after heavy deletions at the expense of fact.

What was bound to come has come—a way to make sure that the things science cannot explain will be given publicity.

An inquisitive organization purposes to keep sharp the tack on the seat that science has sat upon. It is the Fortian Society, curiously organized to further the work of the late Mr. Charles Fort. Members of this Society are of the caliber of Booth Tarkington and Tiffany Thayer, seasoned men, but of the modern school. They will not rest until there is scientific explanation of how stones fell out of the sky with inscriptions upon them, and who put the inscriptions on these meteors before they fell. Thing after thing like this the Society is bringing up; mystery after mystery, all unsolved. It is being put up to science to explain some of these matters and explain why it has not ex-

plained them before. They are things that have been known for 300 years.

Out of the new feeling which is arising our present day young men may yet start out in life equipped with real knowledge, making it less likely that they will fall into the same errors the last generation fell into. More interest in honesty is being established, with less interest in scientific opinions. It has already resulted in a definite effort to work out some answers on clairvoyance and telepathy.

It is quite interesting to observe how such things are gone about. Consider two American universities with views directly opposed but both having established a department for the investigation of clairvoyance and telepathy. The ideas of one were put into a 1000-page monograph in offered proof that telepathy and clairvoyance are entirely impossible. The other university is experimenting. One argues on paper, the other performs. The telepathy demonstrations have been interesting and quite successful. The rival educational institution, monograph-minded, considers submission of written pages more important than actual demonstration. That is because a thing isn't scientifically so even if it is so—if it conflicts with established opinions.

Some explanation is perhaps due as to how educational institutions have come to embark on such unorthodox research. The simple answer is, money endowment for the purpose. Not so long ago it came to the attention of someone that certain individuals had left money to certain institutions to conduct such research, whereupon there was some digging about in the this-that-and-those archives to find out the when and how of the endowments. In several instances the same curious accident had occurred; the university had misplaced some of the records. In one case that was typical, the record that was easiest to find was about the money being left; at hand too was something that could be interpreted as



a go-ahead on digging up the Queen of Sheba's bathtub; in clear authorization also was an increase in pedagogic pay. The missing item was the specific instruction that the endowment was left for the purpose of investigating the hidden forces of nature. That seemed unmistakably the instruction, after persistently unethical people had persisted until the full provisos under the endowment came to light.

The university had been carrying the \$50,000 bequest on the books for years and had not used it. Such are the peculiar requirements of scholastic standing that acceptance of the money was ethical, its use unethical. Establishing the department it called for would have left the university open to ridicule by other universities. Several large universities were in the same fix; in each case nothing was said, nothing done. The endowments became book-keeping items, to be carried along year after year.

And, that was an expeditious that—until along came the snooper. Now, something has to be done. The hidden forces of nature have to be studied. They are to be proven or disproven. An awkward situation which of course is brought to an end if science disproves these forces. Science would prefer not to try. The disproof is not so easy.

With astrology the situation is more painful. Astrology has not been culturally fashionable, therefore anything could be said against it. Nothing obviously should be said for it; professional men should continue to consult their astrologers very privately, which also would be best for professors of astronomy. The bothersome matter of investigation of the phenomena of the psychic must too come under the same heading; there are hundreds of mediums and some of them frauds; unhappily also there is enough absolute evidence in proof of continuity of life after death to upset any system of material science. Investigation

into the psychic has long been thought something best skipped over; it might end in a change to a new basis for civilization.

To the man in the street a change in civilization is something that might really be very welcome. Lots of people are tired of what we call our culture, are wearied of periodic wars, and market collapses that lead into depressions; unemployment seems to be rooted mainly in the desire of man to live off his brother; the struggle under a basic ethics that elevates mutual exploitation and hypocrisy has become a struggle to exhaustion. Maybe it's time for politicians to cease to grapple with these problems. It is fair to assume the solutions rest with science.

Science controls knowledge. Knowledge must always be the only remedy for the evils from which humanity suffers. If science can demonstrate the continuity of life after death, if science can prove the moral justice of inescapable law in the universe, humanity will be given solutions with which really to take hold of the whole mater of human delinquencies. As long as man believes in vicarious atonement, thinks of death as complete annihilation, he will continue to think he can get away with anything. As soon as it can be proved in terms the average man can understand that we are responsible entities, responsible for what we are and all that we do, science will get somewhere.

That's why there is encouragement in the new motion in science, headed toward the re-statement of the great facts of life. And if within the next twenty-five years modern science learns the frailty of human opinion dogma in material aspect, substitutes for this some comprehension of the wisdom of the Ancients and how to keep up with it, we will have a better world to live in, better people to live with.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE.)

Suggested reading: THE MYSTERY OF ELECTRICITY; THE CULTURE OF THE MIND; DEATH AND AFTER; UNSEEN FORCES; A PLAN FOR YOUTH)

Egotism As An Acute Disease

EGOTISM is a curious kind of ailment that afflicts shallow minds. It is most likely to trouble those who least suspect its presence, and advanced cases are usually incurable.

Egotism is not so painful to those who have it as to those who must endure it. Like the leprosy that numbs the nerves before it attacks the adjacent tissues, inordinate self-esteem first befuddles the judgment and then rots out the whole fabric of the mind.

Fatty degeneration of the Ego may be treated successfully during its incipency, and will respond to heroic measures during its early stages. Correct diagnosis of early symptoms is essential to a complete recovery.

Egotism belongs to that order of disease which hides itself under the symptoms of other ailments. It is a kind of eruption that appears on one part of the body when the cause is elsewhere. There is a general debility of the common-sense accompanied by a super-sensitiveness to criticism and correction. Those arteries which carry useful information to the brain are hardened and cease to function, but such vessels as convey opinions to the outer atmosphere become correspondingly more active.

Egotism is neither infectious nor contagious. In fact, those most exposed to it are least likely to acquire it. It is not necessary to isolate the egotist—he accomplishes this for himself. Unlike halitosis, which will respond to friendly suggestions, the egotist's best friends *do tell*



him, but to no avail. There is a general paralysis of perspective.

Like several of the more virulent spirillac diseases, egotism develops through several well defined stages. In the first stage the sufferer breaks out with a mild rash of

notions, which gets worse if scratched. There may be dizzy spells as the ego attains altitude. The pulse races and there may be some linguiphobia (inability to control the muscles of the tongue). Egotistic toxemia is often noticeable. The hearing becomes less sensitive to good advice.

In the second stage acidity increases rapidly. There are also delusions of grandeur. The gall bladder is involved and the spleen becomes overactive. The sufferer loses most of his friends, but, fortunately, as in most forms of insanity, the patient is beyond realizing that the fault lies with himself.

In the last stages coma sets in, affecting all parts of the body except those functions which relate to locomotion, digestion, respiration, excretion and reproduction. Egotism is seldom fatal in itself—the patient may remain in a comatose condition for a considerable number of years.

The most successful method for treatment as yet devised is spondylotherapy in the form of a rapid succession of sharp blows administered directly below the base of the spine. If this treatment fails, hydrotherapy is the last recourse. The patient's head should be held under water until all symptoms disappear.



Many Christians who hold no disrespect for man's spiritual beliefs are cynical of man's religious institutions; they demand definite assurance of something known concerning the original intentions of the Christian faith

Christianity: Was It Originally A Religion Or A Philosophy?

THE literature of the first few centuries of the Christian faith is exceedingly meager; painstaking scholarship has for centuries tried to dig deeply into the origins of our Christian belief, only to come against a blank wall of obscurity that stretches across the early years of the 4th Century.

Contrasting this darkness and the uncertainties that surround the opening years of the Christian dispensation is an immense literature broadly covering the subject of Christianity.

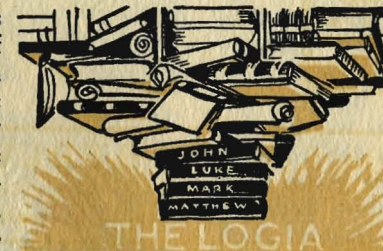
One of our large libraries has 50,000 works dealing with the life of Christ alone — which would be an average of a book written every two weeks through the 1941 years since the advent of the Saviour. These many books, eloquent with the zeal of

the divines and the enthusiasms of the laity, are all re-hashes of the four Gospels. The authors all had to use the same source material; there is no other. A vast succession of biographers, enmeshed in an orthodoxy of opinion, have woven dreams upon the same simple framework, afraid to look farther afield.

Papini's *Life of Jesus* is rich in interest, rich in opinions and rich in assumptions, occasionally fired even with pre-suppositions. But it is the same old story, basically. That is equally true of innumerable books whose biographical approach to Jesus is to present him as a human being: *The Trial of Jesus* is a learned work by a lawyer; *The Business Man of Syria* is viewpointed by a business man biographer; there is *Jesus' Last Great Mission*—and so on and so on;

book after book striving to restore, at least in part, the living person who was behind the revelation, striving to penetrate the darkness of the first three centuries. The business man tries to find the business man in Christ. The scholarly seek to find evidence of an adequate educational background. The mystic searches for mysticism. Each book as read turns out to be disappointingly like its predecessors, not based upon scholarship, not upon research, but upon a sentimental effort to humanize Jesus in terms of the author's favored ambitions for him, instead of a great Teacher presented biographically in terms of finely drawn fact.

Hundreds of millions of human beings who follow in the footsteps of the beloved Nazarene Teacher reasonably and naturally want to know something more of Jesus than we are given in the Gospels, for these are very impersonal accounts. It is obvious that they were produced out of a distant hero-worship rather than from intimate personal knowledge. With the millions who idolize or idealize Jesus the questions ceaselessly arise: What did he look like? Where did he go to school? What did he eat, and what did he wear, and what was his favorite color? What kind of people were his closest friends? It is inevitable that we should thus be humanly curious about those we revere. We cannot help it; we all do it. We have mental pictures of Washington and Lincoln which are specific, we have flesh and blood conceptions of Napoleon, or



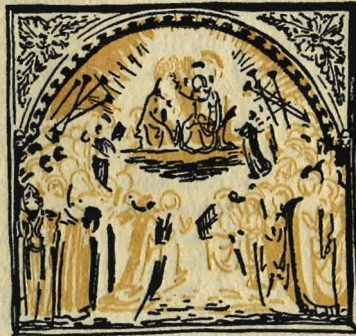
Confucius, or whoever it is. But earnest plowing into all available literature will leave the searcher still baffled on the answers to the ordinary human questions about Jesus. Traditions and orthodoxies of the centuries have hopelessly befogged the human picture.

During the 12th and 13th centuries it was decided that it would be improper to bend one's knee eternally to a plebeian. Jesus, according to the best traditions, was the son of a carpenter, and during the 12th and 13th centuries carpenters were not very important people. So it seemed the thing to do was to impress the world by giving Jesus royal heritage. In the Gospels it was said he was a descendant of the house of David, the scion of a shepherd king; this was deemed a better phase of tradition to follow. So, by a Council of Peers held in due assembly, the lowly son of the carpenter was knighted, later elevated to peerage, and finally by his followers given supreme dignities as a royal monarch. Even the proper heraldry was bestowed upon him. Thus was Jesus to be forever removed from the common people; he has never quite gotten back to them; and the dignities bestowed twelve centuries after his presumed death have clung so closely that it has gradually been forgotten that the gentle Syrian Teacher was a man of the people.

Jesus is one whom we moderns like to think of particularly as the exemplar of democratic ways of living, a Teacher to whom this modern world is peculiarly indebted; but because of a long viewing of him as someone of very distant and highly elevated estate, we have no records of him adequate to our desires. We know Mohammed made his own shoes. We know what Buddha liked to eat, and we know what he looked like. The preferences of Lao-tze are known, and how he looked, and what he thought, where he lived; we know of people who knew him, and left words about him. But of the Teacher closest to our hearts there is a dearth of fact.

When fact is lacking, invention is never far distant. As early as the 5th Century the paucity of information

produced the inevitable consequences, forgery. Among the most interesting of the various forgeries were those attributed to Pontious Pilate, in which the Roman governor is made to describe the trial of Jesus. And there are other forgeries, supposed to have originated with contemporary Assyrians and Romans, in efforts made to establish the historical facts of the life of Jesus. These forgeries failed because they were written so late that their authors fell down through inability to conform to the earlier language. There were also a number of books with certain passages interpolated in proof of someone thinking enough back in those days to have said something interesting and enlightening on the great subject. But the spurious passages had to be thrown out when older copies of the same books turned up without these supplementary sections in them. One by one the manufactured evidences have been skillfully exposed, returning the matter to the content of



the Gospels and the original approach.

And so the Christian religion remains where it has always been, on the horns of a dilemma. The institution which is built upon the idolatrous conception of the divinity of a human being is ever headed for trouble. It leaves with the individual Christian who wants to see his Teacher in human values the fear that if he so sees him it will destroy his religion. The conviction nevertheless will not down that at some time, somewhere, somebody has left records which contain the information it is desired to know. Such things do not vanish away

entirely. If the man lived, someone knew it, knew him. Any man whose mind was great enough, who had a personality sufficiently powerful to originate a religion, must in some measure have been recognized and revered in his own time. Theology searching for records actually contemporaneous with Jesus faces a knotty problem, resolved into prayerful seeking and at the same time with the prayer that it shall not find. Great is the fear that Christian theology could not withstand the blow of a discovery that would upset the preconceptions of the past.

Beyond question of a doubt, records concerning Jesus do exist. It is equally certain that they are now in the hands of people who do not intend to make them available now. It is known that in the last hundred years at least one manuscript relating to him has been unearthed; this manuscript was immediately spirited away and hidden. It is known also that certain of the world's libraries have records concerning the life of Jesus which have been secreted where men cannot find them. And the reason is, they endanger the institution of Christian theology.

The motives behind this concealment are not necessarily bad motives. They are analogous to a familiar practice of modern industry, buying up patents and shelving them, putting them away never to be used, because the invention or discovery is such that it might seriously dislocate some segment of the economic structure of the nation. The jobs of ten thousand men may still be open to them because of a single invention which exists but has never been heard of. It is quite conceivable that within some one patent would be the potential of a complete economic collapse. Another invention or discovery, in the hands of a minority and misapplied, might constitute a dictatorship. It is within bounds of possibility that the important discovery of an inconsequential inventor, by misuse, could bring down in a shambles the world we are trying to build up. In any event, the fact remains that there are many patents which industry shelves

because it is not able to face the consequences of their use. They are discoveries frankly to be afraid of. We know enough to invent some things, but not enough to use them.

In religion it is wholly possible to destroy one of the most powerful moral forces in a person's daily life by collapse of his faith. His faith may have been built on false premises, upon misunder-



standing, but until an individual Christian is strong enough to correct his error without being demoralized and disillusioned, the question arises, should he be told everything? If not, how much should he be told? This question was answered simply by Synesius of Alexandria, the Initiate. He said, "Tell no one anything, as long as they are satisfied with what they already know." This sounds like an extreme attitude, one which might be regarded as blighting and benighted; but Synesius did not mean it the way it first sounds. The statement, given a little thought, has this meaning in it: As long as we are satisfied with what we have, we are not ready for anything else. But when a person insists on knowing more we may tell more, because he is reaching the point where he is capable of accepting more.

Opinions differ on the ethics of such an attitude. Many people believe that if something is discovered the world should have it. Others point to the many discoveries where the world's use has not been an application either good or desirable. And thus it is a problem,

especially in the period of stress and tension we are now living through, whether it would be wise or unwise to make public the discovery of ancient documents relating to the beginnings of Christianity; it is a question whether the confusion of life might be worse confused should these uncoveries be of a nature to take away from the average man the very foundation and fountain of his faith. It may be safely concluded that they would take away something. If these documents added to our existing concept, they would have been widely disseminated. We may best infer the nature of their revelations by the fact that they have not been published. For all groups within Christianity are anxious to have proof of their opinions and beliefs, and so it may legitimately be supposed that the concealed documents do not sustain any of the major conclusions and that therefore they would weaken the structure of our existing teachings.

Religiously speaking, people today are divided into two groups. One large group of Christians is satisfied with the beliefs as they are. The other group is not; it is searching for something newer, older, deeper, or wiser. Within the first group are nine out of ten religious people; the minority group is made up of tenth persons who are not satisfied. They are those who feel they are not receiving the full measure of spiritual nutriment, who look upon the religious product as something which has been adulterated. Their number grows. They are not anti-religious. They are anti-theological. They hold no disrespect for man's spiritual beliefs, they are cynical of man's religious institutions. What they demand is the proof, the evidence—definite assurance of something known concerning the original intentions of the Christian faith. They seek a something survived that is consistent with the mental growth, the mental scope of people. Their desire is for a Christian philosophy, and not a Christian theology.

The difference between philosophy and religion in practical terms is this: Religion is so strongly circumscribed as to

what may be believed, and what may not, as to form a gradually encircling limitation; it is based upon belief as acceptance, disbelief as rejection. If you are a member of a religious body it is necessary that you acquiesce to the principal beliefs of that body. Philosophy permits you to believe what you please, as long as you use the tools of rationality; for philosophy is a method, a technique; it places no limitation upon either extremity of the mental extension. Philosophy is a discipline of the mind, religion is a code of specific beliefs. Buddhism, because it is a philosophy rather than a religion, could never have burned at the stake those suspected of witchcraft, could never have persecuted Galileo.



The interest in philosophy grows as people are becoming less interested in religion. What is wanted by those who are treading in the footsteps of dissatisfaction is an idealistic philosophy, on a foundation which will endure because it gives reason, rationality, normalcy, and ethics to all beliefs, and not a specifically demanded application of circumscribed knowledge. And thus has the question arisen which has not yet been answered to the world's satisfaction: Was Christianity originally a religion or a philosophy?

Questions of doubt are attached to certain dictums as presumably having issued from the Christian Fathers of the church's beginning. Could it be attributed to the original Apostles as a statement of spiritual fact that it endangered the soul to be able to read and write? Was it also a spiritual fact that the Christian faith should be discussed only in ecclesiastical Latin? What truth was there in characterizing printing as the work of the devil? Were these things established on the actual thought of the Apostles, their words and authority? Or were they accumulated superstitions of addled minds attached like barnacles to the hull of the Christian ship of state?

Christians want the answers to these types of questions. They profoundly affect the falling off in membership of this greatest of all religions as much as the inability of moderns to look upon going to a motion picture show as a spiritual sin, or the acceptance as spiritual and established fact that anyone differing from the preacher of today is headed directly for perdition.

Many intelligent people already hold the conviction that the original faith did not contain these types of beliefs. But it is a difficult matter to prove that to the conclusive satisfaction of other individuals. Christian belief either did or did not contain the oppressive structure of "Thou shalt nots" for which it has had a distinguished career; maybe it did not insist originally that the inertly stupid shall inherit the earth; but, if these were not the beliefs, what did it build its faith upon? Is the answer in the manuscripts and books since found and quickly spirited away? It is easy to understand that the church might be afraid to admit it has been wrong for nearly two thousand years, afraid that after such an admission no one would believe anything; the conclusion of the average theologian might well be that the truth at this time would do more harm than good. And furthermore, decision on these weighty questions is not a matter of urgency. Theology, confronted with the necessity of making the decision, would even so approach it with hesitancy, for the consequences in the train of radical change would be great; the world would have to live with the consequences through many future centuries.

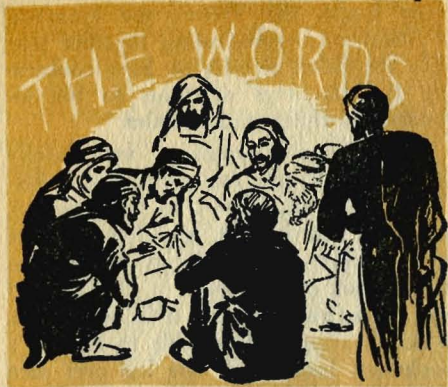
This brings us in our subject out of the generals to the particulars. The particulars are a collection of works referred to in substance as the Logian Documents—the Logia, the Words, the Speeches, or Statements—constituting together possibly the oldest records we have concerning the teachings of Jesus to his intimates, disciples and apostles.

The Logian Documents, very briefly and in substance, are ephemeral collections which are known to have existed, but their survival is apparent only in other works. Some things are known of the book of the Logia; it has survived and it has not survived; it is not a book which it would be possible to buy in a bookstore, because no one has ever seen it; yet it can be quoted from with accuracy. In the writings of the first Fathers of the Church are constant references to the words and sayings contained within the Logia; it was something they had access to, a source which for some mysterious reason has either not survived, or, for some reason equally mysterious, has been guarded against any penetration by modern schools.

In the writings of the Ante-Nicene Fathers and in the writings of the first Patristics are such statements as: "It was written in the Logia," and then a quotation. Or, "The Master said," and a quotation. Biblical students searching the New Testament for the quotation referred to, discover that it is not there. The Logia contained a body of information—common adages and sayings in a book which was available in the early years of Christianity and is no longer available—which is not contained in the Gospels. Although quoted by numerous



authorities, the Logia was never widely circulated; it had evidently been memorized by many who could not read or write and the actual text was not copied



down. Certain versions have appeared, but on critical examination they have proved to be mere baskets of scraps, pieced together by ingenious forgery.

The Logia, existing in an ephemeral way at the beginning of the Christian documents, is the intangible source of the Gospels. All of the New Testaments have a common origin in the Logia, from which emerged the entire structure of Christian literature. It is very improbable that any of the Gospels were written earlier than 100 years after Christ, and it probably required until the end of the 2nd Century to get the whole of the Gospels into their present form. But the Logia seems to have existed from the very time of the Disciples, in this way:

It would seem and appear that all those who had known the Master gathered together immediately after his supposed death and, during the lifetime of the Disciples and Apostles, the Twelve and the Seventy-Two, they pooled their common knowledge in a reservoir of tradition. Each told what he remembered, each what he believed to be true, each recounted that which he had seen and that which various others had said, but most of all, that which the Master had said. So the knowledge of each and all became the common knowledge, and very probably was enriched by much esoteric information which never found

its way into the Gospels. It is quite possible that the Logia was never committed to writing, that it was memorized, and in substance became a book in the mind rather than on paper. This common knowledge was the possession of those who learned it together and it is probable that they simply referred to it as "The Words." And so the many references to a work, a book, many mean only these mental records, which for a time were passed on, and with the death of the legitimate descent then vanished, but leaving the record in references in the books and manuscripts which arose in the time when the Logia was still a surviving tradition.

The Logia is not popular with the theologian; Christian concordances and the early Christian encyclopaedia are exceedingly wary of referring to the subject. Elaborate sermons on the Logia are rare; the average clergyman is afraid of it as a subject, looks upon it as a deep, mysterious pool that had best not be disturbed. But many cultured Christian people continue to suspect that there might be something about Christianity they do not understand, and this they find both discomfiting and stimulating—and so the Logia has become one of the most fascinating subjects of the early Christian tradition. To the church, the Logia is one of those things not to be forgotten, but not to be remembered, and the church has left the subject untouched. It has been realized that it might precipitate us into what one of our modern educators calls, "sickly mysticism," as replacement to the anemic theology of the times—about which someone else remarked, nothing would be more devastating to the ordinary concept than for religion suddenly to become religious. The actual movement of Christianity out of theological foundations and over on to religious ones is certain to be slow, but probably inevitable; religion itself will some day emerge out of its long theological sleep. Meanwhile there will be a continuance of the sermons prepared to maintain it in its present stasis.

What the Logia contains we can piece

together, and it gives us a different viewpoint from the one we have now. In simple terms we can say that the Logia, according to surviving fragments, is divisible into three general parts. One part consists of the words attributed to Jesus himself; the second part, attributed to the Disciples, Apostles, and intimates; third, historical incidents and circumstances in the life of Jesus and his intimates that do not appear in the Gospels. Together a complete record is constituted, from which the hundreds of books destroyed by Constantine probably had their origin.

That a great part of the Logia is contained in the Gospels is to be assumed, but the Gospels are cagey in actual discussion of the teachings of Jesus. We are given the Sermon on the Mount, the parables, a considerable structure of religious teachings, but only in certain chapters of St. John is there something in approach to a mystical treatment of the Christian faith. The Gospel according to St. John was written collectively, this we know; and too, that it was derived almost entirely from the Logia. And the other Gospels were not written by the men to whom they are attributed, nor were they originally attributed to them; the distribution to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John is merely arbitrary, not ancient. The Gospels were written by group authorship, by people who had access to the early traditions, the Logia. They built the Gospel stories from this common source. The accounts were finally embellished by copying each other. In the same way that the



later 50,000 biographical books of Jesus were written from the first four, the Gospels were written from each other.

The Logia itself, where it teaches in the actual words and thoughts of the Christ, his intimates and his Disciples, contains evidence of very important philosophic theories. It definitely teaches—by a series of disconnected statements, it is true, because we have no structure—the mystical imminence of God. The Logia, in other words, does not teach Deity as incarnate in a man, but Deity incarnate in Life. The teaching is of the mystical participation of Deity in all the circumstances of human life. The statement of the eternal imminence of God is put into words on the very lips of Jesus. The Logia is definite in these three important teachings: That Deity is not separate from its world, but is immersed in it. Deity functions through the world and is the source of all life that flourishes everywhere in Space. And that Deity is not to be regarded in the sense of an individual, nor in the sense of a personality, but is to be regarded as the intrinsic principle of every grain of sand and every star.

From the standpoint of Christian thought this is very important. Acknowledgment of the participation of Deity in the existence of all creatures would put an end to one of the great arguments of the church, namely: The problem as to whether Deity is the Creator, the Formulator, or the Animator of nature itself. According to the Logia, Deity is the natural world which is immersed in Deity eternally, and Deity immersed in it.

Jesus, when referring to himself as "one with the Father," and according to the continuation of that statement in the Logia, is not designating himself a unique person. He is merely restating that which is true of all people and all creatures; that it is an actual union, and is not accomplished either by the practice of the sacraments or the acceptance of theological beliefs, but by the realization that the union has always existed.

We participate in God by the discovery of our eternal participation. A thing is, not because we discover it; we discover it because it is. God does not come to us; when we discover God, we come to

God. The values are eternally present. What we call enlightenment and illumination is merely our discovery by conscious effort of Truths that eternally are.

The Logia gives exceptional enlightenment in the matter of prayer. It extends the statement "when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou has shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." For prayer, according to the Logia, is achieved not by entering into a closet with a door, but by entering into the Self, by retiring from the objective to the subjective. From the Logia we learn that in ancient times prayer was a form of meditation. Today's popular concept is of the minister leading in recitational prayer, or responsive prayer, which is something quite different from the concept of the individual entering into a state of meditation where he becomes aware of his eternal participation in divine matters. This withdrawal into meditation is the entering into the closet, the going in to the Father's house. The location of the Father's house is in one's own heart. In the Logia the trend is toward individual communion with Truth, away from formalized dogma and toward an individual religious life.

In the Logia the Apostles ask the Master where they shall search for him after he is gone, how they shall know him again. And the Master replies: That which is visible, manifested, and temporal, shall vanish away, and those who after that time shall search for him shall find him with the blades of grass and with the air; they shall find him in the flower, in the grains of sand, and beneath the broken twig. The thing for which he stands, he explains, will ultimately be found in the heart of everything. The Truths of God are written in the books of divine works, not upon paper, not upon tablets, but in the growth of leaves, in the formation of rocks, in all the processes of flowering and fruitage and in all the patterns of the clouds. Everywhere, the Logia is at work. The Logia is a book written

in the dust, its letters are fashioned out of the waves of the sea. And thus is the Logia "The Book," the book of The Words of those who had received the Light, the book written by Life itself upon the substance of the universe since the beginning. In that which is attributed to the Logia, it is said that the rocks shall speak, the mountains shall give voice, the clouds shall utter words, that the earth shall sing, that every living thing shall bear witness.

Enormous in extent can be the potential significance of this upon the life of Christian people. Here is something to be approached with trepidation by the devout and honest theologian, in a decision as to whether profane man is capable of living in a divine world—where human beings of today still go out and kill each other in wars of ambition. Are Christians ready for a religion that teaches the sanctity of the blade of grass?

Dogma has no place in the Logia; no limitation is placed upon the thoughts of those striving after enlightenment. Man shall desire but the essence, the principles of a new dispensation. We discover that we are truly living in God; that God is not in his heaven, but in us. As in everything. His Word is inscribed by his own presence; the Word is not only made body and flesh, but is made worlds. This Word which is eternally speaking is not in the words of man but is in the very hum of the radio, it speaks in the flashing of the X-Ray, is heard in the seething of the chemicals in the laboratory.

The Logia therefore is a book that cannot be written, but it is the Book of which all books are fragments. Those who can read, and understand, have the key not only to the Christian Dispensation, but to every great religious system in the world. In the presence of this Book and seeking to read it, to this degree we may all be Christians in substance and truth, in that we may perceive something of the true dignity and sublimity of the original Christian Dispensation.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE)

The Treasure of Tai Shung

THE Prince of Ho marched with a thousand captains in bamboo armor and ten thousand archers with short bows to take the wealth of the Lord of Shung.

The Ka of Shung was old, and tired of war, but when the drums rumbled from the towers he took his great sword which was named *That Which Makes All Men Equal* and went to the Wall to defend his city.

With four generals and twenty banners, crimson and yellow in the sun, the Prince of Ho attacked the South Gate. He set up great machines of war that hurled rocks and fireballs, and he shot off wooden cannon from the backs of elephants, and he made a breach near the South Gate.

And at last, after great fighting the City of Shung fell, and the Lord of Shung died, and his sons likewise, and his ministers with him.

So the Prince of Ho with drums of wood and bells of jade entered the City of Shung by the South Gate. Accompanied by the four generals and a great number of pike-men, he rode over the bodies of the dead, for the slaughter had been very great.

When the Prince of Ho reached the Palace of the Peonies there was nothing left but a mountain of ashes. He stopped for a moment and raised his hand to salute the ruin of the Shung. He then turned his horse and galloped down the Avenue of the Nine Illustrious Ancestors towards the Tower of Flame, which was the treasure-house of the Ka's of Shung.

Here, likewise, the Prince of Ho found only desolation. A fire-ball from one of his catapults had burned the library which was called the House of Ten Thousands Tongues. Gone forever, likewise, was the Shrine of the Sovereign

Beauties, where day and night guards in quilted breastplates had kept watch over the great collection of the Seven Arts. Nothing was left of the fabulous treasure of Tai Shung.

The Prince of Ho dismounted and advanced alone to the fallen gate of the treasure-house. All that remained was a great tablet standing on the back of a carven stone turtle. Upon it was a poem of such exquisite beauty that the hundred scholars had taken rubbings of it.

This poem was written by the first Lord of Shung, and it had been set up the day that the treasure-house was finished. And the Prince of Ho read the words: "*There are four priceless treasures: a beautiful woman, a brave son, and a good book are the first three; and the memory of these three is the fourth treasure.*"

The Prince of Ho leaned upon his baton, bent his head and sent his thought to the North Star and spoke a prayer within himself, "Oh, Sovereign Heaven, Celestial Emperor, forgive the wickedness of man, for I have destroyed learning."

Now, Keen, that is the Yellow Emperor, whose throne is the North Star, inclined his ear to the prayer of the Prince of Ho and sent down unto him a spirit in the form of an ancient monk.

When the Prince of Ho lifted his face from his prayer he saw seated on the head of the stone turtle a very old man bundled in a faded robe. The old man had white hair tied in a knot at the crown and a straggly mustache, and a crooked yellow tooth, and he was leaning on a knotted stick, and in one hand he held out the four pieces of a small broken bowl.

The Prince of Ho immediately realized that the old man was a genii,

therefore he made obeisance to him by prostrating himself upon the ground and touching his forehead three times to the earth. The four generals who did not see the old man remained silent with wonder.

The genii accepted the salutation of the Prince of Ho and extended still further his hand holding the four pieces of broken porcelain. "Here, Oh mighty General, is what you have come to take. Behold the treasure for which you have ridden over the bodies of the dead. Behold the treasure of the House of Shung."

Then the Prince of Ho beat his breast and cried out in a pitiful voice: "Oh, the evil thing I have done! The spirit of my fathers shall torment me. My sons shall forget me, and my son's sons shall not make pilgrimage to my tomb. It is evil enough that I have killed many, but more evil still that I have slain learning, I have killed good books, and I have murdered beauty in its shrine. I am dishonored before Heaven. I am humiliated before the earth. Even my death cannot make right this wrong."

The genii sitting on the turtle's head laughed through its one tooth, a dry chuckling laugh. "Oh illustrious Prince," cackled the ancient one, "will men never cease in vanity. What makes you believe oh little man in tall shoes, that you can slay beauty? The Great One who was born from the fish's mouth has said, 'Can man destroy that which man cannot create?' Beauty, oh Prince of Ho, is a Spirit, and ten thousand times ten thousand archers cannot slay a Spirit."

"Do not jest with me," pleaded the Prince of Ho. "I am a man ruined in the face of my ancestors. Leave me to

my sorrow, for I must make offering to the Voices of the Books which I have silenced forever."

The messenger of the Heavenly Emperor spoke words in a strange tongue, and suddenly a huge chair appeared, with large cushions and a high back. The genii motioned the Prince of Ho to seat himself. The Generals wondered to see their Prince sit down in empty air and remain suspended.

Him of the one tooth gathered his robes about him and further addressed the Prince of Ho. "If my lord, who thinks himself so great as to fear his own deeds, will listen I will tell him a story from the Book of the Shans of the Sky."

"I listen, Oh Holy One," answered the Prince of Ho.

The genii then narrated the mystery of the Immortal Beauty.

"Since the beginning of time, oh Illustrious Prince, there have been men who have loved the beautiful and who have sought to make images of it, each in his own way.

"Some of the images were very crude, some of the

paintings difficult and strange, some of the songs had no melody. But to him who made them, each had a secret beauty. There was a wonder revealed in each form that other men might not see.

"So it was that men in the old days, before the Earthly Emperors, wrote on mountains and painted on rocks and sang to the air. And the genii who lived in the mountains and among the rocks saw and heard and understood. Only the genii and the Yellow Emperor. He hears all and knows all and understands all.

"And the great times passed, and men built cities, and scholars were born, and poets, and musicians who played on silk strings, and cunning workers in



metal, and carvers of ivory, and those who polished gems.

"But this I ask you, Oh Prince of Ho, whence comes the thought that the scholar frames with the ten thousand characters, from where does the poet gather up the petals of his verse? What sings in the strings of music? Do these things come from the empty air? Or do you think, perchance, that the Yellow Emperor sends a Gendhava to weave the spell?"

"Most assuredly not, oh Prince of Ho. The first dreamers never perished. The hope that was traced on ancient rock is the same hope that speaks through the scholar's brush. The crude forms of man's first moldings live again in the perfection of the Han.

Century after century, time and carelessness and war and decay eat up the treasures of the earth, but they do not touch the Soul of Beauty nor corrupt its Spirit in any way.

"Once there was a potter who made a little dish, and when it was finished he was happy because he had given form to Beauty. And one day the dish was broken. But the dish did not die. It became a Spirit.

"A thousand years later another potter made the same dish. He did not know it, but the little bowl formed in the wet clay by his whirling wheel was the same dish reborn that had lived a thousand years before.

"But as man gains a better body with each new birth, so the second time the dish was born it had a little handle added and there was more of grace in its line. And the little dish was very beautiful and its life was twenty years. And again it was broken, and again it became a Spirit.

"Again the little dish waited for a thousand years before another potter fashioned it anew. This time a design was added to it, but it was still the same

Spirit and the same Beauty, the same dish. For all bowls like songs and poems and good counsel, are immortal.

"So each time this dish was broken it waited, floating in the air, until another potter should dream it. And after ten times ten times upon the wheel that same little dish was carried one day to the treasure-house of Shung. It was now of the most delicate porcelain traced with little flowers of gold, so fragile that it seemed more like its Spirit Self than a thing of earth. And at the treasure-house of Shung it was broken again. This time, Oh Prince of Ho, you are the cause that it was broken."

The genii threw the four pieces of porcelain at the feet of the Prince.

"Do you think, oh foolish man, that because these broken pieces will be ground back again into dust you have destroyed Beauty, that you have the power to slay the Spirit even of a little clay bowl?"

"Tomorrow another dreamer will come. The little bowl will live again. And so it will live, on and on until the end when all men become Spirits and sit together at the Banquet of the Yellow Emperor.

There at the feast will be the little Spirit Bowls also so that each of the mandarins may drink his tea.

"Thus it is with all the works that men have done. Mourn not for the books that are burned for they shall be written anew. Mourn not for the poems that are lost, for another poet shall find them in his soul. Mourn not for the songs that have been silenced for they will sing on and on through Eternity. We dream that we destroy only to awaken and discover that nothing is lost.

"With a ball of fire you have burned the House of Ten Thousand Tongues, yet no one of those tongues has been silenced, Oh Prince of Ho. Men have sought to silence tongues from the begin-



ning of the world, but the words of the first man shall be spoken again by the last man, for tongues will not be silent. Learning does not perish with its books but men would perish without learning. So men will forever write books, and though they know it not, they are forever writing the same book.

"A thought is never less our own than when we believe it to be our own. Thoughts are like birds, they fly out of the sky and are gone again. Like the Sacred Phoenix, chief of all the birds, they are immortal. Men may die for their thoughts because men are mortal. But thoughts can never die at the hands of men because thoughts are immortal.

"Be content, therefore, Prince of Ho, to learn your lesson. Men cherish thoughts and dreams of beauty, and protect them because they seem such fragile things. Yet the single thread spun by the poet is stronger than all the ropes and cords of the world and will some time bind all men together.

"Some slender painting on its fragile silk may seem a weak and tender thing, requiring constant protection. But that weak line is more strong than the mountains, more ancient than the skies, more enduring than time. Beauty must be

served, Oh my Prince, not because it is fragile and needs protection, but because it is Divine and deserves homage.

"Oh Prince of Ho, seek for beauty, but search for it not in the ashes of your treasure-house but in the ruin in your own heart which has been wrought by your ambitions. It is better, Oh, Prince, to be the servant of Beauty than the ruler of men."

As he finished speaking the genii gathered his cloak over his face and returned to the North Star.

The Prince of Ho rose from the chair, which disappeared into space, and walked over to his Generals.

"I have a resolution," he spoke in a firm, quiet voice. "I shall return to my own kingdom. When I have regained my city I shall turn over the State to my son and I shall put on the yellow robe. The years that are left to me shall be devoted to two works. I shall read the Sutras that I may prepare for a nobler rebirth. And I shall take a potter's wheel and I shall pray that skill shall be given to my hands that I may make a new body for the spirit of a broken bowl. My lords, I now know the mystery of the Treasure of Tai Shung."

(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR HORIZON)

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An identifying footnote to each article indicates whether it is an original article, a condensation from a Manly Palmer Hall lecture, or an excerpt from his writings. *Suggested Reading* is a guide to his published writings on the same or a related subject. A list of Manly Palmer Hall's published works will be mailed on request.

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