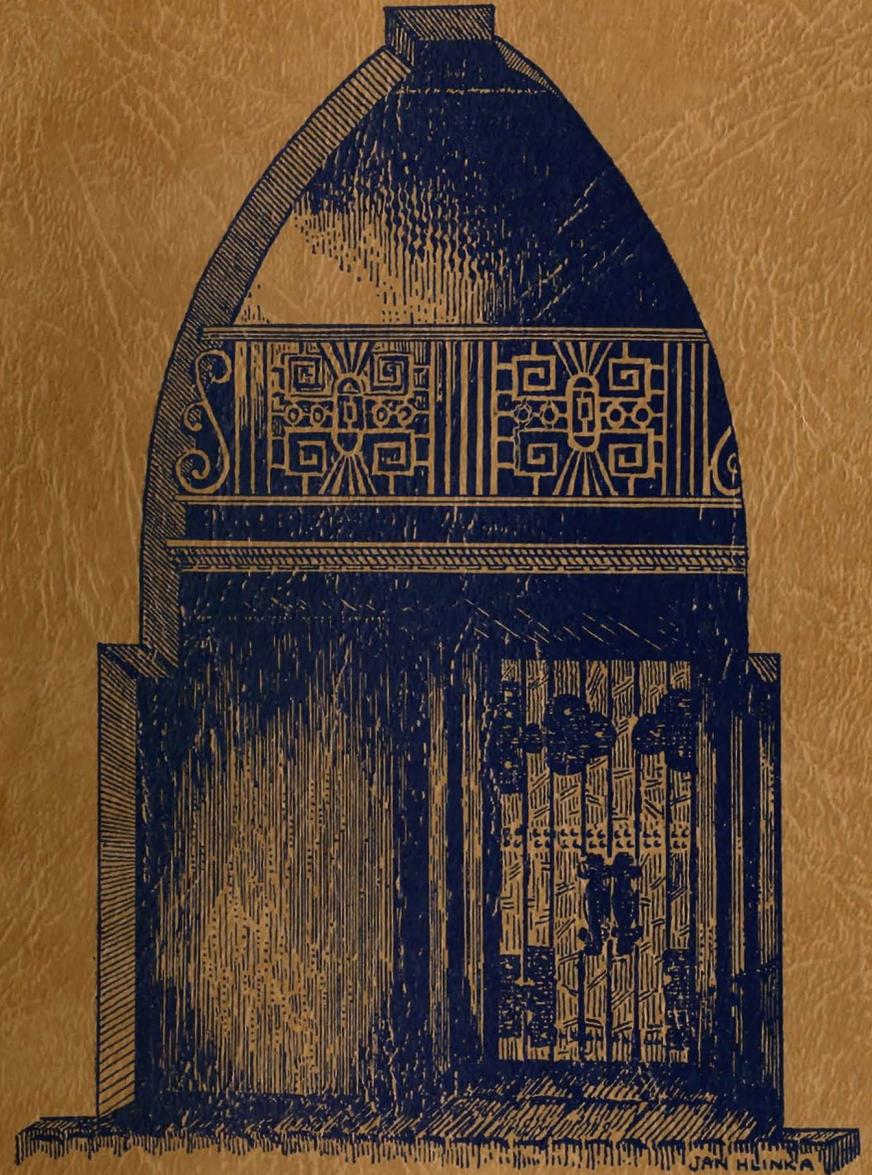


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Journal of the
Philosophical Research Society

SUMMER
1947



ISSUED
QUARTERLY
VOLUME 7 No. 1

HORIZON
LINES

AN EDITORIAL
BY MANLY PALMER HALL



The Hatfields and
the McCoy's

A NUMBER of dignified old scholars have pondered upon Plato's statement that the living are ruled by the dead. These learned gentlemen have come to the conclusion that the great Athenian philosopher implied the burden of tradition which each generation inherits from the past. Our religion, philosophies, laws, arts, customs, and tastes originated in remote times, and continue to exercise a powerful directive force in our daily activities. We are still inclined to regard with respect that which is ancient and to overlook the infirmities usually associated with age. It requires more heroism than most can muster to violate a long-established precedent. As long as we remain addicted to the *status in quo* the living will be ruled by the dead.

The heaviest burdens that we inherit from our illustrious progenitors are the consequences of their mistakes. Unless we perpetuate the idiosyncrasies of our forebears we are accused of a kind of treason. We are false to a sacred trust; weak links in the chain of circumstances which binds unborn tomorrows to dead yesterdays. Conversely, we shall gain a certain psychological distinction if we can devise some ingenious means of adding

new fuel to the old fires. We are reminded of a certain publicity-loving citizen of antiquity who found a delightful way of perpetuating his own fame. He reasoned that history would never forget an outstanding incendiary. He was entirely correct, and his name is to be found in most of the encyclopedias because he burned the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, one of the greatest shrines of the ancient world. Needless to say, if he had been an honest, honorable, and upright man he would have been completely forgotten.

The pages of history are laden with the grievances of nations, and it is the solemn duty of each group of nationals to dedicate their lives, worldly goods, and sacred honor to avenging the real or imaginary wrongs which have descended to them as a priceless heritage to have and to hold. An astute politician has little difficulty in resurrecting these ancient grudges, and the youth of the country marches off to war resolved to suffer and die for extinct causes. Anyone who doubts the validity of such attitudes and pursuits is a traitor to a sacred tradition, and is suspected of alien blood.

Another name for the past is precedent, the dignity of established practice,

which shifts the burden of personal decision from the living to the dead and perpetuates a conglomeration of errors. Imagine the sorry spectacle of a lawyer without a precedent. The truly modern man is not the one who *lives now*, but who *thinks now*. He is extremely rare, for most of us are physically contemporary and mentally medieval. The same criticism applies to the majority of our institutions, which shine with newness in their outward parts but are remote in their internal focuses.

Veneration for established precedent ignores the natural motions of all creatures toward a fuller and better way of life. Certainly we should not reject old foundations because of their antiquity, but neither should we cling to them merely because they were cherished by our ancestors. There is a difference between a well-worn shoe and a worn-out shoe; the former is comfortable, the latter is useless. There is much that we can learn from the past, and there is much that is better forgotten. Only discrimination and intelligence can determine that which is acceptable and that which should be discarded.

Human society began with what has been called the 'brood family'. This unit is composed of a father and mother and their direct offspring. This is the simplest of all social compounds, and in terms of primitive psychology consists of me and mine. It took millions of years of evolution to so strengthen the intellectual faculty that man could think beyond the boundaries of this small collective. For most people, even today, this is sufficient coverage.

In the brood family the principal concern of each was himself and the rest of the brood. The rudimentary rules of kinship were founded in brood-consciousness: "Those are mine which are the extensions of myself, like myself, and bound to myself by the ties of blood. (One blood implied one mind, one quality, one purpose, and one devotion) To protect mine is to protect myself in them. Mine share a common infallibility with myself. It is conceivable that mine might be less perfect than myself, because I am always beyond reproach. But if

mine make a mistake they are still mine and I must defend them, not because they are right but because they are mine. The faults of mine are more precious than the virtues of those that are not mine. In sober truth, it is doubtful if those that are not mine possess any important virtues." There is much to indicate that these formulas summarize the intellectual processes of the Pithecanthropus and other antediluvians.

In those fair days before the glacial epic the most horrible of all crimes was to rebel against the brood. Whether this rebellion was merely an honest difference of opinion or a militant withdrawal made little difference; in either case the rebel was relegated to whatever type of perdition was at that time fashionable. Biological requirements necessitated mating outside of the brood family. This brought up a delicate problem. The consciousness of the family had to enlarge to meet the challenge of new blood. Naturally the alien strain was viewed with the utmost suspicion and had to prove its right to be included among *mine*. This was accomplished by agreeing exactly with *me* and becoming as much like *me* as possible. Differences could not be tolerated, being obvious indications of inferiority. The stranger had to give allegiance to the laws, practices, preferences, and antipathies peculiar to *me* and *mine*. One of the essential points of conformity was that it should love that which *I* love and hate that which *I* hate. Perhaps there was no good reason for either emotion, but such was the rule of the game, and the rule must be obeyed.

In the brood family the government was a patriarchy or a matriarchy. The oldest living ancestor ruled the rest, and the ghosts of the deceased patriarchs formed a supreme council which ruled the ruler. This was the golden age of family despotism, and here the precedent of the divine right of relatives was established.

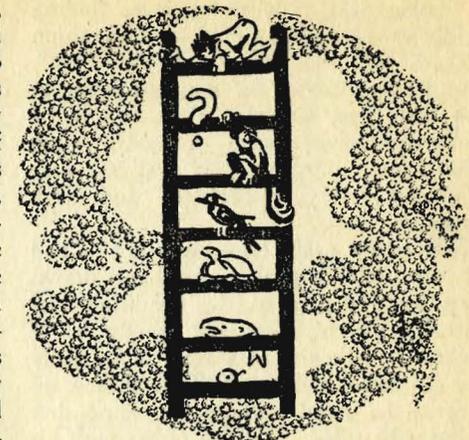
As brood families united to form tribes the social picture grew more complex. Early unions were not impelled by brotherly love or a desire toward fraternization; they were organizations of utility, usually prompted by the instinct for

survival. They were political unions, either offensive or defensive. Scattered families bound themselves together to preserve their lands and possessions against stronger groups, or so that they might take the lands and possessions of weaker groups. The result was always a divided allegiance within the tribe. The head of a family owed certain allegiance to his own family within the group. There were times when these allegiances conflicted. The poor man was on the horns of a dilemma; his decision was certain to offend someone. This situation has never been completely solved. The rise of religion triangulated this division of allegiances. The tribesman had to wrestle with the internal problem of right and wrong. If he decided to do right at all costs he might bring down upon himself the wrath of both the tribe and the family. Under such conditions his only hope of peace lay in a better state beyond the grave.

In spite of automobiles, airplanes, the radio, and the surtax, the modern family is strongly reminiscent of its Piltown archetype. It is still struggling desperately to hold itself together according to prehistoric rules and precedents. It is also cheerfully overlooking the fact that these rules have never produced a peaceful or healthy society, and there is no indication that they will be more successful in the future. But we have advanced a little, and through a thoughtful consideration of the findings of prominent psychologists we have discovered why the old rules do not and cannot work. We also know why a state of domestic anarchy is not solutional.

After we have penetrated the aura of sentimentalism which surrounds the domestic picture we discover that the traditional concept of a home can be and often is a menace to life and sanity. A successful home is an achievement worthy of universal acclaim, but an unsuccessful one is an ever-present trial in time of trouble. The day is close at hand when home planning must be rescued from traditional patterns and established on a foundation of factual thinking.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, very few modern families have any clear concep-



tion of their ancestors further back than the third or fourth generation. A veil of blessed oblivion obscures the picture, and only an occasional famous person stands out. The springboard for most contemporary family disasters is located in the Victorian and early post-Victorian years between 1870 and 1910. Perhaps the present sufferers were not alive during those years, but they are direct victims of conditions which originated in those four extraordinary decades. There were good homes and happy families all through that period, but traditional patterns were heavy with moral atmosphere, and domestic tyranny flourished as a virtue. The home often resembled a military camp. Father was a general who strutted about in the gold braid of divine right; mother was a captain, and received her commission by the act of matrimony; the children were privates, except the eldest son who was the heir apparent to the tyranny. Father did all the thinking for the brood. He was always right, and even his mistakes were sacred. To his edicts there were no appeals. He selected his sons' careers and his daughters' husbands. If by chance mother had a will of her own she generally administered her daughters' affairs with father's grudging consent. The children were never permitted to grow up. Instantaneous obedience was the acceptable standard of action. Insubordination was not only a crime against father but a sin against God, who was always in close contact with father.

Father was usually religious, finding great comfort in the Biblical admonition "spare the rod and spoil the child". Naturally, most of the sons left home at an early age, and the whole weight of this oppressive system descended upon the female offspring. It was all very righteous, very respectable, and very stupid.

Of course every home was not as bad as the doleful picture we have drawn but some degree of the condition was usually present, especially among better folk. If father were a man of integrity he provided and ruled; if he lacked integrity he ruled without providing, but always he ruled. By now father with his muttonchop whiskers and Prince Albert coat has been gathered to his ancestors, but the consequences of his methods and convictions linger on to complicate the ills that flesh is heir to.

Back in those good old days, which everyone wishes would come back and no one could endure, the family feud was an essential part of the domestic picture. The causes for such feuds were often inconsequential, immaterial, and irrelevant. A minor question of theological doctrine or the horrible iniquity of questioning one of father's edicts could cause a feud. A marriage contrary to the pleasure of the hierarchy or the refusal of the heir apparent to study law as father had ordained could rock the menage to its foundations. There were many neurotics in those days, and neurotics become hypersensitive and hypercritical. Many of the feuds had no origin except misunderstanding, misinterpretation, and morbid imagination. Some of them originated through a sense of injustice, resulting in the application of inflexible rules for situations which seemed to demand special consideration. Natural strength and individuality, and the relentless pressure of internal values to express themselves in a larger atmosphere, set up enmities which have lasted for generations.

There is nothing which so rapidly undermines the normalcy of a small child as injustice. If the child is naturally hypersensitive even imaginary injustices can result in disastrous consequences.

Little folk lack the ability to rationalize things that happen to them and around them. They receive the impact of the incident itself without the modification which comes from experience and reflection. If the child's sense of values is violated deep-seated resentment results, and this may continue through life and develop into serious psychoses.

The fathers and mothers of fifty years ago knew nothing of child psychology, and the information they needed was not readily available even if they had sought such instruction. They in turn were living out the damage their own parents had caused. Actually they knew no other way of life, and assumed their conduct to be above reproach. From our perspective their judgment was immature and prejudiced, but had we lived in those times most of us would have committed the same errors. Most parents in those days loved their children and brought them up in what was regarded as the approved manner. It is quite easy to justify the parental attitude, but this does not solve the problems which it caused. It does not even prevent children raised in such homes from growing up and managing their own families in the same unreasonable way.

In some instances modern neurotics are the direct result of excessive brutality and the criminal stupidity of their sires. More often they are the victims of their own misinterpretation of small incidents, preserved and enlarged by nursing and remembering. There are even cases in which early difficulties have been exaggerated to justify present faults and failings. Each problem must be considered separately; there is no rule that applies to all, but we can distinguish prevailing tendencies.

Much has been written on the subject of large families, their advantages and disadvantages. Some feel that there is greater probability of the child developing normally in a large family where he must early develop a sense of teamwork and fair play. Others insist that in the small family each child can be given greater attention and consideration as an individual, while under our present economic system the large family is likely to be

underprivileged. On the other hand an only child suffers from distinct psychological disadvantages.

Many family feuds have originated among the children themselves. Small boys and girls, because intellect has not developed to control instinct, can be extremely tyrannical, cruel, destructive, and spiteful. Of course such tendencies increase where the home life is insecure or inadequate. Sometimes the children outgrow early antipathies and the mature family draws together to meet the emergencies of older years, but if a child is inclined to neurosis he may be psychologically incapable of actually forgiving and forgetting. The situation is complicated by a natural inclination to overlook or ignore our own contribution to the misunderstanding. We always forget what we have done and remember what has been done to us.

The celebrated feud between the Hatfields and the McCoys is now a classical fragment of American folklore. We are inclined to question the mental processes which inspired blood feuds in the mountains of Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, and in the Ozarks. But the respectable, long-standing grievances among our best families are no less cruel and primitive even though there are no exchanges of musket fire from behind fences. There are no excuses that will justify the inability of civilized human beings to arbitrate their grievances and arrive at common grounds of understanding.



Once a family feud is well-established it develops rapidly into a collective obsession. Naturally the children are expected to take sides. They must dislike persons whom their parents dislike or they have no family loyalty. Frequently this appears entirely unreasonable to the children, whose minds have not been

conditioned to biased thinking. They may try to reason through the situation, but in the end, like the Comte de Gabalis, "they can make neither head nor tail on it." Thus they acquire an ability to dislike without cause and defend without reason. Children are natural mimics and reflect the moods of their elders, but once these moods get a footing in the subconscious of the child they begin to work their own free and independent damage. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, goes the proverb, and mid-Victorian homes developed twig-bending to a fine art.

The less personal phase of this twig-bending process may be observed in the religious, political, and racial prejudices that have complicated our world for a long time. The parent who demands conformity expects his children to perpetuate his own convictions on almost every subject. They must attend the same church, vote the same ticket, and select their friends and enemies from the same classes, levels, and races of society. Such directional demands are not interpreted as undue influence; they are normal, proper, and in all respects neat and tidy.

Thus the child has great difficulty in freeing himself from the shadow cast by the parental wing. Even after the parents have died the children must continue to live under the influence of the parental pattern. Here again the living are ruled by the dead through the memory of them, and memory can be as tyrannical as any person.

As most neuroses develop in the human being as the result of seeds planted during the first twelve years of life, it is difficult for the parent to evade responsibility for his part in forming his children's characters. The steady streams of neurotics which flow into the offices of psychiatrists are witnesses to the extent of the damage, and should prove a powerful object lesson to the home builders of today.

Our particular concern at the moment is the family feud, so we must not stray afield, lured by increasing by-paths. It is a foregone conclusion that there is no way of applying preventive technique to a situation of fifty years' standing, so we

resort to corrective therapy. We must accept the disheartening fact that the patient's condition is chronic, deep-seated, and pretty well distributed throughout all parts of the mental and emotional fabric. Most sufferers have developed a considerable degree of self-pity, especially if they have read a few books on popular psychology. They are the hopeless victims of outrageous circumstances; they never had a chance; they were born to suffer and were predestined to be miserable. If they had known twenty-five years ago what they know today everything would have been different, but now it is too late. Even if they get well they cannot recapture the lost and wasted years. They are too old to start a new business, a new home, or to find any joy in life. All that will help is a psychic sedative to dull the bitterness and enable them to get out of this world with a minimum of future discomfort. As may well be imagined, this type of patient is a joy to every practitioner, for everything appears to conspire to prevent a satisfactory conclusion of the case within a reasonable length of time.

Probing such confusion is in itself extremely difficult. The psychiatrist seldom hears all sides of the story, as most of the characters involved probably are no longer alive; they survive only as psychic toxin. He thinks longingly of the old Aztec custom of burying all grudges every fifty-two years. In the end he usually has to accept a blanket compromise. It is not possible for him to discover from a prejudiced witness whether the causes are real or imaginary, so he assumes that whichever be the case the damage is approximately the same.

In the case of the Hatfields versus the McCoys there were political factors. During the Civil War a Confederate Hatfield killed a Union McCoy in battle. This was bad enough, but the finishing touch was the mystery of the stolen pig. The Hatfields claimed that a McCoy filched the 'porker'. There were ugly words across the state line. Then the heir to the Hatfield name and glory fell in love with the pretty daughter of the man accused of stealing the pig. Diplomatic relations became strained. No one wanted to ar-

bitrate, and in the end open war was declared. No exact statistics seem to be available as to the number of men, women, and children who perished during the Hatfield-McCoy war. We get some idea, however, when we learn that Lark McCoy and his friends shot fourteen Hatfields in one day, and 'Devil Anse', the patriarch of the Hatfields, and five of his men accounted for seventeen in a running fight one bright morning. Before his death, however, 'Devil Anse' saw the light, became devoutly religious, rich, and respectable, and it is said was even mentioned as a possible candidate for state legislature. It is also gratifying to note that the present Hatfields and McCoys are living together amicably, and the young folk are taking quite a 'hankering' for each other.

All in all, it would appear that the Hatfield-McCoy feud was more or less typical of the story of fighting families all over the world. While bloodshed of this kind is a totally useless waste of life, it represents the definite extroversion of hatred. These rugged mountain folk made slight use of the reflective mental faculties. "They seen their duty and done it noble." Far more lasting damage is done among introverted and neurotic types, who shrink from bloodshed and develop mechanisms of cruelty far more horrible than open warfare. One distinct evidence of progress in modern society is the breaking up of those introverted family patterns which were responsible for so many blighted and ruined lives.

Today people have too many interests and outside contacts to nurse grudges with the vindictiveness of isolated and tradition-bound families. But we are creatures of extremes, finding moderation always the most difficult course to follow. To solve the difficulty within families we have eliminated practically the entire family pattern. The home has become a sanctified boarding house where individuals with few interests in common assemble for bed and board.

Memory, bestowed upon man that he may profit from his own experiences, is one of the most abused of the mental powers. It exercises a tyranny over all

the other faculties, demanding that the entire personality be dedicated to the perpetuation of its morbid and melancholy recollections. Nine out of ten who seek psychiatric help are the victims of their own memories. Injustices, real or imaginary, cannot be forgotten, and they become a convenient and apparently satisfactory excuse for present failure and misfortune.

Short of amnesia there seems no way of blocking out these long-cherished and lovingly-nurtured records of negative thinking. You cannot tell the sufferer to forget something that has been on his mind for twenty-five or fifty years. Such a suggestion is an insult to anyone's intelligence. To tell him that his favorite grudge is unimportant is also a serious breach of ethics. He cannot be told that a mental pattern which has ruined his life is of no consequence; he has long since lost all perspective. Worst of all, his sense of humor is so seriously impaired that he can get no perspective on himself. The longer he has nursed his worries the smaller has become his sphere of outside interest. A neurotic does not make friends easily, but the acquaintances who do linger with him are likely to be as frustrated as he. Beautiful memories are a treasure beyond price, and unpleasant memories result in a perpetual state of internal bankruptcy.

The practitioner has one point in his favor, however. The patient is always close to the end of his own resources before he seeks help. Many times he is unaware of the true extent of the damage caused by his morbid thinking. He may wish to consult the psychiatrist on some entirely secondary matter. He explains that he is suffering from some obscure nervous affliction, or he is in domestic trouble, or he is unable to carry on his trade or profession. Perhaps he has dizzy spells, is a victim of hallucinations, is unable to secure employment, or feels run down all the time. It is also quite possible that he has done a bit of self-diagnosing and has decided that his difficulties are due to malicious occult forces. He will be terribly disappointed if his own findings are not sustained.

Realizing that all effects are suspended from adequate causes, the superficial misfortunes of the moment are soon revealed to be merely symptoms. A little judicious questioning usually opens up the entire subject. It is to be wondered sometimes if the deluge of recent books on popular psychology is not in part responsible for some of the justification-mechanisms now operating among neurotics. Once the patient decides that family squabbles are the cause of his present inadequacies, this conclusion becomes a two-edged sword. He has scientific grounds for disliking his relatives and philosophical justification for being sorry for himself; he is the helpless victim of outrageous circumstance.

Only honest and mature thinking can correct a neurosis originating from morbid memories. We must first accept the facts as they are. Most of the damage was done in those childhood years when there was neither the opportunity nor the reflective power to rationalize parental injustices. It is useless to say that the little boy or girl should not have taken the condition so seriously. Most children have a strangely intuitive sense of justice. When this is outraged the child is seriously hurt, and he lacks means for protecting himself from these injuries. A prominent American judge who devoted years to juvenile problems summed up his findings in this simple formula: "When children are delinquent thank the parents." While this is not a rule without exceptions, it is true in a broad way. Occasionally we find a born incorrigible, but the majority of children can be reached with sincerity and intelligence.

The professional listener never ceases to wonder at the cruelty and deliberate sadism that occurs within family groups. Children have been maliciously persecuted through half of their lives merely because they bore a facial resemblance to a hated ancestor. This family tyranny is seldom publicized and the despotism goes on, concealed behind a false front of public respectability. Yet in one family several children subjected to the same treatment react in different ways. The extroverts fight back or walk out. Sometimes they unite forces and subject their families to

extensive reconditioning programs. It is the neurotic child, naturally hypersensitive and usually physically timid who receives the full impact of the domestic inharmony. Throughout nature it is the habit of the strong to tyrannize the weak. Even children will plague a retiring, fearful member of their own group. The child in turn transfers his dislikes to others, striving to revenge himself for the wrongs which he has endured. Thus these tragedies go on until conditions beyond personal control break up the pattern.

The first step toward successful therapy is to enlarge the victim's concept of life in general. If the mind lacks the basic quality to attain such an enlargement, very little permanent good can be accomplished. The diagnosis may be psychological, but the remedy must be philosophical. It may happen that the sufferer is already established in a concept of life large enough to prove solutional but lacks the ability to apply his philosophy to himself. It may also be that the patient is by nature kind, sympathetic, and well-meaning, and is sincerely desirous of overcoming the internal pressure of negative thinking. We must find, if possible, such normal interests and affections as can be stimulated and intensified to give purpose to rehabilitation. Usually we can point out that the present neurosis is injuring innocent persons. This is a strong appeal if the sufferer has a high standard of honor. Always we seek equilibrating values which may be more important to him than himself. If such values can be found we use them to stimulate an heroic effort toward self-improvement.

Very often the internal neurosis has affected the physical health, creating difficulty and pain, particularly in the cardiac and gastro-intestinal regions. This distress confronts the compound personality with a powerful inducement to change its ways. Physical pain is a great reformer if the patient can be convinced that his distress is due to his thinking.

It is also common that an old neurosis destroys the very happiness which the sufferer has struggled so hard to attain. Trying desperately to be happy, he finds

contentment within his grasp only to lose it because of his own inability to control his negative impulses. The preservation of a present good can be a strong inducement to overcome the rubbish of old habits.

It is strange but true that very few people can put themselves in order unless they believe sincerely that the world is in order. The deep and abiding conviction that God is in his heaven and all is well with the world is the best foundation upon which the adult can build his life. Most of us hold this belief to some degree, but unless it is cultivated and intensified by thought and study it may not prove strong enough to dominate our feelings of injustice and persecution. The distinguished psychiatrist, Carl Jung, observed that he seldom secured lasting results in correcting the psychoses of mature men and women unless the patients had some strong religious conviction.

My own experience has been largely with persons of definite religious and philosophical convictions. Many of them would be classified as advanced thinkers, well above the average of their time. They are trying honestly and sincerely to live and think constructively. They realize the futility of clinging to old grievances. They have gone through elaborate formulas of forgiving their enemies and burying the past, but the past will not stay buried; it rises like a ghost from its grave and continues to haunt them through the long dark hours of the night. The more they try to forget the more vividly they remember. They argue with themselves, recognizing and condemning their foolishness. In their own words, "They can forgive but they cannot forget."

We may as well admit first as last that we are not going to forget, because the only way to stop the mind is to destroy it completely; while the continued use of alcohol and narcotic drugs destroys the future with the past. Yet nature has never presented us with a problem which we cannot solve. We must learn how to remember without pain. It can be done and it has been done, but recoveries of this kind are not accidents; they require

careful and thorough planning and patient execution.

Personally, it does not seem that philosophical threats are much of a help. In desperation we are all inclined to use them, but there is a better method. There is not much difference between warning the individual in the good old theological way that perdition awaits him if he does not mend his course, and the more philosophical approach involving the doctrine of reincarnation. It may be true that unless we overcome our mistakes in this life we must be born again into similar patterns of misery until we learn the lesson, but I do not have much faith in this kind of leverage. It is like punishing crime, and no means of punishment or retribution has yet been discovered which will deflect the criminal from his purpose. Man should put himself right, not because he fears the consequences of his mistakes but because right is the natural and proper way to behave. Neither the fear of hell nor the hope of heaven should make men live virtuously, and it is doubtful if fear ever solved the deeper complexes within the personality.

External pressure intended to bring about reformation by forceful means usually leads to conscious or unconscious deceit mechanisms. We attempt to conceal our faults from the world, or else make valiant efforts to suppress rather than to cure the condition. Suppression solves nothing; it may relieve us of certain public embarrassment, but the basic conditions remain unchanged. Permanent correction must come from within the personality.

When we start to philosophize with a person about his troubles there is one more difficulty to be overcome. Theoretically, each of us knows that other folk, as well as ourselves, are subject to misfortune. We also accept the rather obvious fact that many mortals, heavily laden with burdens, rise above their afflictions and live normal and constructive lives. There can be but one explanation to justify our own peculiar state of doldrums; our tragedy is a little more tragic, our calamities a little more calamitous, and our crises a little more critical than those which burden the common lot.

Obviously, if others had been through what we have been through they would be in a state similar to ours. This is a delicate point in self-justification and requires diplomatic handling. The point of view must be shifted. The sufferer must learn to understand that it is his own personality and not the occurrences through which he has passed that is responsible for the tragedy.

Two persons passing through parallel if not identical circumstances can and do react in opposite ways. Not long ago two mothers, each of whom had lost an only son in the recent war, discussed their tragedy with me. One of these parents was completely demoralized; to her life had lost all meaning and purpose. There was no justice in the universe, no God in heaven, and nothing but bitterness, loneliness, and sorrow. The occurrence was too recent to be rationalized, and there was not enough internal strength to carry the personality through the crisis successfully. The second mother had already resolved upon a course of action. Her reasoning was in substance as follows: My boy is gone, and I must accept his loss with courage, and faith, and understanding. I shall devote my life to his memory by doing all that I can to help other boys coming back injured in mind and body. Some of them have no one upon whom they may lean. I am now reading to the blind three days a week, and I plan to assist in the vocational rehabilitation of those variously crippled. This shall be my way of expressing my love for my own son.

All destructive and negative memories which burden the human consciousness can be corrected only by a reorientation of the personality pattern. The sufferer must be taught that the real tragedy in his life is what he has done to himself. He must be re-educated in the use of his mental powers. Memory is only a tragedy when the reasoning faculties have not been applied. Unfortunately, our educational system is deficient in that it does not teach us how to philosophize about facts. A fact in itself is static and unimportant unless it inspires the mind to extend the fact itself in the direction of utility.

Take, for example, the science of history. All history is the recorded memory of the events which make up the life of the human race. H. G. Wells pointed out that most written histories are records of events rather than the records of the meaning of events. Most national histories are burdened with wars, intrigues, conspiracies, and in a sense, feuds and squabbles. By carefully studying the history of his nation the citizen can develop a violent hatred for the citizens of most other nations. He can be mentally outraged by the tragedies which have afflicted his own plan, until in the end he is certain that his tribe has borne the burdens of the world's woes since the dawn of time. The smoldering hatred and dissatisfaction thus developed can lead to a variety of prejudices, antagonisms, and intolerances. These in turn make more difficult the way of the peacemaker and insure the indefinite perpetuation of private and public strife.

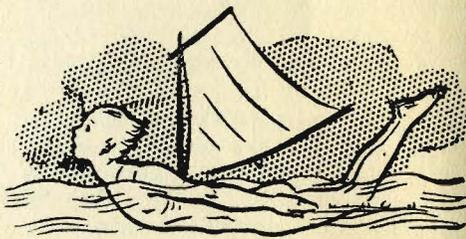
The philosophy of history curbs these emotional and mental intemperances. The student becomes aware of the maturing effects of adversity. He discovers how the condition of man improves under strain and stress, unfolding its culture as it bears the burden of its destiny. There is compensation in life for every misfortune if we can think things through. This does not mean that we should develop into a race of Pollyannas seeing good where it does not exist; rather it means that we discover by thoughtfulness that good actually exists everywhere and that in life the laws and forces governing mundane affairs are eternally conspiring toward the perfection and security of all that lives and moves. Each disaster is a challenge to become greater than disaster. Each problem is a challenge to develop wisdom larger than the problem. All growth in nature is forced upon us by the inadequacy of existing states of affairs. Without the pressure of misfortune man long ago would have perished from the earth.

The evolution of the human race is an unbroken record of the struggle to survive. At some remote time man developed eyes because he must see or die. He developed hands and feet because

these were necessary to prevent his extinction. The code was modified and changed to meet the pressure or environment. Each faculty and function arose from dire necessity. Civilization was born in pain and isolation. It has been a long, hard fight, but the race has come through because the will to live was stronger than the resignation to die.

To understand nature we must seek the simple statement of its laws in those forms of life about us that have not created imaginary standards or false concepts by the power of their own thinking. The animal world of furred and feathered things tells the story. Here the rules are simple, the means sufficient, and the ends inevitable. In their native state few animals die of old age. Each life ends in tragedy. Only the strong survive, and survival is the reward of constant watchfulness. The one that breaks the laws of his kind perishes miserably. The one that wanders from his herd becomes the food of wolves. Here there are no theologies good or bad, excuses are meaningless, and there is scarcely time for repentance. The animal knows the law in his heart, and the law is simple—obey or die.

In the life of man the laws are precisely the same except that we have the capacity for a larger obedience. It is given to us to understand more clearly the reason for ourselves. We can assist the gods in the perfection of our own character. We are not dumb, driven animals for we have minds that can elevate us to a nobility of concept above any other creature of the earth, but we must use them.



If we drift along upon the surface of circumstances we shall perish. If we disobey the rules of our game we shall suffer. If we neglect the wisdom of our kind or depart from healthful ways our

reward is pain. We can wish it were otherwise; we can create creeds to try and prove it is otherwise; we can rebel and resist; we can fight on to the bitter end to force our own conceits upon each other and ourselves, but the rules of the game can never be broken—we must obey or die.

The highest code of mortal man is that which has been given to us by the great spiritual leaders of our race. These teachers did not invent their laws; they merely restated for us the universal rules governing the human game. We may resent these rules as being beyond our capacity; we may compromise them to our personal advantages, but the rules remain the same regardless of man's schemes, prejudices, and conceits.

There was an old dispensation of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth that ruled in the ancient world. This dispensation has failed because man himself has outgrown such a pattern of living. There is a new dispensation built upon the highest devotion of which man is capable, the emotion of love. It is the new dispensation that man shall forgive his enemies and do good unto those who unjustly treat him. Man has built a world which makes the application of such high principles appear impossible, but these principles are internal and eternal, while the world we have built is external and impermanent. If we live according to the world we shall perish with it, but if we cling to those principles which are in themselves the manifestations of our own divinity we shall survive the crash of worlds and the vicissitudes of time.

The practical application is obvious. The hatreds which we nurse so lovingly, the old feuds which we perpetuate with such infinite care, violate the simple rule that we must forgive our enemies and live together in a state of friendliness, patience, and universal tolerance. The beatitudes of Jesus, spoken during the sermon on the mount, are psychologically sound and furnish a key to the liberation of the individual from bondage to his past. He who remembers bitterness violates the law of his kind. He is suffering not from the injuries which have been done to him but because internally he is no better than those who injured him. They broke the law by their own misdeeds; he breaks the law by perpetuating their misdeeds. Thus a vicious line of incidents is set up which must continue until someone breaks the chain of evil by the power of good.

The solution to all these assorted burdens of memories is the rededication of the self to the noblest of its ideals. When man discovers the law of good in his own heart he is like the alchemists of old who found a magic substance to transmute base metal into pure gold. The transmutation of negative emotions and thoughts transforms bitterness into soul power, each negative memory becomes a new dimension of understanding, the hopelessness of the present condition vanishes, and the human being rises triumphant, like the fabled Phoenix, from the ashes of his own wasted years. In those moments of illumination man gives thanks for that very adversity which forced him to the discovery of himself.

RETURNING GOOD FOR GOOD

A Chinese general, hard pressed in battle, was assisted by the appearance of a divine being through whose aid a great victory was attained. The general then asked the spirit for its name. "I am the god of the target used in archery practice," replied the celestial. The general bowed. "And how have I merited your Godship's health?" The spirit chuckled benignly, replying, "I am grateful to you because in all your years of practice you have never once hit me."

The Powers of the Divine Mind

AN OUTLINE OF THE PHILOSOPHIC INSTRUMENTS OF FRANCIS BACON



ALTHOUGH the scientific and philosophical accomplishments of Francis Bacon are universally admitted and admired, the public in general is without sufficient knowledge of his formal contributions to the intellectual life of his world. In many ways the personality of the man and the mysteries surrounding his private life have been given precedence over his attainments. The literary controversy regarding his possible authorship of the plays attributed to William Shakspeare, and his involvement in the Rosicrucian riddle, have received wide publicity. In the search for ciphers and secret meanings between the lines and upon the borders of his pages we have had a tendency to neglect the open text. His acknowledged works are in themselves so remarkable that they require no miracle to support them or recommend their study.

Our present purpose is not to refute the findings of those addicted to cryptic inquiry, for we share their suspicions and are in sympathy with their findings. What we should like to accomplish is a brief survey of Francis Bacon's inductive method as it is set forth in his own words in his published writings. This method alone, to the perfection of which he devoted so much time and thought, is the visible foundation of his fame, the unquestioned truth of his genius, and the proper defense of his good name.

Bacon was the first to use the English language as the vehicle of scientific and philosophical expression. Prior to his time the formal treatise was always prepared in Latin that it might escape the corrup-

tion of vulgar tongues. He regarded his experiment as audacious, and had little personal faith in the survival of the English language as a medium for the dissemination of scholarship. Possibly it was the brilliance and elegance of his style that encouraged other thinkers to entrust their thoughts to this profane script. Certainly from his time the power of the language increased until it was recognized as suitable for the most advanced. In some instances he prepared his manuscripts in English and then translated them into Latin, or entrusted the works to certain of his friends whose abilities he regarded as sufficient.

One of the most immediate and significant results of Bacon's scholarship was the creation of the Royal Society. This was a brilliant group of British intellectuals who attempted to set up a physical institution based upon the formula set forth by Bacon in his philosophical fable, *The New Atlantis*. Perhaps it would be appropriate at this time to summarize the circumstances that led up to the establishment of this important organization. The origin of the Royal Society is obscure, as is nearly everything in which his lordship played a part. Although the year 1660 is usually given as the official date of its foundation, it is known that the society was an outgrowth of earlier groups of intellectuals who met at regular intervals in semi-secrecy to exchange opinions and discuss problems of literary and scientific interest.

To all Baconians the year 1616 has peculiar interest. In that year Will Shakspeare of Stratford died. Most of the im-

portant Rosicrucian manifestoes announcing the formation of a secret order to reform religion, philosophy, and science were issued between 1614 and 1617. Approximately three-quarters of these tracts and essays were dated 1616. About 1616-17 the historian and poet, Edmund Bolton, was able to interest James I in the forming of a society for the advancement of learning to be called "King James, His Academe, or College of Honour." The organization was to consist of three classes of members, and the symbol of the society was to be a green ribbon with the letters J. R. F. C. (Jacobus Rex, Fundator Collegii) beneath the imperial crown. The members were to love, honor, and serve one another according to the spirit of St. John.

The death of King James in 1625 and the political agitations which followed resulted in the disappearance of this philosophical society. The idea was revived in the eleventh year of the reign of Charles I, who granted license under the privy seal to found an academy or college called *Minerva's Museum*. The special purpose of the new institution was to instruct young men of the nobility in the liberal arts and sciences.

The French academy was founded according to report in 1629 by a group of nine men of letters who met weekly. At the suggestion of Richelieu, but much against their own desire and pleasure, they incorporated on March 13th, 1634. About the same time an academy called *Die Fruchtbrendes Gesellschaft* (The Fruitful Society) was established in Weimar. It is interesting to note that learned groups appeared in most of the countries of Europe in the period between 1616 and 1640.

Robert Boyle, the famous physicist and chemist, in a letter to Mr. Marcombs dated October 22nd, 1646 (sixteen years before its incorporation) refers to the Royal Society by saying that its members "will make you extremely welcome to our Invisible College." In a letter to Mr. Francis Tallents dated London, February 6th, 1646 he says, "The best on't is, that the corner-stones of the Invisible (or, as they term themselves, the philosophical college) do now and then honor me with

their company."

This complex of intellectual groups scattered about Europe and appearing to focus in the English Invisible College seems to meet the requirements of the College of the Holy Ghost described in the manifestoes of the Rosy Cross.

In Charles Richard Weld's *History of the Royal Society*, 2 vols. (1848) is the following quotation: "In May 1647 Boyle again alludes to the Invisible College in a letter to Hartleb, which leaves little doubt that he meant by this title that assembly of learned and highminded men who sought, by a diligent examination of natural science which was then called the *New Philosophy*, an alleviation from the harrowing scenes incidental to the civil wars."

There is no doubt that Francis Bacon supplied the incentive which led to the springing up of a network of societies on the European continent which were in communication with each other and which practiced a pattern of interlocking memberships. To members of these various groups can be traced a number of the most important philosophical, scientific, and political writings of their time. To use Bacon's own words, "I rang the bell that drew the wits together."

The English poet, Abraham Cowley, (1618-1667) was a moving spirit in the foundation of the Royal Society. He took a lively interest in scientific research and published in 1661 a pamphlet on *The Adventure of Experimental Philosophy*. At the suggestion of John Evelyn, the distinguished diarist, who was also interested in the Royal Society, Cowley wrote an ode dedicated to the group, and this poem was probably his last work. Cowley was buried in Westminster Abbey, which indicates the degree of admiration in which he was held.

Cowley's friend Thomas Sprat, one of the founders of the society and afterward bishop of Rochester, wrote a history of the Royal Society, which was first published in 1667. He prefaces his history with Cowley's *Ode To The Royal Society*. There are several references to Bacon in this poem. To quote three lines:

Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose,
Whom a wise King and Nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their Laws...

In the text of his book *Sprat* implies by a curious negative statement that the Royal Society was the fulfillment of Bacon's dream: "Even my Lord Bacon, with all his authority in the state, could never raise any College of Salomon, but in a romance." The entire outline given by *Sprat* shows clearly that it was the purpose of the society to bring this romantic conception of learning into a physical reality. Needless to say, the rules of thinking advocated for the Royal Society are entirely Baconian.

In reality Bacon was more a philosopher than a scientist. He advocated the application of philosophical rules to the challenge of scientific research and sought to set up a non-Aristotelian method. He was so successful that he is acknowledged today as the great moving spirit of the science—truly the Brahman of the West.

The natural beginning of all speculations concerning life and nature is the consideration of first cause. Bacon was too wise to attempt any detailed analysis of this supreme abstraction, nor were the times suitable to such an inquiry. He lived and died a faithful member of the Church of England. He had no argument with faith, and did not attempt to frame a new definition for God. To have done so would have been to excite general resentment, which was no part of his design. He sought to define God through his works as they are manifested in the ample form of nature.

There are many evidences of Bacon's piety. In adversity he turned to prayer and was internally content to rest his fortunes in the divine keeping. He neither questioned nor examined into the proportions of providence, believing that it was the better part of wisdom to obey rather than to inquire about that which in substance was beyond inquiry. The wisdom, love, and strength of the creator is manifested through his creation, for which we should hold a universal admiration. There is no need to justify God by words, for he is completely justified by

his own works. The more we extend our intellectual energies toward the understanding of nature, the more our faith is strengthened. We discover first cause through the discovery of secondary causes. A faith founded in natural facts ascends to the contemplation of that universal spirit by which all natural facts are sustained.

The goodness of God and the perfection of his works was the Baconian hypothesis. Man must search in nature and in himself for the wisdom and understanding which is his birthright. He has at hand in this search three instruments outside of himself, through the wise use of which he may advance his cause. These instruments are tradition, observation, and experimentation. These instruments are subject to certain natural errors, hazards, or imperfections. They cannot be applied mechanically but must be governed by the spirit and the reason. Learning must lead to facts, not formulas; to vital truths, not merely elaborate conjectures. Let us then pause to examine these proper instruments of the mind's work.

The first of these instruments is tradition, which is the history, record, and diary of the human search for truth. Tradition includes both facts and opinions. Some of the facts are obscure; some of the opinions have been skillfully advanced; some conclusions are unprovable, others only unproved. We must escape from the subtle influence of authority. Things are not so because they have been so stated by those of high repute, nor are things untrue because they have been rejected by authority. It is not profitable to venerate antiquity merely because it is remote, nor to reject the modern merely because it is recent. Although Bacon did not believe that we should trust our fortunes to the wisdom of the ancients, he made generous use of their findings. He accepted that which he found useful, and explored tradition with a generous mind. His principal interest lay in consequences. It was not the sublimity of a doctrine but the results of the impact of that doctrine upon the life of future ages that was the measure of utility. Not only human

understanding, but also the complicated human capacity to misunderstand must be considered. It cannot be denied that we have inherited from the past certain broad foundations upon which to build. Part of the work has been done and it is a waste of time to perform these labors again. Life is short and art is long, said Hippocrates. Let us waste no time over that which is already finished. There is still more to tradition. There is the philosophy of history, the long pagentry of social motion, the intricate pattern of cause and consequence, and the heartening proof that men grow.

Observation is the natural, ever-present instrument of learning. When this is hitched to an adequate reflection every circumstance and phenomenon of life becomes important. First the observer must be honest; he must be seeking truth and not merely the justification of his own opinions. Opinions are dangerous, and the more we hold to them the less we are capable of knowing. The skilled observer is already a philosopher and well-advanced in the course of science. Some things may be known only by observation for they are entirely outside of intimate contact or control. For instance the stars, for even the telescope is only a means of observation. The observer stands in the midst of a vast sphere of things to be seen and if possible seen through. The superficial observer notes only the obvious. The trained observer seeks the reasons for the obvious. He searches out that which is generally overlooked, and having observed with the eye of the mind as well as with the eye of the body he sees not only phenomena but the presence of immutable, invariable laws. When he possesses the laws he is the master of the phenomena. Then truly he is the magician controlling with his wand the creatures of that magic island which is the universe.

The third instrument is experimentation. This is the effort to prove conclusions by scientific methods of control, as in the laboratory. By repeating again and again a certain process we gain the confidence that effects will always remain consistent with their causes. We also learn to discipline enthusiasm, reduce ill-

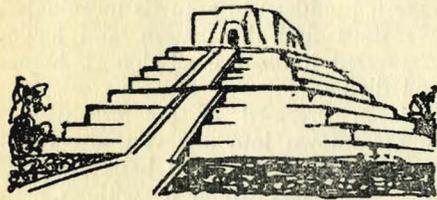
founded optimism, and discover in the end that the mind can never create a fact. Things are not true because we think them to be true, will them to be true, or desire them to be true. Experimentation bridges the interval between personal conviction and nature's processes. All experimentations lead to the acknowledgment of nature. We become wise through the acceptance of facts and through obedience to the laws governing the facts; all other thinking is fantasy. There is no wisdom except to discover the law and obey the law.

Through these instruments man proves nature, and in proving nature establishes natural religion, natural philosophy, and natural science. All three are one, arising from one source, sustained by one pattern, and leading to one accomplishment. There is no authority beyond nature, for nature is the mirror of the divine will. Resistance is useless; to ignore is profitless; to argue is meaningless. We must find the pattern, and having discovered it dissolve all doubts, human and divine.

Bacon dreamed of the organization of the known into one vast text which would serve as the solid basis for progress. This text would be without opinions, without conclusions, and free of all dogma, and would stand forth as a monument to the timeless experience of the human consciousness. He hoped to edit such a work, for the true text was written by the finger of God upon the broad surface of the world. He never aspired to originality, for he believed the sciences to be the secretary of nature. He was heartened by the reflection that while opinions are without end, facts are comparatively limited. No man could write down the notions of other men, but knowledge per se presents quite a different problem. If we take only that upon which tradition, observation, and experimentation have found common concord the labor is not impossible. No book can contain the facts of tomorrow because the empire of the intellect is forever enlarging. But the facts of yesterday and today, available to the honest student, are irrefutable if they be facts, and the future can only extend them; it

can never disprove them. A phenomenon may have a number of interpretations or explanations, but the phenomenon remains unchanged; therefore let the phenomenon be stated as fully as possible. Upon this simple honesty the future may build empires, but without this simple honesty man erects systems upon shadows.

There are three kinds of philosophy: divine philosophy which ascends to God, natural philosophy which is fulfilled in nature, and human philosophy which includes all of man's attainments. By arranging these in their ascending order from the least to the greatest there appears a form or design which Bacon called the *Hill of the Muses*, or the *Pyramid of Pan*. The muses represent the arts, and Pan is the Greek god of nature. It is the duty of man to perfect the arts and by so doing fulfill nature.



According to Bacon "knowledges are as pyramids, whereof history and experience are the bases. And so of Natural Philosophy, the basis is Natural History; the stage next the basis is Physic; the stage next the vertical point is Metaphysics.... And, therefore, the speculation was excellent in Parmenides and Plato (although in them it was but a bare speculation) that all things by a certain scale ascend to unity." *Bacon's Works, Speeding Translation, ch. VIII p. 507.*

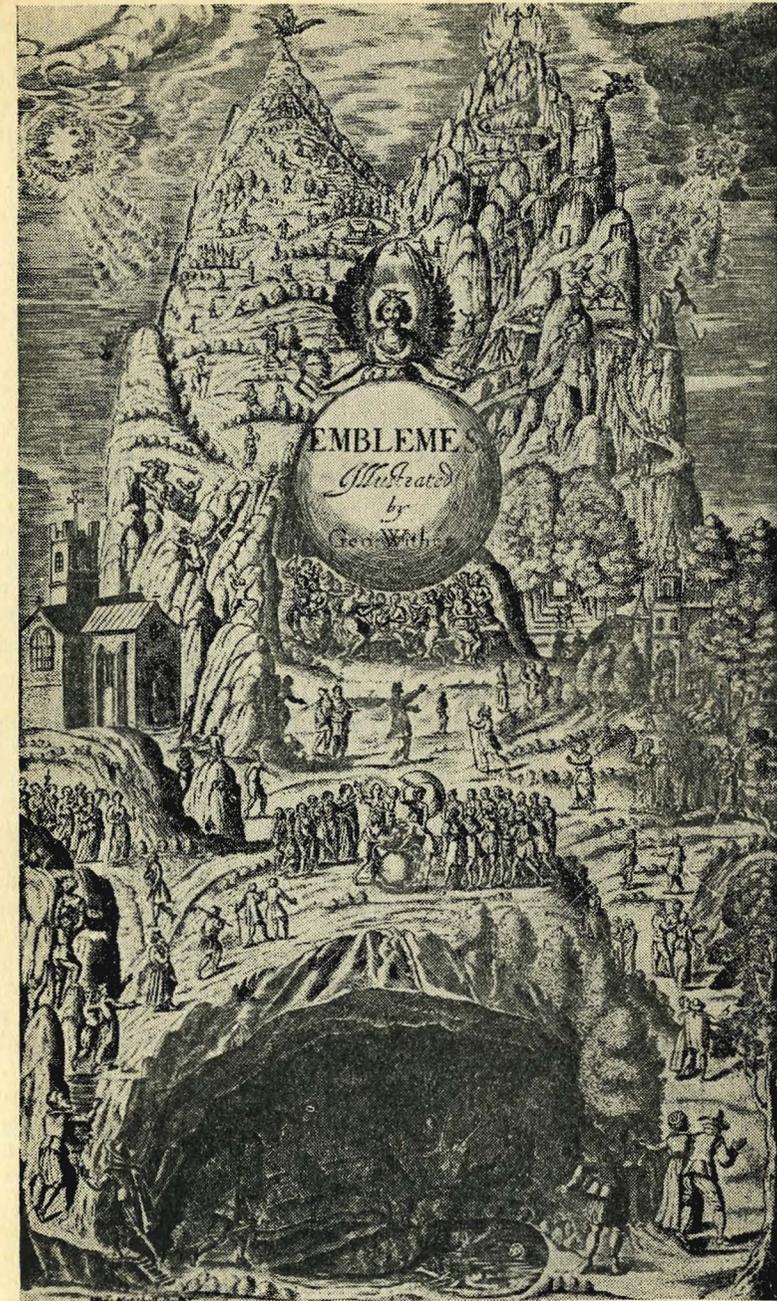
In his own work Bacon hits upon the number six to represent the levels or stages by which his philosophy ascends to the seventh unnamed abstraction of truth. His comprehensive design for the organization of human knowledge he called the *Instauratio Magna*. This theme he developed by dividing the collective pattern into six great divisions of the work of universal knowledge:

1. Survey of human knowledge.
The Advancement of Learning.
2. Observation and Experience.
The Novum Organum.
3. The Natural History
Sylva Sylvarum.
4. The Ascent of the Understanding
Scala Intellectus.
5. *Anticipationes Philosophiae Secundae.*
6. Universal Principles of Knowledge
(unfinished)

As shown in the preceding table Bacon supplied a text for five of his divisions, but the sixth and the last was left unformulated. Whether this incompleteness was due to accident or intent is not known. Considering, however, the orderly working of Bacon's mind we are induced to consider the possibility that the omission was intentional. It appears, and on this point his interpreters are in general agreement, that the sixth division represented the future. Here was the space left for the extension of his method through time and ever toward the knowledge of universals and the universals of knowledge.

Although the *Scala Intellectus* appears as fourth in our table, only one fragment of the perfected department is known, and that is *Filum Labyrinthi*. Whether Bacon ever filled in all of his texts remains a matter of conjecture. Several of his writings have been tentatively assigned their places in the general scheme. Baconians are of the opinion that certain parts of the *Instauratio* were issued under names other than his own, or are buried in ciphers and cryptograms. The framework was perfected by him, but the details are wanting in several of the parts. These deficiencies are not sufficient, however, to interfere seriously with the progress of his major purpose.

The ends for which Bacon labored are thus expressed in his own words: "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth." Although he gives no extended



THE PHILOSOPHICAL MOUNTAIN

Title page of Wither's Emblems — London 1635

exposition of his divine or higher philosophy, he regarded God as "the last and positive power and cause in nature." His *Hill of the Muses* ascends toward the experience of universals, but its upper parts are obscured by clouds. He writes in *De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum* (The Advancement of Learning): "Nothing can be found in the material globe, which has not its parallel in the crystalline globe, or Intellect; that is, nothing can come into practice, of which there is not some doctrine or theory." The palace on high Olympus where dwell the eternal gods is beyond human comprehension. We may not aspire immediately to the summits of the world mountain but must content ourselves to build our houses on the Parnassian slopes. We must ascend by the *Scala Intellectus*, the ladder of the mind, the upper end of which extends through the clouds to the sovereign light. The ladder rests upon nature, which must first be understood and outgrown. We ascend not by will but by the improvement of ourselves. We can rise no higher than our own attainments. We must grow by extending our statures. We must prove all things and aspire to the substance of the good.

The ordinary concerns of nature are the physical necessities, including sustenance, property, family, and shelter. Here we must set up an empire, established by right conduct; we must learn to share, to give, and to receive. Here also we must solve those personal uncertainties and intemperances which burden simple survival.

The social and physical needs of man naturally verge upward toward justice, which is the second rung of the ladder. The machinery of justice is a civil law of the state and that body of administration by which the individual is protected by himself, for himself, and from himself. Bacon was an outstanding jurist, and he realized the importance of good laws and their enforcement. Justice does not make men virtuous but reveals a common agreement of the virtue in all men. Justice is an imponderable overtone. It is also a promise of personal equity, the shadow cast by the substance of personal integrity. But justice itself

is not enough; the goddess is blindfolded, bearing a sword and a pair of balances. There is something beyond the laws that men have made; something that causes the Great Judge to break a law in particular to advance the justice of a private suit.

Thus justice ascends to the third rung, which is morality. Here indeed the law is tempered with mercy. The rule of fear and force give way to the rule of love and gentleness. On the level of morality we approach the shrine of ethics, seeking that code of values which is internal and eternal. Here also is morality per se, the color of good and evil over which rules conscience, that strange quiet voice that can make cowards of us all. Here good is moved by the love of good and not by the fear of consequences. One cannot contemplate morality without goodness taking upon itself a complexion. The virtues appear before the eyes of our hearts and minds in gracious shapes.

Thus morality ascends naturally to the fourth rung, which is aesthetics. Here dwells the beautiful and all its works. Here is art, music, poetry, sculpture, and the dance. Here also is the art of living—life touched by beauty in its conduct and its works. To understand the beautiful one must set up certain standards by which the proportions of beauty may be determined. These standards are derived from the light of nature; from the apperception that the presence of truth is the substance of beauty. All the works of God are beautiful because they are the works of God. There is no appeal to any pattern beyond the world or apart from the interior of life itself. The moment we have experienced nature as the beautiful we must pay homage. We must flow forth out of ourselves to share in this beauty; to mingle ourselves with its waves and its works.

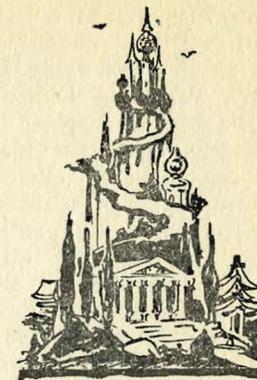
When we write poems, paint pictures, compose great music, or devote ourselves to any other of the creative or interpretive arts we naturally verge upward to the fifth rung of our ladder, which is religion. Men have always dedicated the noblest and most beautiful of their works to their gods. Natural religion is the veneration of the sovereign power in-

spired by the contemplation of its works in nature. Philosophical religion is more than this, but the greater is in no way deficient in its lesser parts. Man never outgrows his wonder at the works of God, but as he understands these works they appear more wonderful, and so his wonder grows. The wiser a man becomes the more certainly he worships and the more intelligently he bestows his faith and his devotion. Even here, however, he cannot stop. Once he has discovered the god of nature through the god in nature he longs to mingle his own small purposes with this larger cause and end. When he sees in part he longs to see perfectly. When he experiences in part he longs to experience completely. Already the clouds about the mountain top are less dense, and he perceives faintly the luminous temple that crowns the heights. He must go on.

The next rung is the sixth, and here the chancellor of Parnassus is silent. Only the number itself ornaments his outline. Who goes further does not return to tell us of the way. The ladder extends on and up, but mind fails, the heart falters, words are useless. Here is the interval that only the ages can bridge. Humanity itself, building slowly from below, must press on into the future to discover a name and a word, a symbol or a sign to fill up all the numbers of being. His lordship had given enough. To give more would be to destroy all. The capstone of his pyramid could not be put in place; it must be trued and finished by the ages to come.

This natural ascent in the mundane order of things is exactly parallel to the inner life of the mind. The disciplines of reason ascend by qualities from the perception of things visible to the apperception of things knowable, and finally through the contemplation of things in substance unknowable. Thus all thinking, all feeling, all sciences and arts ascend in pyramidal form to their philosophic apexes, where they unite with other pyramids until indeed Olympus is heaped upon Ossa, and both are piled on Pelion's steep sides.

Bacon had little thought or time for those who feared to approach and in-



trude into God's secrets and mysteries. There are some who feel it sacrilegious to inquire into the divine order, as though by so doing they strip God of his glory. Others hold the doubt that if we discover too much of nature we shall turn from God to his works, or find a conflict between them. Bacon's faith was greater than theirs, for he dared all for the glory of his creator. In his *Cogitationes* he writes: "But for me it is perfectly clear, that Natural Philosophy, which is (next after the word of God) the most certain remedy for superstitions, is also (what may seem wonderful) the most approved aliment of faith; and the more deeply it penetrates, the more profound is the human mind imbued with religion." He reminded his readers that those who fall in their search for truth do so because their wings are not well glued on. God does not rejoice in the ignorance of his creatures; in all his works he reveals the divine longing to be understood. To worship in ignorance is a kind of faith; to worship in wisdom is a better kind of faith. The ends are the same, but one rises from impoverishment of sense and the other from enrichment of sense.

But there is another problem, that of utility. The ignorant man not knowing the plan can worship with only his mind or his heart, but the wise man who has discovered the plan can add the worship of service through right conduct. Only those who have discovered the will of God through his divine works can be-

come a good and faithful servant. To worship completely is to serve completely. That which we love we protect, and find in the service of the thing loved our greatest joy. Veneration without works is the smallness of a religion. We remain dependent upon the bounty of providence and make no effort to balance the accounts. The scientist is the handmaiden of nature, the gardner in a vast garden. He may love his plants, but only when he acquires skill and wisdom can he protect and direct them and arrange the flowerbeds and hedges according to the beauty in his own heart.

Although Bacon was not given to controversial abstraction about deity, it was necessary to his philosophy that he should perfect a concept of the power which activated the universal machinery. Nathaniel Holmes, a deep student of Bacon's writings, formulated the following aphorisms to summarize scattered references to first cause, especially those in the *Novum Organum*: "God is to be conceived as an eternally continuing Power of Thought, and, as such, the only essence, substance, or matter, the last power and cause of all Nature, a Divine Artist-Mind, eternally thinking, that is, creating, a Universe; being, in fact, no other than 'the order, operation, and Mind of Nature.'"

In the *Advancement of Learning* Bacon says, "In God all knowledge is original." This first essence, like Cupid, was without parents. An understanding of that which is uncaused must be discovered through the knowledge of the archetypes or first platforms through which the attributes of deity are revealed to man. God has the self-directing and self-acting power of thought; to seek further would be useless, nor is it profitable to imagine any ultimate which is beyond the ultimate. God is forever exercising his own mental energy within the boundaries of a threefold process.

The ancients recognized three attributes of the divine nature: creation, preservation, and disintegration. To Bacon these three powers manifested the potencies of the divine mind: to conceive, to remember, and to forget. All things are created by the process of the setting up

of concepts in the universal intellect. They are preserved or maintained by the retentive faculty of the world mind, and they cease to be when they are forgotten of fade from the divine awareness. The theater of the divine mind has for its boundaries time and space. These are primordial conceptions, the limits placed by the infinite upon its own thoughts. The omnipotence of God is not the eternity of God but the possibility of that eternity through the perpetuation of thought. Time, space, and place are the dimensions of all things, and man partaking of the possibility of these three has attained the fact of place only.

Bacon developed an interesting philosophical concept about the idea of possibility. All things are possible but not factual until the universal mind fulfills the possibility. For that reason it is not possible to know with certainty that which has not yet transpired as fact. We may assume the reasonable probability that tomorrow will unfold the potentials of today, but we cannot know with certainty that this unfoldment will take place until it actually happens. The power of God's forgetting must always be taken into consideration. This forgetting, however, must not be regarded as a lapse or a failure of the divine mind, but the right of this mind to dismiss from its own awareness according to wisdom, love, and utility. The world is not an illusion in the divine mind, nor is it merely an intellectual vapor. Mind is real and thoughts are real. God thinks his world into existence, maintains his creation with his own thoughts, and when the divine purpose has been accomplished a forgetfulness ensues and the insubstantial pageant fades, to "leave not a rack behind."

Bacon had certain solid opinions about death and immortality. In his *Essay on Death* he writes: "The soul, having shaken off her flesh, doth then set up for herself, and contemning things that are under, shows what finger hath enforced her." To Bacon the possibility of the soul's survival appeared entirely reasonable. This belief is sustained by tradition and has been the solid conviction of the world's noblest and most en-

lightened thinkers. The consideration of this subject pertains to metaphysics. If the soul survives the silence and the dissolution of its flesh it must of necessity survive in time and space, and exercise the virtue of place. It must have some form because it is still a compound. It may be with or without a bodily investment, and it must remain within the boundaries of the universal concept. The soul must have a continuity in time, but it may have beginning and end or it may be eternal. The individual soul could not by nature survive the extinction of the universal soul of which it is a part, but the individual could be absorbed in the universal by a motion toward unity at the pleasure of God's possibility. The ultimate state of the human soul rests in the divine will and in the future courses of eternal providence. At this point Bacon reveals a flare for whimsy. The question as to whether a human soul will be remembered or forgotten by the divine mind may depend upon whether that soul be worth remembering or were better forgotten.

Like the Neoplatonists who preceded him Bacon believed that the ultimate revelation of the nature of truth came not from books or from study but from some hidden place within the self. In his *Essay on Truth* he wrote: "The first creature of God, in the works of the day, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of the Spirit." The six days' work is the ascent up the rungs of the ladder of the intellect, but the seventh day, which is the rest, is subsistence in the divine nature. In his allegory of Solomon's House or the College of the Universal Science, which is also the college of the six days' work and the school of the Holy Spirit, Bacon lays down the platform of the work thus: "The end of our foundation is the knowledge of Causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging the bounds of Human Empire to the effecting of all things possible."

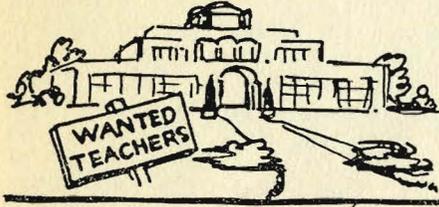
Illumination is the penetration of first cause. Into this man does not penetrate but is penetrated by the power of eternal light. It is this light which reveals fully

the secret motion of things. Illumination may be experienced, but it cannot be communicated. The spirit comes according to the scriptures as a thief in the night, and the time no man knoweth. Knowledge is attained by the diligence of man, but illumination is bestowed by the grace of God. Yet this bestowing is not of the accidents but of the intent of the divine mind. There is a covenant between the creator and his creation. This covenant is the possibility of the fulfillment of all knowing. The mind rises from opinions to sense and from sense to reason, and above reason it receives into itself the descending power of the spirit. Thus it is that man cannot place the capstone of his philosophic pyramid. The grace of the spirit perfects all things according to the power of its own conceiving. All miracles are a kind of creation and lead to the perfect miracle—the conceiving of self.

All the work of the sciences, all the glory of the arts, and the three reverences of religion, lead to the common end which is the apperception of the reality of the divine mind. Man can never conquer the universal, and he must earn the right to be conquered by the universal. This then is the sabbath when man rests in the internal silence of himself and accepts into his own capacity the eternal light of the world. It is then and then only that knowledge is quickened and becomes alive with the possibilities and powers of the universal thinker.

Bacon held certain opinions which today are regarded as superstitious and outside of the proper boundaries of proper learning, yet as he pointed out there is nothing more superstitious than to believe oneself to be without superstition. It is not possible to remove all the false notions and opinions which afflict mankind. Man must learn to guide the little ship of his own life through the dark and troubled sea toward a safe haven. Superstitions are like heavy clouds which obscure the sun, moon, and stars. There will always be false doctrines in the world until men learn to govern their own minds and extend their energies toward universals. This world is a schoolroom of the six days' work. Some

scholars are diligent and others by nature indolent. Some study to improve their future fortune, some because it is the fashion of the time, and some because it is the parental edict. Only a few study for the honest motive of desiring to know, that through right knowledge they may obtain the practice of right use.



Bacon left Cambridge at sixteen because he was weary of arguing with scholastics who picked the meat like vultures from the bones of Aristotle and then mumbled the carcass. Studying is of little virtue if the curriculum is deficient. The endless memorizing of conflicting opinions, the eternal elevation of personalities above principle, and the constant emphasis upon unquestioning acceptance, condense the pure air of learning into a dense fog of superstitions. Untrained and unequipped to weigh and estimate, the mind falls easy prey to foolish doctrines. The air must be clear if honest thinking is to prevail, but honest thinking must prevail before the air can be clear.

The question was how to break this vicious circle. Thus Bacon, the scientist and philosopher, was transformed by necessity into Bacon the organizer—the benevolent strategist who sought to shape the world anew into the likeness of its own true purpose. The first task was to gain the strength of congenial minds and to bind together those of like purpose into a confraternity of effort. To this end he carried on extensive correspondence with the intellectuals of Europe as well as of his own country. Gradually he imposed his intent upon their several purposes, binding them wholly to his ends and making of them citizens in his philosophic state.

The skill and ability which elevated him to the woolsack as England's High Chan-

cellor proved his qualifications to organize an invisible intellectual commonwealth. In this democratic state of mind several races of genius mingled. There were poets, mystics, men of letters, dons of education, scientists, philosophers, and prominent theologians. All these groups realized that a universal reformation was necessary, but they lacked the well-tryed spirit of organization. Bacon became their undisputed leader, their face toward men, their spokesman, and their learned guide and counsel.

We return for a moment to the part played by the Royal Society to further Bacon's program for the advancement of learning and the improving of natural knowledge by experiment. The original program, as adopted by the Royal Society in 1660, consisted largely of correspondence carried on with outstanding intellectuals residing in distant and unfamiliar places. The letters from the society were in the form of inquiries calculated to resolve scientific doubts on obscure subjects. This organized spirit of inquiry corrected popular and vulgar errors, clarified obscure points, and brought to light many curious and valuable facts. Dr. John Wilkins, then warden of Wadham College, who has written extensively on natural and experimental magic, was a moving spirit in this early group and was appointed chairman of the weekly meetings—admission one shilling.

It is worthy of note that Dr. Wilkins took a lively interest in the Rosicrucian controversy and seems to have known the real name of the mysterious Father C. R. C. Later, in 1671, the lord bishop of Sarum sponsored Isaac Newton for membership in the Royal Society. In 1703 Newton was appointed president and held this office until his death in 1727. Newton's library contained a number of volumes dealing with alchemy and other esoteric arts. Among his books was a copy of the first English edition of the *Fame and Confession of the Rosicrucians*. I have examined the copy and it contains a number of notes and comments in Newton's autograph indicating that he had devoted considerable thought and time to the book.

It will be remembered that the Rosicrucians proclaimed their order as having been set up in several countries for the renovation and reformation of knowledge. Yet no evidence can be found that the society ever fulfilled its program under its own name. The network of royal societies and similar groups that sprang up between 1616 and 1660 seem to have fulfilled, in part at least, the requirements set forth in the Rosicrucian manifestoes. It has been pointed out that the Rosicrucian program and the Baconian plan were identical in their essential principles. We must assume that two men or two groups of men living at the same time sought to obtain precisely the same end by essentially the same means, or else acknowledge a common origin for the two movements.

Although the Royal Society as an organization never reached large proportions, its high patronage and distinguished membership profoundly influenced the growth of natural science. Its efforts have dignified the cause of human inquiry and have transformed the scientific method from a static pedagogy to a dramatic adventure in discovery. The weakness of the entire program arose from circumstances which could not be estimated accurately at the time the society was originally formed. Sprat points out clearly that the ends of the society in no way conflicted with religion or moral philosophy. While the original group rested squarely on the foundations of the Church of England, it imposed no religious restrictions on its members. To prevent a more or less fruitless controversy the society excluded from its deliberations all arguments concerning the nature of God and the substance, origin, and destiny of the human soul.

The 17th-century Fellows of the Society neither visualized nor were party to that drift toward materialism which must result from focusing attention exclusively upon natural phenomena. The material scientists, glorying in their new-found dignities and sensing themselves to be important in their own right, detached their interests from the moral issues and plunged into the ocean of secondary causes. Although profoundly admiring

Bacon's *Scala Intellectus*, they elevated means above ends and dedicated science to the justification of itself. Learning was no longer a pyramid with its apex in divinity, and the consciousness of an ascent by gradual stages toward a participation in the spiritual mystery of the divine mind was lost. Once the Baconian pattern had been violated the sciences were deprived of their common unity in sovereign truth, and each became an isolated fragment of higher criticism. Even this might not have led to disaster had the scientists retained their own internal, spiritual convictions. The latter would have endured as a force in the world of leaning had its survived as a moral pattern in the personal lives of the learned. But the failure of spiritual convictions was both collective and individual, and the college of the six days' work advanced outwardly and at the same time deteriorated inwardly, to become the technical institute of today. Within its vaulted precincts men accomplish great labors for mean ends, unfolding skill without an appropriate growth of moral responsibilities.

It is evident that the Baconian method was adapted from the regime of the Alexandrian Neoplatonists. This sect extended the physical base of its pyramid for the purpose of elevating the apex. If the proportions remain the same the lengthening of the base line results in an enlargement of the entire structure, which is correspondingly heightened. If the structure does not increase equally in all its parts the symmetry is lost, resulting in deformity.

We cannot but wonder at the mysterious workings of the human mind and the penny-wiseness and pound-foolishness which it so frequently exhibits. Plato is universally admired for his skill in politics and ethics, and at the same time his spiritual convictions, from which sprang his politics and ethics, are adroitly ignored. The contributions of Pythagoras in mathematics and music are widely heralded, and his mystical speculations condemned as vanity. Bacon's method suffered the common fate. He gave the world a balanced program which has been deliberately shifted from its natural

footing. We applaud the largeness of his faculties and then disproportion his method in all its parts by the simple expedient of cutting off the realities from the ideals which sustained and nourished them.

All knowledge ascends from the knowledge of causes and extends to the knowledge of uses. The knowledge of causes pertains to the sphere of religion; the knowledge of uses to the sphere of morality. The knowledge of causes ends in obedience and the knowledge of uses ends in service. To know is to obey and to serve; these are the essential parts of learning. If one of these parts be lacking learning is imperfect, and imperfect learning leads with certainty to abuses.

Bacon's genius was in many ways exceptional, but in one respect extraordinary. He was able to envision a natural religion which did not restrict the scien-

tific motion, and a natural science which did not imprison faith. He found no conflict between God and nature in the universe and therefore no justification for conflict between the divine and human in man's constitution. An understanding of the works of God in nature leads naturally to a deep and abiding faith, justified by experience, proved by experiment, and in all ways utilitarian. By the rational use of his method the scientist proves God and the religionist discovers the works of God. Where the ends to be obtained are the same and a common means has been discovered for the attainment of those ends there is no longer any virtue in discord. God and nature are bound together in an indissoluble unity, and it is the duty of the wise man to discover that unity with his mind, experience it with his heart, and manifest it through his works—all else is vanity.



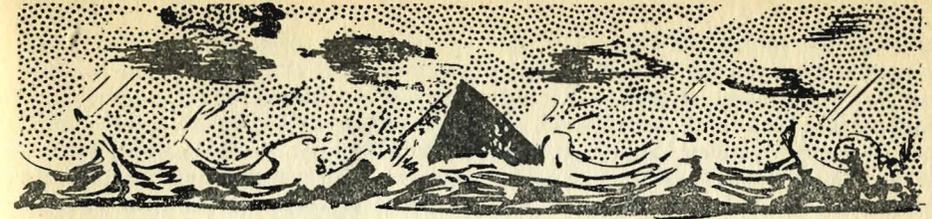
ANOTHER DEFINITION OF KARMA

"As a calf finds its mother, so do the consequences of man's acts come lowing to him across the field of time."

—Indian proverb

ASTRONOMICAL NOTE

In his visions Emanuel Swedenborg believed that he had actually seen the inhabitants of Jupiter walking on their hands and feet at the same time, the inhabitants of Mars talking through their eyes, and the inhabitants of Saturn talking out of their stomachs. Could anything be more remarkable, unless a citizen of Mercury should announce to his fellow countrymen that the race inhabiting the planet Earth communicated with each other by noises coming out of their faces? It's all in the viewpoint.



Ragnarok

The Age of Fire and Gravel

THE name Ragnarok is associated with a Scandinavian myth which describes the death of the old gods and the destruction of the material world by a series of awful cataclysms. The word itself probably is formed from two Icelandic words, *ragna* meaning gods, and *rokr* meaning twilight, or descent into night. In his great *Ring des Nibelungen* Richard Wagner named the last opera *Gotterdammerung*, which translated literally means *Twilight of the Gods*.

The Icelandic Saga *Voluspa* contains the details of the Ragnarok. Several streams of mythology converge to supply the details of the universal disaster. At the time of the twilight the earth, shaken from its foundation, fell into the sea of space to be completely submerged. In some accounts a few of the highest mountain peaks remained above the waters, and here Lif and Lifthraser, the Adam and Eve of this saga, hid themselves in a cave and survived to populate the new world. In the Ragnarok a horrible monster devoured the sun, and darkness descended upon the abyss of space. When the light of the sun was gone there was the great winter, a vast period of utter coldness. In violent contrast to this frozen silence were the flames which were loosed from the abode of the fire giants. These flames ate up all that lived, leaving behind them only the burned-out ashes of creation.

During the Ragnarok there was also the great war between the hosts of Odin,

chief of the gods, and the hordes of Loki, the principle of deceit and evil. On the vast plains of the twilight the last great war was fought. Here good and evil perished, locked together in mortal combat. Thus ended the old day, the age of the gods and heroes. The palace of Asgard fell to ruins, Valhalla's halls were empty, and the roots of the tree of life were gnawed through by the worms of inevitable decay. The ash tree quivered and fell. The bridge of rainbows was broken forever, and nothing remained but the endless rolling of the sea.

If it be true that mythology is the history of prehistoric time,—fantastic dreams haunting the minds of the human race—what strange circumstances in the past gave rise to the myth of the Ragnarok? Why is this story of the universal destruction common to the origins and legends of nearly every tribe and nation of the earth? It is to be found in China, India, Egypt, Greece, Persia, and Japan. There are vestiges of it among the Polynesians and the Eskimos. It is distributed among the aboriginal tribes of the three Americas, and the account is preserved in Genesis in the story of Noah and his Ark. The old empires were swept away because they departed from the laws of their gods.

There can be no doubt that the surface of the earth was violently agitated during the long prehistoric period when the planet was forming from the whirling substances, which the old Hindus

called the fire mist. The Desert of Gobi was once an ocean, as was the Sahara and the Great Basin of western United States. Sea shells have been found on the top of Mont Blanc, and each chip of limestone tells a troubled story. The present contours of our continents are comparatively recent. Even in our own day minor changes are taking place, and these in turn are parts of great changes requiring thousands of years to be completed. Islands rise and sink, cliffs fall off into the sea, waters erode the land. The geological processes never cease; they are as inevitable as the great cycles of time within which they operate.

But these gradual changes do not explain the Ragnarok, and the concept of a universal deluge as we find it in early writings violates the known laws governing geological processes. While it is quite possible that a tribe or nation might be destroyed by volcanic action, earthquakes, or local floods, these disasters could not have involved the entire surface of the planet. The several continents were never submerged simultaneously, and it is a physical impossibility that the oceans could have risen and submerged them. Yet something did happen, so vast in its proportions and so tremendous in its consequences that the occurrence is universally remembered.

This brings up another problem. How long has the earth been inhabited by conscious creatures capable of remembering? Science has very little to say in favor of the mental equipment of the human progenitor of a million years ago. We have no mental conception of the possibility of a remote mankind building anything in the way of physical structures that earthquakes could shake down or floods engulf. Yet the legends insist that there were cities upon the earth in those days, and temples to strange gods, and races that fell into sin, practicing sorcery and worshipping evil spirits. If such cities existed where are their remains? Even though they were shaken down there would be something left locked within rocks or buried in the sand.

Monoliths, the rude stone monuments

of prehistoric days, are scattered about the surface of the earth. Most of these huge slabs bear neither inscription nor ornamentation; they have not been trued or finished, and the presence of human agency is indicated principally by the positions of the stones or their arrangements into patterns obviously the result of human action. As many of these stones are of vast proportions the moving and placing of them implies at least rudimentary knowledge of engineering and leverage. The purpose of such complexes of stone as are found at Carnac in Brittany and Stonehenge in England appear to have been astronomical or religious. There is a combination of conflicting factors which render these monuments exceedingly mysterious.

The astronomical implications associated with many prehistoric remains seem to indicate a rather advanced degree of enlightenment on the part of their builders. But the rough stones themselves give no testimony of artistic refinement or skill in masonry. It is difficult to imagine that the monolithic people could have made any significant contribution to the cultural life of the race. When we read the pseudohistorical accounts of Lemurian or early Atlantean scientific or philosophical attainments, such descriptions must be taken *cum grano salis*. It is almost certainly a case where remoteness has lent enchantment. On the other hand it is equally absurd to assume that human civilization began some ten thousand years ago, and prior to that time the human estate approximated Gabriel von Max's restoration of the Missing Link.

The dark curtain of history baffles all students of early sociology. Nations emerge into the light of recorded history already comparatively advanced in arts, sciences, religions, and ethics. It is evident that an extensive period of progress must precede the historical emergence, yet no adequate record of this prehistorical interlude between savagery and civilization is available. Records retire into zones of mythology and legendry which may be compared to that twilight which divides the darkness of night from the light of day.

It is difficult to determine how long the human being, as we know him, has existed upon the earth. Conservatives suggest that mankind may be from one to three million years old. Liberals speculate on the possibility of humanity being from five to ten million years old. The esoteric traditions of Asia insist that the *genus homo* has been here for approximately thirty million years. If mankind has been wandering on the globe for say five million years it is hard to imagine that his entire cultural span can be measured in terms of ten millenniums. Definitely there is something wrong with the picture, and somewhere in the middle distances—between the opinions of conservatives and the splendid visions of anthropological romanticists—the truth must lie.

If the Atlantis fable revealed by the Egyptians to Solon and later unfolded by Plato has any historical origin, a highly civilized race inhabited the island at least twelve thousand years ago. There is nothing unreasonable or improbable in Plato's account, but the absence of physical corroboration is difficult to explain. A race of empire builders navigating the seven seas, building cities, and developing an elaborate and involved culture must certainly have left behind enduring remnants of its varied achievements. Take, for example, pottery. There must have been cooking vessels, storage pots, water jars, and a conglomeration of practical utensils. Perhaps they were crude, but if there is any truth in the Atlantis story it is more likely that such utensils were comparatively sophisticated in form and design. Pottery is one of the oldest of the human arts, and every ancient community had its dump pile of broken pots and dishes. If we could locate just one Atlantean refuse heap the riddle would be solved; in fact, most of us would settle the account for a fragment or two from such an accumulation. As these dump heaps are comparatively indestructible and will endure in a slow process of disintegration for thousands of years, it is unreasonable to assume that they have been obliterated by time alone.

The legend tells that the isle of Atlantis sank beneath the sea, and this would account for the loss of most of the physical remains. But if the Atlanteans carried on elaborate colonizing programs some fragments bearing witness to the lost motherland should appear in areas which survived the cataclysm. There are evidences of early Chinese explorations in the Central American area, and proof of early Viking voyages along the coast of New England. No people can migrate, colonize, travel, and barter without leaving testimonies of their activities. Some possible Atlantean fragments have excited speculation, but nothing conclusive has been reported.

Some of the most intriguing apocrypha relating to this field deal with the supposed scientific accomplishments of prehistoric nations. We read about Atlantean airplanes, submarines, and mechanically propelled vehicles; there is talk of electrical devices, the harnessing of universal energy, and the cosmic motive power called *vril*. The human imagination seizes upon such accounts with avidity, and possibilities become certainties without benefit of corroborating evidence. The prevailing attitude among the optimists on these subjects is that it is possible; being possible it is probable; and being probable it is certain.

Most all of the prehistoric records that do exist are in the form of picture writing. The pictograph presents almost insurmountable obstacles to the would-be interpreter. We have no way of knowing the original intent, and there are no rules by which these pictures can be systematically examined. We find a large boulder bearing an intricate tracing of spirals, curves, and angles, in what appear to be geometrical forms interspersed with crude representations of human beings, birds, animals, and reptiles. In a few cases the meanings appear to be obvious, for there are scenes of hunting and war, ritualistic dances, etc., but we cannot afford to jump to conclusions about these primitive pictographs. For example, the presence of a triangle does not mean that the primitive cave dweller had been influenced by the Greeks because one of the letters of

the Greek alphabet is a triangle. Symbols are universally distributed, and apparently originated in the human subconscious. There are Chinese symbols that resemble Egyptian glyphs; there are carvings in Central America reminiscent of those on the Island of Crete, and some of the Easter Island picture forms remind one of drawings made by the Plains Indians of the United States. These similarities are not important unless they occur in a sufficiently large group or pattern to indicate the presence of a collective idea.

As most picture writing is derived from natural form the primitive scribe was likely to hit upon a pictograph similar to that used in other parts of the world by men of similar minds for the representation of the same object. Certain glyphs which bear no distinct relationship to particular form may have been intended for the representation of abstract ideas. But the idea content perished with the artist and cannot be rescued from the figures which he left. The modern mind shares neither the experience nor the psychological perspective of the primitive world, and without identity of viewpoint decoding is impossible. The picture writing, therefore, can prove anything or nothing, and it is useless as evidence of any abstract fact. Certain symbols, for example the swastika, are traceable, and this probably implies early migration of peoples or the extension of their cultures. The bow and arrow migration shows the gradual distribution of a primitive implement. Such knowledge is useful, but it has not yet indicated any trace of antediluvian civilization of importance.

Some years ago a book was published which has recently intrigued the public fancy. The book was obviously fictional in structure, but moral and ethical in content. A story was used to point out the dangers attendant upon the misuse of atomic energy for purposes of war and aggrandizement. A popular reprint of this book with a new title, *Gentlemen, You Are Mad*, has had some curious consequences. A number of readers have taken the attitude that this fiction is sober truth. The mainspring of the

plot is that an ancient civilization was entirely wiped from the surface of the earth by the abuse of atomic energy. The machinery of the plot is extremely ingenious, for the atomic destruction not only eliminated the human population but disintegrated all the physical landmarks of its existence. Since reading this book many are convinced that it explains the dark curtain which conceals the remote from the imminent in terms of history. This atomic cataclysm was the universal deluge referred to in ancient legendry and lore. This was the Ragnarok, the age of terrible combustions. The human mind, the workings of which transcend all reasonable explanations, pondering the account muses thus: This is an answer, *ergo this is the answer*.

Though our findings must remain inconclusive, it is nevertheless an admirable subject for rumination. We may not arrive anywhere, but the journey will be interesting. There is also a powerful moral lesson, and after several years of war we are in a mood for morality. The atomic bomb bewilders the mind, and to think about it at all is to be burdened with a variety of apprehensions. Our way of life and our very survival is menaced by a power over which the average man has no control, and of which, if it be released, he must become the helpless victim. There is every reason why the proletariat should develop a deep-seated neurosis. This is intensified by wide-spread realization that human nature is not strong enough to use unselfishly the products of its own ingenuity. A race addicted to abuses has discovered what to some appear as an ultimate means of gratifying its perverse instincts. Some even suspect that this may prove to be man's final way of extroverting his destructive tendencies.

According to the esoteric traditions of northern Asia five principal continental distributions of land and water are recognized in the geological history of our planet. These distributions are called continents, and the duration of these continents constitutes time periods called ages. As environments for the evolution

of living creatures, these ages are referred to as worlds. In the scheme of human evolution each of these worlds is associated with a race, or species, which attains dominance during the period of time allotted to that world cycle.

The first continent was the Polarian, and involved the area of the original North Pole. As the land motions extending in a southern direction from the North Pole threw out vast peninsulas, a second distribution called the Hyperborean came into being. The geological patterns continued to change, producing successively Lemuria, the third continent, Atlantis, the fourth continent, and the present distribution under which we live—technically the fifth continent.

Lemuria is the earliest geographical pattern which involved the evolution of human beings. On the Lemurian continent, during the Lemurian age, in the Lemurian world, the Lemurian race came into existence. The old records describe the Lemurian continent with its orders of life as extending in time from approximately sixty million years ago down to the relatively recent date ten million B. C. The Lemurian continent was not merely a vast island occupying the South Pacific from the Australasia Archipelago on the west to Easter Island on the east as described by Dr. James Churchward in his book on 'Mu.' In its larger sense Lemuria was a time rather than a place. There was a dominant continent in the Pacific at that time, but all land areas on the earth's surface during the Lemurian age were parts of the Lemurian pattern. Thus there are fragments of Lemuria to be found in northern and central Africa, South America, the west coast of the United States, northern Europe, and central and eastern Siberia.

If we consider the now submerged Pacific continent of Lemuria as the motherland of the Lemurian race we must also realize that this race migrated, establishing itself gradually in all habitable parts of the globe. The problem of waves of migration deserves closer attention, for it explains the origin of racial diversity. Suppose we

assume, for the sake of clarification, that five successive waves of migrant peoples left the homeland, each wave one million years after the preceding one. We will designate these waves by the letters A to E. In this arbitrary arrangement A left first, and proceeding slowly finally reached a locale which invited permanent habitation. Possibly this migration required twenty-five or fifty thousand years, and followed the path of migrant animals which were the principal source of food. Tribe A settled in a congenial environment and gradually evolved a culture. This culture was a chemical compound of internal impulses and external circumstances. The arts and crafts were influenced by the availability of raw materials, the religion was modified by the climate, for like morality, our beliefs are the result of longitude and latitude. Incidentally, tribe A was no longer in contact with the homeland, and gradually memories retired into the subconscious, supplying the substances of myths, legends, and fables.

A million years passed, and tribe B also broke away from the parent body to heed the call of the wanderlust. It traveled in the same general direction as tribe A, and in the course of its wanderings it established contact with the earlier migrants. Although of the same blood these two tribes met as complete strangers, and likely as not as enemies. They did not speak the same language; they did not worship the same gods; they did not practice the same arts and crafts, and environment had modified even their appearance. There may have been a struggle for the green valley, the good hunting land, or the wealth which tribe A had stored up in its granaries and treasure houses. In the end tribe B may have taken the lands and enslaved the peoples, or it may have driven tribe A into the wilderness to seek a new home. Thus it happened that tribe B did not build an empire step by step but took one already built, and settled down to the difficult task of adjusting its own primitive instincts to more sophisticated standards.

Another million years passed and tribe C, in search of fame and fortune, started

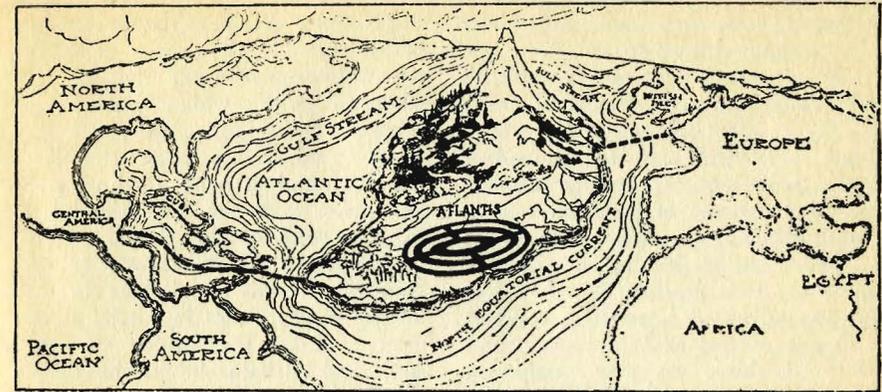
out in a different direction, for word had reached the motherland that foreign and war-like people had set up empires in the green valleys beyond the mountains. Tribe C, without benefit of compass, proceeded aimlessly until it reached the shores of a great ocean. It could not pass beyond this natural barrier so it followed the winding shore line, and in the course of centuries was deflected into the lands now held by tribe B. By this time tribes A and B had become nations. They had forgotten their ancient grievances, and were bound together by strong treaties. Naturally they formed a holy alliance and united their resources to drive C off the land sacred to their forefathers. In the pitch battle which ensued tribe C was routed, and the survivors were among the spoils divided by the victors. These captives were referred to as savages, and it became necessary to tutor them in the ways of wisdom and progress. In time they also were assimilated, and contributed their part to the increasing complexity of the psychological pattern.

Back in the homeland tribes D and E, learning in the course of centuries that a large group of their own people had been massacred by an alliance of foreign nations, decided to punish these arrogant enemies. So they raised an army comprising all of the able-bodied of the motherland, and they went forth to right ancient wrongs. The very practical incentive for the expedition may have been that the strange people beyond the mountains were making serious inroads into the food supply, so the tribes of the homeland, led by D and E, the dominant clans, attacked the lands of the foreigners, and there was a mighty struggle which lasted for centuries. The warfare was so destructive that in the end the struggle was arbitrated, and allotments of land were set aside for each faction, thus creating the national boundaries, provinces, and states. The original homeland, weakened by neglect, fell into ruins. If a map maker attempted to depict the distribution of the several nations which had come into being he would no longer deal with one people but with five dis-

tinct cultures. By this time E, the fifth tribe, was tired of remaining with the other four and started out to win new glories in the wilderness. This is the way in which time and place break up unity by creating cultural intervals. The tribes A to E were the subraces distinguished within the structure of racial anthropology. Actually all five were one people, but in manifestation basic unity had vanished, and superficial diversity appeared in its place. The world was not inhabited by different peoples, but by one human family broken up into fragments by the adventure of living.

When many branches break off, and like the fabled Banyon tree grow new roots, one of the branches inevitably becomes dominant. This strong tribe, later nation, draws vassel states about itself and imposes its own culture upon the world of its own kind. When these indications are clearly visible this dominant subdivision becomes the nucleus of the next racial motion. From these observations it is easy to understand that the submergence of a continent does not destroy a race; it merely removes part of its traditional background and clears the way for the rise of a new racial complex.

The intellectual and cultural attainments of the Lemurian people as a group are subjects of considerable controversy. There is nothing to indicate that the Lemurians attained any high standard of civilization in the terms of our present way of life. We are not sure that the old Lemurians actually had a written language, nor do we have any proof that they refined their standards of living and thinking by any formal attainments in science, philosophy, religion, or art. Therefore we cannot subscribe to Churchward's drawing of a typical Lemurian landscape sprinkled with buildings combining the architectural elements of the Jamma Masjid at Delhi and the Tower of London. We might be closer to the truth if we compare the Lemurian culture with that of tribes inhabiting inaccessible areas of central Africa or the unexplored jungles of the upper Ama-



A MAP OF THE LOST ATLANTIS

A reconstruction by Dr. Paul Schliemann made from deep sea survey. The concentric ovals show how the great city of the Atlanteans was built, according to the story told by Plato.

zon. Just as the primitive human being of today practices magical arts, and seemingly possesses an intuitive knowledge from the forces working in nature about him, the Lemurian could well have shared in the instinctive kind of knowing we associate with aboriginal society. Beyond this point findings are mostly the distortion of facts for the defense of presuppositions.

It is possible that the seismic cataclysms which destroyed the Lemurian motherland millions of years ago may have played a part in the rise of the Atlantic continent on the opposite side of the globe. From the traditional records it would seem that the golden age of Atlantis was prior to one million B. C. The Atlantean distribution extended over an immense area involving Scandinavia, Greenland, and Labrador on the north, and uniting northern Africa with Brazil on the south. The central part of the United States was under water at that time. About one million B. C. the Atlantean continent began to break up. Fragments fell away, areas sank, and the outer boundaries were eaten away by a kind of cosmic erosion. At last only the Island of Poseidonis remained, and it was this last island, about the size of Australia, and located approximately in the area of the Azore Islands, that was described by

Plato as having sunk about ten thousand years before the Trojan War.

The Atlantean was a far higher type of human being than the Lemurian. All traditions ascribe to him an advanced form of culture. Instinctively we have assumed that the later Atlantean had about reached that stage of social integration which we attribute to the Maya and the Aztec people of Central America and Mexico. Reconstructions of Atlantis nearly always represent Atlantean cities much in the style of Maya communities. The Atlantean domesticated the horse, cultivated wheat, probably possessed some form of hieroglyphic or hieratic writing that had formalized basic programs in science and art. The Hindu sacred books mention two Atlantean astrologers by name, and legendry implies the practices of sorcery and transcendental magic. It is not known that the Atlanteans possessed any monetary system, but according to Plato they engaged in large scale barter and exchange. Their government was a hereditary monarchy, and their nation was divided into states and principalities. They had a national code of laws and a national faith. They practiced agriculture on a large scale, had property rights, paid taxes to the central government, and engaged in various civic enterprises.

It might be a reasonable conclusion that people possessing such institutions would be quite similar to ourselves, but such a conclusion is not necessarily sound. The Mayas, Aztecs, and Incas fulfill all the requirements we have enumerated, but their cultures retained a barbaric flavor entirely strange to our conservative patterns of propriety.

This brings us to a vital issue. What was the scientific attainment of the Atlanteans? Is it possible that they possessed any advanced knowledge comparable to our present skill in biology and physics? I think we may safely say without fear of contradiction by any informed person that there is no evidence which proves or even indicates that the Atlantean ever built a laboratory remotely resembling those which now grace our institutes of technology. Such equipment was entirely useless to their way of life, and like the Greeks, Egyptians, ancient Hindus, Chinese, and the Central American Indians, they could have developed a highly satisfactory culture without benefit of science. No ancient nation was essentially industrious. Antiquity was still close to the earth; in fact, modern civilization did not shift from its agrarian foundations until the last decade of the 19th century. Our own highly industrialized way of life is only about fifty years old, and already shows symptoms of senility.

Without industrial motivation, without a highly evolved economic system, and without intensive competition, modern institutions could not have attained their present imposing proportions. While cowrie shells and wampum constitute currency and the good wife is worth six horses there is not the proper perspective to impel the mind to the desperate courses of high finance. I think we may rule out the Atlantean scientist as a figment of the imagination. At the same time I think we may rule in the Atlantean high priest, a man utterly beyond the comprehension of the average modern. This high priest was a familiar figure throughout antiquity. Whether he wore a bonnet inscribed with the words "Holiness unto the Lord," a golden serpent upon his brow,

or a crest of quetzal plumes, he was always and everywhere the servant of the hidden god and the master of the mysteries. It seems to me that he is the Atlantean with whom we have to reckon. The high priest ruled Egypt, Greece, and India; even the Roman Caesars found it wise to humor him. He spoke with the authority of God and the voice of the people. He was the repository of all knowledge sacred and profane. His temple was the shrine, the university, the hospital, and the library. Like the druids of ancient Gaul and Britain he unsheathed the sword of war, and at his will it was sheathed again. He performed the sacred rites, and drew fire from the sky with his crystal ring. At night he climbed the ancient towers to study the stars. He was present at the birth of kings, pronouncing the auguries and preserving the records. He was the stern magistrate over the great, and the gentle father of the lowly. Feared by the evildoers, respected by the wise, and loved by the simple, the high priest was the master of his world.

If the Atlanteans possessed any profound mysteries, or were party to any secrets of the cosmos, this knowledge was vested in the hierophant of their esoteric cult. Their religion was the faith of the winged serpent whose coils represented the motions of cosmic life. This same serpent they carried to far places and distant lands as the peculiar mark and seal of their race and power.

As magic is still the secret art that has descended from an unknown antiquity it seems reasonable that magic was the secret science of Atlantis. The high priest was the magician, ruling as did Prospero in *The Tempest* over an invisible empire of airy things. Perhaps the Atlantean high priest did not understand the laws governing the miracles that could be wrought by the song, the dance, and the old words of power. But whether he understood or not he could work the wonders and the mystic formulas which commanded the elements, and the creatures that dwelt in them belonged to him and the one he elected to succeed him.

Magic is a kind of fourth dimension of science. It is the power of the man beyond the power of the machine. It is the human instrument strangely extended toward supremacy over the world. Ours is an endless questing into the hidden ways of nature. We are seeking to know by discovery, by chipping away little by little the walls which stand between us and the cosmos. Magic is an internal becoming, the power of projecting ourselves through the walls by becoming internally greater than our own ignorance.

All this contemplation of abstract matters leads us back to the Atlantean high priest whose image rises Sphinxlike before our minds. I wonder how we would feel if he stood in our presence today robed in the savage habiliments of his office? Certainly this high priest would be inscrutable. He would have the broad, flat, deep-furrowed face which we associate with those in whose veins flows the old Mongolian blood. His mien would be silent and reserved, and regardless of the manner of his dress he would be impressive in his own right. He would be difficult to psychoanalyze, for his personality and the elements which compound to form his character would be beyond our experience. The more we studied him the more willing we would be to accept his inner strength.

Many years ago I brought a great Navajo Indian medicine priest to California and entertained him for several weeks. He was a magnificent man in his early sixties. By any standard he was handsome, and in any social gathering he was distinguished. The Has-teen stood over six feet in his moccasins, and his maroon-colored velvet shirt was an appropriate background for antique silver and turquoise jewelry. Though unable to read or write, this man radiated learning. His features were those of a scholar, and his obvious strength was softened by the kindly and gentle spirit which flowed out through his eyes and expressed itself in his every gesture and action. Though by livelihood a sheepherder and a weaver, and totally without affectation or pretension, he was not only a high priest

of his people but a great and good man. Men of this caliber could and did exert a powerful force in the forming of ancient empires, and their contributions must be considered sympathetically.

The whole problem is one of internal power, and it is difficult for us to appraise this secret force with any degree of accuracy. The whole subject is so far from our present experience that we lack the vital instruments of mental and psychical contacts. We are removed from the old magic by an ever-widening interval of internal and external perspectives.

A large part of the nominal Christian world, for example, believes in the miraculous but not in the miracle worker. Nearly all religions teach by word and example the reality of superphysical forces which can be controlled by certain human beings under certain conditions, but these same believers condemn without consideration any contemporary person who claims or exhibits extrasensory aptitudes. To the popular mind the deceased miracle worker is a saint, and the living one a charlatan.

If an ancient world were destroyed by human abuse of universal energies, such misuse of power must have resulted from the perversion of the old religious magic. Such fragments of ancient tradition that have survived state in various degrees of definiteness that antediluvian society was destroyed because it departed from the ways of the gods and disobeyed heaven, and fell into sorcery. This explanation becomes acceptable if we wish to assume that sorcery is a fact in nature and that the sorcerer is capable of upsetting the equilibrium in the field of energy which maintains the balance of life.

Our next problem, therefore, is to determine if we can whether or not the human being has the internal capacity to modify or disarrange the electric and magnetic fields of his planet. This is a difficult question to answer without falling into some extreme of prejudice or opinion. Most explorers and travelers who have spent years among primitive people have been impressed by the extraordinary powers of shamans, witch doc-

tors, voodoo priests, and Indian medicine men. It requires considerable prejudice to ignore the accumulation of testimony which bears witness to the reality of the miraculous.

There is also considerable doubt as to whether the magicians of aboriginal tribes actually understood the formulas that they used or the results that they obtained. Magic is a traditional art consisting of formulas, talismanic artifacts, relics, and fetishes. Magic is born of song and dance; of ritual and prayer. These forms have descended from the unknown and unknowable past, and the ceremonies are performed under the guidance and administration of the tribal priest. There is magic to make the earth grow its harvests, to bring rain, and to scatter storms. There is magic to bring children, and to carry the aged safely to the other world. There is magic against plagues, and war, and crime, and there is even magic against magic. There also seems to be considerable difference in the degree of proficiency attained by magicians. Some can perform only the simplest of the mysteries, and others appear to control all of the strange workings of nature. Magic was the science of antiquity, even as science is the magic of today.

At the moment we are somewhat perturbed because a small group of our scientists appear to have overreached themselves. The magic of science threatens to escape from human control to the degree that we may become the victims of our own "new and useful improvements." Suppose in those old days when the science of magic enjoyed universal acceptance and magicians were in the vanguard of progress a parallel situation had existed. The science of magic overstepped itself through the persons of certain priests who had discovered the esoteric secrets of universal power. Probably they were no wiser in the use of their new-found instrument of personal gratification than we are today. By every rule of the game of life we should be infinitely better-equipped to use unlimited power constructively than some old nation in a transitional stage between savagery and barbarism. If we find our-

selves inadequate to the challenge of a vast power we should have a sympathetic appreciation for prehistoric dilemma.

According to the ancient myths there was a planet called Ragnarok which moved in the orbit now ascribed to the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter. The cabalists, who were given to abstract speculation, held that this planet was Lucifer, the star angel who fell from heaven. Lucifer's planet was shattered by the flaming sword of the archangel Michael, the generalissimo of the armies of heaven. The broken fragments of the lost planet still move in their original orbit and are the asteroids. Lucifer is the same as the Nordic Loki, the spirit of fire. In Norse mythology Loki is locked within matter, where he must remain imprisoned until the twilight of the gods when the elements of chaos are released from the pattern of creation. Lucifer is power, force, cosmic fire, energy; the dynamic agent held temporarily within reasonable boundaries by the will of the gods. They used his fire to form the universe, and this fire is forever seeking to escape from the net of universal laws and consume the world.

Lucifer was cast from heaven for attempting to be greater than the hidden god, who sits in judgment over the world. Lucifer was strong with pride, and certain of his own strength. He sought to wrench the universal sovereignty for himself, and for this he fell, and with him one third of the hosts of heaven.

If the destruction of Ragnarok is to be regarded as an astronomical phenomenon involving the disintegration of a planet by causes unknown, how did it happen that primitive humanity upon this earth perpetuated the record of a disaster completely beyond their comprehension? Ignatius Donnelly opines that Ragnarok was shattered after the creation of human life upon our planet. The sidereal combustion was of such proportions that it upset the normal rhythm of the solar system, producing a variety of modifications and changes in the intricate patterns of earth life. Parts of Ragnarok in the form of gigan-

tic meteors, according to Donnelly, struck the earth, and the atmosphere of the planet blazed with falling stars. These terrible conditions left an indelible imprint upon the subconscious mind of the primitive race.

Thus the solar catastrophe was reflected in the affairs of our planet, resulting in important geological changes. Of course it is possible that the planet's surface was long bombarded by meteors from interplanetary space, but whether these masses were the result of a disintegrated planet remains conjectural. The legendry and geological evidences of extensive changes due to various causes are summarized in the following table:

1. The destruction of Ragnarok with its resultant influence upon all the planets of the solar system, especially those whose orbits were close to its own. To appreciate this picture we must assume for a moment a terrific release of atomic energy over a field hundreds of millions of miles in diameter.
2. Upon the earth itself a shift in the land and water distribution in the South Pacific between Asia and South America. This is variously referred to as the submergence of a continent called Gondwana land, Lemuria, or Mu. Gondwana land is a hypothetical paleozoic continent now interesting a number of scientists. It is not clear whether Gondwana land is identical with Lemuria and Mu, or whether the latter so-called continents represent later geological changes, or phases, of the disintegration of Gondwana land itself. This breakup was gradual, and at various periods fragmentary continents survived, together with land bridges connecting the present continents.
3. The Atlantis disaster, consisting of the gradual disintegration of immense land masses in the areas now occupied by the Atlantic Ocean. These ancient masses are indicated by submerged plateaus, the boundaries of which have been defined by soundings.

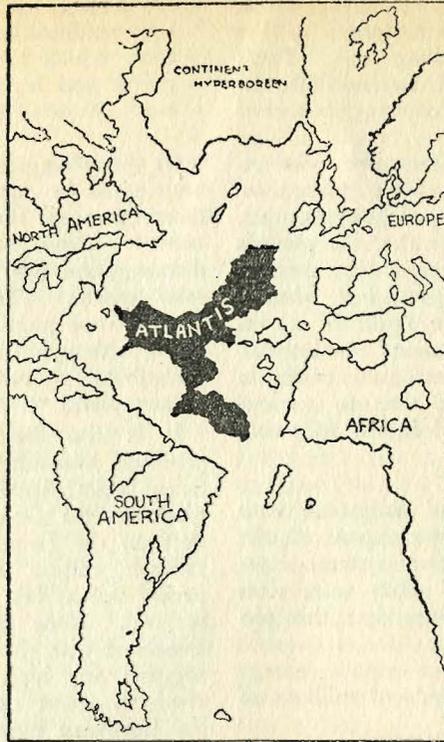
4. A number of minor and more recent modifications of continental contours which have given rise to local myths and legends which have been confused with the older accounts.

By this arrangement the Ragnarok disaster must be regarded as beyond any direct part in the life unfoldment of our own planet except in so far as its disintegration affected the order of the solar system. The other cataclysms in our list were peculiar to the planet earth itself, although parallel changes must undoubtedly occur in the development of any planet.

It is also difficult to imagine that primitive humanity had developed a sufficient knowledge of esoteric arts to have produced the Gondwana land breakup, or even the Lemuria-Mu submergences. Human culture during the paleozoic period was at best a struggle for simple survival. None of the unproved relics associated with the Lemurian life pattern suggests any high cultural attainments. Even the most optimistic exponents of the Lemurian hypothesis failed to make a convincing case in favor of the Lemurian superman. We cannot visualize him as a moral unit sufficiently integrated to merit by conduct either approbation or condemnation. That he could have destroyed his world by some kind of primitive sorcery seems doubtful. If the gods destroyed him for his sins it was the gods themselves and not the Lemurian sinner that wrought the disaster.

In order to assume the existence of a highly civilized people during the paleozoic period, or for that matter in any remote geological age, we must assume that they violated all the recognized anthropological patterns. We cannot say that anything is impossible, but it does appear that a Lemurian super-culture is improbable.

With the Altanteans, however, we face a different situation. If Solon were correctly informed by the Egyptian priest of Sais, the peoples of Atlantis did obtain a cultural distinction. The princes of Atlantis were able to declare war against the Greek states and move a



A MAP OF ATLANTIS.
(after R. M. Gattefossé)

large army into the Mediterranean-Aegean areas. This suggests an advanced form of social organization. Even in this case the fables indicate that it was the gods themselves who punished the Atlanteans for their moral crimes by blasting their homelands and scattering their remnants as exiles among foreign nations. The crimes for which the Atlanteans were punished were: disobedience to the laws of Poseidon their patron deity, the practice of sorcery, and the pursuit of war. These crimes resulted in the Atlanteans becoming arrogant, selfish, despotic, and developing the complex for world dominion. Unfortunately, Plato's account is imperfect, as the great philosopher died before finishing this important dialogue.

It is an interesting assumption that the Atlantean world was destroyed because it addicted itself to diabolical art. The old priesthood, departing from the

laws governing the use of its powers, developed temporal ambitions and abetted the avarice of the aristocracy of their nation. By means of their sacerdotal sciences these Atlantean wizards invoked universal energies and forces to further their temporal ambitions. These cosmic energies, once loosed, turned upon their masters, and like Faust's familiar spirit finally destroyed the conjurers who invoked them.

The moral implications involved in such a situation are convincing even if the circumstances are somewhat abstract. The morality in this case arises from the simple conviction that evil destroys itself. Ambition is its own reward, and all perversity is punished. As we see this restated continuously in the daily happenings which make up living we find little difficulty in assuming that the Atlanteans were in some way to blame for their own fall. They were

moral agents responsible for their own conduct, and were punished for their crimes.

The question that remains unsolved is the machinery of this punishment. Ancient people summed up the entire unknown world of causes under the collective term "the will of the gods." That which was beyond the human was divine. All that could not be explained by the rules of daily experience originated in the whims of divine beings. Gradually we have come to resent the idea that the divine wrath explains the otherwise unexplainable. We prefer to think of effects as inherent in their own causes. To us the universe is impersonal, ruled by action and reaction, and requires no despotic hierarchy or temperamental immortal to explain its phenomena. If we are right in this more recent perspective we build a strong case in the sphere of universal ethics in favor of the old Atlantean sorcerers. If misuse be the cause of disaster and no outside moral agents are necessary, then the destruction of a people must result in the perversity of that people itself. If ordinary perversity were sufficient to bring down a world, our way of life must have perished long ago.

It becomes a matter of degree. The perversity of the ignorant is limited by the ignorance itself, but as ignorance gives place to intelligence and man extends his powers over larger areas of activity the perversities become correspondingly dangerous. In a way that is our present hazard. For the first time in recorded history man has become sufficiently skilled to actually endanger his own survival. Until his intelligence reached this degree he could injure himself only in small ways.

In line with these ruminations let us create a parallel between Atlantis and the modern world. Suppose that the Atlantean magician-priest had come to the internal control of the magic forces of nature? Through the systematic development and extension of his internal resources he attained supremacy in the sphere of hidden forces. Finally he reached the critical decision point—he must use wisely and live, or use un-

wisely and die. He chose the left-hand path—the road that leads through selfishness to oblivion.

We are at the same crossroads or forking of the ways. We have extended external dominations and have hitched our hopes to the dynamo of atomic energy. Use is a moral decision and may be inspired by a profound realization of good, or by a profound fear of the consequences of evil. By fear a hollow semblance of virtue may be forced upon us. We know little more about the substance of atomic energy than we do about the substance of magic, but we suspect the worst. Instinctively we realize that we lack the moral quality necessary for the courage of right action. We are afraid not only of each other but of ourselves. We realize that for the first time in the history of our kind we are playing with the thunderbolts of Zeus.

If we happen to succeed in wiping out our kind by the amoral use of atomic energy we may make a rather tidy job of house cleaning. It is doubtful, however, that we can clean the earth's surface entirely of the evidence of our own existence without destroying the planet also. This is a thought, and makes us wonder if by any chance our old friends on Ragnarok hit upon this ingenious notion. Alas, probably we shall never know.

Short of a complete disintegration of our world our exploits will linger on somewhere in the memory of nature. Even if some creatures should inherit the earth they will follow in the old accustomed way and finally discover the landmarks of our ruins. But enough of such morbid thinking. We should remember the world-end scares of the last century. One upright citizen, frightened out of his wits, approached Ralph Waldo Emerson and asked the sage of Concord what he would do if the world came to an end. Emerson reflected for a moment and then answered mildly, "I guess I would have to get along without it somehow."

The average man needs a new dimension of thinking with which to sustain his internal integrity through periods of

external uncertainties. In terms of essentials man is an immortal creature, and neither natural decay nor the atomic bomb can destroy him. The power to survive disaster is a spiritual birthright. When we speak of destruction we mean the disintegration of external patterns. The institutions which we have built up, the way of life which we have caused and accumulated, and the dreams we hold concerning the future of our individual and collective purposes are all vulnerable. But they have always been vulnerable. Earthquakes shake down cities, plagues wipe out races, tidal waves inundate communities, and all that is built out of the earth must in the end return to the earth. For each man the world's endurance is identical with his own span, and all ambitions end in ultimate darkness and dissatisfaction.

It is life and not form that goes on to victory. If we destroy a world we shall build a better one, for out of creating and destroying comes the final protection of the moral and ethical values. It is not truly a disaster if corruption destroys itself. The disaster is that we realize ourselves to be part of that corruption and merit that disaster. We are confronted with a decision which is more important to our ambitions than to the substance of ourselves. We are being reminded once more that there are rules governing the games of living. If we keep the rules we are happy; if we break the rules we are unhappy. It is as simple as that, but the very simplicity is too much for us.

When modern man does not know what to do next he contributes generously to create a fund for the purpose

of making a comprehensive survey of the imminent difficulties. A committee is formed, and the primary function of a committee is to make a long and detailed report and then adjourn. This report, much too long to be read and much too complicated to be important, promptly loses itself in its own confusion. Then it is necessary to form a new committee to check upon the old committee. The new committee always finds financial discrepancies, but by this time the crisis is passed and everyone wonders why a committee existed in the first place. It is the same way with atomic energy. By the time we decide what we should have done with this cosmic force and how we should have handled it we shall already have used it according to our primary intentions regardless of consequences.

The only security to be found in this vale of uncertainties is that which we discover within the spiritual content of ourselves. Wisdom is strength, virtue is security, and integrity is survival. In the life ruled by wisdom there is no place for fear. We look to the future with a good hope and with perfect faith in the divine plan. We seek neither to escape nor expose ourselves recklessly, but continue in the daily performance of useful work. Unmoved by the doubts or terrors which lead to individual or collective panic we fulfill our own appointed tasks with complete confidence in the universal plan and the universal will. Only when the majority of human beings functions from this foundation of genuine integrity can we hope for any general remedy. Until then each must depend upon the spirit within himself for victory over circumstances.



ABSTINENCE: A most pious practice which consists in depriving ourselves of the benefits of divine providence who created all things to the sole end of preventing his creatures from enjoying them.

From Voltaire's Pocket Theology.

Satsuma Ware



ACCORDING to Japanese records, pottery was made in the province of Satsuma as early as the 15th century, but these early products were crude earthenware and of little aesthetic merit. Examples belonging to this period are similar in material and form to the primitive utensils of other Asiatic and Near Eastern peoples.

On August 15, 1549 Francis Xavier, a Jesuit missionary, landed at Kagoshima, the capital of Satsuma province. With the aid of the daimio, a feudal baron of Japan and prince of Satsuma, Xavier was permitted to preach Christianity in Hyuga, Osumi, and Satsuma. The Buddhist priests received the Catholic missionary respectfully, and gave thoughtful attention to his words. Xavier, impressed by the graciousness of his hosts, overstepped the boundaries of Eastern hospitality and attempted a strenuous program of conversion. The daimio became suspicious that his guest entertained temporal ambitions, and was further disappointed because the foreigners had not opened channels for profitable trade. As the missionary's zeal reached the proportions of aggressive religious intolerance the daimio was advised by the members of his court to end the distasteful situation. In 1550 he issued an edict declaring it a capital offense for any of

his subjects to embrace Christianity. The edict was not retroactive, however, and the one hundred and fifty converts whom Xavier had won during his two years in the province were permitted to continue unmolested in their new faith. There is a popular belief that the crest of the Prince of Satsuma, consisting of a cross within a circle, dates from this Christian interlude. The crest appears on many examples of Satsuma ware, either as part of the ornamentation or accompanying the marks and monograms which distinguish this pottery.

It was not until 1598 when Shimadzu Yoshihisa (1536-1611), Prince of Satsuma, returned to Japan from the disastrous campaign of Hideyoshi in Korea that an important ceramic industry was established in the province. Following the broad program outlined by Hideyoshi the daimio brought home with him seventeen renowned Korean potters for the express purpose of creating a school of artisans which would enlarge his fame as a patron of culture. He settled these potters in his own domain and in the neighboring province of Osumi.

The Koreans brought with them their families, and finding a happy and comfortable life in Japan turned their attention entirely to the furtherance of their art, experimenting with the types of clay

to be found in the area where they lived. These Korean artists decidedly influenced the ceramic industry of Japan. At least seven different types of porcelain and pottery, now well-known, show the marks of Korean experts. The principal contributions were technical rather than artistic, if it is possible to make such a distinction.

The daimio of Satsuma finally settled his Korean potters at Kagoshima, and bestowed upon them the rank of samurai (gentry or lesser nobility) as a practical token of his favor. At the same time he imposed certain restrictions upon them. He forbade their mingling socially with the native population, and prohibited their intermarriage with the Japanese. He wished to preserve them and their art from being gradually absorbed into the prevailing Japanese culture. It was not until the Japanese system was abolished in 1871 that the Koreans in Satsuma were accorded the full rights and privileges of citizenship.

After considerable research the Korean potters and their descendants found an excellent clay in the neighborhood of Nawashirogawa, and about the year 1630 the first important Satsuma faience was produced. For a time the new ware attracted little favorable attention. The general manufacture of this pottery began in 1693 when Satsuma ware first aroused the interest of native connoisseurs. It increased gradually in favor, and in 1756 the outstanding exponent of this craft was appointed potter to the Tokugawa court in Yeddo (Tokyo).

Students of religious symbolism will find the Satsuma pottery of Japan worthy of profound consideration. While other wares of China, Korea, and Japan are held in greater esteem than the later products of the Satsuma kilns by the more sophisticated collectors of oriental art, the intricate decorations upon this pottery are of substantial artistic and historic interest. Long neglected by connoisseurs, this beautiful and fascinating ceramic now is rapidly disappearing from the open market, and fine examples command greater attention with each passing year.

For practical purposes, the Satsuma faience may be divided into five general

classes, each with clearly distinguishable characteristics.

1. Primitive ware, crude and without ornamentation, and extremely rare.
2. Simple floral designs on a closely crackled surface slightly beige or cream color. There may be a sparing use of gold. This ware is held to be almost beyond price.
3. More elaborate motifs, involving diaper and conventionalized ornamentation done with great accuracy and detail and often gilded. Fine specimens of this period are valued highly.
4. Intricate imaginations of floral decorations and birds magnificently executed in the most lavish style. Rich harmonious colors and a generous use of gold. This is the most common of the older form, but is much collected.
5. Elaborate groupings of human figures, also religious and historic scenes. Parts of the designs may be in relief. There is much detail and a profusion of gilding. This work is recent, but fine specimens are rapidly increasing in value.

The distinguishing features of Satsuma ware are the hard ivory-like surface and the network of fine crackles that cover the entire surface. The pate is so hard and close in texture that experts refer to it as a semi-porcelain. The glaze is composed of feldspathic materials and lixiviated woodash. The ware is first burnt at a moderate heat, then dipped into the glazing composition and fired at a high temperature. The unequal contraction between the body and the glaze in the process of cooling results in the entire surface becoming a network of tiny crackles. George A. Audsley and James L. Bowes, to whose book, *Keramic Art of Japan*, we are indebted for a number of the technical references used in preparing this outline, thus describe the Satsuma pate: "The crackling of the thin transparent coatings presents countless angles of reflection and refraction to the



Satsuma bowl approximately 150 years old. The central figure may represent Daruma, the Zen patriarch. The female figure is Kwannon. The rest of the design is filled up with lohans and disciples.



Rose Jar by the celebrated artist Hotoda. The central figure is Kwannon, and she is surrounded by sixteen major lohans and a number of lesser personalities. A ferocious dragon encircles the lower part of the jar. Many of the figures are raised, and a large tree shades the saints seated beneath its branches.



Large vase by Kin Kozan, one of the most famous artists. This exceptionally fine example, which was ornamented about 100 years ago, depicts groups of priests and lohans surrounding the figure of Amaterasu Omi Kami, the Shinto goddess of the sun.



Tall Satsuma vase with historical scene. The dominant figure in this composition is Minamoto Yoshitsune, a Japanese war lord of the medieval period. Minamoto Yoshitsune was elevated to high honors by the emperor, but his enemies united their forces against him so that all his worldly estate was sacrificed.

light, and, as it were, retains it within itself, gaining a depth and richness combined. We can with assurance state, that in the entire range of Ceramic Art there has been no surface produced more refined in treatment or more perfectly adapted to receive, and enhance the value of, coloured decorations, than that presented by the best specimens of old Satsuma faience."

It should be remembered that Satsuma is an earthenware or pottery and not a porcelain, although in many ways it combines the best features of both. Most examples have the weight and thickness of pottery, but so high is the glaze and graceful the form that the better pieces give the impression of being the most delicate porcelain until closely examined. There is a popular belief even among many collectors that all examples of rare and early Satsuma are small in size, and that large pieces are recent and inferior in value. This is not entirely true, as some examples of what is usually called 'ancient' Satsuma are of considerable proportions. A very fine and desirable pair of vases of the older design are, for example, twenty-one inches in height. It is probably true that the earliest known specimens are small, but some of the large pieces are of great value.

There is a legend that the Satsuma crackle was the result of a feud between pottery schools or factories competing for the royal favor. One night a rival artisan opened the door of one of the Satsuma ovens and threw water upon a piece in the process of burning. Instead of destroying the pottery the water produced an unusual crackle. The process was then cultivated to its present state of refinement. Whether or not this story is true is difficult to determine, but it has circulated in Japan for some time.

There also seems to be considerable misunderstanding on the subject of imitation Satsuma. This country and Europe have been flooded with inferior Japanese ware which local merchants have passed off as ancient and rare. In most cases the commercial pieces are so imperfect in execution and depart so completely from the original ware that they can be regarded as reproductions or

imitations. In this class belong the works of Kozan of Yokohama, and the Shiba Factory in Tokyo. Usually the crackle is large and unpleasant, the art forms completely lacking in refinement, the ornamentations bizarre, and the colors unpleasantly bright. Even the novice has little difficulty in identifying these 'export' pieces. They appeal only to those entirely deficient in artistic instinct.

It is a mistake to regard the modern products of the Satsuma kilns as fakes or forgeries. They represent a distinct art trend entirely sincere and as worthy of respect as any innovation in the field of fine arts. Three hundred years from now these productions will become in their turn genuine antiques. The modern pieces bear only slight resemblance to the earlier art styles, and should be accepted upon their own merit.

In the period extending from the closing years of the 18th century to the first decade of the 20th century the Satsuma artists developed their elaborate figure technique. They ornamented their ware with religious and historical figures in the style of the Chinese, Korean, and early Japanese Buddhistic paintings. This was a complete departure from the tradition of their school, but I am assured by Japanese art critics that these elaborate designs are genuine products of the Satsuma workshop. Obviously they are not copies, as the earlier pieces never bore this type of ornamentation.

Modern Satsuma again divides into several schools of design. The basic ware remains the same, the forms have changed very little, but there has been some compromise to modern taste and foreign markets. For instance, I recall an exquisite dinner service of no antiquity but a triumph in simple beauty. Against the soft cream crackle was a restrained ornamentation of Japanese wisteria. There was also a small bowl, the inside of which was entirely covered with a design of nearly a thousand tiny but perfectly formed flying birds.

Another modern style of Satsuma emphasizes delightful little figures of posturing Japanese girls in their elaborate kimonos and obis, usually against a background of flowers and gardens. Occa-

sionally medieval knights in bamboo armor wage war, or ancient heroes perform supernatural feats against demons of the earth and air. So intricate is the detail that it requires a magnifying glass to reveal the patterns of the robes and the exquisite lineament of faces and hands.

The class of Satsuma ware most interesting to the student of religion and symbolism is devoted almost entirely to the portraying of saints and sages of ancient Buddhism. The technique is reminiscent of the Russian icon, and usually the figures wear intricately designed robes and their heads are surrounded by large golden halos. Each of the faces is a real or imaginary character study of some ancient and venerable person, and the figures are grouped together until they cover almost the entire surface of the object. Often a ferocious dragon coils in and out among the saints and patriarchs. The goddess Kwannon, the lady of mercy, adds a delicate feminine note to a group of stern-faced scholars.

As we gaze upon an assemblage of Buddhist immortals we realize that the technique of the artist was dominated by the Chinese art tradition of the classical period. It is obvious that most of the compositions are essentially Zen, a Buddhist form which borrows heavily from the symbolism of Chinese Taoism. There is an element of caricature in the grim, glowering faces, and a subtle irony in the scholarly occupations peculiar to the Zen concept of the intense industry involved in the process of doing nothing in an exquisite manner. These old Zen patriarchs were called in China the 'vacuity friars'. They may be engaged in such useful pursuits as putting frames of wind on paintings of air. One may be opening the gateless gate, and another may be closing the doorless door. A pensive scholar may be reading intently from a blank piece of paper. Another dour-faced saint carries a broom with which to sweep up himself. Lest these various industries prove too arduous, the sage may have several disciples to assist him. These he instructs by disciplines called the unteaching teaching. To emphasize some important phase of the doctrine he points

his finger at nothing and then boxes his disciple's ears for looking at his finger. In one corner an old philosopher is holding his breath because he has just inhaled the cosmos. Later he will relax and slowly exhale the thirty-three worlds. We may excuse the average Occidental for being unable to grasp the implications of these Zen designs, and for solemnly proclaiming such ornamentation too intellectual for sheer enjoyment.

Fine art is measured in terms of impulse and impact. It manifests itself to the artist as an impulse to create within the canons of beauty. It is this expression of internal conviction about the substance of the beautiful which bestows the blessing of greatness upon technique. Technical skill without aesthetic impulse is lifeless and unsatisfying. The effect of art upon those who contemplate the product of aesthetic impulse is measured in terms of impact. This impact is the over-all impression created by the art object. The spontaneous appreciation of the object by those trained in art discrimination reveals the purity of the design. The mind and emotions accept without question the completeness and suitability of the things seen. The moment art is rationalized or becomes obviously intellectual the purity of the artistry is in danger of compromise.

If upon examining a work of art one is impelled to a term such as beautiful, exquisite, wonderful, perfect, or still further, if impelled to absolute silence, the work has fulfilled its purpose. If the impulse is to ask why was it done, what does it mean, or who did it, the artistry is proclaimed inadequate. Naturally, complete ignorance of art values can result in the rejection by the consciousness of that which is truly fine, for a man without trained appreciation cannot fully estimate the greatness of a work of art. There are rules governing art criticism, but even these rules may prove a dangerous limitation.

Eastern art has always been regarded with a certain amount of suspicion by Occidental critics because of its close association with the Asiatic psychology of life. This association makes it almost impossible to separate the aesthetic from

the intellectual elements. The Asiatic has the advantage in the collection of his own art because the psychological elements are so well understood and have such complete subjective acceptance that they no longer dominate or challenge the essential impulse toward appreciation. He is able to preserve his aesthetic mood in the midst of what appears to us a confused religious or traditional symbolism.

The reason most modern Satsuma ware falls below the standard of great art according to the criteria of pure aesthetics is that it depends upon intellectual elements for a great part of its impact. Like the music of Richard Wagner, it violates the standard of impulsive acceptance and demands study and reflection.

The early Chinese potters made extensive use of symbolism in the decoration of their wares, but with them the symbols were always subordinate to the principal considerations of color and form. In other words, they used religious and philosophical devices in terms of art alone. The symbol was selected solely on the basis of design and not with regard to its philosophic content. Thus early Chinese ceramics have a universal appeal and can be understood and accepted completely in terms of this appeal. The more simple a design the more difficult it is to limit it by such boundaries as time and place. Many Chinese wares are timeless. Though of great antiquity, they are utterly modern. Though made in China, they are acceptable anywhere. The Satsuma products on the other hand are essentially Japanese. They are circumscribed by tradition, and the designs are dated by both the technique and by the subject matter. As a result they require a different standard of valuation. We must remember that art is not great because it is old, nor is it poor because it is modern; it is good or bad according to the impact upon the beholder.

The type of Satsuma with which we are especially concerned at the moment is that upon which religious images are painted. It is this painting which becomes important and to which the forms themselves are subordinate. The Satsuma artists are painters rather than potters. This further divides the problem of ar-

tistic allegiance. This division affects in a strange way the purity of the two artistic forms, ceramics and painting. The ceramic canons are modified to meet the requirements of the painter, and the painter in turn adapts his design to the requirements of the ceramic form. This appears as a twofold compromise, and we see two men, the potter and the painter, each bowing ceremoniously to the other and each lacking the courage to escape into the fullness of his own medium.

Here Zen again enters the picture. This grand old cult of nature lovers took special delight in violating all traditions and conventions. To them the pottery was far too formal, and each piece, be it tall or short, slender or rotund, was a smug little vessel exhibiting its self-sufficiency to a wondering world. The majestic vase or the perfectly proper little ink pot was a kind of crystallized conceit, egotism in clay or porcelain, prized and waiting to be admired.

The Zenists were not much more charitable in their criticisms of the elaborate religious art which had developed under the influence of Shingon Buddhism. Pictures had become prisons in which ideas were held in rigid, unchanging forms. There was no air, no space or spirit, no freedom, no escape into the sheer abyss of wonder. The symbolists had become so exact that they were deluded by their own works. They had made the symbol so important that its meaning was forgotten. The genre painters were little better. They drew mountains, waterfalls, humble cottages and palaces, but in their compositions places were so real that the spaces were lost. Man can paint a house but he cannot paint a home. We can study form so intently that we forget that all forms are shadows of forces.

When the emperor of China asked Daruma, the first patriarch of Zen, to explain his doctrine the master picked up an expensive and precious bowl and cast it upon the ground where it broke into many pieces at the emperor's feet. This is the doctrine, to break up the traditional forms that soul powers can escape from the prisons which men have created. One cannot examine the portraits of the

old Zen scholars without realizing the benign craftiness, the shrewd humor, and the gentle cynicism of these genial ascetics who cultivated the fine art of appearing at their worst under all conditions.

As we study each glowering face we seem to perceive a slight twitching in the corner of the mouth and a fleeting twinkle in the depth of the eyes. We gain the impression that the old gentleman is trying to prevent us from noticing the mirth that is agitating his inward parts while outwardly he conveys the impression of ferocity. What could be more essentially Zen than to attack an ancient and established art form and break its crystallization by setting up within it an absurdity. What could delight the comic perversity of some old Zen monk more thoroughly than to set painters to work painting pots, and potters to work preparing silk and paper out of clay to receive the painter's brush while he slyly chuckled in his beard and gathered his robes more closely about him in complete self-satisfaction. He would feel very smug for having discomfited smugness, and if you were to point out the inconsistency of practicing the very vices against which he preaches the mischievous arhat would roll about in convulsions of laughter and probably select you as a disciple.

An assemblage of Zen priests upon the Satsuma faience reminds one of a consultation of prominent physicians, or a conference of world legislators. Each figure gives the impression of being burdened with the collective misfortunes of mankind. We see a worried, harassed, exhausted, long-suffering group of intellectuals who appear to be on the verge of announcing the ultimate solution to the sovereign perplexities of God and nature, but if you should ask these arhats the subject of their ponderous deliberations they would look up brightly and remark, "We are thinking of nothing," and then return eagerly to their deliberations as though time and eternity hung in the balance.

To understand Zen is to understand the merit of those products of the Satsuma kiln which are devoted to the depiction of Zen psychology. We can im-

agine several connoisseurs standing about examining critically an example of this work. The shape is satisfactory but not extraordinary, and the decorations consist of three old gentlemen sitting under a tree and gazing straight out at the critics with expressions reminiscent of the stern rebukes of a bad conscience. It is not likely that the connoisseurs are aware of the collective mischievousness that radiates from the entire production. The first might say, "It is probably a reproduction, not worth over twenty dollars. The second may insist, "But it has the seal and signature of the Satsuma kilns. Perhaps it is genuine." The third, unable to restrain himself, must exhibit his small knowledge. "But you know, gentlemen, these Japanese potters have no honesty in their souls; they will sign anything with anyone's name. Seals and signatures mean nothing."

While this discussion goes on the three old gentlemen sitting under the tree continue to gaze out with expressions which are the Asiatic equivalent of Leonardo's *Mona Lisa*. They are obviously delighted to be the center of a heated argument. They hope it will become violent. They would be glad to take sides if they could; that is, they would take all sides against anybody. It is something to a small piece of pottery to have three internationally famous critics upset over it.

Probably these critics come to no conclusion, which is a perfect ending, and to the Oriental mind an appropriate termination to an Occidental conference. The vase with its three old gentlemen is happy, justified, delighted, permeated with the warm glow of richly fulfilled destiny. It may be rejected as a work of art; this is of no consequence. It has performed the supreme Zen function—it has irritated.

It is far better to be disliked than to be ignored. To be resented is to be useful; to be despised in one's own time is a prerequisite of immortality. Had one wanted to insult the vase he could have said, "Isn't it pretty?" The three old gentlemen might have gathered their robes about them and jumped off the enamel, completely outraged. They had

no desire to preach, teach, or satisfy. They wanted to disturb. Their purpose was in some way to crack the self-sufficient composure of their prospective owner. They wanted to remind him that he did not understand them, and they even hoped that he would come to the conclusion that he would never understand them. This was a way of getting the man to admit that there was something in life that he did not understand. If this could be accomplished complacency might give way to a realization of the need for knowing.

The complications of the Oriental mind baffle most Occidentals, and gravitate against the collection of modern Asiatic ceramics. In the East the manufacture of spurious art objects and antiques to deceive both friend and foe is not accompanied by a stigma as it is in the West. The craftsman signs an ancient name to his latest masterpiece without a single moral qualm. He is performing a useful duty in the sphere of ethical instruction. If a man buys a work of art for the name on the bottom he deserves nothing better than a forgery. If he purchases it because the maker is supposed to have been dead for centuries it is time that the buyer is separated from his purse. If he pays three times its value because it is old, or should be, the money justly belongs to someone who will use it more wisely. If a man can be deceived he should be deceived. He should also learn in the course of time that he has been deceived. All this is soul growth, and may deflate his ego to reasonable proportions. The false mark mean nothing to one who really knows, for the discriminating collector buys art, not artists. He purchases superiority, not antiquity. He proves himself by discrimination and not by the money he spends. He may pass up a dozen massive products of great masters, or facsimiles thereof, and purchase the little pot that cost fifty sens. For this he is respected by the dealer, and his selection is appropriately admired by others whose tastes are as refined as his own. He has no interest in the opinions of the uninformed.

But when an Oriental art dealer opens shop in America he soon develops a nega-

tive estimation of his clientele. No one will buy the good things but will pay handsomely for atrocities committed in the name of fine art. The worse the product the quicker it sells. The larger it is the more it will bring, and if the dealer suavely intimates that it is very old and a great bargain it becomes irresistible. The next order home will read something like this: "Please forward immediately one hundred dozen of the largest, loudest, and most horrible examples of inartistry available. The barbarians have bought me out."

Gradually the Oriental art dealer becomes a disillusioned man. He finds that survival means catering to the tastes of the uninformed many and the pocket-books of the rich but not much better informed few. But this merchant usually has a back room. Sometimes it is behind the store, sometimes in the attic, or perhaps in the basement. Here he hides away the treasures of his house. In dealing with an Oriental merchant the highest stamp of approval which he can bestow is an invitation to visit the little back room. This special consideration must be earned by proving discrimination. You are shown the treasures of the house only when it is obvious to the owner that you have outgrown the contents of the front store. The whole practice of business changes after you have been initiated into the sanctum. The dealer then becomes an honest teacher, eager to instruct you in values. In front he probably charged you three times what the article was worth. In back he parts with a treasure for a fraction of its value if that is all you can afford.

In the front room of the store he sells; in the back room he selects homes for the things he loves. If he does not think you can understand and appreciate, the object is not for sale. If you argue with him he will be polite and accommodating, but may lose his ability to speak or understand the English language. In the back room race and nationality lose all meaning. Appreciation becomes a universal medium of communication. Genuine appreciation for that which is truly fine unites the buyer and seller in a relationship unknown in the channels of pro-

fane trade. All this is a part of Zen, the silent communion, the assemblage of those united by the simple love of beauty.

In the front room every ware that has a crackle is old Satsuma. If the age is not sufficiently obvious the piece may be dipped in tea for a few days. The same tea can change a fragment of modern bone into priceless antique ivory. If the merchant himself does not perform these delicate feats of alchemy they may have been accomplished by the exporter in Yokohama.

In the back room the Satsuma, if any, is genuine, and you may learn some intriguing facts. For example, the dealer opens a silk-lined case to show you a beautiful little plate. He tells you that it is Satsuma, not ancient but fine, and the type collected by his own people. He explains that while Satsuma is still made in Kagoshima, the center of the industry has moved to the great Kinkozan Pottery, with its seventy-seven ovens, in the Awata district of Kyoto. The Kinkozan Awata Satsuma is not a counterfeit of an ancient ware, for it has received imperial approval and has been awarded numerous medals and certificates both at home and abroad. A fine school of artists developed a distinctive tradition, and the skill has passed from father to son.

It seems that the Kyoto potters are the legitimate heirs to the method, skill, and artistry of the Korean masters who were brought to the province of Satsuma so long ago. While it is true that the early pieces from the original Korean workshop are the rarest and most valuable of all eastern Asiatic ceramics, the products of the Kinkozan kilns can be just as important, and psychologically are legitimate Satsuma. Satsuma is an art motion, a conviction in clay, not a place or time.

The now friendly dealer further explains that the correct method of judging Satsuma is to bestow special attention to the detail in the less prominent part of the design. The more obvious decorations are usually executed with an acceptable amount of skill, but study the handles, the diaper under the edge of the rim, the lines and patterns used to fill secondary spaces. The pieces made for

export show lack of care in finishing. There has been an economical use of the more expensive pigments, and the colors are likely to appear lusterless. This dimness is not antiquity but inferiority. Such pieces could not be sold in Japan where the art collector never contemplates the obvious but seeks out the little defects that carelessness has caused. The great artist is never careless if his heart is in his work. If his heart is not in his work it is evident that he is interested only in producing salable merchandise. The lack of loving thoughtfulness on the part of the maker removes all artistic value.

In selecting examples of modern Satsuma the Western collector would do well to study the taste of the native connoisseur. He is aware of all the mechanics of the art industry. He knows what is genuine and what is not genuine, what is old and what is not old, and what is good and what is not good. He determines values by integrity, which manifests in the quality and almost jewel-like radiance of the design upon the cream-colored faience. Each specimen has been chosen for the mood it invokes, for the delicacy of line and color. Good artists may do poor work. Struggling mediocrity may flash forth with a single example of genius. These are the important things. Some of the modern Satsumas are actually more beautiful than the classic pieces, which are so rare that the average collector could scarcely hope to secure outstanding examples. Even export pieces over which the Japanese collector may not enthuse can be sufficiently fine to add distinction to the pri-



vate home or the public gallery. Such examples may be criticized by the single word, "Good."

The question may be asked: "Why should students of philosophy and comparative religion take the time and effort to study a subject like oriental ceramics?" There are several distinct advantages which can result from such a pursuit. In the first place, the field of philosophy includes within itself all aspects of creative endeavor. The philosophy of art is just as important as any other branch of learning. In many ways it reveals the psychological motivation behind human activities more clearly than those critical procedures which usually we associate with exact thinking.

In the second place, philosophy per se has a tendency to verge toward intellectualism. We attempt to solve all mysteries of life and nature by the strength of intellect alone. This can and often does result in the deprivation of emotional content in our living and thinking. There is a tendency to a kind of internal coldness. We reduce facts to formulas, then settle down to an elaborate technique of juggling these formulas. The impact of art is not primarily intellectual. Of course we can rationalize beauty as we rationalize living, but the pursuit is not especially profitable. The power of art results from the over-all acceptance of its own sufficiency. The reaction caused is one of want of response—a sort of friendliness, sympathy, or attraction. It is enough that we are pleased, and this pleasure breaks through rules in a spontaneous way, reminding us that in the last analysis we have a life apart from rules.

In the third place, art is a bridge across the interval which divides each human being from all others. Something of the artist himself is captured in the art forms which he imagines into being. In the presence of his work, if we are sympathetic, we can feel with him. We can sense his struggle and achievement. We can respect the creative force that moves through him, and by so doing escape from the limitations of our own pressing egocentricities.

Lastly, we expose ourselves to the power of the art object itself. We cannot live in the presence of beauty without being subtly influenced by its eternal ministry. As food nourishes the body, as learning nourishes the mind, so beauty nourishes the soul. All parts of the human personality demand an appropriate type of nutrition. We cannot accomplish that internal equilibrium which is the end and perfect proof of wisdom if some part of the personality remains undernourished. It is not wise to feed the body and starve the soul. In our kind of civilization this is a common tragedy. We have a tendency to grow strong but not good, to grow wise but not kind, and even to grow moral without compassion. The simple love of beauty is a medicine against the diseases of ambition, possessiveness, and intellectual tyranny. Art is a moderator of excess, a beautifier of the necessary, the indispensable luxury.

If we visit some old curiosity shop with its conglomeration of nicknacks, bric-a-brac, and oddments, we find ourselves in the presence of a hodgepodge of values suitable to cause aesthetic indigestion. Obviously most of the assembled atrocities are not important artistically or culturally. The kindest thing that we can say of them is that they are trivial. Incredible as it may appear, each of these curiosities has or will satisfy someone's definition of the desirable. Take for example that little porcelain high-heeled slipper with a faded plum-colored pin-cushion on top; it is just the piece that someone is looking for. That cushion top, composed of cigar ribbons lovingly united with cross stitching was somebody's supreme aesthetic achievement, and has survived to gladden other hearts.

Some of us can look back to those days when life was enriched by homemade portieres composed of acorns and glass beads strung together with inspiration and diligence. Even though it snarled each time we passed through the doorway it was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. What has happened to that beloved portiere? Could we have used it to start a fire on a cold winter evening? Suppose we had to hang it today? Such

a prospect would seem little less than a penalty.

Art appreciation, like music appreciation, involves an upward motion of the consciousness. If we are healthy growing creatures our tastes must change for the better. So subtle is this process that we scarcely recognize the transition, but it is this inevitable refining process that results ultimately in the true connoisseur. Real growth is not a sophistication assumed by a dilettante, but a genuine appreciation for values and the increasing capacity to recognize instantly the difference between good, better, and best. Appreciation of that which is fine is the proof of great soul power.

Cultural progress is always from the obvious to the subtle. First we see the surfaces and our measurements are quantitative. Later we become aware of the intangibles captured in form and design and our standard becomes qualitative.

A couple of years ago my friend Mr. Gump showed me with great pride two little clay owls found in an ancient Chinese tomb. The figurines were about six inches high, and at first glance resembled two elongated eggs standing on their small ends. There was almost no modeling and only a faint trace of color, but suddenly through the clay came the dynamic impact of owls. There was more; they were smug, self-satisfied owls, worldly-wise owls, quaintly sophisticated owls. There was gentle humor in every line, an incredible element of caricature—utter pomposity. The little birds seemed to be completely puffed up with their own importance. So subtle was the technique that the effect had been created with only a few planes and lines. The little birds would be extremely difficult to copy. Their very simplicity was baffling. Here was great art, both satisfying and inspiring. The owls had what some connoisseurs call the spiritual quality. The art was almost completely overtones, and the compositions revealed a powerful philosophic content. The unknown artist who made them had genius in his soul. Naturally all men would not appreciate the owls, but to the expert who had trained his discrimination they were far more important than some less subtle

production, ten times their size and one tenth their cost.

Only greatness has the courage of simplicity. Only the individual who knows exactly what he is doing can accomplish his results without fumbling. Decadence is a descent into complications. Any woman who has tried to buy a plain dress with smart lines knows the difficulty. Plainness demands perfection, whereas complications in design and color conceal basic defects. Thus ornamentation may cover defect in design, which is true of Satsuma where mediocrity of concept in form can be overwhelmed by a confusion of ornamentation.

Satsuma passes through its modern complications back to a much earlier period of intense stylization and incredible consideration for details. It then goes back still further into elements of pure design. Here form emerges through ornamentation, and each compliments the other. The ornaments are fewer, and appear sketchy and impressionistic. They are created for impact alone, and the very lines which compose them convey the feeling of freedom. The pattern then retires still further to a crude state of almost pure impulse. What is the difference then between this ancient crudeness and the modern crudity which offends us? The answer is integrity, and here we could digress into an elaborate philosophical dissertation. Suffice it to say that the difference lies in an unskilled man doing his best and a skilled man doing his worst. The primitive forms are honest, and by virtue of honesty alone they have a strange beauty which touches us deeply. The cheap modern piece bears witness to indifference. The artist was being paid by the hour; the virtue lay in covering as much surface as possible with the least possible exertion and time. The crudeness is dishonest, lazy, careless, and cheaply commercial. The art critic learns to recognize these motivations, and they determine the mood which the art object itself invokes. It is a mistake for modern artists to copy primitives, or to derive art inspiration from Central Africa or the Eskimo. He is seeking an external solution to an internal difficulty. He will

simplify his art without having simplified himself because his reforms and renovations are purely technical, which produces only mediocrity. There is a great need for satisfactory modern art concept. Such a concept, however, cannot be borrowed, begged, or stolen from the remote past or the contemporary aborigines. It must be an internal experience in the life of our people. Until we can state simply and clearly our own internal values we cannot make vital contributions to art, literature, or culture.

The arts of a people tell the story of the inner life of that people. Up to the present time most great art has been produced under the influence of a dominant religious pattern. Most of the arts of Asia are basically religious. Religion stirs up the internal integrity in human nature; it intensifies unselfish aspirations and constructive convictions. These internal pressures result in an art impulse dominated by integrity. The arts of Japan, China, and Korea have been dominated for the last thirteen centuries by the power of Buddhist metaphysics. Zen especially has been responsible for a magnificent school of realism and a more or less complete break from tradition. The Zen is a philosophic nihilist. He lives to break up crystallization in concepts and formulas. His art is extremely demanding to those who would appreciate its power. Zen impressionism requires the conscious co-operation of the beholder. The student of Zen art must bestow something of himself upon the painting he is studying. Actually the painting is a mirror reflecting the consciousness of the beholder. This is too subtle for the Occidental, who expects his art to be labeled for his convenience. He wanders about galleries, a catalogue in one hand,

prepared to admire that which he is told is admirable.

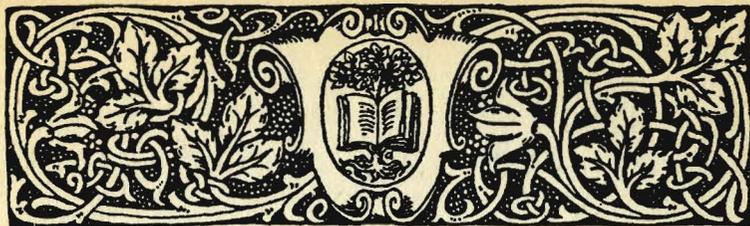
Two ladies in the Luxembourg galleries were identifying paintings by reference to catalogue numbers. Unfortunately one of them had brought the catalogue of the Louvre by mistake. She was standing in dejected confusion in front of the painting of Whistler's Mother. After checking the number in the catalogue several times she turned to her friend and whispered, "I don't understand it. It says distinctly that number thirty-one is the Wreck of the Hesperus."

The Oriental connoisseur tries first to discover value rather than be told what is valuable. He seldom wanders about galleries. He prefers to center his attention upon one object and experience the power of that object within himself. He is not interested in seeing alone; he wants to feel, to accept into himself a message which will bring joy and comfort and inspiration. He may return day after day to the same case, and oblivious of surroundings contemplate the perfection of one tiny bowl. He may never find out who made the bowl—probably he does not care. He is satisfied that the fortunes of life have made it possible to have those precious moments of complete atonement with beauty.

As life grows richer in experiences, as our minds deepen with understanding, as the spiritual powers within us unfold, art becomes more real and more necessary. Our standards of appreciation are refined, and in the end we unite with others of similar attainment in the quiet, internal veneration of simple beauty. This experience is a kind of illumination which cannot be put into words but which, like all mystical extensions of consciousness, is a sacrament by which the soul is strengthened and nourished.



According to Aristotle the origin of all human knowledge about the substance of divine matters is twofold: the outward phenomena of the sky and the inward phenomena of the soul.



In Reply

A Department of Questions and Answers

STATEMENT OF PROBLEM: Travelers, explorers, and persons who have resided for long periods among primitive people, report numerous instances in which they have seen examples of magic, sorcery, witchcraft, and a wide range of occult phenomena. How is it possible for primitive peoples to produce miracles which cannot be performed or even adequately explained by the trained scientists of civilized nations? And why are miraculous happenings more frequent among these less advanced social groups?

The answers to these questions may be discovered by a comparison of psychological factors. If we contrast the life patterns of the civilized man with those of his untutored fellow creature we learn that the miracle occurs where it is necessary and significant, and ceases to appear when the necessity and significance are no longer valid circumstances.

The prerequisite of a miracle is the acceptance of the miraculous as a factor in daily life. In the civilized community those things necessary to the security of the individual are readily available. The primary concern is the financial means of securing these basic utilities. No man will pray for rain when he knows that his supply of water is assured by an elaborate system of dams, reservoirs, and aqueducts. There is no need

for magic when the turning of a faucet results in an immediate supply of water. Instead of supplicating the ghosts of our ancestors to insure an adequate harvest we alternate crops, develop fertilizer, and educate our farmers in modern methods. Then if the harvest is insufficient in one locality we import or export to meet the emergency. If our community life does not run smoothly it never occurs to us to assume that evil spirits are to blame. We talk glibly about corrupt politics, the capitalistic system, and the misfortunes of the masses, confident that these abstractions explain all the pressing difficulties.

In a civilized community the individual seldom finds himself alone with the forces of nature. He is ever in the presence of his own kind, and substitutes

teamwork for miraculous agencies. If he is sick he goes to a doctor, if in legal difficulties he goes to a lawyer, if in spiritual confusion he seeks a clergyman or a psychologist. He pays generously for what he wants and expects prompt and efficient service. If things go badly there is always someone or something that can be held responsible.

The civilized man's contact with nature is extremely sketchy. He hurls himself along paved boulevards at sixty miles an hour or flies over the scene at three hundred miles an hour. He may picnic at the beach or in the mountains, or hasten out of the city for his week-end ray of sunshine or breath of fresh air. To such mortals a miracle would be definitely confusing, disconcerting, and demoralizing. It would have no place in a well-organized routine. Even if the miraculous were to occur, and there is every indication that it sometimes does, it would be attributed to other causes less difficult to explain.

It is entirely different in primitive society. The untutored aborigine is not master of the situations which surround him. He is dependent upon nature and its providence. To him the succession of the seasons, the migration of birds and animals, the climate and weather, and the bounties of land and sea, are essential to survival. Droughts bring death, floods mean destruction, and he has no defense against the forces which govern universal order; there is no collective security to sustain him if his own ingenuity proves insufficient. Of course there is the tribe, but its state is no better than his own. Circumstances that threaten him are equally dangerous to his village and community.

Constant proximity with a collective unknown develops strong observational faculties. The savage perceives patterns unnoticed or meaningless to the civilized man. These patterns evidence the activities of the life intelligence operating behind the visible and the obvious. A neighbor fails to perform the rites due the village god; the man becomes sick and his crops are a failure. A man steals food set aside for sacred purposes. He also becomes sick and his crops fail. A

hunter gains the assistance of a medicine priest and is given a fetish. He goes forth and returns laden with game. Another hunter, who has no fetish, comes back empty-handed. There is a family quarrel which ends by an uncle cursing his nephew's favorite fruit tree. The tree withers and dies, or the fruit falls unripe. Sickness comes to the village, and the members of a certain medicine society are spared. A flood sweeps away the holdings of a suspected wizard. A young woman's sterility is traced to the jealousy of her rejected suitor, but she becomes fertile after being purified by the tribal ceremonies. The observing savage notes carefully thousands of simple happenings, and his conclusions lead to inevitable convictions.

The citizens of a civilized community would have little opportunity or inclination to examine their affairs with similar thoroughness. Perhaps if they did they would find the same laws operating. This we do know, that those who live badly are unhappy, those of destructive tendencies destroy themselves, and selfishness and corruption result in tragedy and suffering.

Suppose a materialistic modern finds himself hopelessly lost in a jungle, or adrift on the open sea on a tiny raft. For the first time in his life he is in a spot where he cannot lean upon the collective or depend upon his bank account for security. There is only himself, the earth, and the sky. His ego immediately shrinks when he realizes that what he has learned is of no use to him in his present predicament. He is sustained only by the hope that he will be rescued by others of his kind. He then hopes desperately that somewhere there is someone who regards him as important enough to save. The moment civilization falls away materialistic concepts become meaningless. The lost man would cheerfully exchange all of his scientific precepts for one small miracle. As time passes and the situation becomes desperate he turns to prayer. Drained of self-sufficiency, ninety-nine out of a hundred persons will cast themselves upon the mercy of that universal providence which sustains creation. Frequently, when this

complete resignation of self-will to the universal will is sincerely consummated, the miracle happens. How it happens, why it happens, or what happens, may never be completely explained, but something does happen either internally or externally. Sometimes the lost man receives intuitional assistance by being impelled to turn in a certain direction, and there finds the village and the help he needs. Sometimes a rescue party is led by strange means to the very place where the lost man lies exhausted, unable to go farther.

At the moment of the miraculous event everyone involved may be duly impressed, but later in the snug security of the explorer's club the values fade and they wonder if it were all a dream or some delusion conjured up by an extremity. Those who have never wandered far from the shelter of the community plan cannot understand what happened in the distant jungle. But when several oldtimers get together, bronzed, weather-beaten men who have faced danger in far places, there is seldom a scoffer among them. Each will be reminded of things that have happened to him; each has known silence and aloneness, and has felt the power that comes from the earth, and the stars, and perhaps from beyond the stars. These men will talk of witchcraft, sorcery and primitive magic, because they have felt the power of these forces upon themselves. All who engage in hazardous enterprises know that there are patterns in life beyond the understanding of those who have never left the shadows of great cities.

But it is not necessary to be in some Central African jungle in order to experience the loss of the herd security. Our civilization is a system of intricate interdependencies. In spite of this tightly interlocked pattern there are certain emergencies in which the individual finds himself almost completely isolated and thrown entirely upon his own internal resources. In such critical moments miraculous factors are still recognized as exerting a definite force. A sick man, given up as incurable by his physician, suddenly realizes the insufficiency of the

collective intelligence. An aviator flying alone through a storm comes to realize that he is one man against the unknown. All those who have experienced the insecurity of the man-made way of life become acutely aware of the need for a larger concept of universal machinery. It becomes surprisingly easy to believe in banshees when the winter tempest screams in the chimney pots of the isolated log cabin of some French Canadian family. A few weeks spent in a small Croatian or Serbian village undermines the prevailing skepticism about werewolves and vampires. After the voodoo drums have echoed from among the rocks for three days and nights without stopping, the mind is conditioned for a liberal attitude toward the reality of voodoo rites. When this conditioning has taken place, curious events startlingly reminiscent of the miraculous begin to happen. The sophisticated traveler draws upon every resource, mental and moral, to combat the insidious doubts that begin to assail his spirit. In the end he succumbs to the pressure of the patterns about him. He discovers to his chagrin that his realistic attitude is but a thin veneer of acquired opinions. Beneath the surface is a vast capacity and an almost irresistible impulse to believe in the supernatural.

Home again in a nonmiraculous atmosphere where superstitions run to politics and high finance, the wanderer attempts to rationalize his moods. He is likely to conclude that magic and sorcery do exist in some form or other but are limited in their manifestation to savage and untutored tribes and clans.

Sir Francis Younghusband led a British army into Tibet and camped at the foot of the great cliff on which stands the palace of the Grand Lama of Lhasa. One day in his club in London he said to me, "I conquered Tibet, but Tibetan philosophy conquered me." A world of strange beliefs closed in upon this rugged little English soldier who was scarcely the type of man one would select as a ready convert.

Roy Chapman Andrews found sorcery flourishing and working extraordinary

wonders in the great mother desert of Gobi.

In a modernistic penthouse high above the city of New York Talbot Mundy told me of his adventures with a Mongolian shaman who had a disconcerting habit of vanishing into thin air at the slightest provocation.

An old Chinese wonder-worker outside of Mukden once did a rather thorough job of prying into my private life by means of two Chinese coins and a small turtle shell.

During the recent war some young aviators flying the Burma Hump were forced down by trans-Himalayan weather, which is consistently foul, and landed in a small Tibetan village where they had to remain for several weeks. These young men, fresh from twenty years of education in unbelief, saw so many extraordinary and unbelievable things that they were forced to conclude that they were suffering from hallucinations due to the altitude. They had a particularly hard time accustoming themselves to an old priest who walked through the walls of their rooms without bothering to use the door.

An old Peruvian made a magic mirror by coating his thumbnail with black pitch, and announced to his fellow citizens the time and circumstances of the arrival of Pizarro. So the stories go.

The convenient belief that hypnotic suggestion and a semantic assemblage of psychological terms explain all satisfies only those who have never actually been party to the circumstances. The real problem seems to be one of surface and depth. Modern man in his civilized state lives on the surface of his own consciousness. He has accepted the varnish slogan "Save the surface and you save all." To depart from the surface is to relinquish security, so we cling tenaciously to the known, fearing to ascend or descend from this middle register. Biologists now find that most human thinking is done with the surface of the brain, and the inner depths of this vital tissue remain an unexplored potential—a promise of future power.

The surface dweller abides in the sphere of the commonplace. Here all

questions have their answers because it is part of the game that no questions should be asked that have not already been answered. It is also a rule that regardless of the dimensions involved the problem must be solved upon the surface. It is all very neat and snug until the human being discovers a subsurface world beneath his personality.

Take for example the problem of words. Words are surfaces, and their patterns are as fascinating as the forms created by chips of glass in a kaleidoscope. Yet words, for all their elegance and apparent profundity, are extremely shallow. They are little more than chips floating about on the surface of the intellectual world. It is so easy to solve the mystery of God and nature with words. We have answers for everything, and because we have become adroit in the use of words we decide that we are learned.

I once knew a man who solved all metaphysical and supernatural phenomena with the final solemn pronouncement 'preposterous!'. And it was not only the word itself, but the directional inflection. 'Preposterous' became enriched with extensions and implications. Here was scoffing unbelief, a statement of individual emancipation and the assumption of incontestable logic without logic; a proof of thinking without thought, an intimation of limitless erudition with no proof of anything. To ask this gentleman to explain how he arrived at this all-embracing abstraction was to insult his intelligence. He would sputter and fume and verge toward apoplexy, and finally, incapable of enduring longer any criticism about ways or means would sweep away all doubt and uncertainty with one grand verbal gesture, 'preposterous'.

Somewhere beneath the surface of words are the deep, hidden fountains of ideas. The richest and noblest of man's internal contemplations have never been put into words. Those who have words do not always have ideas; those who have ideas may not find suitable words. Thus surface and depth seldom meet. If for one cause or another man penetrates into the depths, or the deep places rise up to

challenge his way of life, there is quite a crisis.

In the depths of man and nature there are strange forces and unexplainable phenomena. There is the magic and sorcery of ancient times. Here is a wonderland of spells and enchantments, of esoteric forces and secret powers. It is generally acknowledged that if such a substratum actually exists it were better to leave it alone. Confronted with extrasensory phenomena the so-called normal personality is corrupted, distorted, and disfigured. The judgment is corroded at its source, the sense of values demoralized, and the individual becomes a victim of phantasy and hallucination. He sickens mentally and drifts about in a vast ocean of doubts and fears. But is this the fault of nature? Is it ordained that the human being remain superficial to the end? Has he no strength or means by which he can face the facts of life without collapsing or verging toward madness?

Perhaps the fault lies in the conceits about which he has built his concepts of learning. If he had trained his faculties of penetration with as much enthusiasm as he has skilled them for the consideration of superficials he might face the unknown with a better hope. If superficial forces can be controlled by man, and evidence in this direction appears irrefutable, then it is unseemly that a highly civilized race should be without any skill in such matters. It is entirely consistent with the claims of higher learning that a great scientific institution should be unable to explain or duplicate the accomplishments of some illiterate person who was the seventh son of a seventh son, born with a veil and gifted with 'the sight'.

Years ago in New York there was a strange little store owned and managed by two Austrian brothers, and bearing their name. *The Martinka Brothers' Shop* was the gathering place of stage conjurers and magicians. The interior of the establishment was reminiscent of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Here on a quiet afternoon Madame Herman might come in to feed her ducks, Howard Thurston or Harry Keller drop

around to argue politics, or Harry Houdini amble over to buy a new passkey for his handcuffs. One afternoon there was quite a discussion among these wizards as to the future of stage and parlor magic. One of the group, now deceased, shook his head sadly: "I think we are about through. Times have changed. Years ago folks loved to be amazed and mystified. Now if they can't explain the trick they are angry and insulted. They seem to feel that the magician is accusing them of stupidity." We have all developed such an exaggerated sense of our own intelligence that the challenge of the unknown irritates rather than stimulates. We would rather deny the reality of the miraculous than admit that we are unequipped to cope with its implications.

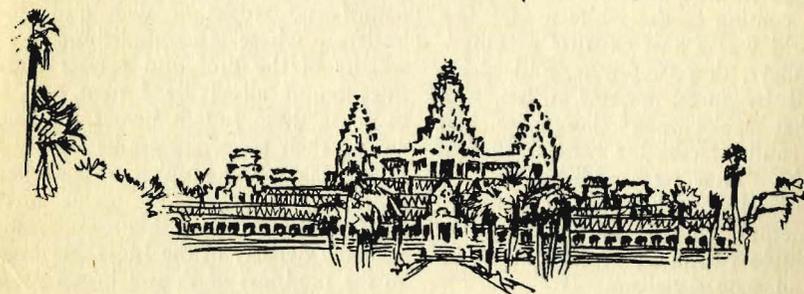
Scarcely a week goes by without the press announcing some strange and unexplainable happening. Rocks rain on a house in Oakland, a poltergeist gets loose in a print shop, or a little girl in the deep south is bounced in bed by capricious forces. The late Charles Fort collected three volumes of well-authenticated accounts of incredible occurrences for which no reasonable explanation is available. These accounts, however, seldom lead to any critical investigation of the circumstances. The deadly silence which follows the announcement that a group of savants is about to examine the phenomena probably indicates that these learned gentlemen were unable to discover any evidence of fraud.

On November 29, 1946 the Rev. H. H. Anton-Stephens, his daughter, his secretary, and an unnamed fourth person all saw a ghostly procession of brown-robed monks moving slowly up the aisle of St. Dunstan's Church in West London. The Church of England clergyman remarked, "We are all truthful folk and it is impossible for four people to suffer from hallucinations at the same time." The newspaper article announced that journalists were going to visit the church the following night to see what they could see. From this point on there was complete silence. Did the newsmen go? Did they see anything, and if so what did they see? According to present trends

in public opinion it is likely that if nothing happened this negative result would have been widely publicized. One way of eliminating the miraculous from civilized life is to ignore anything we cannot understand. Probably there are just as many incidents in the supernatural taking place in London or New York as in Haiti or Tanganyika, only we decline to permit ourselves the luxury of thoughtful consideration of the unusual.

Until recently the scientific attitude has been to expose or ignore psychic phenomena. In the last few years the temper has somewhat changed, but it scarcely can be said that the miracle re-

ceives very hearty welcome where it occurs. In summary, then, we may say that evidence of superphysical forces at work in the routine existence of human beings is to be found among all peoples. In those social systems in which extrasensory forces are accepted as a normal phase of universal energy the miracle is important. If, however, a cultural system develops along purely materialistic lines psychic phenomena is an annoying and disconcerting factor. The only course under such conditions is to reject both the miracle and the premise which justified it lest the *status in quo* be imperiled.



Robert J. Casey in his book *Four Faces of Siva* makes note of an interesting prophecy belonging to the ancient Khmer civilization. In the jungles of Cambodia, a protectorate within French Indo-China, are the ruined cities of a long since vanished culture. Before the builders of the cities deserted them they made a prediction which has been remembered by their descendants. "Our glory will return. Some day there will come from across the sea a man of a new race to take up the thread of our story, to restore our cities, and make Angkor once more the marvel of the world."

On January 22, 1861 the French naturalist Henri Mouhot discovered the temple of Angkor Vat. After his announcement of this discovery other men from across the sea visited the ancient ruins. They restored the cities, took up the thread of the ancient story, and today pilgrims from many lands acknowledge Angkor to be a marvel of the world.

TRUE? YES—NO.

A gem from the Chinese, "A fortune smiles—who doesn't? A fortune doesn't—who does?"

"One kind word will keep you warm all winter."

Chinese proverb



The Great League of the Iroquois

THE modern American way of life is dominated in large measure by the European cultural tradition. Few of our citizens realize that the Western Hemisphere had its own civilizations long before the coming of the white man. The new world was a vast expanse of mountains, valleys, deserts, forests, and plains inhabited by races, nations, tribes, and clans that spoke many languages and dialects, and practiced a variety of arts and crafts. They were addicted to a diversity of religious beliefs and governed by numerous political theories ranging from simple patriarchy to absolute monarchy and state socialism.

The early colonists from Europe justified their program for exterminating the American Indians by branding them savages and heathens, and regarding them as unworthy to inhabit the lands which had belonged to their tribes for thousands of years. To paraphrase an early champion of the Indians: It is usual to depict the red man with a tomahawk in one hand and a scalping knife in the other to infer that they possessed no other than a barbarous nature. With equal justice Christian nations could be represented brandishing swords and pistols, and surrounded by cannon and other instruments of warfare as proper emblems of their employments and their prevailing tastes. It has been said that the general policy of the enlightened conquerors was to fall upon their knees, and then upon the aborigines.

A more discerning age is beginning to realize the importance of the indigenous

cultures that flourished in the Western Hemisphere before the arrival of the Spanish, French, English, and Dutch. A thoughtful consideration of the records available is also bringing to light the names and works of wise and skillful leaders whose accomplishments are worthy of the profound respect and admiration of all civilized men. In time to come these Indian heroes will be accorded their proper places beside the lawgivers, sages, and prophets of Europe and Asia.

In South America Manco Capac created the dynasty of the Incas. He brought to the pre-Incas of Peru a broad program of good laws. Cannibalism and human sacrifice were abolished, and the people were instructed in useful and peaceful pursuits. Great cities were built, and the different parts of the empire were bound together by paved roads, suspension bridges, and massive viaducts. The government was state socialism; every man had his land and his home. The nation was protected against outside encroachments by a well-drilled army, and the internal economy was preserved by well-organized civil authority. The social organization of the Incas of the 13th century A. D. was the most advanced known in the world of its time. When the Spaniards under Pizarro asked the Peruvians how they punished lawbreakers the natives replied that they did not know, as there were no criminals.

In Guatemala, Honduras, and Yucatan a magnificent cultural program unfolded under the guidance of Kukulcan,

the feathered serpent. Long regarded as a mythical character, Kukulcan is at last emerging in his true light as an astute statesman and religious reformer. It is possible that more than one man bore the name, but somewhere in the obscurity resulting from the burning of the Maya libraries by the Spanish padres lurks the shadow form of an organizing genius. His monument is two hundred cities with their ruined palaces, temples, and pyramids. Here, centuries ago, astronomers studied the stars from their high observatories; historians and priests wrote strange books in a wonderfully complicated language that no modern man can read; merchants exchanged their goods; artisans plied their trades; and the common people dwelt together in friendliness and security. The Mayas hold the record for peace among the civilized nations of the world—five hundred years without war.

In Mexico the Aztecs kept the Code of Life and Law that was given to them by Quetzalcoatl, the great teacher of their race. Though not by nature as highly refined as the Mayas or Incas, the Aztecs built a magnificent empire which dazzled the Spaniards under Cortes. Nowhere in Spain was a city so glorious as the banner city of Mexico with its broad streets, massive buildings, and beautiful canals. It was because of Quetzalcoatl that all these good things came to the Valley of Mexico. He taught them to sow and to reap, and he perfected their arts, sciences, religion, and politics. This was the wise man who became a god because all his ways were good.

Manco Capac, Kukulcan, and Quetzalcoatl are names of power, and beneath their strange and unfamiliar sounds is hidden a story of unselfish labor. Each of these men gave his life to the service of human need, and each left behind him a civilization that remained strong while it obeyed his laws and perished when it departed from them. These were prophet-saviors of the Western world, and to them must now be added another name sacred to the nations that lie farther to the north.

In the opening years of the 16th century that vast region of land stretching

from the Hudson to Lake Erie, and from the St. Lawrence to the Susquehanna, was inhabited by five nations of American Indians. These people had no written language but they were linguistically cognate, a circumstance which made possible the formation of a powerful union among them. Shortly before the arrival of the European colonists upon their shores the five nations, later called by the French the Iroquois, bound their tribes together into a league for mutual security and mutual improvement. They called themselves "The People of the Long House," by which they implied that they were one family sheltered by one roof. So remarkable is the story of this league and how it came to be formed that a brief summary of the account will prove useful.

Long, long ago, there lived in the land of the Hurons a pure and beautiful maiden named Djigonsasee. She was born with a veil over her face, a most sacred omen, and the spirits that served the Great Master of Life guarded her tenderly. This lovely girl grew up wise in the mysteries of the inner life and remained a virgin, having no desire to marry.

She was sorely troubled, therefore, when it was revealed to her that she was with child, for she had not known any man. Her mother reproved her for wantonness, but Djigonsasee could only weep and hide her face for she knew in her heart that she had committed no wrong.

Then in the night came a messenger from the worlds beyond the sky, and stood beside the maiden and spoke to her. He told Djigonsasee that a son would be born to her, and he would grow up to be a prophet among men, and he would raise up a Tree of Peace that would bring comfort and happiness to the nations.

Soon, thereafter, Djigonsasee's mother was awakened from sleep by the coming of a strange man of noble appearance. He rebuked her for doubting her daughter's purity, telling the frightened woman that the lodge was blessed for a virgin was to give birth to a man-child, and his name should be Deganawida.

In the fullness of time the baby was born and the young mother loved him devotedly, but the grandmother was turned against him by the gossip of the women of the village. There was a prophesy that this child was destined to destroy the power and glory of the Hurons. Three times the grandmother attempted to kill the infant. She cut holes in the ice of the nearby stream and tried to drown the baby, but each time when she returned to the lodge the little boy had been restored, miraculously, to his mother's arms. At last, convinced that the child was under divine protection, the grandmother repented of her evil intentions and loved the boy dearly.

As young Deganawida grew up he was so strong and handsome and of such superior attainments that the mothers of the Hurons hated him, through envy, because he was more comely than their own sons. But he endured all their persecutions with silence and dignity for he had great strength within himself.

When Deganawida reached manhood it was evident to all that he was destined to become a priestly teacher of his people. The *orenda*, (the magic power of the spirits) was strong in him and he could work miracles, and the elements obeyed him. He went out alone into the forest to hear the voices, and he was wise in the ways of the sky world.

At last the day came when the voices of the old ones who spoke in his heart called him to his ministry. He knew the work for which he had come into birth, and after comforting his mother he set forth in the direction of the south, a lonely wanderer in the wilderness. In his mother's lodge he left the skin of an otter hung head downward from a corner beam, telling her that if death came to him the skin would bleed.

Wherever Deganawida went he told the people that he was born of a virgin mother and that no other man should ever bear his name. He further told them that he was sent by the Great Spirit, the Sky Father who created all things, to establish the good law among his children. The nations must unite in a League of Peace and live together in brotherhood and friendship. Only when

strife among men came to an end would the Great Spirit bless his children with happiness and security.

It was while dwelling among the Onondagas that the prophet resolved to formulate the laws of the Great Confederation of the People of the Long House. He retired to a secret place and gave himself over to prayer, fasting, and meditation. And the voices spoke again, and the Sky Father revealed to his son the three double rules of the wise government.

At that time the wizard chieftain Atotarho was ruler over the Onondagas. He was feared by all the people of the tribe, and it is said that because of the evil thoughts that filled his mind writhing serpents grew from his head in the place of hair. Deganawida went to the wizard, and unmoved by his terrible appearance explained to him the plan for the League of the Five Nations, and besought his help. But Atotarho, because of the wickedness in his heart, reviled the prophet and worked spells against him, and refused to obey the will of the Great Spirit.

Discouraged by the evil in men's natures Deganawida journeyed back to the lodge of his mother, seeking counsel and guidance. He told her of his mission and all that had befallen him, and because she was wise she understood his words and encouraged him to continue his ministry. Deganawida then said that he needed someone to help him as the task was more than one man could accomplish. His mother possessed the gift of inner knowing, so she advised her son to seek a man who ate human flesh, and through the help of this man the League would be accomplished. She also promised that when the Grand Council was called she would come and take part in the deliberations.

In the forest dwelt a man of such crude and vulgar ways that no village would allow him to build his lodge among them. This outcast lived alone with his unhappy thoughts, brooding and miserable, and his food was human flesh which he boiled in a pot over an open fire. This cannibal, by the will of the spirits, received the message of Deganawida, the maker of peace. He listened

to the words of the noble stranger who stood before him, and they entered into his heart and he knew that they were good.

Deganawida, as he conversed with the eater of human flesh, realized that this was the one who was to be his helper. The prophet discovered that the cannibal was gifted in many ways, especially in speech, and that a truly noble spirit lay asleep within his breast. So he gave the outcast a new name, calling him Hiawatha. This Hiawatha renounced all his savage ways and gave up the eating of human flesh. He dedicated his life to the service of the good law that was to bring about everlasting peace among the nations, and in the course of time he was honored as one of the wisest and most virtuous of the statesmen-priests of the Iroquois.

Deganawida and Hiawatha traveled together among the tribes of the Five Nations, everywhere teaching the good law and having many adventures. Because Deganawida was slow of speech Hiawatha appeared most often before the councils of the chiefs and explained the doctrines of his master. So eloquent were his words that many of the head men were converted to the plan for the League. Only the Onondagas remained aloof, for they followed the will of the wizard war chieftain Atotarho.

Finally Deganawida and his mother Djigonsasee, Hiawatha, and their disciples from the other four nations, went to the lodge of Atotarho and sang songs of power to bring comfort and peace to the heart of the old war chief. They sang outside the door of his lodge, and so powerful was the *orenda*, the spiritual magic of the chants, that Atotarho felt a new goodness emerge from within himself. His face took on a gentle expression, the serpents fell from his head, and all his crooked parts were straightened. In this way the evil magician was brought back to the love of the Great Spirit, and all the wickedness departed from him. He came forth from his lodge and stood among the chanters restored to the full nobility of his manhood, and he was elected to the highest place in the Grand Council. Thus the League of the

Five Nations came to be formed among the Iroquois.

Although most Indian records of old times have been embellished by the myth-makers and enlarged by generations of storytellers, Deganawida's place in the history of the Iroquois Nation is now thoroughly established. This great statesman, prophet, and lawgiver of the Amerinds was born in the region surrounding what is now Kingston, Ontario, Canada, about the year A. D. 1525. An immaculate conception was claimed for him, but the traditions also record that he was one of seven brothers. He was born in the country of the Hurons, probably a member of that nation by blood. Later, however, he became an Iroquois by the rituals of adoption. He was described as possessing a variety of magical powers by the use of which he was able to overcome the evil spells and enchantments wrought against him by the jealous medicine priests and sorcerers. Because of the miracles he was able to perform this great peacemaker was elevated gradually to the estate of a demigod in the memory of the Amerindic nations that he served so well.

When reduced to their factual content the legends which have grown up about the person of Deganawida reveal the tireless struggle of an inspired leader opposed on every hand by the isolationists of his day. He realized the importance of united action in the face of common problems, and he framed a constitution of laws and rules which would guarantee the security of the Iroquois. It is possible that he gained part of his inspiration from the earlier confederation which had been set up among the Hurons. He was not an hereditary chieftain but belonged to the class of the merit chiefs; therefore he could forbid the election of a successor. Nothing is known of his later life or the circumstances of his death. It is not impossible that he met a tragic end, the common fate of inspired teachers. Having formulated the Code of the Five Nations he disappeared entirely from the records, and his work was carried on by his faithful disciple Hiawatha.

There was an hereditary chieftainship in the Tortoise Clan of the Mohawk tribe carrying the name and title Hiawatha. The first to bear this name was the celebrated reformer, statesman, and magician who assisted Deganawida in the organization of the Confederation of the Iroquois. Hiawatha was present at the first Grand Council of the Five Nations, which took place about 1575. At the time he was a man of advanced years.

Longfellow's beautiful poem *The Song of Hiawatha* has made the name of this great Indian a familiar word. It is most unfortunate that the poem does not contain a single fact that is correct historically. Longfellow derived his inspiration, and most of the incidents which he used, from the writings of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft. Although a scholar of ability Schoolcraft was not sufficiently versed in the Indian dialects, which accounts for a number of errors. He also made the mistake of confusing the Mohawk legislator Hiawatha with the Ojibwa deity Manabozho. It is possible that Schoolcraft, influenced by the legends told to him by General William Clark, believed that the two streams of tradition had a common origin, but this is now proved to be untrue.

Even the Iroquois legends about Hiawatha have been confused with myths belonging to the gods of the several nations from the League. This explains many of the supernatural episodes associated with Hiawatha's life. He began his program of reforms among the Onondagas, but without success, and it is believed that the sorcerers of that tribe caused the death of the prophet's only daughter. The Oneidas received his message with sympathy and understanding. They agreed willingly to the plan for the League on the condition that the Mohawks would do the same.

There is a chance that a few of Schoolcraft's references may relate to the historical Hiawatha, for example, the description of the meeting between the great reformer and the chieftains of the Five Nations on the shores of Lake Onondaga. On that occasion Hiawatha appeared as a venerable man of quiet and dignified deportment. He was dressed in a simple

robe of wolfskins, and wore no ornaments. After taking his place of honor at the council he sat in silence among the leaders until they had finished their deliberations. Then he arose and addressed the assembly, in part as follows:

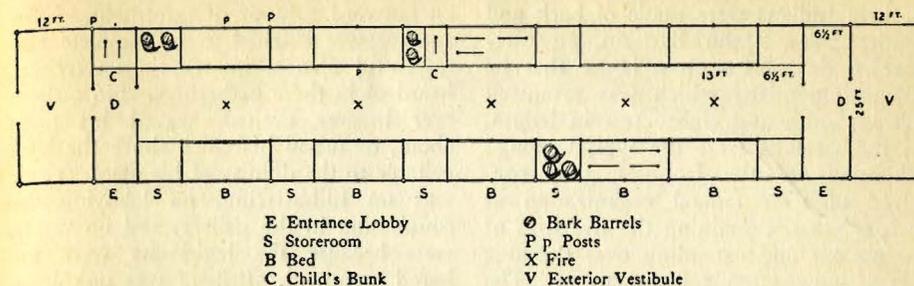
"Brothers, if we unite in this great bond, the Great Spirit will smile upon us, and we shall be free, prosperous, and happy. But if we remain as we are, we shall be subject to his frown. We shall be enslaved, ruined, perhaps annihilated. We may perish under the war-storm, and our names be no longer remembered by good men, nor be repeated in the dance and song. Brothers, these are the words of Hiawatha. I have said it. I am done."

The League of the Five Nations was formed by the union of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, and Senecas. Later, between 1712 and 1715, the Tuscaroras were admitted into the Confederation, which was known thereafter as the League of the Six Nations. At the beginning of the Confederation fifty sachemships were created. All the sachems had equal authority. Nine were from the Mohawks, nine from the Oneidas, fourteen from the Onondagas, ten from the Cayugas, and eight from the Senecas. Unlike modern political representatives these sachems were not expected to advance the fortunes of their respective tribes. In general council it was the duty of each to consider only the good of the whole.

The first council fire of the Iroquois League was kindled on the north shore of the Onondaga in 1575. The tribes referred to this fire as the "always burning," and it was an appropriate symbol for an enduring Confederation maintained by wisdom and protected by the strength of all the nations.

The councils of the League were of three kinds. There was the Civil Council which dealt with foreign relations; the Mourning Council devoted to the rites performed in connection with the death of a sachem or the elevation of a worthy brave to the rank of chief; and the Religious Council, brought together in connection with the observances of worship. There was no war department

FIVE-FIRE LONG HOUSE, AFTER LAFITAU'S DESCRIPTION



The single interior line shows the upper shelf running the whole length of the house proper. The second line shows the lower shelf used as a bed. The unit of measurement is the length required for a sleeping man, 6 feet or a trifle more.

IROQUOIS LONG HOUSE

(From *The League of the Iroquois* by Lewis H. Morgan)

in the original structure of the League, but the nations were permitted to protect their boundaries when emergency arose. If unable to preserve their rights they were entitled to assistance from the other tribes forming the league. It is stated by one author that the Iroquois Confederation gave the founding fathers of the American Republic the inspiration for their motto, *e pluribus unum*.

In her book *The Indian as Peacemaker* Mabel Powers pays a wonderful tribute to the Iroquois League. She writes: "Students of government have conceded that the Iroquois achieved a social and political organism that has never been equalled or surpassed in its working value for the needs of the people of that time and *within the League*. One historian comments: 'Their practical wisdom enabled them to frame a perfect representative federal republic which a trial during a period longer than the existence of our own government has proved to have been as efficient in practice as it was perfect in theory. Other republics—including our own, have drawn much from its principles of justice, equality, and brotherhood.' University students are today studying the Code of the Iroquois as a model of government for it was in truth 'a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.' Both history and tradition have united to prove that Deganawida was a prophet and statesman of

rare insight and power, the Master Mind of the Stone Age. 'He is,' says Mr. Hewitt, 'one of the supreme figures to have arisen in the western world *deservingly ranking* beside Washington and Lincoln.'"

The dialects of the nations forming the League were quite similar, and the representatives of the several tribes had no difficulty in understanding the various speakers at a council meeting. The Indians themselves regarded the Onondaga tongue as the most refined and majestic, and the Oneida as the most musical. The Senecas and the Cayugas could talk all day without closing their lips. There were no oaths in the Iroquois language, and the Indian had to learn either French or English before he could indulge in profanity.

Verbal evasion was almost impossible for the tribes of this old dialectic group. There was no provision for those who spoke with a "forked tongue," that is, said one thing and meant the contrary. Conversation was enriched by extravagant use of metaphors. When a chief finished a speech which might lead to a general discussion he would say "The doors are now open" and then calmly seat himself. The Iroquois always referred to themselves as the "real people" and if alluding to white persons invariably said "our younger brethren."

It was their natural love of metaphors that led to the selecting of the name *The*

People of the Long House to signify the Iroquois Confederation. The dwellings of these Indians were made of bark and slender poles. John Bartram, an early traveler, describes such a house that he saw at Onondaga which was seventeen feet in width and eighty feet in length. As these cabins were the typical "long" habitations of the Iroquois, they conceived of their federal organization as such a house, containing the five fires of the nations and extending over the area that is now often referred to as "The Warrior's Path" which ran from the Great Lakes to the Cumberland Gap. It is interesting to note that for more than one hundred and fifty years the League had no house of its own in any of the tribes. The lodge of the keeper of the fire was always the official place of council. It was not until the 18th century that special buildings were set aside for the business of the League.

When the sachems gathered it was with profound respect for the dignity and significance of the occasion. The *Handbook of American Indians*, published by the Smithsonian Institution, contains the following summary of the order of procedure: "Around the Great Council Fire of the League of the Iroquois at Onondaga, with punctilious observance of the parliamentary proprieties recognized in Indian diplomacy and statecraft, and with a decorum that would add grace to many of the legislative assemblies of the white man, the federal senators of the Iroquois tribes devised plans, formulated policies, and defined principles of government and political action which not only strengthened their state and promoted their common welfare, but also deeply affected the contemporary history of the whites in North America. To this body of half-clad federal chieftains were repeatedly made overtures of peace and friendship by two of the most powerful kingdoms of Europe, whose statesmen often awaited with apprehension the decision of this senate of North American savages."

It seems hardly appropriate to refer to these enlightened sachems as savages. Perhaps they were untutored, but if we measure character in terms of integrity

and courtesy they were not uncivilized. In the Great Councils there was never an outward sign of disagreement. Each speaker was listened to in complete and respectful silence—interruptions were unheard of in these gatherings. No sachem ever became excited, waved his arms about, or raised his voice above the level suitable to the dignity of his office. There was no filibustering, no lobbying, no commotion in the gallery, and no vacant seats because the legislators were too bored to attend. Bribery was unknown, and party politics is a game that the old sachems never learned to play. With the simple directness of the "savage" mind they came to the conclusion that corruption in government destroyed not only the governed but also the governing.

A Christian missionary once addressed an Indian council in an effort to convert the chiefs to his faith. All listened without moving or making the slightest sign until the clergyman had finished. Then one of the old chieftains rose to his feet and very quietly began to tell the minister the religious beliefs and convictions of the tribe. After a few minutes the missionary strode out of the circle in a fury. The old chief remarked gently: "We listened to your words because that is the polite and proper thing to do when a man speaks of his God. But you have not the good manners to listen to our words when we also speak of sacred things. Why should we accept your faith if it does not make you at least courteous?"

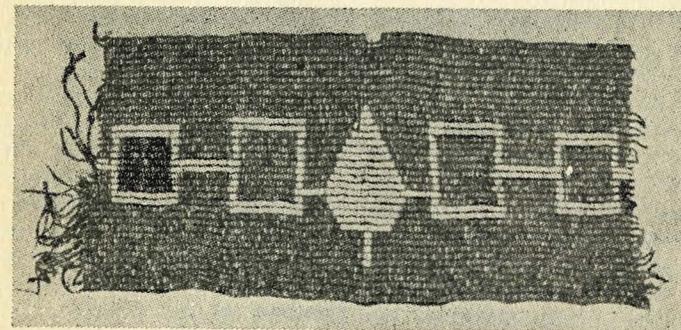
The official symbol of the League was the wampum belt. Some of the old belts have been preserved. The beadwork designs usually depict a row of human figures holding hands. This represents the sentiments of the Code. If messengers had to pass from village to village spreading news or calling together a council they carried the wampum belt as proof that they spoke for the League.

The calumet, or pipe of peace, was a mysterious symbol accorded almost universal respect among the Amerindic nations. It played an important part in the rituals of the League. It was a flag of truce and a pledge of amity. Because of its religious significance no Indian would

think of breaking a promise or violating a pact that had been made upon the pipe. In fact, the simple word of a warrior was never broken unless the person to whom it was given performed a treacherous or dishonorable action. As the bowl of the pipe was an altar for the burning of the sacrificial tobacco, all promises made upon it were held to be sacred before the gods. Under *calumet* in the *Handbook of American Indians* already quoted, there is a lengthy description of the pipe and its uses. The following extract is indicative: "The calumet was employed by ambassadors and trav-

cumference, about fifteen miles from the present site of the City of Rochester. In four villages he destroyed more than one million bushels of corn and great quantities of other foodstuffs. The Indians had learned already that good government brought with it material prosperity.

Herbert Ravenel Sass, in his book *Hear Me, My Chiefs!* ponders an intriguing problem: "What would have happened," one ethnologist has asked, "if Columbus' ships had turned back, if no other adventurous sailor had found the New World, and if the Indians could have had these last five hundred years to



HIAWATHA'S LEAGUE BELT

From *The Indian as Peacemaker* by Mabel Powers

clers as a passport; it was used in ceremonies designed to conciliate foreign and hostile nations and to conclude lasting peace; to ratify the alliance of friendly tribes; to secure favorable weather for journeys; to bring needed rain; and to attest contracts and treaties which could not be violated without incurring the wrath of the gods."

It has been suggested that had the invasions of the Europeans been deferred a century longer they might have found a state of civilization in New York as advanced as the Spaniards found among the Aztecs of Mexico. Certainly there is abundant evidence that the nations of the League, relieved of intertribal wars and internal strife, were making important improvements in their modes of life. De Monville, who commanded an expedition sent by the French against the Iroquois in 1607, described an Indian fort that was eight hundred paces in cir-

shape the continent's destiny? Would the powerful Iroquois Confederation have continued to conquer and weld together tribe after tribe until there was an Indian United States? Conceivably, that might have happened."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE LEAGUE

The outstanding authority on the subject of the Iroquois League and related matters is John N. B. Hewitt of the Smithsonian Institution. His various articles appear in the bulletins of the Bureau of American Ethnology, the Smithsonian Reports, and other learned journals. Mr. Hewitt devoted more than forty years to the study of the history, tradition, philosophy, and religion of the Iroquois tribes, and he is quoted or referred to by nearly every writer who has touched upon the culture of this people.

In his essay *Some Esoteric Aspects of the League of the Iroquois* Mr. Hewitt lists the rules of good government formulated by the founders of the Confederation. These are the three great "double" doctrines or principles, each of which is stated in two parts.

The doctrines "were and are expressed by three notable Onondaga dialectic terms, namely, (1) *Ne'Sken no*, meaning first, health of mind and body, and second, peace among men and women as individuals and among organized bodies or groups of persons; (2) *Ne Gai'i hwiio*, meaning first, righteousness of conduct, its advocacy in thought and speech, and second, equity or 'justice' in the adjustment of right and obligations; and (3) *Ne' Gas hasde'sa*, meaning first, physical strength or power, as military power or civil authority, and second, the orenda, or magic power, of the people, or of their institutions. Six principles in all.

"The constructive results of the control and guidance of human conduct in the private, the public, and the foreign relations of the peoples so confederated, by the six principles mentioned above, are the establishment and the conservation of what is reverently called the Great Commonwealth—the Great Law of Equity and Righteousness and Well-being of man. It is thus seen that the mental outlook and grasp of these prophet-statesmen and stateswomen of the Iroquois looked beyond the constrained limits of tribal boundaries to a vast sisterhood of all the tribes of men dwelling in harmony and happiness."

By applying these six principles to the circumstances of tribal life, personal and collective conduct were regulated and a number of detrimental policies and practices were corrected. Blood feuds, which had wasted the strength of many clans and families, early received the attention of the councils. The value of a human life was fixed in terms of strings of wampum, and the life of a woman was valued at twice that of a man. As the supply of wampum was limited the penalty was heavier than might at first be imagined. Manslaughter was carefully distinguished from murder, and the eating of human flesh was forbidden by law.

The social structure of the Iroquois was matriarchal. All lands and houses belonged solely to the women. The chiefs were selected, elected, and maintained in office only with the consent of the matrons of the group. Although they had such an important place in the political life of their tribes there is no record that the women ever attempted to exploit their authority or usurp the prerogatives of the men. They sat in the councils, or sent representatives, and frequently were consulted in matters requiring unusual wisdom or experience, but they retained their womanly graces, having no inclination to embark on careers outside of the home. Descent was traced through the woman's side of the family.

The political form of the league was an extension of a traditional pattern already functioning within the separate tribes. The basic unit of Amerindic society was the *brood family*, composed of "the progeny of a woman and her female descendants, counting through the female line only." A typical clan consisted of several brood families, each headed by its oldest woman. It was the right of the women of the clan to elect a chief and a subchief. The League clearly delineated the privileges of the clans under a series of articles.

Each of the Five (later Six) Nations of the Iroquois League was made up of from three to fourteen clans, bound together physically and metaphysically into a body politic, social and spiritual. The next logical step was the intertribal union. To accomplish this each tribe sacrificed a part of its own autonomy. By this voluntary relinquishment of separate sovereignty for the sake of collective security the league was made possible. It is said that Woodrow Wilson was inspired in the designing of his League of Nations by the Iroquois Confederation. What Wilson failed to realize was that the American Indian tribes possessed one simple virtue missing from the political psychology of the so-called civilized nations. That simple virtue was integrity; because of it the Iroquois League succeeded; for lack of it the Wilsonian League failed. And the deficiency not

having been remedied the present United Nations Organization is in desperate straits.

Modern critics may point out that the Amerindic Confederation was composed of unlettered aborigines, and the issues involved were in no way comparable to the difficulties confronting the peacemaker of today. This is faulty reasoning, for the measure of an accomplishment must be estimated in terms of time, place, and condition. If our problem is greater, so are the advantages which we bring to the solution. The fact is that the nations of today are not interested in collective security if it means the curtailment of ambitions, the sacrifices of any degrees of sovereignty, or the restriction of cherished programs of expansion and exploitation. Unlike the Indian, we are not sufficiently convinced of the advantages of peace to be willing to give up the national privilege of making war.

In 1684 the French governor of Canada raised an army of 1,700 men to crush the League of the Five Nations because the Iroquois were interfering with the French traders. The Senecas defended their course of action on the grounds that the French were selling arms and ammunition to the enemies of the Confederation. In the midst of the governor's "mighty preparations" a serious epidemic broke out among his soldiers and he was forced to give up the expedition.

Governor de la Barre then decided to cross Lake Ontario and attempt to bluff the Indian chiefs with threats of war. The principal representative of the Five Nations at this council was the wise old Onondaga chieftain Grangula. After listening patiently to the blustering of the governor the chief remarked quietly that the Iroquois would trade with the French or English as they chose, and would continue to regard as enemies all traders who ran guns through their territory to supply the Miami, Illinois, Shawnee and other tribes which were attacking the boundaries of the League.

Grangula's speech on this occasion was a masterpiece and would have done credit to a Roman senator. He reminded M. de la Barre that the French

would already be invading the domains of the Five Nations had not sickness made the undertaking impossible. He also pointed out that the tribes of the League had buried the hatchet at Cadarackui in the presence of the previous French governor. In the fort at that place they had planted the Tree of Peace. It was understood at that ceremony that the fort should be a gathering place for peaceful merchants and traders.

"Take care of the future", warned Grangula, "that so great a number of soldiers as appear there do not choke the Tree of Peace planted in so small a fort. It would be a great loss, if, after it had so easily taken root, you should stop its growth, and prevent it covering your country and ours with its branches." The chief assured the governor, in the name of the Five Nations, that the spirit and letter of the treaty would be preserved unless the French or English endeavored to invade the country which the Great Spirit had given to his ancestors. Grangula then presented two belts of wampum, the first as testimony to his words, and the second to prove that he spoke with the authority of the Five Nations.

The French governor, fully aware that he was no match for the old chieftain, retired from the test of diplomatic skill with as much dignity as he could muster. He hastened back to Montreal to meditate upon the inglorious outcome of his well-laid plans. Grangula was a perfect host to the last. He treated the French with the utmost courtesy, feasted them with the best that his country could afford, and wished them Godspeed on their journey home.

The Tree of Peace mentioned by Grangula was an important symbol in the political metaphysics of the Iroquois League. Hewitt gives an inspired description of this tree. "In eulogizing their completed labors the founders of the League represented and described it as a Great Human Tree of Flesh and Blood, noted for size and length of leaf, which was also represented as being set up on a great white mat, that is to say, on a broad foundation of peace, and whose top pierced the visible sky; it was

conceived as having four great white roots composed of living men and women, extending respectively eastward, southward, westward, and northward, among the tribes of men who were urgently invited to unite with the League by laying their heads on the great white root nearest to them. It was further declared that should some enemy of this great tree of flesh and blood approach it and should drive his hatchet into one of its roots, blood indeed would flow from the wound, but it was said further that this strange tree through its orenda would cause the assailant to vomit blood before he could escape very far. In certain laws the Federal Chiefs are denominated standing trees, who as essential components of the Great Tree of the League are absorbed in it, symbolically, and who are thus said to have one head, one heart, one mind, one blood, and one dish of food." See *Some Esoteric Aspects of the League of the Iroquois*.

Trees play an important part in the symbolism of most ancient races. The cabalistic trees that grew in the Garden of Eden, the celebrated cedars of Lebanon, and the tree of Revelation that grew twelve manner of fruit, are familiar to all students of the Bible. These trees are not to be taken literally, as may be inferred from the thoughtful reading of Ezekiel, for the prophet said; "Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon." The *Koran* describes the mystical tree Ababal, the father tree that sends out new leaves and branches each time the phoenix is reborn. Ancient Babylonian cylinders are inscribed with the form of the sacred tree having seven buds or flowers, and the world of the Norsemen was supported in the branches of the great tree Yggdrasill. It is only natural, therefore, that this symbol of generation, growth, organization, and the power of heroes, so deeply rooted in the human subconscious, should find its way into the cosmogony and sociology of the American Indians.

The Mohawks believed in a heavenly tree covered with radiant blossoms that lighted the inhabitants of the sky world. Another tribe held the opinion that the Heavenly Sweat Lodge was made of cel-

estial oak trees bound together with garlands of flowers. Still another group regarded the Milky Way as the trunk of a divine tree. Many of the southwestern Indians explain the genesis of their tribes with legends about plants that grew by magic. Men lived first in an underworld from which they emerged on reeds, sunflowers, or cornstalks. Often these plants saved the first human beings from destruction by flood. Charles Fletcher Lummis says that medicine priests of the Navaho are able to grow corn miraculously, in the same way that the East Indian magicians grow the Mango tree. Traditional use of the tree in their mythology and legendry supplied the Iroquois with a fitting symbol for their League—a Tree of Peace grown by the magic of wisdom and the rites.

In the mystical philosophy of the Five Nations, the League was not simply a political structure; it was a living creature conjured into existence by the spiritual will of the people. Though in itself formless, it had parts and members; though invisible, it had character, disposition, and temperament. It was the collective, heroic overself within which the individual lived and moved and had his being. This gigantic androgyne was nourished by the virtues of the men and women who composed its body. It had one mind made up of all the minds of the tribes, one heart, the sum of all hearts, and one strength, the strength of all who toiled together for the common good. Each warrior dwelt within the League, and by a magical circumstance the spirit of the League had its abode in each of the warriors. The League was a spirit, and no matter how far a tribesman might journey from his home, or how wild and strange the land, the spirit of the Code was beside him and within him, guiding his conduct.

The principal strongholds of the Confederation were not the fortified villages, but the minds of the sachems of the tribes. Peace, security, and happiness begin in the mind. If the Code of Righteousness is firmly established in the thoughts of men justice will not fail in the world. The Code begins with the individual, the primary unit of society.

No nation can be better than its people, and it is the duty of the citizen to his state to preserve the health of his mind. Selfishness, pride, envy, greed, hate, and anger are forms of sickness, and if permitted to spread these evils finally will corrupt the whole nation. The bonds that hold tribes and states together are no stronger than the personal ties of home, friendship, and faith, by which the private citizens are united. As long as various groups making up a society are in competitive relationships with each other and are striving to succeed at the expense of one another there is little hope for understanding between nations. Absolute honesty is the sure foundation of security and peace. A man's word must never be broken, and he must not, under any provocation, perform an action detrimental to the common good.

The union of the nations must first be discovered as an inner experience of the soul. One should go out into the night and listen to the voices that reveal the ways of the Great Spirit. Brotherhood is found by an extension of consciousness; it cannot be taught by words alone, nor can legislators decree that men shall know this blessed state. The strength of union is something added to the strength of the individual. By some magic of nature each gains for himself by giving something of himself. The good of all accomplishes the ultimate good of each. But this union cannot be defended merely by words; it is founded in deeds. If men are selfish or greedy in their dealings with each other the power of united effort fades away like mists at the rising of the sun. Then each man is weak and alone, and must struggle on as best he can.

The League was the father-mother, kept strong by the ceremonies, chants, and songs. Noble thoughts are things alive with mystic strength, and the words of ritual have a deathless power within them. Man is short-lived, but his glorious deeds continue after him. The roots of the Tree of Peace are nourished by the wisdom of the sages of old times, and by the heroes whose deeds are part of the Great Memory.

According to the Indian life-way the old rites must never be forgotten; the old

dreams must never fade. Traditions must go on from generation to generation. Whoever receives the stories and legends into his heart shares in the mysterious, timeless life of the oversoul. When men gather about the fire in the long evening let them tell of the great peacemakers, so that the young will come to love and admire nobility of character; let there be reference to the prophets, and the sages, and those who were great of vision, so that the children will know that wisdom is something much to be desired. In this way the life of good things grows strong, and the Tree of Peace will spread its branches over all the world.

The organic unity of the tribes was also the source of fertility. The union of the two female and three male nations of the League was procreative in every department of human life. If for any reason the sexual balance of the composite tribal androgyne was disturbed a condition of sterility was certain to result. At the slightest sign of disunity ceremonies were performed to restore the "health" of the Confederation entity. The sickness of division would affect first the subtle and abstract bonds which held the tribes. Should the balance not be restored immediately all the social institutions would collapse, and finally the nations themselves would become extinct.

The entity concept of the Iroquois League had some point of similarity to the racial, national, and community deities worshiped by the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, but there were certain significant differences. For example, the gods venerated in the old world accepted the offerings of their peoples and rewarded or punished according to mood and pleasure. These gods were creators of men, but the League spirit was a divine being *created by men, preserved by men, and doomed to die if men failed*.

Even more remarkable was the Indian concept of inclusiveness. Most of the old gods of Europe and the Near East were molded in a pattern of exclusiveness. Each political, racial, and social group had its own peculiar deities, and when nations fought upon the earth their gods battled in the sky above. The

Iroquois League entity grew in stature as new tribes joined the Confederation. They were all its children, and it could include the whole world within its protecting consciousness. Strangely enough, the League spirit never was actually theologized. New tribes coming in were not expected to change their religious beliefs or conform to the cults of dominant member nations. The religions, customs, and traditions of each group were sincerely respected by the other groups. In the Iroquois Confederation there was real religious tolerance such as European civilization has never known.

Herbert Ravenel Sass pays the following tribute to the Iroquois Code: "The astonishing thing about it was its purpose. 'The underlying motive,' says J. N. B. Hewitt of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 'was to secure universal peace and welfare among men by the recognition and enforcement of the forms of civil government.' To this great end Hiawatha planned with extraordinary wisdom, and the system which he devised is described by D. G. Brinton, a foremost authority on Indian history, as 'one of the most far-sighted, and in its aim beneficent, which any statesman has ever devised for man.' It was to be, says Horatio Hale in his study of the Iroquois, 'not a loose and transitory league, but a permanent government. While each nation was to retain its own council and management of local affairs, the general control was to be lodged in a federal senate composed of representatives to be elected by each nation... Still further, and more remarkable, the federation was not to be a limited one. It was to be indefinitely expandable. The avowed design of its purpose was to abolish war altogether'". See *Hear Me, My Chiefs!*

It is now widely believed that the Iroquois League would have succeeded in most of its aims and purposes had it not been for the arrival of a steady stream of European neurotics. These colonists, themselves the victims of centuries of benighted conditioning, had little appreciation for the basic virtues of Indian character. Gradually the Iroquois nations were forced into the very predica-

ment they were trying so desperately to avoid—a state of war.

The councils made treaty after treaty with the early settlers, but in most instances—the Quakers were a happy exception—the treaties were broken by the whites the moment they could gain an advantage by so-doing. If the Indians tried to defend their homes or their lands they were called savages. The members of peaceful tribes were sold into slavery, their villages were attacked and destroyed without warning or provocation, their messengers tortured while traveling under a flag of truce, and their women and children murdered and dishonored.

Although the wiser heads counseled peace, the warriors could not be held in check indefinitely. There were no courts of appeal where the problems could be arbitrated. Indians were not permitted any redress under white law. They offered to present their complaints to a properly assembled body, but even this was flatly refused. To many of the settlers the Indian had no more rights than a wild animal. So at last the tribes took the warrior's path and the nations faded away, one by one. Thus the Iroquois League of Peace met the fate of every organization that has been formed so far in the world to end the horror of war. Treaties are scraps of paper, codes are meaningless and worthless, and world courts are empty names whenever ruthless nations believe that they are strong enough to break the peace and extend their sphere of dominion over weaker peoples. The elder statesmen of the Iroquois Nations did not fail, but a world of civilized and selfish states failed to keep faith with a dream that was beyond their comprehension.

THE ORENDA

Of the six fundamental doctrines of the League of the Iroquois, that which relates to the orenda is the most difficult to properly describe. Before attempting to discuss this curious term it will be profitable to define the word itself, as it does not appear in most English dictionaries. The *Forty-Third Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology,*

article, *Iroquoian Cosmology*, p. 608, gives the following explanation of the word:

"Orenda. The Iroquois name of the fictive force, principle, or magic power which was assumed by the inchoate reasoning of primitive man to be inherent in every body and being of nature and in every personified attribute, property, or activity, belonging to each of these and conceived to be the active cause or force, or dynamic energy, involved in every operation or phenomenon of nature, in any manner affecting or controlling the welfare of man. This hypothetic principle was conceived to be immaterial, occult, impersonal, mysterious in mode of action, limited in function and efficiency, and not at all omnipotent, local and not omnipresent, and ever embodied or immanent in some object, although it was believed that it could be transferred, attracted, acquired, increased, suppressed, or enthralled by the orenda of occult ritualistic formulas endowed with more potency."

The definition given in the *Handbook of American Indians* edited by Frederick Webb Hodge is identical with the above except that words of parallel meaning from other Indian languages are included. The reader is warned that "Those who interpret these terms as denotive simply of what is expressed by the English words 'mystery', 'immortal', 'magic', 'sorcery', or 'wonderful', fail to appreciate the true nature and functions of the assumed power denoted by these terms as conceived by the Indians who devised these terms."

In his *Foreword* to Frank Hamilton Cushing's *Zuni Folk Tales*, Major J. W. Powell, Director of the Smithsonian Institution, gives a brief description of orenda. "The theatre of the world," he writes, "is a theatre of necromancy, and the gods are the primeval wonderworkers; the gods still live, but their descendants often die. Death itself is the result of necromancy practiced by bad men or angry gods. In every Amerindian language there is a term to express this magical power. Among the Iroquoian tribes it is called *orenda*; among the Siouan tribes some manifestations of it are called *wakan* or *wakanda*, but the

generic term in this language is *hube*. Among the Shoshonean tribes it is called *pokuni*. Let us borrow one of these terms and call it 'orenda.' All unexplained phenomena are attributed to orenda. Thus the venom of the serpent is orenda, and this orenda can pass from a serpent to an arrow by another exercise of orenda, and hence the arrow is charmed... The bird that sings is universally held by tribal men to be exercising its orenda. And when human beings sing they also exercise orenda; hence song is a universal accompaniment of Amerindian worship... All diseases and ailments of mankind are attributed by tribal men to orenda, and all mythology is a theory of magic."

In reference to the Iroquois League, Hewitt mentions certain special aspects of orenda. "So to the orenda, or magic power, believed to emanate and flow from the words, the chants and songs, and the acts of this Council, did the statesmen and the ancients of the Iroquois peoples look for the conservation of their political integrity and for the promotion of their welfare." Here the mystic force is related directly to the laws formulated and enacted by the sachems of the League.

Orenda has countless aspects and manifestations, but in substance it is that spiritual "something in common" by which all creatures are brought into life, maintained for their appointed spans, and finally removed from this phase of existence. Because all living things share in this universal vitality it is the proper symbol of their interdependence. The Indian bestowed his own consciousness upon all the forms about him and then explained the life in those forms in terms of his own consciousness. When the Indian went out alone to practice his vigils, and sought his god through fasting and meditation, he never asked for any particular favor. He waited for the spirits to point the way and bestow such gifts as he deserved. The voices and the visions were orenda; therefore it must be assumed that this power was also intelligent, with a tender regard for the needs of its numerous children. In a strange way orenda partook of the qualities of

consciousness, intelligence, and force.

It would be useful to a consideration of this obscure subject if we could relate the orenda of Amerindian religious philosophy to some similar concept in the esoteric systems of Europe, Asia, or Africa. Five hundred years before Christ the Greek philosopher Pythagoras taught that geometrical figures had power to heal disease and influence the minds of any who gazed upon them. There is no doubt that such a conviction motivated many of the intricate patterns which the American Indians wove into their rugs, traced upon their pottery, and employed in various decorative ways.

The Grecians were converted to their belief in "forms of power" by the Egyptians who exhibited geometrical solids in their temples, declaring that these orderly shapes captured and distributed the energies of certain gods. The sages of Egypt taught that every force in nature had four attributes peculiar to itself—a number, a color, a sound, and a form. If a thoughtful man constructed a design, composed a song, or in any way fashioned a symbol embodying the attributes of a particular force, he bound that force to the symbol by the magic of sympathy.

In the Greek states of classical times there was a special order of architecture for each class of divinities. By building the temples according to the esoteric formulas known only to the Dionysian artificers the buildings became the receptacles of divine presence. These ancients also had a mystical tradition about the substance of beauty and the beautiful. To them art was a means of capturing the spirit of the beautiful by creating forms suitable to the expression of beauty. A symmetrically formed and exquisitely proportioned vase was only clay, but those who looked upon it felt as though they had received something into themselves that seemed to come from the vase. This force brought with it pleasure, contentment of mind, and a spontaneous expression of admiration. It might even pacify inordinate emotions, enrich the sense of values, improve character, and restore lost courage and conviction. Certainly it could not be the clay alone that wrought these miracles;

it must be the perfection of shape and design. There could be but one answer; shapes and designs were focal points for some kind of spiritual force.

By the same virtue of like attracting like, images of the gods became ensouled by a power from the gods, and this magical tie was strengthened by the faith of the worshipers. It was a cardinal tenet of archaic man that the divine beings always lent their presence to the forms and ceremonies set up by men of good faith.

In medieval European witchcraft and sorcery, spirits and demons were bound by spells and enchantments. No creature of the invisible worlds could refuse to obey the magician who possessed its secret name and seal and demanded its presence with proper rites and incantations. The power of sympathy that bound spirits to their signatures, gods to their statues, godlings to their masks, and wandering ghosts to the abodes of the living, seems to be the same mysterious agency that the Amerinds called orenda. The virtue attributed to holy relics, the power of talismans, and the good and ill luck associated with common objects, are all aspects of this occult, sympathetic energy.

In a brief paper, *Outlines of the Philosophy of the North American Indians* Major J. W. Powell devotes a few lines to *amuletism*. He says: "In some ecstatic state, or in some dream, or in some other mysterious manner, every Indian finds an amulet—a curious pebble, a bone, a claw, a knot of hair, which he keeps on his person to bring him good fortune, or to keep away disease—devils." This statement can be compared with the accounts of aviators in both the first and second world wars. Many, probably most, of these modern young men, well above the average in education, carried some object upon their persons which they sincerely believed would protect them in their hazardous enterprises. The amulets were not necessarily religious—more often they were sentimental—but the flyers went to great lengths to make sure that these charms were always with them.

Nearly all persons engaged in dangerous professions or trades become actually aware of the strange laws operating beneath the surface of chance and accident. This awareness increases to the degree that the individual is separated from the collective psychological security of his kind. To the present day materialist who likes to assume that his thinking is contemporary, all references to natural magic are anathema. Fate and fortune are matters of glands and enterprise, and the possibility of esoteric factors is passed over with depreciatory observations about primitive superstitions. Anything that does not fit into the concept patterns of the known is disregarded or explained as the workings of untutored imaginations.

In *Modern Man in Search of a Soul* the distinguished Swiss psychologist Dr. Carl Jung shows a keen and scholarly insight into the workings of the archaic mind. Some of his remarks have a definite bearing upon the subject of the universal sympathy that exists between objects and events. The skeptic will do well to ponder the following: "A calf is born with two heads and five legs. In the next village a cock has laid an egg. An old woman has had a dream, a comet appears in the sky, there is a great fire in the nearest town, and the following year a war breaks out. In this way history was always written from remote antiquity on down to the eighteenth century. This juxtaposition of facts, so meaningless to us, is significant and convincing to primitive man. And, contrary to all expectation, he is right to find it so. His powers of observation can be trusted. From age-old experience he knows that such connections actually exist..."

"Thanks to his close attention to the unusual he has preceded us in discovering that chance events arrange themselves in groups or series. The law of the duplication of cases is known to all doctors engaged in clinical work. An old professor of psychiatry at Wurzburg always used to say of a particularly rare clinical case: 'Gentlemen, this is an absolutely unique case—tomorrow we shall have another just like it.' I have myself

often observed the same thing during my eight years' practice in an insane asylum. On one occasion a person was committed for a rare twilight-state of consciousness—the first case of this kind I had ever seen. Within two days we had a similar case, and that was the last."

In his book *Lo* Charles Fort has collected hundreds of well-documented incidents proving the sympathy between events. Professor Max Muller, the renowned orientalist, in his essay *On Manners and Customs* gives many examples of sympathetic magic as practiced in Central America, India, and Germany. He finds beliefs similar to those of the American Indian in nearly every country of the savage and civilized worlds.

Occasionally modern scientists and logicians have their troubles with some phase of orenda. At the moment the field of extrasensory perceptions is rich in disquieting possibilities. Prophecy, the foreknowledge of coming events, and telepathy, the direct transmission of thought from one person to another, often at a distance, do not fit especially well into the masonry of the massive dome of organized knowledge. The late Professor Hugo Munsterberg, who had somewhat of a reputation in psychology, was never tired of asserting that a proof of the occurrence of telepathy would shatter the whole system of his scientific beliefs.

The nearest parallel to the orenda of the Iroquois that can be found in classical or medieval beliefs is the doctrine of sympathies so completely set forth in the Paracelsian corpus. This great Swiss Hermes taught that all wonders and miracles could be performed by a Magus who was able to control and direct the vital fluid of space, called by some the astral light and by others the universal magical agent.

Five of the six fundamental principles of the Iroquoian Code are well known to modern legislators, but all efforts to impose these principles upon the collective conduct of nations have been markedly unsuccessful. Most sovereign states have Constitutions framed according to laws of equity and justice, yet these laws fail to accomplish harmony within these

states, and succeed no better in the large sphere of international politics. How did it happen that aborigines in furs and feathers, sitting under a tree, could frame and enforce a successful League of Peace, while the best minds of the civilized world have not been able to design a truce that will hold for twenty years? Can it be that this "fictive" force, the orenda, is the priceless and missing ingredient in the white man's formula for world peace?

In the English language the word 'spirit' has a number of meanings. To the religious-minded it signifies the life principle derived from God. But there are other uses of the word, for we speak of class spirit, college spirit and national spirit. The French term *esprit de corps* means the common spirit pervading the members of a group. It further implies enthusiasm, devotion, and jealous regard for the honor of that group. This spirit of loyalty to principles, this camaraderie, or good will between men, this proper regard for those convictions which strengthen the bonds of fellowship, are almost completely lacking in the life and conduct patterns of the modern man. The magic energy of unity is a powerful orenda, invisible and intangible but nevertheless real, and is the spiritual foundation of temporal security. The members of the Iroquois League possessed this integrity as individuals, and by virtue of this personal devotion to a high concept of fraternity each could give his separate strength to the common undertaking.

The American Indian was not a superman without fault or blemish, nor was he gifted with faculties or perceptions beyond the normal heritage. His virtues were simple, natural, and entirely human, and his faults were of like proportions. A thoughtful appraisal of his accomplishments, however, emphasizes one important point. To the Amerindian way of thinking it is more successful to have a simple code of living and obey it than it is to fashion a highly involved and sophisticated set of rules and disregard as many as possible. A brilliant lawyer observed that in the terms of present practice the principal end of litigation is the obscuration of justice.

Archaic man in America was by nature inclined to honesty when dealing with the members of his own group, and his word was his bond when dealing with strangers. In tribal life he accepted his share of the collective burdens without complaint. He bore his sorrows with patience, and his joys with dignity. He admired courage, respected learning, and was tolerant of all religious beliefs.

The hospitality of the Indian is proverbial. The celebrated speech of John Logan, the Cayuga chieftain (1725-1780), opens with the words: "I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not." Some recent historians have tried to discredit this speech on the grounds that no savage could have expressed such noble sentiments.

There is a quaint and gentle humanity in the Iroquois saying, "If you tie up the clothes of an orphan child, the Great Spirit will notice it and reward you for it." At the time Colonel McKenney was compiling his history of the Indians he wrote a letter to the distinguished soldier and statesman, General Lewis Cass, asking if the general knew of an instance of Indian war or massacre that had not been provoked by the white man's aggression. McKenney received the following laconic reply: "Dear Colonel: *Never! Never! NEVER!* Yours truly, Lewis Cass."

The League of the Six Nations was possible because it was an extension of the psychological conviction of the private citizen. These character qualities, held internally as a code of conduct and practiced in daily living, were the orenda that sustained the Confederation.

The soft murmur of the running stream, the glory of the sunset, the flickering flame of the council fire, the song of the bird, the strength of the bear, the swiftness of the deer, the love of man and woman, the first cry of the newborn babe, the good words spoken from the heart, and the courage of the human being to find a better way of life—all these things are orenda.

There was a magic from the Sky Father working forever to preserve and protect, and there was a magic from evil spirits and sorcerers striving ever to destroy. Good men performed the old ceremonies, sang the medicine songs and joined in the sacred dances. Thus they proclaimed the strength of their orenda to the dark forces that lurked in the shadows. Thus they spun the magic spell of growing things, the new corn, little children waiting to be born, health coming to the sick, and strength returning to the aged. Theirs was the magic of prayer rising like the waving thread of smoke from the calumet; the magic

of faith in the love of the Great Spirit who walked upon the mountains in the dawn of time; the magic of memory of the deeds of ancient heroes; the magic of mourning for those who had gone to sleep in the earth; the magic of the hallowed earth itself, the gentle mother of all creatures; and the magic of the life-way, the splendid road of brave men and the crooked path of cowards. All these magical and wonderful things were because of orenda, for it is the power of the furthestmost and the innermost, ever-nourishing and ever-perfecting. Orenda is the lifeblood of space, ever flowing from the Great Heart of the world.

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Curiouser & Curiouser

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND

The Hand of a Saint

The story of Poland is one of the most unhappy pages in the history of nations. Yet if a curious prophesy is fulfilled this country will finally come to her proper place in the society of nations.

In 1819 a monk in the Monastery of Wilna in Lithuania addressed his prayers to the blessed Andre Bobola, a Dominican friar who was murdered in 1673 by Cossack troupes.

As the monk of Wilna knelt on the stone floor of his cell praying for the preservation of his people a venerable figure wearing the robe of a Jesuit suddenly appeared in the middle of the room. The figure addressed the praying monk and bade him open the window of his cell and look out upon a world of things beyond mortal understanding.

The Dominican monk opened his window with trembling hands, and saw not the little garden of the monastery with its high stone wall but a great plain stretching out to the horizon. "The scene which is unfolded before you," said the saintly apparition, "is the territory where I had the glory of suffering martyrdom for the faith of Jesus Christ. But look again and you will learn that which you wish to know."

As the monk of Wilna looked for the second time he beheld great armies of soldiers marching onto the plain. There

were armies of Russian, Turkish, French, English, Austrian, and Prussian soldiers. They all fell into a bloody battle which extended in every direction as far as the eye could see. The war of the phantom soldiers was fiercely contested and the slaughter was beyond imagining.

The poor monk of Wilna could not understand the terrible war, and turned to the blessed martyr for an explanation. Said the spirit of Andre Bobola. "When the war, which has just been portrayed for your benefit, shall have given place to peace once more, then Poland will be re-established and I shall become recognized as its patron saint."

The Dominican monk was happy at the hope of final security for his country, but he asked that some sign be given to him so that he would know that the vision was real and not a dream. The apparition replied, "It is I who give the assurance of all this. The vision which you have witnessed is real and actual, and everything shall take place as I have announced it. Now take your rest, but to give you a sign of the truth of what you have seen and heard I will, before departing, leave an impression of my hand on your table."

Saying these words the blessed Andre Bobola touched with his hand the table of the monk of Wilna, and immediately

disappeared. In the morning when the kindly friar approached his writing table he saw deeply lined upon its surface the imprint of the right hand of Andre Bobola. He showed the marks to the other monks in the monastery, and told them in full detail the circumstances of his vision.

In the recent World War Poland was a battle ground and witnessed the marching armies of many nations upon her soil. If the vision be true there is hope and promise that Poland will come forth from this great trial, and in the days to come will fulfill its destiny as a free and independent country.

Voix Prophetiques (Paris, 1872).

The Ghost of an Emperor

Madame Letizia, known throughout France as Madame Mére, the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, was the last to bid the exiled emperor farewell when he embarked for St. Helena.

Six years later, on the morning of May 6, 1821, Madame Mére was sitting quietly in one of the drawing rooms of the Palazzo Bonaparte. A servant entered to announce a visitor who had come with important news from the exiled emperor. She at once gave orders that the visitor was to be admitted, and a man entered wrapped in the folds of a great cloak and wearing a broad-brimmed hat drawn low over his eyes. After the servant departed the visitor removed his hat, and drawing back the cloak which concealed the lower part of his face stood revealed as the Emperor Napoleon himself.

When Madame Mére saw that the man was her own dearly beloved son she uttered a cry of amazement and joy, and stepped forward to embrace him. (She explained afterward that her first feeling was that he had managed to escape from St. Helena.) But as she approached the figure of the emperor an awful chill came upon her and she stopped as though paralyzed. Napoleon regarded her with an expression of the deepest sorrow and said gravely, "May the 5th 1821—today." The figure then stepped slowly back through the doorway and the heavy drapes dropped into place behind him.

Madame Mére rushed to the door but the antechamber was empty. She approached the servant who always guarded her apartment. "Where is the gentle-

man who has just gone out?" "Excellent Madame Mére", replied the man, "no one has passed since I conducted the gentleman to your presence, and I have been here all the time."

It was not until six weeks later that the news of the exiled emperor's death arrived from St. Helena. He had died a few hours before his appearance at his mother's house in Corsica.

The case is remarkable for the fact that three persons, beside Napoleon's mother, saw the ghostly figure. They were the hall porter who admitted him at the front door, a footman who received him, and the servant who ushered him into his mother's drawing room. None of them saw the visitor depart, although all were at their posts at the time.

Napoleon was born during one of the most fearful storms that ever occurred in Corsica. He died at six o'clock in the evening, and at that very hour the greatest storm that had ever visited St. Helena was raging. As the emperor lay on his deathbed the old trees around Longwood, his house of exile, were torn up by their roots, and many neighboring houses were blown down.

Perhaps this is only a coincidence, but Napoleon I brought with him the greatest political storm that had raged in Europe up to his time. He was a man of mystery, and like those others who were destined to change the course of history his coming and going were attended by a fury of the elements.

This story is to be found in *A Diplomatist's Life in Many Lands* by Mrs. Frazer.

Tried by a Jury of their Peers

Research into the legal archives of France reveals the records of ninety-two trials of animals, birds, and insects in the civil and ecclesiastical court between the years 1120 and 1741. On the last date the trial and execution of a cow took place.

Domestic animals were usually tried in the common criminal court, and if they were convicted the punishment was death. Wild animals, rodents, and reptiles, and such insects as locusts and caterpillars, were usually tried in the ecclesiastical court which had power to exorcise and anathematize and excommunicate all animate beings.

On June 14, 1494, the Mayor of St. Martin de Laon passed the following sentence on a hog which had killed a small child: "We, in detestation and horror of this crime, and in order to make an example and satisfy justice, have declared, judged, sentenced, pronounced, and appointed, that the said hog, being detained a prisoner, and confined in said abbey, shall be, by the executioner, hung and strangled on a gibbet, near and adjoining the gallows in the jurisdiction of the said monks, being near their copyhold of Avin. In witness of which we have sealed this present with our seal." This sentence was carried out on the same day.

In 1690 caterpillars invaded the fields of a small French village and Father Burin, the local vicar, excommunicated these worms in a solemn public ceremony. It was a law of the time that no district could commence a legal action against animals or insects unless all monies due to the church had been paid, which resulted in the well known French legal maxim, "The first step toward getting rid of locusts is the payments of tithes."

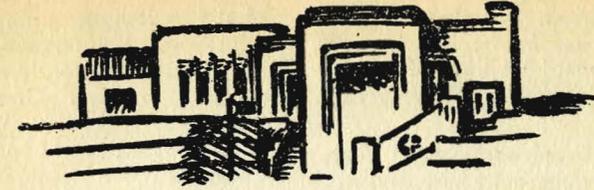
It was common in those days to dress condemned animals in men's clothing for their execution. A sow executed in 1386 was so dressed, and the executioner on this occasion included a new glove in his expense account. In 1389, at Dijon, a horse was condemned to

death. When rats were hailed into court at Auton the defendants were described as "dirty animals in the form of rats, of a grayish color, living in holes." In the defense of this case it was proved that the rats could not appear in court because of certain "evil disposed cats," which threatened the life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness of the rats. As the plaintiffs declined to post bond for the good behavior of their cats, the rats won their case and were permitted to continue in peace.

In 1545 destructive beetles attacked the vineyards of St. Julien. A legal proceeding was commenced against them, whereupon, strange to say, the insects disappeared. But 42 years later, in 1587, the beetles returned and legal action was taken against them. It was finally decided that the beetles had a right to live, and a suitable piece of land should be set aside for them as a grazing ground. The piece of land must be of certain size and contain trees, herbs and succulent grasses so that the insects could live in the style to which they had been accustomed. The inhabitants of the town agreed, but asked to reserve a right-of-way through the land, and made other slight reservations. Defending counsel refused to accept the land for his clients on the ground that it was not sufficiently fertile.

The courts seldom attempted to enforce a verdict against pests because the creatures seldom respected the solemn pronouncements of the judge, with the result that law was thus held up to ridicule.

In Switzerland at about this same time there was a curious ruling concerning crime. If a man living alone was accused of killing another man in his house, a dog, cat, or even a chicken could serve as a witness for the defense. The accused man was compelled to make his declaration of innocence on oath in the presence of the animal, and if the creature did not contradict him in the presence of the court he was held to be guiltless.



Library Notes: *Biography*

A. J. HOWIE

A study of the life and times of an author contributes greatly to the understanding of any subject. This is especially true in studying the writings of mystics, philosophers, religionists, occultists, and idealists; individuals whose motives and actions have made for social changes and reforms in various parts of the world—all within the field of our interests. The subjects are essentially timeless, ageless, immortal, but the particular perspective and vocabulary are likely to be dated and geographical. Hence we have been inclined in many instances to take biographies as such out of the section devoted to biography and put them in the same section as the major emphasis of the subject.

A case in point is Francis Bacon. Baconian philosophy is important in itself apart from its influence on many branches of Western learning. We have segregated a Baconian section to group the rare first editions of Bacon's writings, early collected works, translations, related literature and history of his time. Here are kept the modern volumes of Bacon biography so that they are convenient for comparison with and reference to the biographies contained in the early editions, such as *His Lordship's Life* by Dr. William Rawley, Bacon's "first and last chaplain," and *The Life of Francis Bacon* by Mr. Mallet.

In the section devoted to Christian theology, sects, traditions, etc., we have placed our biographies of Jesus. The following items may be of interest to students of mysticism:

Jesus the Last Great Initiate by Edouard Schure. Revised edition, London, 1923.

The Unknown Life of Jesus Christ by the discoverer of the manuscript, Nicolas Notovitch, New York, 1890.

The Call of the Carpenter by Bouck White, New York, 1914.

Likewise, the biographies of Mohammed will be found with Mohammedanism, Buddha with Buddhism, Akhnaton with Egyptology, Albert Pike with Masonry, Vivekananda with the Vedanta literature in the Oriental section, Confucius and Mencius in the Chinese section.

Most of our biographies concerning H. P. Blavatsky are in the section on Theosophy. Several of the H. P. B. biographies that are not important to a study of Theosophy have been kept in the general biographical section. As in many other instances, Mr. Hall has acquired Blavatsky autographs and personal association items that lend firsthand and authentic touches biographically. We have an entire letter in Mme. Blavatsky's autograph to Edward W. Parker acknowledging his help in publishing *The Key to Theosophy* laid in the especially bound and autographed presentation copy of the book that she sent him. We also have her autographed copy of Bulwer Lytton's *Zanoni* with her notes. We have also a number of original photographs of her.

There is biographical material in practically every section of the library. Single books, collected works, and even manuscripts often contain some biographical

notes. The various encyclopedias are rich in biographical briefs; and for reference as to standard spellings of names, the *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary* is helpful.

Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology edited by William Smith, London, 1861.

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Manuel Bibliographique des Sciences Psychiques ou Occultes—Sciences des Mages — Hermetique — Astrologie — Kabbale — Franc-Maconnerie — Medicine ancienne — Mesmerisme — Sorcellerie — Singularities — Aberrations de tout ordre Curieuse. Source Bibliographiques et Documentaries sur ces sujets, etc. Albert L. Caillet, Paris, 1912.

A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors by S. Austin Allibone. It discusses authors both living and deceased from the earliest accounts to the latter half of the nineteenth century. It contains over 46,000 articles (authors) with 40 indexes of subjects.

Our collection of magazines has a wealth of uncollated and unindexed biographical material.

Mercury "a journal of esoterism and the higher masonry" started in the March, 1924 issue *Outlines of Hermetic Chronology embracing the principal events in Rosicrucian, Masonic, and Christian History* by Henry V. A. Parsell. We do not have a complete run of this magazine, but the volumes that we do have can be very helpful to the student of biographies as a check list of important names from 6000 B. C. in the fields stated in the title, and including the names of astrologers, alchemists, pagan religious leaders, and philosophers, relating the names chronologically to events and institutions with approximate dates.

In the philosophy section there is biographical material on Boehme, Swedenborg, Thomas Taylor, etc. For names prominent in early Greek philosophy consult *History of Philosophy* by Thomas Stanley, 2nd edition, London, 1687. It contains the lives, opinions, actions, and discourses of the philosophers of every sect.

An unusual biography in the philosophy section is *Numenius of Apamea, the Father of Neo-Platonism*, by Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie, London, 1917. It contains the works, biography, message, source, and influence.

In the biographical section proper, we should mention the following:

Plutarch's *Lives*. This set has added interest in that it was George Elliot's copy with her marginal notes.

The Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine—legends of the Christian saints.

The Lives of the Fathers, sketches of Church history in biography by Frederic W. Farrar, Edinburgh, 1889.

The Golden Book of Eastern Saints by Donald Attwater, The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, 1938.

Lives of the Necromancers or an account of the most eminent persons in successive ages who have claimed for themselves or to whom has been imputed by others the exercise of magical power, by William Godwin, London, 1834.

The Lives of Alchemystical Philosophers, London, 1815.

We are calling attention to our biographical material because there is a wide popular interest in well-written biographies that seems perennial. Frequently publishers offer examples of dramatic and colorful writing that serve only to perpetuate mediocre scholarship and opinions. We have little legitimate right to criticize too generally until publishers actually reject abler works by those who are informed and more sympathetic to philosophy and occultism.

Our biographical section needs enriching, not so much by the addition of books already published, but by new biographies illuminated with understanding and original thought. Maybe these will

be only manuscripts that may never get into print. But the Library of the Philosophical Research Society is a repository for just that sort of effort. The importance of our collection need not rest on the published works that can be found in thousands of libraries, but upon the quiet, impersonal, unassuming manuscripts to be shared by fellow students and seekers after truth—whatever truth may mean to each individual.

When writing for publication we are tempted to think in terms of convincing the hypothetical reader, of coloring the material to arouse interest, of proving ourselves right. But Francis Bacon set the purpose of writing when he said, "Writing maketh an exact man." And that is a proper urge in using the facilities of the library.

Here Eastern and Western learning meet. Here we have the materials with which to orient our minds to abstractions that are really beyond verbal levels. And it is in this atmosphere that there is some incentive to learn to think in limitless or undefinable terms. In their own times, the Boehmes, the Swedenborgs, the Cagliostros, the Andrew Jackson Davises, the individuals and their followers, groped for words adequate to express their ideals and visions. Out of a study of their biographies we shall be better equipped to express our own philosophies and ideals—not necessarily for publication, but more importantly for the nourishment that will help us to grow within our own spheres; to realize that spiritual aspiration which is an almost universal instinct.



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Hillel died in 9 A. D., and the school which he founded was carried on by his grandson Gamaliel. Among the important disciples of Gamaliel was Saul of Tarsus, later known as St. Paul. Much of the beauty and wisdom found in the Paulian epistles was derived directly from the school of Hillel where St. Paul received his education.

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(See *Chinese Literature* by Herbert A. Giles, M.A., LL.D.)

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