

# JOURNAL

Summer 1985



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Most of the reproductions of the early books, manuscripts, and objects of art which appear in this magazine are from originals in the collection of the Philosophical Research Society.

**About the Cover:** The arhat, Rahula, showing the figure of his father, Gautama Buddha, enshrined within his body. From an undated, unsigned collection of twenty album pages on silk, Mid-Ch'ing Dynasty in the PRS collection.

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PRS JOURNAL

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THE MIND IN A CAGE OF THOUGHT

The majority of human beings use their intellect to imprison itself. This becomes especially obvious in cases of prejudice or extreme opinionism. There are many examples of a dated mind which measures the future in the terms of the past. The mental focus voluntarily relinquishes the right to think for itself and becomes increasingly dependent upon propaganda, the media, and the amusement field for conclusions that should have arisen through personal judgment and a reasonable measure of mentation. Too often we assume that mental energy should be dedicated to such important matters as social activities, bargain sales, weekend vacations, and the investing of funds in Las Vegas. For such trivial matters as education, religion, employment, and raising children, we transfer responsibility to prevailing policies.

The majority of human beings comes into embodiment with reasonably good mental potentials. The young child is taught that he lives in the world just as it is, with its problems, mistakes, insecurities, and insufficiencies. Education, therefore, must teach the newcomer how to accept things as they are and build a useful and profitable career without questioning the propriety of prevailing policies. It is the responsibility of elders and guardians to make sure that the intellect is nourished on junk foods. At the moment, computerization is becoming an addiction and, as an im-

mediate result, the Internal Revenue Service is in the worst condition in its history.

We are solemnly assured that the nineteenth century launched the human race upon a glorious destiny and this attitude has blocked progress for over a hundred years. In our time, millions of young people graduate from the public school system without even an awareness of the insecurity that is threatening to engulf them. Reforms are in the air, but unfortunately, most reformers are over-optimistic and badly uninformed. The prevailing attitude is to find some way to preserve the status quo so that all things can run along smoothly without annoying difficulties.

One consequence of this attitude is the terrifying increase of crime. The mind, unequipped for serious thinking, concludes that self-gratification is the principal reason for life in this world. When the mind accepts this attitude, it places itself in a cage and must conform in particular to that which it has accepted in general. To prevent the intellect from corrupting itself, we must realize that it is not an infallible instrument, but merely a recorder of available information. If a person consciously and intentionally sets up unreasonable beliefs or policies, this results in tragic consequences.

The present struggle in the Near East in which various Moslem sects are waging holy wars demonstrates the victory of closed minds over the realities of enlightened conduct. The mind is at the root of rebellions, civil wars, massacres, and all conflicts which arise from faulty thinking. The person empirically rejects all beliefs and dedications except his own. In attempting to exploit each other, we endanger the survival of our own good.

Why is it possible for human beings to follow a course of action which can only end in common disaster? The basic fault lies in the unreasonable restrictions we place upon our own thoughts. The real end of education is to reveal the mistakes of the past and to propose reasonable means for their correction. When a locked mind is determined to die in the defense of its own mistakes, it generally succeeds in doing so.

Another common mistake is the belief that wealth and power bestow security and peace of mind. Any person who has become

so affluent that he can do as he pleases, finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. He must decide, to the best of his ability, how he intends to waste his time. Usually the mind has been so dedicated to material accumulation that it is virtually incapable of altering its own perspective. Indolence often leads to dissipation and the burden of survival becomes too heavy to bear.

A human being's mental prison has only one small window. This leads to psychopathic complications. As ambitions intensify, human values are neglected. If the mansion in which a man lives develops trouble with its plumbing, he sends for a plumber. If the roof leaks, he consults a roofer, and if the furnace fails, he must depend upon expert advice. The plumber feels unqualified to take care of the roof and the roofer admits that the furnace is outside of his capabilities. While the mind is capable of developing a variety of skills, it must be encouraged to generalize its interests and attitudes. This is difficult to do if one has been an industrial executive for most of his adult life. If he has spent more than half his time managing an investment portfolio and the rest of his energies trying to explain his assets to government tax experts, his nobler instincts are likely to have languished. Buddha taught that there are two types of human beings. The first group has not, and is miserable because it has not, and the other group has, and spends its time worrying for fear it will lose that which it has. This reasoning originated in Asia and has moved westward.

Another peculiarity of the thinking equipment is its tendency to object to nearly everything. Nearly every person is against something and objections are his claim to fame. Some are nursing racial antagonisms, others are overly class conscious, and the religious world is a battlefield of combative sectarianism. Every prejudice must be considered a blind spot in the mind and many who would never think of suffering for basic integrities will defend their prejudices to the bitter end. The wise of old have noted that the inhumanity of man to man has resulted from the defense of prejudices.

There is no way by which human beings can be forced to change their minds; however, the quality of attitudes can be improved. Years ago, those graduating from major colleges or universities

were expected to travel, especially to take the Grand Tour. This type of travel was leisurely, and the itinerary might take a year to complete. The Grand Tour was a proper part of education and revealed rather clearly the virtues and vices of foreign nations. No one stopped at chain hotels which looked alike in all countries. It was considered essential to become acquainted with the people—to sample their interests and gain some conversational ability in their languages. This genteel pilgrimage was a great help because it proved conclusively that members of other culture groups were also real people, living actual lives and experiencing most of the conditions which affected living in America. All this has changed now. The world tour requires two weeks, with most of this time being spent in a plane or at a posh hotel. The traveler mingles with other travelers having the same origins and destinations as himself. One small boy coming home after one of these ten-day bookings said they had stayed in the same hotel for the entire trip. Another sad consequence of modern travel is that it has become an excuse for a shopping tour with little or no interest in self-improvement.

If the mind decides that living is simply an uncertain effort to remain comfortable from the cradle to the grave, there is no excuse for exploring the deeper issues of existence. The scientist passes on his opinion, the economist tells us how to live, the broker shares dubious information with us, and the theologian recommends that we support the church of our choice. Somewhere in the back of our mental equipment, the mind gives up. There is no use to try and think. Nothing, not even your own mental equipment, really cares what happens to you.

The human being is a many splendored creature. He can do many things and grow as nature intended, learning to live, love, and labor with a good hope. However, we have gradually changed this world into a vast industrial structure to which we are sacrificing not only our own time and energy, but all of nature's resources. While we must all become involved in the complexities of human experience, the Universal Plan intends that this experience be diversified and meaningful. It seems most ironic that we should live and die in defense of a system that neither knows nor cares whether we survive or perish.

We used to believe that there would be a kind of physical immortality by which we would have a continuance in this world through our good works and the contributions we made to social progress. This vision has also been blurred by the pressures of survival. We have forgotten that these numerous uncertainties all originated in that little compartment which we call the mind. It has given us wars and rebellions, poverty and crime, corruption and dissipation and, by its indiscretions, has handsomely supported the legal and medical professions. All of these misfortunes have not descended from God or risen from the material earth. They are the result of an undisciplined creature that does not know, or care, where it came from or where it is going. Instead of a lifetime being four score years of wonderful and informative activities, it is merely one series of social and industrial mistakes which add up to nothing but trouble. We can blame this on our politicians, selfish merchants, and inevitable circumstances, but it all begins with one tired, frustrated, discouraged sensory perception and coordinator which we call the mind.

It is fortunate, however, that minds are individual, making it perfectly possible for us to think straight even though the process is more or less painful. In handing over the errors of the present generation to our descendants, we should provide those who come after us with every available means of constructive thought and action. In order to do this, we must take a careful inventory of what we have learned from our adventures with our own thinking equipment. There is no use taking for granted that the future will survive in spite of the delinquencies of the past. The principal function of the enlightened mind is to discipline itself and the body which is its immediate environment. We are being told this every day by incontrovertible facts, but we are poor listeners.

As Plato pointed out, all of the established governments of mankind can work successfully if they are administered honestly. If the king is the wisest person in his kingdom and therefore a person of integrity, the nation is safe. If an oligarchy is properly integrated and an informed group assumes the responsibility of protecting the citizenry from abusing its privileges, this will run smoothly. Even a tyranny, most often referred to as an empire, if

run by a dedicated tyrant who is determined to create good laws and carry them out, can work very well. Democracies are more difficult because a majority of their citizens must be intelligent, honorable, unselfish, and cooperative. These virtues must be achieved by choice and not by force, and only those must be elected whose morals cannot be corrupted. In a communal government, every person has equal rights, and this works successfully if each member respects the rights of all other members, and the country involved has outgrown both tyranny and competition and gradually develops a respect for the universal powers which we were all born to obey.

The greatest safeguard for all these levels in government is an adequate religion—idealistic, but not dogmatic—and impelling faith in a divine power and inspired service to the common good. These concepts are truly solutional to the moral malaria which is depleting us today. The mind has given us most of the blessings and most of the miseries from which we now suffer. In the realm of human thinking, selfishness and unselfishness are forever competing for domination. Good will ultimately win because it is a reality, and evil is an illusion resulting from ignorance. All reform begins with straightening out a personal philosophy of life. If we were happy as the result of our mistakes or holding up well under our vices, this might be an excuse for drifting along through the days of our years. So why does a tired and harassed humanity, constantly fighting itself and burdened with every social evil to which flesh is heir, choose to perpetuate these spiritual, mental, emotional, and physical miseries?

In the older days, the town scoundrel was recognized as a public nuisance and, if he was an annoyance to some English village, he would probably be shipped to Australia. Our ancestors were not as patient with nonconformists as we are today. The basic reference frame by which individuals were judged in those days might seem severe in modern times. Children were taught the rules of right thinking and they were expected to abide by them. The acceptable citizen must attend church regularly, be scrupulously honest, and hard-working. Certain embellishments were acceptable, but the basic integrities were never to be violated.

The mind, disciplined by a simple code of ethics, guarded

thinking and prevented it from wandering into absurdities. There was considerable emphasis on thought sequences. The individual was expected to think *toward* conclusions and not *from* them. Many people, however, use the mind simply as a means of supporting prejudices and conceits. The moment the thinking process is prevented from examining the facts of a matter, the thinking equipment loses meaning and significance. If each person could assume the responsibility of mature living with a clear conscience and an open mind, most of the problems that now burden the world could be solved by intelligent honesty alone.

Logic is that branch of philosophy which was devised to weed out absurdities of popular thinking. This subject is given little attention in modern education. In the Christian faith, the Beatitudes bestow upon the mind the basic concepts of righteousness. Thus sustained by an acceptance of the laws of enlightened living, the sincere person is able to respond to the higher guidance of the mind in times of stress. The immediate benefits of constructive mentation are evident on all levels of human function. The person feels better, thinks more clearly, and handles normal problems more cheerfully and effectively.

When the human mind is allowed to think without the interference of psychological pressures, it can also handle the memory more effectively. If, however, we can allow the past to tell its own story and the mind to interpret meaning and estimate values, we can realize, possibly for the first time, the importance of retrospection and allow mental energy to vitalize and ennoble half forgotten incidents of our earlier days.

It must be admitted that when the intellect is released from many years of imprisonment certain adjustments are necessary. Usually we find as a result that many of our most cherished notions and opinions are no longer relevant. It is a serious mistake not to outgrow convictions that have lost their practical value. Loyalty to an old belief which no longer serves present needs is the tragedy of little minds. The adventures of the future begin today, and we must be prepared to meet the challenge of constructive change. We do not need to fall under the influence of mass manias, but should set forth on the long pilgrimage into the future, guided by a well

disciplined mind which will warn us against repeating old mistakes or making new ones.

The mind is under one other difficulty which must be faced with patience and understanding. The intellect is not physical. It belongs to a higher level of substances and therefore by its very nature exceeds the body in its requirements. In the human compounds, the mind must obey a power greater than itself. It may be likened in the government of nations to a Prime Minister. As Prime Minister, the mind must serve the laws that are superior to it and keep the peace in mortal affairs. It regulates the life patterns which dominate creatures possessing mental individuality. As the body is accountable to the mind, so the intellect is accountable to the soul. The spark of divinity is the final leader of the mortal compound. If the mind is corrupted, problems pass to the universal laws which defend forever the eternal spirit and the immortal soul. The divine spirit in all things is the psychopompos, the shepherd of souls. They in turn have sovereignty over the creatures of the several kingdoms.

We are not here to live as we please or think as we wish. Every faculty, every organ and function of the body has an appointed task and is responsible for its peculiar contributions to the growth of society. Unless we are aware of the divine government which maintains the manifestations of the universe and also the normal functions of man's composite nature, we will continue to suffer the consequences of conscious or unconscious disobedience to the rules which regulate the universe and all its parts and members. If we lock the mind in the prison of material attitudes and ambitions, we must be prepared to face the consequences of our mistakes. The mind is a wise old teacher, a kind of parental principle, forever counseling prudence and insight. When this higher part of ourselves is the ruler of our daily conduct, our days will be happier in the land which Divinity has prepared for us. If we no longer cater to our mistakes, we will have peace of mind, and this contributes to peace for the body below and harmony for the soul above.

## JOHN VARLEY

In an article by H. Stanley Redgrove appearing in the *Occult Review*, July, 1922, there is a considerable discussion of the life and labors of Mr. John Varley, described as "An Artist and Astrologer." Mr. Redgrove will be remembered for his excellent treatise *Alchemy: Ancient and Modern*, Philadelphia: 1910.

John Varley was born in London on August 17, 1778. His father was a man of Lincolnshire and his mother was a Fleetwood who numbered among her ancestors Oliver Cromwell. As a boy, Varley was rather belligerent and enjoyed nothing better than a good fight. It is therefore somewhat remarkable that he later gained a considerable reputation as a watercolor painter. His childhood was largely a struggle against poverty, but he gained the friendship of John Preston Neale (noted for his entomological and architectural drawings), and Dr. Monro, who was a patron of many young painters.

Praeger's *Encyclopedia of Art*, New York and London: 1971, notes that Varley produced a quantity of work for art dealers and exhibited in the Royal Academy from 1798 to 1804, and nearly every year between 1825 and 1841. He also showed at the Old Water-Color Society of London. He invented a graphic device, a kind of glass that reproduces on a piece of paper various objects so that their outlines can be more easily traced.

Redgrove tells us that Varley was a master of composition, especially in his water scenes. Varley was present at the birth of a daughter of his friend William Vokins, the art dealer. Being strongly addicted to astrology, he immediately cast the horoscope of the newborn baby, and warned the parents that when she became four years of age she would be in danger from fire. Vokins

and his wife forgot the prophecy, and the little girl was almost scalded to death at the age predicted. Varley became well known for his ominous warnings which nearly always were fulfilled. It is interesting that Sir Richard Burton and the first Lord Lytton, both of whom practiced astrology, were students of Varley.

Alexander Gilchrist describes John Varley as one of the founders of the New School of Water-Color Painting. Gilchrist also describes several fulfillments of Varley's astrological predictions. He notes that Collins, the artist, died on the very day that the stars had appointed. Another man, to avoid his fate, lay in bed the whole day on which an accident had been foretold by Varley. Feeling himself safe by evening, he came downstairs, stumbled over a coal scuttle, and broke his ankle, fulfilling the prediction.

In 1819, Varley was introduced to William Blake. Both had a considerable reputation for fantasy and they became virtually inseparable until Blake's death in 1827. The remarkable series of drawings known as the *Visionary Heads* were drawn by Blake at Varley's suggestion. In his *Life of William Blake*, Alexander Gilchrist tells us that "at Varley's house, and under his own eye were drawn those Visionary Heads, or Spiritual Portraits of remarkable characters, whereof all who have heard of Blake have heard something." At any hour of the day or night, Varley would say to Blake, "Draw me Moses," or "David," or demand a likeness of Julius Caesar or some other great historical personage. Blake would then answer, "There he is!" Paper and pencil being at hand he would begin drawing with the utmost alacrity. Sometimes Blake had to wait until a visionary appearance came to him. It is even said that during the Varley period the devil himself sat for a portrait by Blake.

William Blake, during his psychic sittings with Varley, which were generally held late at night, executed forty or fifty pencil sketches of small size featuring historical, fabulous, and even typical personages which Blake summoned from the deep. All the sketches appear as decisive portrait-like productions. Among the heads was one of King Saul wearing full armor and a helmet of peculiar form. The king was holding his scepter so that the details of his

helmet were not clear. The portrait was therefore left unfinished until Saul consented to a second sitting at which time Blake was able to complete his helmet.

"The Ghost of a Flea" has a distinguished place in the productions of both Varley and Blake. When Blake announced that the spirit of the flea visited him, Varley asked if he could make a sketch of what he saw. He gave Blake a pencil and paper and the result was one of the most controversial portraits ever produced.



*Ghost of a Flea.*  
from Blake's vision.

Ghost of a Flea. From a vision by Wm. Blake.

While the sketch was being made, the flea had a short talk with Blake stating that fleas were inhabited by such men who were by nature bloodthirsty to excess and who were therefore providentially confined to the size and form of insects.

In the year following Blake's death, Varley published the first section of *A Treatise on Zodiacal Physiognomy; Illustrated by Engravings of Heads and Features; and accompanied by Tables of the Time of Rising of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac; and containing also new and Astrological Explanations of some Remarkable Portions of Ancient Mythological History*. We are fortunate in having a copy of this book in the Library of the Society. In it, the author notes that on many occasions scholars have regretted that no portraits are available of illustrious ancients and imaginary pictures of them have no authenticity. Varley took the position that from the horoscope it would be perfectly possible to create a true portraiture. He apparently made sketches and Blake provided the necessary skill to perfect the resemblances. In this treatise, Varley also publishes one of William Blake's best known contributions to the project, "The Ghost of a Flea."

H. Stanley Redgrove concludes his article, "And finally concerning his astrological beliefs, I would say that, if only one half of the stories are true concerning his fulfilled predictions, he had been a very skeptical man indeed had he failed to be convinced."

In the Library of the Philosophical Research Society, there is a most curious manuscript with the following catalog listing: "ASTROLOGY. Mythological and Astrological MSS. of Mr. John Varley, the eminent Painter in Water Colours; a collection (as under), with an Introduction by a Friend, *diagrams*: About 200 leaves, folio, hf. vellum, 3 Pounds, 3s Circa 1843. Contents: Explanation of the mundane horoscope; Of the division of the 12 signs into the 4 trigons, etc; Origin of religious rites and the divisions of nations into 12 tribes; On the origin of Osiris, Apollo, and the Twelve Superior Deities; Primary Origin of Religion and Elementary Knowledge; Star of Minerva, Isis, and Venus of Cyprus; Worship of Minerva and Mercury; History of Orion, Centaurs, Giants, War of Troy, and Geomantic figures.

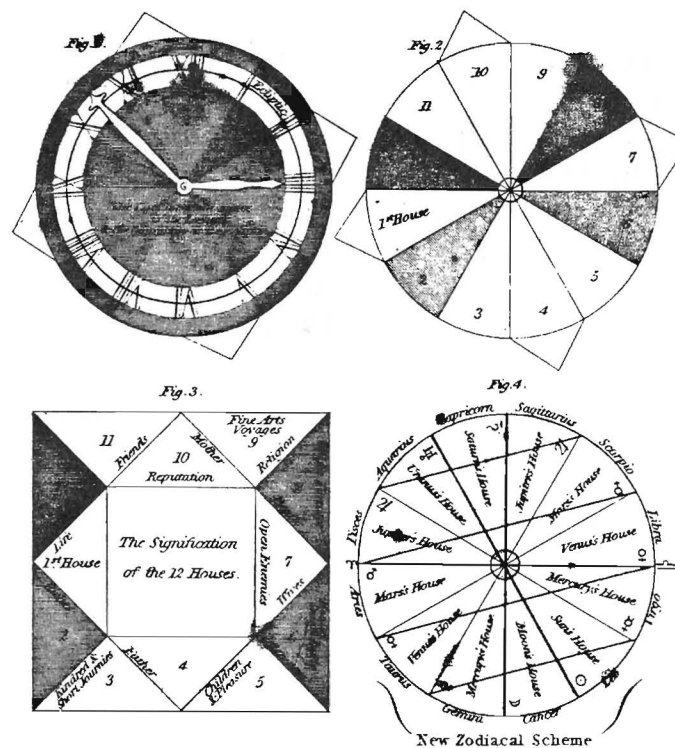


Fig. 5.

Signs	House of	Exaltation of	Triplicity of	☉	☽	Signs	House of	Exaltation of	Triplicity of	☉	☽
Aries	♈	♈	♈ ♉ ♊	♈	♈	Libra	♎	♎	♎ ♏ ♐	♎	♎
Taurus	♉	♉	♉ ♊ ♋	♉	♉	Scorpio	♏	♏	♏ ♐ ♑	♏	♏
Gemini	♊	♊	♊ ♋ ♌	♊	♊	Sagittarius	♐	♐	♐ ♑ ♒	♐	♐
Cancer	♋	♋	♋ ♌ ♍	♋	♋	Capricorn	♑	♑	♑ ♒ ♓	♑	♑
Leo	♌	♌	♌ ♍ ♎	♌	♌	Aquarius	♒	♒	♒ ♓ ♏	♒	♒
Virgo	♍	♍	♍ ♎ ♏	♍	♍	Pisces	♓	♓	♓ ♏ ♐	♓	♓

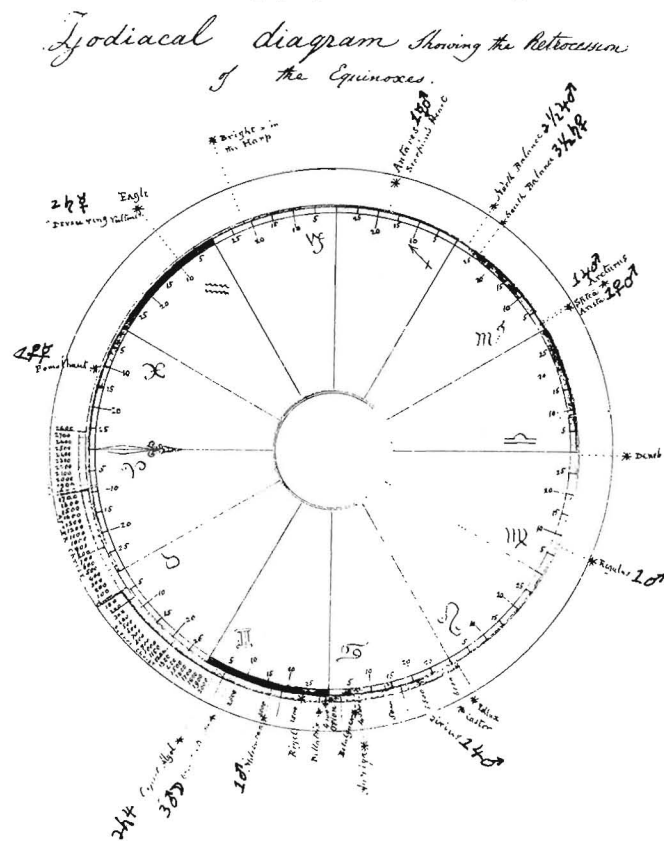
☉ Sun ☽ Moon ☿ Mercury ♃ Jupiter ♅ Mars ♁ Venus ♀ Mercury  
 ☊ Dragon's Head ☋ Dragon's Tail  
*The falls of the Planets are opposite to their Exaltations and their Detriments opposite to their Houses.*

Illustration drawn by John Varley and published in his book *Zodiacal Physiognomy*.



"Varley devoted much time to the study of judicial astrology, which he may almost be said to have made a second profession. . . . Of extraordinary predictions by him many strange anecdotes are told." —Engl. Encycl.

This is a most curious manuscript. The pages are of various sizes and there is a neatly penned preface believed to have been composed by Mrs. Varley, including an essay by her on the Origin of Religion. This is followed by a laid-in horoscope of John Varley calculated by Raphael, and reproduced in the *Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century* (see page 432). The next leaf is an elaborate diagram with overlaid volvelle showing the retrocession of the equinoxes. The following page has two diagrams, one listing the



Volvelle drawn by Varley to show the retrocession of equinoxes.

countries ruled by the various signs of the zodiac, and the other, cities influenced by the same factors. The manuscript then continues with many interesting diagrams.

As might be suspected, Varley's dedication never brought him financial security. He was married twice and had eight children by his first wife. She died in 1824 and he was married a second time to the daughter of an old friend. From this time on, he was arrested and sentenced to debtor's prison on a number of occasions. He usually took sketch paper and watercolor paints and, while in prison, completed a number of pictures which he was able to sell for enough to gain his release. In 1842, an invention for an eight-wheeled carriage was a dismal failure. Again, a writ was issued against Varley, but the process server was kindly disposed and took the artist into hiding in his own lodgings. Varley then communicated with his friend Vokins who secretly arranged to have the painter brought to his house. Here he was taken ill and died on November 17, 1842.

Promise yourself—to think only of the best, to work only for the best and expect only the best; to talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet; to be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind; to look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true; to wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile; to give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

—*The Optimists Creed*

Oldest question: Does human life perceive beyond this experience called death? Is that all? Is this the end of everything? Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled. In my father's house are many mansions," etc. Instincts tell men there is something beyond. A ship disappears over the horizon, but it is still there. We can't see the ship, but it is still there over the horizon. The human being has its limitations. The time will come for each of us to take this trip. We will all move out of this house. Today, science says: "There is no such thing as the destruction of matter." Death is just an experience. Death may only be the beginning of life. What appears as death is only change.

—E. J. Rollings

## VESTIGES OF THEANTHROPIC RELIGION

The five great living religions, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity, Islamism, and the numerous smaller faiths dependent upon them, belong to one stream of spiritual revelation. The ethical and philosophical schools, which have developed and flourished among the followers of these theological systems, also must be included in the doctrinal structures which inspired and sustained them. All religions are indebted to older faiths for moral inspiration, elements of their creedal patterns, and parts of their rituals and sacraments. This indebtedness is larger than is generally realized.

In addition to the direct line of religious descent from extinct to living faiths, there is the factor of indigenous or folk cults which exist among all nations that have their roots in a remote antiquity. As dominant religious institutions extended their spiritual domain and temporal authority, they imposed their doctrines upon tributary states by conquest or conversion. In each case the imported cult was modified by local beliefs, resulting in many curious compound theologies. This blending of concepts is responsible for countless sects of which Tibetan Lamaism, Chinese Taoism, and Hindu Jainism are typical examples.

Folk religions, more ancient than the ruling creeds of today, still exist in remote places or among tribes that have resisted successfully the encroachment of foreign faiths. The nature worship of the North American Indian tribes, the Eskimos, the Central Africans, the Polynesians, and the Japanese is representative of a widely diffused primitive religion. It might be fair to suggest that these beliefs belong to an earlier cycle of human evolution. It is pre-Vedic, although it appears to have contributed generously to the present structure of the Vedas. If it existed prior to the rise of the Aryas, it could well be a vestigial remain of Atlantean religion.

The dominant spiritual systems of the modern world are theo-

cratic; that is, they are founded in the concept that God or the gods exist apart from their creations. These divine beings rule the universe as legislators administering the destiny of their subjects. They are benevolent despots by divine right, responsible only to themselves for their conduct. The human being is a citizen dwelling in a cosmic autocracy; his fate dependent upon the wisdom and pleasure of divinities beyond his comprehension.

Folk religions are theanthropic in principle, for they originate in the concept that divinity dwells within the creatures which it fashions, unfolding with them and through them. The world is therefore the body of a blessed god, and not merely the footstool of transcendent beings. Dr. Genchi Kato, D. Litt in his essay *What Is Shinto?* (Japanese Tourist Lib. Tokyo 1935) gives an excellent summary of the distinction between the two systems. He writes: "In theocratic religion, there is creation of man and nature by the One Supreme God; and in theanthropic religion, not creation but emanation of the world from the Divine. According to the theanthropic religious consciousness, Heaven and Earth, man and nature, or, broadly speaking, organic and inorganic objects of the universe are begotten of God or gods just as men are born of their parents. Nature-worship, ancestor-worship, necrolatry, hero-worship, Emperor-worship, generally speaking, are religious expressions of the theanthropic type. Hero-worship of the ancient Greeks, Emperor-worship among the Romans of old, the deification of the Gautama Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, all appear in the history of religions of the theanthropic type."

Folk religions, wherever they occur, are essentially the same. All natural phenomena are explained as originating among the hosts of spirits, ghosts, and elementary creatures dwelling invisibly in the atmosphere. Various rituals and sacrifices are devised to keep these spirits in an amiable relationship with mankind. Elements of spiritism are always present. The priests, medicine men, and witch doctors have the power to converse with the dead, and to discover through dreams and trances the will and pleasure of elementals and demons. The heroic ancestor, though no longer present in his physical body, is still concerned with the welfare of his descendents. He may be requested to intercede with the gods

and godlings, and in various ways advance the cause of the living. His intercession is most likely if appropriate offerings are made to his memory. To displease the spirits is to bring calamity upon the individual and his tribe. The canonization of saints reveals the survival of theanthropic concepts.

As the outer form of religion became more and more definitely theocratic, the mystical and philosophical sects which developed under the surface of the faith perpetuated the theanthropic doctrine. Thus it would seem that the primordial cult never perished, but retired from public practice to become the private conviction of the learned. With the rise of the scientific viewpoint in Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the old folk cults were revitalized. The present trend is definitely toward the acceptance of a god *in* nature rather than a god *of* nature.

The Mystery Schools have always been theanthropic, but in these institutions the concept was elevated and refined. The initiates did not populate the etherial diffusion with hungry ghosts, but they did teach that all space was filled with life and the living. Socrates was of the opinion that there were races of creatures that dwelt along the shores of the air as men dwell along the shores of the sea. A living, growing, unfolding universe of spiritual powers was the secret conviction of the wise, but it would be entirely unfair to compare the theanthropic doctrines of Plato with those of an African tribal miracle worker. It was a primitive world, long regarded as existing in a state of untutored savagery, that first proclaimed that man was part of nature and not a separate creation set up to exploit the resources of the natural world.

It was this basic conflict of concepts that drove the European Mystery Schools into concealment and exile. The pagans, though accused of polytheism and idolatry, were not actually guilty of worshipping a plurality of gods. The elaborate pantheons were merely groups of gods and demigods personifying the attributes and aspects of one sovereign Deity. We have developed an unfortunate habit of depreciating without understanding the ancient religions of the world; yet in these religions lie concealed the formulas of human regeneration. Unless we realize that the physical world is suspended from a sphere of spiritual causes, we can never

fit ourselves for our own conscious immortality. The science of salvation requires a concept of cosmic purpose; blind faith and rigid dogmas are not enough.

Research will demonstrate the existence of secret societies and esoteric fraternities among even the most primitive tribes. These societies were identical in structure, if somewhat less sophisticated, with the state mysteries of Greece and Egypt. All reveal the eternal pattern of the division of knowledge into two parts: one concealed, and the other revealed. The concealed part was reserved for those who passed successfully certain tests of character, courage, and ability. To these initiated ones was entrusted the perpetuation of the spiritual arts and sciences. In each instance the esoteric religion was the key to the exoteric faith.

All initiates of the secret rites developed extrasensory faculties; could journey to the shadow world and converse with the dead; could cause storms and quell tempests; could heal the sick and cast out evil spirits; could prophesy the future; could depart from their bodies at will, traveling to distant places and observing what occurred; and most of all could hear the voice of the tribal god and convey his instructions to his people. These were the common practices of the Amerindian medicine priests, the Siberian shamans, and the Haitian *papalouis*. In principle do these practices differ in any essential from those reported of Appollonius of Tyana, Zoroaster, or the arhats of Buddhism? The nature cults are able to initiate their members into a secret body of lore, by which the internal powers and faculties of the human being are strengthened and released. It is proper, therefore, to include them among the Mystery Schools, and admit that they can perform what exoteric systems can only profess.

The folk religions have descended to the modern world as a kind of psychological heritage. In various emergencies there is still a tendency to fall back upon the folk cults of our ancestry. Though intellectually emancipated, we are reluctant to walk under a step-ladder or begin an important venture on Friday, the thirteenth. Although St. Christopher is no longer officially recognized, his medal is still a favorite with travelers who just wish to be on the safe side. The ceremonial magic which contributed to the miseries

of medieval society has not been left behind by those groping after metaphysical security. Although material science has thundered against early superstition, there is an ever-increasing group of educated and thoughtful persons who firmly believe in miracles of healing, especially those who have had tragic experiences with medical practitioners. What we are saying then is that deep in the subconscious parts of ourselves there is a strong tendency to believe those simple truths that have descended from the dawn of time.

The present condition of society is leading to a general disillusionment concerning the benefits of progress. Nuclear fission has aroused fears that no amount of propaganda can overcome. Every aspect of our culture is threatened and it now appears that what we have imagined to be progress has been a long and painful process of deterioration. Things that appeared bright in their beginnings are coming to tragic ends. Mortal existence which began in a jungle is returning to the jungle as Upton Sinclair pointed out. In bygone ages we were prisoners of ignorance. Today we are under the despotism of what we call knowledge. Nuclear fission has made cowards of us all and, to paraphrase a few words of the Bard, "The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

The inner life of the average person is essentially honorable and inclined to the practice of those integrities upon which the survival of civilization depends. There are old paintings of the Dance of Death in which a skeleton, beating a drum, leads an endless procession to the cemetery. Unfortunately we have followed the wrong drummer too long already. The sophisticated peer group has become so involved in material ambitions and appetites that it can no longer hear the warnings of its individual or collective conscience. Doubts have arisen on every level of society and religions are unable to restore spiritual values in this emergency. Every level of authority has so deteriorated that many persons now take it for granted that they must work out their own salvation with diligence as Buddha recommended.

Few have sufficient knowledge to select appropriate systems of instruction and many have discovered to their disappointment that

their natural hunger for truth has been exploited. One indisputable fact remains as a rock standing firm in the sea of illusion. The simple truth is that all who earnestly desire to strengthen their inner lives must first correct their own faults. If they continue to perpetuate their bad habits, they will reap as they have sown. No one can outwit universal law, nor can anyone change it or justify his own misdeeds.

I have worked with many alcoholics. Some, determined to overcome the habit, have done well. Others, indifferent to the future and determined to depend upon distilled spirits for happiness, have had short and painful lives and died long before their natural expectancy. Even though a peer group is given to narcotics, there is no way of avoiding a tragedy that will come sooner than expected. All abuse or misuse will lead to disaster and, when the time comes to reap the harvest, there may be great and lingering suffering.

Over the many years of my public career, a great number of persons have come to me for counseling. Most of them wanted the name and address of an authentic organization. It has seemed best to counsel such truth seekers as to the preparations which any authentic mystical organization would require. One seeker admitted frankly that he had dispositional difficulties, a quick tongue, and a very high estimate of himself. When I tried to explain the problems to him, he admitted that he suffered from some temperamental peculiarities, but "After all, no one is perfect." He did not take kindly to the idea that he must improve his present condition before he could hope to ascend to something better. After all, there are organizations which would accept him with all his faults and promise almost immediate enlightenment. Most of those who come to seek improvement are totally unprepared. They believe that membership in some organization will cancel out all their previous defects, and they are searching for the group that will promise most and require least. These are destined by their own attitudes to wander about in a psychic atmosphere of hopeful expectation until they experience a better level of spiritual insight within themselves.

Those seeking enlightenment usually expect that they can es-

cape the consequences of their own mistakes. As we research the theanthropic faiths of antiquity, we make one simple and significant discovery. The members of the group involved are bound by obligation to all the members of their tribes. They must keep the good rules or the spirits will not assist them. The rules include honesty and self-sacrifice, and the common good takes precedence over all private privileges. Members must keep the taboos, most of which involve moral obligations; they must protect the widows and the fatherless and be ready at any moment to sacrifice even life itself to protect the well being of the brood family.

Many of these tribal members still live their entire lives in a close knit community existence. They are respected for their integrities and reprimanded for personal ambitions or any compromise of principles. When they gather to invoke the benevolence of their deities, they come as worthy sons of the Eternal Father and, because they have kept the laws of the tribe, they can plead for divine help. Under such conditions, it usually came, and in vigil or in solemn ritual the universal spirits of nature brought the necessary answers to the problems of the tribe.

Civilization does not change this. If we ask for divine help, we must be worthy of that which we desire. We must come in quiet faith as a child seeking the wisdom of his parents. There are no pretensions, no extravagant systems of worship or an elaborate priesthood. Prayers are answered because they deserve to be answered, and for no other reason.

Religious people of today, whether orthodox or non-sectarian, have overlooked completely their own place in their concept of salvation. Righteous indignation is considered permissible, but most indignation is not righteous. An elderly lady who daily recites affirmations of divine love has not spoken to her relatives in twenty years because of an early peeve. Then there is the sorrowing mother who can forgive everything except her children who married outside of her faith. A well-intentioned man is fairly successful in loving people he has never met, but cannot be expected to forgive his brother who cheated him out of a substantial inheritance.

A gentleman I knew, who was a born-again Christian, was

ranting and raving about a business associate. After he had calmed down a little, I asked him how he felt about the words of Christ that we should do good to those who despitefully use us. The irate individual hesitated for a moment and then announced solemnly, "The words of Christ do not apply in this case." As the result of a tragic experience in his own school, Pythagoras took an oath that he would never be angry again. He believed that it was necessary to correct children and admonish evil doers to mend their ways, but there was a definite procedure that must first be followed. Before an effort is made to rebuke a person for a misdeed, the instructor must first of all completely overcome in himself hatred for any living thing. There must be no cruelty in his own thinking, no spirit of vengeance, and no impatience. Even if a reproof is required, it must be given with love and understanding. It was also a practice in China that no parent should chastise a child while there was any anger in his heart or mind. It is for the good of the other person that we point out a weakness or defect because we love them and wish them well.

In ancient folk religions, everything depended upon keeping the rules of individual and community well being. These rules were not always pleasant. Many men and women died in the protection of their brood families. If the natives have not been contaminated by outside influences, they are honorable in their dealings. They keep their word, obey the tribal rites, and cheerfully sacrifice their own happiness to the collective good. We are a more advanced civilization in many ways, but we will have no security until we keep the simple rules of early tribal living. We may improve these rules, we may add other ways to cooperate and understand, but while selfishness rules supreme, disaster will never be far away. This is the law and no man can break it.

Nature protects its own future by quietly eliminating those who endanger the advancement of the universal plan. The drug addict will destroy himself and thus cease to contaminate the future. Those who become involved in this type of misdoing will come to a similar fate. The alcoholic in due time departs and leaves not a wrack behind. Moral corruptions may kill off generations with diseases and disasters, but this will in the fullness of time give us

back a clean world. Competition will destroy itself and militarism will sweep away those who are dedicated to militaristic exploitation. All vices perish of their own infirmities and the human being, having suffered sufficiently, will in due course be reborn into a purified natural atmosphere.

It would be a happy event if the members of advanced nations could recognize the evils they are bringing down upon themselves. It is difficult to understand how an educated society can be so completely ignorant. It would seem that some nation would awake to the facts and reveal to the world that kind of society that nature and nature's God intended. We seem to feel that if we deny God, we solve everything. This is little better than lunacy, for however we may define the power at the source of existence, it should be evident by now that we cannot transgress its rules and survive. Unless we learn this, the civilizations of the past have died in vain.

If aborigines in the hinterland of some unexplored continent can appreciate the facts and realize the simple laws of survival, it is strange indeed that we have learned so much only to perish together in a hopeless dilemma. The prospects, however, are brightening. Millions of people are realizing that material ambitions can lead only to a common disaster. If we can recover some of the common sense of the cave dwellers of past ages or the pilt-down men of more advanced dispositions, we can restore what is good and gain that internal wisdom which can save us from the selfishness and arrogance that threaten contemporary culture.

The celebrated anthropologist, Dr. Margaret Mead, spent many years studying the non-literate members of Oceania. She was also deeply concerned with the problems of modern society and did not hesitate to emphasize the moral and ethical integrities of aboriginal and isolated native communities. Her findings strongly support the ethical integrities of untutored savages. They naturally accepted and practiced virtues which helped to maintain tribal life. It is difficult to understand, therefore, why their codes of conduct have not been perpetuated in modern relationships. Dr. Mead's findings have been substantiated by other anthropologists and can be summarized by an incident that occurred in North Dakota. A fur trader, planning to go on a considerable journey, was carefully

boarding the windows of his cabin. He nailed his back door shut and was hanging a padlock on the front entrance when an old Indian wandered by. He inquired as to why all of this protective procedure was necessary. The trapper explained that he would be away for a time and the Indian observed that there was no need to take special precautions because there was not another white man within a hundred miles.

Theanthropic religion originates within the person and is not imposed by social conventions. Honesty is a natural attribute of the human soul, and what we like to call reforms are usually the restatement of long-accepted codes of ethics which are honorable and practical. It is safe to say that most human beings are born honest and are trained into dishonesty by what passes for civilization. Scriptural writings were based upon tribal experience. They preserved for posterity concepts of eternal values. In the brood family, the elders were the teachers of the young. From the "olds" and the "trues," the new generation learned the ways of wisdom. The ancestors were venerated for their courage and dedication to the common good.

The true success story describes how the individual sacrifices everything for the protection of the people. Self-centeredness, as we know the term today, was reprehensible. Those who exploited their tribe were a disgrace to their descendants and it was inconceivable that any intelligent person should not believe in the divine guardians of humanity. We still admire the arts and crafts of aboriginal people; we collect their blankets and their baskets, appreciate their pottery, and deny their integrity.

It is fortunate indeed that a number of progressive thinkers like Margaret Mead have reminded us that we have come to own the whole world, but have compromised personal and collective honor. Simple codes are difficult to adulterate, but complicated beliefs are in constant controversy. The more we honor illusions, the less time we have for reality.

St. Paul made a strong theanthropic statement when he said, "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

## THE GREAT SAINTS OF BUDDHISM

In our Library collection is a small manuscript in French the title of which translated reads *The True Adepts, Illuminates, and Initiates of Hermeticism*. Among the adepts listed are Moses, Solomon, Nicholas Flamel, Raymond Lully, Orpheus, Hermes, Albertus Magnus, and Elias Artista. The unknown compiler considers Emanuel Swedenborg as one of the greatest adepts and stated that he was a personal friend of Elias Artista. William Law is also mentioned as having founded a mystical society in London in 1784. It must be assumed, therefore, that the list of *The True Adepts*, etc. was compiled during the closing years of the eighteenth century.

A study of the lives of these highly enlightened mortals indicates that all of them were accredited with mystical powers and miraculous abilities. Some of the Western adepts, including Elias Artista, appeared and disappeared leaving no traces of their actual identities, but providing material for considerable metaphysical speculation. Esoteric literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries proves conclusively that the Eastern traditions of saints and sages was transmitted in Western esotericism to explain the descent of the mysterious masters of alchemy, cabalism, and the perpetuation of the initiate schools of antiquity.

The arhat tradition in Asia probably originated in the mystical schools of the various sects that developed beneath the surface of orthodox Hinduism. Such transcendental beliefs are fully sanctioned in the ancient scriptural writings of India and later commentaries thereon. India has long venerated great saints dwelling in the far reaches of the Himalayas and other inaccessible regions. There are numerous references to the rishis who dwelt beyond the

stars and the mahatmas who were the secret patrons of the yoga and tantra schools of Eastern metaphysics. Apollonius of Tyana (1st century A.D.) communed with the East Indian sages and witnessed the sky-walking Brahmins and other miraculous accomplishments of the Hindu priests. Magic was an essential part of the secret accomplishments of Eastern wonderworkers.

The Buddhist reforms which arose in the sixth century A.D. could not perpetuate the orthodox beliefs of Hinduism. The ethics of Buddhism rejected most aspects of ceremonial magic, but could not cope with the folk cults accepted in some regions that came under Buddhist influence. As a result, numerous modifications occurred in primitive Buddhism in its pilgrimage from India to China.

Hinayana Buddhism, known as the "small vehicle," was a rigid asceticism. To attain liberation from the miseries of embodiment and the futilities of worldliness, the truth seeker was required to divest his mind and heart of all material concerns and become a wandering pilgrim in the realm of mortal illusion. Obviously, this course was too severe to inspire the average householder with family responsibilities and pressing need to protect his worldly possessions even though they might be of slight physical value. It was not therefore until the rise of the Northern School, known as Mahayana Buddhism, that the teachings of Buddha were adapted to the mental and emotional requirements of simple people who needed the consolation of a gentle and inspiring faith.

It was this Northern School that, moving eastward across the vast deserts and mountains of a comparatively uninhabited wilderness, finally brought the good tidings to China, Korea, and later, Japan. Along this migration route came the belief in the arhats whose wisdom was available to the common people through dedication, humility, and natural honesty. There is every reason to believe that the arhat tradition was founded in real persons who had lived long ago or far away, but had achieved enlightenment without extraordinary personal abilities or capacities.

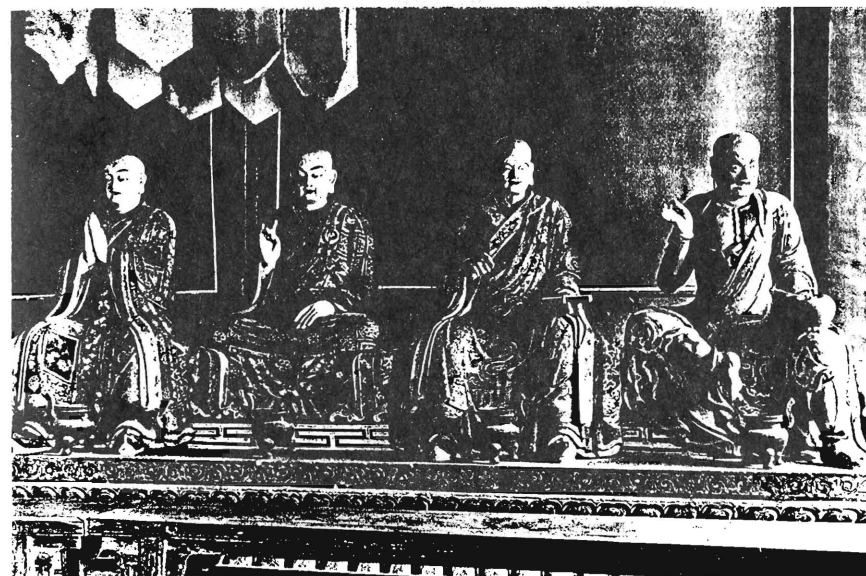
The arhats came from every walk of life and included both saints and sinners. These people attained enlightenment because of

sincerity and determination to correct the weaknesses and infirmities of mortal existence. The principal requisite was complete detachment from all mortal concerns. This did not mean that they had to bestow their goods upon others and go forth into homelessness. Rather, it implied the ability to live in the presence of temptations without being tempted, and the cultivation of an internal serenity that nothing could disturb. The Buddhist arhats did not demand that the world change to meet their requirements. They simply ceased to acquire or require. They attained liberation through good citizenship, practical charity, and the renunciation of all personal objectives. They accepted the Law as it is interpreted in Buddhism, and never questioned its workings because they knew in their hearts the universal program would never change to please them.

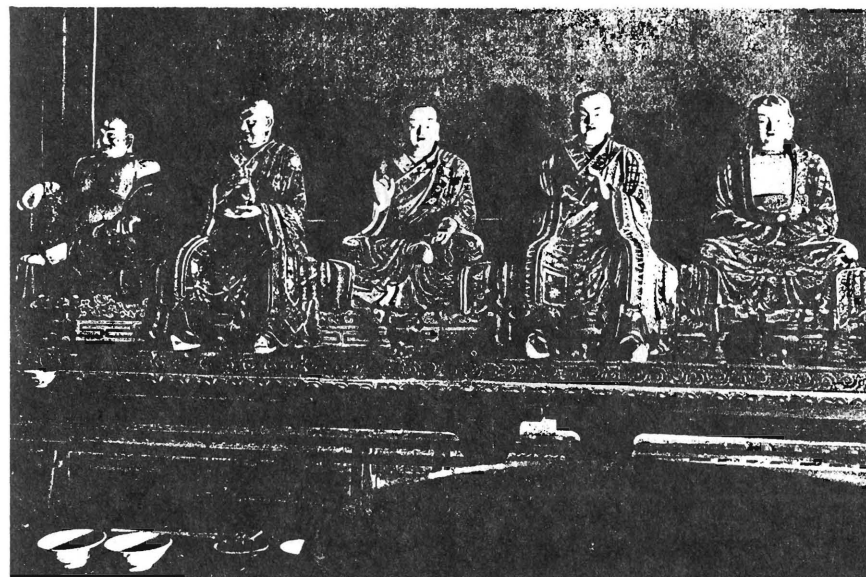
Sanctification in Mahayana Buddhism was not the result of martyrdom. Very few Buddhists died for their faith or stirred up inter-religious antagonisms. Many of the arhats, monks, or nuns carried the doctrine to far places, and were satisfied to teach by personal example. There have been a few cases over the centuries in which Buddhists were persecuted for their beliefs, but this was not the result of militant missionary activities.

Many of the old Buddhist temples of China have halls or galleries set aside for the veneration of the arhats. The figures are sometimes life size as shown in the examples in the Dia Tai Sse in Peking.

From various collections, it was obviously the original intention to depict persons drawn from all races inhabiting the earth. Aryan, Mongolian, and African features are delineated and, in a few cases, European influence is faintly discerned. The accompanying illustrations are from *China Erster Teil: Das Land der Mitte Ein Umriss von E. Fuhrmann, Zweiter Teil: Der Tempelbau von Dr. B. Melchers* (Hagen: 1921). In the lower picture the rotund figure at the viewer's extreme left represents the Bodhisatva Maitreya, the Merciful One, named in Chinese Mi-li. He represents the Buddha to come, but is actually included among the arhats and is a Shinto godling of good fortune.



Diä Tai Sse. Westberge von Peking. Lohan 1-4. Ost.



Diä Tai Sse. Westberge von Peking. Lohan 5-9. Ost.

Two photographs of arhats. From *China Erster Teil* (Hagen: 1921).





Pindola, the arhat with whom Buddha had difficulties, from *Bambutsuhinagata gafu*, Meiji 13-15 (1880-1882).

Along the caravan routes to the furthestmost East, Buddhist bonzes and Christian monks traveled side by side and were frequently mistaken for each other. It was along these pilgrimage routes that the belief in arhats gradually developed, and quite

possibly, the Christian influence played a part in this curious tradition. In *Outline of Chinese Symbolism and Art Motives*, C.A.S. Williams writes of the arhats, "The Lohans are represented, each one posed in a fixed attitude with his distinctive symbol or badge, in the same way as the Apostles of Christ—Mark with his lion, Luke with a calf, Peter with a key, etc."

Sir Monier Monier-Williams, though an excellent scholar, can never be accused of pro-Buddhist sympathies. However, in his book *Buddhism in its Connexion with Brahmanism and Hinduism* he declared that he would make every effort not to be prejudiced against Buddhism, and makes the following observation: "The zealous Roman Catholics . . . thought that they could not exclude so noble a monk as Buddha from the catalogue of their own saints, and so they registered him in their list as St. Josaphat (Josaphat being a corruption of Bodhisat). Colonel Yule in his *Marco Polo* states that a church in Palermo is dedicated to this saint." The *Catholic Encyclopedia* under entry Barlaam and Josaphat is of the same mind, noting: "The story is a Christianized version of one of the legends of Buddha." Barlaam and Josaphat are found in the Roman Martyrology under November 27th.

Something curious and unusual happened somewhere along the journey across Asia. The distinguished old sages suddenly took on a variety of unbelievable appearances. It may have been an effort to prove that these arhats were definitely and distinctively human. Back there somewhere also, Chinese artists in particular must have fallen under a spell of avant-garde portraiture and outdid one another in picturing the saints as grotesquely as possible. This Chinese trend passed over into Japan, but never gained the general acceptance of Japanese Buddhists, though traces of it are noticeable in Zen which had little time or inclination to glorify physical appearances.

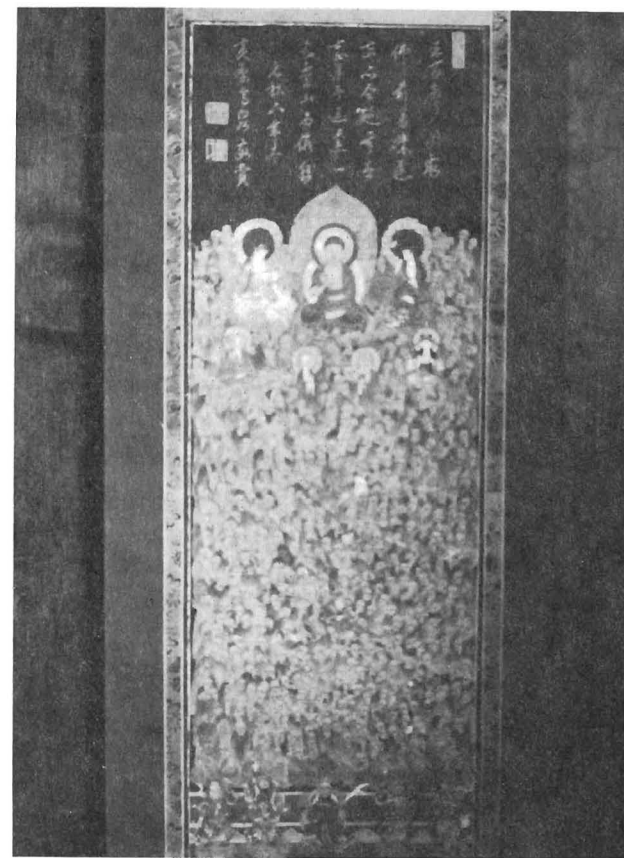
Another complication of studying the arhats is lack of uniformity in the portrayal of these rugged saints. Although likenesses of the principal arhats are well established, the popular appearances now accepted probably arose in China at a considerably later date. Once a traditional form had been established, it was perpetuated

with only minor modifications for over a thousand years. Four or five of the arhats can be distinguished with reasonable certainty and several of the others have been long associated with attributes which help to differentiate them.

In the PRS Library, we have a comprehensive group of material dealing with these obscure saints. There are several ema-kimono (horizontal scroll paintings) picturing the complete series of arhats. They may be standing around individually, in groups, or flying through the air on strange birds or riding the waves of the ocean on sea monsters. There are albums in which the paintings are done in exquisite colors and other collections in which the arhats are pictured in rather whimsical pursuits, some seated on mats of dried leaves. We have two interesting ceramic sets which are distinctly impressionistic and have considerable age. Woodblock printed books in our library include several sets of arhat pictures by distinguished artists. Some show these sages as venerable scholars, whereas others are little better than caricatures. Some years ago, by good fortune, I obtained a scroll of the five hundred arhats, hand painted in black ink on heavy gray paper. The members of this picturesque community are shown engaged in various plebian occupations such as threading needles and trimming fingernails.

Several of the early books devoted to the descriptions of the Buddhist arhats mention a vertical scroll painting which depicts all five hundred of the greater circle of what the Japanese call the rakans. Few people appear to have seen this design although it is mentioned by Dr. M.W. DeVisser in *The Arhats in China and Japan* (Berlin: 1923). We have two examples in our collection proving beyond question that such a painting exists. One is a woodblock print in black and white, and the other a similar print which has been hand-colored. The composition cannot be considered artistic, but it adequately fulfills the purpose for which it was intended.

Regarding the five hundred arhats, it should be noted that a number of Japanese Buddhist temples have sets of scrolls depicting the full five hundred sages involved in appropriate activities. The



Upper section of vertical scroll of the five hundred arhats in a hand colored woodblock in the PRS collection.

paintings are approximately two and a half by five feet, with five of the arhats represented on each panel. Many of the earlier sets have not survived, but skillful modern artists have reproduced them. The Society has nine such panels in the form of artist's sketches. These are done in sumi and are based upon traditional panels in Japanese museums and temples. While traveling, I was able to secure a complete set of Chinese stone rubbings of the sixteen arhats. They are from old stones and give a clear impression

of the designs prevailing in collections of Chinese art.

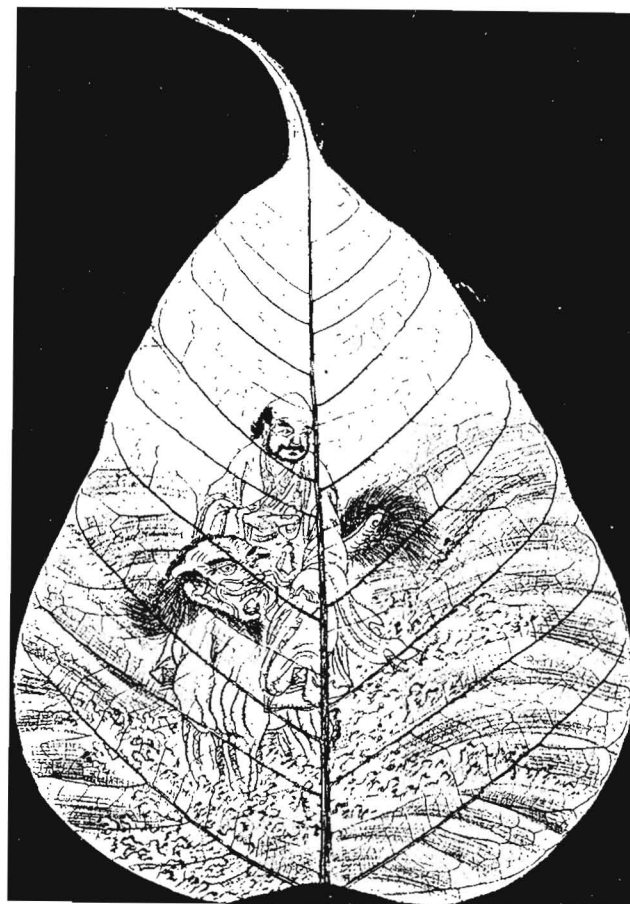
Pictures of the paintings of the five hundred rakan in the Daitokuji Temple are typical, and an album published by the temple in Taisho 10 (1921) is in our Library. This album is valuable because it includes considerable historical information. The original paintings were dated 1178 and were copied by Muromoto Narisate (1847-1905). Some of the original paintings were sold and are now in American museums.

We also have a copy of an album of the *Treasures of the Zojoji Temple*. This sanctuary has an extensive collection of rakan paintings showing several styles of art and different arrangements of the rakans, such as descending in clouds from space. The Library of our Society has acquired sumi sketches of five arhat groupings. These are very similar to the Daitokuji designs.

Our library is also well equipped to serve students in this area with printed works in English, French, German, and oriental languages. An outstanding example of Chinese arhat imagery also in our collection is unsigned, but the album is stamped with a seal stating that it is "a treasure of the house." Of special interest in this album is the painting of the arhat, Rahula, Buddha's son. He is represented holding open his abdomen to show the seated image of his father, actually within his own body. This is an authentic design according to the old accounts, but is seldom seen in illustrated sets. (See cover.)

Two albums on pipal leaves are exquisite works of art. One is entirely in black and white with the veins of the leaves showing through the paintings. The example in full color is unusually expansive and includes not only the rakans, but Kuan-yin, the four guardian kings, and the custodian of the book. In India, religious pictures are still painted on these leaves and are cherished by visitors to various holy places.

The definitive text dealing with the sixteen rakan is *A Record of the Abiding of the Dharma*. This work was composed by the arhat Nandimitra about six hundred years after the parinirvana of the Buddha. Nandimitra lived in Ceylon and, before departing from this vale of illusion, compiled a book to comfort the hearts of the



The arhat, Angida, seated on a lion from a collection of handpainted miniatures on original leaves of the *ficus religiosa* (Pipal leaves).

devout. It was originally delivered as a farewell address, but later became a venerated text of the Mahayana tradition. Nandimitra named the sixteen arhats who had attained the eight emancipations, the three knowledges, the six supernatural powers, the wisdom of passionlessness, the ultimate samadhi and countless other merits.

Nandimitra's sermon is now available in English published by the Buddhist Association of China in a pamphlet entitled *The Six-*

*teen Arhats and the Eighteen Arhats.* In the foreword, the President of the Association states that the seventeenth and the eighteenth arhats are Nandimitra himself and the celebrated traveler and scripture master Hsuan-tsang who translated Nandimitra's writing into Chinese. This translation was made during the T'ang Dynasty and is by no means the least of the accomplishments of the renowned traveler. We learn from this sutra that the sixteen principal arhats were named and identified about seventeen centuries ago. Buddha, himself, is believed to have authorized these sages to lengthen their lives by metaphysical means so that they could continue to protect the True Doctrine as long as the Buddhist teachings survived in the material world.

When the venerable Nandimitra announced that he was about to depart and pass beyond the realms of rebirth, the assembly of the devout was stricken with grief, but the great sage consoled them by saying that before Gautama Buddha departed into Nirvana, he entrusted the essence of the doctrine to sixteen great arhats who would continue to abide in the world as long as there were virtuous persons upon the earth. Each of the great arhats had numerous disciples. These together became the teachers of all the nations of the earth and were given sovereignty over continents, races, and nationalities. They are to remain on earth until the advent of the Maitreya Buddha who will take over their various domains and release the faithful arhats from mortality. The word "Maitreya" signifies kindness or gentle solicitude for all that lives. Having completed his statement of the abiding of the dharma, the great arhat, Nandimitra, in the presence of all the people, ascended into the air and performed many mysterious, supernatural feats so that all present knew he possessed every aspect of superiority. While thus suspended, the great arhat caused his body to be destroyed by an internal flame. The incinerated remains fell upon the earth, and a great stupa, or memorial tower, was built which was venerated by the faithful for many centuries.

The arhats signify those who are worthy, but there are other interpretations suggesting that the title was bestowed upon sanctified sages who had become conquerors of their own passions.

They are often referred to as patrons and protectors of the faith. Some of the names of the arhats are also found in the list of Buddha's personal apostles. During his own lifetime, Gautama Buddha had ten disciples who formed with him the original Sangha, or fraternity. These correspond closely with the twelve disciples of Christ.

In Northern Buddhism, those historical or metaphysical beings most directly associated with the great teacher are the ten disciples, the sixteen arhats, and the five hundred who bear witness to the teachings of the Enlightened One. A somewhat similar classification occurs in connection with the ministry of Christ who according to Eusebius had twelve apostles, seventy-two disciples, and five hundred witnesses as referred to in Acts 15:23.

Representations of the arhats occur in illuminated manuscripts, hand painted fukusa (gift cloths), early woodblock books, and stones from which rubbings can be taken. Statues are to be seen in many public collections, and in China the temples may include a large hall in which the complete series of five hundred are displayed. Images of the lohans, as they were known in China, were usually carved from wood, gilded, and approximately life-size. Glazed ceramic figures of these strange sages are most impressive, and smaller likenesses are cast in metal or painted on temple banners. The statues were benign-looking Chinese scholars, usually seated in various postures sometimes holding objects which helped to identify a particular lohan. Unless the figures were specifically identified by the artists who created them, they had to be considered as a group, representing the highest aspects of mortal attainment.

On the altars above, or in other rooms of the temple, were the stately figures of the bodhisattvas, buddhas, and the guardians of the faith. Gautama was, strictly historically, the only member of this assembly; the buddhas preceding him existed in periods so remote they are virtually beyond human calculation. The bodhisattvas are forthrightly personifications of principles and those abstract truths which contribute to the attainment of enlightenment, but were never assumed to be actual persons. The arhats belong in



Sixteen arhats on a Japanese, handpainted fukusa cloth.

an entirely different category. Although some of them are believed to have been disciples of Buddha during his earthly lifetime, this does not bestow special distinction when they are included in the set of sixteen or eighteen.

Korean artists who were settled in Japan by Hideyoshi adorned the doors of portable shrines with figures of the arhats, and the Kinkozan kilns created an extensive design of arhats to decorate the Satsuma ware produced in these kilns. Miniature ivory carvings of arhats are among the collectibles that have come strongly

into fashion in recent years. Because of their religious significance they were not favored by the popular ukiyo-e masters, but the Zen people had a fondness for these curious Buddhistic elders.

The Rakanji Temple in the heart of Tokyo features seated figures of the venerable rakan, life-sized, arranged in tiers around the walls of the sanctuary. All the statues are the work of one artist, but a number of the figures which were carved about 275 years ago have disappeared from one cause or another. Visitors carefully



A wood carving of an arhat in the Rakanji Temple in Tokyo. The images are not positively identified.

examining the images, according to popular belief, will always find one of the faces resembling his own.

A rare scroll among the treasures of the Nichiren sect was reprinted to commemorate the founding of the sect. It includes a painting which depicts the priest, Nichiren, seated in the midst of a circle of arhats.

Nandimitra lists the sixteen great arhats in the following order (from various other sources, certain identifying features, characteristics, or attributes have been added):

*No. 1 PINDOLA.* His place was in the Godhanga region of the West where he had a retinue of one thousand arhats. Although he was one of Buddha's great disciples, he loved to argue and roared like a lion when he was disputed or challenged. Pindola loved to exhibit his magical powers. When he floated above the heads of admiring crowds, he received a severe rebuke from Buddha for his arrogance even though he occasionally brought about the conversion of obdurate skeptics. As a punishment for his various escapades, Buddha decreed that Pindola should remain on earth until the advent of the Maitreya.

Pindola was quite a favorite in India, and it was customary for him to be the invisible guest at banquets. His miraculous powers resulted in his becoming the natural leader of the arhat community. Various representations and sometimes shown with white hair and long eyebrows, in a former existence Pindola had accumulated considerable bad karma. As punishment he had to abide for a time in the Buddhist purgatory on a diet of bricks and pebbles which may account for the fact that he is usually represented as thin. Some pictures and images represent Pindola seated and holding a book in one hand with his alms bowl in the other. He may also be shown holding a book reverently in both hands. Sometimes we find him with an open book on one knee and a mendicant's staff at his side. The upper end of this staff is twisted and knotted. Occasionally he holds a fan and is seated on a rocky ledge. Because of his wickedness, Pindola is not allowed inside temples, and statues of him may be seen outside a temple near the entrance as in the case of the Butsuden at Nara.

*No. 2 KANAKA THE VATSA.* Established in Kashmir,



A statue of the arhat, Pindola, placed outside the entrance of the Butsuden at the Todaiji Temple in Nara. Photo by Manly P. Hall.

Kanaka presides over five hundred other arhats. A disciple of Buddha, he understood all philosophies and religions. He is pictured in the clouds sitting in a priest's chair. In his right hand he holds a fly whisk and sometimes carries a slender bamboo staff or a bell. His usual emblem is a pasa (lasso or snare) which he holds between outstretched hands.

*No. 3 KANAKA THE BHARADVAJA.* Established in the Purva-Videha region, he is attended by six hundred arhats. He is shown seated at a table on which a bowl-shaped gong is being struck by a boy acolyte. Sometimes he holds a rosary or a scroll and has a small disciple at his side.

*No. 4 SUBHINDA.* He is shown seated on a rock with hands crossed on his lap in meditation or holding the caity (reliquary) of perfection in both hands. Sometimes he is seen sitting with an alms bowl and incense vase on a table beside him while he snaps his fingers to illustrate how quickly he attained spiritual insight. His

head is often cloaked or hooded and he sits on a rock on a mattress of leaves. His sphere of action is the Kuru country in the north, and his retinue eight hundred arhats.

**No. 5 NAKULA.** The sphere of this arhat's action is Jambudvipa, India and his retinue is composed of eight hundred arhats. He is shown seated in a priest's chair holding a rosary of 108 beads. Nakula means mongoose, or mongoose bearer. He never preached and had no personal disciples. He may be the same person as Nakulapita who was converted when he was 120 years old and made young and happy by Buddha's teaching. Sometimes he is represented as teaching a small boy by his side. In Tibetan images, Nakula is accompanied by a mongoose or holds it in his arms.

**No. 6 BHADRA.** This arhat was appointed to labor in Ceylon and given a retinue of nine hundred subordinate arhats. In the Buddhist scripture, Bhadra was a cousin of the Buddha and was able to explain the Master's teaching in simple language. He took his ministry very seriously and sought to attain spiritual perfection. He is often accompanied by a tiger, but may appear without this animal and in an attitude of worship. Bhadra is occasionally pictured holding a scepter, a large rosary, or expounding from a book.

**No. 7 KALIKA.** This arhat is attended by one thousand saintly monks. His place of residence is uncertain, but according to the Chinese he may have lived in Simhata, or the lion country or in Vrijjian. He is represented as studying a scroll or seated in meditation. The Chinese like to show him with extremely long eyebrows which he must hold up so they will not fall on the ground.

**No. 8 VAJRAPUTRA** is accompanied by eleven hundred arhats and resides in the Po-la-na regions which have not been identified. Called "Son of the Thunderbolt," he is usually represented with a very crooked, knotty, bamboo staff seated on a wicker stool with bushy, but not long, eyebrows. He is very emaciated and may be shown ringing a bell.

**No. 9 SUPAKA.** This arhat, with his retinue of nine hundred saints, is stationed on the Gandhamadana mountain. Buddha had a disciple named Gopaka who lived in Pataliputra. In the course of



The arhat, Bhadra, seated on a tiger. Detail from a rare Chinese painting.



The arhat, Kalika, seated on a rock and holding up his eyebrows from *Rakan-zu Sanshu* (A collection of inscriptions to illustrations of the Arhats) by Tettel (Ugai), 1862.

time the two names may have become confused. The representations of this arhat often show him with a small figure of a saint above his right shoulder or close to his side, but he is also shown with a fan, or ju-i (scepter) in his hand. His head is sometimes covered with a shawl and he is reading a book or shown with a vase of lotus flowers.



The arhat, Panthaka, accompanied by a dragon which he is controlling by magic. From *Bambutsu-hinagata gafu*, Meiji 13-15 (1880-1882).

**No. 10 PANTHAKA, or PANTHA THE ELDER.** He dwells in the Tushita heaven (the abode of the immortals) and is the leader of thirteen hundred arhats. The elder brother of Pantha, the younger, he is one of the greatest arhats and sits on a rock reading a scroll, usually accompanied by a dragon. In the Chinese form,



this dragon may be coming out of a bowl. Panthaka can pass through solid walls and vanish at will. His name signifies "born on the road" because his birth occurred while his mother was making a journey. His name may also mean "continuing the way" or propagating the Buddhist religion.

*No. 11 RAHULA* is Buddha's son and labors in a verdant region with a suite numbering one thousand arhats. He was the master of the Buddhist canon and is represented with a high-domed head fringed with curly hair, heavy eyebrows, and a prominent nose. In the Chinese form, Rahula is depicted with his body open to reveal Buddha seated in his abdomen. He is also represented standing beautifully robed and may be accompanied by a goat. Often he holds a rosary in one hand, or has his hands clasped in prayer before a nimbus-like design held by an acolyte, and may also carry a pagoda. It was his fate to die and return to the world as Buddha's son several times.

*No. 12 NAGASENA*. Assigned to the Pandava Mountain in Magadha he is accompanied by twelve hundred arhats. He was especially skillful in the logical development of Buddhist principles. A serious student of the dharma, he left a treatise summarizing his reflections. Nagasena may have been a contemporary of Buddha. He became the head of the Buddhist community in Milinda's country and is mentioned in many early writings. Most often represented holding a bowl from which a stream of water is flowing, he may also be shown carrying the precious pearl. Nagasena is very elderly and may be seated on a chair or upon a natural rock formation. He is a great teacher of the doctrine possessing a strong sense of humor and noble nature.

*No. 13 ANGIDA*. This very exalted arhat dwells in a remote mountain and presides over thirteen hundred arhats. He is represented in advanced age with an emaciated appearance. He may carry a knotted bamboo staff or be shown with the ju-i (scepter) and is sometimes accompanied by a lion. In the Chinese version, he may be shown with a vase, an incense burner, or a fly whisk.

*No. 14 VANA VASA*. He is sometimes shown standing robed in a hooded garment, leaning on a staff, and contemplating a

waterfall. He has a retinue of fourteen hundred arhats and was appointed to the K'o-chu mountain. He can also be represented sitting in a cave with his eyes closed or his hands making a mudra.

*No. 15 AJITA or ASITA*. Presiding in the Gridhrakuta Mountain he is accompanied by fifteen hundred arhats. In the Chinese version, he is associated with a stupa which rises supported by a cloud. He may be shown seated supporting his head on his hand and accompanied by a bird, or holding his right knee absorbed in meditation.

*No. 16 PANTHAKA, or PANTHA THE YOUNGER*. His region is the Ishadhara Mountain in northern India. He presides over sixteen hundred arhats and is the younger brother of Pantha, the Elder. Though slow minded at first and looked down upon by the other disciples, Pantha the Younger, with special attention from Buddha himself, developed intellectual capacities to such a degree that he attained arhatship and performed miracles at will. He is seated in a mudra posture with the forefinger pointing to signify that he is teaching the doctrine. He may also be represented standing, supporting a vase of flowers. In Chinese art he is sometimes shown with a kind of mouth organ resembling the pipes of Pan. He may also be depicted with a long hood and a vase with flowers.

In his essay entitled *Arhats in Art*, Frederick Mortimer Clapp devotes considerable attention to the pictorial representation of the traditional likenesses of these saintly sages. He comes to the conclusion that all efforts to identify the arhats are conjectural. They have descended through so many generations of legendry and artistry that he considers them as a group.

He writes:

The evident intention of most of these pictures is to put into visual form the supernatural element in the literary sources on which they are based, and the marvel and the revelation is rather in the act performed than in the figures themselves. As a result we find in them doll-like forms of monkish creation, which sometimes remind us of Fra Angelico's puppets delicately set in childish paradises. Through such illustration a religion, grown complicated

and infirm, was brought nearer the understanding of the unintelligent; the miraculous naturally took the place of the severe, serene image of moral insight and intellectual conquest, and the painter's attention is chiefly directed to giving, through the composition and the relation of the figures to one another and to the whole, a sense of supernatural incidents not unlike the exploits of the apostles Peter and Paul in the *Golden Legend*.

In these kakemonos the arhats become semi-divine jugglers, conjurers who rise from the solid earth and sit, in the diamond pose, upon the air—a feat similar to that performed by Nandimitra after the delivery of the sutra of the *Duration of the Law*. They walk on clouds like the angels of Umbrian pictures; they draw weird lights and fires from magic bowls; they cross water dryshod; they strip from their faces the mask of Avalokitesvara with whom, as a miracle, they had assumed identity; they watch, with rapt joy of approaching deliverance on their faces, elementals who pass through the sky on waves of unearthly light, not to carry the bones of Buddha to the ends of the earth, but to collect them at their behest and deposit them in that *stupa* around which, before the coming of Maitreya, they will do their final act of homage before passing into parinirvana.

Some representations of the arhats seem to have originated in visions, dreams, or metaphysical experiences of devout artists. Oriental painters and sculptors have always been given to reveries and meditative moods. The great question would be as to how a human being who had perfectly sublimated all his physical propensities could best be pictured. There must be great strength and resolution when representing an ascetic artistically, as dwelling in a body which revealed complete renunciation of all physical attractiveness. The early Chinese were inclined to assume that the wise were of noble appearance and, for the most part, of portly stature. They had not linked sanctity to profound deprivation, but, in most religions, including Christianity, the ascetic life was one of self-denial and extreme austerity.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that all the arhat paintings are without visual charm. We have a number of examples of realistic portrayal emphasizing nobility of face and feature. The accompanying illustration is one of a pair of vertical scroll paintings. Each scroll presents eight of the Buddhist sages in a natural and pleasant environment. All can be identified from the descriptions already given. In popular art, the arhats no longer act as intermediaries between mortals and the immortals and their abodes are too remote for pilgrimage. In certain parts of China, and in the Diamond Mountains of Korea, there are monastic houses which have been considerably glamorized in legendry. It has been assumed by a few who have reached these isolated sanctuaries that the hermit monks and priests actually possess supernatural powers, control the elements, treat the sick, and can leave their physical bodies at will to travel in the invisible realms. The tendency to believe that there are superior persons who have attained extraordinary faculties and powers is spreading throughout the world. When China was badly governed and poverty and suffering were the common lot, human hope and faith took refuge in miracles and the devout turned their prayers toward supernatural beings.

As Buddhism became increasingly democratic, it was assumed that faith itself was sufficient to transform the inner life into a realm of beauty, even if the body languished. In all probability, it came to be assumed that, left to his own devices, the human being was not strong enough to live the good life. It was necessary to depend upon spiritual realities which could protect the weak from the sad consequences of their own weaknesses. Every faith has such intercessors. Sages, teachers, redeemers, and protectors became the hope for salvation. The Eternal did not leave its creation helpless and hopeless. Human beings have always had the capacity to work out their own salvation.

The arhats became symbols of self redemption through integrity and dedication. They were the proof that love, hope, and faith could lead the way to union with deity if the dejected individual was willing to so change himself that he could outgrow the propensities that bound him to the wheel of karma. Furthermore, there



One of a pair of Japanese painted pictures of arhats in a secluded garden represented as noble scholars. The central figure with a goat at his feet is Buddha's son, Rahula.

can never be a time when the works of Divinity will be utterly destroyed by the corruptions of mankind. In each life there is a moment when the need for truth becomes inevitable and irresistible. Each person in his own heart and mind takes the first step toward liberation and, by changing himself, begins the journey which leads to the arhats and beyond.

*In  
Reply*



## A Department of Questions and Answers

*Question:* This summer, I will be sixty-five years old and the organization with which I am associated has a fixed rule making retirement mandatory at this time. I am an executive with a Master's Degree in business administration. My husband died several years ago and my two daughters are happily married and I am now a grandmother. My pension will be sufficient to take care of me comfortably for the rest of my life. I have also inherited funds from my husband and carry adequate insurance. Now the question is, what do I do with the rest of my life? I never looked forward to retirement because I thoroughly enjoyed my work. I have had offers to serve in various capacities in several corporations, but I have a feeling that I need a change of pace. The fact that I am writing this letter to you indicates my desire for self-improvement, and I must be busy to be happy. What can you suggest?

*Answer:* It is obvious from your description that you are not one of those who have been waiting for retirement since the first day they went to work. You also tell me that you are in good health and have abundant energy. To borrow a popular theological phrase, you are about to be born again. After you have received the appropriate felicitations of your former associates, it might be a good time to take a long and pleasant trip. If you have already traveled extensively, select one locality you have especially enjoyed and settle down there for three to six months. This will absorb most of the shock of parting and prevent a kind of bewilderment from setting in.

You also tell me that the only great sorrow of your life was the death of your husband for whom you had a very deep affection. Perhaps, therefore, you could contemplate the possibility of a second marriage. The trend is rather prevalent at this time and may result in a maturer relationship that often continues for ten or fifteen years. If such an opportunity should naturally arise, it could enrich your personal life.

Before your marriage and the coming of your children, did you have any special dreams about the future? Was there some art or skill which you brought with you at birth and have never had the time to express? If so, this might be a good direction in which to seek fulfillment. In terms of philosophy, it would be wise to release those potentials within yourself which were neglected during your business career. The world in which we all live has many levels of achievement. When time or opportunity permits, let aesthetics take the place of economics. New adventures in learning help to protect the mind against the bewilderments of sudden changes.

We can assume that you are not going to sink into the state of mental or emotional indolence. We know that you will not join that large group of older citizens who die trying to kill time. In the Orient, the last third of life is regarded as the most important. Having met those responsibilities of society which are proper to a good citizen, we are free to evaluate the burdens we have carried with dignity and the opportunities for further growth which lie ahead.

Many retirees now go into business for themselves, not so much for profit as to contribute to the security or happiness of those around them. A well adjusted life should be shared with those less fortunate. You could probably find numerous opportunities to give lectures or seminars in colleges or universities. Your most important contribution could be to share the knowledge of your ability to work happily, constructively, and efficiently with a conglomerate of temperaments. One must be born with this skill or else cultivate it in order to become a good executive. At this time especially, millions of people resent their jobs and look forward hopefully to the time when they can satisfy their appetites and indulge their whims. The warmth of a constructive involvement in the joys and

sorrows of existence strengthens character and fulfills the emotional needs of an intelligent woman.

In many communities, there are organizations in need of trained leadership. You may find one or more of these civic activities which might appeal to your sense of values. Private participation in public affairs is increasing every day, and many of the issues have lasting significance. Leadership must be vested in experienced individuals and you could be of great practical assistance. In any direction in which we turn there is increasing need for idealistic leadership, and the protection of integrities against the erosion of materialism.

It will be wise for you to give some attention to the conservation of the good health with which you have been blessed. It would be wise to reduce the burdens of maintaining a home, while keeping all necessary comforts. You may feel perfectly adequate to handle the problems of living, but in time you will find that it may be too heavy a strain on your energy resources.

If you have a literary talent, you might compile a book suitable for those entering the business world. If your imagination is strong, you could dramatize events from your own career that might have literary or television potentials. I knew a lady who joined the Sierra Club who made many short trips and always carried a sketching pad so that she could record some unusual pictorial details. When she got back from a trip, she prepared watercolor paintings from her sketches. Her friends enjoyed them and several were sold to small art galleries. She met interesting people and gained considerable pleasure from her acquaintances.

Appearance is also a factor in maintaining an optimistic disposition. You should be reminded of your youthfulness and vitality every time you look into a mirror. If the view is disturbing or disillusioning, something should be done about it immediately. Those living alone very often become careless and gradually feel less vital and optimistic. Do everything possible to protect your health and give up any habits which are injurious to the constitution. Vitamin and mineral support is sometimes indicated, but I know several persons who have passed ninety years without any supplementary nutrition.

Needless to say, an occasional medical checkup is probably helpful even if you do not believe all the findings. A healthy attitude supports a healthy body. There must be close cooperation between these two factors. If one fails, both fail. Recreations are also important if they are not overdone, but they are not a substitute for a well-planned program. Ballroom or folk dancing provides non-violent exercise. Walking can be helpful, but as Socrates pointed out, it is a nuisance unless you are actually going somewhere. Jogging is not recommended.

Those who by circumstance or necessity live alone often gain enjoyment from taking on a pet. Dogs of moderate size can be companionable and provide a legitimate excuse for taking periodic walks. Cats have more intimate qualities and if well treated are tolerant of human beings. I can personally testify to a tank of tropical fish. They are beautiful little creatures, but they can become quite a responsibility. Birds are also favorites, and it is possible to become quite attached to a hamster. It should be remembered, however, that most pets can be expensive and may interfere with the regimes of busy persons.

It is not necessary that a retiree should have only one interest to protect mental activity. Hobbies can be of great help. Those who travel extensively can use a camera effectively, keeping records of persons, places, and things. A well stocked, but not overly pretentious library invites the thoughtful person to pleasant escapes from television and the like. Hobbies can become the basis of a second career, but they should never be an obsession. An offer of helpfulness to some project that obviously needs assistance can be an entrance into a new world of wonders.

There is a deep satisfaction in knowing that we have contributed to a worthy cause. One can donate a day or a week to a hospital or a retirement home, or again to a clinic specializing in the treatment of small children. It has been said that the first half of life should be devoted to accumulation and the second half of life to disposing of things we have accumulated. We brought nothing with us and, when we leave, we can have no belongings but ourselves. The period after sixty-five is the proper time to cultivate philosophy, strengthen religion, and practice generosity. It is

useful to ask one simple question: "What have I actually learned from sixty-five years of embodiment in this world?" If the only answer that can be thought of is limited to physical accomplishments, we have missed the real purpose of our sojourn in this mortal sphere.

It is a good idea to overhaul and update our religious convictions. Beliefs that may have served us well in youth may require revision. The frantic search for spiritual security is largely a waste of time. There is a strong tendency to revive the faith that we accepted in childhood before the disillusionments of later years adulterated our convictions. The great systems of world religion and philosophy are helpful to us all, but involvement in dubious doctrines has actually contributed to years of misery for those still in the body. Neo-platonism is especially useful for Western people, and the Buddhist schools of Asia strongly emphasize the importance of the simple life dedicated to the service of all living things.

As the years go by, patience becomes increasingly necessary. Gradually our energies are impaired and mysterious aches and pains make their appearance. By degrees, the body becomes uncomfortable and some find a negative satisfaction in the contemplation of their ailments. When these problems set in, there must be greater emphasis upon unselfish dedications to constructive programs. It may be necessary to rest more often, but it is a mistake to surrender completely to the infirmities of the flesh. A doctor my grandmother knew, who had only a few days to live, was conveyed to his office in a wheelchair, served his patients to his last day, and passed on at his desk. This may be an extreme case, but there is no doubt that all ailments get worse when one caters to them.

Some of our friends will remember Mary and Walter Young, who helped me for many years. After a Sunday morning lecture, Mr. Young locked the cash box with the ticket money and dropped dead. A few moments later, his wife, who was still working though partly paralyzed, heard that her husband was gone and joined him within the hour. It seems to me that that's the way it should be.

Men or women who have spent many years alone have a tendency to become "loners." They lose the facility to be friends or

make friends. They retire into themselves and frequently develop neurotic symptoms. With nothing to think about but their remote misfortunes or their immediate aches and pains, they waste a glorious opportunity to enrich their own inner lives. If one reaches a point in which he becomes tired of society and would rather go home and read a book by a favorite author, this calls for immediate self-analysis. Aloneness, without powerful internal enlightenment, is habit-forming and can be just about as dangerous as cocaine or morphine. In attempting to prevent the bruising of a hypersensitive ego, it is possible that one can feel that he has outgrown this sphere of storm and stress. Such an individual can slip away into some dark corner until the blessed day of liberation. I bring this up because it is a more common occurrence than we are inclined to think. Many persons who have not even begun to outgrow their faults are quite certain in themselves that they have outgrown the world in which they live.

If you believe in reincarnation, it is perfectly possible to live in the future here and now. We can decide what we would prefer to be in our next incarnation, or the condition which society is likely to be in at the time of our reappearance. A grandmother (not my own) took up the piano in her late eighties because she wanted to be a musician next time. Another elder went to night school to study Spanish because he thought it would be a popular language about the time he came back. Some may doubt that it will work out this way, but it is a considerable improvement over theological appraisals of this situation.

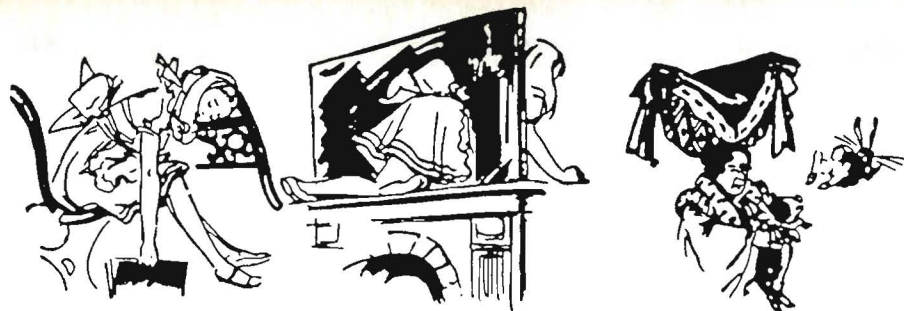
There are two kinds of people in this world, pessimists and optimists, and it has been said that pessimists are often those who have lived with optimists. This is not strictly true, but the unhappy have a tendency to be jealous of their happier friends. One way to ruin the second half of life is to remember clearly and immediately everything that has gone wrong from infancy. The neurotic either tells the story of himself until no one wants to hear it again or else retires into a sullen silence thus punishing his associates. Mental attitudes are very important, and those which are cultivated in youth must be endured in older age. It does not follow that pessimists have to die young. In some cases they may even outlive optimists,

but they are a dourful group.

There is an old farmer's saying that folks are like apples on a tree. Some of the apples ripen with age and others just deteriorate. Those ripen best in seasons where there is frost, which can signify responsibilities and reverses of fortune. As one gets older, a sense of humor is an indispensable asset. Living is a serious business, but it is a mistake to take it too seriously. Many events can be regarded as unpleasant or amusing according to the point of view. Genuine humor is not caustic nor is it a thinly veiled aggravation. It simply reminds us that the human being is the only creature that we know with a sense of humor. Others have been suspected, but facts on the subject are uncertain.

We will have more friends, enjoy social relationships the better, and maintain the harmony of bodily functions the longer if we cultivate the habit of happiness. The greatly honored American citizen, Abraham Lincoln, had an amusing anecdote for nearly every occasion. One he often told in Congress described his return from a minor Indian war. A friend slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Hello, Abe. I see you're back from the front." Lincoln looked deeply concerned and replied, "I know I'm thin, but I didn't know it was that bad." If Lincoln could do it, we can do it too.

You tell me in your letter that you have no intention of becoming dependent upon your children under any conditions. This is wise and, as a result, you will have many invitations to visit with them. The greatest contribution you can make to your children and grandchildren is to prove conclusively that the integrities of life are the foundations of all success and happiness. It is difficult to preach to the young these days, but it is often possible to share with them the beauties and wonders of the mortal world and the simple affections of the human heart. Perhaps these suggestions will help you to fulfill your secret dreams, and will convince you that every day of life gives you a new opportunity to reveal the graces in your own soul. There is nothing very new, but we should not think of it as old. We should think of the good life as forever.



## Curiouser & Curiouser

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND

### THE RED CAVALIER

The following masterpiece is the first article by Manly P. Hall that ever saw the light of print. It was a composition for a class in English for a high school in Washington, D.C. and in due course came to print in *The Balance Sheet*, the official journal of the school. It was later also republished in other school journals in the District of Columbia. The author was thirteen years old when this opus was contrived.

#### Chapter I

The long shadows of night were beginning to dull the rosy red of sunset, and behind the gray walls of the Louvre, a horde of servants rushed to and fro with great candlesticks, while lamps and golden candelabra dispersed the fast-forming darkness from the vaulted apartments. In a dark room on an upper floor, leaning against the sash of a great window, stood a small man, his head supported by a delicate hand sparkling with rings. As he stood there gazing into the night, a valet entered with a great ten-stemmed candelabrum and, advancing, placed it on the table in the center of the room. The same moment, the gentleman at the window turned, and as the light fell on his graceful figure, his carefully trimmed imperial and mustache, his soft eyes and perfect

complexion, a casual glance could have recognized even without the red robes and cap, the warrior duke and priest, Cardinal Richelieu. The white bejeweled hand beckoned Bernvien, his "Valet de Chambre."

"Has the young man I sent for arrived?"

"Not yet, your Eminence."

"And the King?"

"Desires to see your Eminence as soon as possible."

The small hands of the Cardinal clenched, and he uttered some inarticulate words.

"Go," he added aloud, "and return when St. Craux arrives."

As Richelieu stood there alone in his apartment, his soft eyes grew suddenly fierce.

"The King! The King! Must Louis forever be the thorn in my side? Can I never place him where I want him? The Queen, bah! Now that I have the letters of Buckingham, she is mine; but the King. It is true I rule, but he is still powerful. Yes, he is still powerful. I will. I must!" He stopped. Bernvien had entered.

"Your Excellency! Captain de St. Craux of his Eminence's Guards."

The young man removed his broad-brimmed military hat and bowed until the brown plume brushed the carpet. He was a fine type of soldier, straight and handsome, his mustache bristling until it seemed to join the long dark curls that fell over his shoulders, and his great sword clanking under the velvet cape, which bore the Cardinal's crest.

"Count Jean de St. Craux, Captain of his Majesty's Musketeers?"

"Yes, your Eminence, at your service," and the Count bowed again.

"Be seated, Captain, I have a matter to talk over with you."

The Count slipped into a chair and waited.

"You have heard, have you not, of 'L'Homme Rouge'?"

The young officer started. "Yes, your Excellency, he is the talk of Paris."

"Did you know he had compromised the King?" And

Richelieu clasped and unclasped his hands.

"I had not heard of it, your Eminence, although I believe his Majesty often speaks of him."

"You seem well posted in court matters."

"Yes, your Excellency, my sister is maid of honor."

"Well, Count, I want you to take two men and hunt down this apparition, if it takes years."

"Your Eminence shall be obeyed; but we must have funds."

The Cardinal sighed. "Always money," and slipped a ring off his finger. "Here, sell this; it will supply you."

The young Count bowed again and disappeared. Richelieu sounded a gong, and Bernvien appeared.

"Inform his Majesty I am now quite at his service." And, after looking complacently at himself in the Venetian mirror, the Cardinal went to the King, and lost ten Louis at cards, his mind being elsewhere.

## Chapter II

After leaving the Louvre, Captain St. Craux mounted his horse and cantered down the Rue Richelieu into the Rue St. Denis, through the Rue Ticwatonia, and at last drew rein in front of a modest house on the last-named street. As he dismounted, a young man in semi-livery ran out and took the bridle.

"Jacques," ordered the Count, "to Viscount de Ville and Partraine at once, and beg them to hasten here; tell them it is important."

"Yes, Monsieur," answered the valet, as he led the horse away.

Fifteen minutes later, as the Count sat at his table, dividing his attention between the Cardinal's ring and a bottle of Burgundy, horses' hoofs stopped before the house, and heavy footsteps resounded on the stairs. The door opened, and the room became visibly lighter, for the new arrival was the very incarnation of sunshine. He was rather short, hiding a hint of corpulence beneath a light-green velvet doublet, a wide sash of corresponding color concealing all save the butts of two heavy pistols. A great sword, which always clanked against his heavy boots, completed the picture.

"Mon Dieu!" boomed a thundering but jovial voice. "Is it a duel with some lady's husband, or a late dinner?"

"Neither, my good Du-Ville."

"So I see; for Partraine is not the one to miss such a meeting, and he is not here." Suddenly his face grew long. "I trust it is not money, for I haven't a crown. Hark! I hear someone on the stairs. Ah, Partraine, you are in the nick of time."

The missing number, a tall, soberly dressed man, laughed loudly in contrast to his garb, and the three seated themselves at the table and turned their attention to the Burgundy.

"To his Eminence!" toasted Du-Ville, draining his glass.

"Ah friends, let us be sober and to business. His Excellency (with a smile) has ordered me to take two friends and capture L'Homme Rouge."

A gasp went around the table.

"The old fox doesn't want much," grunted Partraine.

"Well, he has given me this ring—"

"With a sigh, I wager," grinned Partraine.

"Yes, with a sigh, and if we don't do something, he will sigh again and land us in the Bastille. So a last toast, gentlemen, and then for St. Germaine, where this red man was last seen."

Four hours later, the dying moon looked down on three weary figures who were returning to the Rue Ticwatonia by the Rue Charlotte.

"That inn-keeper was a fool," raved Du-Ville, who thought of a gibbet with himself as the main attraction. "Mon Dieu! Whoa! Look out! Diable!"

At that moment a large covered coach rushed down a by-street and came within a foot of the leading horseman, who chanced to be Du-Ville.

Now along the street at this point runs a wall behind which stands the Hotel of Duc de Sommes. About a hundred yards from where the friends had halted, there was a small gate, and at this the carriage stopped, allowing a man dressed in red to descend and vanish through the door, while the coach rumbled away.

"L'Homme Rouge!" breathed St. Craux and his companions in a chorus, and dismounting, the three stole to the door. Partraine



pushed, and it silently opened. They waited, swords in hand, but hearing nothing, ventured into the courtyard. Before them was another portal. St. Craux opened it and the moonlight showed a flight of stone steps. Silently they descended and found themselves in a long corridor.

"A wine cellar," whispered Du-Ville.

"Hark! I hear voices," answered Partraine in an equally low tone. "Look!"

They had just turned a corner and found themselves looking at a strange scene.

In the middle of a great chamber lighted only by two wax tapers was a long table around which sat a dozen masked figures, while the man in red stood towering over them all, his head entirely covered by a great hood in which two holes served as eyes.

"Gentlemen," the red mask was saying, "we are agreed that the Cardinal must go."

"Yes!"

"For the sake of our King, our Queen, his royal Highness the little Louis, and the people. Therefore, we meet here Tuesday at one and go to the Louvre and remove Richelieu, by force if necessary. Sirs, the meeting is over."

"Luck!" murmured St. Craux, and the three listeners rushed down the passage and did not stop until safe on horse-back.

"Ma Foi! That was a close shave," growled Du Ville as they saw the carriage return and the Red man drive away. "Now for the Louvre!"

It was half past one of the same night that Count de St. Craux presented himself at the Palais Royal (for the Cardinal was still at cards with the King and the Duc de Guise), and requested an audience with Richelieu. St. Craux was ushered into a room the four walls of which were hung with purple velvet. A second later the Cardinal appeared from behind one of the draperies.

"Well, Count?"

De Craux bowed. "Your Excellency, I was favored by a happy incident. I rode with my friends through the Rue St. Germaine, to the Place Notre Dame, and where it joins the Rue Charlotte, we found the Red man who told of the wine cellar under the Duc de

Somme's Hotel, and the plot on the Cardinal's life." As he finished, the curtains again parted, and Richelieu turned.

"Your Majesty will pardon my absence?"

"Yes, Cardinal, after winning ten Louis I can pardon anyone; besides, I am not called 'The Just' for nothing. I merely heard loud voices and came to investigate."

"I trust, Sire, that you will excuse my voice, but I was excited." And Count St. Craux bowed again.

The King turned and walked away smiling.

Richelieu waited behind and in a low voice began, "Captain, Duc de Somme gives a ball tomorrow night. Bring twenty men to the west entrance at ten." And walking away, Richelieu entered into conversation with the King.

The Duc de Somme was one of the old aristocrats, and his ball on Monday night given in honor of Prince Louis' recovery from smallpox was the height of grandeur. The crystal salon of his Hotel on the Rue Charlotte contained the cream of French nobility.

Suddenly the throng parted and whispers went around. "The Cardinal!"

At the door, followed by his suite and a company of Musketeers, stood Richelieu, in the uniform of a Captain of the Guards.

The Duc de Somme advanced and bowed.

"Your Eminence, to what may I attribute the honor of your visit?"

"I am here in the King's name to learn the truth of 'L'Homme Rouge' who we know comes to your cellar."

"Your Excellency," gasped the Duc, turning pale, "Be kind enough to explain."

"Monsieur le Duc, I merely inform you that you are under arrest for conspiracy against the government. M. le Gouverneur of the Bastille will explain things to you if you wish."

At the word Bastille the Duc trembled, thinking of the deep moat, high walls, and gloomy dungeons where enemies of the State lived and died far from the light of day.

"Count de St. Craux, take two guards and escort M. de Somme to the Bastille; there is a carriage below."

“Halt!”

All eyes turned, and there at the other end of the great salon the draperies parted and a man emerged. Ladies fainted, men turned pale and drew their swords, for at the door stood the Red man, looking at them through the slits in his mask and holding two heavy silver pistols ready for action.

He bowed to the Cardinal and advanced until directly under the great crystal chandelier that lighted the room.

“Your Eminence,” came the disguised voice, “wished to see ‘L’Homme Rouge’.”

“Arrest him!” shouted the Cardinal, but did not lead the assault.

“Don’t move, my dear sir, for it would grieve me to shoot a churchman. M. de Somme, I should advise you to leave France for the time.”

The guards could offer no objections to the loaded pistols, and the Duke turned and walked away without even glancing at the baffled Richelieu.

The Red Cavalier again bowed and slowly retreated through the door. The guard and nobles started to advance. Suddenly the Red man fired one shot at the wires which held the great crystal chandelier, and ten thousand crowns worth of cut glass fell to the floor, leaving the room in darkness.

“Fire!” shouted Richelieu and a volley of shots split the void, but a laugh was the only reply.

An hour later, after an unsuccessful search for “L’Homme Rouge,” the Cardinal, having returned to the Louvre, had an idea. Ordering Bernvien to light him, he entered a secret passage and a minute later was in the anteroom of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, and at once received an audience.

“Anne,” he whispered when they were alone a moment, “Do you know where the King spent the evening?”

“No. I sent for him, but he could not be found.”

Later in his study, Richelieu smiled. “So that is how the land lies. Oh, Louis, my Red Cavalier, how clever you are!”



## Happenings at Headquarters



We were recently honored by a visit from the distinguished American sculptress, Claire Pierpoint, who has been living in Europe since 1959. Some years ago she graciously gave us the two outstanding statues now permanently placed on our premises. The larger represents an Egyptian sage, an over life-size, magnificent figure in granite. The smaller piece near the Griffith Park entrance depicts an Egyptian steward of a great family, also in granite. In the early 60's Madame Pierpoint became acquainted with the work of the Society. On her recent visit, she was for twelve days a guest

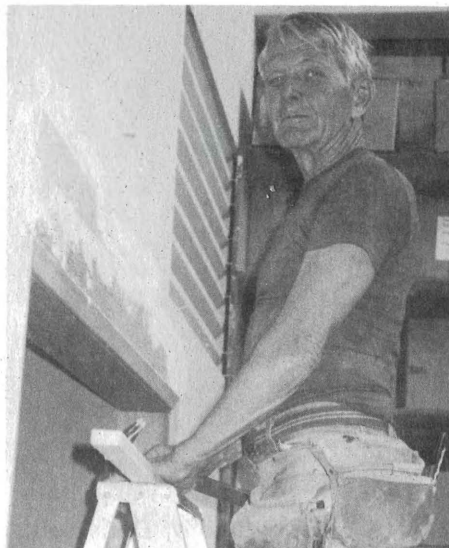


Claire Pierpoint, photo by Doris Rahmig.

in the home of our Librarian, Pearl Thomas, and was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hall in their home. Among her many activities while here were visits to UCLA, the Los Angeles Museum of Art, and the Huntington Library. She is now working on a most interesting group of bronze miniatures combined with bases of semi-precious stones.

We regret to announce at this time the passing of Miss Genevieve Stiles, for many years a personal friend of Mr. Hall, a sincere supporter of our Society, and a poetess of distinction. She was a registered nurse and became an ardent collector of early Chinese jade. The ivory shrine of the Amida Triad which appears on page eighty-eight of Mr. Hall's book *Buddhism and Psychotherapy* was photographed from the original work and published with her permission. Miss Stiles had an extensive library including many works of modern poets and her books have been donated to our Society. She was a very thoughtful and gracious person.

We have been especially blessed by Mr. Carl Bennett who graciously volunteered his time and skill to the improvement of our facilities. He built a special bookcase for the library, adjusted our various locks, completed the room in the tower above our



Carl Bennett, photo by Pearl Thomas.

auditorium so that it could be used for storage, and is now building shelving in the shipping area. We were in real need of the additional space and are most grateful to Mr. Bennett for his contributions.

Also, it should be noted that a great part of the building has a new coat of paint and the cosmetic effect is most pleasing. This is due to the efforts of Mr. Bryan Rosenbery who donated his time to the project. He is seen at work (incognito) and proved conclusively that he is a craftsman of rare ability. Thank you, good friend.



Bryan Rosenbery (incognito), photo by Pearl Thomas.

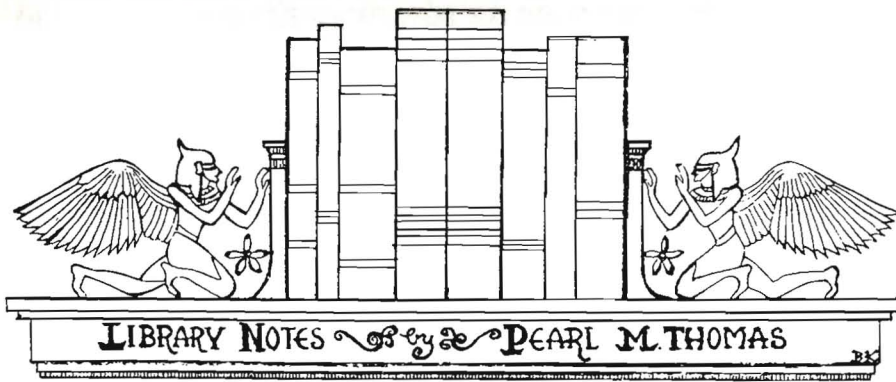
To correct an error in the Spring, 1985 issue of the *PRS Journal*, the paragraph at the foot of page sixty-eight should read: "We want to express our gratitude for the unusual number of books and magazines donated to our Spring Book Sale. Included was a small group of rare items in our fields of interest which have seldom been offered on the public market, donated by Gilbert Olson and Ron Hogart. The sale included material from the library of Ed Case and a number of out-of-print items donated by the Creelman family including first editions of Mr. Hall's writings."

again and is being done in the medieval manner, each stone being hand-hewn. The magnificent rose window is the fourth largest in the world.

Going to the opposite end of Manhattan, we passed many an area well known to every American, whether they have ever visited New York or not; the 102-story Empire State Building, which only took sixteen months to build in depression times, the Norman Vincent Peale Church, and the Flat Iron Building, which in 1880 was the tallest building in the city. We had a quick view of Wall Street, the financial center of America. We stopped in Chinatown where we visited a small Chinese Buddhist Temple and a most conveniently placed gift shop. Another stop allowed us to view the Statue of Liberty. It was about 4:00 P.M. and the low sunshine on the water made it a magnificent spectacle. Returning to the bus, we drove along the East River, seeing the Brooklyn Bridge, and the Manhattan and Williamsburg Bridges. We viewed the United Nations complex before returning to the bus stopping place.

Fifth Avenue in midtown New York, from Fiftieth to Fifty-ninth was developed, to a large extent, at a time when elegance, affluence, and great architecture were paramount. It is still, and probably always will be, a very wealthy area. Exclusive shops line the boulevard: B. Altman, Bergdorf Goodman, Lord and Taylor, Cartier, Tiffany, Saks Fifth Avenue, Gucci, and Godiva are all on Fifth Avenue. Outstanding office buildings, all exceedingly tall, make canyons below: 666 Tishman Building, Rockefeller Center, Empire State Building, General Motors, Olympic Towers are just a few. In the midst stands the beautiful St. Patrick's Cathedral, serene and quietly complaisant—after all, it was there long before the others. The Trustees bought the property in 1828 to be used as a cemetery—far from the maddening crowd. In front of the Cathedral there are always an array of horsedrawn vehicles pulled up there to take visitors on tours of the city. It was tempting to go for a ride but a little too chilly for a Californian. So I satisfied myself with taking a picture.

One of the most prestigious new addresses on Fifth Avenue is the Trump Towers. The first six floors are given over to exclusive



### CERTAIN PEOPLE AND PLACES IN NEW YORK CITY

Being a typical tourist, while in New York, I took one of the numerous bus tours offered around the city. We headed toward upper Manhattan, driving through Central Park which had a bleak, winter look about it. I couldn't help wondering why one sees so few evergreen trees; they would offer such lovely green contrast against the barren browns. Coming out of the park about Seventieth Street, we passed numerous luxury apartments of many well-known figures, particularly from the movie and theater world. The famous Dakota Apartments (built in 1884 with farms around it named Dakota because of its remoteness) is still a prestigious address. At about 110th Street we had a swing around part of Harlem, where we saw some really remarkable restoration going on. The turning of empty, deserted apartments into condominiums would for Harlem be considered very expensive, but for New York quite the contrary.

We passed Columbia University and the home occupied by General Eisenhower before he went to the White House; Barnard College, St. Luke's Hospital, Juilliard Musical Institute, the Metropolitan Museum and on and on. We made a stop at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (Episcopal), which when completed will be the world's largest Gothic Church. The building was started in 1892 and work on it continued until 1941. It has resumed



St. Patrick's Cathedral, photo by Pearl Thomas.

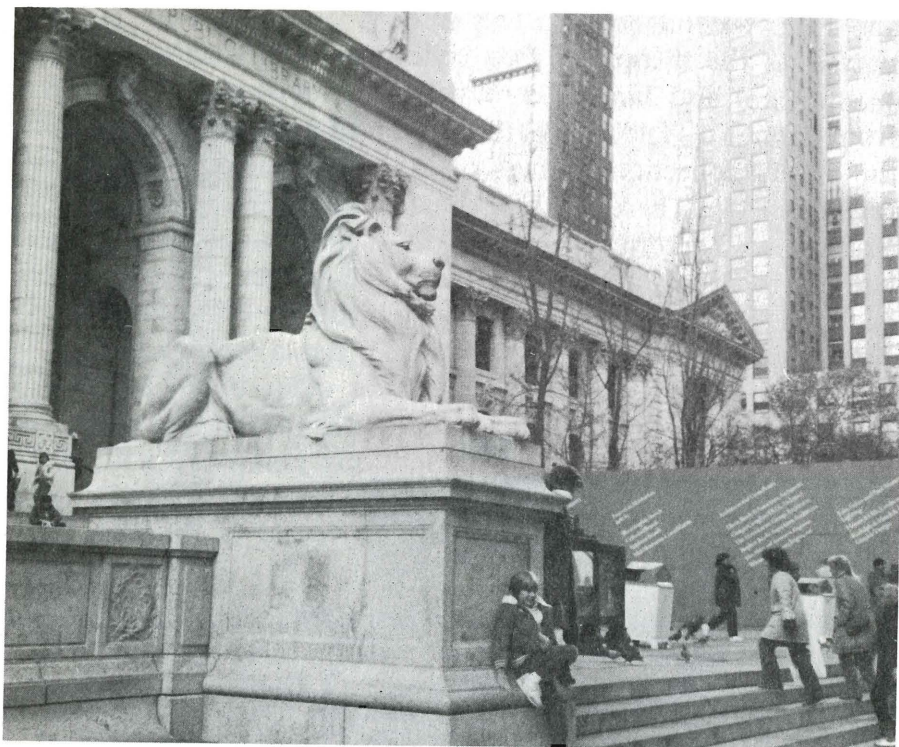
shops and it has a waterfall in the foyer that cascades down for five floors. Above this area are condominiums, owned largely by international figures who have homes and villas in Europe, and on various islands. Some theatrical people reside there and it is reported that a leading member of the British Royal Family has purchased a suite there.

It was very well for me to be visiting museums in the east, but by and large, I should be taking a "busman's holiday" and spend some time in a few libraries. One of the natural selections,

for me at least, was the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Streets. This library, originally built in 1895, started as the merger of two collections: the libraries of John Jacob Astor and James Lenox with an endowment of \$2 million from Samuel J. Tilden toward erection of a suitable edifice. Now the library collection consists of 5,500,000 books which are for reference only. There are three other reference libraries in the New York area. There are eighty-two branch libraries around Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten Island. One, in fact, is located directly across the street from where I was staying on Fifty-third. It consists of several floors, is well indexed, has a large collection of books and is well attended. The main index of all holdings is located in each branch and a code tells the patron where the various books may be found. I naturally looked up writings by Manly P. Hall and found that two of his books, including *The Secret Teachings of All Ages*, are to be found in the New York library system.

On the hour tour that I was able to take at the Central Research Library we learned many facts about the center. The lions out in front were sculpted in 1911 by Edward C. Potter and are of pink Tennessee marble resting on bases of granite. Somehow they have acquired the names of Patience and Fortitude. The central reading room has card catalogs all around the vast room. There are eight floors of stacks—about 100 miles, and surprisingly enough, the majority of books are stacked according to size! WPA projects of the thirties are well represented in the library, showing four stages of the printed word: Moses, Monks, Gutenberg, and lastly the linotype.

The Rare Book Gallery has four original portraits of George Washington, one of Lafayette done by Samuel Morse, who made his living by painting before he invented the famous Morse Code. The painting of Lafayette shows him without a wig and has a very natural look. Autographs were on display in the Exhibit Room, #318. Among them were Hawthorne, Emerson, Whittier, Shelley, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Dickens with a presentation copy of his *Christmas Carol*. There are always art exhibits in the



New York Library, photo by Pearl Thomas.

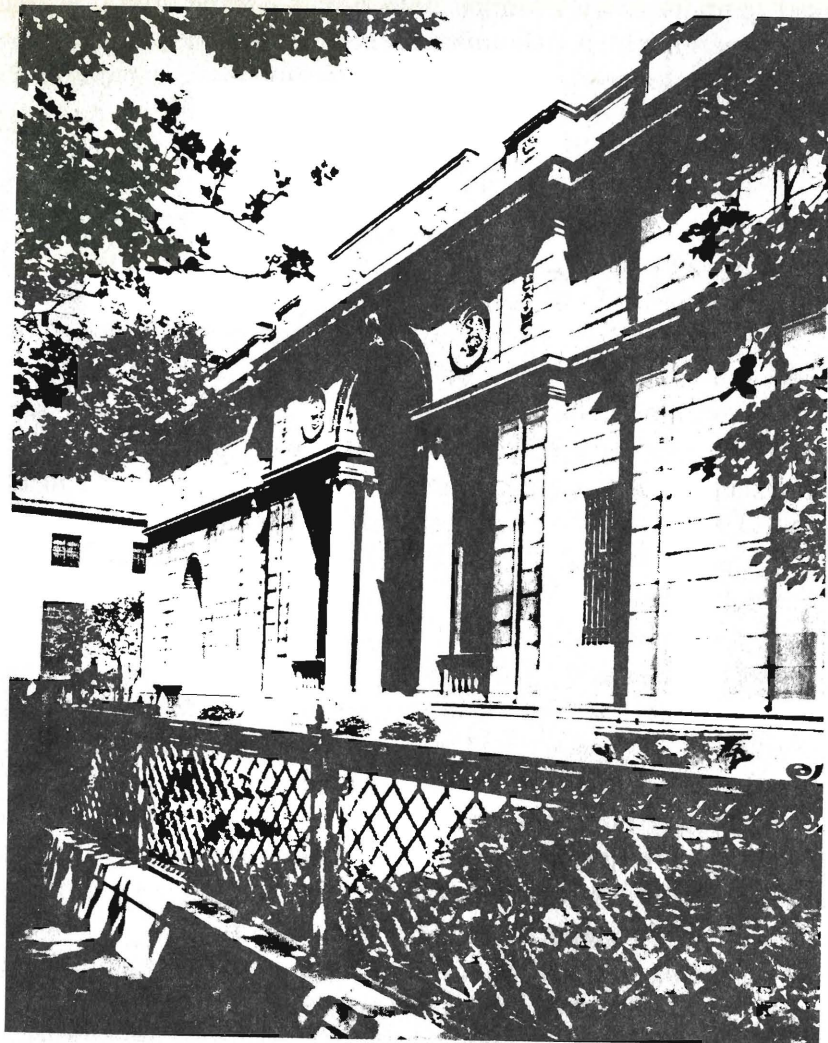
Print Gallery. While I was there, an exhibition of art from the early 1800's by John Hill, an English engraver, and his son John William Hill, was being shown. An exquisite catalog of some twenty-three pages described and illustrated the art work. This catalog was made available through the kind offices of one of the Friends of the Library.

I also felt a certain sense of responsibility to visit a few book stores. I passed a number of the shops representing the large publishing houses of America, but I have been in most of those before and skipped them this time. However, I did visit two utterly delightful bookstores, completely different. The first is the Gotham Book Mart (usually known as GBM) on Forty-seventh containing small

rooms, loaded—simply loaded with books—sometimes two deep on the shelves, all in indescribable confusion, but the dedicated staff seems to know the stock. An article about the former owner by Craig Wilson (feature editor in the *Saratogian* newspaper, October 16, 1983) describes this remarkable woman, Frances Steloff, who ran the shop from 1933. She has now sold it but still resides upstairs and works part of each day in her beloved store. She is also writing an update about the business, feeling that many of her favorite stories were not included in the first volume dealing with the store. The book is named *Wise Men Fish Here* which refers to the sign above the door. Not bad for a little lady of ninety-six who has lived and loved books and their authors through all the years.

The other shop is Rizzoli's on Fifty-fifth. After a late dinner one evening we went into Rizzoli's Book Shop about 10:30 P.M. It was very much open, had many customers and a great many purchasers. And they had everything there beautifully displayed. An utterly delightful shop which I had the pleasure of seeing again played up in a movie a week later. I don't think New Yorkers ever go to bed. Why should they, there is so much to do and see!

One of the most famous libraries in New York City which is open to the public and endowed by a notable benefactor is the J. Pierpont Morgan Library on West Thirty-sixth Street with an interesting background and unusual people involved. About 1905, a nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan met a young lady employed in the Library at Princeton University who was cataloging the rare books there. He was impressed with her ability and capacity for hard work. Knowing that his uncle was in need of a dedicated cataloger for his growing library, the nephew arranged a meeting which was to be a boon for both of these people. Morgan was quite impressed with the knowledge of books and the style of this very enterprising young lady, just turned twenty-one. Her name was Belle da Costa Greene. Within a very few months she was managing the library and guiding helpers who, for the most part, were considerably older than she. In less than two years, she was responsible for the first of a series of distinctly beautiful catalogs of the Morgan collection.



The J. Pierpont Morgan Library, New York.

In appearance, Belle was rather short, had a pug nose, gray-green eyes, and a tiny waist. She was much given to wearing renaissance style clothes and ornate jewelry. She distinctly belonged in the Florentine and Venetian atmosphere of the elaborate Morgan library. None of Morgan's austerity ever rubbed off on Belle; she adored him as a father figure and could hold her own in any situa-

tion with him. And with Morgan that took a deal of doing. He had a capacity to frighten off many individuals who otherwise were quite bold. It was not long before she had been given carte-blanc to buy books at almost any price. Not for nothing was she called "Belle of the Books."

She was also called "Belle of the Auction" for when she entered an auction room where notable rare books were to be auctioned, she had a way with her which either delighted or somewhat worried her competitors. An example of this was the day when fourteen William Caxton (c. 1422-1492) books were to be auctioned. The works of Caxton (the first printer in England) were dearly beloved by J. P. Morgan and he was trying to locate every book done by this English printer. From all around the country, book dealers had congregated in New York to participate in this auction. The night before the event started, many of them met at the famous Grolier Club where they mingled, ate a wonderful meal, and talked about the one subject they loved the most: books.

Several of these gentlemen urged Belle to refrain from bidding on this group, knowing that she had the means back of her to pay whatever was needed to add to the Morgan collection. Belle was very non-committal but said she would think it over. During the course of the dinner, she received a telegram from the owners of the books which stated that they would accept the amount Morgan would be willing to pay for them. Belle, you see, had had the foresight to visit these people during the day, and they promised to let her know the answer at the dinner. Belle quietly informed the various dealers that she would not bid against them. Why should she? The books did not go up for auction; she had already staked her claim. Belle was librarian and later director of the J. Pierpont Morgan Library from 1905 to 1948. There have been only two directors since, each serving for a long time.

Belle favored the attentions of erudite gentlemen, and took great pleasure in living the good life, for as the representative of the prestigious J. Pierpont Morgan she stayed in only the finest hotels when she traveled. She was wined and dined lavishly by those who were seeking favors from her outstanding employer.

But she was never taken in; she knew her job and recognized insincerity and deception when it was present, and had her own inimitable ways of expressing her opinions. She never married, although she had countless offers. One of her persistent suitors, a very wealthy lumberman, at one time sent her a telegram proposing marriage and enclosed a prepaid envelope in the telegram for her reply. Her reply stated simply that when she was fifty she might consider marriage and would accept all proposals in alphabetical order!

Belle had an expression which was taken up by many in the Morgan library. If a book particularly pleased her it became an "oh my" book." To her that said a great deal. It was not unusual at all to see the Renaissance Belle going from place to place in the library with a *Nuremberg Chronicle* atop her head!

Belle often moaned over her boss's way of segregating letters: those that needed immediate attention were a very small stack; those that he felt could wait comprised the majority of his incoming mail. His attitude was that if letters were allowed to lie around long enough they have a tendency to "die out."

To the world in general, J. P. Morgan appeared brusque, arrogant, and a great commander. But to his family and employees, he exhibited almost a gentle quality. With all people he was a man who kept his word and with a great deal of feeling. His intense love for the Renaissance period, especially in Italy, could say a great deal about him. From several sources, I gleaned, he had a certain interest in reincarnation. Perhaps, just perhaps, his interest in things Florentine and Venetian could indicate that he himself felt that at some time past he had actually been a part of that period. He certainly lived like a d'Medici, acted like one, and his career closely paralleled Lorenzo d'Medici. His magnificent home, or should we call it a palazzo (?), with its lavish Renaissance adornments certainly spoke of an individual who loved the trappings of that magnificent period.

Morgan loved to play solitaire. He invariably had a small table set up in his fabulous West Room on which he could play the game with two decks of cards. It seemed to be relaxing to him. He often-

times became quite melancholy, and only Belle Greene could talk him out of it. She often asked him very blunt questions, but always with the air of complete appreciation for his talents. She had a great protective instinct toward him, right from the first.

Most everyone has some sort of little problem, usually physical, which bothers them all their lives. His was his "blooming" nose. It embarrassed him extremely; it even embarrassed his friends. Perhaps to keep people from looking at his proboscis he developed a penetrating look which had a way of reducing almost everyone to a normal, or lesser, size. Most of the time it worked—for others. But not for him. When he was melancholy he often asked Belle to read to him—many times repeating the same stories which should actually have made him feel yet more melancholy. Apparently her voice, and not the story, soothed him.

J. P. Morgan was a man much given to quick decisions. As an example, Harvard University was in need of greatly enlarging its medical school and sought out many prominent patrons who would be likely candidates to help in this project. One wealthy family kept a set of the plans for months, consulting many authorities as to what would be the best approach to assist the university. J. P. Morgan was invited to participate in donating whatever he wished to pledge. He was in favor of Harvard, his son Jack was a Harvard man, and it had been a good school for him. When a group of representatives came to the Morgan offices at 23 Wall Street they were escorted into a waiting room. Morgan came in almost immediately, looked at his watch and asked to see the plans for the buildings as he had only a few moments to spare. They were promptly laid out, and just as promptly, Morgan pointed to three places—"These," he said, "I will build." This meant an involvement of well over a million dollars, which today would amount to an astronomical figure. And then he left.

Another instance involving his quick decisions relates to the day when Morgan was deeply engrossed in financial affairs and Belle reluctantly allowed an art dealer to enter his West Room. The man, well known to Morgan, had a number of letters written by Abraham Lincoln, many during the Civil War years. Morgan's in-



terest was aroused and when he learned that the letters were less than a thousand dollars, he immediately wanted them. But, he said, "I won't pay for them for a year." Seldom, if ever, did he ask for candid opinions from other people. He respected his own judgment.

His judgment had been maturing throughout his life. As a young lad, he collected stamps, autographs, and even stained glass which he had found outside of decaying cathedrals throughout Europe. He could not resist their bright, true colors and managed to collect a barrel full of these fragments of old stained glass. These, incidentally, were ultimately used in a window in the Morgan Library, in his favorite West Room.

He must have loved the color red because the West Room abounds in it. The walls are covered with a crimson damask from a palace in Rome. Paintings in the room include works of Raphael and Botticelli. The extremely high ceiling is a sixteenth century gilded masterpiece from a cardinal's palace. Just beyond the room is the vast vault wherein Morgan kept manuscript treasures, including four Shakespeare folios, and many pages from Leonardo's notebooks.

In his later years, when J.P. Morgan began buying in earnest, he bought with a sense of abandon. Why buy one item when whole collections are available? This was the pattern that Henry E. Huntington followed a few years later, and they both commissioned the Duveens, George D. Smith, and A.W.S. Rosenbach to buy for them at auction or from their catalogs. Storage rapidly became a problem. The library was overflowing, his various homes, including his father's Prince's Gate in London which now belonged to him, were all filled to capacity. So he placed many pieces of art, sculpture, and books in public museums, particularly the Metropolitan.

J. Pierpont Morgan had become president of the Metropolitan in 1904 and he always had tremendous loyalty toward it. Marvelous collections which he had gathered in Europe were placed on loan in the great museum. Among them were the famed Garland collection of Chinese porcelains. Mr. Morgan gave Henry Duveen

orders to complete this collection—at any price. It became the finest in the world. He also gave, outright, many valuable gifts to the Metropolitan, like Sebastiano del Piombo's painting, *Christopher Columbus*.

Across Thirty-sixth Street from the palatial palazzo belonging to J.P. Morgan was the much simpler brownstone home of the family of Robert Hoe III, who was a third generation American of a prominent printing family. An uncle was the inventor of the rotary press. Young Robert was a born book-collector. As a young lad, he gave up many a lunch to spend that money on books that he sorely wanted. One delightful story about him relates the day when his father told him now that he was of age, he was being taken into the firm as a member of the family with full rights of partnership. The father was exceedingly pleased with this young son of his, and when he left for work he thought it would be pleasant to surprise his son by buying up the books at the favorite bookstore where the boy always had some set aside for him until he could pay for them. Arriving at the bookstore, the father was told that the boy had just picked up his books.

Hoe's life style was totally different from his neighbor, Morgan. He enjoyed good books and made a real study of them. He had a fantastic collection of Americana which started with letters written by Christopher Columbus (1493), and he owned one of four existing copies of a letter by Amerigo Vespucci, printed in Paris in 1503 or 1504. He likewise owned a copy of the first book printed in the Western world in Mexico City (c. 1539). He also had quantities of Western literary manuscripts, among them some by Washington Irving and Edgar Allen Poe.

When Hoe died suddenly in 1909, his will stipulated that the family was to inherit his home, his money, and his various businesses, but his book collection he wished to have sold at auction. If any members of his family wished to purchase any part of the collection that would be their right; they certainly had the money to indulge themselves. As he had acquired many of the books at auction himself, he felt that those who received the books would be getting what they actually wanted. Eight elaborate vol-

umes of catalog were made up, and after some deliberation it was decided to hold the auction in New York City, quite a departure from standard procedure at that time.

The bookmen from Europe were well represented. Maggs Bros., now of Berkeley Square in London, sent representatives. Bernard Quaritch, the "King of Book-Dealers," came over from London in person expressly to try to repurchase a choice vellum copy of the *Gutenberg Bible*, for which he had paid the equivalent of \$20,000. This was the copy he had sold to Hoe. The bidding started at \$10,000. Quaritch stopped bidding at \$30,000. Joseph Widener from Philadelphia stopped just short of \$50,000. George D. Smith, a New York book dealer had a "new one" with him and Smith obtained this prized volume for \$50,000! The highest price yet paid for a book at auction! The "new one" proved to be Henry E. Huntington of San Marino, California. This famous auction started April of 1911 and continued for seventy-nine sessions, taking almost one and one-half years. That first session was perhaps the most glamorous and the most awe-inspiring. It was then that the beautiful vellum *Gutenberg Bible* was auctioned and set a new trend in buying at auction.

To me, New York represents what a big city should be. It has a certain flavor of its own. It is assured, quietly competent, and you can take it or leave it. It isn't trying to impress you; it just is. It is one of those cities that has a way of instilling a sense of affection and devotion. It can't win them all, but most people who have ever lived there retain a deep, abiding regard for the city, so affectionately called "The Big Apple."

The speed cop writes, and having writ  
Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit  
Can lure him back to cancel half a line  
Nor all your tears wash out the cost of it.

—M.P.H.

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