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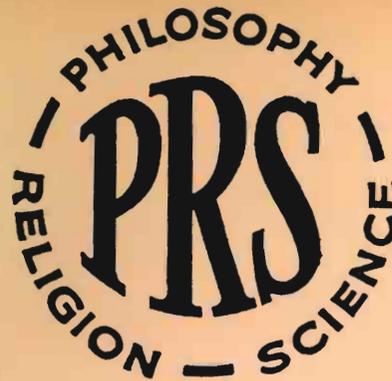
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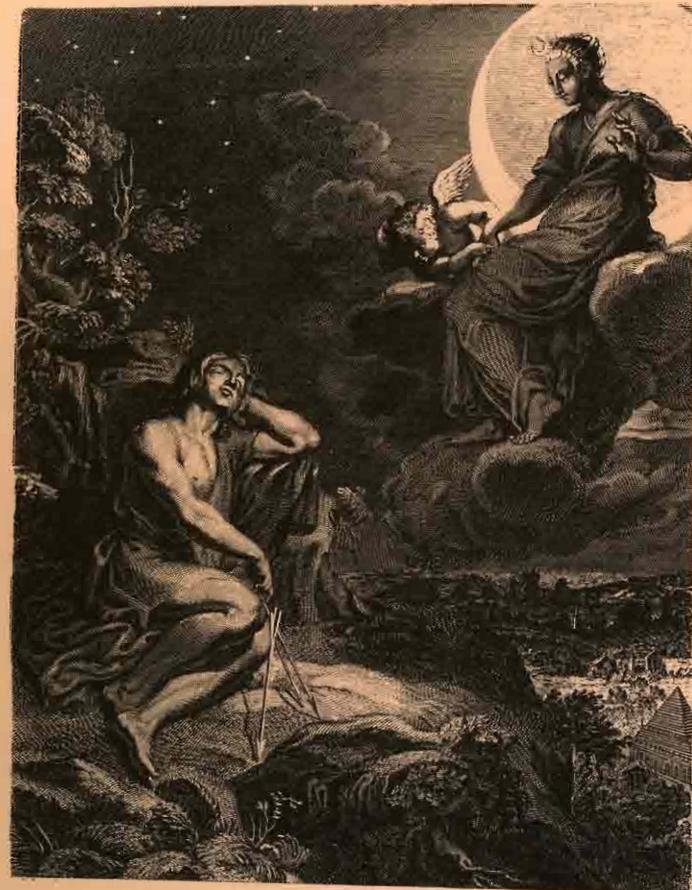
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About the Cover: The Moon and Endymion, from *De Tempel der Zang-Godinnen*, Amsterdam, 1733.



Summer 1990

PRS JOURNAL

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HOW TO BECOME DEPLETED

John Doe is a typical American. He has a good job, which has a tendency to be boring, and a happy family somewhat addicted to extravagance. When he comes home in the late afternoon, he is a bit on the tired side; but relaxation is not easy. The children are back from school, several domestic situations are in need of adjustment, and the lady of the house is a member of a group dedicated to the improvement of the local environment.

By the time things settle down the six o'clock news broadcast is on the air. The commentator is recognized as one of the big three who really delivers the facts of life every day. There has been an oil spill somewhere in the South Pacific, a new revolution in northern Mongolia, and a prominent American citizen has just been arrested for a multi-million dollar swindle. Eleven small countries are at war with each other, and there are some definite warnings that we must not let down on the manufacture of nuclear weaponry. They have just sprayed cabbages so that even the bugs will not eat them, and cocaine has been found in a school locker. All this is given with high drama, amply set forth pictorially, with views of every type and kind, including several human bodies covered with sheets

waiting for the ambulance that is on its way with loud shrieking and flickering lights.

At this point dinner is ready and the evening TV programming is about to begin. The viewer will be favored with an intimate reconstruction of a battle scene from Vietnam, parades of indignant minorities in eastern Europe, a bad earthquake off the coast of Patagonia, and a nasty custody suit in the local court. And so it goes.

Scientific research is warning us all of the dangers of stress, tension, and the like. It has also been intimated that modern news programs work a hardship on the average person's nervous system. In the old days when we depended upon newspapers or magazines, the wear and tear on the nervous system was minimal. A few lines of type told the story. There were no pictures or sound effects to fatigue the sensory perceptions. Of course, there was less crime to report; and one dear day now beyond recall, the news itself was of only passing interest. Now it is suspected that many of the modern commentators are definitely contributing to the emotional disintegration of their viewers and listeners. Tense and nervous persons are busily engaged in creating their own nervous breakdowns. Fictional programs are made as realistic as possible to sustain maximum impact, so that what never happens can also wear you out.

It is noticeable that the reaction to world events is resulting in excessive emotional reactions. We do not simply say to ourselves that a certain public character or group of such personalities is a dead loss or is contributing to corruption. Now that we speak of him or them they are presented as awful, terrible, frightful, and inexcusable villains; and in the next issue another group of epithets is added. We use as much energy condemning the villains as might be expended in several hours of overtime in physical labor. Hatred sets in motion chemical reactions within ourselves that can shorten life, destroy health, break homes, and bring down nations in war. When we lose control of our own mental and emotional reflexes, we are hastening our own collapse. No one is saying that we should not express our feelings if they are justified, but it should be done without a frenzied attack upon nations, governments, rulers, and their subjects. Exaggerations are largely in the hope that the viewers will

not turn off the program because of the tremendous emotional moods that have been created.

In an apocryphal gospel there is the story that Jesus and his disciples saw the decaying body of a dog by the side of the road. It was a horrible sight, and the rotting carcass contaminated the air. The disciples turned away in disgust; but the Master, looking quietly at the rotting body of the animal, remarked, "Pearls are not whiter than its teeth." This does not imply that Jesus was not aware of the pathetic creature lying by the roadside. He was filled with pity, but he did not emotionalize or dramatize the situation. He taught the disciples to look for good even in the most miserable of situations.

In the presence of the confusion of the day we must all learn that regardless of the disillusionments and tragedies which surround us there is a divine plan, and all tragedies finally work together for good. We should do everything possible to correct the evils of the time; but we cannot afford to hate evil—for, when we do, it is magnified and our own inner life is damaged. There is another little fable of an old monk in his cell. He was a very benevolent man of great years, and when anyone entered the cell he always blessed them. One day, while he was meditating, the devil came in. Automatically the old monk blessed him, and the devil instantly was transformed into an angel.

What we need today is an intelligent estimation of the problems we face and means for their solution. There must be an answer to every question under the sun; but only occasionally have we the courage and determination to correct our own mistakes, individual or collective. We seem to think that if we fuss and fume, shout and scream and point out the criminals, we have accomplished something. We have. We have torn down our own constitution and become too weary to perform a constructive action. Our television offerings at the present time still give us the details of the Nuremberg trial, the deaths of Hitler and Mussolini, the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and the winning of the West with a six-shooter. Children growing up are given detailed visual reconstructions of practically every delinquency to which civilization was prone. We see dictators strutting in their tall boots, anarchy of assorted types, starvation, and small

children tortured to death. There is every reason why we should realize the need for the improvement of our way of life and the maturing of our personal thoughts and actions. If we simply fume and fuss, we perpetuate violence within ourselves. If this perpetuation continues for months or years, it becomes the inevitable cause of the cruelties we would like to condemn.

I think Plato, and even Socrates for that matter, would recommend strongly that we approach all problems on a philosophical level. We should be making stronger efforts to find the answers for our personal infirmities but waste no time wringing our hands or gnashing our teeth. Also, of course, when parents lose their emotional control they set a very poor example for their own children.

We live in a world of cause and effect, and in the course of time we become aware of the inevitable relationship between the mistakes we made and the suffering we endure. There is no doubt as to what is wrong, and there is no doubt that it will remain wrong until the mistake is corrected. The persons we criticize and condemn are human beings like ourselves. They have made a fundamental miscalculation. They have assumed that they have come into this world to do as they please, when the truth is they were born and bred to keep the rules of heaven, earth, and their material environment. Many of those who are shouting the loudest are causing the very troubles they condemn.

Publicity, particularly on the airwaves, dramatizes our iniquities and discourages any serious program for personal growth. Some who regard themselves as well-qualified to vote have never examined their own motivation or the examples they set for the next generation.

In the modern family many homes have no religious foundation. Two persons are living together, probably without marriage. The children come along, and at the present time they are usually welcome; but the relationship of the parents may break up at any time. Ultimately, they may both marry—but not each other. The children grow up the best they can, mingle with other underprivileged and overpampered progeny, and may land in court later on narcotic charges. Nobody thinks that the total neglect of the daily responsibilities of parenthood could possibly have any bearing on the col-

lective state of human society. This self-centered disregard for social integrity may linger on until their weight of numbers brings humanity to dissolution.

If the present generation of people between twenty-five and sixty will control their appetites and attitudes, live according to the rules of an enduring society, stop blaming each other and shouting against political infamy, they can prove conclusively that even a vast evil cannot survive a medium sized virtue. If you hate everything and everyone, you cannot be decent parents. All you can do is to encourage the children to hate as you hate. You should be hard at work proving that a reflective examination of facts and a serious, quiet determination to keep the rules will win where armaments fail utterly.

We must not waste energy in shouting and nagging, not only because it exhausts our own energy but because it impels other people to make the same mistake which we are dramatizing. The individual whose hates get out of hand is passing on the legacy of defeatism. Every tyranny is established to overthrow a former tyranny. Once it has established control it falls into the same pattern as the hundreds of fruitless revolutions which have gone before. If you have to cultivate an emotion to relieve your own pent-up objections, perhaps a peaceful meditation or a quiet prayer will bring a truer realization that we are not being persecuted.

All the wars in history, all the revolutions, massacres, and squabbles of all sizes and shapes are nature's clear and definite statement that things will go wrong until we discover that only through cooperation, peace, and integrity can we achieve the goals we seek. Therefore, when we rant and rave, we must always remember that we are being punished for our own good. It has been said that "whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." Instead of raving against the chastening, let us prove to the universe and our neighbors that we have learned the lesson and earned the peace.



In this world of change naught which comes stays, and naught which goes is lost.

—Mme. Swetchine

IN CONCLUSION FOR 1989

For several years most of the people of the world have faced the future with apprehension. Strange and confusing events have added many new problems to an already heavily burdened human society. It may be appropriate to search for a better understanding of the law of cause and effect. We live in a universe which is guided by immutable principles, and nothing can happen that is not part of a universal procedure. Somewhere in this tangle of circumstances are facts and truths that must be understood and accepted.

At the moment, the principal emotion is anxiety. We are not so much concerned with the meaning of experience as with the impact of disturbing influences. We are not thinking what this crisis means, only how desperately it is going to affect us. We wait day by day for more bad news compounded by increasing massacres with continuing disrespect and disregard for human life and the decencies which we have assumed are proper for social survival. In simple summary, crime is rampant and the average citizen has no protection against the political pressures which are contrary to the proper rules for living.

The wall between East and West Germany has come down, and with sober thinking we wonder why it was not breached long ago. It is also notable that chips from the wall are now offered as souvenirs, and it is quite likely that the number of chips will be far greater than the substance of the wall. There is a feeling that this sudden political gesture will have many consequences and repercussions involving human relationships in many parts of the world. For one thing, the drift seems to be back to the map of Europe as it was prior to World War II. Occupied countries are gradually gaining their previous independence. Some of them were lost with a considerable destruction of life and are once again freed with another bloody revolution. You can ask what has been gained by grief, sorrow, and

pain. About the only answer is a moral lesson.

Every day we hear more about confusion and unrest. The only freedom that seems to be considered is a kind of personal independence, but the regime that has been restored is still functioning by policies that have failed for centuries. First, there is internal mismanagement; then foreign tyranny; and now moments of great hope at the prospect of bringing back that which has failed many times before. It is like shuffling the same old deck of cards time after time. There is no indication that a workable solution has actually been found.

As we read the newspapers, listen to the commentators, and give heed to the opinion makers, we notice that they promptly note and circulate every occurrence—good or bad—which surfaces within every twenty-four hour time limit. There is a bit of theorizing and some dim suggestions, but no solid evidence that anything basic has been learned or suspected. Over thousands of years a series of customs has been built up—standard answers for standard questions; but when some new and original approach becomes necessary there is silence. No one wants to disturb a precarious situation, and leaving it undisturbed is most disturbing of all.

The history of the world shows very little imagination or ingenuity. The conqueror comes; he conquers; he rules the conquered for a time; then somebody conquers him—and so on ad infinitum. We have had tyrants in every country. We have been exploited in every class of society and in desperation attempted to correct the ills in the same way that strong men of the past—such as Alexander, Caesar, Attila, Napoleon, and so many others—considered appropriate. Some believe that there can be no other way. We have exhausted the possibilities. There is no formula by which human nature can be elevated to a level of security.

A few hundred years ago we came into an age of discoveries and inventions. We gave the world the telephone, electric lights, automobiles, aeroplanes, computers, and nuclear fission. All of them have been abused and used to perpetuate the terrors of human life in general. There must be a basic fallacy somewhere in the philosophy of civilization and the psychology of human beings which makes

it possible for generations to suffer and die from the same causes generation after generation.

Religion has not been able to correct the causes of sectarian conflict. Education has not made it easier to find answers for continuing emergencies; and, when we turn to science and hope for a skillful answer, we are given nuclear fission—the most deadly revelation that has ever been vouchsafed to mankind. There is something wrong with progress when we can have the same ailment a hundred times or more and no remedy is available.

Theoretically, we are taught that the human being loves his neighbor, works hard, is honest in his weights and measures, cherishes his family, and is willing to protect his liberty; but we have no proof that a total of our claimed virtues can save us from our disclaimed animosities and corruptions. It so happens that increasing populations add a new dimension to our difficulties. We are perfectly aware that planetary resources to support human survival are limited. We have recklessly done everything possible to waste the substances necessary for survival. Stupidity has stepped in to exploit the misconceptions of the hour. Some have suggested that within forty years we will be in a major difficulty. The forty years is like an infinite future when we continue to waste now what we depend upon for survival when the day of reckoning comes.

Alexander the Great died in his thirties of dissipation. Many of the wealthy and policy leaders have been thoroughly dissipated. We have done nothing with alcoholic beverages, except raise the price. We are now locked in an effort to reduce cigarette smoking; and, when it looks as if a little progress has been made, the narcotics merchants have moved in to endanger everyone above the age of two and make narcotics peddlers out of twelve-year-olds. Why does it happen that a human family, which has raised itself from the marshes and fens of the prehistoric world to become a builder of empires, develop arts and sciences, and obtain a high degree of luxury living, can come in the end to a crisis that is shaking the very foundations of its education and culture?

Now that we have come face to face with a major example of our own inadequacy the only emotion that is widely distributed is

anxiety. It would seem that the very possibility of solution is no longer thought to be possible. When we consider that the ingenuity, even genius, of the human mind with all its devices and research projects cannot cope with this situation, we ask, "How is it that we can perfect nuclear fission, which has a capacity by which we can hopelessly destroy the planet and all living things on it and simply have no cure for the common cold?"

The matter of basics has to be faced. We have to find out why the experiences of ages have produced only fear and that fear in turn has enslaved the world since the days of the cave man. The experts are now pointing out how the present situation in Eastern Europe, or Central Asia, or Central America, or Central Avenue cannot be controlled but must be faced with a desperate realization of urgency.

Consider the narcotic catastrophe. There seems to be no way to solve this situation successfully. Unfortunately, we fumbled the opportunity to keep this blight from spreading. Long ago every child coming into this world should have been fully informed of the importance of leading a clean life, using the mind with its benevolent influence, and using the heart to ennoble living. No one thought of this—they were interested in gunpowder and long distance weaponry. Then it was discovered that the more delinquent the individual was, the more easily he could be influenced. We are talking about humanity fighting its way up from the swamps and trying to tame the dinosaurs, up through the classical world into the day of the great schools of the Renaissance, and the leap in space to put a man on the moon and never getting around to the control of narcotics.

Somewhere in this puzzle financial considerations loom. Nearly every vice that has been carefully cultivated has also been highly profitable to some who are not addicted. Even today nearly every country of the world is incapable of handling either alcohol or narcotics. Those should have been forgotten ages ago, but no one was trying to help us to grow. There was more concern for taking the profit off of our earnings. Now we have found the irony of divine progress. The alcoholic after a time shows deterioration himself by his drinking when he can no longer help to support the hard liquor market.

At present, in the winter of our discontent (1989-90), everything is going wrong. Climatic conditions are most unusual, and we are solemnly told that California is going to have to cut down on its water usage. Fruit and vegetables are being killed by a bad winter, while transportation is tied up in one disaster or another. The nuclear merchants can find no place to dump their dangerous chemical wastes, and governments are falling right and left.

According to the Board of Education, a large percentage of young people cannot read or write—and even high school pupils have never heard of Adolf Hitler. Needless to say, however, they are all up to the minute on rock music and vandalism. It is late to cope with these things, and it is like getting the hieroglyphics off of the painted walls of our schools; but something must be done. Junior suicide is greatly increased, and prisons are overloaded. Corruption is rife in every department. How did we get this way? We have been growing progressively worse and more dangerous to ourselves and the survival of the human race than ever before. Yet, we seldom hear of anyone who recommends any change or improvement except by the same conditional methods that have always failed. Woodrow Wilson once said that it is better to fail in a cause that must ultimately succeed than to succeed in a cause that must ultimately fail. There is a hint of that ultimate failure in the end.

We talk, however, with political leaders, religious leaders, psychiatrists, and members of various progressive bodies; and they all tell us that things remain much as they are and have been because people refuse to give up their specious views. The right to be wrong is part of the legacy of liberty. The individual who wishes to be a drug addict is convinced inside himself that he has chosen to be a drug addict. When it reaches the degree that endangers his survival, he may be sorry; but by then it is too late. I worked with an alcoholic trying to help him get over his addiction. He admitted that it was wrong. He had been in the hospital several times to get rid of his alcoholism, but he finally told me that when he wanted a drink he wanted a drink. A few months later he wanted a drink so much that he died in a state of intoxication.

Most people have their choices in a world of almost infinite oppor-

tunity. If they want to be rich, they are not much concerned about where the money comes from and even in time cannot remember where it went. Last note, so far, has been the importance of the fun generation. We are not here to work—we are here to play. We may have to do a little work in order to pay for the play, but it will be as little as possible. Responsibility interferes with fun. A job is a responsibility; a marriage is a responsibility; and, for that matter, health is a responsibility. Consequently, these must be compromised or disregarded. Psychiatrists have already pointed out that rock music is detrimental to health, but this means nothing to one addicted to this peculiar distortion of sound.

Thus, we have a large number of people that are not going to change and who become a constant burden on those willing to change. Up to now those who are actually desirous of bettering themselves think mostly in terms of wealth or fame or glamour of some kind. There is very little serious desire to ascend through the state of our circumstances by the ladder of industry. Our conditions remain as they are. The private life of every citizen affects the public life of every country. The only country we know of that has more religion than it knows what to do with is India. Most Hindus are very certain of their beliefs and are perfectly willing to suffer for them. They learned long ago that the best cure for materialism is poverty. If an individual wishes to be spiritual in India, he gives away his worldly goods first and then goes out with a begging bowl to seek the wonders of the spiritual life. When that is called to the attention of some Westerner, he smiles with a kind of wry humor. He says, "Who wants to be like the Hindu—poor, underfed, and comparatively lacking in a robust competitive instinct that dominates most non-Asiatics? Who wants to be poor and virtuous?" The answer most sought for is how to be rich and virtuous. This is one of the basic problems we have been working on for five or ten thousand years with no results.

The majority of modern persons like to think that the world in which we live is continually changing for the better. They like to assume that we have conquered nearly all of the miseries of the past and are willing to assume that this progressiveness will continue far

into the future. Actually, we are in identically the same dilemmas that destroyed the Medes and the Persians and the civilizations that flourished in the Valley of the Nile. History is still repeating itself. The only advance appears to be in weaponry.

The truth is that we have become more sophisticated and better able to perpetuate our mistakes. There is evidence that some two thousand years ago there was a great war in China, and that more than one million persons perished in the long shadow of the Great Wall. We cannot build a future by trying to update a past. We do not intend to criticize or condemn the mistakes of past ages, but it appears at least regrettable that we continue to extend a useless endeavor.

The political structure is a primary example. Every system for the management of a country has already been attempted to no avail. The great war of antiquity was fought in the shadow of the walls of Troy. The whole sorry conflict was fought for the love of Helen; and, as several mythologists have pointed out, Helen was a lunar goddess—the personification of fantasy and illusion. Among the fantasies that have survived are belief in power and the illusion of the acceptance of wealth as a justification for violence and corruption. By now we should have learned that we can never fight our way to peace, but in the present century we have had more military violence than ever before in history. It is certainly deplorable that the most advanced nations now inhabiting the planet must descend to armed violence to obtain their purposes. Not only the means but the ends are reprehensible.

The political situation has worsened considerably over the last twenty-five centuries. The earliest histories that we have record the political scandals of nations. Most of the great minds and quiet thinkers are aware of the facts, but barbarism endures. We like to think of ourselves as an enlightened people with a highly efficient democracy. We also devoutly assume that with a few minor modifications present politics could continue into the twenty-first century. It is taken for granted that a political Olympiad be held every four years, at which time the people of the nation select their leaders to guard and guide the collective destiny for a designated term of years.

In the early days of this country, when wealth was virtually unknown, communication was sketchy and problems were more or less simple. The sufficiency of the process is seldom questioned—but what of today? How many voters know anything about the candidates for whom they vote? How do they know of the electoral processes and the conventions of the political parties? Have they any proof that a candidate is dedicated to the unselfish protection of the people or is actually concerned principally with his own career? Is the public fully informed concerning the increasing cost of government with the numerous pay raises of officials and their subordinates? In the last few years there has been considerable trouble in high office. Privileges have been abused, and the public good has been overlooked more than once. It is doubtful if any private business could survive the inefficiency and interpolitical squabbles of political parties.

In this country there are vast financial organizations with assets running into the billions, and some of them have as many employees as a small country. These invisible economic sovereignties have their own ways of selecting leadership. It is usually by a promotion system. When the president of a corporation retires, the next in rank steps in if his capacities justify the position—if not, the Board of Directors appoints a successor. No one would think of various candidates staging publicity programs, holding extensive conferences and entertainments, downgrading each other, and continuing even after the election to annoy the new incumbent. We know to our regret that politics is big business, and it should be run as a vast industry—rather than voted in or out by completely uninformed optimists.

We have come to the point in national history when those who are truly qualified both in skills and integrities must administer the business of the nation, and the same is true of all nations scattered about the earth. It is not likely that the public will be heartbroken if there should be no more political conventions. There would be no change in national politics, because efficiency—having been established—is adapted to all emergencies and can meet them without dismay.

The second area in which changes must be made if the human

race is to endure is the financial structure. Money was originally invented to simplify the procedures of buying and selling. It began with trading, but in the course of ages necessary improvements were added. If a man wished to exchange a cow for a horse, it was often inconvenient for both animals to be brought to the open market. Tokens were introduced to indicate a change of ownership. Everything possible was used to indicate value. In Virginia tobacco was cash. In Ethiopia boxes of salt served as money. Salt was a common source of payment, and the word salary signified salt money. No one paid much attention until the factor of wealth was introduced. If by trade and exchange a substantial credit was amassed, it resulted in a financial aristocracy; and by degrees it became possible to buy and sell votes, privileges, and immunities. Under these conditions wealth became the most important factor in the physical life of human beings. Bribery spread into every field of enterprise and corrupted the administration of law and the codes of justice.

Excavation has revealed proof that luxury became exceedingly popular. The Greek philosophers condemned it; the early Church was afraid of it; and modern business is making the most of it through misuse and abuse. Most international crimes are fought over money or power that has been secured through wealth; and, while it remains the most desired of all conditions, honesty has little chance of survival.

How do we know all of these things? The answer is simple—through education. That is a nice word signifying a mass of misunderstandings and compromises. In the old days education was covered by the general term “the three R’s”—reading, writing, and arithmetic. This is quite in line with the truth, because reading is the only one that starts with “r” and the rest have to be misspelled to convey the notion. There is little use going back to that age of fable and myth during which human beings attempted to record their struggles for survival and their outstanding achievements. Education, as we know it today, began with efforts by the established religious body to teach priests and monks to read and write. Later—in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—schools of a sort came into being in order that the devout person could read the Holy Scrip-

ture. From that time to the present day education has been a complicated process of reforming the old, undermining the new, and finding ways to use literacy to erode the privileges of the intermediate class.

It will be noticed that for the most part education is a formalized method of perpetuating the status quo. Occasionally, an intellect breaks through and causes a major disturbance by becoming a thinker. It is obvious that in these difficult times education shows extreme timidity. It has formed a kind of unwritten partnership with industry and equips young people for vacancies in well-established industries or infrequent innovations. Practically the only part of education today that is alive and well carefully avoids unpopular introduction of anything new. It could teach us to build for a better future, but this would interfere with the suspension of common sense. There is a saying that is well-justified: “Schooling teaches us what to think, but it should be teaching us how to think.” The result is that when an innovation comes along, something new which influences attitudes, the first tendency is to abuse the new skills for selfish purposes. In other words, education has carefully evaded the basic problems of good and evil. It is communicating all the details of nuclear warfare but is careful not to explain that never for any reason should it be used for military purposes. This would be a serious blow to both politics and industry—which, in turn, are not inclined to stand firmly for world peace and the salvation of the race.

It might be useful if education would prepare a basic course explaining to children as they grow up how to avoid the temptation for the perversion of skills which is afflicting us today. Education of its own accord could prove conclusively the practical value of honesty, self-discipline, and the social sciences. We have had the public schools for some time; and now many of the student body are involved in the narcotic tragedy, and the pupils have not been equipped to resist temptation. Nearly every social problem that confronts us today has reached dangerous proportions because it has been ignored by educators and swept under the edge of the scholastic rug, since to pause and consider would delay progress.

For one thing, education could take from the pages of history

the final proof of what happens to dictators—as well as underscore the results of the abuse of power which is largely due to the misuse of wealth. Reports could be gathered from the fate of Julius Caesar, who was assassinated by his dearest friend. A little more recently came the Mongol conquerors and the hordes of Islam and the tragedy of the Crusades, which practically depopulated Europe, combined with the bubonic plague. Frightened mortals knelt in prayer pleading with heaven to save them from the Turk, the plague, and the comet. Later, we catch up with Napoleon; and recent researches have indicated that he was poisoned. Hitler committed suicide in a Berlin bunker, and Mussolini likewise came to a violent end.

Education might help young people to modify their ambitions, but it would be obstructed because of the prevailing hope that persons of moderate ability will by circumstances be raised to the estates of genius. Advancements in scientific education are worthy of attention, but they would have been more worthy had they not been burdened with extreme materialism which left their graduates without any sense of morality or ethics.

More in his *Utopia* seemed to take it for granted that a happy, healthy, useful life was more pleasant than a career suffering from the torture of frustrated imperialism. The school system we have today may have been sufficient for the seventeenth, eighteenth, or even nineteenth centuries; but it has never met the need of the twentieth century and will be a worse detriment in the years that lie ahead. If, however, there should be a major trend to help juveniles to attain a normal majority, it will be bitterly opposed. We should hear from every hand that this is a free country and those who wish to be rich and famous have a right to their choice. This attitude is not quite convincing, however, when we note that the suicide rate is rising according to the statistics on young people. There is also the feeling that modern industrialism is perilously poised on the edge of bankruptcy and that any change in government, business, or education could bring the whole structure to a sorry ending.

At this point we further complicate the situation by a passing mention of philosophy. As materialism spread and minds turned from culture to cash, philosophy came to be largely ignored. The prob-

lem of the law of cause and effect was very annoying to contemporary minds, which largely rejected any serious intellectual labor. It is noticeable that our most cherished institutions are falling apart; but it is less disquieting to think that we have outgrown them, rather than ignored them.

One of the reasons that philosophy is passed over lightly is its forthright honesty. Most of the wise teachers of East and West have preached integrity; and, as one of them observed, "The greatest labor of the wise is to bury the dead." Truth is a bitter remedy for those who have committed themselves to fashionable fallacies. This may be why science is supported by those who have no heart or mind for ethics. Years ago I came across a book entitled *General Psychology* by Fryer, Henry, and Sparks, College Outline Series, Barnes and Noble, Inc., New York, 1954. On page fifteen appears the statement that science is not concerned with ethical values, and psychology is included among the sciences. "There is no good or bad, no useful or useless, no vulgar or refined, no right or wrong, no moral or immoral in science." Is this a statement of fact or merely a statement of concept? By this definition can any human being be discovered who is completely scientific, and would he be acceptable to himself or to others of the same type if he did exist?

Present day man is being brainwashed by a conspiracy of science, education, and industry. These are determined to control completely the thinking and living of modern persons. The final enemy of regimentation is individual intelligence. It would seem that the present plan is to destroy this at all costs, and a system is being set up by which only the conformist can survive. There is a widespread assumption that education should produce only technicians. With this attitude industry is in full accord. A system of rewards and punishments has been set up calculated to discourage all initiatives except those that advance the system.

The primary consideration is profit. Industry is ready to subsidize education and science, so long as the products can be merchandized. As science now controls man's ability to survive, industry has right to succeed, and education the economic level upon which he can function in the economic system, nonconformity is little better

than suicide. Utter dependence ultimately forces conformity. The only group that has been able to hold out is religion, which—because of its vast power through its following—still contributes a certain amount of consolation to the average exploited private citizen.

The dominating segments of our economic system have never made a determined effort to stop war because war is profitable. These elements talk peace but continue practices that make war inevitable. The broken home is now the rule, rather than the exception. Most major crimes are increasing. Public confidence in leadership is almost extinct. Inefficiency and corruption are rampant in every trade and profession. These things do not happen unless they are sanctioned or condoned. Today they are encouraged, and survival is a calculated risk.

Religion is still one of the most powerful forces available for the protection of integrities. Although it has lost many of its idealistic convictions, enough remains to deserve immediate attention. We are still struggling to rescue human faith from the complexities of theology. While all of the major religions of mankind emphasize charity and tolerance, these virtues are not widely practiced. As the population of the earth is approaching a numerical strength of nearly six billion, it is unfortunate that the general tendency of the various denominations is still more or less competitive. The need for religious unity is obvious, but many devout people are convinced that Deity has blessed only the particular sect to which they belong. Various of these remain unresponsive because to change is an act of heresy. So-called holy wars have descended to us from the magicians and sorcerers of ancient times, and it seems much easier to die for a religion than to live according to the teachings of the great world teachers.

We have now reached that uncomfortable stage in the history of the human race when all of the departments of human thought and learning must cooperate to protect the main chance. No art or science is safe if it remains in solitary grandeur according to some man-made concept of conduct. In a sense, the human being is a lowly creature indeed—unless his soul is quickened by the virtues which are as necessary to education as to art and to the balancing of the

budget and ministry to the sick. Perhaps we could say that unless we can protect our own survival by the victory of our own integrity there is little hope for the future.

Honesty has been accepted as important on all levels of transactions. It is among virtues as much when nations are involved as it is in the maintenance of a private home. We must begin to think that all good things must combine to create a decent person. In most cases selfishness is a dividing factor, though actually no man is saved or lost because of the social structure to which he belongs. Each human soul must work out his own salvation with diligence, but he is entitled to the information necessary to protect him from his weaknesses in the corruptions of society.



We too, are men, and now we will live not as pall bearers of a dead past but as the creators of a more glorious future. By all means let us be loyal to the past, but above all loyal to the future, to the Kingdom which doth not yet appear.

—Morris Raphael Cohen

I am a horse for a single harness, not cut out for tandem or teamwork; for well I know that in order to attain any definite goal, it is imperative that one person should do the thinking and commanding.

—Albert Einstein

Five great enemies to peace inhabit with us: viz., avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride. If those enemies were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.

—Petrarch

Instead of planting our solitude with our dream blossoms, we choke the space with continuous music, chatter and companionship, to which we do not even listen. It is simply there to fill the vacuum. When the noise stops there is no inner music to take its place. We must relearn to be alone.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh

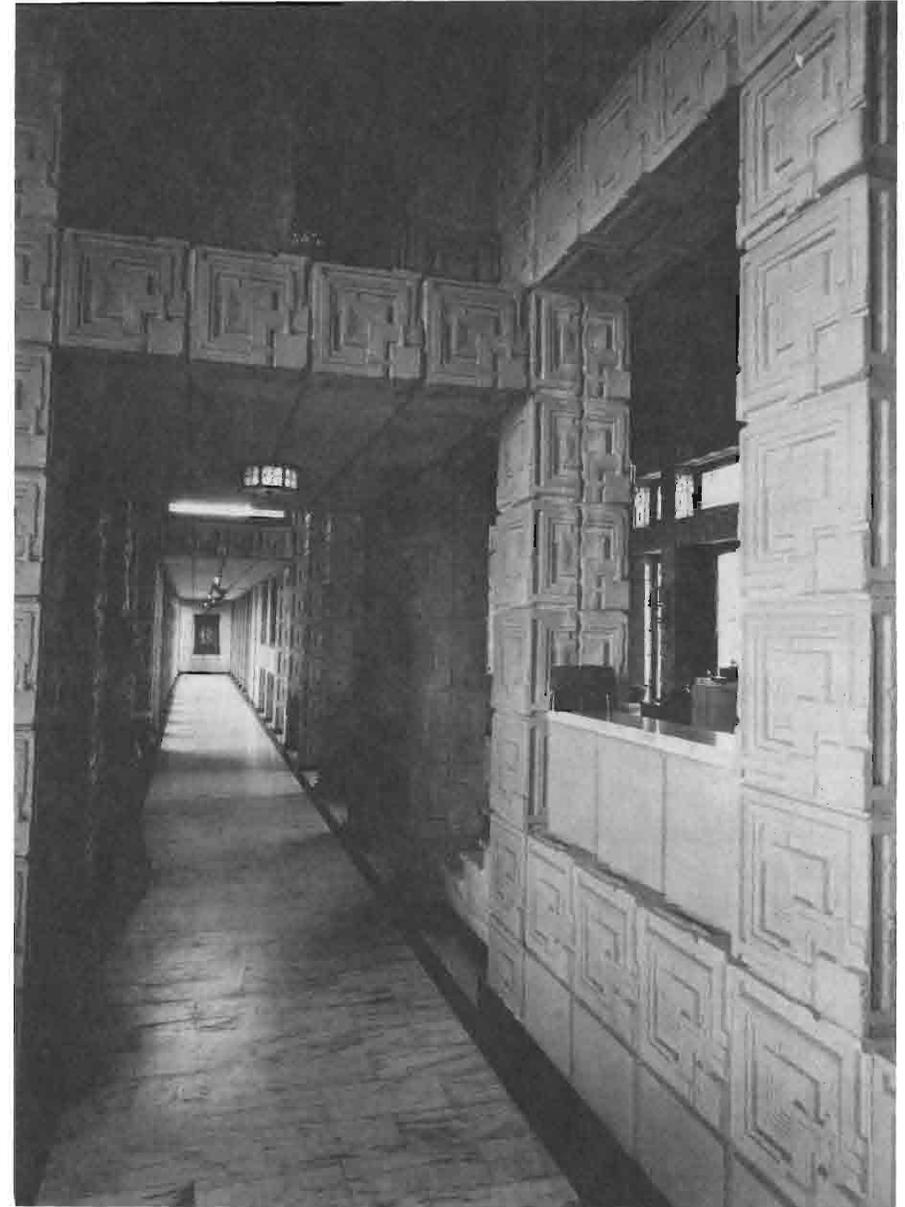
HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Part V

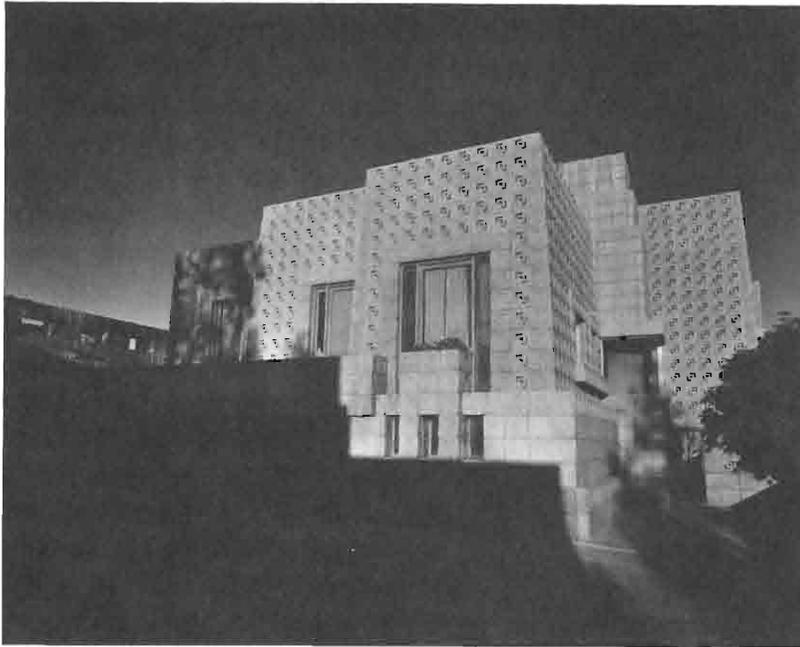
Having mentioned curious incidents and strange places in this series of reminiscences, it is only proper that we include a few remembrances involving the United States. At the north end of Vermont Avenue in Los Angeles the hills rise, and along the crest is an unusual looking house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. By a curious circumstance I lived in this house for some time rent free because it overwhelmed the new owner. It was an unusual two bedroom bungalow. The fireplace in the living room was decorated with a Tiffany mosaic; but, unfortunately, there was no flue. At one side of this decorative embellishment was a closet, very narrow and shallow and about eight feet high with one shelf nearly six feet above ground. The grand entrance was under the kitchen, and the two bedrooms were separated by a long hall with transparent glass panels on both sides. The bathrooms were outstanding. The ceilings were gold leaf, but the steam from bathing did not improve their lustre. There were two major bathrooms with transparent glass doors, which obviously had never been curtained. There was a fine hardwood ceiling with a coping around it, but there was also very poor drainage. In the case of a heavy rain two feet of water accumulated on the roof.

One day, while I was sitting quietly, the doorbell rang; and I ushered in Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright himself. He wore a black velvet jacket and large black neckwear—such as that favored by French artists. He came in, walked up the steps inside the house, and approached the long gallery which ran nearly the full length of the structure. As he did so, he appeared aghast, staggered a little, and—when he regained his equilibrium—announced that someone had taken up his beautiful red floor tiles and put brown and white marble in their place.

The building was made of openwork tiles with three dimensional



In the Frank Lloyd Wright house this corridor separates the two bedrooms. The marble floor caused Frank Lloyd a serious shock.



Exterior view of Frank Lloyd Wright bungalow where I lived for several years.

designs. The back wall of each tile was solid, but the fronts were open in a zigzag pattern. Whenever it rained, the water gathered in the zigzags; and in fair weather bees took up their residence there. One year we consulted Frank Lloyd, Jr.; and he said that the only cure was to remove each tile separately (there were hundreds of them) and waterproof the inside surfaces.

While I was in that house, a Japanese friend of mine suggested that it would be part of a good neighbor policy if we invited the new Japanese consul to a little supper. I agreed and left everything to my friend. It started with four guests and ended with about forty. The ladies came in advance and made flower arrangements everywhere. It happened at that time that a Japanese musical group, featuring the koto, were in the city and performed at the party. I was told that no Japanese consul in Los Angeles up to that time had ever been invited to a non-Japanese home. When the party was over and every-

thing faded away, there was not a speck of dust, a drop of water, or an unwashed dish in the place.

On a somewhat later occasion—after I had moved into more modest quarters—I received another unexpected visitor. He introduced himself as Leopold Stokowski, a famous musical conductor, who had been retained by Mr. Disney for the production of the score and its visualization in a motion picture called *Fantasia*. The picture included considerable magic and mystery, and he wanted to discuss with me the authentic ways in which the various situations should be photographed. We had a very pleasant evening, and there are vague incidents in the film as I had suggested them to Stokowski.

Another interesting evening in New York was spent in the apartment of Wanda Landowska, presumably the world's greatest authority on Bach. We listened in rapture to the *Goldberg Variations* played on the harpsichord. She had owned Chopin's harpsichord, but Adolf Hitler would not permit her to take it out of the country. There was a tenuous connection between Wanda Landowska and Leopold Stokowski. He asked her assistance in playing what were called "grace notes," which had been used by Bach but without explanation. She told us that Bach's music, especially certain intervals, was based upon the songs of the dragomen working along the banks of the Nile.

One year I was invited to come to New York for a series of lectures at the Roerich Museum. It was a most interesting experience, and for several weeks I lived at the Roerich Institute. Part of the building provided apartments for selected persons. Madame and Nicholas Roerich were in India, but through the courtesy of one of the sons we had a number of delightful evenings in the Roerich penthouse. These upstairs gatherings included Claude Bragdon, Talbot Mundy, and George Roerich. There were several fine pieces of Oriental art, and downstairs was a permanent exhibit of Roerich's paintings.

Two interesting things occurred at the Roerich Institute. First, I met a lady who had been a very close friend of the Le Plongeon and knew all the details of the tragedies which rewarded Le Plongeon for years of faithful archaeological research. Incidentally, she had a Satsuma incense burner that intrigued me to such an extent that

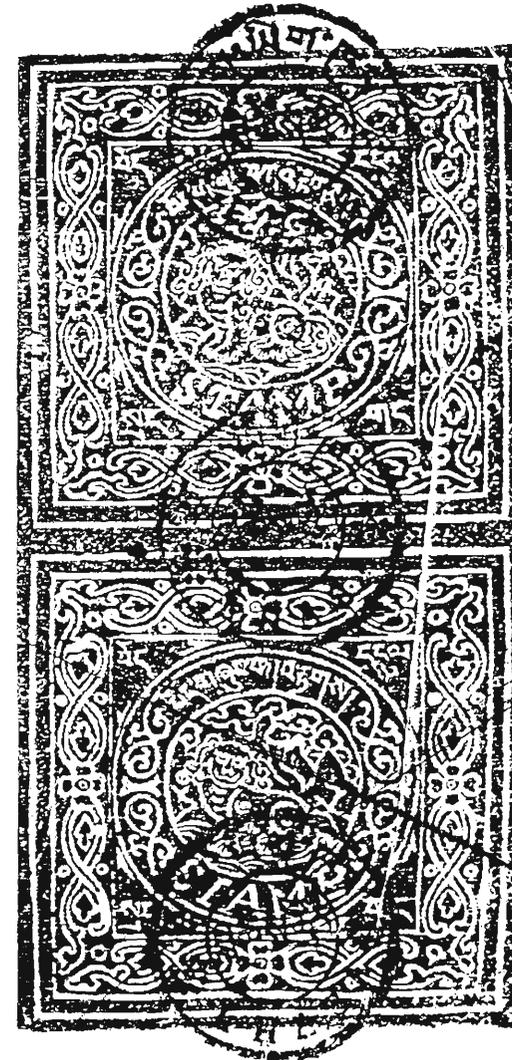
it has never been entirely forgotten. The second outstanding circumstance was when I took an art course in dynamic symmetry with a group of instructors whose studios were at the Institute. We worked from plaster casts, photographs, anatomical structural drawings, and from life.

Years ago there were many interesting shops in the Chicago loop. I found some fascinating books and one day drifted into a shop catering to stamp collectors. Nothing especially unusual caught my eye; but the dealer, with a note of apology, asked me if I happened to be interested in Tibet. He then laid on his counter five sheets of Tibetan postage stamps. Each sheet consisted of fifteen stamps in three horizontal rows of five. The sheets themselves had been cancelled with the large and interesting word "Lhasa" in a circle.

Seeing that I was a likely customer, the dealer explained to me that he had secured these sheets some time before—and no one seemed to take to them, so he would make me a special price. As an added inducement, he pointed out that on each of the sheets was a rubber stamp guarantee which stated that the sheets were from the personal collection of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and had been presented to him by Lord Mountbatten, the last viceroy of India. It so happens that on one of the sheets of stamps there is an error in the inscription, which is most difficult to find and has rapidly increased its value.

When the British punitive expedition under Sir Francis Younghusband was camped at Lhasa, the British soldiers sent their mail home through an India field post office; and the current issue showed a profile of King Edward VII. The Dalai Lama liked the design and decided that his country should also have an attractive postage label. He sent a sample of the composition he desired, which was one of the Edward VII one anna stamps. The price was prohibitive, so the Dalai Lama engaged native woodblock cutters to produce the stamps locally. They were crude and centered a figure of the Tibetan lion. The Roosevelt sheets of Tibetan stamps now command a considerable premium.

On the outskirts of Chicago in the general direction of the old stockyards was a typical dilapidated house in the style of the nine-



Official postage stamp of Tibet for 1945 with cancellation of Lhasa hand-printed from a woodblock.

ties with all kinds of gingerbread adornments and a slightly sagging veranda. It was the abode of Mr. George Wiggs, who was sometimes referred to by his friends as Mr. Wiggs of the cabbage patch. On sunny days, when a light breeze carried the aroma of the stockyards in his direction, Mr. Wiggs sat on his veranda nibbling a sandwich or enjoying a dish of ice cream. Most of the time he was in his pajamas, oblivious to the world around him.

Having heard of his collection of rare books, I arrived on a particularly sultry day; and, after some conversation, Mr. Wiggs invited me into his house. From floor to garret every room was full of books. They were on the floor, an old mantelpiece, shelves under windows, the kitchen table, and the top of the old iron oven. They were books of importance. Mr. Wiggs was quite a scholar, and he was fond of first editions and volumes on esoteric subjects. It was through him that I secured some of the rare works of Thomas Taylor, the English Platonist.

After Mr. Wiggs accepted me as a book collector, he permitted me to ascend to the second floor. Here was the sanctum sanctorum. Nearly every book on this higher level was a famous rarity or an extraordinary copy of some scarce work. Even then I was not prepared for the sanctuary—it was the bathroom, and the tub was loaded with three enormous rows of rare books. Some of these were so important that he would not think of selling them. His establishment was an unforgettable experience.

It is probable that the New York City Public Library hopes that I will never darken its majestic entrance again. I was told that its it had a collection of the personal papers of Isaac Myer, whose book on the cabala is one of the most significant texts on this difficult subject. I asked at the desk where I should look for these papers and was told that they would be listed in the manuscript department. The librarian in that room must have known I was coming, for she had locked up and left—presumably for lunch. In due time, however, she returned; and I asked if I could see the Isaac Myer papers. An actual look of consternation animated her features, and with a strained voice she half groaned, “Not the Myer papers!” After attempting to discourage me, she gave in and told one of the attendants to bring



Mr. George Wiggs, a book dealer of good parts.

the Myer papers. A few minutes later library trucks began to appear, each of them carrying two large black boxes covered with library cotton bindings. When several of them were piled up, I was entitled to sit down and go through the confusion of papers that looked as though they had not been touched since Myer had died.

I found an odd volume from the library of Harry Houdini and notes from classical works of the sixteenth century mixed in with personal memoirs, which will probably never see the light of day. In the first general overhaul I calculated that it would take several weeks just to glance through the contents, and I am sure that by that



Crossing "the line" Neptune and his entourage come aboard to initiate "landlubbers" crossing the equator for the first time.

time the manuscript department would decide that the Isaac Myer papers would be permanently removed from circulation.

By a curious circumstance, I had an experience as a young man which will be difficult to come upon in the years that lie ahead. I was on a Cunard Line vessel sailing south when it was called to my attention that the following morning we would cross "the line." Judicious inquiry revealed that the line was the equator and the occasion included an initiation into the realms of Neptune, Lord of the Deep. Such ceremonies would hardly be possible in an airplane; and I suspect that it is no longer popular in the Navy, although it was there that the tradition started. A person was a "landlubber" if he had not crossed the line. It was only necessary for it to occur once, for by this happening alone you became an "old salt."

True enough, early the next day Poseidon hove aboard. He was

dressed in seaweed, kelp, and miscellaneous fragments of fishnets, and was attended by his entire court—a majestic retinue. The first problem was to weed out those who had never crossed the line. A few young fellows cooperated with the program by being willing to be tossed into a small swimming pool on the front deck. Some were able to escape by having a pail of water poured over them, and the ladies permitted their faces to be washed. When it was all completed, Neptune, or Poseidon, handed out diplomas with the names of the participants signed and countersigned by the Lord of the Deep and decorated with several reproductions of seahorses. I have been told that this actual rite, much elaborated, was in vogue long before the voyages of Columbus.

His name was Marks, not Marks the lawyer but Marks the little ragged miner from the Klondike. He had retired into an old folks' home in east Los Angeles. He bought his way in and was safe for life but could never forget panning gold in the Yukon Territory. He told me that one day his pan was filled with a white powder which he threw away before he found out it was platinum.

In a weak moment I agreed to go on a short prospecting trip with my friend Marks. We traveled in an old model T Ford, and the temperature was running around a hundred and ten—that is, in the shade, but there was no shade. The trip out seemed to restore the youth of my old friend, and he could hardly wait in his examination of an old mine beside which was a ruin originally a sluice box. We were fortunate in finding some water. There was a kind of pond at the bottom of the mine shaft, and we kept cool by throwing buckets of cold water at each other. The moment it touched us it turned into steam. I had a feeling that we should not wander too far into the old mine, but one morning I agreed to go down to the first level of the earlier excavation. As I started down, I put my hand on a stone ledge to brace myself and heard a buzzing sound. A coiled-up rattlesnake was sitting on the ledge. Later, we found he had a number of relatives. Marks decided that a good deal of gold could be recovered by panning the remains around the sluice box, but we never carried the project through. A few days later we got back into Needles.

Not long after, I got a phone call from Marks. He was very excited, exclaiming, "They made a new gold strike in the Klondike." I immediately got the impression that the old miner had something on his mind, so I said to him, "Marks, don't forget you are nearly eighty." The answer was direct, "Eighty or nothing, I'm on my way." "But, Marks, you have paid for life tenure in this comfortable home," and Marks replied, "Let 'em keep it, I'm on my way." And he was, and I never heard from him again—but he probably died happy.

While in Chicago one year, I made the acquaintance of a very fine Greek gentleman of substantial means who was concerned with the philosophies and ceremonies of the ancient Greeks. One evening he invited me to go with him to a Greek restaurant, and this was my introduction to Little Greece in Chicago. The walls of the restaurant were painted with scenes from Grecian monuments, and the food was authentic in every sense of the word. Another evening he invited me to a very special event in which an aged Greek woman was to sing the folk songs of ancient Greece. The meeting was in a moderate sized room with some twenty or thirty chairs and benches, most of which were filled when we got there. A few moments later the star of the occasion came into the room and was welcomed by substantial applause. It is hard to describe her songs. They were in the spirit of the flamenco, a kind of wailing cadence that rose and fell in harmonic chords. Sometimes it sounded as though she was crying, and in other songs there was great strength and dignity in the tone. The concert lasted about an hour, and every few minutes members of the audience threw coins or bills onto the floor in front of her. Before the session was over there was quite a sum of money. Afterwards, there were many felicitations; but the music was a strange experience in the folklore of ancient Greece.

For many years I lectured in Chicago at the auditorium which had been built on the site of the old Iroquois Theater, which had been destroyed by fire. My lectures were usually late in the fall, and the wind off Lake Michigan kept temperatures close to zero. The folks that came to the lectures wore heavy coats, and at the entrance of the auditorium was a spacious coat closet with rows of hooks. After about my second lecture, coats began to disappear

mysteriously; and the losses threatened the success of my campaign.

One evening a jaunty young man, handsomely dressed, came up to me and shook hands violently. He kept repeating the phrase, "You have saved my soul. If there is ever anything I can do for you. . . !" He paused for a moment and then added in a low voice, "I am one of the Capone boys." I explained to him that there might be something he could do for me and that was to find out who was stealing the coats in the coat room. With a knowing smile, he replied, "I'll take care of it." We never lost another coat, and some of the ones that had disappeared mysteriously returned. At my last meeting the dapper young man appeared again, wrung my hand warmly, and exclaimed, "You will never know what you've done for me."

Some of our friends may remember that I gave many of my Los Angeles lectures at the Denishawn Auditorium, an old frame building next to Solomon's Penny Dance Hall. The Denishawn Auditorium was a dancing school presided over by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. Ruth was one of the outstanding dancers of her generation. She specialized entirely in beautiful and inspiring performances and productions. Perhaps her best remembered one was a lovely interpretation of the Buddhist divinity, Kannon, Bodhisattva of Mercy and Compassion. She was also an interpreter of Viennese waltzes and the classical dances of Greece.

One day, when I was walking out of the lobby, a little old lady came up to me and began dancing to the beat of the song she was singing. Suddenly, she stopped, looked at me rather sternly and announced, "I'm Ruth's mother, and I taught her to dance." On this occasion I also learned that Ruth auditioned for Oliver Morosco; and, when she told him that her name was Ruth Denis, he announced firmly, "Put a Saint into that name or you'll never get anywhere"—so she became Ruth St. Denis and was famous not only in the United States but in Japan as well. By the way, no one knew it, but Ruth was lame most of her life; and she concealed it so perfectly that it was never noticeable.

While I was associated with the Church of the People, we had a singer as part of our formal service. It was as soloist for our church that Lawrence Tibbett made his first public appearance. Another



Ruth St. Denis from an essay on aesthetics of the contemporary dance by Elizabeth Selden.

singer was Chief Yolachi of the Yakima Indian tribe. It was from him that I learned about a number of the beliefs of the American Indians of the Northwest. One of the interesting legends was that periodically there was an alternation—animals became humans and humans became animals. This seemed to exonerate the Indian who killed deer and bear for food. After the kill there was a little religious ceremony in which the hunter promised that when his turn came to be an animal he would willingly sacrifice his life to provide food for those who had become humans. Chief Yolachi also described for me the water Indians. They were small human creatures about the size of a two-year-old child. They lived in the ocean along the shores and only came out of the water after dark. He said that when he was a boy his father showed him the little footprints of the water Indians in the wet sand at the edge of the sea. A few humans had seen these water Indians, but this was very unlucky. Human Indian children stayed away from places where there were groups of the baby footprints. The chief particularly noted having seen the prints himself when he was a small boy.

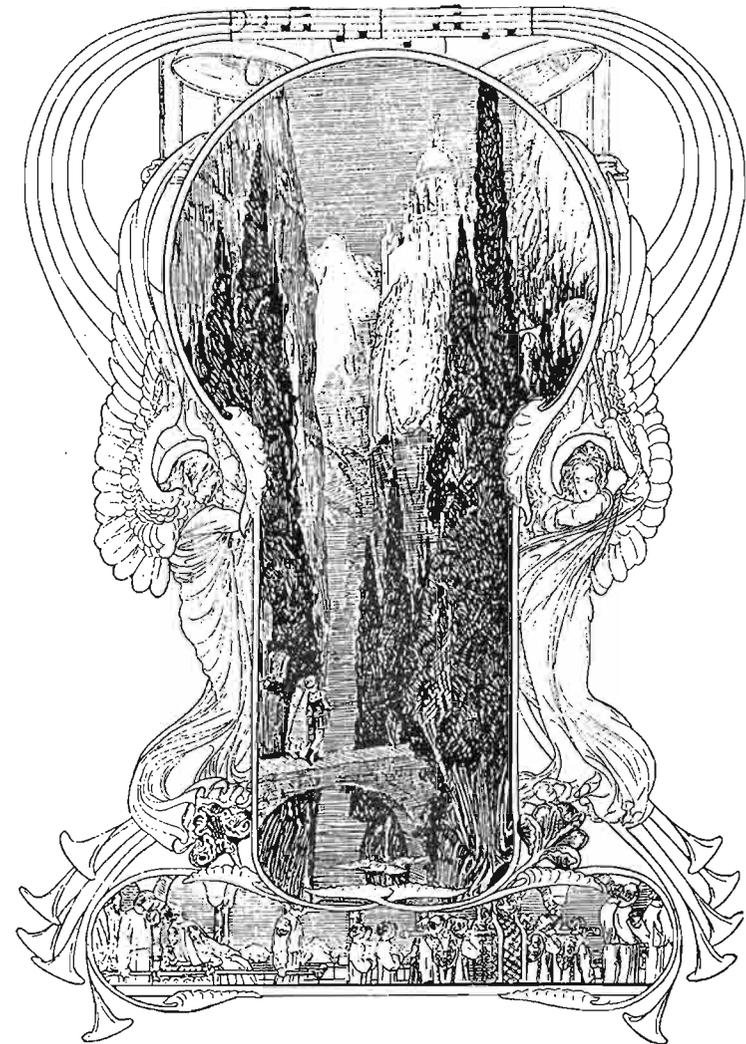
On several occasions while I was lecturing in New York City, I was able to attend the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. During the years of World War II, it was often difficult to stage a major production. It was a tradition that Wagner's opera *Parsifal* should be included in the Easter season with a special benefit performance for a worthy charity. Lauritz Melchior was available to portray the hero; and, as usual, the Met was crowded to the doors. At that time the best seats were ten dollars with an extra five added for the charity. It seemed that the performance I attended was jinxed. All kinds of things went wrong or lost the overtones of sublimity associated with the music. In the first scene, Parsifal (Melchior) appeared rather eccentrically dressed. He had a kind of tunic that hit him about the knees, and his wig was reminiscent of a Dutch bob. In one hand he carried a bow about the size of a coathanger; and at the appropriate moment an arrow, presumably from the bow, killed the sacred swan that lived in the forest of Monsalvat. The bird dropped in stage center and bounced with a dull thud. It also happened that Melchior believed in the conservation of energy. When

he was not singing, he never made a grand exit but usually seated himself on a folding chair just off stage and visible to some sections of the audience.

In the play of *Parsifal* Amfortas, the second of the Grail kings, was in conflict with Klingsor, a black magician, whose magic gardens lured truthseekers from their noble resolutions. Amfortas carried with him the spear of Longinus, which had pierced the side of Christ. In the struggle of Amfortas against Klingsor, the evil magician was able to grasp the spear and with it wound Amfortas. It was a wound that never healed, and Amfortas had to be carried about in a sedan chair. On his first appearance at this remarkable performance I attended, the litter broke down, and the wounded king had to walk off the stage.

There is a scene in the magic garden of Klingsor in which Parsifal seeks to regain the sacred spear. The stage setting was quite elaborate, and there were a number of flower maidens cavorting about. When Klingsor saw the approaching Parsifal, he hurled the spear of Longinus at him—which involved a delicate bit of mechanism. The spear ran on a wire with an appropriate rattling sound, and on this occasion it fell short of its mark. Parsifal is supposed to grasp the spear, but it was considerably out of his reach. At this moment it should be noted that the music was adequate. When Parsifal gained the spear, he raised it triumphantly; and the magic garden of Klingsor was dissolved, leaving only a ruin. This has always been difficult to stage; but something happened to the lighting, and bits of scenery were moved about in full view of the audience.

After it seemed that no further difficulty could arise, there was a solemn gathering for the holy supper. The curtain rose in the Temple of the Holy Grail. It was a splendid scene, and just off stage and intended to be invisible was Melchior sitting on a folding chair. At the appropriate moment the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descended in a pillar of light to indicate the presence of Deity. The voice of Titurel, the first Grail king, was heard from the realms of divinity; and at this critical instant something happened to the dove. It began to twitch and falter in the beam of light; but the show must go on, and in due time Melchior healed the wound of Amfortas with



The castle of the grail on the summit of Monsalvat. From: *Parsifal, A Mystical Drama* by Richard Wagner retold in the spirit of the Bayreuth interpretation by Oliver Huckel. New York, 1905.

the touch of the sacred spear and was proclaimed the third king of the Grail. The pageantry ended with the magnificent music of the great Dresden "Amen."

A number of years ago I enjoyed the friendship of a kindly and genial Episcopal canon. He was a gentleman of means and good taste with a considerable interest in mysticism and metaphysics. His liberality was disturbing to his bishop but never resulted in a serious crisis. My canon friend had a program on the local radio and gave fatherly advice to troubled persons. This gained him considerable favorable publicity. He owned a rather spacious home in a residential section of the city, and he was also the proud possessor of a tame skunk. Incidentally, this skunk had passed through major surgery and was guaranteed to be odor free for the rest of its natural life. The skunk and I got along very well together, and I gained considerable admiration for the creature which had some of the attributes of a domesticated cat. I was especially interested in its mannerisms.

The first time I came face to face with this black and white member of the canon's household it came across the floor in a kind of wavy motion. With each step it seemed to lurch a little but then regained its center with the aid of its luxurious tail. I might mention that a skunk's tail closely resembles that of a long-haired cat; but upon careful examination the fuzzy fur conceals a powerful and rather massive appendage—and the canon showed me that the skunk could be lifted by the tail alone, and the body would remain horizontal. Before I realized it, the skunk and I were close friends. It crawled up on the upholstered chair, walked sedately across my chest, and cuddled up under my arm. It did not purr, but it made some funny little sounds apparently indicating satisfaction. It curled up with its head under my chin and remained quiet for the entire length of my visit.

I never intended to collect skunks, but I knew a little girl who would have been delighted with this animal. The canon explained, however, that a law had recently been passed forbidding tampering with the armament of a skunk. It was assumed that its protection was provided by an all-wise providence; and, of course, the canon

with his ecclesiastical leanings could not question the benevolent intentions of nature. The last I saw of the skunk on my final visit was a departure accompanied with a magnificent waving of the tail.

Incidentally, my old friend Ernest Thompson Seton had a skunk farm which he maintained without disaster until he sold his entire stock of skunks to a German physician who had them all sent alive to Germany for a research program. Seton would not sell the animals until he was assured that they would not be harmed.

In these busy days very few people pose for a portrait in oil. Almost everywhere the photographer's camera meets all normal requirements. Of course, there is also the highly expensive compromise listed as a photographic portrait. These can be very costly—and I have actually seen a photographic print offered, fully hand-colored, for a thousand dollars. In my younger days there was some kind of distinction in having your likeness perpetuated through the skill of an artist like John Singer Sargent. I might mention that to maintain his artistic dexterity Sargent wandered through small towns of New England doing sketches of farmers and their wives and perhaps occasionally a small child. He did a picture a day and gave them to those who posed for him. Since then, hundreds of collectors have literally haunted the area in hope of finding one of these elusive likenesses. A few have been found, most of them stored away in attics or basements.

My adventure in posing for a portrait was a more or less harrowing experience. A distinguished English portrait painter, E. Hobson Smart—a member of the Royal Academy—had received a number of commissions in this country. He did the portraits of President Harding and President Hoover for the White House. These were so successful that he received commissions to paint General Pershing and Admiral Sims. He was also engaged to paint Annie Besant, the president of the Theosophical Society; and it was his picture of her that was reproduced on a postage stamp of India issued to commemorate the contributions she made to Indian culture.

When Mr. Smart approached me, I was hard at work on one of my early books; and I asked him how long I would have to sit. He just smiled and remarked that he worked very rapidly. So it came



Lobby of the auditorium at PRS with E. Hobson Smart's portrait of Manly P. Hall.

to pass that I was done in oils. Seated in a reasonably comfortable chair, I watched the artist assemble the apparatus of his craft. There was a tall easel, a blank canvas, tables, and cabarets, many twisted tubes of paint, and a very large palette.

He first sketched me in with charcoal; and I must say that he did a rather good likeness, and I hoped I would soon be finished. Unfortunately, however, before the end of the sitting he rubbed out the sketch completely and announced that he would try again at the next sitting. He again tried, and this was also wiped out; but at last, after several disappointments, actual paint came into use. At that time I had a black cape, and he decided that this would save considerable time if it was draped over me with one hand showing. It seems to me that there were about fifty sittings, including a number



Portrait head of H. P. Blavatsky sculptured by Manly P. Hall from photographs. Photo by Pearl Thomas.

of emotional reversals, but at last my likeness came to be "in width and breadth the portrait that you see." Near the end, consideration for details became rather tedious. Actually, Mr. Smart was reasonably well-pleased with his handiwork. References to the portrait closed with an all-inclusive statement by Mr. Smart, "As Sargent always said, the portrait is a splendid likeness—but there is something wrong about the mouth."

A few years later a very dear friend of PRS, already well along in years, went to Paris to take lessons in monumental sculpturing from a student of Auguste Rodin. When she returned, she did a number of portrait busts for the City of Los Angeles and suggested that I might like to take a few lessons from her. It so happened that

I had always been interested in art from the days when I did charcoal sketches of the plaster busts in the art department of my grammar school. Having learned the intricate details of this most exacting technique, I modeled three busts in clay—which were later cast in a more permanent medium.

My first bust was of Mohandas Gandhi done from photographs. As a second subject I chose Madame Blavatsky, working principally from her most famous front view photograph. For the third effort I selected the distinguished Masonic scholar, General Albert Pike; and all in all this was probably my best work. I had long hoped to go on with several other interesting subjects; but, unfortunately, other concerns became more pressing. Also, it was hard for me to stand for several hours at a time. As an appropriate exchange, my very gifted teacher also modeled a portrait of me—which I have been able to live with in reasonable comfort ever since its production.

[To Be Continued]



Philosophy has been called the knowledge of our knowledge; it might more truly be called the knowledge of our ignorance, or in the language of Kant, the knowledge of the limits of our knowledge.

Max Müller

There is a deity within us which breathes that divine fire by which we are animated.

—Ovid

The men of action are, after all, only the unconscious instruments of the men of thought.

—Heinrich Heine

A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing . . . ministers so largely as enlightened religion.

—William Ellery Channing

NOW AND THEN

In these days of conflict and confusion there is a sort of halfhearted effort to find a workable solution. Nearly every concerned citizen is hoping that by some miraculous occurrences a pleasant atmosphere can be restored. It seems to me that this frantic effort to find a cure for the ailments of our age has overlooked the simple fact that the answer to our difficulties has been with us ever since troubles had their beginnings. There is no question as to what is wrong and no question as to how things can be put right. The trouble is that the remedy has been carefully avoided because it would interfere with our rugged individualism and dishonorable ambitions.

There is only one way to correct a mistake, and that is to apply the proper remedy. Three thousand years ago, according to the Old Testament, the Decalogue was given to Moses on the flaming crest of Mount Sinai. A thousand years later humanity was reminded of the facts of life by the sermon of Jesus on the Mount of Olives. No one has really proven to anyone's satisfaction that we can ignore these ancient revelations. For nearly three thousand years human beings have tried desperately to avoid the challenge of integrity. Political systems have been created to sanctify human ambitions and economic systems to prove that wealth is the source of happiness and security.

Even in the twentieth century we are told that the peacemaker is blessed and that the meek shall inherit the earth. Unfortunately, however, the gentle sentiment of the Beatitudes was not widely practiced when it became evident that honesty is not the best policy if one hopes to be an outstanding success in high finance. The world was locked in two great wars in the memory of the living, and millions of human beings died to satisfy the ambitions of despots—yet there was talk of peace, but war was the fact. Actually, beyond the boundaries of Christendom there are other religions, most of which also affirm love to be essential to the survival of civilization; but

strife continues, more terrible, heartless, mindless, and soulless than ever before in history. In the three thousand years after the revelation of the Mosaic code things grew steadily worse. Empires fell, great nations enslaved smaller states, instruments of destruction became more scientific and deadly, and now nuclear weaponry threatens the survival of the race. Yet, in churches, synagogues, mosques, and temples men still talk of the love of God and pray for the coming of the Prince of Peace.

When you bring up such thoughts as these in mixed company, there may be several points of view. The materialist insists that religious revelations are superstitions and the Ten Commandments are a man-made device to permit the strong to enslave the weak until the end of time. Others may suggest that we are laboring under the influence of beliefs that were valid centuries ago but are no longer applicable to the dilemmas of the day. There are some who will admit that the ills of society could be corrected, but very few persons are willing to sacrifice their lives of excess in favor of a more moderate existence.

Those who would like to see a higher standard of conduct insist that the many have been corrupted by a few. The only answer is to get rid of corrupt officials, dishonest merchants, and those who deal in death and destruction. Very few feel that the private citizen should attempt the more or less thankless task of trying to redeem his contemporaries. Nearly always the dedicated person is penalized. He has come to represent a martyrdom in which virtue is its only reward. There is no distinction, no acclaim, and very little appreciation for noble conduct.

As we look forward to a new century, it is rather evident that not all take for granted that things will go on as usual. This leads us to inquire how the golden rule came into existence and how it happens that the highly competitive system to which we belong has by circumstances alone simply perpetuated prevailing mistakes. If the code of sharp practices which we have invented for ourselves was acceptable to God, man, and nature, why has it never produced anything but tragedy? The more we think about this, the more obvious it becomes that the natural world has rules that humans cannot break

with impunity. Somewhere out there are laws. In fact, the whole of creation is a magnificent manifestation of rules and practices which humanity cannot brush aside.

Ten thousand years ago some prehistoric sage stated simply, but firmly, "Thou shalt not kill." No one paid much attention to him, and age after age the killing continued. Wars were fought on all the continents—pain, misery, and death burdened each new generation; rogue after rogue enslaved the weak and the fatherless; but nothing was actually accomplished, and no foundation was laid for a better future. The villains of various sizes and proportions lay down in the sleep of death beside their victims, and the cemeteries provided new battlefields for the living. We have gone on pillaging, corrupting, perverting, and desecrating; and, as might be expected, we get more miserable with each passing generation. By our various delinquencies we take a kingdom, establish a fortune, and foreclose on countless mortgages; but in the end we are as poor as the poorest and, according to popular belief, sleep side by side with paupers.

How can this keep on age after age in this vast expanse of disasters we refer to as progress? We build new countries on the bodies of the slain, write new books on the good life, and teach our children to enjoy the benefits of the prevailing corruption.

Over the last seventy years I have had direct contact with thousands of troubled persons. They were of many races, a number of nations, and assorted religions. All were in trouble of some kind. As many were drowning in self-pity, very few accepted personal responsibility for their misfortunes. Many of their stories were quite plausible and had been supported by psychological testing. If ninety percent of the population of a community or district is compromising their principles most of the time, the environment is certainly not improved. If an environment is made up of persons who are undisciplined and immature, calamities appear to be contagious.

Philosophy can be helpful because it constantly reminds the individual that he is the victim of his own inadequacies. If he is dishonest, it is useless to blame society; and it is equally unreasonable to assume that two wrongs will make a right. The constant chemistry of interrelationships perpetuates individual intemperances.

At birth we come into a natural environment which is established in laws and processes beyond our control, and our own attitudes strongly condition the life we are living. One authority has said that humanity has suffered from three thousand wars since the beginning of history. Every war is a tragedy full of misery and suffering for countless mortals. How does it happen that we do everything possible to find cures for diseases of our own bodies but continue to live in a diseased environment for which we are largely responsible?

It has been noted that when a friend asked Ralph Waldo Emerson what he would do if the world ended, the New England Brahmin replied, "I guess I would have to get along without it." He implied that he declined to depend upon his environment for security. Each person has to build a temperament that can survive the stress of the neighborhood. Many have asked me why they should spend their time developing good dispositions which were not appreciated by their friends and relatives. Sometimes it does look as though we labored in vain and might as well enjoy the passing intemperances of the hour. Actually, however, this does not work well because an unredeemed disposition is also a major hazard to health. A peaceful heart and a well-ordered mind help to prevent many of those nagging ailments of the flesh which shorten life and may make many years of it miserable. There is a school of thought that advocates an occasional temper fit on general principles. The truth is, however, that these general principles mean nothing to the flesh—and anger, fear, and self-pity can end in expensive doctor's bills.

Unless we break some law of the community where we abide, we can live out half a century even with a disagreeable disposition. It is seldom, though, that we can nurse grudges or indulge in tantrums without violating phases of natural law. One of the most common ailments of the undisciplined person is self-pity. One elderly lady came to me who could not even mention her misfortunes without bursting into tears. When she spoke of her childhood, she had to dab her eyes with a handkerchief; and the tribulations of her marriage brought on torrents of sobs and groans. Finally, she retired into a rest home and tearfully described to me the bad food. There

is no doubt that she had suffered from an unhappy childhood, but there was not a single ill that she mentioned which had resulted from any fault of her own. She had no funds for complicated therapy, so I finally suggested that she get a canary bird—and it actually helped. There was no use telling the bird the details of her infirmities, for the cheerful little thing simply chirped back at her. I have had a letter or two from her, and she now always says that the canary bird has asked to be remembered.

A man whose second marriage was falling apart finally unfolded to me his complaint. He was a perfectionist. Everything had to be just right, and no one was able to be as perfect as he was. He had studied Oriental philosophy for some time and decided that his troubles were the result of karma brought forward from a previous incarnation. I was finally able to convince him that his problems would continue unless he relaxed his own attitudes and realized that in one life or another he had developed traits of character which needed to be immediately reformed.

Very few persons are sufficiently mature to blame themselves for the difficulties which arise in their relationships. Even those who believe in universal justice are able to exonerate themselves by a complex process of rationalization. On some occasions an uncontrollable temper or a critical disposition is blamed on heredity or happenings in the distant past. The fact remains, however, that dispositional debilities must either be corrected or they will continue to damage current and future circumstances.

Another type of disagreeable disposition is especially unpleasant. The culprit simply does not care whether he is obnoxious or not. He claims to say what he thinks; but, for the most part, he says without thinking. His victims can take him or leave him and usually depart in due time. I remember one dour individual who was actually proud of his ability to offend his associates. It never occurred to this man that he would ever suffer personally for the pain he was causing. Conversation revealed the fact that he had serious health problems involving considerable pain. As long as he was only offending others, he was perfectly happy; but, when it was pointed out to him that his disposition was ruining his health and shortening his life,

he was inspired to mend his ways.

It has been stated that Napoleon I would never have attempted to conquer the world if he had not had chronic stomach trouble. Like many wealthy and powerful persons of his time, he was decidedly a victim of his own intemperances.

Whenever stress affects society there is an outbreak of mental and emotional aberrations. The social structure develops a psychic toxicity which causes normally amiable persons to develop unpleasant habits, excessive attitudes, and mysterious pseudo-psychic deviations. The very process of complaining and blaming others for our misfortunes sets up vibratory patterns in the magnetic field which lead to a variety of physical and emotional infirmities. Always an evil deed or an unpleasant attitude returns to disturb the person who caused it.

It is difficult to estimate the actual result of mass mental disturbances. There is much to suggest the truth of the old saying that the things we fear will come upon us. All negative and destructive thoughts and emotions can be as dangerous to society as a physical outbreak of violence. Nature has no patience for private grudges, individual or collective. The moment we depart from the quiet serenity of the disciplined mind things start going wrong. When these negative intrusions affect judgment or cloud dispositions, troubles multiply. There is simply no way to break the rules of nature without facing a penalty. The present political situation in Europe reveals clearly that those who live by the sword have a good chance of dying by nuclear weaponry.

In a desperate effort to hurt someone else we take upon ourselves an obligation to suffer upon our own flesh the evils we have forced upon others. A conscious acceptance of the law of karma would soon permit even the scoffer to realize that fate is an agency of discipline. We must either mend our ways or face ultimate extinction. It is possible if this Oriental doctrine was accepted in the West that a turn for the better in world relationships would be immediately noticeable. It is sad indeed that we continue to regard evolution in terms of material prosperity. Riches accumulated fraudulently can be of no permanent value in an honorable society. There is an old saying that

the mill of the gods grinds slowly but exceedingly fine. Many of the situations which we are creating for ourselves today may not reveal their consequences for some years to come. We build tragedies one small stone at a time, and already our delinquencies are beginning to appear. In our hearts we know that we are breaking the rules of honor and honesty. If we can solve major problems before the end of the twenty-first century, we will be rewarded with greater security; but, if we simply attempt to maintain our twentieth century uncertainties, the penalties will become heavier.

The economic system has no foundation in natural law. It rewards nothing dedicated to the public good and is one of the most dangerous incentives that humankind has devised. As long as we are willing to accept cash or credit as a substitute for integrity and morality, we must face the future with anxiety.

Most of the people who were involved in World War I and the depression of 1929 are no longer with us. My large book was published in 1928, and I was traveling and lecturing through all the years of the first depression. Major changes were coming to complicate living. We had passed through the prohibition experiment, which led to the first outbreak of organized crime. It seemed for a time that the underworld would surface to the ultimate collapse of society.

War with Germany resulted in serious social changes which were to endure. When the boys went off to make the world safe for democracy, women began to contemplate business and professional careers. The foundations of the American home were shaken and never completely recovered. The country underwent a number of economic changes, resulting in an appearance of prosperity. Peace, power, and plenty began as a slogan; and, for the first time, the American people developed a prosperity complex. Opportunity merely supplied an incentive for what has come to be known as "the good life." I clearly remember that one prominent exponent taught that the secret of the new economy was to focus the mind on the second vest button from the top, throw out your chest behind the button, and proclaim financial abundance. I also remember with some clarity the incredible state of affairs that swept the country. Numerous opportunists became qualified interpreters of the doctrine

of abundance. Fortunes were made overnight. The halt, lame, and blind spent their hard-earned savings in an effort to develop a dominant personality, and in a few months the disciples became teachers in their own right.

In the period following World War I spiritualism and psychic phenomena also gained considerable popularity. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge turned for consolation to clairvoyants and psychics, and many who had lost members of their families in the conflict of nations supported mystical beliefs. About this time also teachings attributed to Sigmund Freud became especially popular and brought serious contamination of private and public morals. Here was the beginning of free love cults with their attendant crop of amateur psychologists and psychiatrists.

One proponent of the positive mental attitude appeared before an entranced audience wearing an original Parisian gown, expensive jewelry, and waving an ostrich plume fan. By taking her advanced course it was intimated that you too could select your wardrobe in France or Austria.

About this same time we had the beginning of the health advocates, one of whom made a sensational entrance proclaiming the wonders of wheat germ as a food supplement. In this case the concept of better nutrition was dramatized by a group of Hawaiian hula dancers, apparently as irrefutable evidence of the advantages of the simple life.

California was the center of the gold rush in 1849, and it was there also that the prosperity rush of the 1920s found its greatest support. To the happenings already mentioned should be added the rising of the film industry. The concept that fame and fortune could be had for the asking ended with the great depression of 1929. We can ask if anything really valuable resulted from the mirage of the 1920s. Factually, some good was accomplished. Several serious organizations developed which stood firmly against materialism. When barter and exchange faded, prayer was still a possibility. By the fact of pointing out that the success mania led to tragic consequences many sincere persons became aware of the deeper mysteries of philosophy and religion.

The depression years would never have served a useful purpose had it not been that they revealed the illusion of wealth and the consequences of ethical ignorance. Both the governing and the governed came to realize that the leadership of a nation required a dedication to human needs and a strong spiritual incentive. In the aftermath a sobered society cooperated to protect the necessary values upon which progress must be based.

So the years passed, and suddenly we found ourselves in that period between 1980 and 1990. As we consider conditions in general, it is evident that history is repeating itself. The prosperity of the twenties was an illusion, and the high financing of the eighties is merely an exaggeration of self-deceit. In the twenties gangsters threatened to take over the country, and in the eighties the narcotic empire threatened to endanger the civilized world. During the First World War, we had an especially dangerous health crisis in the great influenza epidemic which took millions of lives. In the eighties we have AIDS, for which no actual cure is yet known. In the 1940s we rearranged the map of Europe and Asia, and now a rearrangement is immediately necessary. In World War I we were caught napping, and troops had to be trained with wooden muskets. In the Second World War we were better prepared and introduced nuclear weaponry, the greatest mistake of all time. As we approach the twenty-first century, we are continuing to support armaments—even though we fully realize that no one can win the final war.

The twentieth century has been the most instructive span of time in the history of the human race. We have made most of the mistakes of our ancestors and added a number of advanced delinquencies of recent vintage. The foundation of our nation had one very prudent advisor, Benjamin Franklin. He bestowed a legacy of common sense, and most of his thinking was influenced by the Quakers. They were a group of sincere persons who emigrated to the Western Hemisphere to escape the corruptions of European society. It is a pity that Franklin is not here today to point out that there is no substitute for honesty and no way of surviving without it. For the last hundred years we have been repeating ourselves on even larger issues. Practically every foible we attribute to the Phoenicians, every moral crime we link

with the Romans, and the debaucheries of the Renaissance have come back to plague us.

An old farmer I knew had a phrase to cover the facts of life: "The first time I made a mistake I was ignorant, but the second time I made the same mistake I was stupid." I wonder how he would classify the sad chronicles of history to prove conclusively that human beings have made the same obvious mistakes countless times. When mortals refuse to change, universal law steps in and changes them.

It is time for us all to attempt the great experiment. It must be made in a laboratory of researchers who are dedicated to tell the truth and the whole truth about their findings. This laboratory is now the world. The most enlightened of the world's thinkers have all been of the opinion that there is no accident under the sun. Things happen because it is the duty of nature to right all wrongs and correct all mistakes. Man has been gifted with powers to protect his survival. If he does not use them, the universe takes the steps necessary to enforce its own purposes.

Nearly all of the political structures of humanity are fragile and impermanent. In the 1940s we altered the map of the world convinced that the new pattern would endure forever. Less than fifty years later it is falling apart on every hand because human beings believed that they were strong enough and wise enough to enslave populations and frustrate the natural ends of evolution. Irrational optimists are now either going or have gone. They will not be remembered for their contributions to the advancement of the ages but for the tragic millions who died in the name of social change. While we are accumulating statistics as to how many of us are now embodied within the boundaries of nations, we must make a new research project to discover—if possible—an honorable way to inspire those in authority with the creation of a safer planet on which we can grow according to the universal intent.



I would not enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—William Cowper

PERHAPS WE SHOULD TRY A LITTLE HARDER

It has always seemed a demanding task to explain why human beings choose to be in difficulties. Although it is generally acknowledged that many people are impetuous and self-willed, the fact remains that an even greater number of persons seem to enjoy creating difficulties for themselves. The alcoholic knows that he is drinking too much but is not inclined to discipline his conduct for the sake of survival. This is even more true with those enslaved by cocaine. They are fully aware of the consequences but will tell you to your face that they do not appreciate the value of freeing themselves from this fatal habit. There are a number of vices nourished by apparently intelligent people. Every cigarette ad is now accompanied by warnings about emphysema and lung cancer, but many smokers continue the habit until it destroys their health.

Is this situation the result of a streak of egotism by which addicts come to believe that they are exceptions to universal law, or is it because they do not value the privilege of staying alive for a normal life expectancy? It is true that bad habits are forms of suicide which would seem to indicate that those cultivating such tendencies must regard physical existence as actually a kind of a nuisance. Various types of mental derangement may incline the individual to self-destruction, but such cases are relatively rare. I have talked to several persons who have attempted suicide or seriously considered departing from this vale of tears. They were literate and may have even been college graduates. In fact, education does not seem to be an important factor in preventing suicide.

There is a complicated tangle of mental and emotional factors which would appear to undermine the will to live. Emotional pressures become compulsive, and there is no recourse to a stable mental background. The environment we live in today is frustrating to those who have no internal strength of character or idealistic

dedication. The increase in the suicide rate among young people is proof of a deep-seated ignorance which is not dispelled by academic procedures.

One way to inspire a normal span of life is to have a just and reasonable purpose for existence. In older times, when living was rugged, boys and girls learned at an early age to develop internal strength. Disappointments were numerous, and nearly every life had one or two tragedies; but it was assumed that the human being could be master of his own soul. Today, in practice, many do not believe that they have souls; and, if they do, their belief has not assumed command over conduct.

One of the great axioms of antiquity was "Man, know thyself." The tendency today is to avoid the person in the body. If the mind is reasonably strong and can control the appetites, it becomes evident that a disappointment or a frustration can be surmounted along with other difficulties. Many young people of today come from broken homes where integrities have been compromised and join a drifting group of weaklings who exist only to gratify the whims of the moment. There are few resources to ennoble character and no courage to go against the prevailing mediocrity. It seems rather strange that the educational theory has not recognized the self-destruction syndrome. In a world which prides itself on its educational advantages and offers a variety of opportunities for reasonable achievement a boy or girl can reach maturity of body without attaining even a trace of mental maturity.

It has been generally true that nations have arisen through the dedication and sacrifice of citizens who resolved to live constructively in a world which satisfied their physical and intellectual needs. Today world civilization is declining, and no one seems to be much concerned over its probable collapse. Many feel that it is not worth saving. There is no respect for universal law, and the standards of respectability which guided the destinies of our ancestors have faded away.

Some like to call the world we live in now a complete failure, and those even less thoughtful describe this as the fun generation. This seems to be properly descriptive, but the sad part is that very

few people are having fun. Sports are corrupted, the colleges and universities are in deep trouble morally and ethically, literature is loaded with pornography, television is steeped in violence, popular religion is burdened with scandal, business is riddled with dishonesty, and the learned professions are suspect.

When conditions became impossible, the confused and bewildered went west to start a new life. They rode the range, fought the elements, and built enduring communities. Their concept of justice was strong and steadfast, promoting the well-being of the community. Now there is no place to go. We have been deprived of an outlet which exercised a constructive influence in the nineteenth century. One has to live with his mistakes for the full duration of his years. The truth is that the haphazard, undisciplined factor which we call progress just happened. No one planned it; and everyone used the changes that occurred for their own personal profit, if possible. We have watched the subsiding of honor but have made no effort to prevent its disappearance. We mention "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," but the phrase has lost much of its original meaning. Life is confused by lack of discipline and psychological undertones. Liberty is license—the right to do what you please regardless of consequences and with no thought for the future; and the pursuit of happiness has led to the complete collapse of morality and ethics and worldwide corruption.

It is a mistake, however, to assume that there are no good people left on earth. There are many. Actually, probably a majority of human beings would be more or less honest if society would establish proper rules for conduct and obey them. When human beings lose control of their environment, natural law immediately takes effect. In this solar system there is an absolute integrity which cannot be ignored, bribed, or assailed with violence. In East Indian religion a saying is found attributed to Deity, "When virtue fails upon the earth, then I come forth." The meaning is clear. The sovereign power which maintains existence will not permit evil to control the management of worldly affairs.

Those who are still literate can read the history of humanity and realize that wealth and power have tried to conquer the earth, but

in every case the earth has opened and swallowed its would-be subjugators. Religion is returning to the socialized countries, and this will help. In lands where faiths are permitted to function there are signs of increasing theological tolerance and the gradual but inevitable union of faiths. As we cut down the trees, pollute the water, poison the air, and overpopulate every square inch of land, we may well have virtue thrust upon us. We cannot dispose of nuclear waste; we will ultimately run out of gasoline; and strange changes of climate are afflicting the planet. In the midst of this there is a gradual awakening. It does not look as though the celestial powers have turned against us but, rather, that we have tried to turn against them. Universal law says, "Keep the rule," while man-made law revises this statement with the words, "Keep the profits." A certain natural anxiety is showing up everywhere and is proper proof that nations and individuals realize that they have broken faith with the Divine plan and must begin to exhibit appropriate repentance.

According to the ancient system of thinking, nations will rise and fall until one is virtuous enough to survive. There is a hope in the air that the twenty-first century will bring with it the universal reformation. Some say this is only a myth. Others feel that things will go on a little better or a little worse through the waging of large wars and small wars to infinity. But those who favor the twenty-first century have by far the better case. They are supported by the simple fact that if we continue as we are through another century there will be very little left that is worth saving. The universal law does not exist to destroy but to redeem. When the oil runs out and when food is contaminated by chemicals and the atmosphere is heavy with nuclear experiments, there will not be many people who will smugly settle back to enjoy the fun generation.

When we can no longer cope with the impending disasters, we can turn the sorry mess back to science which is responsible for a large part of the common woe. The wonders of progress have been tarnished by their misuse and abuse. It would seem that we should have the right to control the products of scientific ingenuity or to pass legislation requiring proper restraints to regulate the dangerous findings of physical research.

For ages human beings have been afraid of each other. In most cases such fears were justifiable. When the cave man was establishing his territories, conflicts were inevitable and the controls still in use among the animal kingdom were violated. Selfishness found various ways to achieve its ends. If the weak cave man lacked the strength to support his ambitions, he built a longer spear or a stronger bow—probably both. This has been going on for so long that ruthlessness has come to be legalized. The victor was heralded as the proper owner of that which he had filched by false means. If the wealth, natural resources, and human life which have perished from warfare in the present century had been spared by a proper structure of ethics, we would not be facing the twenty-first century with a short supply of essential materials or a tragically demoralized humanity. Even as we write and read, the destructive power of weaponry is being heavily financed.

There is a legend that sometime in the dim past the moon was inhabited, and for some reason the lunar races were transferred to the earth. Could it be that the moon is a dead body in space because long ago the creatures on it destroyed their homeland and were sent to a new environment far better than they deserved? Even here they got into trouble. Race after race destroyed itself; and our direct forebears, the Atlanteans, were drowned for their iniquities. Why is it that what we call the human being has been distinguished for its inhumanity ever since having been fashioned? We like to blame bad governments, ambitious rulers, and fanatic mobs for many of the troubles we have seen. In reality, however, the misery is seated in ourselves.

Ambition is said to be the emotion that caused the fall of the angels. Something went wrong when Prometheus brought fire to earth. It is supposed to have been the discovery of fire that caused all the trouble. It was not, though, the small heap of coals in a dismal cave but the newborn spark of competition that caused the damage.

We can expect old problems to come down to us; but as we grow more ingenious, if not wiser, ways of correcting faults are also to be noted. We have abolished slavery in most parts of the world and no longer imprison men for debt. It was a misdemeanor to owe money

or even a more substantial crime; and in present conditions a good part of the population would have been in debtor's prison if the old laws still prevailed.

When things go wrong, we are inclined to blame the system under which we live. In many cases, however, the real culprit is the human ego itself. By the time we enforce the rules necessary to restrict dishonesty our privileges will be seriously curtailed. Ambition is an attribute of individuality. If a person has an irresistible urge to excel in some particular aspect of society which he is not able to fulfill, frustration sets in with psychotic consequences. Most of our unfortunate characteristics are inherent. It is not necessary to assume that we are victims of the conspiracies of our contemporaries. The rewards of ambition are usually obvious, but the punishments are overlooked or denied. The desperate determination to climb the ladder of self-importance is a labor lost. It has been suggested that the average length of human life could be extended to a hundred and twenty years if common sense was popularized.

The more intense the competition, the greater the damage to health, happiness, and peace of mind. After all, it would seem that life is too short a span to be wasted in the futile search for fame and fortune. Excessive ambition is either a cause of disease or the consequence of an ailment that has already set in. Research tells us that tension and stress shorten life and contribute more troubles than they are worth. I knew a man whose one hope in life was to be remembered as a great success after his death. His wife was a kindly lady, perfectly satisfied to live in the glow of motherhood. Whether she would be remembered outside her own family never bothered her. Under the pressure of his determination to excel, the man died in his late fifties of a coronary. His death was a shock to his wife, but she took comfort in the hope that they would be together beyond the grave and was still happy and healthy at ninety-six. A conscientious physician might point out that those who strive for fame are short-lived and their accomplishments perish with them.

Until recent times wealth and worldly honors did not disturb the average citizen. The great lived in their castles on the tops of the hills with elaborate military defenses and no interior plumbing. In

these turreted fortresses conspiracy for power was contagious, and today they are either restaurants or lodgings for those whose highest ambition is to sleep in a castle. We might add that according to local tradition many of the old palaces were haunted by earlier tenants whose ambitions seemed to have survived the grave.

At the moment, it is becoming evident that most of the careers of the rich and famous are insecure and uncomfortable. The glamour of wealth has long departed, so we must turn in some other direction in our search for distinction. Is there anything we can do that justifies unusual effort for achieving an honorable recognition? We can compete in scholastic honors or gain a reputation for charity.

As we look ahead, it is obvious that even survival is precarious. The great houses where once the gentles lived are now condominiums. The parks stocked with game now abound in filling stations, and the spires of great cathedrals are seldom seen. The monopolies and the conglomerates are short-lived, and the time will come when the individual will find his fulfillment in a simple and useful existence. There may be time for music and art and a good book. A world surviving principally through buying and selling must some day devote itself to a kindlier way of giving and sharing. As we study the mysteries of high finance, we will ultimately discover that we can never appreciate the blessings of life until we restore the gentle atmosphere of a happy family in the blessed environment of a peaceful world.



Solitude, no doubt, is necessary to the poet and the philosopher, but certain life-giving thoughts are born of conversation, and conversation can flourish only in a small company where no one is stuck up.

—Kenneth Clark, *Civilization*

Euphemism is one of the commonest instruments of rationalization. As Emerson said, "That which we call sin in others is experiment for us." Where others lie, we are clever, where others cheat, we are shrewd and cunning, where others are bad-tempered, we are righteously indignant; judging others, we call it practical.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick



A Department of Questions and Answers

A GOOD CHANCE FOR RECOVERY

Question: Now in my middle fifties I look back upon a more or less miserable existence. I was an unwanted child who made a bad marriage to leave home. There was a divorce two years later, and I went into the business world to build a career as best I could. As the years passed, I became more embittered, suffered a second unhappy marriage, and then—so to say—I simply retired from the human race. For many years now I have lived alone nursing my wounds, and health problems now add to my miseries. Have you any constructive suggestions for a person in my condition? I have already tried religion, psychological counseling, and metaphysical healing.

Answer: If you have not finally decided that you are the victim of social persecution, there is a good chance that you may make a reasonable recovery. First of all you should list every major experience in your life with corresponding dates as accurately as possible. In each entry it is important for you to state firmly and clearly your attitudes, actions, or reactions to outside circumstances. Frankly, you must search for your personal contribution to whatever troubles have arisen. If you say that a certain person criticized you, you must discover, if possible, your own contribution to an unpleasant incident. Our ultimate search in this life can benefit from realization of one

of the basic teachings of idealistic philosophy to the effect that in one way or another we are the cause of our troubles. Comprehending this can be a great relief when you understand that the world is not against you—rather, you are against yourself.

There are three areas which react adversely to negative pressures. First, the physical body which sickens and causes illness. Second, the emotional body which often causes self-pity or dislike for other persons. The third contributing factor is the mind, which is constantly attempting to defend the consequences of self-justification. There is one optimistic note in all this, however—for you prove conclusively that you cannot blame others for your miseries and cannot depend on anyone but yourself for proper recovery. Most loneliness, isolation, and futility are excuses for self-pity. Even the most skilled mental therapist cannot release the neurotic from his despondencies, unless the victim changes his ways and discovers a better world than he believed was possible.

The person who enters a program of self-improvement can accomplish the reformation of his own character without offending other people. Nothing will show outwardly, except a more gracious personality and a more cheerful disposition. It was the Buddha who pointed out that the long journey from here to enlightenment begins with a single step. The reformation of character and the restoration of peace of mind cannot be bestowed. There must be a firm determination to rescue the complete personality from a self-induced state of the doldrums.

Now let us see how we can transform a moral truth into a physical improvement of character. We can start with something within the capacity of an average person. There is a discipline that is essential but in no way severe. I prefer the Pythagorean approach. The master taught his disciples to start every day with a resolution or simple plan of something to be accomplished. Today must be a means of recovery, because some other day—maybe long ago—was the cause of the trouble.

Start with something simple, but do not think of it as a medicinal action. You are not planning to protect yourself against the outer world but, rather, against inner pressure. Perhaps there is a letter

that needs to be written. If so, it is a double opportunity. You may say something encouraging and receive in a few days a grateful answer. Instead, you may choose to select a good book, listen to uplifting music, or attend a civic event. The main purpose is to resolve to do a certain thing and allow no mood change to interfere with your decision. When you surrender to your moods, you are a servant to an inferior part of your own nature. It may well be that you will arrange some daily event that could contribute to a constructive span of time. This is also a good opportunity to strengthen friendships and find in assisting another a major step in your own self-improvement. In other words, let today be busy in small but pleasant activities and do not allow the negative part of the disposition to frustrate you with a headache, a nervous spell, or a stomach upset.

When evening came, the Pythagoreans made use of an exercise called retrospection. For a few moments before retiring, think back over the day just passed, preferably in reverse sequence. In this way you may be able to see an effect and then become aware of the cause you set in motion. It may be that you prefer to think that someone else or some trivial incident disturbed your well-intentioned effort. If this kind of self-excuse arises, think through the whole matter until you find yourself hidden in some dark corner. It may also be that in your evening meditation or retrospection you can remedy some small mistake you made today. This entire routine should not be regarded as a cruel interference with your right to suffer, and, if it is continued over a long period of time, its usefulness becomes much more apparent. The second step is always easier than the first, and there are many other steps. If they all lead in the right direction, your problems will diminish and you will be more and more glad that you have the opportunity to grow in this life.

Every individual is born with some kind of talent. Stradivarius said that he was born to make violins. Luther Burbank believed that he was born to take the spines off of cactus, so that animals could find food in the desert. I have talked to many persons, and with a little jogging of the memory nearly all of us have had unfulfilled dreams and frustrated aspirations. A minister I knew became a

genteel neurotic because he had always wanted to go down to the sea in ships, but the family insisted that he become a clergyman.

In the old days of the guilds every person was required to have two vocations. This rule is good today. It may be that you are a book-keeper, or a private secretary, or a registered nurse, or a school-teacher. However, you have locked within you somewhere an unfulfilled hunger for a higher form of self-expression. If you spend the day at work and return to an empty house or to a state of total trivia, it is much easier to become neurotic; while, if you have an engrossing interest, something that is meaningful to you and you find the opportunity to nurse your inner inclination by means of your business salary, there is a certain division of obligations and rewards. Your hours of employment are not quite so difficult if you go home each day to the fulfillment of inner aspirations. There are no longer so many pianos in private homes or apartments. If there were more of them and fewer television sets, there would not be so many neurotics. The development and practice of a skill enriches the soul and assists it to meet adversities with tranquility. Sad to say, a deep neurosis generally resists constructive endeavors; but, if there is a background of idealism still locked in the person, it can be stimulated with constructive results.

Of music it has been said that there are three levels of appreciation and participation. Some attend a concert to listen; others, usually in the less expensive seats, are studying the actual scores while they are listening; and the third category comprises performers who have completed theory and moved into practice. I know one case in which a very delicate child, advancing in the skills of a painter, was ridiculed by a parent and committed suicide about two years later.

There is much talk about the influence of religion upon neurotics. If the sufferer was raised within a faith and his troubles are not traceable directly to theological complications, religion can be helpful. In fact, it is sometimes the only practical remedy; but a person who has been comparatively indifferent in religious matters is not likely to benefit greatly from a conversion and membership in a church. Missionaries and revivalists have pointed out that without a deep contrite determination to improve character, membership in

theological institutions is seldom solutional. Even though some individuals may blame their troubles upon their church, they are worse off if they take refuge in atheism—which is a condition of the mind sickening to the soul.

Presuming that a person will sincerely try to put his life in better order, he has reached a point at which insight has become a useful instrument of regeneration. There are certain other steps which can be aggressively helpful. Very few individuals can be happy unless they contribute to the happiness of others. Selfishness, therefore, is not conducive to self-improvement. Persons of retirement age who have difficulty in maintaining a natural optimism can often attain peace of mind in various community projects. They can devote a few hours a day or a week to charitable causes. Groups are now forming for that purpose, and those now out busy helping each other have found service as a solid foundation for gladness of the soul.

Years ago, I gave the graduation speech at the time when the appropriate certification was being bestowed on some students of medicine. On this occasion a father was graduating with his own son. It was unlikely that the older man, who was approaching seventy, would practice long; but he accomplished the fulfillment of his own life. His dreams had come true, and he had worked patiently and consistently on the project he had set for himself. He was by no means a seventy-year-old neurotic. It is sad that the complexities of modern society have gravitated against the mental and emotional security of older people.

In the last century retirement was little more than a minor worry. The elders of the family were not only respected and admired, but they contributed generously to the security of the group. When individuals break away from all the responsibilities of their earlier years, there is a serious loss for all concerned. Most neurotics feel that they are unable to resist the disturbances which have arisen in their environment. They may select a retirement home; and, even if financially they can choose what seems to be a desirable and luxurious protection for their older years, the whole subject has deteriorated due largely to lack of mutual affections between the members of families. In a way, however, there could be some compensation.

Instead of rustivating in some retirement atmosphere, a new career is always possible. There is something missing in a life that has no future, and the present retirement theory offers nothing but terminal years worthless to anybody. It would be far better and probably less expensive in the long run if older folks had hobbies and even commercialized them. There are communities all over the world which sell objects which have become valued folk art. Many quilts that can be made still bring high prices and win substantial prizes. Such endeavors are first lines of defense against negative thinking and the reaction of physical infirmities. Freedom should be kept as long as possible.

Health can be a major factor in optimism. The physical body has its own ways of damaging the serenity of the mind. Acute symptoms closely resemble melancholia, and a sharp answer in fairness to all concerned may well be the result of a drop of green bile in the liver. There is scarcely an edition of a newspaper that does not describe the pernicious effects of what we eat, drink, and do. Even an optimist cannot be entirely unaffected by dismal tidings. It is obvious that food poisoning with various additives and preservatives could have widespread effects on the human disposition. An unhealthy world cannot be populated by healthy people. Here again, however, no one pays much attention unless they experience a contamination of their own flesh. It may also be noted that in many instances expensive meals can be the most dangerous, and the most gorgeously packaged edibles are the most insidious. Therefore, nutrition will help; but there are two kinds of neurotics resulting directly from food. One is the wealthy diner who can have everything he wants, including vintage drinkables. The other is the indifferent or more financially limited eater who finds it easier to die of starch poisoning.

Every person who lives alone should be just as careful of what he eats as the head of a large household. A friend of mine, a gentle by birth and well-educated, became involved in a large production program in the Hudson Bay area and was snowed in every winter. Every night for seven years, though living alone, he dressed for dinner in his tuxedo and served his meals on good crockery with

lighted candles. He had his glass of vintage wine and a few bites of his favorite dessert, most often a somewhat ripe cheese. He then put away the silver and the plates until the next day. He never for a moment failed to keep the customs of his youth. We do not recommend this, but we do note that those who prepare their own meals and usually eat alone should be as careful in the selection of their food as they would be in a conscientious family situation. If they skip eating, have no appetite, and find their selections disagreeable to the palate, there is another type of neurosis in the making. The high liver is short-lived, but a prudent appetite intelligently satisfied can save many a dismal attack of dyspepsia.

There is a type of supersensitivity that can contribute to personal misfortune. There are people who live in constant dread of hurting someone's feelings. For example, "I have just read Perkins' new book on juvenile delinquency." At that moment the timid individual may relapse into a painful silence. They too have read the same book but are afraid to state that they liked it, or that they did not like it, or to pass opinion on any of its contents. Their very silence may be misinterpreted and a simple friendship be damaged. Usually, neurotics have a tendency to object to popular opinions and retire into a silence that is easily misunderstood as some form of censure or disagreement.

Neurotics frequently develop complexes on subjects involving money. I have known a number of persons who had difficulty in spending even small amounts. A lady of considerable wealth was ashamed to buy clothes or spend the price of a new pair of glasses. One of these misanthropic individuals was even ashamed to donate to charitable causes because she might be accused of seeking public recognition for her generosity.

I have not noticed that neurotics are inclined to suicide. Being timid and unsure of themselves, they prefer to perpetuate their melancholy forlornness. Of course, we find an occasional example where neurosis is the result of a bad conscience. A mother who dominated her daughter came to realize that she had ruined the life of a child she actually loved but refused to release to fulfill her individual destiny. Where causes of long standing melancholy cannot be restored

by natural optimism the only answer is to learn the lesson, honestly regret the mistake, and find some opportunity to perform a constructive action in the name of the person we have offended.

Many families, even today, are nursing grudges of one kind or another. They may reject a race or a nation because of an unfortunate contact with a single member. All such grievances have a tendency to spread, especially when a person grows older. It is much better to judge people as individuals and not be prejudiced by their racial backgrounds, political allegiances, or religious beliefs.

In many households there is a lack of mutual affection and regard. An overly strict mother can cause children to be rebellious and resentful. On the other hand, lack of discipline can be equally detrimental. Parents must be capable of adjusting to the psychological patterns which often accumulate under one roof. It is always best to solve mental or emotional intensities before they can become too deeply built in to a life pattern.

While we usually associate psychological peculiarities with neurotics, one thing is certain—neurosis is not an asset. Even if it results in a little local distinction, the end is always trouble. If you have tried for many years to release your life from gloom and depression, it may be necessary to make strenuous changes in your life pattern and—if possible—move out of your present environment. Go so far as to sell the house or leave the neighborhood. If you already have a reputation for aloneness, move the necessary distance to where no one has heard about it. Change your appearance. This is not too difficult for a woman who can do wonders with skillful use of make-up. Remove the last trace of sadness or remorse from your features. Dress cheerfully. I know two spinster ladies who took voice lessons to get rid of a whine in their speech. Develop interests—it may be that you have no talent for bridge but can do a little something with golf. If this also fails, take an interest in cultural activities of the community. Support the little theater and plan to participate in the doings of the Sierra Club or land tours through the national parks.

Wherever you go and whatever you do, talk to people and make sure that your words are cheerful, inspiring, and informative. For awhile you may feel that you are becoming more neurotic every

minute, but in time a natural optimism will take over and gradually give you the power and the courage to make your span of years an adventure in discovering your own recuperative powers—and, whether you are a man or woman, continue to be watchful for a possible romance. I once performed the marriage of a bride and a groom both in their eighties. Neither one was too well, but they were deeply involved in a mutual admiration contest. One look at these cherubic oldsters, beaming from ear to ear, and you knew that there was no danger of a neurotic relapse. It so happened that the marriage lasted nearly five years, and both passed within a few months of each other. The old gentleman told me one day shortly after the wedding that the few years they could be together made complete lifetimes unimportant. So, if you are tired and disillusioned, something better and happier may be around the corner.



A man's work is the very essence of his personality. We actually create ourselves in what we do. The skills which we develop under the discipline of work actually add to our stature as human beings. Work is life and work is growth. To be workless is to rust and to have one's ego humiliated, to be cut off from the exercise of generosity, to be isolated, to be damned.

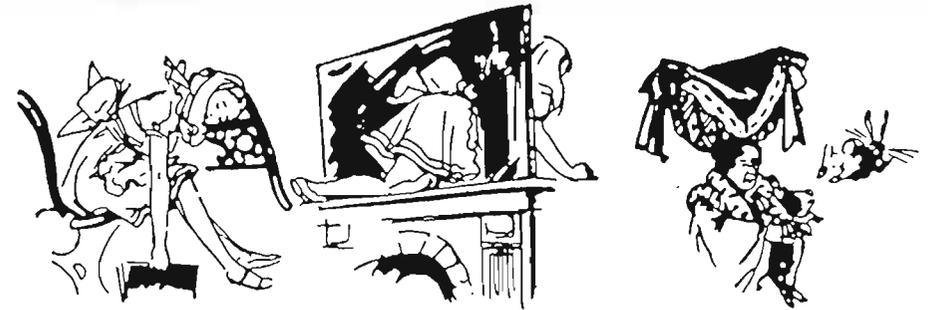
—Dorothy Thompson

Being without specialized organs man is in a sense a half-animal. He has to finish himself by technology, and in doing so he is a creator—in a sense a half god. Again, lacking organic adaptations to a particular environment, he must adapt the environment to himself, and recreate the world. The never-ending task of finishing himself, of transcending the limits of his physical being, is the powerhouse of man's creativeness, and the source of his unnaturalness. For it is in the process of finishing himself that man sloughs off the fixity and boundless submissiveness of nature.

—Eric Hoffer

The sorrowful spirit finds relaxation in solitude. It abhors people as a wounded deer deserts the herd and lives in a cave until it is healed or dead.

—Kahlil Gibran



Curiouser & Curiouser

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND

THE MYSTERY OF THE FOSTERING MOTHER

A considerable percentage of those students who finish high school will search for further scholastic nourishment. When we notice the state of the young mind after some twelve years of exposure to contemporary cultivation, it is obvious that very few young people receive adequate preparation for the careers that lie ahead.

This is also a very critical period in which psychological development occurs due to the complex pressures of adolescence for better or for worse, and internal resources are seldom equal to the demand. Those with ambitions for intellectual betterment contemplate the value of adding four, five, or six additional years to the enrichment of their intellectual endowments. The first mother who gave mankind birth has more or less been outgrown. From the woman who gave him being, a mysterious mother of learning who will confer well-being is sought. This is a pleasant fantasy, but the new mother as she appears in modern education does not resemble Pallas Athena—the bestower of internal maturity.

In Egypt Isis was Mother of Mysteries. In her keeping was the wisdom of the great gods. The concept of the alma mater symbolizes that the college graduate has been born again from the womb of learning and is sufficiently equipped to make his proper contribution to the advancement of human society. The term has been perpetuated,

but the interpretation has lost the name of action. The main trouble seems to be that a sophisticated generation of intellectual materialists has decided that there is no wisdom that has descended from the sanctuaries of antiquity, and higher education sometimes is simply an advanced course on how to get along as best you can with various professions which the university makes available.

In my early years of teaching, a young lady with a Phi Beta Kappa key came to me in emotional desolation. In a short time we found out that, having graduated in the arts, she was promptly afflicted with a complete nervous breakdown. Some of her instructors admitted frankly that she studied too hard and was deeply desirous of broadening the foundations upon which to build a mature life. She was a splendid student and succeeded well in every course that she took; but, when it was all said and done, none of the basic questions relating to personal life and conduct had even been mentioned or discussed. This young lady was qualified to be a teacher in advanced institutions and would be employable in executive capacity in a half a dozen fields but received no inspiration for the release of her own inner life. When she mentioned this, she received a tolerant smile and was assured that she would recover from these all too common aberrations. She died in her early thirties.

Today, the great schools recognized as the custodians of everything that is knowable are in considerable trouble themselves. The morals of the average campus leave much to be desired. Narcotics and alcohol are accepted as parts of the contemporary pattern by some members of the student body. The way it all looks is that higher learning, as we call it, is simply higher in price. How a young person with a decent background can allow his own soul to disintegrate indicates actually that the alma mater is no improvement over the natural parents. One can scarcely read the daily newspaper and note the records of juvenile delinquency and moral corruption without realizing that we are substituting sophisticated nonsense for the simple, kindly ministrations of a natural mother. The remedy will only be found when we discover something that releases the deeper aspects of our own souls.



Happenings at Headquarters



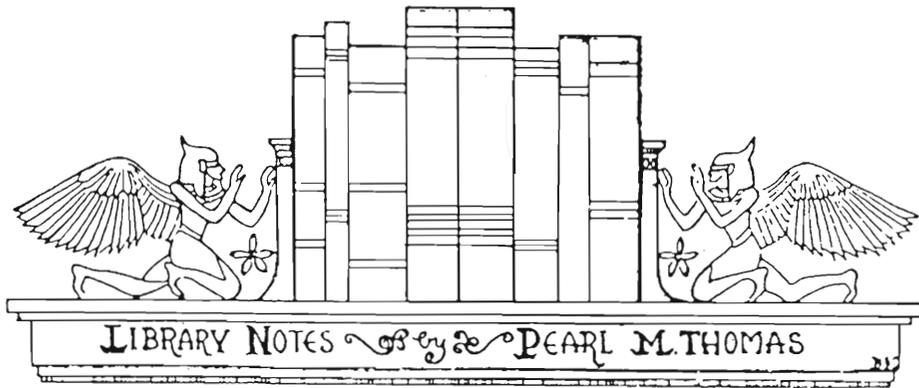
Our success story for this quarter involves Japan. We recently received the annual statement from the Japanese publisher, Tuttle Mori, with a nice little check for royalties. This was accompanied by a statement that the Japanese translation of our Big Book, *The Secret Teachings*, is running out of print, and the publisher plans to reissue same. The original printing was for 6,500 copies of which less than 600 remain unsold. The same publisher has also printed the translation of Mr. Hall's book *Man, Grand Symbol of the Mysteries* which is selling well. Freemasonry is now very popular in Japan, and two of our publications, *The Lost Keys of Freemasonry* and *Masonic Orders of Fraternity*, have been combined and are also doing quite well.

For some time now, the Society has been issuing Mr. Hall's lectures in audio cassette form. This program has now been combined with broadcast video equipment and is very popular. Modernization is essential at this time!

We are now inventorying the art collection at the Society, and duplicated items may ultimately be offered for sale in the gift shop.

Our 1990 Spring Open House was an outstanding success. Mr. Hall's morning lecture was delivered to a standing-room-only audience, and the improvements in our gift shop and bookstore were met with a great deal of enthusiasm. Doris Rahmig provided her usual array of delicious and varied refreshments after the lecture.

There are now efforts to have some of our material translated into Russian, and we are currently in correspondence with a group of thoughtful folks in Latvia.



A NEW CHAPTER AT PRS

When Mr. Hall came out of the auditorium on his birthday (3-18-90) following his morning lecture, "The Victory of Soul Over Circumstance," I was one of the admiring group who gathered around to watch him leave. Several others, including some of my close friends, had cameras—so I thought I might as well follow suit. Actually, I took a few pictures at that time, even including two shots of MPH in his car. At this point, I told him that (with his permission, of course) I would like to take pictures at PRS while there are a lot of physical changes taking place. My pictures would relate to the way things looked, how they appeared in mid-transition, and the ultimate (or close to it) appearance as they are completed. He grinned. The picture of Mr. Hall is the one my trusty camera caught at that moment. Then he quietly informed me that showing many pictures meant that one did not need to write so much. Exactly. In view of a picture being worth a thousand words, or so we are allowed to suppose, why write it out?

The next two pictures show Daniel Fritz assisting or, at least, being nearby when Manly P. Hall goes into the auditorium and again



when he departs. Our founder-president is intensely independent about doing all he can on his own, but it is always gratifying that someone is right there just in case. Three or four of our regular volunteers station themselves nearby and consider it a joy and a privilege to be present at these times. On occasion, when something new takes place at PRS, Mr. Hall is all too willing to get into his wheelchair, so that he has the opportunity to visit various areas at headquarters. And he likes what he sees.

The annual birthday party for Mr. Hall was held on Thursday, March 15th, and fifty-two people gathered in the Library to do him honor. At that time a cake from a local bakery was enjoyed. The cake illustrated here was made by one of our regular teachers, Shirley Blackwell Lawrence, who by her own admission bakes a great car-

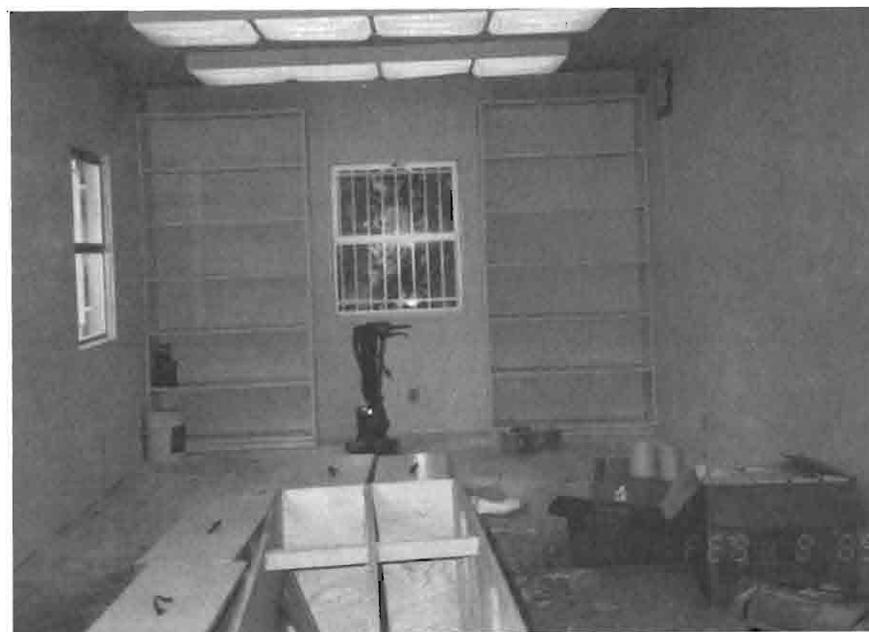
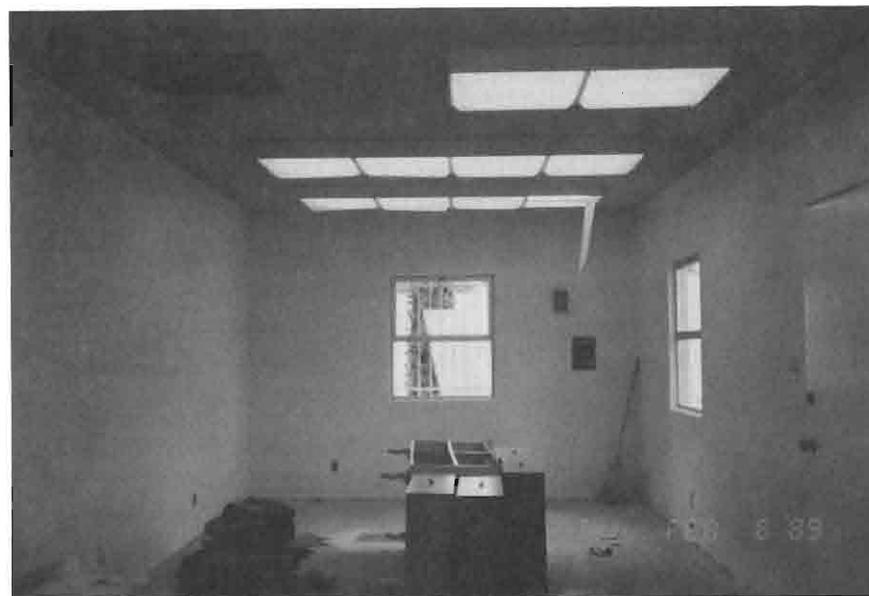


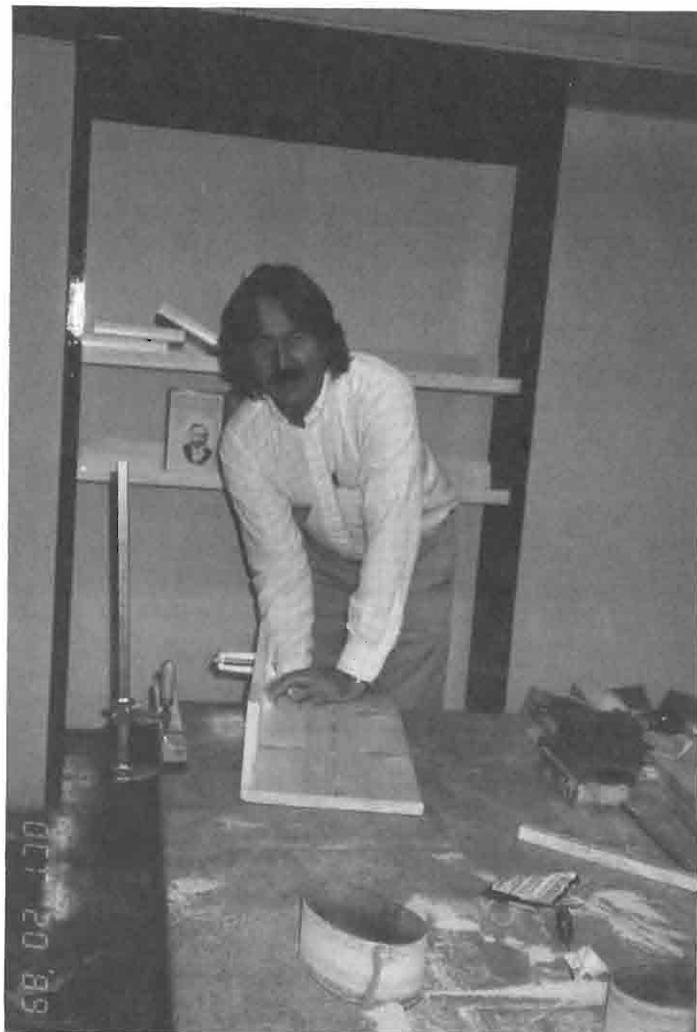
rot cake. Her cake decoration was also beautiful, and she is responsible for it, as well.

To return to the refreshments for Mr. Hall's party on Thursday, March 15th, Doris Rahmig, a volunteer and staff member, prepared the type of food that would be appropriate for our founder-president and the type of food we should all be eating—fresh vegetables and dip along with a fine assortment of fresh fruit. With Doris's know-how, it made a lovely table. Mr. Hall told a few jokes—which he always has at his disposal—and also offered some words of encouragement for the '90s, which we are all facing. The friends who had birthday cards for him brought them up individually, giving each one the opportunity to shake Mr. Hall's hand and to wish him well.

The next two pictures show the interior of the building which is located at the back of the PRS rear parking lot. This was originally built with the idea of eventual conversion into offices. Consequently, the structure has the necessary electrical fixtures for offices, but it has also been appropriate for use as a storage area. Now that its days of storage are over, it has been turned into offices for several of our staff members. The building also contains much of our new equipment which is bringing PRS into the twenty-first century. Hopefully, in a future article I will be in a position to describe some of the new farsighted technology so necessary to our modern age. Mr. Hall was telling me recently about some of the art work that will be reproduced much better than at present—and at our headquarters.

For the most part, this article is concerned with describing new arrangements undertaken here and there at headquarters. Robert ("Bob") Johnson is undoubtedly the one most responsible for the majority of actual physical changes taking place. In the accompanying photo Bob is in the process of building bookcases for the large area that was created by taking out one entire wall. The walls were painted, new lights added, and bookcases galore were installed. I asked Bob one day how many cases he had made. There were over thirty at that time, and he was still going strong. A well-carpeted floor adds greatly to the enjoyment of discovering the book room. There will be chairs and stools; but, at present, people are perfectly happy to sit on the floor and enjoy looking at the well-stocked bookcases.





At the time of this writing (April), the front office area of the Gift Shop is being tackled and promises to be just as inviting as the enlarged book section. Now, Manly P. Hall's books are located along with other books on a given subject—for example, astrology with astrology by other authors, philosophy with other philosophical writers. In time, the small office to the left of the front gift shop area will be devoted to the writings of our founder-president.



Early at the beginning of all of these developments, a start was made on my old office—which is located next to the main Lecture Room (now designated as Lecture Room A). It was a lovely office with some wonderful art on the walls; that is, until such time as it became a catchall for books, artifacts, etc., etc., and etc. Then Mogens Brandt, administrator, informed me that my office was to be moved back to the office that was originally built for me some fifteen years ago. It is smaller; but it is all office, and now I am pleased with the same art that I had been enjoying for a long time plus some of the original pieces that had remained in the room. I am, in a sense, returning home. The office is freshly painted, our refrigerator for serving on Saturdays and Sundays is installed, and the built-in bookcases have taken on a gracious aspect with many meaningful books on display. Jeanne Sims, one of the Library volunteers, decorated the office bookcase with art paper that I had purchased many years ago at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. She had decorated it fifteen years ago and now has done it again. Books



by Manly P. Hall that are out of print or in great demand are placed on those shelves along with several copies of the "Big Book," including the 1928 edition. These are all available for sale.

Some time ago, I requested a change in my status at PRS. Due to my age, I felt it would be the better part of valor to work fewer days, get credit for some of the work that I do at home, and at the same time I asked for an increase in salary. Without hesitation, it was all granted. However, working only on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, I would be foolhardy to try to continue all of my duties. Hence, I asked to be relieved of many of the Library responsibilities, and Alice Buse is now in charge of those. Three of the Library volunteers have stayed with me, and we get together on Fridays to handle the jobs that come our way. Kay Herron works with the books that come in for the Book Sales, while Jane Bopp and Jeanne Sims assist wherever needed. These women are all trained office workers and know how to perform a good job.



My former, now new, office is pictured here. The one I have been using for a number of years is now called Lecture Room B, and the plans for it are very interesting. This will give us four areas at PRS where there will be an opportunity to have seminars and lectures. There will, of course, be many problems which will need to be ironed out; but somehow everything seems to fall into place, as it should.

We have to remember that this is a just universe, and what happens is best for our individual growth and experience.

By the time this article is published in June, much that I have been photographing and writing about will be completed.

In a future article I will try to emphasize people rather than places. And, again, pictures will carry much of the story.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Every religion that is worth the name, every philosophy, warns us to lose ourselves in something greater than ourselves.

—H.G. Wells

The most expansive feelings of freedom come through devotion to larger loyalties outside ourselves.

—Ralph W. Sockman

The great problem of Humanity is wrought out in the humblest abodes; no more than this is done in the highest. A human heart throbs beneath the beggar's gabardine; and that and no more stirs with its beating the Prince's mantle. The beauty of Love, the charm of Friendship, the sacredness of Sorrow, the heroism of Patience, the nobility of Self-Sacrifice, —these and their like alone make life to be life indeed and are its grandeur and its power. They are the priceless treasures and glory of humanity.

—Albert Pike, *Morals and Dogma*

Man is both the marble and the sculptor.

—Dr. Alexis Carrel

One's occupation should be significant and enjoyable in itself and thereby an end as well as a means.

—Corliss Lamont

The kind of work we do does not make us holy but we make it holy.

—Meister Eckhardt

THE PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY

There have been many changes and improvements in the facilities at PRS. Considerable attention has been given to maintenance of the property and buildings of the Society. Our gift shop is now one of the most attractive in the city of Los Angeles. In addition, we have been able to convert other space into classrooms for our proposed school.

Not long ago, we received our largest wholesale order yet from one of our book dealers. Processing it pointed out the limitations of space in our present facility for both warehousing and shipping. We have decided to move the **wholesale** book business to another location. This move will make our storing and shipping facilities more capable of handling the increased volume. It will also free up very valuable space needed for the long overdue establishment of our museum and art exhibits to display our unique and growing collection.

During the past year, we have added to our computer publishing equipment, making past lectures and fifty years of *PRS Journal* articles easily available for inclusion in the curriculum of the new PRS Advanced School of Learning.

We are planning to reprint items of our own that we feel are now sufficiently interesting to many people. We were recently made aware of new information concerning the life of the Comte de St. Germain, and our discovery will allow us to put out what could be considered as one of the most authentic studies on this very mysterious person.

The Philosophical Research Society is improving in health every day and dedicating heart and mind to the needs of the coming century. Never in the history of the living has there been a time that the public mind was so deeply involved in problems of survival. We should all prepare for it, fully convinced that we can create a better environment for the future.

At the publication of my large volume on symbolical philosophy, we discussed the restoration of the philosophical schools of antiquity updated and suitable to the needs of modern generations. We believe in the fulfillment of our dream, and the generous support of those who share our vision is building a solid foundation under our dream. If we all keep on dreaming, the time will come for a universal reformation of human society.

Most sincerely yours,

Manly P. Hall

Manly P. Hall, President and Founder