

HORIZON

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of useful and
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- *It is not today natural for us to be well; the corrective is in a formula exceedingly simple in itself but difficult to apply*

The Return To Normal Health

ALMOST every person has an occasional call to decide important matters in the health of others, and most of us are constantly in the presence of our own health considerations. Health problems are rare to some; to others they are common; but to all mankind the general problem of being well and keeping well is a vast and significant one.

Most of us are more or less disillusioned over the inadequacy of methods used in treating the sick. I say this not in condemnation, but rather with the hope of subjecting the situation to constructive criticism. Surely we all realize that medical science has failed to achieve a degree of omnipotence and omniscience consistent with its attitudes and pretensions. It is in the recognition that ever unfolding knowledge demands an ever open mind, that we must decide that any tradition which prevents or limits the greatest good to the greatest number is to be regarded as obsolete and inadequate.

Vast numbers of persons have experimented with treatment by natural means to correct the ailments which afflict them. They are mostly individuals who want to know why we are sick, who want to know what is the lesson we should learn from sickness, and who

want to know how to correct sickness in themselves and assist others in the correction of sickness. These are matters not to be dealt with in a few words; beneath the subject must be a foundation on which to erect an understanding. Important to this understanding is some knowledge of the history of metaphysical healing.

Metaphysical healing had its origin in the priestcraft of the ancient world when there was no division between religion and science, when all sciences had a spiritual aspect and all religions had a scientific aspect. The priest-physicians of the ancient world performed cures by various means, independent of the use of drugs. The shamans and witch doctors of primitive people to this day preserve the ancient methods of healing. Health among the American Indians was achieved through chanting, through dancing, through efforts to drive out Evil Spirits, and through an elaborate abracadabra of magic. These methods, still practiced, reveal the approximate position of health in the tenth and twelfth millenium before Christ. The methods of therapy we have today are but various opinions classified under distinct headings, in evidence of gradually increasing knowledge, the evolution out-

wardly of spiritual understanding of mankind.

The Ancient methods are extremely natural. Among the Ojibwa Indians the principal method of healing is for the ailing one to be placed on hot stones, the poisonous substances of the body being eliminated through intensive perspiration. The Indians have done this for thousands of years, and today it stands approved by many schools as being a reasonable and healthful manner of accomplishing a result. That primitive people in their natural therapy have contributed considerably to the science of healing is evident in that their methods approximate very closely many systems we use today.

There is an important difference between healing and curing. A cure, technically, is complete remedy of an evil; it is a full healing, a complete restoration of normal health. This cannot be accomplished with certainty by any known system of medicine. By law the United States forbids putting on any package of medicine the statement it will cure any disease, since a cure presumes an absolute, one hundred per cent correction of the evil. And so, instead of prescribing a cure we treat a disease; and a treatment is something to alleviate the ailment. Healing is the removal of a present symptomology. In other words, if someone has a bad cough, and through some method the cough is made to stop, that may be called a healing. It is not necessarily a cure.

The modern method is to treat symptomology; in other words, to rub something on where it hurts. In that is our fundamental error. We view the body as a number of separate organs, instead of as one structure. We neglect the interdependent parts of the body, and most of all, we neglect the causes which lie behind the various ailments. As we therefore use the word 'healing', we refer not necessarily to a cure, but to an alleviation of symptomology whereby the individual gains what he believes to be his normal health.

Methods used for the alleviation of ailments have been known to the priest-



hood and priestcraft since the beginning of time, and it was only after Hippocrates lived in Greece that the healing arts were separated from the other sacred arts. Modern medicine thus is the branch cut off from the tree, and less effective than if it had remained in living connection with the parent root and trunk. In our modern division of knowledge into parts we have destroyed knowledge; art has been divided into parts, and by so doing we have destroyed art; the division of science into parts has destroyed science; and as religion has separated into numerous theologies, we have destroyed religion. In the matter of healing as we gradually divorced medicine from the sacred arts of antiquity we destroyed its participation in a common body of lore and tradition.

Medicine was in ancient times in the keeping of the priests; in medieval times it was in the keeping of the barbers; and in modern times it is in the keeping of the medical profession. With the utmost in sincerity and individual idealism among medical practitioners today the health of the individual is sacrificed in many cases to the insufficiency and incompleteness of modern viewpoint. Medicine has had to resort to an elaborate pharmaceutical system, by means of which it alleviates the ills of the body by drugs. Now, we know that in ancient times the priests used certain drugs but they used them in moderate quantities, and according to a profound

theory. Up to the last twenty-five years prescriptions were the principal method of treatment in Western medical procedure; they were taken from books filled with prescriptions for every known ailment. Sometimes they worked, and sometimes they didn't work; but anyhow it was a foregone conclusion if you as a patient hurt in a certain place you took the prescription for that hurt. Then, if you continued to hurt in the same place, you took the second suggestion offered in the prescription book. If at the end of the tenth suggestion, that being all the book contained, you still hurt, the doctor suggested a trip to Europe.

In recent years there has been definite change, and great development, many contributions for which mankind should be deeply grateful. Many men and women who have been persecuted in their lifetime will be immortalized later; and yet, in the last hundred years the subject of healing has been completely divorced from its spiritual nature, from its metaphysical nature, and from its Divine part. It is for this reason healing has been limited to patching-up effects, with causes remaining unknown and uncorrected. We are gradually becoming aware of this. We are sensing the blunders of the ages, which have shortened life and destroyed efficiency. The modern physician shares this awareness, and like the clergyman, the thing he is doing does not satisfy the dictates of his conscience. In the general unrest, a search goes on for more knowledge, enters the field of psychology and psychiatry, seeking ever more efficient methods of combating the myriad ailments of mankind.

A retrospective on the history of healing should encompass the period of the Druid priests, with their gardens full of herbs; should consider the surgical instruments belonging to Pompei and Herculaneum; then embrace the Middle Ages when the barbers were the physicians, and the barber pole striped red and white was the sign of the bleeding bandage; thus to carry us through the period and methods that killed George Washington by bleeding him to

death—predecessors to our modern system, which would attempt to remedy ills without regard to man being a moral animal, ignoring the point that a correction of an affliction to his flesh must result from the correction first of his moral habits.

The average physician dares not tell the patient the truth about himself; he'd go to another doctor. Man's longing is for recovery from his mistakes without correcting the causes. If a man can continue with his evils and enjoy the best of health, then he has discovered the thing he desires to accomplish.

This brings us to the problem of determining the nature of metaphysical healing. It is healing that covers a wide gamut of possible activities. It includes medicine, but on the basis there is nothing truly physical in the Universe, and all things are an aspect of a Divine Nature. It includes all that is best in psychology, the recognition of the mental factor in disease. It calls forth and reviews and revises the best we have known in medical ideals. For centuries physicians have known diseases are the result of causes that exist in the nature of the individual who is sick. Now, any treatment which attempts to discover and correct moral causes may be said to be a religious, metaphysical healing. Correcting mental causes may be called philosophic healing. And so, all forms of learning, all branches of knowledge, are part of medicine. With all the arts and sciences attempting to cure the one great disease, Ignorance, the focus is on the one disease from which all other causes are suspended as part of the whole. Ignorance is the cause of unbalance. Unbalance is the cause of abnormalcy; and it must be corrected in all its parts before normalcy can be reasonably expected. Therefore we may say that all knowledge is medicinal; it is all curative; it is all beneficial in rooting out the various evils which afflict mankind.

Next to be taken into consideration are the conditions beyond the individual's control; for we have consciously departed, socially, nationally, and racial-

ly from the foundation of natural health. It is not today natural for us to be well. We have divided ourselves from a rational participation in nature's beneficence, and for our own irrationalities we must expect sickness as a reward. These irrationalities descend collectively upon the individual, who, in order to make his living, has to engage in occupations which result in industrial diseases, who is forced to eat denatured food, and assimilate much poisonous matter in the food he is dependent upon for life; we are the victims of the impoverishment of our soil, the irrationality of our habits, the unfitness of our clothing; with very few exceptions everything we do is done contrary to nature, and we cannot hope to be perfectly well, as individuals. We are but part of a collective stupidity which endangers life, measurably shortens it, and destroys its efficiency for a large part of the time we do live.

Civilization is the greatest disease we suffer from as far as external conditions are concerned. Since we must live in a world that is abnormal, it is no disgrace to be sick; we are merely bearing witness to a general collective evil. Health at the present time can be maintained only in a relative sense. We all live less than one-fifth of our lives, and most of us live in partial efficiency during that fifth. I actually mean we should live from 350 to 500 years. Possibly it is a great relief to many of us that we do not, because few are the people who get out of this world before they are pretty tired of it; but that is something apart from knowing that through the conditions we have created we are constantly destroying body efficiency and reducing our participation in normal health.

Great numbers of optimists believe man was divinely intended to be healthy. That is true; they are right. But God's man was not divinely intended to be a business tycoon, and if he insists on sitting daily in an office for fifty years, the divine intent is badly interfered with. Man was divinely intended to be well, but that intent can easily come to

naught when man is breathing every day the carbon monoxide poisoned gas from automobile exhausts. No individual can expect to function by himself alone. His security, his health, his happiness arise from a common denominator.

But, allowing for the various conditions over which we have no control, we may still greatly improve that part of our lives which does lie within our ability to control. Although we may not be able to live to be 500 years old, because the whole world is in a conspiracy to destroy us, we can live to be three score and ten, happily, and in a healthy condition; which would mean that most of us would be better off than we are now. If we can make it an even hundred years, with good health, destroying forever that peculiar miasma common to age, we would then have accomplished a great deal. Now, we can accomplish enough to make one hundred per cent improvement over present conditions; and this is within the capacity of most persons; but it is not to be accomplished with medicine. What it requires is enlightenment of the individual himself.

The most intimate cause of human disaster is the individual himself, and the correction must be made by him—always bearing in mind that the result will be relative, because of conditions beyond his control. I once knew an internationally prominent dietitian; he never ate anything that was not good for him; but he was struck by a car and killed in the prime of life. Such exigencies we cannot help; but we have comforting statistics with the odds terrifically in our favor that we will not be hit by a car; so most of us for many years are apt to be able to continue improving ourselves.

The problem of metaphysical healing is largely contained within the individual discovering the Universal Law regarding health, and then applying that Law to his own life. In our day, accomplishing health is to find out how to live well, and then to live that way—a formula in itself exceedingly simple, but difficult of application.

As with the history of medicine, we



should also know something of the development of metaphysical healing. It was part of the ancient science, it disappeared in the so-called period of modern enlightenment; and it has reappeared in the present century, in latter years growing in power. Metaphysical healing—the methods of healing which are not derived directly from any physical action—would include diet, in its largest sense; but in its restricted sense, no. Similar corrections in clothing, betterment of ventilation and hygiene are things to come under what might be termed the esoteric part, for they are still in the sphere of *materia medica*, which was so named to differentiate it from metaphysical healing.

First and foremost in the forms of metaphysical healing we have faith healing. Faith healing is the correction of symptomology as the result of a violent crisis or attitude, which may not appear physically, since it is due to what might be termed a direct about-face in some procedure in life. Thus the evangelical revival frenzy is a good example of faith healing with the repentent one working himself into an ecstasy and generally falling unconscious. Antonine Mesmer 150 years ago discovered by working an individual into such a crisis a definite change in the body chemistry was almost instantly brought about, and this sudden change in body chemistry frequently resulted in an amelioration of the symptom. So faith healing can be brought about by a crisis, representing an intense acceptance of a belief, or an at-

titude held with great firmness, for these are things capable of causing a chemical change in the body. This change in chemistry may burn up toxin, freeing the individual from an overload of toxin.

The physical basis of disease is toxine, or the inability of the system to throw off waste—the food put into the body which is not used causes such waste—and of one who is sick it is said he is toxic. An overload of toxine produces sickness in some weak part of the body; reduce the overload by drugs, and the symptoms disappear. The system carries a certain amount of toxine all the time, therefore, it is perfectly possible to bring on sickness by a spoonful of toxine; it needs but a small amount to tip the scales and create a toxemia. Toxemia is to the body what worry is to the soul. It is the root of most of our misfortunes.

While toxemia is largely derived from overeating and poor elimination, is brought on by the eating things not capable of being digested, it derives also from failure in circulation. Failure in nervous function also increases toxemia.

Faith healing may cause a sudden throwing off of toxine in the same way that artificial fever created in a laboratory may cure an ailment. A large part of faith healing is psychology at work, throwing off poison by means of artificial thought-fever. A large part of faith healing is a firm belief acting as auto-suggestion. But, while capable of profoundly influencing the body and even removing the phenomenal results, the firmest of beliefs is not capable of removing the cause. Removal of cause can never be accomplished by assuming an attitude. It must be accomplished by a definite discipline. You may think yourself out of a symptom, but you can never think yourself out of the disease. You may be able to force that toxine to break out in some other place, in some other form, but the poison is there no matter what you call it. That is why many cases of faith healing revert, and many others acquire new ailments of different kinds, a phase of faith healing by means of which the toxine forces another elimination.

Magnetic healing, which has been practiced over thousands of years, is a method in which one individual assists the health of another by injecting into that other person his own magnetic force directed by will. This again, like a powerful drug, may stop the symptomology, but it cannot reach the cause. Prayers and other religious exercises for the healing of disease have resulted in miraculous cures, so-called; but under careful examination most of these are a repointing of ailment—the individual got rid of the boil but became dyspeptic. It is as if the doctor having cured one ailment then started to work on the next one; with riddance to one symptom another comes out, or, the same one comes out somewhere else; for the toxic unbalance must remain until it is removed.

The next method is the psychological or occult healing. This involves the participation of entities not belonging to the physical sphere, such as treatment through elementals, by persons on the other side of life, by various hierarchies and things of that kind. Here the main difficulty is, such a method would overcome karma, and that you cannot do; karma is an immutable post driven into eternity. Everything moves about it, but nothing can move it. Therefore a large part of the healing which comes under this heading is really faith healing, and auto-suggestion, and can be no more permanent. It makes no difference whether a gnome, a salamander, or a physician administers the dose; you have essentially the same facts to face.

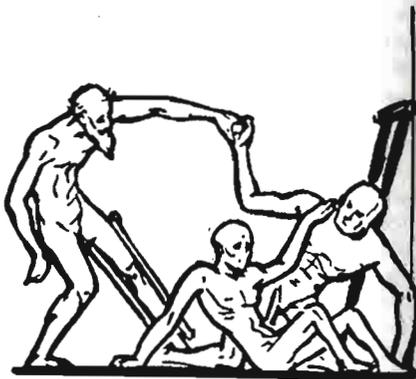
So the problem reverts back to one simple matter: The ailments of mankind (with the exception of accidents, which are usually due to another type of stupidity) are ailments which afflict the physical body of man; they are all rooted in causes, and the purpose of metaphysics is to discover and correct those causes. He who accomplishes this is entitled to be regarded a wise man.

It will take several articles of this series to explain the method of discovering the causation of disease; and space is required also to explain in some de-

tail the various existing methods of metaphysical therapy, and how they work and why they work, and what they accomplish. These will have to be handled in a gradual development, but the thing to impress upon you now is, *metaphysical healing cannot correct cause.* The only person who can actually work with cause is the individual himself. You are the one person essentially responsible for the chemistry within yourself, and so the only person who can correct that chemistry is *you*.

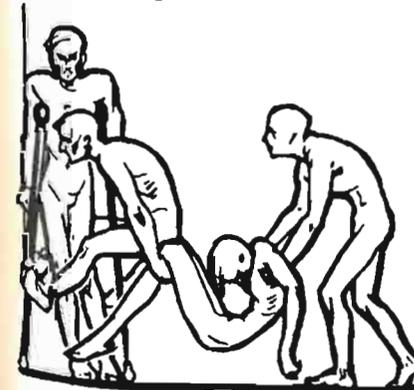
Occasionally a metaphysical healer has this knowledge, but many have no knowledge of anatomy nor physiology. They simply hold the thought, and expect 'God' to do the work. They may get a certain measure of results, but their practice is only an attenuation of a doctor closing his eyes and hoping the pills will work. It is only another phase of the same thing. For the doctor may add prayers also; and he frequently does.

By various means we can alleviate suffering, we can reduce a crisis, we can check a critical moment in many cases, if the karma in the circumstances does not deny that right. The actual healing however must come from the ailing one's own increased understanding and wisdom. The majority of people are much concerned about their aches; but they are not concerned with why they ache. And the only metaphysician who has the right to practice is one who is



able to express to the patient in an intelligent and intelligible manner the causes of the ailment which afflicts him. The ailment may be due to one of a thousand causes, but he who claims to heal must know the cause. One who is sick finds it far less convenient to sit down and think about his problem, than to phone a favored practitioner; but to think is in the long run infinitely wiser. Few indeed are the people who are taking care of themselves; most of us lean on each other in an ungraceful and improper manner, yet each ailing individual must stand upon his own integrity, he must cure himself. The most that all others can do is to help him to do the thing he has the courage to do himself. For there is little assurance and less certainty that among the qualifications of a practitioner will be an adequate knowledge.

In my years of experience in this matter, I have contacted many practitioners whose duty toward their patients was anything but illuminating. Some are of the kind, well meaning type, who tell the individual he has been thinking out of tune with the Infinite. That is proved of course by the fact that he is there; but what about the particulars? The practitioner knows nothing about them. Then there is the practitioner who sits devoutly with folded hands and tells the patient if he just knows he is all right he will be all right. Which produces a considerable dissatisfaction and accomplishes nothing. It recalls the old Greek



story told about Diogenes who once reported what a man told him about the Shrine of the Gods of the Sea at Samothracia, mainly that it was literally loaded down with gifts from sailors who had lived through the storms. "Yes," said Diogenes, "yet how many more ornaments there would be if everyone who had drowned had added theirs also."

The metaphysical practitioner is inclined to overlook the people who do not improve, and to remember only the ones who do; add to this Nature's own method of healing, and we realize that with seventy-five percent of the people who have a pain that pain will have stopped before morning if no one does anything about it. Nature takes care of most of the minor ailments, as the practitioner takes the credit—and the cash also.

It is in allowing nature's own recuperative factor to contribute to the building up of his reputation that the practitioner gains a prestige which has a profound effect upon the people with whom he works; and with their growing faith in him he does acquire the ability to do things he previously never thought he was capable of doing.

It is generally thought that there is considerable contrast in physical and metaphysical healing. But the average physician is working with the body, and the average metaphysician is working with the body also, since there will be ninety-nine who want comfort to the body for one who wants wisdom. The real difference then is in the method in healing, and the ethics for the physician and metaphysician are identical as long as both are not guilty of malpractice. So then, both are working toward a means to an end. While it may be pills in one case, and it may not be pills in the other case, the effort is to bring comfort or cessation of pain to the individual who is suffering.

One distinction should be mentioned; it is present among some doctors, but mostly we find it in practitioners of metaphysics. When one individual attempts to tell nature how to run the life

of another, it is not apt to work out so well. When a human mind sets itself against the Universal Law, it is futility reminiscent of Canute who had his throne set up by the shores of the sea and demanded the waves to go back. They did not of course go back. None of nature's laws can be modified by human opinion or decision; all methods must be according to the Law to succeed; everything fails but Law. There is no way by which the human desire can counter-balance the Universal Law, which tells us so without any quibbling.

The principal position of the healer, whether physical or metaphysical, is the position of the educator. "The physician must be an educator or he fails," says St. Thomas Aquinas. He may be able to take the patient through a crisis, but it is the patient who must learn to stop causing the things which injure him.

Various theories cross Universal Law, one of which should be mentioned. It is the idea that the Universe wants the individual to be healthy, wealthy, and wise. Treating sickness of the body is in parallel to *materia medica*, but treating the individual for his relatives and bank account has no parallel in any institution. Should you try to do it physically, you would be laughed off the earth. The practice frequently involves ignorance. Many are sick because they are poor; and many are poor because they are sick; but the person who uses any method of will power for, say lifting the mortgage, generally gets into trouble, because Nature is insistent that we solve each problem of life upon its own plane. A stomach ache is a physical problem, to be taken care of on a physical plane, and not by invoking fifty-seven hierarchies to clean up the trouble; it can be cleaned up by a little will power and common sense. On the other hand,

there is no use trying by means of pills to help an individual whose causes for his troubles lie in his emotional subjective nature. And you can rub things on his back for thousands of years and he will still be the same. There are some who believe we can cure the mind by physical means, but it just will not work.

Then there is the endocrine theory, the belief you can cure any form of ailment by changing the glandular function. But what happens? You get the glands all fixed for the individual the way he wants them, and the next morning he wakes up and they are the same way they were before. No one knows why, but the reason for it is clear. In the subjective nature is a certain qualitative emotion which comes through, and you cannot put strange and inconsistent barriers between Cause and Effect, and hope to accomplish permanent results. Everything has to be taken care of on its own level.

This is instanced in the problem of treatment for children. Presuming a child is too young to understand the abstraction of Universal Law and is sick, what is to be done about it? A prominent educator has told us; he said: Every time a child is naughty someone should spank the parents. A child too young to have a will of its own, is a copy-cat; its actions are consistent with what it sees its parents doing. In healing work with children the causes of trouble are thus to be sought for in the parents, and this is because up to the time of individual determination, the child is included in the psychological nature of the parents. He can be reached through them and corrected through them. Experiments over a long period of time have shown this to be an absolutely sound theory. It works.

(This article is the first of a series based upon special class instruction to enrolled students of philosophy. These lectures, in condensation, review and analyze for understanding the causes of disease that are physical, emotional, religious, and mental, and endeavor to outline the procedures and point the way to restoration and protection of that most prized possession of the individual, normal health.)



ON the night when the Dragon had eaten up the Moon, the Lord of Tuan, who was a Prince of the Second Class, climbed the five-hundred steps of the Black Hat to consult the oracle of Dem Ling.

The Abbess of Dem Ling was of most honorable age and practiced the Black Arts, and because she was the Rebirth of the Red Dakina she sat on three cushions, and received the Prince of Tuan in the Chamber of the Twelve Horrors.

The Lord of Tuan prostrated himself before the Throne of the Three Cushions, and presented two scarfs of saffron-colored silk, because the Abbess of Dem Ling was the rebirth of the Red Dakina.

And the Holy Mother of Dem Ling spoke, and because she was very old, her voice was like the cry of a flamingo on the Lake of Yo: "Why has the Prince of Tuan come to the Abbess of the Black Hat in the hour when the Dragon has eaten up the Moon?"

"She-wizard of Dem Ling," replied the Prince of the Second Class, "I have come to question the Holy Oracle of the Great Turtle who bears the Eight Parts of the World on his Shell."

The Prince of Tuan had a long thin beard and he cast the three bones of augury upon the Tongka of the Turtle of the World. And the Sorceress of the Black Hat, who was the Rebirth of the Red Dakini, danced upon the back of the Great Turtle, and spoke the Magic Words of the Dugpa.

Then the Witch of Dem Ling pointed her Devil-scepter at the heart of the Lord of Tuan. "O Prince of the Second Class, it is written in the Book of Iron that in the Days of History, mighty warriors should rise up who would conquer the Earth, but in the end the Earth shall prevail, and will conquer all of them, utterly. Is not this the burden of your concern?"

"Holy witch of Dem Ling," answered the Prince of Tuan, "you have seen the matter clearly. I am Master of Yunnan and twenty cities pay tribute to my banner. I am rich and powerful and fifty Mandarins do homage to my feet. But there is no gladness in my heart, for I know that the weight of years will come upon me and take away my strength.

Of what avail is power or wealth if age is to rob me of my life? Reveal to me, O Holy Abbess, the secret of long years."

The She-wizard of the Black Hat then spoke after this manner: "My Lord of Tuan, mark well my words. Seven days journey to the East lies the Enchanted Forest of the Feng. In the midst of this forest is the Lake of Ho, and by the shores of this lake the White Phoenix of Tao has built its nest. In the crest-plume of the Great White Bird of Ho is the Jewel of Long Life. If the Prince of Tuan can take this jewel from the head of the White Phoenix he may live for a thousand years."

The Lord of Tuan stroked his thin beard with a long stroke. "Reveal to me the mystical arts by which I can secure this gem and I will bestow upon the House of the Black Hat five cities and their tributes."

The Abbess of Dem Ling replied, "This I cannot do my Lord Prince of the Second Class, for the Secret of the Jewel of Long Life belongs to the Yellow Emperor of the Sky. Each man who would attempt to win this gem must devise his own way. This is the edict of Heaven."

Then the Abbess drew from her sleeve a roll of yellow silk, and she took a long brush and inscribed upon the silk many characters in the writing of the North. Then she sealed the writing with the Great Seals of the House of Dem Ling. After this was done she placed the silken roll in the hands of the Prince of Tuan with these words:

"This passport, my Lord Prince, will take you safely to the Forest of the Feng. Present my safe-conduct to the Guardian of the Forest and he will lead you to the Lake of Ho. I can do no more."

So it came to pass that on the fifth day after the Dragon had eaten up the Moon the Prince of Tuan and his twelve Knights and their squires on small white ponies rode forth to hunt the Magic Bird of Tao in the Black Forest of the Feng.

The Forest of the Feng was a place of enchantments and mysteries and was

the abode of spirits and of ghosts and of demons with the heads of bulls.

But the Prince of Tuan was a rash man and did not fear the creatures of the Feng. But the twelve Knights and their squires did not share his courage and they had no hearts for the undertaking.

When they had come to the Great Gate of the Forest the twelve Knights pleaded with the Prince of Tuan that he should abandon the adventure. But the Lord of Tuan abused the Twelve Knights with an oath and struck the Bronze Bell of the Gate with his lance to challenge the demons who guarded the place.

With many rumblings and creakings the old Gate opened on its ancient hinges, and the webs of the spirit-spiders were broken. Within the Forest the road divided to the right hand and to the left, and at the forking of the ways stood a great tablet of gray stone crumbling with age.

Upon this tablet, carved in the classical writing of the divine dynasty were the words: "This is the Forest of the Feng. Depart profane man while yet there is time. This is the entrance to the Land of Legend, only the Poet is welcome here."

When the twelve Knights had read the inscription the eldest of them besought the Lord of Tuan with these words: "O mighty Prince, let us leave this place lest we perish. Together we have conquered many provinces, and have slain twenty Generals and their vassals. We are warriors, not poets, and how shall we find our way in the Forest of Dreams?"

The Prince of Tuan stroked his beard with a long stroke and replied. "I have come to this Forest to hunt the White Phoenix of the Sky. I shall slay the Bird of Tao, and I shall cut from its crest the Jewel of Immortality. My Lord Knights, I am resolved upon this accomplishment."

As the Prince of Tuan concluded his words the atmosphere was strangely agitated and a strong wind came through the Forest. In the midst of this

wind was a little old man flying through the air on a huge sack tied with long silken ribbons. The genie, for such he was, chuckled merrily as he darted about in space. Seven times with the speed of the wind the little old man circled around the tall stone tablet and then came to rest upon the earth, as gently as a dragon-fly on the place where the roads divided.

The genie was exceedingly fat, and had very large earlobes. His body was the height of a man's knee and his small eyes twinkled with humor. He wore a very long robe of black brocade embroidered with golden flowers, and so broad was the brim of his lacquered hat that it covered the greater part of his body. The genie sat on his bundle and pointing his plump forefinger at the Prince of Tuan, laughed until he rocked back and forth on the sack.

The Twelve Knights and their Squires drew away in extreme fear, but the Lord of Tuan rode forward to meet the genie, and spoke with a stern voice: "Who are you, little man, and how is it that you dare to laugh at the Prince of Tuan?"

The genie assumed an attitude of importance and then answered: "My Lord Prince, I am the Guardian of the Forest of the Feng. I have come to see the measure of that man who would slay the White Phoenix of Ho and steal the fiery carbuncle from his plume."

"I am that man," roared the Prince of Tuan, pulling with great violence on his thin beard. And the genie chuckled with mirth, and bounced up and down on his bundle.

The Lord of Tuan reached his hand to his high boot and drew out the silken passport which had been given him by the Abbess of the Black Hat. Unfastening the cords he opened the banner and held it up to the Guardian of the Forest. "Behold, little old man, the characters and seals of the Wizard Abbess of Dem Ling. Even the genie must obey the instruction written on this cloth."

The Guardian of the Forest of the Feng examined the passport with great



care and then made obeisance to the vermilion seals. "Who can disobey the She-wizard of the Black Hat. Come, my Lord Prince, I will conduct you to the Lake of Ho."

The genie sprang into the air on his flying sack with its long silken ribbons and bearing the Tongka of Dem Ling open before him flew into the Black Forest by the road that led to the left side. The Prince of Tuan and his Twelve Knights and their squires followed after as best they could.

The way was long, and there were many turnings, and the demons with the heads of Bulls roared hideously from among the rocks. Ghosts with white faces floated about the Prince of Tuan, and there were spirits everywhere. But the creatures of the Enchanted Forest refrained from evil deeds because of the vermilion seals upon the magic passport.

At last the genie of the Forest pointed with his plump finger to a deep ravine into which the road seemed to disappear: "Yonder, my Lord Prince, lies the Lake of Ho." Then with his laughter echoing through the Forest of the Feng, the little old man on his flying sack darted straight into the sky and vanished.

The Prince of Tuan got down from his white pony and trod upon the diamond sands, and bearing his lance before him approached the dim shadows where the rocks divided. He had advanced but three paces when a soft

light gleamed upon the walls of the ravine and the Great White Bird of Ho stood before him.

Now the Phoenix of Ho is the Lord of all the birds, and his splendor is greater than any creature of the Earth. His feet shine like the purest gold and his feathers are like ivory and fine silver. His eyes are blue like the Magic Waters of the Lake of Ho, and amidst the snowy plumage of his crest glistens the blood-red Carbuncle of Long Life.

The Great Ruler of the Birds spoke and his voice was sweet and clear like the sound of old jade bells. "In the name of Heaven we greet thee, My Lord Prince of Tuan."

But the Prince of Tuan because he had no poetry in his heart could not comprehend the majesty of the Bird of Heaven. He had eyes only for the blood-red stone that glistened in the forehead of the Phoenix. So he replied with a loud voice, "I have come to take from your crest the stone of Long Living. Defend yourself, Great White Bird, if you would keep your Treasure."

The Bird of Ho bent his head and replied with all gentleness: "It is written that Heaven shall make no war against mortals. Take my Jewel if you are able."

"Bring me my net," roared the Prince of Tuan. "I shall capture this docile creature alive and bear him to my City, and he shall live in a golden cage. Even the Emperor will be amazed, for the Son of Heaven himself has no such treasure as the Bird of Ho."

"And what manner of net hast thou contrived, my Lord Prince," asked the Phoenix in a soft voice, "that will hold the White Bird of Heaven?"

The Prince of Tuan, stroked his thin beard with a long stroke and then answered. "My net is strong, Lord of the Birds, for its meshes are fashioned from the hairs of twenty Generals whom I have slain in battle. Even the five-clawed Dragon could not break through this web."

"Cast then thy net, my Lord Prince," said the Noble Bird, "behold, I come closer to make the throw less difficult."



With a deep oath the Prince of Tuan cast his net upon the Phoenix of Ho. But wherever the meshes of the net touched the feathers of the White Bird the strands of hair took fire and the net was entirely consumed.

"Had your net been woven of threads of song you might have taken me," spoke the Ruler of the Birds with sadness in his voice.

"Bring me my stout bow and my arrow of iron," roared the Prince of Tuan, "for I perceive that I must slay this cursed Bird if I am to accomplish my purpose."

The Lord of Tuan fitted the arrow of Iron to the silken bowstring and addressed the Phoenix. "This arrow is pounded from the Iron Keys to the Gates of Twenty Cities." And he pointed the shaft at the heart of the Great White Bird.

As the arrow of Iron struck the breast of the Phoenix of Ho it seemed that the shining feathers became like burnished steel. There was a sound as of terrible combustion and the shattered arrow of Iron fell at the feet of the Great White Bird.

The Phoenix spoke again with great gentleness: "My Lord of Tuan, once in ancient days there was a mighty Duke and he fired an arrow at the Midday Sun to slay the Emperor of the Sky. But the arrow fell back and pierced the head of the mighty Duke, and he died."

"Bring me my hunting Hawk," roared the Prince of Tuan, "and we shall see which is the King of Birds." The Lord

of Tuan received the falcon on his gauntlet. "Beware, Great White Bird, for my hawk has grown strong upon the livers of the Earls I have killed in single combat." He snatched the hood from the falcon and cried in a loud voice, "Destroy yonder Bird with your beak and claws."

With the screech of battle the hunting hawk flew at the throat of the Phoenix of Ho, but wherever the falcon approached the Great White Bird little rays of light shot from the body of the Phoenix and the hawk could not fight against the rays of light. At last after many attempts the falcon fell to the ground exhausted, its wings half spread and crying pitiously.

The Prince of Tuan leaned upon his lance and was sorely troubled, because his weapons had not prevailed against the Phoenix of Tao. Still he was resolved to take the Jewel of Long Life.

The Great Bird, because he knew the thoughts of the Lord of Tuan, spoke once more: "O Prince of the Second Class, art thou not yet convinced that thy weapons are useless in the Enchanted Forest of the Poets. If thou wouldst live long, thou must needs have beauty in thy heart. If thou wouldst have the plume-jewel from my crest, it is the Will of Tao that thou comest in Peace, and not to make war by the Lake of Ho."

"Strong men make war, weak men talk of peace!" roared the Prince of Tuan, and he stroked his thin beard with a long stroke. "It is true, O Great White Bird, that my weapons were not equal to your magic. But I am strong, and my right arm is strong. I am master of Twenty Cities and my right arm has made me Lord over all Yunnan. With my own hand I shall pluck the red Life-stone from your crest, for I fear not the power of your magic, and him who is without fear is Master of the World."

With great strides the Prince of Tuan approached the White Bird who stood patiently waiting. When he had reached the Bird of Ho he stretched forth his hand to clutch the Flaming Stone in

the Plume of the Phoenix. As the little lights that flickered about the Red Jewel touched his fingers the Lord of Tuan drew back in great pain, for his hand was as cold as death.

And when the Prince of Tuan looked at his right hand, he saw it was white, with the whiteness of new marble from the Valley of Tszin. And terror came to the Lord of Tuan, and he knew fear, and he fell on his knees upon the Diamond Sand. And he held out his right hand which was all white, and he supplicated the Great Phoenix of Ho.

"Oh Great Bird of Heaven, not the White Sickness that kills a man while yet he lives!"

The Phoenix of Ho was silent for some little time and then he spoke these words to the Prince of Tuan: "My Prince of the Second Class, no man is strong before Heaven, for it is the pleasure of Tao to cast down the strong and raise up the meek. All the Earth and the Princes thereof must obey Heaven, and the hand which is raised against Heaven shall surely die."

The Lord of Tuan beat his head three times against the Diamond Sands and pleaded with the Bird of Ho. "Great Ruler of the Birds, I have come to the Forest of the Feng in search of Long Life, and I have found only the White Death. My sin was large but the punishment is more than I can bear. I am a soldier, and I have lived as a soldier. It is the way of the soldier that he should take with the strength of his arm, and defend that which he has taken in the same manner. Punish me not because I live the life of my time, as I have been taught."

"My Lord Prince," replied the Great Ruler of the Birds, "those who conquer cities may rule over them for a little while, and then they must lie down in the Earth and sleep. The noble Dukes, and the Earls, and the Mandarins of the Nine Classes, even the Emperor himself abides his time and then vanishes away in the Eternal Darkness."

The Phoenix of Ho then continued to speak after this manner: "Great Prince of the Second Class, be attentive to my

words and I will inform you concerning the Mystery of the Red Stone of Long Years which is in my plume.

"When the Yellow Emperor resolved to fashion the World out of the Two Principles, He caused His strength to issue from him in the form of the Great Dragon which has Five Claws. And the Great Dragon which abides in Space lifted up the Earth with his body and with his claws he held the Earth in the midmost place.

"And the Yellow Emperor said: 'With My strength I have brought forth the World from out of the Abyss, and with My Beauty I will now adorn it that it may be Beautiful in all of its parts.' So He caused His Beauty to issue from Him in the form of the White Phoenix. And the Lord of the Birds spread his wing over the Earth, and under the shadow of his wing were generated the orders of Beauty that are in the World.

"And the Great Dragon was the Father of the generations of Kings and Statemen, and warriors and the builders of Cities, and the Conquerors of the Earth—and all who are strong are the Sons of the Dragon.

"And the White Phoenix brought forth the generations of the Scholars and the Poets, and the Artists, and the Sculptors, and those who sing and dance, and the ones who weave fine fabrics—and all who love Beauty are the Children of the Phoenix.

"After the World had been established upon its Foundations, and Strength and Beauty had brought forth their kind, the Yellow Emperor caused the Great Dragon and the White Phoenix to stand before him in the Palace of the Sky.

"The Yellow Emperor then addressed them with these words: 'You are My Strength and My Beauty, and your Children are the Sons of My Right Hand and of My Left Hand. And now are the Two Principles set up among men after the order of Heaven.

"Behold the Great Red Stone of Long Life which I hold this day in My Hand. To which of you shall I give the keeping of this Treasure? Shall I

give it to you My Lord Dragon who was born of My Right Hand?'

"Give me the Stone of Long Life,' roared the Great Dragon, 'and I will build an Empire that is Eternal in the World. All men shall serve the Strong. My sons shall live for a thousand years in Glory, and their chariots shall tame all the creatures of the Earth. The Stone is my right, for I am the Strength of Heaven.'

"The Yellow Emperor turned His face to the White Phoenix. 'You have heard the words of the Great Dragon. You are the Firstborn of My Left Hand, shall this Stone be given into your keeping?'

"And the Lord Phoenix replied: 'Eternal Heaven, give the Stone according to Your Wisdom, for Wisdom is Lord over Strength and Beauty. My Sons will not build Cities, nor will they conquer Nations with their swords. Theirs is the power of gentle Song and they fashion Beauty with their fingers. They dwell in quiet places; where they put their feet flowers grow; and where they build their houses, birds sing. Whether or no the Stone is given to them, Great Emperor, they will continue in their present way, making Beautiful the Earth.'

"The Yellow Emperor held high the Flaming Jewel. 'Hear then My decision according to My Wisdom which dwells in Me. I give the Stone of Long Life to the keeping of the Great Phoenix, who is the Son of My Left Hand, for I perceive by My inward Wisdom that the World which I created by My Strength, shall be perfected by My Beauty. And My Beauty shall inherit the Earth. Thus it shall be.'



"And the Yellow Emperor placed the Red Stone in the Crest of the Lord Phoenix, and He surrounded the Gem with a circle of flames that no man might steal it away.

"Now the Dragon was wroth because he did not receive the Stone of Long Life, and he roared greatly and spoke thus to the White Phoenix: 'I am Strong and the Strong shall inherit the Earth. Beware, White Bird, that my Sons do not take this Stone from you. Great Princes shall be born from my body, and they will not rest until they possess the Stone of Long Life.'

"When the Yellow Emperor had heard the words of the Dragon He said: 'Let there be no war between My Right Hand and My Left Hand. And that man who shall raise his hand against the Will of Heaven, let him be punished.'

"And you My Lord of Tuan, who art a Son of the Dragon, hast raised your hand against the words of the Yellow Emperor. Do you now repent of your folly, My Prince of the Second Class?'

"O most Noble of the Creatures of Heaven," moaned the Prince of Tuan, in great agony of spirit, "I repent utterly, for I perceive that the Stone of Long Life is not for me, because I know not the ways of Tao. But it is written that Tao is merciful and compassionate and will show pity to those that supplicate Its Name. O Great Bird of Tao, take this whiteness from my hand, that I may fulfill my years according to my kind."

The Phoenix of Ho came close to the Prince of Tuan and spoke softly: "Heaven is gentle to those who repent of folly. Reach out thy hand again My Lord Prince in all humility, and touch the Jewel Stone in my crest."

The Lord of Tuan held forth his hand, and there was no evil in his heart, and he touched the Red Stone of Long Life. And the color returned to his fingers and the White Sickness departed from him. And he gave thanks for his deliverance.

Then the White Bird of Ho, who was born from the Left Hand of the Yellow Emperor spoke for the last time. "Son of the Dragon, depart now from the Forest of the Poets. In the name of Heaven, leave this place and return no more. Let there be peace between the Phoenix of Tao and the Prince of the Second Class."

The Great White Bird stood for a little time while the Lord of Tuan saluted him with his spear and then with majestic steps returned to his nest of flames by the shore of the Lake of Ho.

So the Prince of Tuan and his Twelve Knights and their squires on small white ponies rode out of the Forest of the Feng and returned to the Cities of Yunnan and lived to the end of their days according to the Will of Heaven.

Now the She-wizard of Dem Ling who lived in the House of the Black Hat had seen all that had transpired, in the nail of her third finger, and because she was the Rebirth of the Red Dakina she danced upon the Turtle of the World and paid homage to the Yellow Emperor according to the rites of the Dugpa.

The Great White Phoenix of Ho still lives in the Enchanted Forest of the Feng and the Red Carbuncle of Long Life gleams in his Crest and he is the Lord of all the Birds.

The little old man, who is the Guardian of the Forest, because he is a genie, still flies about on his magic sack which is tied with silken ribbons, but to this day no man has discovered what he carries in his bundle.



Applying The Four Freedoms

A very curious challenge arises in the concept of a world civilization. We know we need it. We know that in some way it must be the solution. And yet a world civilization runs contrary to the interests of the average person. Personally, we know we need it; personally, we wonder what it is going to cost. What will it mean in terms of interference with the stalwart American's proud heritage, rugged individualism? This is the problem dictators face—how to create a voluntary theory of cooperation among great groups of people who have not the slightest intention of cooperating with each other! We are up against something here. In theory, to cooperate sounds well; but in practice we know it means the end of exploitation. And we would much rather exploit than cooperate. It is much more fun, and should the exploiting process land us one day in the poorhouse, on election day we will get out then; to vote for it, backing ballot with hope, the hope that by some miracle the exploitation will come our way. A world civilization that can outlaw war has to function on a cooperative basis, but we do not want to cooperate as individuals. Force cooperation upon us, and we call it despotism; and the more we are told that we should cooperate, the more childishly stubborn we become. *We* want to be different. A very fragile faculty that we have just begun to develop has to be stretched quickly into a size suitable to sustain a world perspective, and that is not easy.

We have been given a dream of Four Freedoms. It is a concept almost Utopian, a dream that is so basically idealistic that many a politician is convinced it cannot be applied. It is to be listed with the dreams of the ages, and yet it is probably the soundest dreaming we have ever done. There is nothing the matter with the dream. The ideal is

not too high. There is nothing wrong with the program. But, it will interfere with the little chains of circumstances which we have built up and which we call our living. Each of us has a little life of his own, and we are afraid that this great new dream is going to upset that little life. We are afraid to try to build a new kind of life.

Of course, if we think about it carefully, we realize the way of life we have had is not one we really built at all; we accumulated it, good, bad, and indifferent. Rarely has it resulted out of anything we as individuals have done; it has been merely our way of preserving ourselves against the encroachment of things around us. Yet we are afraid, definitely, that a world order, with its shifting, changing, and breaking up, is going to work a hardship upon these familiar patterns we have come to love, even though they have been continuously uncomfortable.

Freedom from Want, Freedom from Fear, Freedom of Speech, and Freedom of Worship, or religious conviction—that is a big program. Until we get Freedom *from ourselves* we will not accomplish much of it. The dictators and despots of the world are but extensions in space of the dictator complex which, small or great, is in the consciousness of each of us as human beings. And so we cannot change the world until we change ourselves; because the world is but ourselves in aggregation.

To bring about four great changes in our being, this program of the Four Freedoms must be activated by much that has not been broken down and clarified. The Four Freedoms can only be achieved by a complete program of world re-education, and this may have to be developed as a 99-year plan; it cannot be accomplished in any one generation. It takes from three to five generations to re-educate any social system. Why?

Well, there has to be time enough for those to die who will not re-educate. The average person over forty-five years of age will not re-educate; he may try, but ordinarily he will not be able to overcome habit, which is stronger than will power. Also, he has involved himself in too many complexes in life, and re-education would mean the disintegration of everything in external conditions that is meaningful. In the presence of this challenge, he would rather disintegrate, than to disintegrate his pattern; and Nature always obliges. As one classical thinker said, "Progress is preserved by the death rate."

Next, the sons of these individuals who will not change are faced with a new situation, and have another psychological conflict within their consciousness. No one ever overcomes completely the first fifteen years of his life conditioning. It comes back. If one's early years were under a certain system, though he may valiantly resist, he will still be part of the old pattern. The second generation is thus the compromise generation, the one that figures half a change is better than none. Not ready to overthrow old foundations, these sons of today will try to build something better on them. Their generation has to pass away.

Then, their children, born in a compromise generation. Having had no actual contact with the original and adamant condition, they will go a little farther, and they are only the third generation; from three to five generations are required to condition the world, to develop some basic principle of world thinking so that it is the natural thinking of the great human majority.

Many people are ready to try at once the new world ideology, and they will do their best; some will succeed admirably, but not enough to change the direction of history. Other generations will keep coming along and will keep it going, and they will have other challenges to meet as things go on. Individuals seem to end, but life is endless; progress and challenge are endless.



Our job then, as of today, is to start with a basically tolerant attitude toward the world, think of ourselves as internationalists. We must no longer say it is nice to be an internationalist, nor consider an internationalist as an advanced type. It does not mean anything, short of our complete acceptance; it is meaningless until our internationalism is as natural as provincialism is natural today. This shift must come from within the individual. No charter in the world can make internationalism work; it is no solution when the individual is forced into a course of action by administration over him, for he who is forced to do that which he has no desire to do, even though that thing be good, will ever regard himself as the victim of despotism.

The approach to the Four Freedoms is rather pleasant, it is a nice idea, one easy and suitable to be voted on; let's do it, we say? But, do we have full realization of the implications of the Freedoms; I wonder if even the men who started them have. Let us take Freedom of Worship. A big thought. Freedom of Worship means, of course, freedom of religion for the person we most violently dislike. It means freedom of religion for the other person's religion as well as our own.

One of these days there will no doubt be a council where all the nations get together to see what is going to be done about peoples worshipping God in their own way, everywhere in this world. Islam, probably one of the strongest world factors in religions, has not yet found a place in the program; but when it does it unquestionably will be represented by a Mohammedan. He is going to sit next

to a Chinese. The Chinese might be Chiang Kai-Shek, who is a nominal Christian, or it might be another Chinese who is either a Confucianist, or perhaps a Taoist. There will be a delegate from agnostic Russia, with no constructive interest in anyone's religion. Then, in all probability, the Holy See will want to sit in, with a Papal delegate or possibly the Pope himself; and he will have to rub shoulders with an English delegate who unquestionably will belong to the High Church of England. If India gets into the picture it will have either Ghandi, a Brahman, or a Jain representing it. And America?—well, we might be neutral and let the Quakers represent us. Anyway, a roundtable family, religious and irreligious, is something to think about. And then, if we include, as we probably will have to, some of the less friendly nations, we may have a Japanese Shinto, or maybe a few Buddhists, to add to what will already be quite a group of religions.

This postwar council will face the inescapable conclusion that all great wars are idealistic wars, and this one will have been no exception. World War II is just as much a religious war as the Crusades. In Germany, Hitlerism is a religion, an ideological concept with a little of Nietzsche, a little of Goethe, a little of Schopenhauer, a bit of Karl Marx, and a great deal of Hitler intuition; so regardless of what any of us may think, Nazism is a religion and *Mein Kampf* is its bible. What are we going to do with such a religion, and the others, when we start to have one great, happy family? The majority of nominal Christians have been brought up in the belief that non-Christians are not only pagans but heathen, that all but Christians are headed for eternal damnation; and, for that matter, most Christians too are headed that way, with only those of our own little orthodoxy sure of being saved. What is to be done? How can we solve international religious problems while we believe in the superiority and inferiority of religious convictions? What is the percentage of Christendom willing to accept a Confucianist, a Buddhist, or

a Mohammedan as a religious equal? And yet, if we do not do just that, one of our Four Freedoms is gone, right there.

Not long ago I read a little pamphlet put out by one of the leading denominations in this country, announcing the promising career of the future for young men who heard the call of the Gospel. This pamphlet stated that when the war was over the great work of making the whole world Christian would really begin. Right there, you have the ground work for twenty more wars! The whole world does not want to be Christian. Certainly not until Christians make a better showing themselves.

In plans now made to carry the Gospels to the four corners of the world, where is the thought that religious freedom might mean to leave the other fellow alone! That's much too abstract. Freedom means the right to proselyte—the right, for us, to make it our business to save the world. How we would rise in righteous wrath if others came across the oceans to save us! That is different.

World civilization requires that we give up forever this idea of trying to force the world to believe as we do. Its abandonment will hurt; it is one of our pet beliefs; but the one that will throw us back into war again as surely as anything that can be foreseen on earth.

If we have a great World Federation, a League of Nations, a council and a world code of religion is needed as surely as similar directive agencies are needed in world politics. What we do not realize today, what we have forgotten, or overlooked is, religion is not merely a theological system. Religion is the human impulse to venerate, to worship, to adore and to follow; it is hero-worship. Hero-worship makes dictators; for each human being must venerate, must have faith in something stronger than himself; and this impulse will always exist, to be exploited by the unscrupulous and successively create world catastrophes. Until a world organization of basic religious convictions is formulated nothing will be accomplished in the form of creating



a lasting fraternity among nations.

Wendell Willkie, after his trip around the world, tried to bring to us the realization there were leaks in the reservoir of good feeling. Those who are a little less optimistic, who perhaps have examined the reservoir a little closer, will probably be of the opinion that not only is there a leak in it, but it is full of holes. The good-will the world feels toward us is very largely ethereal and ephemeral; but a general dislike is very real. One of the things most of the world holds against us is our egotism and our hopelessly overwhelming superiority complex on the subject of religion. No other religion of the world has persecuted as ours has done, none has insisted that all other faiths are false.

For the first time in history a world religion is possible. The great challenge of the hour is the emergence of a world religion, not the extension of some existing cult, but the emergence of the first actual world religion which man has been capable of receiving. Such a religion is unquestionably in the offing, and we can believe it will derive its substance from all that is good of the faiths that have gone before, but will reshape itself according to the tempo of our time.

Actually, there never has been but one religion. The need is to change the form of existing facts to release them from the dogmatic limitations that men have put upon them. What one man now believes to be so, another man believes is not so—the only thing they have in common is belief. We must have a new statement, one big enough to include everything, from the most crystallized

dogma to absolute atheism, and bound together by the common denominator of believing. A religion based upon certain ideological convictions is coming. The Four Freedoms demand it.

Another Freedom we are working on is the Freedom from Want. There is no freedom from want—apart from freedom from wanting. There's the rub. Freedom from want is only possible by a complete change of our entire economic theory; freedom from want is not possible under a system of competitive exploitation.

We have thought to reduce the want by increasing the charities; and that is what we have always done—nine families in the parish are hungry; pass the basket. Always we have tried to remedy the thing by putting a patch on the emergency, never getting at the cause.

Freedom from want is an interesting problem. How many of us realize that the civilized nations are the ones that want? Our civilization produces want by cultivating our desires and increasing our wants until they become inordinate. There is nothing of what we call 'want' among very primitive people. If they are hungry, they are all hungry, due to failure in the hunting, to storms, earthquakes, to some natural disaster. There is no such thing among primitive people as one having great possessions and others being without anything. They have not learned that yet.

Most of us know the great Indian Medicine Chief Sitting Bull principally for his part in the Custer War, but very few of us think of Sitting Bull as the great moral jurist of the Sioux nation. One of the laws used by the Sioux nation during the days of its strength, before it came under the ban of the white man's world, was this: The tribe was a unit; it consisted of a group of people whose faith and destiny hung together in every respect. Now in the old days, when the great Sioux Nation gathered together—we remember what one writer said of them, "their tents were so many a man could ride from dawn to sunset without coming to an end of them"—there was a complete mutual protection. When

that tent city moved, the first tents or teepees to be moved were those of the widow or orphan. The able-bodied not only moved these tents first, and put them up first, but after the hunt the first game was given to the weak, and if there was not enough game for the rest, the widow, the children, and the old received it all. It was the law.

It was the Sioux Indian law to protect and preserve the weak, to make certain that help was given where it was needed. When a man was sick, a neighbor took over his work.

If we would seek a recognizable basis for Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations, its principle is in the League of Five Nations of the Iroquois. The cooperative theories have always been practised by primitive people. On our side, the more civilized we have become, the more have we become indifferent to the needs of each other.

Freedom from Want requires more than a group of individuals getting together and saying it will be so. As surely as they say it will be so, it will not be so; before they get through saying it, one half of the world populace will be walking the floor trying to figure out how to get out of preserving the ideal. Whatever laws are made, men will try to get out of them. Freedom from want is something which is only possible if we get straight down to basic foundations of the evil, and correct it there, facing the facts.

We will be problemed with such things as the inevitable consequences of a system of business which is at least five hundred years behind its time. Our



present system of banking was developed in the 12th Century by an armor maker. The various knights who went off to war bought their armor from him and regarded him as a man of great integrity, so when they left for their campaigns they brought their money and valuables to him and said, "Keep them until I get back." Finally this armor maker had so much money and valuables on hand he did not know what to do with them, then other men came along who wanted to borrow some of them. He discovered that the men who came back to claim their property never all came back at the same time, therefore he could keep one-tenth on hand for the men who came back and the other nine-tenths he could loan out—ergo, banking.

That worked all right when depositors went off to crusades; it was not uncommon for a man to be gone twenty years, and not very uncommon if he did not come back at all. Nor was such banking very difficult when investments were limited, and you could be hung for owing money—you paid your debts. The world is not that way any more, but this banking system has changed little since the days of the old armor maker. Unchanging habits of man in a changing world are constantly getting him into trouble, and as he is going to have to solve that problem, so it is going to be necessary to take our entire economic system and give it a cleaning.

Freedom from want is also related to the problem of small nations, for whom there can never be justice while economics determines power. The small nation cannot be the richest; it has not the facilities, natural resources, nor the manpower; the only way it can develop is by bringing in outside capital; and then the trouble begins.

We may say, "dispose of small nations"; but that is impossible. The small nation is an inevitable social structure. A little country like San Marino with a standing army of ten men is a social unit that has stood for hundreds of years, because back of the nation is race, tradition, environment, and innumerable segregating and isolating factors which

create unsurmountable differences. Now, it would be good for our world if we could eliminate national differences entirely; but that which is imperatively necessary for our world is to eliminate the power of nations to exploit each other. This is one with the necessity of placing the individual in a position where he can neither exploit nor be exploited, and so afraid is he that this will happen, he cannot stand it. He bridles at the thought of possible interference with the sovereign right of the individual. He does not of course want to be exploited, but oh, how he likes to exploit someone else! We have that to clean up. Not by a few laws. But by a careful internal restatement of our dreams.

Freedom of Speech. This is not so difficult in a way; we have it to a large degree; but it would be a novelty to a number of nations that have never had it. Freedom of Speech is important, but there is something more important, and that is to say something when we speak. Freedom of speech in many cases has been license for inanities. As individuals, as a world, we have talked much and said little. Speech is no more important than the thought behind it. That we should have the right to express our natural convictions is unquestionably true. But, as someone observed sometime ago, is that the right to get up in a crowded theater and cry "Fire!" when there is no fire? A great deal of talking is the abuse of free speech. The individual who uses his tongue to further his nefarious plans, perpetuate his immature conclusions, justify his selfishness, or further his economic or political privileges at the expense of others is abusing a privilege. We must either prevent him, which is interference, or tolerate him, which is an endurance contest.

Experience teaches us that the individual with the least to say takes the longest to say it. Unrestricted speech encourages those who say things that hurt the common good, who have neither the decency nor the delicacy to limit their outpourings to that which is constructive and helpful; and there is of course, a

wide difference of opinion as to what is helpful. The extension of free speech, if it is to work, demands again the improvement of the individual mentally, morally, spiritually, and culturally. The only safe talker is one who is saying things that are basically constructive and helpful. How are we going to get free speech and not tirades? Only in one way, by education. Nothing should come out of the mouth that did not first go into the mind; and when the tongue is disentangled from the mind it is pretty bad. Education in basic values is the only thing that can give men the mental integrity and clarity to be capable of significant self-expression. Not to make the world safe for free speech, but to make free speech safe for the world—that is the real problem. We have never been short of talkers. The problem is to hitch words to ideas.

Freedom from Fear. What is fear? Fear is the most primary and rudimentary of all human emotion, lodged deep in man before thought was in him. Fear is in the plant that draws back its leaves, although the plant has neither mind nor brain. Fear is the instinct to escape danger. It is something, according to research experimentation, that is well developed in carrots, cabbages, and onions. Fear is the oldest emotion man has; long before love came to him, fear was there.

Fear is the inevitable result of ignorance. Primary fear was due to ignorance, cultural fear is due to superstition. Primary fear was man's inability to meet the challenge of the world he knew nothing about. Fear was that emotion which sent the cave man huddling into his cave, or caused the primitive man to build his house high in the trees. Fear made the stone ax and arrow; fear hollowed out the log. Fear gave us our art, literature, medicine, science, and religion. Man's whole evolution is in a struggle not to be afraid.

The only way we can escape from being afraid is to substitute certainties for uncertainties. The majority of people living today in civilized nations are neurotics; that means they are afraid of each

other. Some are afraid of life, others are afraid of death; some are afraid of poverty, others of pain; (and there is "opisphobia," the fear of work); but fear is present wherever man is confronted with uncertainty concerning the outcome of things, or the actions of other people. As long as selfishness dominates human relationship there will be fear. Science can release man from any reasonable fear concerning nature, but only integrity can release him from any reasonable fear concerning human nature.

Freedom from Fear is not going to be a means; it is an end; the supreme end of all. Freedom from want will bring freedom from one kind of fear; freedom to worship will bring freedom from another kind of fear; freedom of speech will bring relief from another kind of fear, for all freedom is nothing but getting over fear of people or things. We cannot recover while those people or things are fearful.

We stand now at the beginning of a new era; philosophy is emerging through politics. The seeds that Plato planted in politics are beginning to grow up in this world as a new dream of purpose, a new dream which must challenge each one of us, a new dream which is a great inspiration and a great incentive for each of us to improve the nature of our own conduct. The Four Freedoms are four ways we want to be free. The only way of accomplishing any of them, is to become wise ourselves. Plato found them, lived them, believed them, enjoyed them, 2300 years ago. If these freedoms will be long coming to the world, they will come at once to the individual who puts his own life in order. Anyone living today can enjoy the Four Freedoms, if he will live the code they demand. And when enough persons live them, the world will have them; but not before. The world must become them, before it can have them. But each individual can have them through the spiritual experience within his own consciousness; nationalism can die in him; fear of want can die in him; fear of fear can die in him. All these things he can master in

himself. And the individual is the common divisor of the whole. The Four Freedoms we dream of today are the same that Pythagoras, Buddha, Plato, and Akhnaton believed in. Now, the whole world is thinking and talking of them, for the first time in history. This is a great forward step.

The next step after becoming aware of them, is to achieve them; and as the average individual has no way of dominating world affairs, his job is a simple but direct one, to achieve them in himself. This great challenge of nations, this effort to make the world safe for something in ideology is magnificent, and we must add to this ideology a program, a plan, an integrated vision. But we must also realize that the thing we dream of and hope for is just as far from us as the measure of cooperation of one man with the other; and it is only when we circumscribe our differences with one united purpose that we can achieve. For man, freedom is the privilege to be different in those things which do not serve the common good, but to unite utterly and absolutely in all things that do relate to the common good. Only in that way can he make the Four Freedoms a reality in his life.

We are at the dawn of the greatest opportunity in the history of mankind, the opportunity to bind our world into one great unity; then it will be no longer necessary for men to waste their energies fighting and killing each other, and they can use all in the program of furthering the progress of the world. But this desirable state is no nearer than the cooperation of men themselves; the Four Freedoms can succeed only if men assume voluntary bondage to them. Realize that, and our duties are clear. Now is our chance to be big. To set the world in the new way of tomorrow, our job to begin with is to understand those Freedoms within ourselves, master them there, live them there, thus to contribute our part to the great motion of our world.

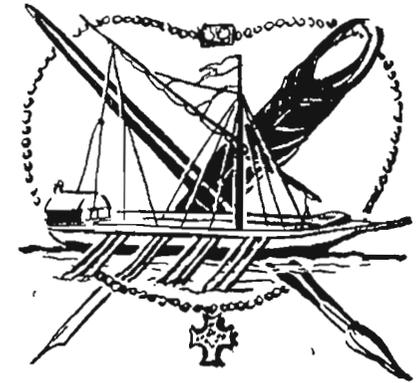
(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE;
Suggested reading: FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHILOSOPHY; HOW TO UNDERSTAND YOUR BIBLE)

● Every human life is ever a stream flowing toward God,
thus to fulfill its natural destiny

St. Hildegarde: *Her Visions*

BECAUSE his philosophy is founded upon transcendental interpretations, the mystic is an idealist. The materialist's belief is founded upon things that are physical, but he of course may be in every way generous and constructive, although working upon a materialistic basis; that a man is a materialist is no indication that he is a bad man. He has merely accepted physical phenomena as the basis of life. The mystic always believes otherwise, believes in a suspended, invisible cause. He perceives the Universe as an extension above and beyond the world and nature. He beholds nature as the outworking of the laws intrinsic to its nature, but knows that superimposed upon nature is the divine Law.

The beginning of mysticism is the realization of the nature of God. Concepts differ according to the various schools of mysticism, but no mystic sees God as a personal being, nor even as an intellectual entity. Rather he sees God as a spiritual essence, a substance in itself essentially divine. He acknowledges certain laws to be inherent in the nature of the Divine Being, but he does not conceive of these laws as being the outworking of any attribute in the Divine Nature, but rather they exist because of the intrinsic nature in the substance of God himself. The mystic does not believe in an anthropomorphic divinity. He does not believe in a God who either listens, speaks, or hears. He believes rather in a Universal Spirit. He believes in a participation in a Universal Life, in Light and Intelligence which is intrinsic to the Universe itself, but not necessarily intrinsic to the material parts of the Universal Life.



Among the earliest and less known mystics was St. Hildegarde, who was born about the year 1098. St. Hildegarde occupied a unique position, in that she was a mystic who was acceptable to and received certain approbation from the early Catholic Church, although a dreamer of dreams, a partaker of visions.

Little is known about the life of St. Hildegarde. She came of a very good family, one that governed the Province of Sponheim, and we know that she was a woman of education, of travel, of culture, a very unusual thing for her time. Among many accomplishments she included literary skill and the ability to draw and paint. The thinkers of all parts of what was then the known world knew of her paintings and drawings, for her art was a dominant force in the European art of that period. So powerful and important were they that it is regrettable no complete record of her drawings is now available, practically all of them of a mystical nature, setting forth symbolically the visions and dreams which came to her.

St. Hildegard, whose life was long and useful, received many honors and dignities from the religious order of which she was a member. She died in the order but was never canonized, although she was included in the martyrs of the Church and has been venerated from the 17th century up to the present time. This unusual circumstance, combined with her visions, makes her an object of deepest interest to every student of comparative religion and deep mystical thought. Definite impressions of her can be derived from her own writings; she was a profound thinker with a mind of almost crystal-like clarity, and through it her thoughts moved beautifully and spiritually.

The significance of her work is greatly increased when we realize that her name stands out as the only original thinker between the eighth and twelfth centuries. She was unique in her time, unique throughout the ages in her contribution to the religious world. The beginning of St. Hildegard's mysticism was naturally the understanding of the Nature of God.

According to St. Hildegard, the Nature of God is the Nature of Divine Essence, in Itself a substance of Reality. She believed God to be the ultimate destination of all human creatures upon the earth, that all life, all thoughts, all works flow out of nature into God, even as innumerable rills, branches and smaller streams flow into a greater river. The life of every human being is thus ever a stream flowing toward God, and by so flowing is fulfilling its natural destiny. St. Hildegard could no more visualize man as struggling toward God, striving after growth, or desiring to become spiritual, than she could imagine the river water having to try to flow up over the fall, or the water having to try to fall over the rocks. To her the motion toward God was the natural, constant motion of all living things. It was the inherent, principal purpose, the inevitable desire in every creature to flow toward God. To her, therefore, this flowing was the basis of mystical union. Mystical

union is the most significant belief that divides mysticism from other branches of human thought.

Also, according to St. Hildegard, the essential nature of God, like Space, is not to be perceived, or to be measured, or to be subject to limitation, but rather is to be regarded as universal, regarded as all-prevading, all enclosing, all-circumscribing. This motion of man toward God is therefore a motion of God toward man—not motion in the sense of place, but motion in the sense of condition or state; it is motion in the sense that flowing is man's eternal becoming, or the eternal growing up of man toward God, which is eternal growth; it is the ageless quest of that which is ageless, the eternal desire toward that which is eternally desired.

This viewpoint, which differed so widely from the opinions of the 17th Century, seems familiar to us today; but that is because St. Hildegard's is one of the great streams of thought which has flowed down to us through the centuries.

St. Hildegard did not bestow any other qualities upon the Nature of God; hers was the older viewpoint, to define Him was to defile Him. Virtue was a quality of Deity; she regarded virtue as part of the Nature of Self, as identical with Self. But virtue was more than human honesty; to Hildegard it was a mysterious, imperceptible thing. Virtue is the integrity of the Spirit, most perfectly manifested through illumination, or the extension of consciousness toward the Real.

From the Nature of God she reasoned concerning the nature of Christ. She accepted Christ in a very peculiar manner, almost as an Oriental might. To her, Christ was to be accepted as the objectification, the personification, the visualization of that which is eternally invisible. Christ was the one made knowable—made knowable in the sense of being brought into cognition. St. Hildegard recognized in Christ the Divine Nature brought within vision, within comprehensibility. Truth, though utterly incomprehensible, a Law unto itself,

is made knowable by Christ; for Truth, suspended from its own nature, lowered from its own pure essence by participating to some degree in the material, becomes knowable. It is secondary truth, not absolute Truth, but relative.

Perhaps that point can be made more clear. Truth, we must realize, is a word for which no human being has a complete definition. But we can use it in its largest sense to represent the Eternal. Using it in a very restricted sense it means honesty. "To tell the truth," or "the truth of the matter is," is familiar use in a small sense, but it is merely a statement that, as far as we know, this or that is not in error. It is true that the grass grows; it is true the rain falls; but these truths are not the great Truth by which the Universe is sustained—about which man has no knowledge, no approach; he does not know how to come to that Truth. Therefore, in between Divine Truth and comparatively unimportant truth is Universal Truth, it is suspended between the two, between the Real and unreal. Universal Truth is Reality as perceptible in the cosmic motion, as perceptible in ethics, in esthetics, in science, philosophy and religion. This Universal Truth is imperfect because it is not complete; but it transcends the small truths, and philosophy must be satisfied with its comparatively imperfect state.

This Middle Truth, which bears witness to the Absolute but is not the Absolute, is the witness of the above and the fulfillment of the *below*; it is that which is less than Perfect and more than imperfect; its position is between the two, and is to man all that which he comprehends of his mortal, physical existence. In one of her paintings St. Hildegard gives expression to the idea by placing the head of Christ upon an arch, making a gateway out of the body of Christ, showing in her vision the souls of men entering in and out of the gateway of Christ. Those ascending are those returning to the Source of their being, through the gateway, this Middle Truth.

Midway between the Divine Truth and the Universal Truth is the Third Truth, the Third Person, referred to in the New Testament as the Holy Ghost. According to St. Hildegard, that is the truth that men should live together in co-operation instead of competition, the truth of the world which is to come; it is that which represents the lowest form of Reality.

These viewpoints, and the visions by which St. Hildegard conceived them, are given in her books. A series of visions began in her seventh year and continued throughout her lifetime. She attempted to paint them, visualize them on paper, so that others coming after her might see the peculiar and mystical things which came to her in her meditations. By studying some of her visions we may sense her way of thinking.

There was the vision in which she went to sleep and beheld a city surrounded by a stone wall, its gate closed, and within the city she could see no sign of a living thing. She advanced to the gate, stood before it and knocked, and the gate opened. She then knelt in prayer and asked that the mystery might be made known to her, and when her prayer was finished she entered the city. It was gloriously beautiful, but it was deserted. Then she suddenly realized that this was the city of her birth. She wondered what had happened to all the shopkeepers, the trades people, all those who had dwelt in that city. So she prayed the second time and the answer was given to her in her vision; she awoke and wrote it down.

Her own birthplace had been perceived and it was empty. In sudden realization she knew she had beheld it spiritually, and in answer to the prayer in her vision for an interpretation, it came to her that all the cities she knew,



all the buildings she knew, were not really in existence, that the people were not really dwelling there. Then she awakened, and she saw that the people were there. Seeing them, she believed that when she was awake she was really asleep, and when she was asleep she was really awake. What she saw during her waking hours were dreams, and it was when she went into her vision that she actually awakened. She developed this thought into a very important essay. In this essay she pointed out that what we call existence, in which we live, move and have our being, is really a dream state from which we wake only upon the participation in Truth.

In a second vision she beheld the city once more, this time enveloped in dancing sparks, millions of little sparks. She asked that this be interpreted to her. And in the vision she was told that these sparks were the souls of those who dwelt in the city. She watched the sparks, and they were like the waves of the sea; she said there were so many of them they broke over each other like the tide. She was told this was the Sea of Life, that each human being was a spark of a great Current, and she watched this Sea as it flowed until she beheld the rivers flowing into it. Awakened from this vision she said, "This Sea I beheld is the very Garment of God. I beheld the Robes of the Infinite made of the divine sparks of all creatures." That was amazing to the 11th Century of Christendom. We do not think it so amazing now, but she was a thousand years ahead of her time. She had discovered the Divine Robe.

Many years later Hildegard had another vision. A woman in the labors of childbirth had been brought to her abbey, and the woman was very ill. Hildegard sat with her and prayed that she would survive the ordeal, and while praying Hildegard beheld a vision: She saw the child that was to be born, saw it floating in the air over the mother's body, and there was a cord of light which twisted down and connected the mother's body with the embryo. She

humbly besought the meaning of this, and was told in the vision that this was the mystery of birth. She then prayed to the entity that was coming into life, beseeching it to ease the pain of the mother, and a golden mist aura floated down, which she said was like the falling sand in an hourglass. This golden light descended into the mother's body, a few moments later the child was born; the mother survived. Hildegard's drawing showing the birth of the child still exists.

This is typical of the unusual mysteries associated with Hildegard's visions, which were of two types. One type had to do with the Spiritual Cause behind the visible; the other had to do with her own growth and the growth of other human beings toward a spiritual state.

In one vision St. Hildegard said she beheld the great sky stretching out in all directions, and in it but one star. It was a great and luminous star, and she asked what this star was. The star spoke to her and said, "I am yourself." Hildegard said, "That is impossible; I do not shine in heaven." The star said, "For every creature on the earth there is a star in heaven." St. Hildegard asked, did that mean the constellations are the souls of men? The star said, "No, not as constellations that you see; the souls are invisible constellations with invisible stars in them as numerous as the millions of stars you see at night." "But," she said, "why do you show me this?" And the star replied, "I am showing you this because you are the servant of the Most High. Throughout the years of your life you have desired that you might see and know the Truth, therefore your star is growing brighter. Finally, when you have finished this part of life, your star will shine brightly to other souls." She said, "Where is this Land of the Souls?" The star replied, "It is beneath the feet of God."

St. Hildegard asked then that this answer be revealed to her, and she was told that beneath the feet of God, that is, below the Divine State, was Heaven, which was below the Celestial Sphere and above the earth, and here the souls of



men were constellations. Of the realization that the constellations are the souls of men she has given a very interesting account.

Hildegard was one of few persons who have combined learning with divine inspiration. In her time, this was very rare, rare even for men. The combination of intellectual knowledge and beautiful visions makes her one of the best of all mystics of all time.

In one of her little drawings she has a lily growing out of the earth toward a beautiful blue sky. She said she had seen the lily in a vision, and asked that the meaning of the symbolism of the lily might be revealed to her. (Throughout the East the lotus is given the same symbolism as the lily in our Western world). She said the blue sky, or air, represented Truth stretching over everything, and that the way of Truth was to be like the flower that grew. She said the flower could not help growing because it was natural for it to grow. It could not help becoming perfect because it was natural for the flower to become perfect. But, unlike the flower, man is capable of postponing his growth. And

so the answer to her vision was not to try to be good, not to try to be great, not to try to kill out the false, not to try to overcome evil, not to try to develop various desirable qualities. Her solution was simple—be yourself. Be that Self which is the Star, the Invisible Self.

Hildegard thereafter gave up all the practices which had been prescribed by the Church. She also gave up all prayer except the prayer of thanksgiving. She said, there is no need to pray for Truth. Truth is. It is needless to pray for it. It is needless to pray for anything. We are not even to pray that we become aware of the meaning of the Infinite.

Hildegard had begged for interpretation only of her early visions. Later, she assumed that those above her understanding would be made clear to her naturally and without desire. Thus she gained another virtue, desirelessness—a virtue very difficult to attain in spiritual matters. For those who are very selfish in their actions are very selfish in their desires to be good, their desires to be illuminated, their desires for release from responsibilities, their desires for more intelligent enlightenment and their desires to do better. St. Hildegard gave up desiring after those things, because to desire them is to acknowledge the Nature of God is not spontaneously available. Which meant, in a Universe ruled by Truth you do not need to ask.

St. Hildegard did not however recommend physical emancipation from work. The motion of the true mystic is not a lazy one, but a motion without effort in which there is no specific goal. There is no trying to become wise, trying to become more—it is permitting oneself to become all; stepping aside, and allowing one's own divinity to do that which it wills to do. To her, the mystical union was the spontaneous flowing of Self toward the Infinite, carrying it to conscious realization of its participation in all Universal Mysteries.

That being St. Hildegard's approach to religion, there was in it no need for bigotry. To her it was unimportant whether a man traveled one road or another road. To her it was sufficient that

all men Be Still and Know God.

This approach to religion is a good one for a great many people. For there are many who are not intelligent, are not prepared for mystical union; their approach to life is through their emotions, they approach Truth through feeling, through passion, and compassion. To such persons mysticism is the wrong road to Truth. As one early mystic said, mysticism is not a substitute for intelligence. You may be illuminated, and yet not be able to add two and two. You may be illuminated without being able to even live well in this world; and that is one of the important points in the Hildegarde theological system.

St. Hildegarde said you may be a good person, or by circumstances be forced to be good. The mystic is not necessarily a physically adjusted person; most always he is not. Anything that departs from the accepted way of doing things is due for a great misunderstanding and that means the inevitable detachment of the mystic from the objects of his environment. It is perfectly natural for the mystic to withdraw himself from the world and retire into some deeper place within himself. And so he may fail to achieve to a material success which we regard as necessary in the material world; but that is not failure, not to an ascetic, for he is one who has become aware by inner realization of the Nature of Truth.

By the yardstick of modern psychology St. Hildegarde's philosophy measures up like this: An educated woman at a time when education was not prevalent, her mind demanded the psychology of emancipation. She could not believe as others; she had to have a larger world. She could not grow up the way she wanted to; so she had to grow up the way she could. She was like the seed the scientist planted in a dark hole, around which a labyrinth was built. As the plant grew it avoided all the dark by-ways, finally to come out at the top to the light. St. Hildegarde, born in a dark world in the Dark Ages, the most benighted period in history of any so-called civilization, could not become a



doctor, a lawyer, a great preacher, or a teacher—all these things were forbidden to her by her time and the age in which she lived—she could not be emancipated from her material state, so her only direction of growth was upward toward the Light. That she grew definitely toward the soul is not surprising; it was the only possible motion of an educated woman in the Third Century.

This growing upward caused her to embrace the Invisible Universe because she could not embrace the visible universe. Psychologically speaking, her visions arose from a desire for a larger concept of life. Being an educated person, she could not live happily in a small world. This woman had traveled throughout Europe, had met and studied intelligent persons; she could not be buried in an abbey, there to remain her entire lifetime, forgetting the larger world. When she no longer had this larger world and the people in it, this, united with her natural talent, caused the visions.

Among some 250 visions, which through her drawings have survived until this time, one vision relates to the estate of man after the passing of centuries. She perceived definitely the necessary changes which would have to come in the social order before man could be emancipated from materiality, for in the vision blossoms were bursting into life out of poor soil, soil incapable of supplying the proper nourishment. By this symbolism she realized the physical state was not sufficient to sus-

tain the spiritual essence, the superphysical essence.

As she studied about this she received a second vision revealing how that which was written in the Scripture was true, that man lived not by bread alone but by manna which came down from heaven—the spiritual nature of man could not be changed by any condition of the physical life. He might live until he was old but be deprived of an education; he might be forced to work so hard it was impossible to improve his mind; he might find himself in the poorhouse, in a prison, or an asylum, but he could not be changed by anything in his material state. It was from this vision that she prepared an essay upon the indestructibility of all things spiritual, a particularly important message in its applicability to the conditions in the world today.

St. Hildegarde lived through several periods of war, and this vision continued in explanation of that problem, that war was a waste of forms, not destruction of life. Under no condition could life, Universal Life, be destroyed; the soul is indestructible; you cannot hurt the soul; you may starve and beat a man, you may burn him, you may bind him, you may torture him on the rack; but that will make only his body suffer; you cannot make the soul suffer.

This to St. Hildegarde was a discovery that changed her whole philosophy. It was a revelation, for it was something she had not thought of before, and she was moved to learn more about it, that she might record it for future ages. The asked for vision was given to her. She was shown that in distant times destruction would greatly increase upon the earth, that all the evils of the known world's then little area would be greatly increased. Not little principalities, but whole continents would fight each other; and that this must be, as the only process which would finally break down most people's belief in the significance and divinity of the body.

To this day that belief has not been broken: Man still regards the body with peculiar affection. His first thought is

to comfort it. He is more interested in his possessions and creature comforts than in spiritual development. Man is most miserable when his body hurts, most happy when his body is advantageously placed, most proud when his body has been honored, and most abject when his body has been dishonored. If in a fight the other man hits him where it did not show, it's all right; if it shows, it is just too bad. How can a man assume a position of dignity in his community with a black eye? When we see other people, study other people, we study first their appearances, and if we are satisfied, we pass on to a consideration of character. If we are not satisfied, we stop right there. When buying a new hat the consideration is of the style; I never heard of anyone trying seriously to estimate whether or not the thinking under the hat was as good as the hat. When we get religious, we donate to a church something people can see. When we get conscience stricken, we form a clinic—we do something that shows, so people will say, "Here is God's good man."

But, about war—St. Hildegarde declared there would be great wars, epidemics, and disease, because you cannot cure war by destroying it—any more than you can actually cure a systemic ailment by cutting it off. This brings up an important question, the problem of what war is. War is a systemic ailment. It is not an ailment that arises from some form of growth which when cut out leaves the tissue whole. War is like a bacterial infection—a form of streptococcal infection which is in the bloodstream of every nation. There are men convinced that they will not fight at all who will fight for peace. They will call it standing up for their principles. So war, being systemic, can never be isolated.

That is the reason all attempts toward the accomplishment of peace have failed, and must continue to fail. The reason is, peace has its roots in the complete recovery of the human race from one form of stupidity. Until that is cured peace cannot be secured. As long as

man wants thirteen eggs to a dozen there will be wars between nations. As long as individuals or groups of people have any intolerance, war will remain. War is also a symptom of stupidity, the great disease of the race, and until stupidity is cured there will be wars. If you would join an organization to stop war, start by belonging to an organization to stop selfishness. Get that going well, and the rest is easy. According to St. Hildegard, the war evils will remain until man naturally reforms and the "Thou shalt nots" naturally flow away from him. In other words, when all men are mystics there will be peace on earth, because mysticism by its very nature is the antithesis of war.

Now, many persons believe war can be legislated away, that we can make laws impounding the sovereign right of human beings to fight. They believe the nations of the earth are going to some day bring about international issues whereby we will get away from war and make the nations peace-conscious. That is what they hope for; but there is no justification for this kind of hoping.

Consider as a simple example the problem of the pickpocket. Someone has said everyone during life loses something as the result of pickpockets. In Greece the hands of pickpockets were cut off. In China pickpockets were turned over for postmortems while still alive. In medieval times they were publicly executed. And yet, there are more pickpockets today than there ever were. If you cannot legislate pickpockets, if you cannot keep one man's hands out of another man's pockets, how are you going to keep nations at peace with each other? It cannot be done. It is a beautiful dream. It is a great ideal, and those who are striving for it will be rewarded for their effort and sincerity, but if they are looking for success as a reward they must be disappointed. The thing they are striving for will in a small measure be realized. In a hundred thousand years, a hundred and fifty thousand years, or a half a million years from now it is possible there will be some results;

but it cannot be before. The universe is not built that way.

So, St. Hildegard declared the only way humanity could grow was by flowing toward the soul. It has to grow out of the belief that the man in a larger house is a better man; it has to grow out of the belief the man in a smaller house is a better man—which is something we do not always think about, that it works both ways. We have to get out of the belief it is necessary that we be physically successful whether we are spiritually successful or not. St. Hildegard was not one who expected the end of the world next year, or the Second Coming of Christ. She knew that only through ages of sorrow would man find the peace he desired.

St. Hildegard's heritage to us of her mystical experiences is preserved in about fifty pages of small water colors in the Byzantine style. These fantastic water colors are being worked upon by specialists who are determined to publish the paintings of St. Hildegard. When they are published, which we hope will be possible before the originals are destroyed, they will then be available to the public. These mystical paintings include her various transcendental experiences.

She admits that which all mystics must admit if they are honest: she is not quite sure how she did it. That is the beginning of mysticism. A lot of people who are trying to become mystics have notable records of failure; I have had the privilege of meeting many distinguished failures; the reason they fail is because they are trying. They are attempting to lift themselves up by their own bootstraps. St. Hildegard admits the mystical experience happens to you. You do not do it. You cannot do much to help it happen. It happens as the result of an individual being resolved to build a better and better life.

One of Thomas Edison's greatest inventions was lost to the world because he was not able to do it the second time himself. The same is true of an important chemical formula. A chemist discovered a very wonderful chemical, the

like of which has never been seen. After he finished it he very carefully put it in a bottle and left it in the laboratory; but he forgot the formula. That evening someone took the bottle and destroyed it. That chemist has worked for twelve years since, trying to get the formula again; and he has not been able to discover it.

The true story of Isaac Newton was, he discovered the law of gravity in a vision. Isaac Newton discovered the law of gravity not as the result of his long research, which was without reward, but as the result of a mystical experience. As a student of science he worked with the laws of nature. After years of studying the laws of nature he could discover nothing that meant anything to him; then one night in his sleep he saw the law of gravity. He woke up and wrote it down. The next morning he had forgotten it, but he had written it down and it was safe. If he had not written it down we would not today have the law of gravity. It was discovered not by thinking, but through his thinking he was qualified to receive it. By his training, his background, and his ability he was qualified to understand it. It could not have happened to one less qualified to understand it, but it happened to him. Newton was ready for it, and he knew what it meant, but he did not think it through; he said it was as though someone had poured it

into his mind. It was not consciously his—it was not the result of calculation; the discovery was a mystical experience.

St. Hildegard in her archaic language has tried to tell us the same thing. She tried to explain when she was seven years old that when a vision came it was as though the sky had opened and it descended to her. It was as though she were made a participator in something. She could, without desire, without effort, receive these visions, especially if she needed them to help others. This process she says she cannot explain, other than that it was a gift from God.

Ptolemy of Alexandria said men may study the stars, but the power to prophesy from them is given by the grace of God. Prophecy is not the direct result of work; it is something that happens as a by-product of capacity. In other words, a person is in a state or condition in which it is reasonable that this should happen to him, and something happens in that day and hour no man knows. But, according to St. Hildegard this power may be lost through misuse, may be lost by selfishness, therefore the possession of it carries a responsibility, the responsibility of living consistently with it. This she was able to do, giving her life to charity, retaining for herself nothing but bare necessities, though she had had means, inheritances, and social position. At the age of seven she was devoted to her work. It is not un-

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reasonable nor unusual that these visions came to her. She emphasized the need of building a foundation for them.

Her visions mean only what they mean to you. The power to interpret them, the power to understand them, comes from the individual himself. Therefore she emphasized another point, the casting of pearls before swine. She says that of all knowledge the problem is in relationship to your capacity, to your personal understanding. A simple example would be giving an education to a person who never intends to use it; it is not only a waste of time but a distinct loss, because by giving him an education you destroy the probability of his being able to do the thing he wants to do and is fitted to do.

As peace among nations must arise from spiritual aspiration of nations, so the mystical experience must come to the individual as the result of a method

of thinking, a method of living—a method of living appropriately to such an experience; otherwise it cannot occur. One famous student of psychology said, "The one thing I want to know more than anything else is what a mystical experience is. I want to have the same kind of an experience that is described by the mystics." Only one thing is the matter, for only one reason he cannot have a mystical experience, and that is, he is not spiritually ready for it. A mystical experience must come within the individual himself as the result of preparation. St. Hildegard said that once the mystical experience has been achieved you live thereafter a spiritual existence, for you then have a spiritual understanding. This abides forever in the soul that is flowing eternally toward the Infinite.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE;
Suggested reading: SELF-UNFOLDMENT; PURPOSEFUL LIVING LECTURES ON ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY)



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