

HORIZON

**The magazine
of useful and
intelligent living**

SPRING

1944

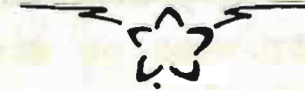
Articles by MANLY PALMER HALL Philosopher

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VOLUME 4 No. 1



- *The possible extent of the East's influence
in the world of tomorrow*

Asia in the Balance of the Scales

ONE of our prominent psychologists has written a book on the subject of neuroses, and it is his opinion that if you are neurotic you should be rather proud of it. He notes that practically all important persons who have contributed to the progress of humanity were neurotics and suggests that if you are normal, in all probability you are doing nothing much in life. The explanation is, a neurosis often takes the form of ambition, which stimulates effort and power to accomplish in some particular line of endeavor.

The problem of neurosis is very similar to a certain outlook on Asia, for it is when we consider basic temperaments of human beings, and then attempt to recondition them, that we get into trouble. Psychology recognizes two basic types of humans, the introvert, and the extrovert. The introvert is an individual who chooses of his own free will and accord to live the larger part of his existence within himself; he is not necessarily one who is locked within himself, nor one who has his personality blocked; he is introspective because his entire temperament is of that nature. The other basic type, the extrovert, chooses to live very largely in his environment.

Where these basic types exist, it is generally a mistake to attempt to force the personality out of its basic pattern. If, for example, a person who is normally somewhat extroverted becomes through force of circumstance an artificial introvert, then we have a condition to be corrected, that is, a correction of abnormalcy. But if the condition is itself normal, then to change it is a disaster. This is coming gradually to our realization.

We have long been under the impression that we could place arbitrary patterns on peoples, and then make them conform to these patterns regardless of their normal personality and temperament. We have thought of success in the molding of character as molding the character into the thing *we* wanted it to be. This attitude is familiar in child psychology, where the parent is determined as to what he wants his child to be like, and then sets about the enthusiastic process of bending the twig in that direction; and most of these twig benders do not realize their own strength and instead of bending the twig they break it. We have had an idea that human beings should do what we expect them to—and this has been a principal cause of repeated disappointments.

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

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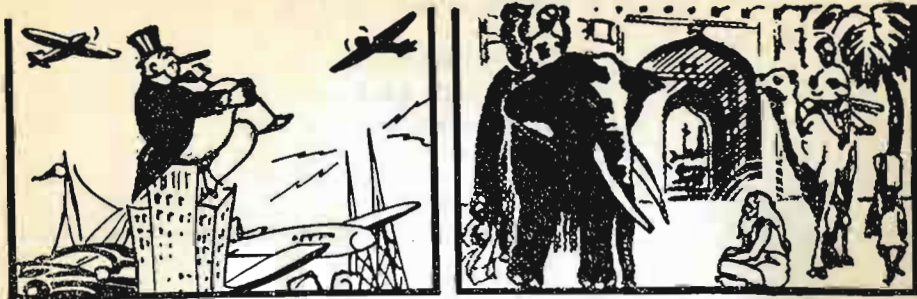
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Where, through the force of will power, we achieve a bending or breaking, we impoverish the individual, for we have diverted him from his proper course of action.

So, it must be accepted that some human beings are born with normal introversion; and that this introversion means, if it is cultured and developed, an enrichment of the life of that individual. It is his destiny, his proper course, that he should live largely within himself. Certainly, he must make certain adjustments to the problems of his time to prevent his introversion from becoming abnormal; he must bend it the best he can; but he cannot change his basic nature without impoverishing his entire life.

This same is true of extroversion. The changing of these basic characteristics can not be accomplished in a single lifetime; it requires hundreds of lives of conditioning to bring the extrovert and the introvert together and create the perfectly balanced personality.

Coming now to the study of races and nations, we must realize that we can divide the world into two great hemispheres, the East, and the West; and in practical psychology the Western Hemisphere is populated with a race of potential extroverts; and the Eastern Hemisphere by a race of potential introverts. Introverts and extroverts never fully understand each other; and not because there is anything extremely profound about one that is absent in the other; it is simply that it is very difficult for any human being to understand in a constructive way anything that is

essentially different from himself. He can understand similars, but in the presence of dissimilars his understanding usually fails.

The Asiatic continent, which is coming to be more and more important to us in our world planning program, we must understand is made up of races and groups essentially introverted; peoples with a rich internal life achieved at the cost of their external life. Here in the West we have the opposite: a rich external life achieved at the cost of our internal life. The Western individual posits his environment, and negates himself; the Oriental posits himself, and negates his environment.

Many books have been written about the 'mysterious' Asiatic people. There is nothing really mysterious about them. Simply stated, they believe in the supremacy of their own selves over their external life, which to them is an accidental environment. When we do all we can to impress our culture upon them, we fail utterly to realize that should we achieve this, we would destroy them. Of course they, to some degree, suffer from a similar delusion when they attempt to impose their opinions or doctrines upon us, but in full honesty it must be said they are less given to proselyting than we are. There are in the Orient men and women who are capable, who are ready, who can receive a certain Western culture profitably; and there are some among our more profound Occidentals who have discovered much of richness in their internal life, and thus are more able to understand Oriental introversional psychology. But for the majority

there is an interval in balance that is hopeless, and to force these changes upon the personality is to impoverish rather than to enrich. We must grow gradually through time toward the equilibrium we desire.

At the moment Japan is the problem child of Asia. Japan represents the inevitable consequence of attempting to impose a foreign culture upon a people. Japan represents the condition of occidentalizing an Oriental people by, we might say, brute force. Instead of this, there must be a natural growing up through thousands of years of tradition to a viewpoint. Japan attempted to assume an Occidental viewpoint in the course of eighty years; it attempted to change itself from a feudalistic, Oriental people, into an industrial, economic, Occidental people, within the memory of the living. This simply can not be done.

To attempt to change the basic cultural attitude of a people without permitting the evolutionary process to bring about such change, is utterly destructive of character. Acceptance is required also that peoples have certain basic psychological patterns. The Japanese have such personality patterns. These patterns, brought into conflict by an effort to occidentalize them, for internationalism, released the worst part of these patterns. Instead of making an Occidental people out of the Japanese, our civilization has made them into a people without a basic psychological integrity. Something has been torn down, and nothing put in its place.

Understanding of that formula can be had by study of the life of an individual; under the same psychological conditioning he will do exactly the same as the Japanese people did. True helpfulness is to help people to be themselves and not someone else. Now, we might say that we did not intend to go out of our way to help the Japanese toward occidentalizing, it was accidental; but we achieved it by example, and by the effect of our own attitudes toward our psychological world conditioning. "What we do talks much louder than what we say." By means of an extrovert viewpoint on life, the Western nations have come into world domination; their extrovert attitude is always one consummated and fulfilled by the domination of environment.

Accomplishment is, to the extrovert, control over his environment; the introvert regards accomplishment as self-control. The extrovert, always thinking away from himself, finishes up by ignoring himself; and positing some external condition. The extrovert is happy if he has things; the introvert finds his happiness through becoming something; the extrovert's expression is through accumulation, the introvert's is through expression or release of the internal capacities.

The introvert is happy if he paints a picture that pleases himself; the extrovert is happy if he paints a picture that pleases someone else.

The introvert works for the love of work, and the extrovert for the love of his pay check.



There is a basic difference in the introvert doing things well because he finds gratification in knowing they are well done; and the extrovert doing the same thing because it gratifies him that others shall know he has done something well.

So basic is this difference in viewpoint that it represents a complete severance of common viewpoint. Not often does the mind develop an inclusiveness capable of accepting both patterns.

It is quite obvious that if you set your mind definitely toward a goal, it is quite possible you will achieve in the direction of that goal. And so, a great civilization determined to master its environment can do so, if it sacrifices everything else to that point of view. Occidental civilization, both in the Western Hemisphere and on the European continent, gradually developed its point of view toward domination of environment. You can see that domination working in the great international combines—the Bank of France, the Bank of England, Wall Street, the Suez Canal Company, the British Commonwealth of Nations—all these branches of world dominion activity represent man's placing his goal of action in the control of things outside his own nature.

Adolph Hitler carried this dream to its irrational ultimate, in the belief that he could create a super-German state to sire a master race for the whole earth. This is extension of extroversion to its irrational extreme—extroversion gone wild in the person of Adolph Hitler, an introvert. Here a psychology of a world system of living pressed in upon the individual until it became an obsession.

Extroversion is the obsession of the West. It is the belief that men conquer all by conquering others.

This belief carries itself into many departments of our living, many more than we realize. Our religion is largely a dictatorial concept. We would have our religion great by converting the heathen. The hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldier" is an idea of world conquest in the name of spiritual conviction.



Radio stations broadcasting religious programs will tell you that the army of the faithful is preparing to take over. Making the world safe for the super-German state, for Facism, is little different from making all the world Christian, whether it will or no. No one is asking to be converted. But, salvation, like political ideologies, is to be forced upon a billion or more humans for their own good. The policy is the same, although we do not recognize it.

In the policy of our economic theory, we would also bend the world to our purposes. We would force our great ideas upon others, whether they can be fitted to them or not. In our extroversion we regard the day well spent when we bend the wills of others to our purpose.

We find this tendency even when in a group we gather for a quiet discussion around the artificial fireplace. Whatever the argument, success is to talk the other man down to a state of silence; when we have him speechless we have won. The supreme victory is to force him to agree with us. We just know he should, whether he does or not! It has never occurred to us to try to understand his point of view. In our world every man is a minority, and the duty of the minority is to bend to the will of the majority. And each man in his own ego is a majority.

In our theoretical process of living, every thought we have is expressed in terms of domination of externals, of possession of externals, and in administration of externals. The individual becomes happy by becoming successful, and success is always in terms of visible, tangible, external things possessed or dominated. In its inevitable extreme the effort of the individual is to domi-

nate everything else. If to dominate something is good, to dominate all is obviously better. The reward is a periodical projection of individuals of inordinate ambitions. The Napoleons, the Caesars, the Hitlers, and in other forms, the great political, economic, and industrial combines, and even great religions, which are closed groups—these are the results of this viewpoint.

The next best in accomplishment within this policy is to force our opinion upon other persons. This is the way to prove we are superior.

Our educational theory proceeds from the same point of view, the aim not being to educate the individual to his needs, but to educate him according to our dictatorial concept of his needs. We are a people who create with great intensity a complex problem in which nothing works right; we then proceed to educate millions of young people in this very doctrine of fallacy; it has failed for us and will fail for them; but we must perpetuate it, to preserve the strength of our own ego. Most of our economists during the great depression suffered from deflation of the ego. It was a most painful ailment to one of them, who early said to me, "I am losing confidence in myself." Well, why? He had made a series of very solemn pronouncements concerning the rise of the stock market just a few days before the bottom fell out. With the horrible cataclysmic discovery that his own opinions were not infallible, life to him was no longer worth living. He was wrong; and to have to accept that he could be in error was almost too much to bear.

Wherever we create external conditions of an artificial character and try to force them to become facts, we finally come into conflict with Nature, where nothing is a fact unless it is so. One of the things we have not yet learned is to accept the dictums of Nature in business. We are constantly trying to sustain institutions and ideologies that are contrary to Nature's dictum. Of course they collapse. And although we try to bolster them up, because we are extro-

verts and have invested ourselves in externals, we have great difficulty in surviving these externals, which we have come to regard as rotating on the axis of the factual world.

Now, go over to the Asiatic front, and we'll find that basically and primarily the peoples there are concerned with the curious egocentricity of their own internal life. The Oriental is self-centered in a way quite different from our concept of self-centeredness. That does not mean that his virtues are necessarily greater than ours, but simply are different from ours. The Oriental makes his mistakes in the same way we do, only he makes them by going off the deep end of his own introversional attitudes.

Almost from the beginning of time, the Oriental has been dominated by foreign powers. Even such an old and stable civilization as China has been ruled by its own people only at rare intervals. Its history is one of it ever being easy for a foreign power to come in. China has been ruled by the Chinese only occasionally, and when it was ruled by the Chinese it was ruled badly, with the possible exception of the reign of the first Emperor of the Ming Dynasty. China has had almost an unbroken record of corruption.

India, at the very beginning of its life, seemed to be more fortunate; but for a long time now India has been variously divided. When ruled by a foreign power it has been exploited; whatever happens, it seems to be governed badly.

Other civilizations in Asia are about in the same condition. Wherever the areas have been accessible, foreign powers have come in and taken over the political life of Asiatic peoples.

This is not particularly pleasing to the Asiatics. And if various European nations are regarded as creating empires at the expense of Asia, with scarcely any important power of Europe excepted, it is equally true that every important economic interest in America has had its finger in the Asiatic pie at

some time. Why has this been? Well, in a large measure it is due primarily to the basic attitude of the Asiatic peoples themselves.

Let us be fair with this problem. Let us realize, just as Plato explained years and years ago, that if a man does not do anything with his own backyard, there is a question whether or not his industrious neighbor is not justified in planting a garden there. Plato thus declared that things belonged to those who used them well. Modern politics has tilted this into the paraphrase: "Things belong to those who abuse them well."

The introversion type of mind, which is Asia's, entirely locked in the problems of its own internal life, accomplishes certain distinct results. These results are most likely to be in the field of literature, art, music, and religion. The creative arts belong to the introvert, because creative impulses must be matured within the consciousness. The extrovert releases his impulses long before he has a chance to mature them. The great arts, like wine, must be aged in wood; they must be perfected internally, matured and mellowed before they are released. The extrovert has no time for that; therefore his art, his literature, his music and his philosophy and his religion have languished. This is observable with all Occidental people.

On the other hand, with the introvert, it is his economics, his politics, his industry, and very often his exact sciences that have languished. Very few of the exact sciences have been developed in Asia. The philosophic truths behind the sciences have been preserved, but someone sufficiently extroverted is required to mature these by laboratory technic. The laboratory must be conducted by an individual whose consciousness is directed toward research, and away from himself.

In China, India, Mongolia, Tibet, and to a large degree throughout Afghanistan and the Near East, there have been great cultural motions, great emotional motions, the rise of mysticism, the rise of philosophy, and of great abstract pat-

terns. Chinese paintings and sculptures are probably the finest in the world. Orientals shape porcelain in the most exquisite forms, their poetry is the most beautiful in the world, and yet these are often created by individuals comparatively ignorant of all the simple problems of physical survival. The West reveals the opposite, in individuals who have perfected physical survival and are comparatively ignorant of every mystical and superphysical value in life.

When our typical good, practical business man, through contact with depression or some circumstance or tragedy in his personal life, has revealed to him positively the inadequacy of economics to solve his personal problems, and then becomes interested in mysticism, his business suffers. If mysticism is to be the most important thing in his life, he must devote his undivided attention to it. When his attention is divided by conflict of conditions he is likely to lose money. That is why most Western people approach mysticism with scepticism. They find it expensive. They find they are no longer able to exploit with clear conscience, as they did before. They find it is not easy to be selfish and happy at the same time. It is not easy to give up selfishness when you want things. When you begin to hear the weak, small voice—which with most people is very weak and very small—it complicates everything; you begin to feel uncomfortable. When you realize something inside of you is saying, "You should not foreclose that mortgage", when it is undeniably good business sense to foreclose it, the conflict is uncomfortable. And, when the Western man approaches mysticism he approaches something that conflicts not only with



his personal experiences but with his whole pattern of civilization. He finds he is out of key, out of step, out of tune with his world, for he has begun to think under the surface of things.

When the Oriental, on the other hand, takes up the problem of economics he is out of key and harmony with all the traditions of his people. Now of course, Asia has the wise proviso of the caste system, which came early in the development of its civilization and has helped a lot. The caste system as an arbitrary political dictum was tyranny; but the caste system intelligently applied and intelligently understood is one of the most rational of all theories. Whoever invented the caste system had something. His basic idea was very important; he recognized (whether from divine inspiration or from common sense) that human beings were divided into groups, that disaster would follow if all members of a civilization should get the same fixation. A good example of that has been our modern theory of education, which is that every boy or girl should have a college education, have a Phi Beta Kappa key, and enter one of three or four learned professions. We have had little belief in the sovereign dignity of the crafts and trades, we have managed to forget that to be a good farmer is important. There was a time when the blacksmith who could shoe a horse well was an honored citizen, men took off their hats to him; now he would be regarded as a lowly ironworker, one of the inferior types of tradespeople.

The caste system is based upon the dignity of various kinds of necessary labor, with recognition to the importance of dividing up human effort so as not have a hopeless surplus of some things and a complete lack of others. Theoretically, it was a wonderful idea. But it also gave glorious opportunity for exploitation, and the privileged class used it as a method of dominating those less privileged. Theoretically the idea is sound nevertheless. In India, for example, the military class fought

if it wanted to fight, but it never interfered with the running of the country or anything of that kind; and in the trades class a good silversmith or copper-smith was just as important a man as a lawyer or a doctor. There was pride in supreme achievement in any field.

That is gone from our Western life; we are having and will continue to have increasing difficulty in taking care of some of the necessities, as we so load ourselves up with highly cultured individuals that we cannot find a plumber high or low. This state of affairs is complicated by restrictions under which we can no longer import comparatively ignorant labor by immigration. In the old days all we had to do was lift the immigration barriers and let in a few million more peasants from less advanced countries who were willing to come in and do our heavy work. With the 'less advanced' countries disappearing, there is no solution left but to mechanize our problems so all the hard work will be done by machinery. No one wants to do it any more. And probably the reason is, the human mind is unfolding constantly, and individual genius is releasing itself constantly, and so human beings are no longer inclined to devote themselves to monotonous routine; they want creative activity. That is evolution.

Evolution is constantly presenting problems we can not solve. On the other side of the world evolution is producing factories; over here, evolution is getting us out of factories. Over here, evolution is toward the creative. In Asia it is toward economics.

As every great order reaches out to complement itself, it sets up a conflict between internal impulse and external purpose. The great pressure groups of the Western Hemisphere have created a mass hypnosis that is affecting nearly all kinds of less advanced people, so-called. Hypnotized by the success, wealth, and grandeur of our Western civilization, these rising peoples have been trying to copy from us, on the assumption if it worked for us it will work for

them. This is a supreme fallacy. A civilization can never be copied; it must be evolved from within the people themselves. To impose an order of thought, or an order of political existence, upon a people which has not evolved this order from within its own consciousness, is tyranny and despotism. That is the reason why a good government by a foreign power is despotism, and a bad government by its own people is liberty.

Consider this from the human point of view. If we took an individual, a psychic, an introvert, as Asia is, and imposed upon him a formula of extroversion which he had never experienced himself, but which we convinced him would make him successful, the unfortunate introvert would end up a complete mental case. Extroversion is only to be brought about by a process of gradual outward expression. Release from introversion and transfer into extroversion is mentally almost the same process as being born into the physical world. It would require of you a process of orientation, in a process of moving out from yourself along lines consistent with your own determination, and acceptable to your own sense of values, and agreeable to your own emotional reflexes.

Asia is now externalizing; and it must not simply copy something else.

I am here reminded of a missionary discussing a religious problem with an agnostic—the missionary said that for twenty-five years he had been working at converting the heathen Red Man. The agnostic said, "Well, do they convert?" The missionary thought yes, they did. "Well, how many?" His reply was, "Well, I am pretty sure of one." Said the agnostic, "And you've been at it twenty-five years? And you get from your church a couple of thousands of dollars a year? It has cost your church fifty thousand dollars to convert one Red Man! Are you sure you converted him?" The missionary thought for a moment. "Well not absolutely. He will probably slip back if I leave him alone a while."



You can not force a religion upon another and make it stick. Either of two things happens: the new religion is re-interpreted by the learner's mind until it is identical with the old one; or else it is gradually rejected.

A great many Chinese have supposedly been converted to Christianity, but what they have done actually is to apply the name Christianity to their own Taoist belief—they have not been converted at all; they have merely accepted a new name for something they have always believed. Not all of them know this, but it is true. They have accepted Christianity by interpreting it in the terms of their own belief. You cannot accept wholly that which is dissimilar to your own personal experience.

A prominent native of China was educated at Heidelberg, and in the process he lost the basic ingredient of remaining Chinese; now trying to interpret his own people, he is doing it with a Heidelberg accent; he has lost his own people; he is neither of East nor West. This is what happens when these two civilizations meet. And so we talk about the inscrutable East, when there is nothing very inscrutable about it; the problem is mostly of it being difficult for one person to understand another who has different ideals and convictions.

This problem is now arising in the proportions of a world pattern, and there is no question but that Asia is coming forward. Occidental peoples are going back, losing ground. We are losing ground because our extroversion-al point of view does not give us enough basic material upon which to build a civilization. We cannot build one wholly upon externals. For externals collapse when they are challenged by internals.



As individuals we have been trying to be happy by a series of external experiences. We never finish up by being happy, for we build almost entirely upon the strength of things we have. We have put a lot of faith, for instance, in our monetary superiority. We think we have the wealth of the world?—only so long as the world acknowledges that what we have *is* wealth!

We can believe that we dominate through the great institutionalized systems which we have built up; but such externals are important only so long as their importance is acknowledged. And when the values we have bestowed upon them are artificial, the mere denying of these artificial values eliminates them.

An individual is neither rich nor poor because of what he has. He is rich or poor by what he is. The realization is needed that our western civilization must either build up an internal sense of values, or else the whole theory of our way of life will collapse.

Ten years ago, if you talked about ethics it was regarded as a 'sickly sort of mysticism.' Ethics was something you could afford if you had everything else you wanted. Otherwise, it was an embarrassing handicap along the way of progress. If you talked about ethics and ideals, people looked at you as though you were mentally deficient. One thing was important, and that was success. There was one rule of life, and that was to get what you could, while you could get it. But now has come the war, and all of a sudden people are talking about ethics, and about integrity, and about consecration to ideals. But our past training has missed, our education has carefully ignored such things. Now, when we have a crying need for ethics, we seem to be a little short of it.

When we should have been developing it, we regarded it as a sickly overtone, impractical to our western culture.

And even as we suddenly realize that it is the most important thing in the world, all through our war industries and great problems of national defence there are innumerable bottlenecks caused by the lack of ethics, lack of patriotism, lack of willingness to sacrifice, and lack of basic integrity. It is these intangibles of character, which seemed so abstract and impractical when we have talked about them, that can be the breakers or makers of our civilization. Civilizations are destroyed by intangibles. How right were the old classical philosophers when they said the visible world is an illusion suspended from spiritual facts!

Relating this to the Oriental problem, we must acknowledge that peoples of the East are tremendously advanced in certain emotional and cultural truths. They are as certain of their spiritual truths as we are of our economics. But they have failed in the simple problems of application, in never interpreting spiritual values in the terms of physical progress. The Oriental is as selfish as the Occidental, but in a different way. The Occidental is selfish in what he has; the Oriental is selfish in what he is.

The great limitation of the Oriental's perspective has always been that he has regarded culture as something personal to himself. The Chinese poet wrote magnificently and was appreciated by other scholars; but he never made any particular application of his own knowledge to the problem of the common good. The Chinese scholar remained totally without social consciousness, and so too the Hindu Rajah and the Brahmin priest. These were persons completely without the realization that a physical foundation can be eliminated by the lack of proper physical consciousness, and also that spiritual culture can perish from the world by the lack of an appropriate physical vehicle. The West built the vehicle and put nothing

in it. Asia had a very large load of material and no cart to put in it.

But the danger to the Western civilization is that the Oriental, being a mystic, has done first things first.

With a spiritual culture laid down, now the Oriental must build a material culture to supplement it. That is the natural motion of cause to effect.

In the West we have built our physical vehicle first, and now we must try to capture our spiritual truths. And this is far more difficult and complicated than is the Oriental's way.

The Oriental works from the great spiritual truths of life downward into matter. This enables him to build a civilization that is the exact physical counterpart of his spiritual existence. But we have built our physical civilization without any consideration of spiritual values, and as we reach up toward the spiritual, we are likely to find these values are out of kilter with our physical structures. In order to spiritualize the West we would have to tear it to pieces; for we have begun at the wrong end. Spiritualization is thus something we view as a constant process of reformation.

The word "reformation" is to us a very familiar one, but it is almost unknown in Asia. Things do not have to be reformed unless they have been done badly in the first place. Western life measures growth by a series of reformations, a process of correcting mistakes all along the way. Our task is to gradually unfold a spiritual condition out of a structure that is badly designed for the very purpose we want to accomplish.

The East is in a far better condition. With the exception of a small amount of culture it has taken on from us, the East has not made the errors that we have. Asia having avoided large errors can create its own system without having to tear one down. It does not have to work through a doctrine of fallacy, as we have to do.

A major error has been the Occidental love of war within its own races. In a



series of great wars, lasting generations, Western civilization has been weakening itself. And we can look back even to the Roman Empire destroying itself; for it was not destroyed by a foreign power.

Up to the present war Asia has had very little actual participation in the dominating world politics, Western politics. If that is changing now, by the same token Asia has long been comparatively free from Western influence on the life of its people; we may have dominated it to some degree, but we never were able to change the basic attitude of the average Asiatic person. Only one nation tried to take on our viewpoint enthusiastically, Japan; it tried desperately to be Occidental. But even to Japan, shortly before the war, came a definite realization that a westernized Japan, Americanized or Occidentalized, was not going to work. We know it was bitten by the ambition bug, and that is very largely an Occidental germ; through a period of prejudice and disaster Japan will now have to stagger, before the far off day will come when it will be allowed to establish itself in the family of nations.

In the next ten years we will have to rebuild a world civilization. I hope for some psychologists and even philosophers to be among those appointed to administer this problem. Without them we are just going to get into more trouble. The relationships of human beings, whether nations or families, cannot be administered by politicians of the type the world has produced in the last 250 years. The problem is one for scholars, and some day we are going to have to recognize again the dynamic fact of the intellectual intangible. When world leaders come together to try to

patch up this disaster their task will be to lay the foundation for long range politics. They will have to realize that the required forces must be brought about from within the people themselves, and not imposed upon them by legislation.

The plebescites attempted after the first World War showed how inadequate is control by externals in the hands of the people. We are thinking now of a world police force, and yet a prominent officer on the police force of a large city has stated that a police force in a city is an indictment against the religion and ethics of that city. In other words, a police force is not a solution to crime. It never has been and never will be. It controls a certain amount of violence, and is necessary under existing conditions, but it is not solutional. It is almost certain that there will be two or three murders reported on the morning following newspaper accounts of the execution of a criminal. The gallows does not frighten criminals. A police force is no more a solution to crime than the poor farm is a solution to the economic problem, or the county hospital is a solution to the health problem. We are trying constantly to solve the problems of this world by policing the bad boys, in the same way that we try to control juvenile delinquencies by policemen on the corner watching for boys stealing peanuts; and neither is a solution, it is merely a temporary remedy.

We point with pride to the great philanthropist who gives away five or ten million dollars to help the less fortunate. Charity is not a solution to anything. The problem will never be solved until there exists no such thing as the less fortunate. Charity does not solve govern-

ty, punishment does not solve crime; but we do not know what else to do, for this is all we have been educated to do. So we fall back on a plan to keep a standing army of a couple of million men somewhere to take care of Peck's Bad Boy and the peck of other bad boys. We'll police all peoples.

We will first perhaps try to make a great word plan. We will sit at a council table and figure how to iron out the troubles of the earth. At that table will be Orientals and Occidentals. Japan in all probability will be there in the end. All peoples will be represented by rulers or statesmen—administrating, promising, wondering, crossing and double-crossing. And they of course will be scheming and conniving to accomplish their own particular purposes, plotting with a good conscience, the same as always. Even if they are absolutely honest—wonderful thought! millenium interpretation!—most of them are sure to say to the council: "Count on my people to stand right behind us; my country is with me to a man!" They'll say that, but the truth is, no people has ever been back of any country since the beginning of time! Leaders always promise to do thus and so, but whatever it is, it is not done, because back of the promise is populace lethargy. World problems will not be solved except by creating a solution up through and out through the people themselves; and so, no postwar program can be successful unless at least three and probably five generations of social conditioning goes with it.

The way of that conditioning would be the one used in Central Europe to condition Nazi minds. There the circulation of an ideology began in the public schools, began with the small child; which is where we will have to



begin, and educate not only our own people but the peoples of the world. And we will have to have five generations of the consciousness concept of democratic cooperation before we can create a world capable of mental and emotional tolerance.

It has to be done. It could start with a postwar international planning commission devising a world concept of education, a world concept of internal relationships. Teaching it would have to start in the first grade of the public schools. There is no use trying to impose it from the top. It would be pointless to issue an edict that beginning at half past nine tomorrow we are all going to be good friends; it will not work. There is no way of making it work because it is contrary to every instinct born in us. We are trained from the cradle to be selfish. There is no use telling us suddenly to be unselfish.

What we have to do, Asia does not have to do. The great democracy of Asia is going to be an Asiatic democracy, and not a Western democracy; we cannot impose our rules upon Asia. We can contribute however toward the release of the Asiatic ideologies that are compatible with a world system of peace and cooperation.

Walking around, talking with friends, acquaintances, taxicab drivers, listening to people on street corners or to comments over the radio, you become more and more aware that the average person does not know what democracy is. He does not know what it means to be tolerant; his mental vision is myopic in international perspective. Totally beyond his experience is a good neighbor policy, and his idea of a proper world system is one in which he can do as he pleases and everyone else will like it. A good neighbor is one who has patience with us. As one person said, "I have an excellent neighbor next door; he never bothers me." He had given no thought to whether he bothered his neighbor.

We have no conception of what it means for nations and races to get together. We haven't yet learned to solve

the problems of our own family, which is the basic unit of discord in most cases. So we are hardly equipped to solve the problems of our own community or neighborhood. There's the neighbor who *grrms* the self-starter of his car at five o'clock in the morning when we want to sleep. The neighbor who is always borrowing something and never bringing it back. The other neighbor who insists on playing his radio until three o'clock in the morning. Neighbors, neighbors, each with his own personal interest. One is perfectly willing to permit his dog to play in our backyard. Another borrows an egg and very meticulously returns it, then imposes on us in a larger manner and pays no attention. And there are the inevitable strangers who insist on reading our newspaper over our shoulder in the street car; the ones who push and shove; the motorist who tries to get to the corner first; the driver who thinks he owns the road—all neighbors who give us the hundreds of problems that make up the life of a commonwealth. And what of our own personal family problems? Never mention the Methodists to Uncle Ebenezer; he is sensitive. Do not discuss Willkie with Cousin Ambrose; he does not like him. Do not discuss Roosevelt with Aunt Jane; she does not like him. Do not discuss *anything* with Grandfather; he is against everything. When the relatives gather for Thanksgiving dinner, and no one dares to say more than to discuss the weather, you have a miniature League of Nations; and too, unless we are very careful, a miniature of the Postwar Planning Commission.

The word will be passed around: Do not discuss religion in front of the Russian delegates; do not discuss the British Empire in the presence of the Indian delegates—and so on.

How the delegates will be appointed will be another problem. We know by experience the chances for representation or misrepresentation of constituencies. When these groups gather they are going to represent a gamut of biases never

corrected in human nature. And, the interesting point is, Asia will have the top hand; because Asia has less to unlearn than we have.

This postwar day will be one when those who have not done anything will be, apparently, in a better position—at least, temporarily. To make things right we will have to undo much that is cherished error. The problem of revising the Bible shows how difficult it is to do this. For the last hundred years we have been trying to get out an edition of the Bible that is reasonably correct; but nobody wants it. What's wanted is the good old King James version, every jot and tittle of it, because most people are convinced that God dictated the Bible to King James in English.

Now, if you can not get a correct translation of an existing work when the manuscripts are available, how are you going to work with the deeply seated prejudices of human beings, especially when they are so lacking in a common denominator? The only answer is, out of this last fifty years or so of research has come the solution, but we have not recognized it. "No problem is presented to man without the solution being presented with it"—that is a true saying, if we can recognize the solution when presented. The solution to this whole problem which has been given to us is the basic science which we now call psychology, and which has been evolved in the last fifty years. Psychology is the first systematic effort to analyze human thinking. Philosophy generalized and laid the foundation upon which psychology has been developed, and psychology can be the basic science of human tolerance, because it is the one department of knowledge capable of seeing how other human beings tick, what makes them work, where the mainspring is.

Psychology should no longer be regarded as a supplementary branch of higher education; it should be an absolute requisite of education from the grammar school up. It should be the beginning of our entire theory of school-

ing, because today the most important form of knowledge is to find out how other people think.

It is important to know that two and two make four; but it is more important to be able to bridge the interval between yourself and someone else. Cooperation, world coordination, setting up the great family of nations—this is a dream that depends for its fulfillment on the ability of the average man to bridge the interval between himself and someone else, and no longer to think about people but with people!

It is difficult for us to get a start on this. We have been brought up in an isolationist mental policy which we have held to for five centuries. We have to get away from this individualized isolation before we can get away from international isolation.

Internationalism is possible only as a composite of individuals. Optimistic, hopeful, and inspired as we are at this time, especially during the war, if we look around among these peoples who are voting for cooperation we will find as individuals they do not want to be cooperative. As long as the farmers in the Mid-West do not want to cooperate with the cotton growers in the South; as long as the business men on the Pacific Coast do not want to cooperate with business practices on the Atlantic Coast, and as long as our policy is based upon the fear of mutual economic exploitation, unity can not be achieved. I have talked to a number of the young men who are going off to war, and they say: "When we come back things are going to be different. We are not going out and take our chances on being killed to sustain the selfishness of people back home." They are beginning to think. They are beginning to realize that the cause for which they are fighting has never been clearly stated by the very people they are attempting to protect. And, unfortunately and lamentably, the majority of people do not know what the world struggle is all about; and a great many are still assessing it as a magnificent opportunity for private profit.

Asia has a different psychology. If we do not corrupt it, their psychology will bring their culture down to their material life. The Asiatic wants to live in the physical world in the terms of art, sculpture, literature, philosophy, and religion. What we want to do is live in the spiritual world—in terms of economics and industrialism. To us, heaven is a highly glorified First National Bank. The Oriental's idea of the world is a physical form of poetry; he wants to see his world emerging as a safe place for the functioning of the creative arts. He has this conviction because he is now extroverting from within himself.

The Oriental has always been willing to spend money for beauty; always he has been ready to pay a tremendous price in physical things for anything that satisfied his soul, this being his introversion. But he is gradually extroverting from that premise. His civilization, if he builds it in his own way, is going to be a world safe for his mystical overtones. The world we have thought of is one safe for physical extension and expansion. Some day these two violently opposed factors are going to meet in an effort to plan a world. This meeting is going to be loaded with potentials for world peace in centuries to come, or with the certainty of another world war. It depends upon how these two policies meet.

The East is willing to die for an idea. That is proven by Russia, perfectly willing to sacrifice everything for its ideology. Russia has proved its complete realism. We do not realize the reality of ideals as Russia does. We do not realize that a conviction is more important than a bank account. We talk about it, but we do not realize it. We have never accepted the dynamic realities of intangibles. If we are looking for them, we are not finding them.

Oriental civilization rests in two tremendous qualities: One is the willingness to sacrifice all for convictions. The second is infinite patience, in a concept of an eternity of time in which to

achieve. Conviction plus patience is an almost unbeatable combination.

As the Russian policy about its basic ideology is absolute realism, so does this same conviction extend throughout Asia. China is willing to expend fifty million lives to achieve the dream of China. India was perfectly willing to sacrifice its trades and industries for the ideals of Gandhi. All Asia is moved by ideology. Asia is the servant of dramatic personalities who epitomize themselves in great convictions. This is the great motivating power of Asia. No possible political force or economic interest could have created in India what Gandhi achieved without any political machinery whatsoever, but by the dramatic statement of an ideology. In Russia the 175,000,000 Russians actually live the ideology of communal life. These convictions represent the Asiatic as one posited in the introversional sphere of personal conviction. What he *believes* is all important. Contrast this with the Western point of view: What *I have* must be protected. We of the West think in terms of things possessed; our ideology is not interpreted in terms of basic convictions, but in terms of economic consequences.

One man said to me several years ago, "Why should I study philosophy? Can you show me any man who has made a million dollars as the result of studying philosophy?" The Oriental would have said: "If your philosophy will improve me, I will give a million dollars for it."

The conflict of ideals *versus* what we might term utilities, is the problem world leaders will have to face at some future council table. The East must make Eastern civilization safe for Eastern ideals. The West will have to make Western ideals safe for the world. Orientals will have to change their physical structure. We have to change our metaphysical premise. Our thoughtful men are going to be confronted with the thoughtfulness of Asia, and it is going to challenge us. The Asia of a colonial empire is going. Asia is rising in her

power and right to profit by our mistakes where we are unable to.

And out of a newly developed hemispherical theory is going to come the possibility of these great powers having their own real existences. Then there will be a competition based upon merit alone. And we have to deepen our ideologies if we expect to win. We can win the war with physical strength, but spiritual strength is necessary to reconstruct the world. Had this spiritual strength been present it could have prevented the war. One great spiritual leader in our Western civilization could have prevented the war. One great spiritual conviction held in common by our people—I mean the people of Europe and America—would have made the little dictator farce ridiculous. It became so tremendous only because it was the peculiar conviction of the majority of the people. It became a menace only when the conviction of one man interfered with the convictions of other men.

So we are faced with the problem of getting down to the source and root. To do that we must recognize the necessity of peoples emerging according to their own needs. We have to realize that the problem of the East is to create a vehicle for its ideology. And that the problem of the West is to create an ideology worthy of the immense physical structure we have built up. In that process we shall very likely discard a great deal of this physical structure, because it is a load and not a help. The East has a plan which it has not executed; and the West has executed without a plan.

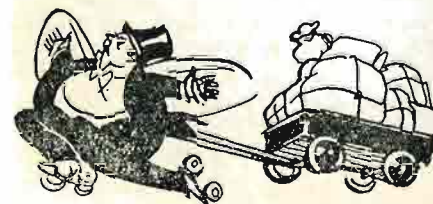
The Western world must have a constructive purpose and plan or it will

perish. The Eastern world must develop a vehicle for its plan, one strong enough to sustain its great ethical tradition. And then out of it all must come one thing we need more than anything else, and that is a universal tolerance which will enable all peoples of all races and nations to think in terms of world planning.

To achieve this we must begin in the home with small children being taught inter-hemispherical thinking; with the school teaching viewpoints other than our own, emphasizing the great universal democracy of human purpose; with the churches teaching the integrity of the religions of other peoples; and with our economics based upon the rights of individuals to survive as an individual economic unity; with politics teaching the basic doctrine that it is the right of great and small nations to govern themselves according to their convictions, as long as those convictions do not interfere with other nations pursuing the same policy.

We have to be conditioned all the way through our struggle for a world viewpoint. And education, religion, the sciences and arts and the professions must lead the way, because they represent the intellectual over-strata from which the thinking of the average people must be derived. Leadership must become international, inter-racial, and inter-religious or it cannot meet the challenge of this present emergency. Our big problem is going to come in the fifty years after this war. We in this period will finally then discover how much we have learned from the catastrophe through which we are now passing.

(A PUBLIC LECTURE BY MANLY PALMER HALL.
Suggested reading: THE GURU; PURPOSEFUL LIVING LECTURES ON
ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY; THE PHOENIX)



- *Memory is not a record of fact, but a record of convictions, prejudices, attitudes, and illusions*

The Power of Memory

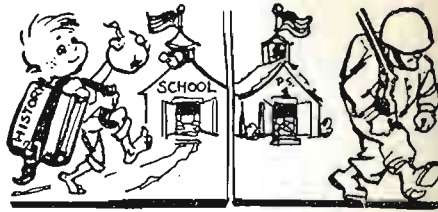
HISTORY is the record of memory from generation to generation. The larger implication of history is its philosophy. Its philosophy is the larger implication of its memory.

Not until men developed the power to perpetuate the records of their achievements were we able to estimate the larger patterns of cause and effect that have to do with our living. Only then were we able to grasp the implications of what the Ancients referred to as the correspondences between the Universe and man. We now realize that the life of a race or nation is the record of one vast entity, continuing on century after century, unfolding its power and its peculiar ability through the phenomena of racial development.

The record of this development is preserved for us in historical accounts, by these we may participate vicariously in the events of the past, know them to be the causes of our own present condition. History is a two-edged sword. History is the fountain-head of traditions; and traditions can either become great forces for good or great forces for evil. If, for example, we could blot out the traditions of history in Europe, so that the various European nations would have no memory of their own development and background, there would probably be fewer wars in Europe.

Wars can be, and often are, the direct result of tradition, the direct result of written historical records. By these are remembered the evils and afflictions of the past, and from them arise the cherished hopes of either righting these supposed wrongs or else avenging old disasters.

In the same way, in the life of the individual, memory can be the means for perpetuating grudges, feuds, dissension, ill-feeling, and ill-will. These are



sustained when memory overshadows the present and future with the negative forces of the past.

But tradition can also motivate a powerful good. By it are preserved for us the records of historic persons and heroes whose actions and deeds we might care to emulate. Modern life is in large percentage dominated by hero-worship, and the veneration and respect for those who have accomplished greatly in the past. The emotions of tradition can cause present accomplishment and future aspiration.

In the larger pattern, world history is that branch of learning which can reveal to us very clearly the record of cause and effect of Universal Law as it operates in the composite bodies of civilizations and races.

In the personal life of the individual memory can supply a great enrichment to the internal life. It provides the experience mechanism by which we can avoid the mistakes we have made before, but if we wish to develop it, it also insures for us a very rich inner consciousness. It makes us capable of adjustment to present misfortune by falling back upon the realization of things which we have done and known, of friendships we have created, of affections we have nurtured, and in various other ways memory can enrich us and give us the strength to face the present and future with a better hope.

Memory is the third faculty of the human mind, according to the great clas-

sical systems of philosophy. Thoughts entering the mind are received by various faculties of perception. New evidence relating to subjects of interest to us is perceived not by the senses but through the senses, where it enters what the Ancients called the anterior ventricle; but in some mysterious way outside phenomena is recorded, is received, is accepted and reaction established by the faculties of the mind; this new experience is filtered in, dominated either by interest or indifference. Subjects to which we are naturally indifferent make very slight impression, if any, upon the mind; those in which we are interested make a much deeper and greater impression.

Interest is either like or dislike. We are constantly perceiving those things which we desire to perceive, but also constantly perceiving those things which we most desire not to perceive. Favorable emphasis creates immediate attention. Interest is always attention. Indifference is lack of attention. Around us in our daily life are innumerable interesting things occurring constantly; but to these we do not react because they are outside the field of our interest. If, however, there is interest, then we are acutely aware, and we will select from a number of mental objects of sensory reflections those associated with our interest.

We look out on the street and see a hundred persons going by, and ninety-nine will mean nothing to us; but the hundredth person will attract our attention, because something about the person is reminiscent of something we are interested in. In the same way violent dislikes and antipathies cause acute awareness. Anything against which we have built a fixation, or a complex, or a phobia, will become painfully exaggerated when we come into the presence of it. Of a hundred qualities of human nature, we will contact those in which we are interested only; and because we have built a defense mechanism against qualities and attitudes which we do not like, we become painfully aware of the

presence of those attitudes. As a result, our likes or dislikes are the personal cause of the small facets which reflect their energy upon us.

An individual may have ninety qualities to which we are indifferent, nine which interest us, and one that violently opposes. Under such a compound as that, we are mostly likely to dislike the individual. For the one point on which we differ becomes intensely exaggerated, and not because the quality is exaggerated in him, but because the dislike is exaggerated in ourselves.

In dislikes of all kinds, the defense mechanism of resistance which we build against them is always magnified out of proportion. For instance, two persons may have entirely different attitudes toward a third person. To one, this third person is very objectionable; to the other, he is a bosom friend. And this is not because there is any basic difference in the attitude of this third person to either of the other two. He merely struck a fixation of dislike in one person; but the other person not having such fixation was capable of a friendly attitude. Basically then, likes and dislikes are more real in ourselves than they are in the person we like or dislike. If we like a person we will overlook all his faults; if we dislike a person we will overlook all his virtues. This is due to the peculiar mechanism of the mind; and a large part of the like and dislike mechanism of the mind is acted in the theater of memory.

Evidence is first accumulated in the perception faculties, and then it is weighed and estimated by the reflective or digestive and assimilative parts of the mind. These are those which the Ancients said were located in the second ventricle, or the mental part of the brain. So, either the obvious phenomena is broken down into things useful and things not useful; or things attractive or repulsive; or things imminent or not imminent; or things important or not important. Thus our tastes, dispositions, temperaments, and personalities all exist as censors over the evidence of things perceived.

You can begin to realize now that by the time an external evidence passes through all these different boards of censorship, a large part of the evidence is apt to be eliminated by the prejudices of the temperament. This brings us back to a basic philosophic definition known to all ancient people, and particularly emphasized in the Oriental teachings, and this is: Most of the physical world we see about us is an illusion. This is not because rocks and trees do not exist, but because the human mind is not interested in facts of existence; it is interested only in the overtones, in its own reaction to things.

The human being seldom, if ever, sees a thing as it is. He sees it as he thinks it is. Or expects it to be. Or fears it is.

The clear evidence that grass and trees grow, that birds fly, is simple and obvious, and of very little interest to us. When someone points out the obvious to us we say, "Any fool knows that." The facts of grass growing and birds flying are themselves not interesting. What does interest us are the conclusions we come to inside ourselves concerning these facts. One person who is emotionally addicted to the study of nature, goes into raptures over sunsets, trees, and flowers, becomes ecstatic over what to the farmer are normal facts of country life. But when the farmer comes to the city he is awed, amazed, and overwhelmed by great buildings and human achievements; and these have become monotonous and boring to the city dweller. Everything is either important or unimportant because of the overtones we attribute to it.

If we are keenly aware of the value of things, these things immediately become important; otherwise they are not important. If we are keenly aware only of certain values, we will pick them out and ignore the rest. The physical world is not important to us as it is; it is important to us as we think it is.



Our own thoughts, reactions, and reflexes upon life determine for us the values of life. The Ancients called the world an illusion because it is a very simple physical structure in itself, but no two human beings see it the same way, or derive the same lesson from it. According to each person's own understanding of life are bestowed upon these simple physical facts the values, overtones, and upper vibratory implications which are meaningful to each individual person.

It is while the external groups of facts are in the process of being assimilated that these bestowals of special values are made by the mind. We can truly take a series of phenomena, arrange them, distort them, change them, twist them, interpret them, reinterpret them, and misinterpret them until in final summary of the thing observed it fulfills our expectation. Whatever we expect it to be, it is. Whatever we do not expect it to be, it cannot be under any condition. According to our convictions we can either emphasize differences or unities. For a sectarian idea in religion we can discover a thousand ways to interpret it differently from conclusions of other sects. Or we can discover a number of ways in which it agrees.

As we change our opinions we are usually convinced that the universe is changing. When we have not liked a person, and then for some reason have come to like him, we are quite certain that person has changed. It never occurs to us our viewpoint has changed. Many persons have remarked to me recently how great number of folk have changed, when I am fully aware that the person who is speaking is the one who has changed. Because he is now different everything looks differently to him. In this, the magic mirror, is the magnificent mystery of the human mind always perceiving that which is expected.

If we expect trouble, it will not be far off; if we know things are going to go well, they do. If we approach problems hopefully, they solve themselves; if we approach them hopelessly, they do not solve themselves. In this way the

mind is indeed the slayer of reality. But it is also capable of being the preserver of reality. The mind which is the wisest is the one that can perceive the most constructive overtones. As one philosopher said, "If we must have illusions about things, let us have beautiful illusions about them, those which are the least likely to result in the suffering of others, or sorrow and suffering for ourselves."

After we have these phenomenal observations thoroughly assimilated—have fitted them into the pattern of our basic conviction—then our entire structure moves into what the Ancients called the third ventricle, which is memory. Here it is stored away in the substance and tradition of our living. Memory is not the remembering of facts. It is no more nor less than the perpetuation of our conviction concerning something. It is factually the careful storing away of our prejudices for future use. If by some chance we arrive at a reasonable interpretation of some fact, then in that particular our memory is honest. But our memory is not the record of fact, any more than history is a record of fact; memory is a record of convictions, prejudices, attitudes, conclusions, and illusions concerning facts. The finest histories of the Roman Empire are those written by historians who lived fifteen or sixteen centuries after the collapse of the Roman Empire. And yet they did not write the story of Rome, but the record of what they themselves thought Rome was. So, later histories are mostly fanciful, and earlier histories prejudiced. Out of this conglomeration is history born. History is a record of our prejudices and illusions concerning events. Memory is the back-through-the-years record of our prejudices and illusions concerning the incidents of our present lifetime.

Each of us therefore comes to the study of philosophy, or to the search of ideals, loaded with a peculiar package of memories and memory traditions. The repository of all this memory is the subconscious mind. In our physical life it is at first a comparatively simple



structure, and so the first impressions cast upon it, the first material to be stored in it, makes the greatest impression. Whatever the cycle of events, the circle of activities, it is the first activity in a series that makes the most profound impression. The first day at school is the most cataclysmic in our young lives. When we start to work it is the first day that creates the impressive scars in sensitive tissue. And in the various problems of life, the first experience ordinarily establishes the standard of estimation of that kind of problem. So the individual whose first experience in any field is unhappy, is likely to develop complexes against that entire field of activity.

A curious association lies within ourselves which is largely subconscious, and very important. It is, we are constantly building generals upon particulars. We should build particulars upon generals. Plato believed that all particular instances must be suspended from generals, or types, or archetypes, or general basic designs. Aristotle, on the other hand, believed in building generals from particulars. It is to be widely observed that all human beings are born naturally either Platonists or naturally Aristotelians.

In our daily experience we fall into the Aristotelian mode. A small boy is bitten by a dog. The reasoning he then sets up is like this: All dogs are like the dog that bit him, and therefore he is afraid of all dogs, for fear all of them will bite him. That is a general based upon a particular. If we assume that attitude we of course rapidly build up patterns and complexes in the memory ventricle of our mind; without realizing it, we evolve the process of disliking all of a kind because one of that kind has injured us, or failed us, or disappointed us.

A man developed a terrific astrological complex against one of the signs of the

zodiac, because that was the sign his wife was born under. He wouldn't knowingly speak to any persons born under that sign; they were all bad. This is typically creating a general from a particular. It is a favorite trick of the mind. We all do it in one way or another. A lawyer has been dishonest; *ergo*, all lawyers are dishonest. Our doctor does not do a good job; all doctors are incompetent. Or, all our religious neighbors are intolerant because two we know are. All members of a minority race are bad because we were cheated by one of them. It is one of the most simple and direct tricks of the subconscious to thus create a general from a particular.

This peculiar habit very often disappears from our conscious thinking processes and becomes subconscious. We find then that we instinctively dislike various persons and things for no good reason. And these dislikes being instinctual, we seldom make any effort to correct them. We assure ourselves that that is just the way we are, and our friends will have to forgive us; our enemies will never forgive us anyway; and since that is the way it is, the old saying, "I can't help it," is invoked to cover these and all similar mistakes. It is out of these prejudices that hang on to us we acquire a number of forms of mental astigmatism to afflict our present action and create illusional attitudes toward life. Everything that happens to us has to be filtered through this structure of prejudices, and it is a wonder anything survives.

Having stored up quantities of corrupt and perjured evidence for future reference, we are sure to begin building up that priceless thing our age is so proud of, experience. Experience could be a wonderful asset, if people as they advance in years would become more and more like Plato, and the experience records in themselves were honest. But the experience records of the average person are no more than opinions, transformed by time into tradition. They embrace an attitude rather than a fact. The attitude is supported by memory,

continuing to be based upon the same interpretation of evidence. The human mind is always proving that which we desire to prove, rejecting that which we would reject. A life once off on a bias will get more biases as it goes on, with everything that happens from the cradle to the grave made to sustain a bias. Things are always as we expect them to be, and the result is that experience, instead of enriching us, very often impoverishes us, and we die further from fact than we were when we were born. That is why one life is not enough to perfect any of us. Through coddling our prejudices, trying to live with our own conceits, attempting to be happy, and at the same time maintaining and preserving long lines of traditional, prejudiced opinions, the open, clear channel of thinking which is necessary to rational survival is almost invariably blocked before the individual reaches middle life.

Now, with all these mistakes that we so fondly make and preserve after we have made them, it might seem that memory is little less than a total loss. Well, there are cases where it is a total loss. Our only hope for these is that such a memory will make its possessor so uncomfortable that he will in time revolt against himself. With most persons the mind is not set enough to hold on to a conviction or prejudice without weakening somewhere along the line. This means, that in spite of ourselves most of us have our better moments; and in these better moments there are flashes of reality that bring some better quality to the substance of our memory; and to the degree that we are honestly trying to live beautifully or constructively are the reactions, bettered, as moments of true perception and even apperception come to us. In every life with its mixture of joy and sorrow there are oases of happiness. Every life has known times when things have been



the way we wanted them to be, the way they should be. These times may have been brief, and seem almost to have been lost in the welter of years of unhappiness and stress; but as we look back at those moments that were really important, to the times we cherish most completely, they are seen to be not so much the result then of better luck or easier living, or due to other people, being better to us, but the result of a moment of extension of consciousness within ourselves; they were moments when we were not selfish. It was not that other people were not selfish, but that we were more unselfish. We forgot ourselves for something bigger. We gave our lives and hearts and asked for nothing in return. It was in this identity that they were the most constructive and finest moments of our lives. Very few persons look back at their most prosperous years as the happiest ones. Happiness in almost every instance is due to something big the individual himself has done, and not the outcome of something big that has been done for him.

It is very useful as we get a little older to take a look back at the power of memory, to see what has resulted from the various attitudes and convictions we have held. It is quite possible that today we are more honest mentally than we were when younger. Perhaps today we have a little better perspective on life than we had twenty or more years ago; we can see how we could have done many things more wisely. But in taking that attitude let there be no note of repentance. We are not to be sorry that we did not do things better in the past, but glad that in the present we can do things more wisely. If we can not do things better today than we did twenty or more years ago, we owe ourselves a sad apology.

Merely to look back through memory is to realize that memory is going to endure. Memory is a very sensitive thing, and as advancing years limit more and more the external life of the individual and he knows he can no longer perform extrovertional occupations as

in earlier years, he becomes more and more associated with his own memory. When these are a rich, noble, gentle, wise group of recollections, they form one of the noblest and finest things we can carry with us into the years of more or less retrospective life; and we can face great age, and even the infirmities of age, with a much better hope if we have behind us a rich life of well organized, constructive, happy memories.

Some people try to divorce themselves entirely from memory mechanism, but this they cannot do. Nature gave us memory for a purpose and it must be fulfilled. Nature's clear intention is that the memory of our actions will either bless or plague us. Memory is the very substance of the purgatory of those who remember too much of that which is bad, for memory is closely linked to conscience; and even if conscience is nothing more than individual fear based upon the taboos of social custom, still the memory in conscience can do a great deal to glorify or blight an individual life. All in all, a good memory—I do not mean good in the special faculty of remembering—but a good memory in the sense of a well-filled past that is rich in things dreamed of and things done—rich not necessarily in larger accomplishment but in those small things that fulfill the need of the dreams of average folk—a rich memory blessed by the remembrance of persons known and loved, blessed by the memory of happy hours, constructive work, joyful recollections, everything rich with a gentle dignity of things done as well as we could do them—that kind of memory is a priceless thing to have. We know that memory survives the grave, and it is about all we can take out of this life; and so it is very important that we put that memory in the order that will send us forth rejoicing in the things we have done.

Persons getting along in years tell all sort of stories about memory. Some will tell you how their lives are plagued with hopeless remorse over the mistakes they have made, and there are many who have variously limited their living,



particularly if they are habitually religious. The religiously inclined are apt to believe that a cloistered, isolated existence, far away from life, is in itself something infinitely admirable. Yet the one sure reward of that idea is to lead an impoverished life. Solitude restricts the experience of living, retards the growth of the consciousness through the experience of memory, and leaves the cloistered one without practical knowledge with which to help others. The individual who has followed the hermit's mode and retired into a cave somewhere to get away from the sins of the world, is scarcely the person to give us advice and guidance in any practical matter. One who has lived an utterly vicarious life has not experienced anything himself; he has rejected the responsibilities of a natural life instead of mastering them. It is experience that dictates the constructive attitude, and the individual who wishes to be of service to his fellow man must develop a well balanced conviction of his own—one of deep and tolerant sympathy, of understanding and idealism that have resulted from having lived fully and well. It is from full living that we are given the kind of memory we can take with us across into another world. One elderly man whom I knew, whose life was full of material disasters, said before he passed on: "I have had a happy life. The world owes me nothing. I am glad I have lived, and everything that has happened to me has been good." That is the fruitful kind of memory to take out of this world, a memory enriched by sincere effort and by the enlightened reflection in mature years upon the experience of earlier effort.

Somewhere along the way each one of us has to clean house in the department of our own memory. There are things we have to throw out because they are useless baggage; such things as grudges held and nurtured have to be put in

order to protect ourselves; and if we do not do it because we have grown up to the point where we have learned to forgive our enemies, then we can do it because we are selfish enough to preserve our own integrity. In the background of every memory mechanism there is something that should be worked over, cleaned up, released, reinterpreted or seen from a different perspective.

Memory is closely related to chronic ailments. When you carry for many years inhibited emotional memories you are due to have chronic diseases. You cannot escape these, for they are the evidences of the way nature administers its purgatorial penalties. So, the quickest way to improve health is to get rid of destructive vibratory centers within ones self.

When clearing up these memory traditions and patterns, you may tell someone, "You had better get Uncle Ephraim out of your mind, because he is going to do nothing but give you inflammatory rheumatism," expect that the individual will look up at you with all the naivete of the new born babe, and say, "But I can't. I can't get him out of my mind. I would like to, but I can't. I think I will never think of him again; and just when I think I am never going to think of him again, I do." Well, that's what happens. Memory is an involuntary process; you can not turn it off when you want to. And that is good, even if it does not sound so. Memory has a curious little karmic twist in it. It will never permit you to forget anything you have not solved. It will not permit you to say, "I will pull down the curtain on Uncle Ephraim and forget him." Memory will not work that way. It has rules of its own. Memory will not let go of an unsolved problem.

The next thing to realize is that anything that is locked in memory can be solved within the individual himself. Our usual idea of solution is that someone else will do something. Our enemy will repent perhaps, and come on bended knee and we will be magnanimous and forgive him. But our enemy does not

come on bended knee. Sometimes he is dead; sometimes he has forgotten about the embittered incident; and very often, if he knew anything about it he would be glad to come on bended knee, because it does not mean anything to him and never has. Or, in other instances he would say, "No; that is my way of doing thus and so. Why should I repent?"

Outside reactions may seem solutional, but they have nothing to do with any incident it is locked within the memory. Once there, it must be solved by the individual himself. Repentance of any outside person, any change in anyone else's attitude, has nothing to do with a real solution. The solution is in the affected individual's own understanding being great enough to see all the elements of the case, in him being generous enough to forgive others instead of expecting others to beg for forgiveness, and until that individual practices his ideals of philosophic detachment, until he puts that thing straight as an experience in consciousness, the incident can never be forgotten. The solution always comes back as the responsibility of the person in whose life the problem exists. This does not seem to be true, and I have seen individuals rise up in righteous wrath about the whole idea; but it is inescapable that anything that goes wrong in our lives is our own fault—although there may seem to be a million reasons why it looks like someone else's.

As we go further along our viewpoints usually change. So if today we are really thoughtful, and would break down some of our prejudices we have been nourishing for years, we should be able to see the longtime absurdity of them, and their foolishness; even know that they could have been sustained only by a state of benightedness which we went through at some past time. Do that, and you begin to see many things in your memory that are not worth hanging on to. You can not refuse to remember. But you can slowly forget. Forget, that is, things no longer sustained by active function of the mind.

The reason memory goes on, is because it is eternally replenishing itself. Every time you remember a thing you reimpres it upon the substance of your mind, and so it can enter into a sort of vicious circle. But you can get to a point along the line where the incident is no longer very important, where you have seen it through clearly in all its elements and factors, and instead of continuing to be serious about it you can begin to smile a little when you think about it. Perhaps then you may become a little whimsical, and wonder how you could have been so stupid. Such a memory then becomes dim because it is no longer important to us. And when it ceases to be important it ceases to be a memory. Solution ends memory. That which is solved can no longer be important to our daily thinking. It goes back into another department, there to be absorbed into soul power.

Things remembered can never become the basis of growth until they are assimilated and put in order; and not until we have found the good in a memory can that memory become the basis of soul power. Until it is assimilated it is like a little red war savings stamp in the bond books; you do not get the government bond until they are all turned in. The government of our lives does not recognize investments we have made in experience until that particular experience is complete, until it has been turned in without further thought or emphasis as finished business. And not the kind of finished business that is qualified, "Well, I have forgiven Uncle Ephraim; but I do not want ever to speak to him again." Finished business has within it no unwillingness to maintain a simple human understanding.

This part of memory is very important because of the complicated patterns of living. The average individual has to live his years through a number of complex situations that challenge him, wherein he is seemingly the victim of innumerable conspiracies of Nature and the intent of other people. He must

realize that these experiences are required in the building up of character.

On a recent trip to Chicago I met two men on the train. Both of these men were born in the slums of Chicago, and there is probably no district tougher in the United States. They are today what is called self-made. One, a successful business man, had a kind of hard look about him, and he observed, in none too elegant English, that he saw no reason why he should not get everything he could as he went along; life had given him nothing other than what he took. As a boy he had stolen fruits from the neighboring grocer, because his family did not have enough money to buy fruit. Everyone he mingled with was poor and down-trodden, and he joined boy gangs, and they took



what they could get. They did not hesitate either to engage in larger crimes as opportunities afforded. He wound up as a post-graduate of the reform school. His philosophy of life is take what you can get, because no one will do anything for you if you are down. He was sure that this was what had made him a prosperous business man, on his way to Washington to iron out some difficulty over his income tax.

The second man was the train barber.

He spoke with a marked foreign accent although a native of the poor district of Chicago. As a boy he too had stolen fruit and vegetables, but had never joined a gang. His family reared him against a rather severe religious background, and although very poor they punished him heavily each time he stole anything. He left school at twelve and started selling newspapers, and finally, as the result of sheer will to become respectable and to overcome the limitations of poverty, lack of education, and a social environment that impelled to crime, he had achieved his own idea of self-made success. He is top barber on

The Chief, the fast train from the west to Chicago. But he is more than that; for his life has led to a steadfast mission. When he was about twenty years of age, he told me, he and six other boys from the same district had made a sort of resolution among themselves that they were going to give everything they could to the clearing up of the conditions under which they had grown up. Where they had lived it was easier to steal than to be honest; on all sides were encouragements to delinquency; a big bully ran the neighborhood. For nearly half a lifetime, this little barber had given all he could spare of his wages and unsparingly of his time to induce others to give their support to the building up of projects in the neighborhood where he was born. Gradually other men came into the group and they finally received national recognition and were sponsored at one time by Jane Addams of Hull House. As other men who had lived in the same environment came into their little circle, they built up and supplied new incentives and new educational opportunities for thousands of boys in this Chicago slum district. Not one of the workers had gone above the sixth grade in school, but could clearly express a mission and purpose for the underprivileged in life. They did not feel they had been cheated of the right to live. They did not feel the philosophy of getting all you can. They were happy. And so they had kept together for the best part of their lives, were still in contact after many, many years, working together for a better world, headed by the little barber on the train.

Here the same problem had been approached from two different viewpoints—one to get all you can; the other to give all you can. The man of business was utterly miserable, worried, feeling that he was being exploited on every hand. The little barber, who gave all he could of time and his tips, to help those boys in Chicago, was a happy man. He said, "I do not feel I have been short-changed by life, nor that I have been cheated out of anything. There are

some fine youngsters in that area and given advantages they will do more than I could. They may be the leaders of tomorrow." That is the type of man who out of a humble background is building the world of tomorrow.

When two such opposite types arise from similar experiences, memory is the keynote of the whole procedure. To one man, memory was full of bitterness. To the other, memory was a sad, gentle longing, which he wished to fulfill—for others. And we all have this power to take the same circumstances and change them completely by the attitudes and convictions of our own consciousness.

Memory is something we can dig into it as we would into a mine in the earth, to find in it the things that are rich and will make us rich in values. We can discover and uncover as we work all those inharmonious things, which, unknown to our conscious self, are constantly undermining us.

There cannot be one single bitter memory that does not hurt us. So if for no other reason, we should eliminate them out of the most selfish of motives. And also bear in mind that today is the basis of tomorrow's memory. Memories build up through the years to form a great overtone of life, which we can live again, and will. The memory of places we have been and persons we have known, live in our memories along with the illustrious dead, the great and the humble, the dear and the despised. Places that have vanished because of war and disaster, endure in the subtle substance of memory. We can visualize them again, live through them again, and if we desire, learn from them again. Many incidents that occurred years ago were not often very meaningful, now they may be. It is possible through memories to solve many questions and doubts, and thus enrich every part of our present consciousness.

One of the most important lines of writing is the biographical or the autobiographical. If generally, biography is regarded as in rather poor taste, there is value to an account of an interesting

life lived, not because of the one who lived it, but because of what happened. Through sharing and communicating memory and consciousness about things experienced, we participate in common in a certain type of knowledge. It is not possible for each of us to experience all things, and so it is important that we have the larger perspective of the experience of others in specialized fields to guide and assist us.

Most biographical material is of course biased. It is written from a prejudice or conviction, and not toward one. It is written either according to the attitudes



of the author or to express the peculiar convictions or prejudices of the author or those of the person described. Ordinarily we are required to discover through thoughtful consideration about how much of prejudice we must eliminate from the text in order to clarify these writings. Biography, the story of the experiences of some other human being who has faced problems and come through certain crises as the result of action, or has failed to come through as the result of wrong action, is a very fascinating subject. It is one the philosophically minded incline to ignore. But it is not wasted time to read the autobiography of someone who might be only a successful cattle raiser, if whatever he did, he did well. Knowing some one thing, he has something to pass on to the collective experience of our consciousness in vicarious enrichment of our lives. Such experience patterns of others will not be as substantial as our own, for we have not experienced them; but they do aid in enriching the viewpoint, give us a further tolerance in our estimation of character of others.

This brings us to an essential point; and that is, seldom do we think through convictions. Ordinarily we receive objective evidence by extending certain convictions out from ourselves mentally.

We pass judgment, so to speak, upon persons and things before the evidence is in. Particularly do we pass judgment upon the unknown, with a profound sense of prosperity and good conscience. We are much more apt to pass judgment upon the unknown than we are on the known.

A man goes to China and in two weeks thinks he knows all there is to know about China. If he lives there fifty years, he decides he knows very little about China. His first two weeks embrace a superficial estimation of externals, perhaps in broad perspective and to certain general conclusions. Then comes a point when he begins to realize there is no such thing as a correct general conclusion about anything. He becomes increasingly reticent about expressing himself as he becomes more and more aware of the innumerable fine points of psychology and philosophy that make up the Chinese personality. If after fifty years he knows very little about them, at the end of two weeks he knew it all.

Whoever it is we meet, the less we know of them the more we like them or dislike them for no clear reason. Closer observation then gives us deeper insight and perhaps leads us to study and analyze them as complex personalities. True values then gradually emerge, and we become less and less inclined to expression in broad, general statements. As with the majority of persons we encounter, so are incidents that enter our environment judged before the evidence is in, and this hasty judgment is repented at leisure. For in hasty judgments we eliminate much that is good, and through wrong decision we acquire much that is not useful to us.

It is no more than intelligent to study and consider motives and reasons for everything that happens. Instead of being impatient, we should wonder why things are as they are. When we look into the *why* of things we become greatly informed.

Instead of wishing things were different, by study of the advisability of why they are as they are, we are given new

insight. We soon rid ourselves of the belief that so many people have, that they were born under an unlucky star—the idea that others get along all right, but things always go wrong with us. Mountainous sighs, mighty self-pityings.—if we get these out of our minds, the idea that Nature is taking it out on us is replaced by a proper sense of values. Nature is not taking it out on anyone. All it is doing is exposing us to truth. Having a good time or a bad time is all in the reaction to this exposure. Truth always comes back. He who has once learned this as basic fact, stores up values that are endlessly constructive.

Many are the memory patterns that come to us out of the strange dark emptiness of our subconscious. Some memories are gentle and beautiful, some are wild and turbulent; some are memories of things we wish had never been; others show up a weakness that caused us to fail to do things we might have done. Still others point to things we have neglected, and things we have misinterpreted through our convictions, or what we have done to injure others, and what others have done to injure us; misplaced trusts and confidences are recalled, and dreams that have never been fulfilled, hopes and aspirations that have never come true—somewhere locked within each of us is a long pageantry of memory shadows.

Whether we know it or not, we live under the shadow of our own yesterdays. Every day we are adding something to that strange scroll of things remembered. And once added, it can never be changed. Yesterday is the repository of things that can never be changed. No effort of ours can ever vary the facts of them in any respect. The only thing we can do is change our perspective toward them.

By casting the light of reason from a different angle upon these memory facts we can cause them to appear differently to us. Or we can cause these not-facts to release themselves from the illusions that bind them. Out of experience we recognize the mistakes that they remind us of. They become like a book of

other people's deeds that we can study for our own profit. They are our own deeds, but having placed them in a vale beyond recall there is no longer any need to worry about what we can do about them. They have passed beyond human control; they cannot be unmade; they cannot be changed in any particular. All we can do is meditate upon them impersonally, search out their inner meaning, discover from them facts that will enrich us and inspire us to the accumulation of better and more constructive memories in the future.

It is truly constructive to explore the field of subconscious shadows, the ghost world of things that have been. Many important lessons are hidden among the many vital things we can learn about the ghosts that rattle their chains in this repository of our memories. One thing should stand forth supreme; it is, that life is a magnificent suspension between the personal and impersonal. If most of our troubles come from taking things too personally, some others are due to taking things too impersonally. Indifference is a kind of impersonality. We can be so completely impersonal at the wrong time that we impoverish ourselves, just as we can be overly personal at the right time and make everything go wrong. In suspension between these two factors, the human being is constantly attempting to create some personal link with the absolutely impersonal, trying in some way to modify the bond between externals and the overly personal, the intensely personal. Equilibrium will come if we will meditate and dream about it within ourselves; it will take the form of a sort of soft, warm, calm detachment, the gentle ability to be with things and not of them, to experience and learn from them without permitting them to incline us into some terrible grief, or remorse, or repentance—it will result in a kind of gentle seeing things as they are, a kindly acceptance of the lessons of life, in which we feel a certain fondness for these experiences that have been beautiful, fine, and noble in our lives. They will be remembered as almost sacred

interludes in a rather profane existence.

Yesterday is gone except for this link of memory. If this thin, shadowy dream that links us with yesterday snapped, yesterday would cease and vanish immediately. For it is gone, and nothing can be done about it. Nothing is less useful than living in the past. It is ours to appreciate, to understand, venerate, and release. So often we make the supreme mistake of trying to hold on to a happiness that becomes a burden by the very stress. Memories must be released. The faces of those who are gone must be released. We must no longer wish and yearn and long for the restoration of past conditions. We must not join that great majority who say, "If I could live my life over I would live it differently." So would everyone. It is a trite remark.

It is within our power to bring forward the richness that makes life more beautiful now, to bring forward nothing that overshadows the present with any bondage, limitation, or tie, or any attitude or conviction that is destructive. The old Mayan people every fifty years blotted out all private and community debts with the understanding that nothing was to be preserved beyond that length of time. This was to prevent old scores from being added to the future. It was one of their rules that every fifty years every man had to forgive his enemies, and no grudges, no feuds, could be perpetuated beyond that time.

They were a wise people to make that ruling, whereby no injustice of a previous cycle had any demand upon the present cycle. When we dislike something that happened 150 years ago, and dislike someone now because he belongs to a past offending race or nation, we are rather stupid, because he was not alive 150 years ago. Had he been, he



might have disliked the incident then as much as we do now. We cannot burden the unborn tomorrow with the mistakes of dead yesterday. We are beginning to realize that a little, but it is hard for us to realize it. In our present military alliances, we are having more trouble getting along with our allies than with our enemies, largely because we allow ourselves to be dominated by old grudges and traditions and forget that this is another world in which we live.

Traditions such as those which socially elevate descendants of those who came over in the Mayflower, and the direct descendants of the heroes of the Revolution, are not very meaningful unless they inspire us to carry on in a way wiser and nobler. Traditions that do not help, memories that do not help, should be understood thoroughly and in that way eliminated. They are resolved finally by the realization of what truth will do to them if you subject them to it. It breaks up dreams and shadows, it frees us from the overwhelming force of the yesterdays in our lives.

In these dreamings we have also the basis of human tolerance. Very few persons can look back in their own lives and not find that they did the very things they are likely to criticize others for doing. An especially popular problem, for example, is the delinquency of the younger generation. By the old cuneiform writings of Babylon we know that historians were then saying the younger generation was going to the dogs. The younger generation has always been going to the dogs, but it never quite gets there. And the reason why the younger generation causes so much trouble is, there are too many years between the younger generation and the older generation. If the older generation could remember back when it was the younger generation, it would remember it was doing the same things the younger generation is doing today; but time has mellowed that kind of remembrance because we love to forget,

if we can, those episodes not wholly to our credit.

If we begin to think a little, we begin to understand why our neighbor is not a perfect neighbor; it is because memory reminds us of the time when we were not a perfect neighbor. We remember that the time our little Willie was learning to play the clarinet was not good for anyone in the neighborhood. It seemed all right when it was our little Willie who wanted to play the clarinet. But when someone else's Willie wants to play it, that is different. This is the way of life.

We have all been guilty of the same things we criticize in other people. The only reason why we have been able to rationalize it out to the complete absolution of ourselves is because we know why we did not do the things we neglected. We know how it was not possible for us to do them. We know how it would have been a terrible inconvenience for us to have done certain things. And we can prove completely to our own satisfaction—but not to anyone else's—that we were doing the best we could. We can prove all that because we know the circumstances. But when someone else does it we do not know the circumstances, and we do not wish to know the circumstances. Therefore, we are in a position to make large, condemning remarks. Only if we think through these condemnations until we have a reasonable understanding of the other person's circumstance, will we be as tolerant with others as with ourselves. And that, of course, is very tolerant.

Most of the troubles we get into with others are due to our not understanding other persons and not trying to. Our own lives have been so restricted that we have not experienced much that has happened in the lives of others. It is because we have not lived fully ourselves, and have not a rich memory of diversified action, that we are intoler-



ant of others. A rich memory is the basis of tolerance. A rich memory causes us to realize the scrapes we got into, and also how we tried to get out of them the best we could. After all, there are only forty-three predicaments a human being can get into. Most persons, of course, get into all forty-three. Then too, they can be combined into various patterns, and they usually are. So most human beings have about the same experiences. It is by getting a nice, tolerant richness in these experiences when they happen to us, that we find a good, tolerant richness in these things when they happen to other people.

A good memory can help get rid of another problem, that of personal supersensitiveness. We are either without sensibility of any kind at all, or else our sensibility is extremely delicate. We are constantly being hurt, or else are constantly hurting someone else; and that gets the pattern of life pretty well distorted. Probably the main reason why we can hurt someone else is because our action is motivated by a lack of understanding, a lack of tolerance, and a lack of wisdom. We could very easily injure others or create the appearance of injury, then they would cooperate, and the injury would be complete. On the other hand, supersensitiveness causes us to resist experience because we simply are too delicate for it; our souls are too refined to bear the shock of unwelcome experience. We have to get over that too. We have to get so completely free of all these intemperances of the ego that we can receive experience, that we can receive correction, that we can receive discipline, that we can receive criticism without fluttering to pieces or becoming violently antagonistic to the

individual who brings these tests of the spirit to us.

We have to remember the only reason we are supersensitive to criticism is because we are egoistic. We do not like to admit we are wrong. We do not like to discern any imperfections in ourselves. A little study of memory could help a lot. It would remind us of so many imperfections that we would be a little more modest in that respect.

We may want to be a little helpful when we see other people doing the same things we did. It is difficult to help. Probably one of the kindest things we can do when a person seems to want an experience, is to let him have it. If we talk him out of it it will only impoverish him. Each generation must experience. We did not profit by the experience of our parents, so why should our children profit by ours? Each individual has to experience in his own way, and develop his own memory. It is the strength of this memory which will determine his future.

Out of all these considerations we know that person is the happiest whose memory content is the greatest, most filled with a diversity of experiences happy and unhappy. The happy ones are to be remembered as they were, as sources of constant pleasure. The unhappy ones are to be remembered for their lessons and discipline, and transmuted into soul power through understanding and wisdom. Out of memory should come nothing that is bitter, nothing that is cruel, nothing that is revengeful, but only a realization it is in this way we live and grow, and if we apply its power constructively, everything we do and everything that is done to us becomes the basis of great spiritual strength.

(A PUBLIC LECTURE BY MANLY PALMER HALL.)

Suggested reading: SELF-UNFOLDMENT; FIRST PRINCIPLES OF PHILOSOPHY

A man noted for his caustic wit was having a quarrel with his wife. Finally she burst into tears, and wailed: "How can you treat me like this when I've given you the seven best years of my life!"

The husband, astonished, said, "Were those your best?"

Percy Waxman

The Garden of Viscount Ti

A STORY OF MAGIC
IN THE MANNER OF THE CHINESE

Being the true and faithful account of the strange disappearance of the Most Excellent Cousin, three times removed, of Her Serene Majesty, the Empress of Exquisite Attainments. The whole guaranteed by the seal of His Excellency the Marquis Yin, the Secretary of Secret Business.

ON the eleventh day of the ninth moon of the year of the Wood Ox, in the seventeenth year of Her Majesty's glorious reign, the Viscount Ti under most curious circumstances vanished from his great lacquered chair in the Palace of the White Iris.

Her Majesty, whose love for her people is beyond human comprehension, summoned to her presence the Marquis Yin, who is head of the secret police, and addressed him thus:

"Most Honorable and Excellent Lord Marquis: Word has come to us that our Beloved Cousin, the Viscount Ti, who is without office because of the weight of his years, has this day a week past disappeared from the Chair of His Fathers, in the Palace of the White Iris. Seek now the cause of this phenomenon, and if it shall happen that he has been murdered by his enemies, search them out and destroy them. When the disappearance has been completely solved, give then your report in all detail."

In four months and one day the Marquis Yin approached the throne to make his accounting to the Empress.

Her Majesty received her Lord Secretary in the room of the Sky Dragons, to which he had brought a magnificent box measuring a cubit each way, a box fastened with tassels of yellow silk and cords knotted in the Design of Good Fortune. The Marquis Yin carried also



a long roll, written by his own exquisite hand upon fine paper. The scroll was bound with red and gold brocade, and the stick was tipped with green jade carved with dragons each having five claws. And the writing was signed with the great vermilion seals of the Marquis Yin. And this is what was written upon the long roll:

The estates of His Excellency, the Viscount Ti, are in the north against the Great Wall, and in a time long remote were bestowed upon the family of the Lords of Ti by the second Emperor of Blessed Memory. His late Excellency was the sixty-sixth mandarin of an unbroken descent of Lords over the Palace of the White Iris.

When His Excellency, the Viscount Ti, was in his twenty-second year the

circumstance occurred which was the direct cause of his strange disappearance.

On a day in that year he rode out of the garden of his palace on a small white horse, and his green plumed lance waved in the breeze, and he took the broad highway that led to the north, and his great dogs ran with him.

After two hours he came to the gate of the wall that opened into the eternal dessert of Shamo, where only spirits lived. At the gate he met the Captain of the Door, dressed in bamboo armour. Now, at that time the hero Kwan-Hsi was the Captain of the North Gate and he saluted the Viscount Ti. "Hail, my Lord of Ti. What brings you to the Gate of Banishment?"

"My Lord," the young Viscount replied, "I ride according to my fancy, and my fancy has led me here."

The Captain of the Gate inclined his head with a gesture of hospitality. "Will the Lord of Ti drink tea with me in the shadow of the Old Wall?"

"I will drink tea with the brave hero Kwan-Hsi, and my horse will rest, and there will be water for my dogs."

And so it came about that the Viscount Ti learned of the mysteries of the Eternal Dessert from the Keeper of the North Gate while they drank tea together. This was his inquiry:

"Brave Captain of the Secrets of Gobi, tell me of the old sand that is the Mother of the World."

The Keeper of the Gate poured more tea, and stroking his black beard made answer. "I have been guardian of this road for twenty years and never have I gone beyond the shadow of this tower. I can tell you only that which I have heard, my Lord Viscount. For myself I have seen nothing.

"This North Gate is the boundary of the mortal world. Beyond its shadow all is magic and sorcery. It is written that across the black sand is the Fairy City of Yo, where the master Lao-Tze went riding on a green ox, and somewhere beyond the haze which floats above the desert, are the Genii and the Xin, by the Shores of the Scarlet Lake. There also are devils with the heads of

horses; and monsters who devour human flesh; and the ghosts of evil men who have been banished to die in the sand. My Lord Viscount, not even the bravest of the Heroes of China will venture into the dessert of Shamo, for death dwells there to destroy all who leave the shadow of The Wall."

The Viscount Ti at that moment came to the resolution that was to bring about the mystery that is our present consideration. "I shall ride out into the sand and discover for myself the World of the Spirits. I shall dare that which not even the heroes have had courage to attempt. Prepare my horse, and chain my dogs to the wall."

The Captain of the Gate pled with the Lord of Ti in warnings that served only to set the young Viscount more firmly in his decision. The hero Kwan-Hsi in the end opened the gate, and the Lord of Ti rode forth into the Eternal Sand. And the dogs he had left tied to the ring in the wall howled with anguish, and the Keeper of the Gate wept as he sat in the shadow of the tower.

Beyond the North Gate the road was narrow and winding, and along its way were strewn the glistening bones of the criminals who had been sent forth out of China to die.

The Lord of Ti rode for many hours. When nightfall came he resolved to remain in the desert until morning, and return then to the North Gate along the road of bones. He was disappointed; he had seen no ghosts or demons, and he slept beside his horse with his green plumed lance stuck in the ground.

When the Lord of Ti awoke in the morning he was surprised to discover that he was in a strange place of many roads, all strewn with bones, and leading in several directions; he knew not which one to take. He resolved to travel according to the sun, and started in the direction of the South.

All that day he rode along the pathways of bones, and by the setting of the sun, he knew that he was lost. Everywhere the pathways crossed, and crossed again; and so far as the eye

could see were bones of the dead, both heaped up and scattered about.

Suddenly from among the bones an old man arose wearing a wide straw hat and a tattered robe. The Lord of Ti addressed him thus: "Venerable father, can you tell me the road that leads back to the Middle Kingdom?"

The ancient one cackled with glee and grinned with toothless gums. "There is no way back to the Middle Kingdom. You are in the haunted sands of the Eternal Desert. Soon your bones will gleam white in the sun." Saying so, the old man waved his thin arms in the air and shrieking with laughter ran back among the heaps of bones.

And the Viscount Ti knew that he had seen a Ghost.

When evening came the Viscount Ti resigned himself to die, knowing he could not fight the Old Magic of Shamo. He saw many ghosts crawling among the heaps of bones and their horrible cries chilled his soul. Well had it been said that there was only Death beyond the Shadow of the Wall.

By an open place by the side of the path he resolved to prepare himself for death; he had no water and neither he nor his horse could live another day in the heat of the desert.

Being very weary my Lord fell into a sleep.

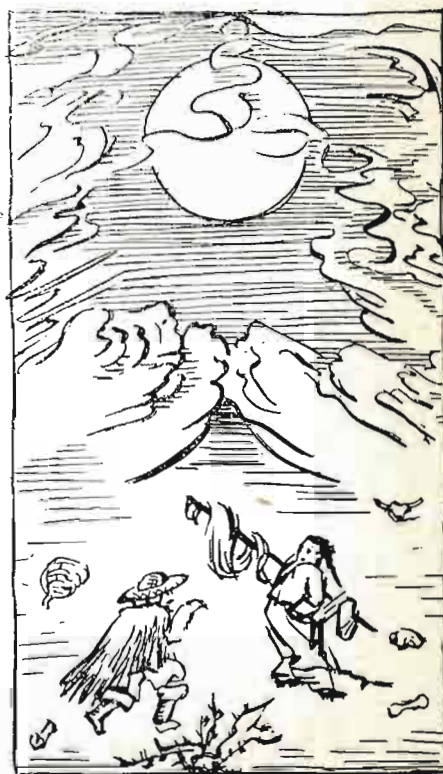
It was in the middle hours of the night that he suddenly awakened. The moon was full and the Black Sands of Gobi were bathed in silver light. To the north rose the walls and towers of a Magic City, white and shining. The City seemed to float in the air and was connected to the earth by a silver bridge that ended at his feet. And the Viscount Ti knew in his heart that this was the Fairy City of Yo to which the master Lao Tze had come on his green ox.

Filled with wonder the Lord of Ti took his lance in his hand, and walking across the bridge of silver he entered the City. Everywhere there were temples and gardens and little streams that flowed over crystal rocks. But he saw no living creature.

Then My Lord came to a small door, and passing through found himself in a tiny garden of rarest beauty. On the far side of the garden was a circular doorway, and as the Lord of Ti stood, not knowing what course to take, a radiant figure appeared in the round doorway. So glorious was the apparition that the Viscount Ti fell on his knees and lowered the green-plumed point of his lance.

Exquisite beyond any being of the mortal world, was the maiden he had gazed upon. In her hair were jeweled pins that sparkled with white fire; her long robe was of silver cloth, girdled with a belt of jewels; and beside her stood a white crane with a crimson plume in his crest.

The maiden spoke, and her voice was like little temple bells. "I am Li-Lee, Genie of the City of Yo. You would surely have perished, foolish man, had



I not seen you in my metal mirror. Why have you come to the Eternal Sand?"

The Viscount Ti replied, "I ride according to my fancy, and my fancy has brought me here."

Now, as Your Majesty well knows, Genii and Fairies are not like mortal creatures, for they have no hearts, and they know neither love or pain. But because they have no hearts, there is no evil in them, and they, with accord to laughter and song, live like the birds. And Li-Lee, the Genie, captured the heart of the Lord of Ti in a web of laughter, and he forgot all else but the city of Yo and the Magic moonlight that never ended.

But when the Lord of Ti told the maiden of his love she only laughed and flew away with her crane, for of love she had no comprehension.

But Genii have no evil in them, and when Li-Lee saw that my Lord the Viscount was stricken with a great sadness she came to him in the silver garden, saying, "My Lord of Ti, alas, you do not understand the way of spirits. We are not born as mortals are. We are created from the thoughts of poets. We live for thousands of years and never know sickness or suffering. We are always happy, and when it is time for us to die, we vanish away like mist at dawn, and return to the moonbeams from which our bodies are fashioned. I cannot know your love because I have no soul."

Then the Lord of Ti said, "Let me become a spirit as you are, that I may stay with you forever and return with you to the moonbeams."

And Li-Lee the Genie shook her head. "That cannot be, for you have an immortal soul, and when you die you will become a spirit, not a Genie. And you can never go to sleep in the moonbeams."

"Is there no way then," pleaded the Lord of Ti, "that we can be together and you can know what is in my heart?"

And Li-Lee, the Genie of Yo, answered, "There is only one way; and it is very difficult. As we are born of

the thought of poets, I shall tell you how I was born. Listen well.

"Once, centuries ago, there was a cruel Emperor who despised learning, and he caused all of the scholars and musicians and artists and poets to be made slaves, that there could be none to ridicule his ignorance. And he set these slaves to the task of building the Great Wall about the Middle Kingdom. And when they died of exhaustion he cast their bodies into the masonry.

"A great poet of that time was Chang Yu, a man old and sick. And he was one made to carry the bricks to build the Wall, and after many months he fell beneath the load and died with the whips of the slave drivers upon his back.

"Now as Chang Yu lay dying, he chanced to see a small wild flower growing among the rocks beside him. And he looked at the flower and a great happiness filled his heart, and he whispered the words, 'Beauty is eternal, and will survive all the evil works of men.' It was with this noble poem in his heart that Chang Yu died, and of that poem I was born; for I am the happiness of the last moments of Chang Yu."

The Viscount Ti was silent as the Genie of Yo paused, but there was a great understanding in his heart.

Then the Genie of Yo continued. "No one knew of the poem in the heart of Chang Yu, and his body was thrown into the wall. The little flower was crushed under a workman's foot, and I am all that remained. I, a soulless being, fashioned from the substance of a poem. In but one way can I gain a soul. It is when the poem of Chang Yu shall become immortal, so that all men may have its words in their hearts. When men give a soul to beauty, then beauty will become immortal."

The Lord of Ti looked into the face of Li-Lee the Genie. "If I can bestow immortality upon the words of Chang Yu, and you then have a soul, will you come to me in the Palace of the White Iris?"

"I will come, My Lord. But you little realize how difficult your task will be."

"I cannot fail," said the Lord of Ti. "See, I take my oath upon my lance."

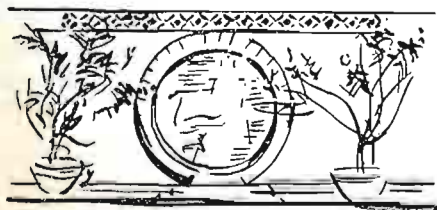
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One day as the sun rested upon the Mountains of the West, the Captain of the North Gate heard a feeble knocking upon the Great Door, and when he opened the gate he saw a man lying upon the sand. The Viscount Ti had returned to the Middle Kingdom from the Magic Desert.

The Captain carried My Lord to the little house where he lived in the shadow of the Wall. And Kwan-Hsi nursed My Lord tenderly for many days. In the end the Lord of Ti recovered his health and learned that he had been gone for five years and that all supposed him dead.

As your Majesty knows, the Viscount Ti became a man of rare distinction, and a faithful servant of the Middle Kingdom. With your own hand you honored him and made him Governor over Education. And he caused the poem of Chang Yu to be circulated throughout the Empire, with the words of the poem placed above the Gates of Learning. And by his efforts the unknown poet Chang Yu was elevated to the distinction of a departed one worthy of veneration, with the title of Master of Words of Profound Truth.

It is also within your Majesty's knowledge that the Lord of Ti having never married, his brother's son inherits the state. Ten years ago His Lordship requested to be relieved of his Public Office so that he might retire to the Palace of the White Iris, there to begin the construction of his Magic Garden. He brought skilled workmen from all the provinces of China and instructed



them to build for him a garden like that in the Phantom City of Yo. Trees of crystal were supplied and flowers of pearls, and waterfalls that flowed over sapphire rocks. All the vast treasures of the House of Ti were brought forward and the garden became a wonder of the world. And when it was finished the Viscount Ti came always to sit in his Great Black Chair and gaze into his Magic Garden lighted with an artificial moon.

May Your Majesty's Lord Secretary be bold enough to assume that His Lordship held the belief that the Magic Garden in some way brought him close to Li-Lee, the Genie of Yo?

It was one day about five years ago that the Viscount Ti was stricken with the sickness that takes away the use of a man's legs. He could no longer walk, but it was his wish that each morning he should be taken to his Great Chair so that he could look into his Magic Garden, and the Lord of Ti would sit for many hours before the Gateway of the Garden. This was possible to learn from the Chamberlain of his house. Most of the time he was silent, but occasionally he would repeat the words of the poet Chang Yu, "Beauty is eternal, and will survive all the evil works of men."

It was after the sickness had come upon him that the Lord of Ti engaged a famous maker of images to carve for him, out of white alabaster, the figures of Li-Lee and her white crane. These he placed in the moon doorway of his Magic Garden, just as he had seen her on that first occasion in the Enchanted City.

Great joy was in the heart of Viscount Ti on the day of his mysterious disappearance, for he had learned that the words of Chang Yu were to be included in the Imperial Edition of the Thousand Immortal Poems. His satisfaction was intense, and he looked long into the depths of the Magic Garden.

It was on the evening following that when the Chamberlain came to superintend the carrying of Viscount Ti to his bed, the Great Black Chair was found

empty, a circumstance most remarkable because His Lordship could not walk.

One week after the disappearance of the Viscount Ti your Imperial Majesty instructed me to examine into the circumstances. I journeyed immediately to the North Province and made every possible investigation. Mine was a most thorough search, but I was not able to discover any trace of the Lord of Ti. I examined all parts of the Palace of the White Iris for secret rooms, and questioned everyone in attendance of His Lordship. At last it seemed that the mystery might never be solved. In my extremity I came upon one of those happy thoughts which have revealed the superiority of my intellect, justifying Your Majesty's confidence in me.

I had considered that near the Palace of the White Iris lives a venerable Taoist saint, one who is gifted with the power of spiritual sight, and who can turn base metals into gold. I hastened to his retreat to beseech his assistance in the solution of the Strange Circumstance, saying, "Most Ancient and Wise Father, will you question the spirits about the disappearance of the Viscount Ti?"

When he learned that it was Your Majesty's desire to find the answer to this question, he graciously undertook the divination. This Taoist saint discovers secret things in bowls of water and his wisdom is exceptional. I shall now report his exact words, which are extraordinary almost beyond belief.

"I perceive the Viscount Ti, seated in his Great Chair in the Palace of the White Iris. He is very ill but there is joy in his heart, for he has conferred immortality upon the poem of that excellent scholar, Chang Yu.

"The Viscount Ti speaks now to the image of Li-Lee, in the Moon Doorway of his Magic Garden, saying, 'Beautiful Genie of Yo, I have kept the oath which I took upon my lance, and the words of Chang Yu are now preserved forever in the book of the One Thousand Immortal Poems.' At once the image of alabaster shines with a glorious light, and slowly it becomes alive. Li-Lee then with her



white crane steps through the doorway into the garden. And speaks. 'My Lord of Ti, you have indeed kept your word, and you have given me a soul. And because I have a soul I am sad, for I gaze upon the infirmity of your years. I know your pain, and the heart you have given me shares your pain!

"The Lord of Ti seated in his Great Chair is gazing into the eyes of Li-Lee; he longs to rise and embrace her but his limbs are dead.

"Then she speaks again. 'Because you have given immortality to the beauty of a poem, you have likewise bestowed upon yourself the healing of your body. Rise, and come to me in the Magic Garden!

"And so as the Viscount Ti sought to rise from his chair, he discovered he could walk, and wholly left behind him were his infirmities and his years. He stepped into the Magic Garden as again the young man who had dared the Desert of Shamo, and in his hand was his green-plumed lance.

"And thus it came about that the Lord of Ti found the Genie of Yo in the Garden of Jewels, there to dwell together in the moonbeams where she found his love."

These Your Majesty are the exact words of the Holy Monk, according to what he saw in his enchanted bowl.

When the vision was completely told I inquired of the hermit, "Where then, Reverend Sir, shall I find the Viscount Ti? For I must discover him according to the will of Her Majesty the Empress."

The monk replied, "Most excellent Marquis of Yin, you must seek him with Li-Lee in the Magic Garden."

Your Majesty, I explained to the Monk that this answer only complicated my difficulties; it was not possible for His Lordship to be in the Garden. And the Sage became angry with me and refused to discuss the subject further.

I returned then to the Palace of the White Iris, and as one absolutely thorough in all my actions because of the responsibilities which you have entrusted to me, I examined with great care all parts of the Magic Garden. Thus was I led to the discovery which is the solution to the mystery. I would hesitate to present the facts, because of the strangeness of the circumstances, were it not that Your Majesty is wise beyond all mortal limitations.

The Marquis of Yin carefully laid down the roll from which he had been reading. He stepped over to the small table on which stood the black box with its silken cords and unfastened the knots with great delicacy of manner, with the light glistening from the jewels of his fingernail sheaths. Then the Marquis Yin lifted away the upper part of the box, and there was revealed a miniature garden, with its plants and flowers fashioned from precious stones. "This, Your Majesty, is the Magic Garden of the Viscount of Ti. You will perceive that it is extremely difficult to imagine that His Lordship would be discovered here."

Her Majesty the Empress of Exquisite Attainments was enraptured at the beauty of the garden. She arose from



her chair and requested the assistance of the Marquis of Yin in order that she might approach the garden, for Her Majesty's feet had been bound; it was difficult for her to walk unaided.

"Most Excellent Marquis of Yin, this is indeed a treasure beyond price. You did well to bring it here, for I shall build a palace to enshrine it. But how, I pray you, did you discover the Viscount Ti in this tiny garden?"

The Marquis of Yin reached into the sleeve of his robe and drew forth a great sapphire of the finest water, a stone polished into the shape of a lens and set in a handle of green gold.

"If Your Majesty will be gracious enough to examine the garden through this stone you will immediately perceive the solution to the extraordinary circumstance of the disappearance of His Lordship, the Viscount Ti."

Her Majesty held the lens before her eye and looked long into the Magic Garden. "My Lord of Yin, through the power of this jewel one can perceive in great detail the splendor of the work-

manship, but it is to be confessed that no indication is disclosed of the whereabouts of my Beloved Cousin, three times removed."

The Marquis of Yin folded his arms in the sleeves of his great coat, his attitude of excellent importance modified correctly by the decorum of the occasion. "Your Majesty," he began, "will perceive the tiny image of Li-Lee and her white crane in the moon doorway exactly as described in my report. With the aid of this lens you will notice that so extraordinary is the fineness of the workmanship to the smallest detail, that the Genie of Yo appears to be alive. The master craftsman, Fu of Yunan, whom Your Majesty has graciously employed on several occasions, made the carving, and in the consummate thoroughness of my methods in all things relating to Your Majesty, I brought the sculptor Fu to examine the image which he had made, and he not alone informs me that the figure is not his workmanship, but further questions that any human being could fashion so perfect a figure."

Her Majesty, the Empress of Exquisite Attainments, examined the little statue through the sapphire stone and in time inclined her ear in agreement.

"If Your Majesty will now turn the lens to the point I am indicating," then said the Marquis of Yin, "you will observe a second figure in the garden, equal in beauty and fineness with the first. This second figure is kneeling at the foot of the steps which lead upward to the moon doorway. Observe that it is the tiny image of a man wearing a breastplate of bamboo armour, and that he is holding before him a lance with a green tassel, and the head of the lance is pointed to the ground. As Your Majesty no doubt has already realized, this tiny figure is a perfect likeness of His Excellency the Viscount of Ti. The skilled craftsman, Fu of Yunnan, reports that he was never commissioned to make this second figure."

Her Majesty, the Empress of Exquisite Attainments, reached forth her hand to pick up the figure of the Viscount Ti.

Instantly the Marquis of Yin opened his fan, and held it between Her Majesty and the little figure, saying, "Illustrious Madam, I beseech you not to touch the statue of the Viscount Ti until I have revealed to you the whole secret of the Magic Garden."

His Excellency of Yin touched a hidden spring in the lacquered base. A small secret panel opened, revealing a globe of blue glass the size of a pheasant's egg. "It is my duty in the spirit of Complete Integrity which motivates all my actions to inform Your Majesty that this is the Magic Moon of Yo, and that I am indebted for its correct identification to the most venerable Taoist monk, who reads all natural secrets in his bowls of water. With your permission let this room be darkened."

As the heavy brocade draperies fell across the windows the Magic Moon of Yo sent out long beams of blue light to flicker like the wings of night moths about a candle. With reverence the Marquis Yin lifted the glistening blue globe from the secret compartment and placed it in a small stand at the top of the Magic Garden. The Lord Marquis then offered his arm to the Empress.

"Will Your Majesty graciously return to your chair and observe what follows? As you seat yourself you will be in the same relationship to the Garden as was his Excellency the Viscount Ti on the night he disappeared."

When her Majesty had seated herself she addressed the Marquis of Yin. "We trust, my Lord Marquis, that there is no probability of our vanishing likewise because of this experiment?"

The manner of the Marquis of Yin was an expression of vast personal injury. "Your Majesty, while the Lord of Yin guards your destiny, tragedy is impossible. Direct your attention to the Magic Garden wholly without fear.

That which follows is recorded according to the exact report of Her Majesty in person, and is without possibility of even the most infinitesimal error.

As Her Majesty watched, the Magic Moon of Yo filled the whole room with

a light as soft as of the full moon; then slowly it rose from the pedestal and hung in the air in the upper part of the chamber. Its pale rays enveloped the jeweled trees and the waterfalls of sapphire in the Magic Garden, and they glistened with an unearthly brightness.

Gradually the Garden increased in size. The walls of the room of the Sky Dragons opened and faded away, until the Empress sitting in her chair seemed on the threshold of the Fairy World of Yo.

The Marquis of Yin stood beside the Empress and whispered in her ear. "When his Excellency the Lord of Ti built his Magic Garden and sat before it he saw only that which Your Majesty perceived before the darkening of the room. But on that last day, when he learned that the poem of Chang Yu was included in the Imperial Edition of the Thousand Immortal Poems, he fulfilled the oath taken on his lance. Toward dusk of that last day Li-Lee wrought this magic, and so kept the promise which she had made in the Phantom City of the Gobi. As your Majesty knows, Genii have secret powers beyond the understanding of mortals. The Viscount Ti, under the magic of the glass moon, rose from his chair as I have already accounted to you, and entered into the Magic Garden. Observe the statues, Your Majesty."

And Her Majesty the Empress looked toward the Moon Gate and saw that Li-Lee and her white crane had come alive. The kneeling figure of the Viscount Ti arose also at that moment and approached the figure of Li-Lee, saying, "Beloved maiden of Yo, I have kept my oath."

Again the Marquis Yin whispered in the ear of the Empress. "It was at this moment, Your Majesty, that the Cham-

berlain and the servants of the Viscount Ti came to carry His Lordship to his bed. They brought with them lamps, thus destroying the Magic of the Moon. Whereupon the figures returned to their miniature size, and Li-Lee and the Viscount Ti were captured in the garden as two tiny statues."

The Empress inclined her head in gracious understanding, and continued to observe the scene which now unfolded.

Li-Lee, the Genie of Yo, now spoke to the Viscount Ti. "My Lord beloved, because you have kept your word you have given me a soul, and because I have a soul fashioned of the words of the Poet Chang Yu I am no longer a creature of moonbeams, and I can go with you up the Stairway of the Phoenix to the Great Palace of the Immortals."

And Li-Lee, who had been the Genie of Yo, took the hand of the Viscount Ti and they walked together through the Magic Garden. At the gate a stairway seemed to form out of the moonbeams and they climbed together, and the Viscount Ti leaned upon the lance with the green tassel. As Her Majesty the Empress watched, they climbed higher and higher, and finally vanished in space.

The Marquis of Yin now ordered the draperies drawn apart and instantly the Magic ceased, and the jeweled garden stood on the table, and the Fairy Moon returned to its pedestal.

The Marquis of Yin now spoke once again. "Your Majesty will observe that the garden has returned to its normal size, but the figures of Li-Lee and the Viscount Ti are no longer there. Thus, have I the pleasure of reporting to your Majesty that I have solved the disappearance of the Viscount Ti from his Great Chair in the Palace of the White Iris."



● Where there is neither proof nor disproof available, a tolerance of mind is needed

Can Modern Science Accept the Doctrine of Rebirth?

STRESS is the test of strength. Stress also reveals weakness. Only when we have subjected our convictions to a testing have we any right to assume their strength.

It is very important to watch the thought-producing conditions under which we are now living in their effect upon the various systems of thinking by which we attempt to govern our world and ourselves. Most of us can live reasonably well when allowed to continue in our old accustomed ways—like the Philistines of old, who lived well when others agreed with them and when they could do pretty much as they pleased. When, however, the normal course of our living is upset, and others do not treat us kindly when our fortune appears to be adverse, then and then only do we know the strength of what we are and what we believe.

Any system of thinking, good or bad, will work to some degree if no stress exists. We can hold to the most ridiculous convictions and flourish under them, so long as the whole structure of our world is flourishing together. Almost any belief will suit our purpose, so long as we do not actually need any belief. It is when we are forced to live by ourselves, to fall back upon the resources we have stored up within ourselves, that we come to the testing of our convictions.

A large group of people had their convictions tested during the ten years of depression beginning with 1929. There were many adjustments which then required a thoughtful acceptance of the challenge of our times. Now comes a new kind of challenge. The people at large are no longer suffering from an economic want; money is freer in this country than it has been in years; and yet, this increased prosperity has brought with it only a small measure of comfort. It has been purchased at the price of another crisis, war, arising within our lives. And so there are those who today are looking back rather longingly at the good depression days; they would gladly exchange their improved financial condition for the internal consolation that was theirs in 'hard' times.

Life is a constant looking back on better times, and a looking forward to better times—but living ever in difficult times. This is the eternal pattern of our ways.

In our endless dilemma we incline to look for leadership in those branches of endeavor which proclaim themselves the leaders of human thought. For while modesty is a philosophic virtue, we nevertheless applaud the men who applaud themselves. We accept people at their own estimation of themselves until proved otherwise, and ours is not a particularly comfortable world for modest



folk to live in. Now, in the intellectual life, the sciences have proclaimed themselves the infallible oracles of truth. Scarcely a day goes by that in one way or another we are not reminded of the magnitude of our great institutions of learning, with some emphasis upon the all-wise human beings that dwell in them, apart from humankind. Science, with extreme modesty of temperament, has announced its infallibility repeatedly. And so, it has been deemed infallible.

We do not seem to learn as much as we should from observation of the traditional development of the departments of learning. If we would look back over the childhood of science we would realize that science is a motion in nature eternally reforming itself. We believe very little of the scientific convictions of 100 years ago, less of the convictions of 200 years ago, and still less of the convictions of 300 years ago. Back of that point there were no convictions.

Science is an infant prodigy; it has accomplished a great deal, but surely there is nothing in the tradition of science to justify the belief that either the sciences themselves, or the human beings who are administering them, are all perfect, all wise, or all good.

The scientist is a trained kind of proper. He brings certain technique, certain disciplines of the mental process to bear upon his subject, and these make him able to guess a little more accurately than the average. But, he is still guessing. He is very much like the weather man. With a mass of charts in front of him, he is the master of low pressure areas and high pressure areas, and he can solemnly announce that today will be clear unless it is not clear. But he will be right in his guessing in the majority of cases, because he has eliminated a number of fallacies; he will come much closer to prophecy than the average individual depending upon his rheumatism for his prognostications. But he is not infallible. And the reason is, storms that promise to arise are deflected and go elsewhere, and fine weather that should remain departs unexpect-

tedly. These problems are of course being brought more and more under control, but there still remains an element of Providence, a fatality that is unpredictable; and it is one that will remain unpredictable as long as man is ignorant of any part of the Universal Plan.

Against certain areas of the known we can make no calculations, and to the degree that the unknown overshadows the known, to that degree also we are fallible. The course and motion of the sciences have registered a steady progress, and we are building on stronger foundations all the time; but, as in the case of medicine, it is able to cope with innumerable difficulties which would have been fatal 100 years ago, and yet has not found a remedy for the common cold.

The sciences have accomplished so much that we are often inclined to consider that they have accomplished all. Scientific writers of every past generation have modestly assumed that theirs have been the final contributions to knowledge; and today of course we know all there is to know... until tomorrow. Through eternal tomorrows learning must move on and on into the unknown, the uncharted, the unsuspected.

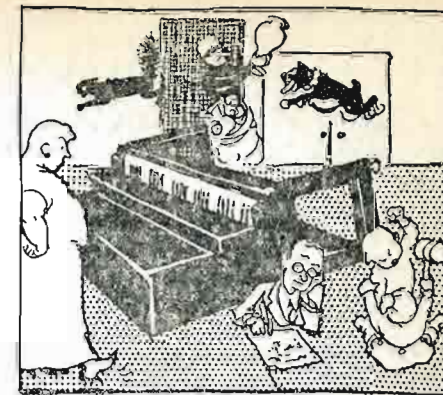
The combination of the motion of science toward Truth, and the pressure of a world in a critical condition, has revealed certain weaknesses in the fabric of our present learning and the accompanying challenge to correction and solution. In times of great world stress, humankind does not turn to the sciences for consolation. The laboratory holds very little that appeals to the emotional content in human consciousness. We do not in times of stress lean on the great scientific institutions, or the wise and ponderous records of scientific procedure. When we are in trouble, we are far less likely to hearken to Einstein than we are to some mystic dreamer in whose words or writings we find some sympathy for our present sorrow. The sciences, which would like to constitute the priesthood of our time, do not receive veneration and adulation when emergencies try the spirits of men.

This is very discouraging to the scientist. He feels that all problems should be approached scientifically, that we should accept certain basic truths, then build on them. The very presence of catastrophe or disaster should lead us to work problems out mathematically, scientifically. But few indeed are those who with hearts aching, when it seems that the whole world is collapsing about them and everything that is meaningful is disappearing from life, are likely to sit down and work a life problem out by calculus. It is contrary to human instinct; it is contrary to something in the life of man that still lingers on, though science has tried to ignore it out of existence.

The war in which we are now engaged, like all wars, is releasing a large amount of religious content in human nature. As usual, we are God-conscious in a time of disaster. This rising up of a spiritual content is viewed with alarm by our practical scientists and our 'practically' trained executives. They do not want a return of the varied superstitions concerning the immortality of the soul; prominent scientific men have been trying to uproot these for the last fifty years. Science goes along with certain materialistic conceptions year after year, but no sooner do we get into trouble than the average citizen ignores all these.

By the law of cause and effect each branch of learning creates its own karma; and if science is not at the moment happy, that is largely the result of the scientific attitude itself, which has failed to give us the basis for a liberal approach to learning.

Recent months have seen a considerable agitation throughout the country because of increased interest in psychic phenomena, metaphysical beliefs in fate, spiritism, spiritualism, and similar abstractions. Many anxious mothers and wives are consulting mediums in this country to try to find out where their loved ones are, when these loved ones are in service. They want to know whether a son is in the South Pacific, or whether a husband is in Europe.



That they are seeking the answer to these things from spiritistic sources, soothsayers, fortune tellers, is causing a vast amount of concern among the scientifically minded. This, to them, is an almost certain indication that we are relapsing back into the Dark Ages, are turning away from all the good old scientific training we got in school. From the rostrums of our colleges and universities come preachings that are being spread across the columns of our journals and newspapers, always as pronouncements of an infallible institution. But they are pronouncements that mean little to us when we are in trouble. In our inward conviction we refuse to be materialists. Materialism is not welded into our life plan, it is not part of our most profound convictions; in an emergency we return to the things we inwardly believe. Science would like to do something about this, but there is not much it can do. And there remains the grave question whether it would be of any particular value if science could convince us to leave the abstract alone.

For one hundred years, since the dawn of the great scientific era under Huxley and Darwin, the attempt has been persistent and consistent to discourage and disparage the spiritual content in the human being. Practically all the scientifically trained have an agnostic viewpoint. Which is perfectly all right; a good healthy agnosticism is not to be despised. But when agnosticism gradually turns to atheism, that brings about

a different situation. If science cannot scientifically prove the reality of spirit, neither can science scientifically disprove it. And where there is neither proof nor disproof available, a tolerance of mind obviously must be exercised.

But the modern temper toward things metaphysical and mystical is resulting throughout the country in passage of legislation to outlaw human conviction. In various parts of the country laws are being passed to prohibit the practice of psychic and spiritualistic phenomena. They would try to force the individual away from a comfort he is seeking. Mediums are being arrested, psychics and mystics are being forbidden to practice. The effort being made is to preserve the human race in spite of itself from an age old spiritism that is part of itself.

The spiritistic beliefs of man are far older than any developed science. They belong to an ageless state of human life, and the effort to legislate them out of existence is a foolish effort. It would take away from man something that is part of man, part of his heritage out of time and eternity, and part of the inevitable instinct of his being. His may be a complete ignorance of factors and circumstances of things mystical, but the far wiser attempt would be one to understand and work out these problems intelligently. If fraud and exploitation exist—and they do exist—these of course should be properly and appropriately curbed and controlled. But prohibitive legislation—and this is not the first time in history that such legislation has been practiced—will not alter the inner convictions of man. They will go on and on, ultimately to transform the outer pattern into the similitude of themselves. They are unchangeable, and the man-made law that opposes them opposes the inevitable.

The material sciences may loom like vast monuments of untouchable wisdom, but scientists are very much like most other people. Hurt them and they suffer just as though they were not scientists. Poison them and they die just like other people. If you wound them

they bleed—and if you wound their ego they bleed profusely. Scientists too can be dyspeptics just like business men and bankers. They can also play politics; in the field of education there are politicians to humble the pride of the best in the field of government. And lastly, scientists can be very personal, very selfish, very self-centered, and very egotistic little human beings, even as you and I. To assert that science has set up monuments that should be imperishable to our convictions and beliefs, is to recognize also that the servants of these altars are quite ordinary human beings.



They may have studied a little longer. They may have schooled themselves a little more profoundly; but that does not qualify them to be a race apart, right in everything, ever infallible. They are really very much like the pictures we have of them; kindly, well-meaning, somewhat detached, absent-minded little human beings. Typically, Prof. Einstein, who carries a violin to lunch, was met by someone on the campus of the University at Princeton. Came the inquiry, "Dr. Einstein, are you going to lunch?" Dr. Einstein stopped; after a moment he said reflectively, "Am I going to lunch, or am I coming back? Which way was I headed?" Of this is the stuff of the giants.

The incident in no way detracts from the scientific greatness of Dr. Einstein.

But it reveals him as just a little man with a violin under his arm, worrying about his own calculations with the same sincerity of purpose that the housewife

does when she tries to balance the family budget. The one difference is, Dr. Einstein is trying to balance the cosmic budget. He is working with a problem dealing with the plan of universal action, the deflection of light rays, and such problems as relativity and the relative motion of moving objects in relationship to the common motion of them all. But his problems are to him no more profound than those of Mr. Average trying to work out his income tax.

A scientific man may engage himself with trying to stretch the boundaries of our universe to give us a better conception of the way things are. He and his brothers in science are all trying to dissect the anatomy of the body of God, trying to find out what makes it work and how it works. But that does not make them demi-gods. It is entirely wrong to assume that any of them or all of them have the final answer to anything. They work hard, they are doing a good work. But always in the sphere of relativity.

Scientists, inside themselves and in the privacy of their own homes, are human beings very much like all other human beings. The exception could be noted that a great many of them are in many ways much poorer than most human beings—and I am not referring to University salaries, although they are a scandal in the field of science—but they are poorer because most scientists, like most great people and deep thinkers, are lonely people, living very small lives. Having become profoundly absorbed in one subject, they have lost contact with the common pulse of human life. Their world is confined to their classroom and laboratory, and to their little study in the cottage on the edge of the campus. They live a small life, in a small world.

Trying sincerely and devotedly to explore into problems infinitely too great for the human intellect to thoroughly comprehend, many men of science are great heroes, known only to the laboratory, or as part of scientific expeditions into distant places. Unknown men are ever going out to fight plagues and pes-

tilences, even to die along with the victims they have sought to save. In scientific learning there is much that is fine and beautiful; but also something a little pathetic. For there is a frustration in science that makes the scientist poor without knowing he is poor; and that is a man poor indeed.

It is when the biologist's son and the professor's son are called into service that the problem of the day comes home to these men. Last year the Professor had twenty-five, thirty, or fifty eager young men, studying, planning their careers, writing profound theses, searching for knowledge, pestering the professor after hours; earnest, sincere young men for whom the professor had great hopes—for in his students are his hope of immortality, in that anything that he has that is good will live on through them. Now the Professor opens his class, and the chairs of those young men are unoccupied; they have gone to various parts of the world, and to various experiences far from the native quality of their minds. For these young men were not particularly combative by nature, they were not particularly suited for war; they were the quiet, gentle, the scholarly type.

Then comes word that the young chap that sat in the third row corner over there has been killed in action. Another fellow—he sat back in the sixth row—he used to come to the Professor's house in the evenings and talk out astronomy problems—he has been blinded by a shell fragment. And so it goes. The Professor sees his class fading away from him, and it is as though his own life were cut off, because he has invested so much of himself in these young men. They were to carry on. But war and the frenzied actions of dictators entered the shaded groves of the quiet campus, and war has taken his young men and broken up the pattern of their lives. When they come back they will not finish their work, most of them, and the Professor himself—too old to be part of the world madness—looks out upon what to him must be the greatest catastrophe in nature.

At home, alone in his little study, he seeks consolation. Where does he find it? Does he find it in his own books? Does he find it in his own treatises that won him two hundred and fifty dollars and the gold medal? No. Does he find it by burying himself more deeply in tomorrow's lesson? No; there is no one to teach. Does he find it by referring to a great patron saint of his own doctrine—a great physicist, a great biologist? No; if facts are to be treasured, if facts are eternal—nevertheless facts are cold. The Professor is looking for peace; it is not in 'facts' of scholarship. Perhaps, as Einstein might, he gets out his violin to play a melody in minor to cheer his soul. To lose himself in the arts, through the expression of his violin, is to extort something that is moving about within him, striving to get out. Then out of art, which is not exact, which is no more than an interpretation of human expression, comes that which will cheer and rest the fact-weary mind.

If he is not a musician, the old Professor may live his own thoughts. He may try to put the world together, try to see some reason, some purpose, some plan for these things of our dismal days. But his schooling and his learning are of no help; probably he has much more difficulty in putting his life pattern in order than the man on the street corner.

This condition obtains all over the world, and among really serious scholars it is forcing home one thing more and more. The populace trend is away from denying spiritual things. And this is awakening the Professor himself to his own necessity. He must have something with which to answer questions, questions which are not answered in his

textbooks. They are simple, common, homely, eternal questions. But with mastery of all our lore pertaining to these things, he will be little wiser than before. And no answers whatever exist in the material sciences.

About fifty years ago, under the banner of valiant Professor Freud, psychology entered upon its illustrious career of analyzing fixations, frustrations, neuroses, complexes, and phobias. It included religion among the major mental ailments of human beings; and it is still the sober conviction of a large number of young and enthusiastic psychologists that religion is without question one of the most dangerous fixations in which the human being can involve himself. Those who are religious are considered to be either simple minded, or unfortunates suffering from definite mental aberrations. The average young psychologist believes the healthy mind is the one in which there is no belief in anything beyond the self... and not much belief in the self. If you pin your faith in God, you are superstitious. If you pin your faith in yourself, you are an egotist. You cannot win.

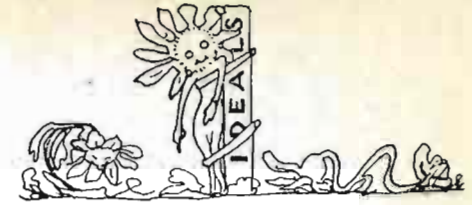
Many a psychologist has begun his practice by classifying the spiritual convictions of man as fixations and mania. And he has continued to look with pity on anyone who believed in God—or in man, or in the Universe. But the old psychologists of fifty years ago, such as are still living, have looked up the mental ravages of two great wars, and newer men have come up to find fault and refine the old findings. The psychologist of today is looking out on a world which is suffering from a really serious mania, and what he is beginning to realize is, that men of shallow beliefs, those with-

out religious convictions, and all those whose religious convictions have never been put in order and are distorted, are dangerous men. He is beginning to realize that the only curb on man that is really strong enough to promote the motion of civilization is the curb that spiritual belief in itself imposes upon the believer. The beginning of a better world is dimly seen by psychology as one in which the human being comes under the domination and leadership of his own most enlightened convictions and ideals.

No longer then do the most progressive psychologists look with pity upon religion. Even the young psychiatrists and psychologists are not so sure that belief in God should be included among the evidences of mental unbalance. They are beginning to believe that the belief in God, while it is possibly not the highest form of enlightenment, still is useful under certain conditions. It has its place. We are outgrowing it, but until we do perhaps we had better keep it. Perhaps it is not wise to meddle too much with the basic conditions of a people. Perhaps when we take from them that which they have, we do not give them enough to take its place.

So, today, largely through the personal experiences of the educators themselves, we are forced to another point of view. Dr. Eddington is one who comes rather regretfully, half apologetically to the decision that it will be better, scientifically speaking, to put intelligence back in the Universe. Some years ago he was one among those who felt the Universe could get along without mind. But now, after many years of meditation on the subject, he has decided we had better put it back; and we had better put it back as quickly as we can; because what we need now is a Universe that does have intelligence; because man's intelligence does not seem strong enough to run the Universe.

In such ways is the mechanistic viewpoint giving way to the idealistic. Gradually the scientist is being forced to do what wise men have done in every age—come to the belief in the



supremacy of a spiritual force in life. Nearly all the institutions of academic learning are also accepting this point of view. Standing out as challenges are two needs which must be met and met squarely. The first: We have got to idealize learning. Until we do, we are sure to produce scientific minds that will devote their time to the creation of destructive devices. It is not the end of science to make bigger bombs, and if we do not get some kind of idealism into the fabric of our learning, we are going to use knowledge to destroy others and also ourselves. It is no longer safe to launch an unenlightened intellectualist upon the world. He is too powerful and too dangerous. The very attitudes, the very enlightenment we have talked him out of, we must put back or know that he will turn upon his own creator and destroy him.

An intellectualist without an adequate moral conviction is the most dangerous creature in nature. Man is the most dangerous of the animals, and an educated but unenlightened man is the most dangerous of men. This is gradually dawning upon us. We have been creating in science the kind of animated robot that thinks like a man, walks like a man, and talks like a man, but does not have within himself those subtle convictions and ideas that make the true human being. This is too dangerous. It is not only dangerous to the common state of society, but is dangerous to the very institutions of learning which produce this type of world citizen.

A next step is for science to accept reincarnation. It can accept most of that great Oriental structure, for the mind of the East, much wiser than the theological mind of the West, has never imposed limitation upon growth. As,



for centuries, Christendom forbade men to think, the Eastern school, which gives us the doctrine of reincarnation, encouraged men to think. The Easterner says, "Find out all you can about everything, and the more you know about everything the more you will know about that one thing that is at the root of everything."

The West attempted to preserve God by preventing man from examining too closely into the concept of God. As a result, science and religion have waged intellectual war. In the East, the Universal Being was conceived as the sum and substance of all that is known and all that is unknown; and in this concept there was an infinite space to know more. I think it important to estimate the significance of that difference.

In the West, God was seen as the substance of the known only. In the East, God was the substance of the known plus the unknown. The East placed no limitation, no boundary, no circumference upon the works, the attributes, and the powers of Deity. Men were encouraged to learn, for all that they might discover was part of the common secret. The more they studied, the nearer they came to knowing the Source of Being.

This belief, this way of looking at knowledge, should be acceptable and could be acceptable to science. It imposes no limitation upon science, and asks only one thing, and that is, that the scientist approach learning with veneration, with a gentle realization of the dignity and humility of knowledge; that he shall not think of some things as living and some things as dead, some things as matter and some things as energy; but that he shall recognize all things as part of one eternal life. Scientifically he can justify this, and justify it completely. It is merely the shifting of a point of view slightly toward the idealistic, and this is a shifting which he needs himself; a shifting that would make the little Professor whose class has gone to war a very much happier man, and give him the courage to see that his life work is not destroyed.

Here and there about the country, we hear voices of idealism arising from the schools of science. These propose bigger, better, nobler, and more profound scientists. And the only way to produce them is to include idealistic doctrines in the training of the thinker from the beginning. He must be made to realize that if he wishes to be a true representative of any science or profession, he must not only be equipped to meet the challenge of that profession, but he must have a character sufficiently noble to add luster to that science or profession. This is coming; the war is bringing it. This good thing must come out of a great ill, because human beings have not yet learned to grow beautifully. We grow when we have to grow, in growth that is always motivated by the impulse for survival.

To my mind, the most important doctrine in human knowledge to bring home to the men and women of today is the doctrine of reincarnation. It is the only solution to the problem of life and death that is suitable for the acceptance of highly educated persons; and it is also the only solution which explains adequately the very stress and crisis through which we are now passing.

It is the only belief concerning the immortality of man that belongs with and is appropriate to a world rapidly developing its internal rational powers. The trained thinker can no longer accept doctrines which violate every ounce of integrity that he has within himself. No longer can the scientific world accept a theology built upon a geocentric concept of nature, built entirely upon miracles and spontaneous creations, which contradict the very findings of the laboratory and observatory.

There is still with us a certain type of scientist who can bridge both extremes by never attempting to relate one to the other. But those who are more thoughtful, those who are the progressive leaders of our time, have had to give up theology because to them it was not possible to divide mental allegiance between two systems of thinking utterly apart and irreconcilable. But the scien-



tists who gave up theology did not realize it was not necessary for them to give up religion also. Also, it never dawned upon such a scientist, in spite of his training, that theology is no more than a fallible attitude of man toward universals. Scientists may be wrong, generation after generation, but science basically is not wrong; and theologians may be wrong, age after age, but basically religion is not wrong. The scientist does not reject the dignity of Bruno, Galileo, or Copernicus, because the sciences have made certain discoveries beyond the knowledge of these men. It recognizes them for what they were, great pioneers, the leaders of their own times, and layers of the foundation of a better time to come.

Science must have the same attitude toward religion; it must recognize religious leaders of one age as pioneers of other times. Perhaps we know a little more, or believe a little more nobly than the older ones, but still we are building upon their foundation. We do not have to accept their errors, any more than science has to accept the errors of Darwin and Mendel. We can reject what we can not use, but we do not need to reject the principle. We may find that blood circulates a little differently from the way we were once told it did; but still it is blood, and blood circulates. As we must refine our particulars of science, so also must we refine our particulars of religious convictions.

The great mystery or stepping-off place, the place where all science balks, is the dividing line between the living and the dead. Beyond the vale of tears, science cannot go. The scientist, in his thinking, stands on the edge of a preci-

pice looking out into the unknown, failing to dare even to conjecture concerning the nature of that unknown. He believes it to be unscientific and unsuited to his training to postulate the structure of the unknown; he has no way of estimating it; his instruments will not convey any concept of it. He knows that space about him is filled with energy rays and power, but in most cases does not know what they are, where they come from, nor why they are there. He is afraid he will be unscientific if he dares to have a spiritualized conviction. In this he is wrong, but it is quite understandable why he feels the way he does. However, there is a remedy for his ailment, one that will not violate his most treasured traditions; and that remedy is the simple process of idealizing the thing he is doing. It requires only the recognition of the presence of a principle of Life, a principle of Universal Being at the root of things, to change the whole course of scientific thinking.

Acceptance by science of the presence of a Universal Good in space, or a Universal Law in space, would very largely solve its problem, because then science would be able to use every conclusion, every discovery, every whit and fragment of knowledge which it has accumulated in the last three hundred years of development to prove, justify, and reveal the presence of this ever-abiding Good. Science knows that Law exists; science realizes that the universe is held together by a magnificent framework of closely knotted and closely synchronized energy. If it could only accept that in itself as the basis of its ideology, the rest would follow.

The scientist would add a subtle quality of veneration to the prosaic nature of his discovery, if he would cease to think of electrons, ions, and energy units as blind, dead forces, and acknowledge them as living tissues; if he would conceive a Universal Being, or a Universal Principle of life, moving in these things, and would feel the common veneration that all men naturally feel when in the presence of divine power, he would then find that his science could be a religion.

The scientist needs to bridge across so little now to make of his science a great religion, a great spiritual conviction that could sustain him and sustain his world. Some day the greatest spiritual revelations that we have ever had will come out of materialistic science, because of the inevitable reversal of the swinging of the pendulum. From those branches of learning that have gone deepest into the findings of the materialistic side of life will come the most abstract and enlightened of our convictions. We are so near now under the pressure of the stress of our times, it will not take much to put this whole thing in order.

It must be terrible for the scientific thinker to live in the realization of the destructibility of everything he is trying to do. Someone asked Dr. Einstein if he believed in reincarnation, and Dr. Einstein said "No, I do not." And the man said, "But if you did believe in reincarnation, what would you want to be when you come back?" And Dr. Einstein said, "I would want to be a physicist and continue the work I am doing."

In other words, Einstein does not believe, but he knows exactly what he would like to be if he could believe. And no doubt he would love to believe that he could believe—and that is what makes it so difficult. Certainly, Dr. Einstein has never disproved as fact that he will come back. No more has he been ever able to prove it. But, think of the number of things Dr. Einstein believes that he has never been able to prove—common, simple things of daily life. He believes in the North Pole of course; yet he has never been there. In

this belief he must depend upon the words of other men, and the projections of certain lines of energy, certain curves of the earth's surface; he must use mathematics to convince himself. Belief in the North Pole is so common that we do not question it, but you and I have never been there. We know it in the sense of the acceptance of authority; reputable persons tell us it is there; all mankind together believes it is there; therefore, we never question it is there; it is a 'fact' to us. Philosophy can be approached in the same manner. It is no more difficult to accept a philosophic doctrine than it is to accept a scientific doctrine, for the abstracts of no form of knowledge are available. Whatever we know is based upon the simple acceptance as fact of something unprovable somewhere along the line. Why then should our own immortality be so difficult for us to assume, when it is a belief so necessary to us in our daily life? Even presuming from a purely materialistic standpoint that immortality is not a fact, what do we gain in terms of benefit by assuming that? Nothing. We destroy the purpose, the motive for existence, and what do we gain by this denial? Nothing.

What do we gain by acceptance? Everything. Courage in time of trouble, patience in time of stress, hope in the future, dreams, ideals, convictions, ethics and a nobler way of living here and now.

Why then should the choice be so difficult? Of two unknowables why should we not choose the one which in terms of practical values is the most desirable? If the scientist can neither prove immortality, nor disprove it, then acceptance becomes a matter of taste rather than of proof. And where by the acceptance of one he destroys everything, by the other's acceptance he preserves everything—and there is no jot of weight either way to influence him—why should he not choose that, which here and now, produces the greatest good?

Since we must live in this world, let us live as beautifully as we can. Ideals make us live beautifully; lack of them destroys the beauty of life. The human,

for his own survival, requires an idealistic belief; he requires it to preserve the structure of his civilization. Even if we have no place in this argument for his immortal nature, we know that the survival of his mortal nature depends upon some inner conviction which gives him the courage of right action, right decision, in times of stress. Why then is there any issue at all?

And if we wish to accept one of the oldest canons of science—namely, that the necessary is always near—then man's immortality is justified by the very fact that it is the most necessary thing in the life of man. It is the only explanation that does not prove that nature itself is purposeless, mindless, and useless.

Everywhere in nature we find economy, order—everything working always for purposes and ends. Without immortality man is purposeless; and is all nature engaged in wanton extravagance in producing, cultivating, and perfecting a creature destined for oblivion? Nature does not work that way. There is no precedent. Every tangible evidence, every symbolical fact which we see mirrored in the physical structure of the world, every law and impulse we can discover in nature infers and implies the survival of consciousness. There is nothing in nature to indicate that there is an abrupt termination or absolute end to any structure in nature. There is no disintegration; it is eternal change that is present in natural law. Even energy is indestructible. If energy is indestructible, why should man be corruptible? If everything in nature is made up of eternals of principle, why should man be the only exception to this cosmic law and order?

Well, if after some time the scientist might manage to gather his courage to the sticking point, and so might say that possibly man might be immortal, he well might think this reincarnation stuff a little difficult. All right. Presuming now, that the scientist has gathered his wits and resources and made that cosmic jump as the small boy makes one when he holds his nose and jumps in the swimming hole—where



does he go from there? He cannot simply dive into space and swim around in it. Acceptance of immortality requires that you explain it; justify it; prove it; and if not in terms of physical facts, at least in intellectual ones.

It should not be so hard to prove intellectually that immortality is true. Any individual who can convince himself of as many errors as man in general has a record of making, ought to be able to convince himself of one fact occasionally; we prove the untrue true every day, why then should it be so hard to hug the truth to ourselves? But as we accept the possibility of immortality, we must justify it, must recognize the belief in some way. To do that we have to show how it fits into the Plan. We have got to take away from our conviction anything that is contrary to obvious fact. To hold a conviction contrary to obvious fact is stupid. Therefore, our conviction must be demonstrable in terms of our largest knowledge. What we believe spiritually must not and can not be an exception to what we believe in other departments of life. There must be a completeness; there must be a synthesis; it must never deny any evident or tangible truth.

So, when we go into this problem of immortality, we have all kinds of emotions within ourselves that play back and forth and we begin the process of taking the problem of immortality and subjecting it to the criticism of our own convictions. We can say: Assuming

that I am going to survive the grave—it is only an assumption, but I will assume it—well, all right, what am I going to do when I get there? What am I going to be? Theoretically, what can I be? Maybe I will be an angel. No; I am not good enough for that... I could be a devil. But, I have been devilish here, so that wouldn't be any actual change. Well then, perhaps I could belong to the church triumphant; I could be a sort of blessed soul. But if I have not been a blessed soul here, would I be one there? What *would* I be doing? Would I be doing nothing? That would be boresome.

So, I'd be doing something, but what would I *like* to be doing? Well, probably the first few months I would not want to do anything, I would take a nice, long rest. But would I take a rest? If I have rid myself of a body would I still be tired? That brings up a problem: Does the body get tired, or is weariness a psychological fixation, one that comes through when I try to do something... I only think I ought to be exhausted?

But, anyhow, presuming I am immortal, and I get over there, where would I be? How far is it from here to eternity? The Greek philosopher Aristippus was asked once, when aboard ship, "How far are we from Eternity?" He inquired, "How thick are the walls of this ship?" He was told, "Three inches." "Well," Aristippus said, "we are just that far from Eternity." So—where is this other life? Is it a place? If it is a place, where is it—up above, or down below? That one is a little difficult. Where would I be, if I were not where I am?

Whatever this experience is, if it happens to me, I suppose it must also happen to the other chap. Is Prof. Blank going to be immortal, too? One of my friends has offered me this consolation: Prof. Blank never having believed he was immortal, when you both get there, you can prove to him that he is.

Will I meet certain of my relatives? Perish the thought. Maybe I will meet Socrates. I have a lot of questions I would like to ask him. I wonder if



when I am there, I will be able to speak Greek... the human mind works and in similar ways speculates upon the unknown. For, as we assume a great belief, we have to do something with it. An untrained mind does not of course assume anything, it just lets things stand; but that does no good. As you begin to believe in immortality, your belief progressively has to be fitted into your whole plan of life. You will not believe anything concerning your immortal state that violates your intelligence in the mortal state. As the universal energy has to the trained thinker a perfect working structure, so your immortal condition, presuming you are going to be immortal, must too be a perfectly organized thing, fitting into a perfectly organized world.

The mind scientifically trained or philosophically trained has no interest in heaven or hell in a theological sense. The doctrine is pointless, uncomfortable, unnecessary; it does not mean anything. It is not the product of any mature effort to solve anything. It does not accomplish any desirable purpose, and it is contrary to every idealistic conviction we hold as human beings. Even when we do not like someone, we do not want them to be punished; and it is a very low and very despicable person who would want him punished beyond the magnitude of his crime. Growing up like little children in space, we have outgrown the desire for revenge, so why should we imply that Deity is revenge-

ful? A belief in a revengeful Deity belongs to the infancy of the race, and that we have left behind.

If nature has for its motivation the preservation of man and all living creatures, then one thing is obvious, man dies imperfect. And if he is ever going to be perfect he has some more work to do, somewhere, sometime. Nature is economical; nature never wastes anything. Why then should nature keep on building new schoolhouses for the students when they might just as well study in the one they are in? It is not necessary at all to presume that the human being has to have another world somewhere in which to learn—when he gets out of this one sans knowledge. The average person who leaves this world has learned only a minimum of lessons that it could teach him. Why should he go off to a city paved with gold? It does not mean anything. It is a boresome prospect. If man has to learn how to live, where better could he be than the place where he is now?

Man, in his effort to learn how to live, is constantly killing himself; he learns to live by destroying himself. If his destruction by ignorance, does he thereby lose his right to come to school? No; for if he is kept out of school permanently the Universe loses. So, after chastizing him properly, it sends him back to school again.

When we start educating a child in this world we do not send him to one school on Monday, to another school on Tuesday, and somewhere else on Wednesday. Nor, do we say: Go to school one day, and after that off you go to Eternity! So why should we presume the gods do it that way? Why should we insist that the Universe is more stupid than we are, when obviously nothing is more stupid than we are.

In educating our youth in some branch of learning we do not conceive the child mastering it all in one day, one year, or even in one course of four years of college. Only long study and repeated experimentation in the practical field of living gives mastery of any art or science. Now, the great art is life,

the great science is living. Why should Nature start anyone or anything off on a program that it is not going to finish? ...man might be better left a happy little tadpole in the millpond. If man is going nowhere, why give him a magnificent start? Why give him a conscious intelligence, so he can suffer; why give him a conscious mind so he can dream, long, and hope—and then cut him down? This we would not do to our worst enemy, why should we presume the gods do it to us?

Out of notions such as these came the conclusion of an old gentleman friend of mine; He said to me:

"I worked it out by saying to myself: 'If I were God what would I do?' The thought startled me; what would I do with mankind? Well, first, if I were God and looked down at man, I would feel a little humble; I would realize I was not wholly successful as an architect. If I were God I would not be too hard on human beings, because if I were God I would know that they do not know—and all they can do is struggle, strive, and make mistakes, and look up at the stars and wonder—they are not strong enough to do anything else. If I were God I would be patient with them. I would see that they were doing the best they could.

"I would watch them, and if one got too much out of line I would say, 'What am I going to do with this chap? I could sort of squash him, but why should I? After all, he is a good fellow; he just does not know. He is suffering from a bad case of ignorance. So instead of destroying him, I will punish him slightly. I will spank him a little, put him in the corner, and tell him to behave himself; but in the end I am going to forgive him, for after all, there is something in him that some time is going to make him as good as anyone else. He is like a small boy that gets into mischief, but grows up to be a fine man. I shall just bend the twig a little before it gets out of line. When this twig-bending begins the man down below will not like it very well, because it interferes with his plans; but it is better

to interfere with his plans now than permit him to destroy himself, and that is what it amounts to.

"So, gradually," said the old gentleman, "If I were God, I'd have a Universe in which all these creatures I have formed would be happy by earning happiness. I'd make sure of every one of them growing up to be wise, and that everyone of them, in the end, would come to wisdom. These little creatures are to be made into gods? How? There is only one way, and that is the long, slow, tedious process of releasing through them divine power."

The old gentleman continued: "So, if I were God, I would preserve the immortality of man; I would never destroy him, I would never send him to heaven nor to hell for things he did not know any better than to do! I would never demand of him that he believe this or that, but would instead try to bring him up the way he should go—like the wise parent punishing the erring child for his own good, and rewarding him when he is right, for his own good. And I would send him back to school every day until he learned his lesson.

"If I were God I would do all exactly the way it has been done—with perfect justice to each according to their works, knowing no favorite children, no step-children, but embracing all in a wise, universal principle to guide all creatures to the perfection of themselves. The only way that perfection can be accomplished is for creatures to continue to grow—even after so-called death—until they become a million times greater and better creatures than they are now."

Man then, continuing to grow, continuing to improve, must go somewhere when he dies, and he must be something when he dies. There is nothing to indicate that he may be more when he dies, or less. No virtue attaches to a process of dying whereby he suddenly becomes divine. Thus, in all probability, he will be just the same as when he left here—no better, or no worse—and if he is to keep on learning he must learn somewhere else, or come back here. He has a school here; why learn some-

where else? If his problem is here, why go to the moon to study? If his problem was not here, why did he come here? He was put here to solve something, and if he dies without solving it, where would be the natural place to expect him to solve it? Here. Why should he have to go to any other place?

When we see children come into the world with a myriad of potential talents, as we perceive all types of geniuses and exceptions developing and unfolding together, it is not difficult to come to the realization that birth is no more the beginning than death is the end. Certainly we arrive not altogether in pristine ignorance. We depart not altogether in universal wisdom. Some are born wise and some foolish; some are wise and some are foolish when they die.

A small child runs out of the house without putting his toys away, but leaves them scattered on the floor. Do you expect him to put away the toys in your neighbor's house? No, you make him come back and put the toys away in his own house. If we die leaving our toys scattered across the face of cosmos, with our whole life and affairs in a terrible muddle, why should we go somewhere else to straighten out the muddle? We come right back here.

If the world we leave behind is mutilated by our activity, why should we put it in order somewhere else?

Because we are ignorant, foolish, egotistical, self-centered, and have other admirable vices, we leave behind a world distorted. Why should we not come back?—if we ruin a world, that is the world we should live in! Should we be shunted off to some other world and ruin it too? Are we going to do any better somewhere else than we did here? The principle of ruination is in us, not in our world, or any world.

The simple process of thinking, after acceptance of the hypothesis of immortality, leads the thoughtful mind inevitably toward the acceptance of the doctrine of rebirth. It is the only explanation that fits into the structure of our general knowledge. It is the one intelligent belief that allows us to say, "If

I were running it, that is the way it would be."

In a general sense, men no longer hate men; we have begun to realize the basic virtue of trying to get along together. The implication that Deity hates man is something we have outgrown. Certainly the Divine Mind is no less than our own, but is infinitely greater. That which we reject because it violates our sense of common decency, can scarcely be attributed to our God.

Out of our thinking, doing the best we can, we glorify the Universe most. By our own best thinking—always, of course, bearing in mind that our thinking is human, therefore full of errors—we are bearing witness to the highest ideals of our time. No more is expected of us. And no less.

By a simple reasoning process it is seen that we can justify the doctrine of immortality and the doctrine of rebirth. If a mind like Dr. Einstein's would take the problem of rebirth and reduce it to its rational conclusions, expound it by means of such a doctrine as his theory of relativity, he would be able to justify it intellectually. For it does not violate any known law of nature, and it is in

true harmony and parallel with those laws we are able to know. Reincarnation is nothing more or less than the law of evolution applied to the conscious development of the human being. It is the best answer we have, the wisest that we know, and it is also the proper foundation for an idealism that does sustain us in times of stress. So I hope, and I believe sincerely, that in the next twenty-five years science will come closer and closer to this doctrine. Science is a strange, austere thing, standing like some great Egyptian Pharaoh in the Desert of Waiting, but the scientist is a human being—a husband, a father, and a son. The scientist is learned, but he is human; he needs as any other man the gentle dreams, the secret hopes, the high convictions which make life endurable. Because he needs these things, he will bestow them upon his sciences for his own survival.

The great sphinx-like face of learning will yet be lit up with the rays of the morning sun of a greater dawn. The great realization will come, born out of war, crisis, and disaster—through an urge that is eternal, the human hunger after Beauty, Love, and Truth.

(A PUBLIC LECTURE BY MANLY PALMER HALL.
Suggested reading: REINCARNATION: THE CYCLE OF NECESSITY;
MAN: THE GRAND SYMBOL OF THE MYSTERIES)



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CORDELL Hull, Secretary of State, is known far and wide as an extremely cautious speaker. Striving always for scientific accuracy, he so qualifies every statement that he is the despair of reporters in press conferences.

One day he was riding on a train, when a friend pointed out the window to a fine flock of sheep grazing in a field.

"Look. Those sheep have been sheared," said the friend.

Hull studied the sheep. "Sheared on this side, anyway," he admitted.

—Beverly Smith in *The American Magazine*.

- *Some images are prescribed by doctrine; others are adopted naturally as symbols of invisible truth*

Pagan Ideals and Christian Idols

PHOTOGRAPHERS almost anywhere will take old family pictures, daguerrotypes, olden day tintypes and will make a splendid copy for you, in reproduction of some deceased member of your family. Many of us thus treasure the likenesses of illustrious ancestors, or persons set up in the family tree on the commendable side. This is ever a matter of selectivity; in most families there are some ancestors who are best forgotten with dignity.

The desire to perpetuate the likeness of loved ones, whether parents or more remote ancestors, is part of a basic psychology. In great measure we are all of us ancestor and hero worshippers, as something inevitable in our time of evolution. And there is nothing particularly wrong with the practice. Ancestor worship is motivated by two basic psychological peculiarities of the human mind. One is the veneration for age, and the other is the veneration for the dead.

Even in this day of rather sophisticated attitudes on life, the process of death changes the attitude of the living toward the deceased. This is true in a marked way with our politicians and statesmen. The better ones among our public figures may have been bitterly opposed throughout life, but after death they enter an *ex officio* group, and their virtues are remembered, their mistakes generally forgotten.

Not long ago in an art gallery I expressed interest in the method of selecting pictures. The curator explained, "This gallery is reserved for modern artists recently deceased. In order to have a picture hung in this gallery the artist must be dead." The artist hav-

ing completed his career, that is, and no longer being capable of making other changes and modifications in his technique, he is capable of being studied as a complete unit. If still alive, a year from now he might change his entire technique, and then in the future estimating of his work error might exist; but the man having passed on, his entire artistic career can be judged from the beginning to the end, passed upon as a complete creation. "In other words," the curator said, "we do not know whether his art is good or bad until after he is dead. It is the judgment of time that determines the merit of his work." That is very interesting. But I couldn't help thinking that it is a little difficult on the living artist, who can be sure that he will never see his masterpiece selected to be hung in that particular gallery.

We have reserved to the transition into the other life a certain kind of deification. In its essence it is no more than a refinement of a very primitive belief, traceable through all history; peoples in all times have preserved the memory and likeness, or created new likenesses, of their remote forebears, heroic ancestors, and great leaders of the past. It is very difficult to know where veneration for the dead ceases and deification of the dead begins. There is no true line of demarcation; it is entirely a psychological line.

This is clearly pointed up in the case of Russia, where Lenin's mummified remains are still to be viewed by the populace in the great mausoleum in Red Square. This man was a prophet of the agnostic belief. Lenin would have been the last man in the world to have desired deification of himself. His entire

philosophy of life was one of social reform.

Following in his ideals Russia came forth as an agnostic nation. I say agnostic advisedly, rather than atheistic. Russia is not atheistic; Russia is agnostic. Russia does not deny the existence of God; but it declines to take seriously the interpretations of a divine being as they exist in various doctrines and beliefs.

This nation dedicated its ideology to the improvement of the physical state of man, as the primary consideration of living man. And yet in Russia today Lenin dead sways more power than the prophets of most religions. For Lenin has been elevated to a deified position.

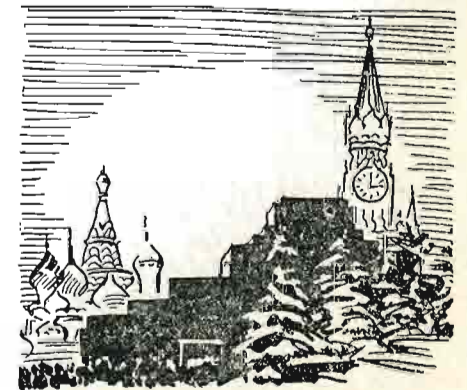
In the peasant homes in Russia the icon, or religious figure, with candles on each side, long stood on the mantelpiece, or hung on the walls as a symbol of the family's religious belief. But the icons, the figures of the saints of the Eastern church, are gone now, and the candle light illumines a portrait of Nikolai Lenin. To many of the people he is God; to the others he is a deified human being, deified by tradition, deified by the attitude of the Russian State toward him, deified because he was a pioneer of a conviction which today dominates their way of life.

For all practical purposes, in the Russian State what we call Communism is a religion, and Lenin is its deified founder. He has his prophets and saints. He has those who were about him and those who came after him who will gradually take form as a hierarchy of immortals, an order of demi-gods. They will never be called that; but that is what they are in substance and essence.

The Russians who go to the tomb of Lenin do not go as a tourist might go to see stuffed birds in the New York Museum; they go with great reverence. When they reach the mummified remains of the great leader in the glass case, the majority of them fall on their knees to pay veneration to him; and in many instances they are to be observed on their knees saying their beads. It may seem incongruous that an agnostic people

should be saying their beads to the physical remains of an agnostic; it may seem a contradiction in human consciousness. It is something we can talk about all we want to, saying it should be, or should not be; but it is. Philosophy recognizes things as they are.

Now, we have a somewhat similar condition, only not so extreme, in our own country. America has two great heroes, Washington, and Lincoln. Lincoln is probably closer to our hearts because he is more directly understandable. Washington, by temperament, background, and family was an aristocrat, an English country gentleman; so while he made a great contribution to our national life, we somewhat prefer the homespun Lincoln, a man of small opportunity who created opportunities for himself, who taught himself to read by the light of the open fireplace, who struggled every step of the way to achieve his great life destiny. Furthermore, to him was added one of the most important factors in religious conviction, martyrdom. When the leader of a faith, belief, or conviction gives his life for that conviction, or in one way or another is destroyed by the opponents of that conviction, to him a special veneration is accorded. Particularly is this true among Christian peoples, for veneration of the martyr is basically associated with this religion. Through this association, and through certain convictions, is developed a compound attitude which is the basis of veneration or deification.



The articulate among the American people, being well educated in comparison to the people of most other nations, have not gone quite as far into the conscious process of deification as some other nations have gone; but if you do no more than stand in the presence of the statue of Lincoln in his Memorial in Washington, D. C.—a monument itself in the form of a Greek Temple—and look up at the great stone face of the immortal Emancipator, and you feel approximately the same reaction that the Greek must have felt long ago when he stood in the presence of the statue of the Olympian Zeus, carved by the immortal Phidias. The shrine of Lincoln has the same atmosphere. As people enter they take off their hats; they are silent; they pay tribute, not by a conscious process, but by a subconscious process over which they have no conscious control.

Psychology says this is the overpowering influence of grandeur. In the presence of grandeur the human being will ever feel humble. And no doubt there is a great deal of truth in that. In the presence of beauty, in the presence of great dignity, in the presence of grandeur and the evidence of acclaim of other people, we are inclined to accept with some humility and with a measure of dignity the impressiveness and importance of circumstances or the individual who is indicated in the circumstances.

It is important also to this feeling of veneration that the likeness of the person venerated should in some way be involved in the pattern. Two great monuments stand close together in Washington, the monument to Washington and the Lincoln memorial. Both are tributes to great American citizens, but the Lincoln memorial inspires a sense of great veneration which is not aroused by the great cenotaph erected to the memory of Washington, which holds nothing that binds us to the personality of the deceased man. Those searching for the Washington spirit find it at Mount Vernon; where the simple tomb and the house in which he lived, the furnishings, the numerous intimate

personal articles, convey the sense of proximity which the sky-reaching monument lacks. The response is greater in the presence of the more venerating principle; that is, in the presence of things that express the likeness of the person venerated.

Such responses are basic to us; they occur and reoccur through all our life time. All over the world today heroes are being made, created out of world war crisis and stress; new immortals are emerging, who will come to their full glory only after they have completed their cycle and when death has placed them with the unforgotten.

This is the quality from which stems all so-called idolatry. Idolatry is reverence for the physical symbol of someone else's ideals—to be distinguished from our own ideals, which when we symbolize them, are a work in art. When someone whom we do not understand, does the same thing we do, then perpetuation of his image is idolatry. So the real difference between ideals and idols is in the belief or viewpoint.

In religion this issue has been a dominant one—particularly impressive in the 18th and 19th centuries, it is not so significant any longer, but it is still lurking in the background to upset our sense of values. If we are not very careful we incline to divide the world into nations of true beliefs, and nations of idolatrous beliefs.

There once was considerable discussion as to what constituted nations of true beliefs; and it was finally decided that the true religions were the Christian, Islamic, and Jewish faiths; these three were regarded as non-idolatrous, and they were so classified by the founders of the more recent church. The older church had no patience with Islam. In modern times we recognize Islam as an outgrowth of the Christian faith, and therefore include it in the true beliefs. As opposed to these three are all other religions of the world, and those religions have been divided from the true faiths largely by the fact they were heathen or pagan. The proof that they were heathen or pagan was, they were



religions in which idols were used to represent the gods, the saints, sages, and heroes, and their followers worshipped idols. As expressed in the good old hymn, they "Bowed down to wood and stone."

But, if we consider the matter carefully in the light of our present knowledge of religion, we realize that probably the only religion that in every respect abides by the most severe teaching of non-idolatry is the Islamic, rather than the Christian. If we were to estimate the virtue of religion by its complete refraining from the use of religious symbols, then Islam becomes the pattern and model for all beliefs. It is the only belief that will not permit the representation of its God, or any of its great leaders or principal saints in any form under any condition, even in terms of profane art. It is not permitted within the faith for even the artist or sculptor for artistic reasons to make the likeness of any of the spiritual leaders of the belief. It is not permitted that any likeness of Mohammed, even imaginary, should exist in Islam. When in the process of art it is necessary to depict the Prophet he is shown with a veil over his face. And I know of no instance wherein any artist or connoisseur of Islamic art has been able to point out a case in which any effort is made to portray Deity.

This is quite a contrast to the Christian faith. In the early period, about 1450 or 1500, probably fifty likenesses

of God the Father existed in old wood-blocks. There is no proof that they were striking likenesses, but the effort was made.

If Islam from the absolute standpoint of non-idolatry leads all beliefs, whether Islam is any richer for this is a question. Whether it has prevented idolatry is also a question. Idolatry has arisen out of the psychological influence of non-idolatry. When you take an attitude, develop it into a fixation and extend it by emphasis to fanaticism, you make an idol. You make an idol either intellectually or literally out of that fixation itself; the fixation becomes in itself an inordinate impulse, one too severe to represent the true, spontaneous conviction of the human being.

Christianity has a history closely associated with what might be termed the reproduction of great saints and martyrs. Christianity cannot be reasonably considered as a non-idolatrous religion; it appears fully the equal of other idolatrous faiths in the multiplicity of its images of various spiritual leaders. From the portrait of God on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome, down to the most simple figure of the Virgin Mary and the Bambino, representations of saints, representations of celestial and infernal beings, and the angels and demons, the pantheon of the Christian church is very rich in idolatrous figures. But as Christians, we insist that we do not worship these images; they are only symbols of abstract convictions; and we simply use this human and convenient method of adoring an image as symbolizing that we revere the person for whom this image stands. We insist that we know the image has no virtue of itself. And yet while we are mouthing this conviction with great intensity, we are denying it in practice constantly. Our minds do not pass through the intellectual process of eliminating the images when we approach the altar of our faith and make our offering to these images. We may really be intending to indicate veneration for a man who is dead and gone when we approach the figure of St. Peter in the Vatican, but when we

bow down and kiss the toe of that figure—and kiss it so repeatedly we have worn off three toes—it is too much to expect that the average person of common intellect, who performs the kissing of this image, is going through the mental process of affirming: "The kissing of the bronze toe of this image does not indicate that I regard it as an image, but rather that I am holding St. Peter in great veneration." No, the mind does not go through such a process primarily; it accepts the influence of environment, responds to the nobility and dignity of the image itself, and through these the reverent kiss on the toe becomes definite practicing of idolatrous rites as part of a religion. If the individual sits down and mentally analyzes it, he may come to this conviction: In the simple act of worshipping he is definitely assuming this process has virtue, and in some way Saint Peter is in fact and substance associated with his image.

The presence throughout Europe of shrines and relics that have produced miracles are clear indications of basic convictions and desire to believe that the image has power itself, and through certain belief has divine attributes. Bones of saints are still venerated as they were by the most primitive people.

It frequently occurs that there is doubt of the authenticity of the bones of saints, in fact, the doubt is far more frequently met with than the bones. For it has been observed that certain bones which do not occur in large numbers in the body did occur in large numbers with saints now deceased. There are instances where several skulls of the same saint are kept in various places. And on certain occasions the Church has told us in relation to certain bones of certain saints, that whether or not there were three or four heads is of no particular importance. The idea is, it is quite possible for the saint to bestow his virtue or power upon whatever the multiplicity of his own remains. And furthermore, if with sincerity and belief certain bones are held to be the bones of certain saints, the virtue of the saint will be present with them, whether they are his or not.



To explain certain difficulties about transmitted virtue, it has been additionally asserted that the power of the deceased saint is powerful enough to cover any number of bones.

Such things make it difficult for us to differentiate between the idolatry in our belief, and the idolatry in other beliefs. When we explain it, it is by the simple process of understanding our own way, and realizing why it is this way. We then proceed with the utmost sincerity of purpose to misunderstand other people, to deny in their religion the very thing we demand acceptance for in our religion.

I remember a very devout Christian who went with me into one of the old shrines in China. He was quite bigoted in his Christian religious convictions, but he was silent, took off his hat and showed every respect in this Buddhist shrine. Afterward I asked him, "How did you react to it?" He said, "Except for the image in the center it was the same as my own, and I had the same feeling as when I enter my own church."

This experience made that particular individual more liberal as a result. He suddenly realized that all these images, all these figures do not bear witness to a belief, but to a human desire to react to a sense of veneration. The shrines and temples come not from the faith, but from the worshippers. The images are not the result of doctrine, but the universal and natural desire to create some form for invisible, abstract truths. And if they be properly understood and appreciated, these symbols are important in assisting the individual to form a religious instinct.

During the early centuries of the Christian Church the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria were the most enlightened philosophers of the European civilization. They had no place in their belief, for figures, idols, symbols. Their religion was one of definite inner com-

munion, a complete and definite mysticism. And so they were never able to compete with the rites of the Christian Church. St. Augustine explaining it said, Neo-Platonism failed because it did not offer any inducement to the emotional content of human nature through art, symbolism, or in any physical respects.

In other words, it was too austere, too completely detached to offer any emotional stimulation. It gave no opportunity for human beings to express veneration, to perform little acts of self-sacrifice, and to bow before the image of their God.

The human being needs these emotional experiences; to him they become symbols of his deeper convictions that he cannot express. Not given the opportunity to express these emotions the average person very rapidly becomes intellectually unbalanced, or emotionally upset and frustrated. Humanly we need the pageantry, the symbolism of our faith at this period of evolution, because we in general do not have the strength to view Deity as completely abstract. The ordinary person does not have the intellectual power to do it, and it does not offer any comfort to his personal life. It is too far away from what is his native understanding at the present time.

Idolatry might be simply defined as the false acceptance of symbols for the reality for which they stand. If a person believes that a symbol is in itself a divine being, or divine substance, then technically he is on a lower rung of evolutionary consciousness than the person who accepts the figure as a symbol of some universal principle, and reveres it merely as a symbol. A symbol is, of course, the crystallization of an ideal. If the symbol is mistaken for an ideal, it is a fault. If it stimulates the inner consciousness to accomplish that ideal, then it is without a fault. It depends entirely upon the attitude of the individual, and there are various attitudes in all beliefs, with the result that some members of all beliefs are idolatrous and

will continue to be so long as they accept the symbol as a literal fact.

Idolatry is not necessarily limited to the more material beliefs; it can exist in the most abstract forms. Probably the most common form of idolatry among most Christian people is the worship of the man Jesus himself, or the acceptance of the physical historical significance of his actions as contrasted to the acceptance of his life and his work as a symbol of a great, abstract ideal that lies beyond.

The most objectionable of the Christian sects are those that throw greatest emphasis upon the literal acceptance of Jesus as God. In this is the basis for most of the idolatry and fanaticism that have arisen in the last 1900 years of Christian history. It is just as much a mistake to deify an idea as to deify a piece of stone. Jesus tells us again and again in the Gospels that he is not the one that performeth the works, but it is the Father within him that performeth the works. In other words, Jesus bears witness to a spiritual power in Nature. He gives his disciple a prayer, and they are to pray not to him, but to the Father. He regarded himself, in all probability, judging from the historical remnants we can gather—they are few—as a teacher coming to bring a message concerning a Universal Truth.

As such, Jesus is to the Christian religion what Lincoln was to the emancipation doctrine, and Lenin to Russia. Jesus was a great spiritual leader, a great idealist. To understand his ideals and serve them is to be his follower; but to deify him would be the last thing in the world he wanted, and the last thing in the world that would accomplish the ultimate good of his belief. To deify a human being and ascribe supernatural powers to him, is to depreciate the purpose of having our own participation in these as a follower of his ways.

Throughout most religions of the world, idolatry has resulted in the substitution of miraculous circumstances for the performance of the cardinal virtues. For example, the average Christian is

very likely to ask in prayer for various favors that should be granted by his own works. He will ask to have his sickness removed, his financial difficulties corrected, his relatives reformed, and his politicians preserved. He asks these things as divine favors, when in reality they should arise from his own works. It was not particularly a religious man who said, "God helps those who help themselves," but he stated a great religious truth which has no reconciliation to an idolatrous belief.

In most religions, the acceptance of the faith, the veneration for its founder, the performance of its rituals, and the acceptance of its sacrifices—all these become all important for the preservation of the spiritual life. They are given precedence over the performance of the virtues. Several old Fathers wrote lengthy treatises to prove that the worst Christian sinner had a better chance in heaven than the best heathen, regardless of the personal standard of either's living. That of course is the most advanced form of pernicious idolatry. In that you have a process at work which is not merely the tempering of religion for the consciousness of adolescent human beings; it is the definite distortion of spiritual values. Wherever we find the teaching that a religious acceptance or the deification of a person is accepted as a substitute for action, then we are in the presence of a dangerous theological deceit.

Throughout South and Central Africa are to be found innumerable crude, wooden figures. They are very bad in artistry, but intriguing. These idols, fetishes, or figures of old tribal gods are deeply revered by the people. But one of the interesting things I found in wandering around among primitive people is, that even the most primitive do not regard the idol as intrinsically significant. To them all these idols are symbols of some spiritual power that abides in Space; and they worship the power, not the idol.

American Indians have been convicted of being sun worshipers; but they do not worship the sun; they accept it

as the universal principle of life.

Worshippers of a universal life power and principle are not an idolatrous people; idolatry is the basic failure to recognize the figure as a symbol, and the acceptance of it as a reality.

Philosophic approach now having given us a background, we can begin to consider the emotional content of the figure itself. The greatest art the world has ever produced has been inspired by religion. That is true of all faiths except Islam. But even Islam has a certain amount of art; there are illuminated copies of the Koran, the pages bordered by magnificent tracery of flowers and fruit, and, in a few cases, animals; magnificent in artistry, the human and divine content has been entirely eliminated.

Most of the art of the world has been inspired by man's desire to bestow the finest and noblest of his impulses upon the expression of spiritual and religious convictions. This brings us to the problem, should art, as art, have a message? The modernes, who have no message, are inclined to believe that it should not; but this reflects their own conviction rather than the procedures of art. Great art has always had a purpose. The desire to teach, or preach perhaps, to force home certain convictions of the mind upon the beholder, lies at the root of practically all art, great art. We want to teach something, we want to reveal something, emphasize, point out, or call attention to something, in the various artistic productions we devise; and unless we have some kind of a motive the art itself lacks any great appeal to the cultured beholder. So all art in the final analysis is symbolology; it is an interpretation of fact.

Nearly all great artists will admit that the mere literal interpretation of the factual by exact reproduction, that is, by copy, is not the highest expression in art. Art seeks to convey an impression, rather than reproduction in an exact likeness of something. And the artist's understanding of the thing he desires to reveal will be the measure of his artistry.

All art, therefore, produces some reaction in the beholder. This reaction is in the plane of the senses in most cases, and where the emotional nature is moved by the things seen, we have the same law at work that we have in the religious phase of art. Religious art is merely that part of the artistic technic in which the spiritual emotions are motivated, whereas so-called profane art is where emotions that are not essentially religious are stimulated.

The great hymns of Palestrina were created to inspire great emotional religious reactions in man; The Marseillaise was written to inspire patriotic emotions. The difference is the motivation; it is that which determines religious art or secular art. The difference is merely in the emotions it creates, and not in the basic, exact emotional content.

As we look about today in the study of the arts and religion, we realize that through our artistry, through our symbolism, through our interpretative attitudes, we have placed certain limitations upon our ideals. The basic teaching which underlies symbolism is that it limits universals. They must be limited of course to become comprehensible. Universals as universals are not comprehensible. But, there is the danger when we reduce the formless to form, that we will not be able to escape the form we create; and so that form in turn becomes the basis of a new estimation of the formless. This danger continues from generation to generation, resulting gradually in the degeneration of the formless principles into extremely concrete formal attributes.

An example would be a bestowal of a certain likeness upon Deity, as the Greeks did with their Zeus, the great Olympian Zeus; its face of ivory and its robes of gold, became one of the noblest figures in the ancient world, symbolical of their God. But by the time it reached Rome it became the exact nature and appearance of God. It was gradually built up in the consciousness of the believer that Zeus looked exactly like the image. As a re-



sult, that likeness or verisimilitude was connected to the image; and the image itself shared the miraculous powers of the original.

The belief held for centuries, until very recent times—and many still hold it—is that Deity is an old man with a long white beard; and this is simply based upon the belief that the figure of the ancient Greek God, Cronus, was the exact representation of the Father-God of the Universe. The Cronus of the Greeks is the same figure that Michelangelo traced upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. This same ancient crowned man occurs again and again in approximately all the early Christian conception of Father-Deity. The Greek knew that Cronus was no more than a symbol; the Roman forgot that. And the Christians took hold where the Romans left off. Gradually the ancient pagan symbol became the modern Christian idol. And Christianity has been hundreds of years getting rid of the belief that Deity is an old man sitting on a cloud, with so-many hairs on the right side of his beard and so-many hairs on the left side. It was a great question in theology for centuries as to whether he had eyelids or not. It was finally decided he did not, because it said in the scriptures, "The God of Truth neither slumbers nor sleeps."

To such a degree has literalism been carried. To us it seems foolish; but there was a time when it would cost a

man his life to decide whether Deity had eyelids or not.

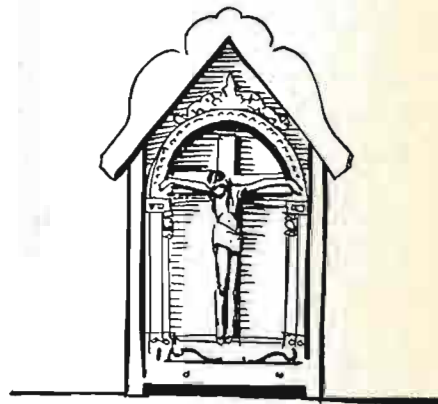
This same Deity, made in the image of man, the shadow of ancient Cronus, became the despot of the ancient system of astronomy. Sitting upon the throne of the world, subject to innumerable whims, he gradually degenerated to the state of a very cantankerous old gentleman who was constantly meting out punishment, presumably at his pleasure; and this was very strongly and definitely believed, and still is. There are persons today who would be very excited and tremendously annoyed if you questioned the physical existence of the old man in the sky, a sort of cosmic Santa Claus with a bad disposition.

This old man concept of God, based on centuries of idolatry, has retarded progress both in scientific knowledge and religious beliefs. It took hundreds of years for men such as Bruno, Copernicus, and Galileo to gradually break down the firm conviction that this old man was not floating out there; and it was a terrible disappointment to the whole world when along came the telescope and it did not discover him. When it became evident that the universe was an immense thing, extending into thousands of solar systems, a terrific disagreement arose between science and theology. The theologians insisted the world was created about six or seven thousand years ago; science felt itself in a position to prove that it is several thousand million years old. This fight between theology and science has progressed through the centuries.

In Christianity we have one symbolism which it seems to me is unfortunate; and some time it will have to be corrected or it will result in the destruction of the faith; and that is, the peculiar habit in religious art of associating the religious faith with the circumstances of death. The selection of the crucifixion, and the extremely morbid depiction of the death of the Messiah, is a completely wrong approach to a religious symbol. It is not used in other instances; it is not generally used in religious art although the circumstances of the martyrdom of

religious leaders is not uncommon. This emphasis upon a morbid circumstance, in my opinion, is the most dangerous thing we have in religious art. It has resulted in a wide misinterpretation of a universal into terms of detrimental particulars. While the motives may originally have been of the best, it has failed utterly in the preservation of Christian ideals.

Some will say that it has stood so long that nothing will be done about it. Possibly this is true; but if you consider the history of the Christian Church you will find that history one which is particularly mutilated by most inhuman examples of cruelty and fanaticism; and to my mind the crucifixion symbol is largely responsible for it.



Let us see why it is responsible.

In the story of Christ we have three very important things to consider, things that have a direct bearing upon the doctrine. First, we have the teachings of the man, as represented in the Gospels. Secondly, we have the mystery of the circumstances attending his death. And thirdly, we have the resurrection. Now, in the Christian mystery the point of supreme significance is the resurrection. It is the symbol of the whole purpose of religion that we should be so resurrected—either literally, as the church teaches; or symbolically, as philosophy teaches—that we should be raised from the death of ignorance, raised from the death state of materiality, raised from the corrupt matter of personal beings

through the Christian mysteries into the life of the Spirit; that a spiritual mystery shall be perfected in us. The resurrection doctrine is the supreme escape mechanism of psychology, the great hope of the ultimate restoration of all things good, the belief that man survives death, and, as represented by his leader, is lifted up into a state of eternal life. This is the great hope of the Christian faith as a religion. It then is the appropriate point of emphasis, and not the death of the man.

We are otherwise presumed to be moved into a state of grace by the fact of the heroic circumstances of the man dying for his belief. We must not overlook that this is not an unique state of affairs. Today thousands of men are dying for what they believe. To them all belongs the greatest veneration and respect, for no man can give more than himself. Throughout history, great men and good, in all ages, in all races, in all times, have died for their beliefs. Socrates died for his belief, died voluntarily in the presence of a perfectly easy way of escaping, a way that would not even have broken a law. All he had to do was pay a fine; and a number of his disciples, Plato included, stood ready to pay it for him; but he did not do so because it would have compromised his ideals. Pythagoras was a martyr, some say he was crucified. Mohammed was actually a martyr. All through science we have martyrs, men who gave their lives to save humanity. Martyrs are to be found in everything you can think of; artists have died of starvation, musicians have perished in attics, men of business have given their lives to their family, their country. Martyrdom, death for an idea, is not really a point for greatest emphasis. The pagans share that virtue with us; and probably share it to a greater extent than we do.

The right purpose of the Christian faith is better stated not in emphasis of death as the supreme sacrifice, but of life as the supreme sacrifice. It is just as difficult, just as meritorious, and more important to live well than it is to die well, and often more difficult.

Under the stress of a great emergency human beings rise to great heights; but to live well, day by day, with innumerable irritations and small petty problems, to live intelligently, constructively, and conscientiously for three score years and ten, injuring no man, trying to leave the world a better place than you found it, fulfilling your weights and measures, improving yourself, serving others—these things are often more difficult than martyrdom. They retain within themselves a great merit which we do not always realize or recognize.

In Christian symbolism, the cross is of course, the old Roman gallows. It is the symbol of death. We have accepted this symbol as the peculiar symbol of our faith; and, as one American Indian observed, we have put a gallows on top of all of our churches, and he could never understand why. We have made death the master of our world, rather than life. We have made death the supreme sacrifice, which it is not. Death is a condition which is inevitable to all creatures; it cannot then be regarded as a supreme sacrifice. But if death is inevitable, to live well is not inevitable; it must be achieved through great personal effort; and therefore, life rather than death is the proper symbol of an enlightened belief.

It is perfectly proper that we should pay respect to the memory of the individual who died for his convictions, for there can be no nobler example of a person's sincerity than that he will die for it. But can you imagine going to the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D. C., and seeing there a representation of the Great Emancipator dying with a bullet hole in the back of his head? No one would conceive of such a thing. It would be an ultimate case in morbidity. Neither do we represent George Washington being bled to death by his physician, though he was unquestionably hastened into the other world by the incompetence of the science of his time. We do not represent our enshrined people in that way. If occasionally we find in art a picture of the burning of Joan d'Arc, much more frequently is she pic-

tured riding on a horse at the head of the French legion, or striding with uplifted face with the banner of France held high in her hand. She died a very cruel death, one of the most cruel deaths possible; but our concept of her is not of her death, but of her victory over life.

Possibly one of the reasons that the cross and the figure on it have come to be used in Christianity is that a reminder of the crucifixion is a very elementary way to stir up emotions. Pain and suffering are something we react to very quickly; suffering is a peculiarly potent force to create sympathy. If we suffer ourselves and our saints have suffered, then we feel a kinship with them; we think we understand them better because we hurt too. We have built up a whole conviction in religion on the point that no matter how much we suffer, Jesus suffered more; and the more we suffer, the more we understand him. It appears to me the whole point of view is backward. It is not one to give us the faith we desire; it is not one on which to build a new world. Our world is one of constant suffering at this day and hour. We are all moved by the present problems of today, yet we are all thinking in terms of a great hope—that out of present suffering will come an infinite good, an ultimate good that will justify the sacrifices we are now forced to make. If that be true, then our religion should pattern itself upon this great emotional conviction, that pain leads to victory; and that the

things we are suffering are for the things we are striving to accomplish, and the accomplishment is the justification of all things.

This attitude of the worship of the wrong point in our belief has long resulted in a vast amount of confusion and difficulty within the structure of the Church itself. We hear statements, such as that of St. Augustine's, asking for suffering—so that through suffering Christians will gain merit, for the more they suffer the more they will understand. That is the human way of doing things. We have dignified it as the inevitable way. Perhaps most of us do learn more through suffering, but suffering is not necessary, it is not a universal edict, it is an indication of human stupidity. There is no earthy reason nor heavenly reason why we should not learn happily without acquiring a psychosis on a subject. We have made ourselves believe that because we have had a hard life the world ought to be good to us. "We have suffered enough here; our reward will be great in Heaven." Our reward is not for suffering. Possibly through being uncomfortable we may have learned something, but we are not rewarded for the discomfort, but for the potential content of that suffering. Many of us are quite successful in being uncomfortable without any perceptible progress content. We deny the very reasons that are forced upon us through pain. We blame everyone but ourselves, and when we can't think of anyone else to blame, we blame the Administration at Washington.

Pain is its own reward. It is a reward for something we have done wrongly. There is no more reason why we should go to heaven because we have suffered than that we should go to heaven because we have paid our bills. Pain is not an extraordinary virtue; pain is the result of having failed to meet the problems of living, and because we failed to meet them here we are suffering for them not only here but hereafter. The problem of living presents us with the challenge of living well.



We may suffer somewhat, and probably we are suffering, as we try to live well in a world not in accord with those ideals. A certain number of misfortunes may occur, and some of those misfortunes may have merit, because they arise from a distinct effort to do what is right; but there is no necessity for the individual believing there is any virtue in being uncomfortable; the purpose of life is to live well and not to live uncomfortably.

I found much emphasis of pain where I was last summer, among the Penitentes, of New Mexico. They have a ritual of pain and suffering that lasts forty days before Easter, but no ceremony to signify the resurrection. Their cult is a cult of pain. They have no reward. They have no idea in their ritual of having a rich reward for having done anything. It is all pain; and in these simple people we have an example of something that has become common in our religious life.

Several denominations in the city of Los Angeles forbid their followers to indulge in the social life of the community, forbid them to go to the theatre and to motion pictures. These groups have been forbidden the reading of any books except those prescribed by their church, they are forbidden dancing, social parties, and things of that nature. The idea is, the individual gains great virtue by inhibiting, frustrating, and denying himself. The more uncomfortable he is the more like God he is, when probably the only real reason for divine discomfort is man himself. We have succeeded in making God uncomfortable for ages, and we have lost entirely the kindly and gentle phase of the pagan belief. The classicists in their symbolism did not resort to the morbid to attract emotional attention. The Olympian Zeus was a stately man with maturity of years, a benign face, looking down with dignity upon his world. The gods, goddesses, the nymphs and dryads were all beautiful creatures, depicted always with grace, dignity, and vitality. The supreme beings were always portrayed as most perfect to in-

spire the human being to the achievement of perfection within himself. The supreme symbol of enlightenment is pictured in the case of Buddha, the enlightened Buddha seated in meditation, receiving the light of Truth in his inner consciousness. Wherever the figures appear the majority of the symbols depict this particular incident. It is the high note, the high philosophical content of his message—and properly elevated to the supreme position of symbolical thought.

Confucius is usually represented as a scholar, seated in his chair, teaching his disciples.

Lao-Tze is represented in the supreme achievement of his life, when he departed for the Gobi desert, riding on the back of a green ox, represented as a kindly old gentleman, smiling and happy, going forth on his last great adventure.

Occasionally Buddha is represented at the time he departed from this life, entering Nirvana. This figure symbolizes the complete conquering of death. Buddha himself is shown reclining on a couch surrounded by his disciples; the disciples show sorrow in their faces, but the face of the master is in complete peace and repose. He is departing full of wisdom, full of confidence, full of the realization he is going into the substance of his own belief, his own truth, radiant, transcendent and complete in all the virtues of life.

These are constructive depictions, and they have resulted in the life of great people, both classical and pagan, being based upon doctrines of accomplishment, joy, and naturalness, fulfilling beautiful things. In our own faith we need a religious symbol which emphasizes the human, gentle virtues that make life supremely beautiful; one which as Cicero says, gives not only the courage to live well, but courage to face the future with a good hope.

This morbid streak in our symbolism was certainly not part of the original intent, and the proof that it was not is overwhelming. In the first three hundred years of the Christian faith

the cross was not the symbol. It was only after Constantine that the cross was adopted. In the early history of the Church the symbol of the fish was used, because of the astrological association, the Fisher of Men, and because in ancient symbolism the fish had certain religious significance. Obviously the fish might not be an appropriate symbol for a great world religion; but certainly in the Christian story there is something so supremely beautiful, so supremely powerful, that this should be the dominant note, the note of beautiful living in contrast to the present note of frustration—illustrated in the old Scotch Presbyterian admonition, "If ye smile on the Sunday ye shall weep ere Monday dawns."

To the Ancients the days of the gods were days of rejoicing; to us Sundays have meant cold cooked food, narrow, wooden pews. We were supposed to feel more religious because we went without, more religious because we denied ourselves. What we should realize is we are more religious when we express ourselves, release through ourselves some of the content of beauty which is so necessary to our world. Our religious days should be days of great happiness and rejoicing, days for families to gather, days when all that is best in our life is given full sway. During the six days of the working week most persons are bound to tasks not entirely to their liking, bound to problems and frustrations through the process of living, and then when dawns our day of so-called rest, it is the day supposedly set aside to the feasting of our gods and the celebration of our spiritual convictions. These days of feasting and rejoicing should be days of extreme beauty, days to correct the entire tendency of our daily life which leads away from nursing and nurturing the beauty content of life. Six days we live for our utilities, the seventh day we should live for beauty alone. The Greeks realized that it is beauty and not pain that is the savior of the world. When man loves the Beautiful it will no longer be necessary for us to go through the



elaborate process of redemption through pain. The cycle of pain is closing, because the human being is outgrowing it.

Sure to come will be the need of the beauty content. The Reformation in our religious rituals, the so-called Protestant Reformation, took most of the beauty and art away from religion and left us bare, wooden pews, trite sermons, long and uncomfortable, and cold food. That is not part of a religious life. That is not the type of thing that philosophy or wisdom teaches. Wisdom, philosophy, and religion all have as their final purpose making beautiful the life of man, making beautiful the internal life, by which man's immortality is assured; by making beautiful his conduct with other human beings, by which the preservation of his society is assured; and the refinement and nobility of all relationships of life by which the dignity of the human family is assured.

All these arise from the realization of the beauty of life, the dignity of life, and the supreme significance of being, and all this is defeated by the belief that only in pain, suffering, and martyrdom is the crown of glory to be found. Death is only a transition, in the sense it is the loss of the body. It is not a change in the consciousness of the individual. We die with the same faults we live with, and only when we change in life does death change our destiny.

Therefore, to me Christianity's recognition of the significance of a morbid situation is a pernicious form of idolatry. It is wrong directing of emphasis. It is

not the emphasis the Master himself would have wanted. There is no indication that he desired to be venerated, certainly he never desired to have his means of death as a prisoner of the Roman law become the supreme symbol of his faith. There are among things far more important, far greater as evidence of his religious conviction, the transfiguration, or where he appeared before the prophets. Possibly the most useful thing that could be selected from his life would be where he scourged the money changers from the temple steps. That is of great importance; but it is not likely to become overly popular; it was a utilitarian job.

In ancient times the problem of finding an appropriate symbol for Christianity was unquestionably a very grave one, and I think it was more nearly solved by the Gnostics and the Mithraics from which so much of the Christian symbolism was derived. Their supreme symbol was Christ the Good Shepherd. He was standing with a shepherd's crook in one hand and holding in his other arm a baby lamb. Their symbol was the most effective of all, because it was the symbol of gentleness, the symbol of the virtue of being, the Good Shepherd protecting the weak. That is the symbol that comes nearest to expressing the simple gentleness and dignity of the life of the man who was to be the ideal in so many ages to come. Jesus the Good Shepherd as a symbol could have prevented many wars. As a supreme symbol, the Good Shepherd would have led men to gentleness.

What we see, what we are told, becomes a subconscious force in our lives. We should not be fed and nourished on the psychology of pain as a great virtue, as pain is not the proof or evidence of any virtue; it is a punishment for faults; it is not something we should cultivate by wearing a haircloth shirt or flagellating ourselves. We can punish ourselves psychologically too, by imagining everything we do is wrong.

One religious group several years ago practiced public confession. The outcome was little better than a liar's con-

test. Everyone wanted to confess a bigger sin than the one confessed previously. With the idea that the greatest sinners made the greatest saints, each wanted to be the greatest sinner while he was at it.

Religion has a need, in rebuilding our world after this present catastrophe, for a symbolism that is quickly and easily transmuted into basic ideology. We need idols that stand for noble ideals. We must have some kind of a symbol; Truth without any definition is not understandable. God is not understandable, but the Good Samaritan is; and so we can in this instance take the principle and symbolize it by ourselves performing the good actions or functions; and then it will become understandable in our lives.

We need the symbol that is highly understandable in terms of practical living, and we need it in terms of philosophic content. We need to emphasize the simple truth that the lives of our great people are important to us only as to the way they lived, and as these lives indicate what is possible in terms of noble action. We are not supposed to copy good action, but to be inspired by it toward the perfection of our own nobility.

Some time ago there was a man who was accustomed to be told that he looked like Teddy Roosevelt, in the good old days when the Bull Moose party was flourishing. This man became so obsessed with the idea he looked like T. R. that he found out what kind of clothes he wore, and had them copied; he found out what kind of hat he wore, and had that copied. Everyone told him he looked more like Teddy than ever; so he found out what kind of cigars he smoked, and he smoked the same cigars. Finally he became so much like T. R. that it was almost impossible to tell them apart—except that the facsimile never accomplished anything. He was so busy trying to look like Teddy he forgot to be anything himself, and so he was of no more importance in the world than Teddy's reflection in a mirror would have been.

We do this same thing in our religion. We try to copy. The Early Church tried in many ways to accomplish the suffering of Jesus. Many old monks punished themselves, suffering all the pain Jesus passed through, in the effort to find virtue. What they failed to do was to live well themselves—like Simeon Stylites, sitting on the top of a pole in the Libyan Desert, and having his food sent up to him in buckets, because he was afraid he would be contaminated if he came in contact with human beings. Oddly, he got quite a lot of recognition for that flagpole act of his; in fact, he was canonized for it! Can you imagine anything more peculiar, and I use the word advisedly, than being made a saint for sitting on top a pole in the middle of the desert and doing nothing?

Now why was he made a saint? Because he gave up the world. Well, there have been an awful lot of people who have given up the world without being made saints. I have heard any number of people say, "Well, I give up."

Then there was dear old St. Anthony, remembered as the one who wrestled with the devil. He was always being tempted. He was tempted so often he hid in a cave. He was canonized for being strong in the presence of the temptation he ran away from. He did not dare to go down into the village and face temptation; he made temptation come to him.

All these things show where we got off the track. We have had seventeen or eighteen centuries of nominal Christian rulership and have had a pretty bad time of it, climaxed by the present state of affairs. During the first three centuries of the Church we killed off

all the real Christians we had, because they did not agree with us, and the ones that agreed with us became the Church. Because we were wrong, and they agreed with us, you can see what has happened. What we need is to find out what a religion is supposed to do in the world. It is supposed to help the individual in the beautification and ennoblement of his life. If he lives well here, devotes a certain part of his time to study and self-improvement, becomes wise, gentle and full of understanding, he is then fulfilling life's purpose. His religion should never teach him to be intolerant, competitive, or that there is any dignity in being uncomfortable; but rather that the purpose of religion is to bring about the healing of pain by correction of the causes of pain.

The great pagan, to my mind, was an idealist, because his ideals pointed to beauty; whereas our ideals are idolatrous, because they point to pain.

In the future, when we really get organized as a civilized human family, we are going to go back, or forward, to the religion of beauty. Then formal religion will largely disappear. In its place will come man's appreciation of beauty and fineness and those qualities which are truly significant. When that time comes, he may call himself an agnostic, but he will practice the virtues of right belief, and by the practicing of those virtues he will become a truly religious person. His religion will be a life of beauty and a questing toward the reality that is not addicted to the preservation of rituals and creedal dogmas.

When we realize those basic truths we shall be a lot further on our way toward Truth.

(A PUBLIC LECTURE BY MANLY PALMER HALL.

Suggested reading: HOW TO UNDERSTAND YOUR BIBLE; THE GURU)

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THE artist, Andreas Martenall, was commissioned by Pope Innocent V to paint a picture portraying the five chief virtues with their corresponding evils. When the painting was finished and the Pope hadn't rewarded him as magnificently as he thought he deserved, Martenall asked:

"Shall I add another evil to those already depicted—that of ingratitude?"

The Pope answered, "Certainly—on condition that you add another virtue—modesty."

The Return to Normal Health

PART FIVE

MOST chronic disease is a habit of the system. As surely as we as persons can get into bad habits, so too can our stomach get into bad habits.

Emotional and mental abnormalcies, attitudes held for a long period of time, are the causes of chronic disease, and it is for this reason that with but few exceptions chronic ailments seldom appear in the first half of life. The mistakes of the thoughts and emotions are not so noticeable while the body is, so to speak, a source of dynamic energy, and has energy to spare; but when we reach the point where we no longer have an exuberance of vitality, then the mistakes begin to show up, the body is no longer able to throw them off; and in they come, bearing witness in ourselves to the things we have thought and done. Chronic ailments are thus seen to arise gradually from chronic habits of thinking and feeling, from attitudes held over long periods of time, and temperamental peculiarities uncorrected, as well as from excesses of appetites and desires uncontrolled.

A chronic ailment can bear witness to a steady, long held attitude. For example, a person may for the best part of his life have an uncontrolled temper. He may never actually have thrown anything at anybody, but merely have gone through life with a nasty disposition. This nasty disposition, uncontrolled and unrefined, can be the foundation for a magnificent chronic ailment in the 50's, 60's, or 70's of that individual's life. No person can ever hold an uncontrolled fault without suffering from it. A bad disposition can corrupt the whole structure of a man, just as truly as a traitor can sell out a whole nation.

Catching these faults early and correcting them, is the preventative. But

most persons are not in the preventative stage; they are in the curative stage. You cannot stop them in time to stop the acidosis from accumulating. Their problem has become one of correcting the cause, and as far as possible repairing the damage.

Chronic ailments represent long continued stasis of some kind, without correction of error. Wrong eating over long periods of time produces the dyspeptic; wrong thinking over a course of years will produce an individual mentally sick although not technically insane. Sloppy action produces sloppy living; sloppy thinking is rewarded with a sloppy viewpoint on life.

Each individual at some time in his life is brought face to face with himself, confronted with the difficulty of living himself with the qualities he has forced others to live with. It is in the declining years of life that the individual is forced by nature to put up with himself, and that frequently is not too friendly a state of affairs; it brings realization of what we have done to others as we went along. And perhaps realization too that this condition is subject to correction, and the decision that since you cannot correct anything sooner than now, now is truly the appointed time.

Any reasonable correction will to some degree improve existing conditions. Just as a person who is still well should take preventive measures, so should he regularly take a self-inventory to make sure he is not building up a field of psychic toxin in himself.

The difference between chronic ailments and acute ailments is not as great as it seems to be—with the single exception of an ailment caused by a sudden infection through the introduction of some poison into the person from out-

side. He who eats Paris green will of course be ill; but in a large number of cases chronic ailments also produce acute ailments. You would think it might be the reverse, but it is meant the way it was said, that the chronic produces the acute—as chronic conditions gradually build up toxic unbalance. As you are building up this toxic load you do not feel so good, but you do not feel so bad; yet gradually you come to a condition where a final straw breaks the figurative camel's back. Some little indiscretion, probably of no account itself, topples over the load of toxic, and then you are acutely sick for a while. It is at this time that the average person who is prejudiced against the medical profession, whether he is a metaphysician or an orthodox thinker, forgets his prejudices and lets out a yell for help. And he means help, right now. Confronted with something inside of himself that hurts, he is in a panic; yet this acute ailment is in most cases no more than a chronic condition having reached the stage where it topples over and produces a temporary crisis.

The correction for this by the best approved modern method is for you to remove the symptomology as soon as possible. So you reach for some kind of a bubbling tablet dose and drink it quickly to get rid of the acidosis. This is foundational to building up a beautiful chronic case, because you have taken away just enough of the toxic load to enable you to get around, and have left the rest of it untouched. You have just taken the strain off, so now it leans the other way. Catch a cold and you are down with pneumonia, simply because of the toxic load already there. The acute symptom was the only thing you noticed, and as you got over it, you said, "I am well;" and you kept on going with that toxic load ready to again slide over on you at the slightest provocation.

Many persons when ill stop the treatment as soon as the pain stops, because their minds are fixed on the pain. As the toxic load goes on, ready to be toppled over by the next thing that comes

along, an individual gets the idea of being delicate. He says, "I can't do the things I used to do. I haven't got the reserve strength any more." But it isn't lack of strength, it's paralysis inside, due to the load that has been built up through a number of different causes. This individual then gets the habit of going South in the winter, and North in the summer; he goes where the climate is easier. If he has money he is then ready for an expensive series of medical treatments; he becomes the Doctor's Delight—he pays cash and is incurable.

If he is not financially well fixed, by various inexpensive means he gets over the crisis, and keeps on going—keeps on building up this toxine and tearing down resistance. Then one evening he gets up from his dinner, after eating a little more toxic food than usual, sits down to read the evening paper, and drops dead. The report follows that he died from heart disease. But the true cause of his death was a condition of self-poisoning. Brought to an acute condition, the body stopped functioning.

When the condition arises in the body itself, it arises from neglect or ignorance. And the same is true of metaphysical causes, only not so clearly evident. Instead of thinking of diseases as such, of what is the difference between tonsillitis and acidosis, let us realize that there is only one cause, and that all the diseases we know are the result of that one cause breaking through lines of least resistance in the body. One life is manifesting differently in all things. One form of corruption manifesting differently in all things; and the man who has catarrh, the man who has adenoids, and the man who has the gall stone are all brothers under the skin; they all have different manifestations of the same thing. Each is a monument to neglect, abuse, ignorance, overwork, exhaustion, and mental and emotional idiosyncrasies—whatever the particular manifesting cause produces.

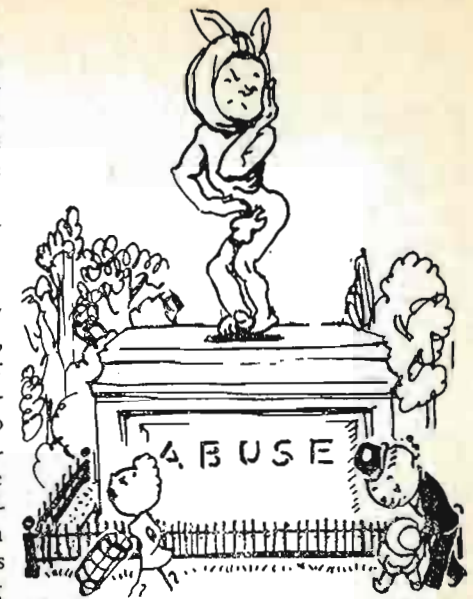
This is a thought to get into our minds: There are not many ailments;

there is one ailment, manifesting and working through a particular organ according to its intrinsic peculiarities, the pattern being determined by the thinking, feeling, and acting of the individual over a long period of time. It must be consistent with the individual. If he has extreme, inconsistent attitudes, the ailment will take a strange and inconsistent pattern.

We are now ready to consider the health fad. This is something to try when we become exasperated with pills, or are tired of playing guinea pig for experimental science. We have gradually decided we are not getting well, so we must change doctors. We do not decide to change ourselves, just change doctors. This point arriving usually after ten or fifteen years, it is not only a great relief to us but to the doctor as well. So, having decided we are going to leave the pill box and the capsule behind forever, we are set to get well nature's way. This really great resolution has an astonishing way of frittering out like most of our resolutions because it is not our real intention to get well nature's way; we are just going to change the prescription. We are not going to use chemicals, we are going to use kelp. But we are still looking for something that comes in a package, bottle, or can.

Naturopathic ailments have their proper place and cure. It is definitely better for the individual to use natural methods for the reason he is not so likely to add to the ailment. Where he treats himself, it is much safer for him to play with bread pills than with dangerous chemicals; but whether he stops playing with pills in principle is another issue.

Of course most physical health fads have a modicum of common sense behind them, because nearly everyone benefits by general housecleaning. But quite different from what in itself is a noble gesture as far as it goes, are the methods used in these assorted housecleanings; many times they verge toward the grotesque, and resemble voodooism



before they get through. The principal virtue and value of the new theories toward health is that they are mostly purgative methods, principally devoted to methods of cleansing the body. There can be only assent to this if done in a reasonable manner; but when we come to the delicate task of eating our way to becoming a centenarian, or starving our way, we are dealing with very dangerous factors; because after all is said and done, food is medicine. Whether we are living on Swedish toast, or some of these predigested gravestones, we are still in substance and essence using food for medicine, because food is all chemical. Therefore food can kill or cure by its own intrinsic combination.

In the science of the new methods are some which are gradually evolving to take care of a small fragment of human ills; they are the biochemical methods. Up to the present time the biochemical method is probably the nearest to what we might term a rational concept. It demands an absolute analysis of the body in all its chemical activities; it aims at a nourishment of those activities with a minimum of waste. This rational concept however is quite capable of being irrational. Any



person who reads a diet out of the evening paper and then adopts it deserves what he gets, and it is generally not very good. The infinite individuality of human organisms makes it impossible for any given diet system to work with everyone.

Food is chemical, and food chemistry must be in the hands of experts who determine what will help and what will harm. If a man writes a book and tells you what to eat to lose sixty-two pounds a week, remember he has never seen you. He might just as well pass you an utter unknown, for insurance, which he never would do; or make a standard suit of clothes for a number of people and expect to fit all without finding the required sizes. It is far more conceivable that a man could make ten thousand suits for ten thousand people he had never seen, and make them fit, than he could give the ten thousand a one-fitting diet. No person should undertake any major change in his food without a prior examination of himself, and as far as possible it must be with a good working knowledge of diet.

Fasting comes under the same general heading; fasting has become very popular in the last ten years. Fasting has advantages. Properly controlled and directed it is the quickest and best method of removing pathology, but if it is uncontrolled and tried by every suffering Tom, Dick, and Harry, it can cause more physical breakdowns, more physical misery, and many more permanent injuries to the body itself, than any experiment we could try.

Health is not in fads. Health requires the discovering of what is the matter with the individual and correcting the cause. Truly it has been said,

One man's meat is another man's poison.

All natural methods have precedence over artificial methods, but the natural methods up to the present time have ignored the point that the body is far more sinned against than sinning. The cause of an ailment is much more likely to lie above and beyond the body than in it. Until that factor is known, all therapy will miss a great part of the desired end. The acceptance or belief that the source of disease is in the body is one of the most dangerous fallacies in therapy. It is true that certain effects arise in the body which must be treated there; but to go back to the cause is necessary, for every sickness of the body is the effect of a cause. And the cause is equal in quality and intensity to the effect which it produces.

All persons, and especially those who are thinking in terms of metaphysical healing, will be well advised to be exceedingly careful in prescribing any form of diet or fasting, unless they have been thoroughly grounded in biochemical knowledge; otherwise a lot of harm can be done. If a diet is indicated, it is merely a matter of normalization. Each individual under normal conditions functions better under a quality of food which he has determined by experience is suitable to himself. And as one of the sturdy philosophers of the 17th Century said, "He that ariseth from the table hungry, shall live long." Where each individual has been moderate, there will be no necessity for drastic action, except in the most advanced pathological cases, and these must be under proper supervision.

There is no question that any method that eliminates poison accomplishes the greatest good. But attempts to correct the evil by introducing more poison, in the form of drugs, forces the individual to recover twice; first from the ailment, and then the cure; and sometime he hasn't the strength to do it.

A health fad that may be very injurious is one that includes inordinate exercise. It has been proven scientifically that over-exercise is the greatest of life-shorteners. Athletes seldom achieve

great age; and all things being considered equal, an insurance company is far more ready to insure an office worker than an athlete. As the Taoist of China declares, you can waste a lot of energy in the experiment of doing nothing scientifically with gestures.

The morning constitutional or a reasonable amount of exercise is good. But any exercise which places a heavy strain upon the circulation from the heart can produce the exact opposite of the desired result. One individual comes to mind who was the acme of the ridiculous. He fasted himself, then exercised, then on top of that stood in a draft, looking for fresh air. He did not last long.

In all things not too much. Enough exercise should be taken to maintain a proper balance of the body, but not enough to exhaust. Enough food is food enough to nourish the body, but not enough to create toxin. Enough air is that which keeps the body in a healthy condition, but does not freeze it or bake it. Living conditions are normal only when they do not cause the body to have any unusual or exceptional stress.

In the beautiful equilibrium, we have the beautiful necessities, as Claude Rankin called them—in just the right amount. Then we live long in the land the Lord our God has given to us; otherwise we over-exercise and over-eat our way out of it.

Next, incorrect methods of living and thinking. The body being the part we see the most clearly, and the part which has a tendency to hurt the worst, it generally like the squeaking wheel, gets the grease. When it comes to any form of correction, the body is apt to be given much precedence over the mind. We view the body as an intimate thing we must take care of, but the spirit as a distant thing the gods must take care of, and leave 'us' alone. The body being close to us, it gets most of our attention, good or bad. It is either destroyed by lack of sufficient attention, or spoiled. Health is largely qualified in our present generation by the conditions under which we are forced to live.

Science not long ago delivered itself of a mighty discovery. It discovered we would live much longer if we walked on all fours. Possibly science is right. We were originally made to be quadrupeds. Someone said we really first stood up so we could look over the fence and see what was going on, on the other side; and having stood on our hind legs we acquired the habit. In disastrous result, nearly everything inside of us began to fall. Instead of the organs, like those of the animal, being suspended nicely from the spine, they are all now falling into the pelvic cavity. If we do not have good health it is the fault of our carriage. But it looks not to be possible in these expensive and rationed times to keep shoes on four feet, so no doubt we shall have to continue to stand up, and having by pernicious habit built the whole world on the theory of a vertical position, we must furthermore take the corresponding loss of life.

This one physical hazard is calculated to take from 100 years to 200 years off our lives; and adding to this some smaller things which take five years here, and ten years there, we whittle our possible 500 years down to living three score and ten; and the last ten is a sort of addenda.

The problem of health is complicated by the natural pursuits of man. Man was not intended to be a bookkeeper. Man created that idea all by himself. Man wasn't intended to be a banker. He had to think up a lot of artificial stuff he called money, then announce he was going to play a game and everyone had to follow the rules. Then, when he lost he went out and shot himself, to prove the sovereign wisdom of the human mind.

Man has built clothes which are a great hazard to health. We have high



heels and tall hats, both of which are an abomination before the Lord. Most of us can look back to the time of the wasp waist and other achievements by the delightful contraptions of mankind, all of which were apparently designed to shorten life. If the problem had been worked on intentionally, the results could not have been better. Then we had the era when we began to find lead in canned goods. At another time our houses were immersed in soft coal smoke. Now it is carbon monoxide poisoning along our highways and byways. We have reduced the source of our life by adulteration to a condition hardly suitable to nourish us. Our ancestors laid in a stock of supplies for the winter; today the first and last lesson in the cook book is how to use a can opener.

To all intent and purposes we are killing ourselves. Here and there some normal individual desires to be healthy, but he suffers from a nervous breakdown because of the resistance he encounters. We must struggle for existence, we must fight for the privilege of living. And we cannot completely overcome this evil; so we must do everything possible to normalize our personal habits, in order to give the body a chance. Fortunately, man's metaphysical nature is not so restricted, and normalcy is natural to it. But here too we must fight for anything that resembles normalcy.

In addition to the physical strain upon the body there is the nervous strain, and most persons find this very severe, it is something few can extricate themselves from. There is also the peculiar haste of living, the noise pounding in all the time. And there is the weight of responsibility, and worry, fear, grief—and man lives in the presence of these killing, destroying, useless, unworthy, and unnecessary things, simply because he has not learned life is a game he has never played. Until he plays that game he will die. When he plays that game he will live.

Each person must watch to correct the small destroying forces, forces of irritation, the tendency to get mad when

tired. These must be combatted in order that we may conserve our energy. The person who has learned not to worry has eliminated one of his most dangerous enemies. The wealthy man getting his first night's sleep after his fortune is gone understands this psychology. A wealthy man in Detroit in 1929 lost nearly everything he had, so he decided to jump in the river. When he got down to the river he found a waiting list of those who wanted to jump in — at least, that is the story—so he decided to go home, gather up the remaining few things he had and quit worrying. But he didn't; he fumed and he fussed, and he worried for about three weeks. Then he lost everything. And that night he went to bed and slept fine. Having nothing to lose he had nothing to worry about. Now he could sleep.

Soon he started making furniture out of scraps of old wood. He had an inventive streak in him, and for the first time in his life he was happy, doing the things he had always wanted to do but had never had time to do. He was no longer surrounded by people who did not like him but who hung onto him for what he had. He no longer had false friends and biting enemies. Those who now were his friends were real friends, because he had nothing to give them; so he had the best vacation in his lifetime.

You do not have to lose what you have in order to get over what you have. You can detach yourself by mental integrity and mental realization; and you will discover detachment from possessions is one of the greatest lengtheners of life.

Another important thing. When people begin to reform they very often have the tendency of taking on an unpleasant look. They are worse after they reform than before they started. No individual is more intolerant than a converted sinner. No person is a greater propagandist than the individual who has believed in himself only for the past year. In the process of becoming healthy do not become ugly in spirit, mind, or body.

Do not make your virtues obnoxious to the rest of humanity. Do not get an intolerant sense of superiority because of what you have accomplished. A terrible condition is the one in which you stand up so straight you bend backward, for then again you have an arch as you had before. The virtue in any reformation is that it results in a beautiful idealism. Where what is produced is merely a fanatic, it will shorten the reformed one's life.

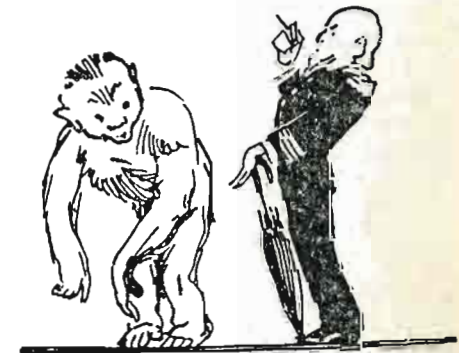
It is hard to prove to an individual that he is a fanatic. He knows three other people who are; but it is almost impossible for him to see his own particular form of frenzy. Therefore the gentle, beautiful, kindly course of procedure is indicated always, producing improvement through increased understanding, and not through a wild dive after health at the expense of everyone else and everything else. It is not the purpose of health, religion, or philosophy to make a person into an introverted, inhibited individual who looks like a petrified tree. It is the purpose of philosophy to make people beautiful, inside and outside, by giving them something that enriches, dignifies, and beautifies all things in life. Philosophy does not direct a person to go through life with a "Thou shalt not" attitude. So, if in doing the things you are trained to do you do not have a certain gentleness, tolerance, and understanding about them, if the things you think are not big in principle, then there is something wrong with them. Work on them before they have a chance to work on you.

Now, for the germ theory. This is something the average person uses to refute responsibility. It seems inconceivable that an individual morally responsible for a certain action can be sure to sniff in the right bug at the right time—that is more than you can expect of any Universe.

Smears under a microscope disclose for you the various organisms, the bacilli responsible for certain disease. It is these minute organisms in the blood which produce everything from tonsillitis to sleeping sickness; and they can be

carefully laid out for your inspection. Now, no philosopher gets anywhere by looking at something and saying it isn't there; the only mind that is capable of working that kind of theory is one that has no faith in itself. So, when we see these microscopic organisms wiggling around in the bloodstream, we know they are there. But there is an awful lot about them that we do not know.

One thing that science discovered early was that germs are of two kinds, good and bad, and there are so many good germs in the worst of us, and so many bad germs in the best of us, it suddenly came to the scientist that working around inside of each one of us all the



time was a vortex of incurable contagion. Practically all the germs that we most fear are right inside of us all the time; but they are there along with nice bugs that do all kinds of kindly things, and without which we might not live long. If we are to live we have to have these germs. It is also necessary that we have just the right proportion of each kind. It is the ratio of the germs that is important. It is the militance of one predominant germ and the organism of another germ that causes the trouble.

We know also that some persons are not subject to catching disease. There are people who have worked with lepers over long periods of time, who have been exposed to the most virulent form of disease, and never take it. It is said Father Damien would not have contracted the disease if he had not been utterly careless in the handling of pa-

tients. It is also true by test that persons in good health are not so likely to be affected by germ bacteria, as are people in depleted health conditions, proving man has an armament against contagions of various kinds. This armament depends upon his personal integrity of health for its effectiveness; and to the degree he is personally depleted, to that degree the germ organisms have power over him. If he is in good health the germ is comparatively ineffective, because there is a defense mechanism in man that prevents him from taking disease.

We know that practically all physical diseases have their origin in filth. Some of the filth may have existed tens of thousands of years ago, but that is where the germs are supposed to have started. The theory is: In very primitive times human beings had few diseases. Diseases are the by-product of civilization, because diseases came only when tribes and clans began to build homes. During the ancient times the primitive tribes migrated and left behind their accumulated refuse. As the result of that, natural processes rapidly disposed of this refuse material, and if a tribe came a hundred years later to the same place, the place had already been thoroughly sterilized by nature itself.

But people began to build cities and permanent towns, and they could not walk away and leave refuse material; it accumulated, and infection was the inevitable result. Primitive ideas con-



cerning water, hygiene, and such things were not sufficient to protect the people. The result was that wherever there were permanent homes of tribes there was sickness, but very few diseases among nomadic people. Thousands of years ago when men began to build cities they gave us the root of most of our diseases. This is the physical viewpoint, reasonable, undeniable, and consistent with known facts. But there is something else we have to consider from a metaphysical standpoint; and that is, in our philosophic understanding of life, where does the germ come from? What is the reason for bacterial organism?

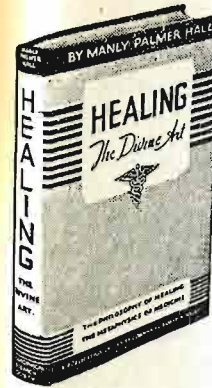
In the deeper philosophy of life, according to most of the great wisdom systems of the world, bacteria is not a kingdom of nature; bacteria is not the product of normal evolution. It is the product of a retrogressive evolution. Bacteria is not a life wave evolving. It is not subject to the same laws that we naturally have to adhere to.

Now, primitive people in the beginning of the dawn of the realization of sickness, declared sickness was sent to them by the gods; and they were more right than they knew, although they were not able to specifically express what they meant by the gods, other than their dead ancestors haunted them and sent sickness and death to them. This is still believed among the tribes of Southern Africa.

According to the traditions which have come down to us through thousands of years of occultism, bacteria is an expression, a primary expression of the mental power to create. Let us try to get a proper viewpoint. We know everything we do is created. We further know that the creative processes which take place around us are in a sense the manifestation of various divine principles. In other words, all forms must be ensouled by ideas or life principles.

(This article is the Fifth in a series, in condensation of Manly Palmer Hall's Class Lectures to Students. Suggested reading: HEALING: THE DIVINE ART.)

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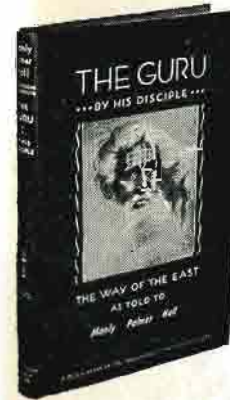
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This issue will reach you a little late. In our optimism we hoped to have it in your hands during April; but our staff is small; we just couldn't achieve the earlier date with the larger magazine. But we'll catch up the few weeks lost with the issuance of our Summer number . . . if it is humanly possible to do so. It probably is.

Manly P. Hall

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