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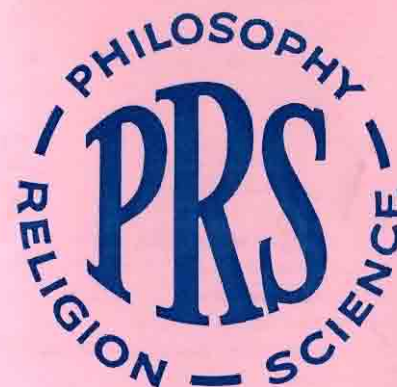
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WINTER 1966



# JOURNAL



## PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY

# PRS JOURNAL

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

WINTER 1966 — VOL. 26, No. 3

(ALL UNSIGNED ARTICLES ARE BY MANLY P. HALL)

	Page
EDITORIAL	
<i>DRUGS OF VISION</i> .....	1
FEATURE ARTICLES	
<i>PILGRIMAGE TO BETHLEHEM</i> .....	16
<i>REINCARNATION IN DRUID WISDOM AND CELTIC LORE</i> .....	27
<i>HOW TO LIVE WITH A CHRONIC AILMENT</i> .....	39
IN REPLY	
<i>ON THE MEANING OF THE LAW</i> .....	59
CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER	
<i>RECREATIONS IN HELL</i> .....	53
HAPPENINGS IN THE WORLD .....	74
HAPPENINGS AT HEADQUARTERS .....	77
LOCAL STUDY GROUP ACTIVITIES .....	80
LIBRARY NOTES—By A. J. HOWIE	
<i>AS ONE FUTURE PRIME MINISTER TO ANOTHER</i> .....	65

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A very merry

Christmas

to all!

WINTER 1966

# PRS JOURNAL

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## THE EDITOR'S POINT OF VIEW

### DRUGS OF VISION

The use of drugs to cause visions, hallucinations, and other mystifying experiences, was practiced by many nations of antiquity. The most famous example is that of the Oracle of Delphi. The Pythoness, or priestess, predicted the fortunes of persons and the destinies of nations while in a state of trance induced by noxious vapors arising from a volcanic vent in the earth. Less famous, but equally remarkable, was the Cave of Trophonius, referred to by old historians and poets as "The Trophonian Den." The cavern was not much larger than a community oven, but those who passed the night there were brought out the following day in a delirious and hysterical state. From their confused and semi-incoherent statements, priests versed in the interpretations of such utterances gave warnings of impending misfortune, diagnosed disease, and in some cases foretold happier and more propitious events. It is recorded that many of those who passed through the Trophonian ordeal never completely regained their health. Some were mentally deranged for the rest of their lives, and as madness was a divine disease, they were held to have passed under the personal protection of the gods.

The sect of the Assassins, which plagued the Crusaders and finally reached into Europe to spread fear and violence, is said to have been founded by Hasan ibn al-Sabbah, a blood brother of

the Persian poet Omar Khayyam. Hasan controlled his secret society by making hashish addicts out of the members. He assured them that if they died in his service, they would live forever in the paradisiacal regions they visited in their drug-ridden dreams.

Most primitive peoples were aware that they could induce abnormal mental experiences by concoctions brewed from herbs of the fields, types of fungi, and various species of cactus. For the most part, such hallucinogens were used only in the practice of religion, it being assumed that disorientation, accompanied by extensive psychological phenomena, was a means of communicating with supernatural beings or visiting the realms of the afterlife.

It is not necessary to elaborate on this point further, as extensive literature is available. It is enough to summarize the religious use of narcotics as prevalent among nearly all the civilized nations and races of the world, and among primitive peoples surviving on the outskirts of modern society. In fairness, it should be added that, for the most part, religious drug addiction does not have an especially disquieting history. Probably piety largely influenced the quality and form of the hallucinations, which were within the boundaries of the faith itself and emphasized the presence of divine powers in the subjective life of the individual.

Several modern researchers in the field of psychotherapeutic drugs have pointed out that the world is passing through a cycle of explosions. We have become keenly aware of the population explosion, but we are not so conscious of the extraordinarily rapid growth of scientific knowledge in all fields. In the last century, man's way of life has changed more than in the preceding three thousand years. We now measure what we call progress in terms of days, weeks, and months, rather than centuries. The explosion in the pharmaceutical field so far transcends human imagination that even the most advanced scientists are unable to keep up with this aspect of progress.

As one prominent scientist has pointed out, we have a new meaning for the word *progress*. It no longer represents a consistent pattern of growth; it is an outburst of change, in which areas comparatively neglected are suddenly overworked. Research has ceased to be a quiet and gentle searching for newer and better ways of doing things, and has become an obsession. Thus we may

be forced to pause for a moment and recognize that we are overdoing this phase of our culture, with its privileges and opportunities, to the degree that we are endangering coherency. We are threatening ourselves and others with an intellectual confusion leading to physical intemperances and excesses.

As a symbol of research in the area of drugs causing hallucination, we now have LSD, an abbreviation for a German term for which the English equivalent is lysergic acid, diethylamide. It should not be supposed for a moment, however, that this particular compound is the only drug of its kind available at present. Already there are a large number, and it is estimated that this field is about to explode, so that within a few years we may expect to have from three hundred to five hundred hallucinogens available on the market.

Some of these compounds are extremely complicated, and in the course of time they will be further refined scientifically, until they can be produced only in major laboratories. Others are so simple that they can be prepared in a high school laboratory by teen-agers, or even at home with inexpensive equipment. It is becoming obvious that it will be very difficult to prevent these drugs from being available to nearly anyone who wants them or can find profit in their manufacture and sale. Restrictive laws are relatively futile because it is not necessary to secure rare or expensive ingredients for the drugs, and there is as yet no clear insight as to the degree of danger associated with their use.

To make the explosion even worse, attention is already being directed toward the use of various members of the LSD group in warfare for purposes of brainwashing, and to make possible the corruption of public personalities without their knowledge by the introduction of the drugs into food or drink. It has also been noted that the idea of a painless and deathless warfare as the result of the militarization of drugs causing hallucination, is highly impractical; in fact, more dangerous to human sanity than aggression with conventional weapons. The fear of possible mental contamination and the destruction of sanity even temporarily, would bring with it the worst imaginable panic, from which human society might never recover. We are already struggling with

the disastrous consequences of nuclear fission, with its invisible fallouts that are causing the gravest anxiety.

What is the constructive hope associated with hallucinogens? For one thing, they could be valuable in reducing pain and misery in cases of terminal disease. The patient might be able to drift out of this world pleasantly, hopefully, and comfortably. This is certainly a strong point, and if the drugs could be controlled, might well justify their development. Actually, such use would require only one or two available products, or a small number at least. The explosion factor would be totally unrealistic.

The real hope is that through drugs of vision and hallucination, we may be able to explore the deeper parts of man's mental life. It is assumed that such research would be extremely beneficial in the field of psychotherapy, and might solve many mysteries that have not been conclusively handled by conventional methods. There is even a religion springing up around several of these drugs. This peculiar faith would like to take it for granted that mescaline, peyote, and other related substances, could open gates of vision by which man could come to know the deeper spiritual parts of his own nature.

One writer has summarized this thinking by pointing out that LSD is regarded in some quarters as "Instant Zen." The lunacy fringe has taken over the field with enthusiasm, and has transformed research into a gay pursuit of thrills and hallucinational experiences. While it is not certain that these drugs in moderate quantities are as dangerous as the more conventional narcotics, they present a serious problem at a time when millions of human beings are showing dangerous pressure and tension symptoms.

We have picked the most insecure generation in recorded history for our scientific explosion in hallucinogens. Never before have so many human beings been seeking desperately for escape from themselves. It is generally accepted that this desperate cultivated indifference to reality is not good. There is marked decadence of ethics and morals, and a loss of individual and collective integrities.

Pressed on by uncontrolled, and for many uncontrollable, emotional drives, we are confronted with another explosion—the total breakdown of the world, a prospect actually more alarming than nuclear warfare, but to a measure the result of the production of

nuclear weapons. The great breakdown would also mean breaking up of the whole pattern of human civilization. It might take a little time, but if irresponsibility takes over, man will face calamities he has never regarded as imaginable, let alone possible.

There is evidence that whether hallucinational drugs are actually habit-forming or not, they exercise a fatal fascination upon the one group of persons who should never be exposed to them—the psychoneurotics. Of this group, the paranoid is open to the gravest dangers. The mentally unbalanced cannot afford to open the Pandora's box of their own subconscious lives. If the box is to be opened at all, it must be under the most skillful guidance with adequate support and preparation for each emergency that may arise.

Thus, while these drugs may not have the immediately disastrous results we associate with cocaine or morphine, they can, in the long run, set up a terrible pattern of deceit. The persons using them, unaware that they are endangering themselves, can gradually reach a point of no return so far as their rationality is concerned.

It is my opinion that the hallucinogens can never actually produce even a counterfeit of a true mystical experience. The most enthusiastic proponents of LSD have themselves clearly stated that it does not strengthen character, increase basic ability, or make a person better in any way than he was before experimentation with the drug. Nor is continued use likely to produce any major constructive result, although it may be a fascinating adventure in which the person passes through experiences he has never known before, and comes to realize something of the complicated mechanism of his own mind.

It seems to me that one danger of the drug-induced vision is that the individual may go so far as to assume that all religious experience is hallucinational. This is not a valid assumption, for there is no way we can prove that visions produced without drugs, by sincere dedication or mystical communion with Deity, are identical with those created by artificial means in a person who may not have any truly spiritual incentives. Even if he did desire to improve his consciousness, or deepen his religion by the use of drugs, there is nothing to indicate that such a means can be proper, lawful, or successful.

It is as foolish to believe that all types of inner experience can arise from one cause, as it is to insist that physical health can be assured by one uniform medicinal preparation. If we are skeptical of medical cure-alls, why should we assume that there can be a drug that is a cure-all for ignorance, insecurity, and fear?

Research will undoubtedly bring new findings on the possibilities of these wonder-drugs of the mind, but it is entirely too optimistic to assume that they can be the equivalents of the esoteric doctrines and disciplines of Yoga, Vedanta, and Zen Buddhism. To believe this, we would have to assume that the years of self-discipline by which the student of Zen fits himself for the experience of satori, or inner realization, are meaningless and unimportant. It would amount to saying that the inner state resulting from the use of LSD is the same as that attained by trained power of the will, and it seems to me that this is highly debatable.

Whenever we deal with mental phenomena, it is of interest to consider the Buddhist point of view. Buddhism regards the entire mental process as basically illusional. Since the mind is not capable of an experience beyond itself, it would follow that drugs affecting the mind cannot bestow upon it the power to transcend its natural limitations. The hallucinational experience is therefore only another tempest in a teapot. We can cause the mind to do all kinds of absurd things. It can experience the most marvelous adventures in color, sound, and disassociation. It can look back at itself; it can exist and cease to exist at the same time; it can cause the individual to see things that have never existed, do not exist, and may not exist in the future, except as thought forms. The person can talk with images of the dead, commune with saints and martyrs, or lapse into that complete vacuum which fulfills the expectancy of an atheist.

In sober fact, through all these experiences, nothing has really happened, and nothing is actually changed. We have merely gone for a wild ride through the substrata of our own psychic world. Due to the way in which the experiences are induced, we are not even sure that we are learning very much about the subconscious. All we are actually learning is the effect of certain drugs on the mental-emotional complex of man. These effects may be unique to the drugs that produce them, and in no normal experience in

life would similar effects arise. Effects that seem to resemble those produced by the drugs may be very different when carefully analyzed.

We live in a world that is little more than the projection of our own thinking. We have decreed the reality of our mind-dominated society. Yet actually, this society is no more substantial than the thoughts that produced it. We know that pressures within himself are constantly impelling the individual to thoughts, emotions, and actions tainted with irresponsibility and irrationality. He cannot escape from the cycle of his own thoughts moving in patterns of cause and effect. Every attempt to escape by artificial means is merely an adventure in delusion.

The person who wants to survive in our complicated way of life needs his wits about him every moment, and he needs to use the best parts of his intellect on many occasions every day. He must make decisions and mature his inner life. He cannot remain a perpetual adolescent seeking to escape reality by means that cause him to forget himself. The reason he wants to forget is that he is frightened and bored with what he finds when he looks within himself. LSD glamorizes his inner nature, so that he comes to the conclusion that somewhere in himself is locked a splendid region combining the magic realms of the Arabian Nights Entertainment with the more naive adventures of Alice in Wonderland when she found herself on the other side of the looking glass.

This is exactly the psychology that made it possible for Hasan ibn al-Sabbah to become an absolute tyrant, a despot over the lives of the members of his weird sect. He pointed out that these inner realms of luminous wonder were actually a paradisiacal world. Whether it was real or not was of small moment. It was a beautiful place where human beings, tired of the struggle of mortal existence, hurt and disillusioned, offended and exhausted, could find refuge. They could even forget that they existed. Their problems fell away, like the leaves of trees in winter, and they dwelt for at least a time in a state of overwhelming wonderfulness.

Do we really believe that modern man is essentially wiser or more courageous than the members of the sect of the Assassins? Is it reasonable to hope that we can provide the several miserably disoriented generations that will arise in the foreseeable future with

such a psychological pain-killer and not expect them to use it? Such escapes are the last thing that we need. Every responsible person in public office is pleading with us to wake up, accept the challenge of maturity, and live decent, self-respecting lives, learning in every way possible to carry our responsibilities rather than avoid them.

The drug explosion is coming at a time when we are plagued with outbreaks of racial violence, strikes burdening labor, a shaky securities market, a military situation contrary to the wishes of many citizens, and just about everything wrong that can be wrong. And now the LSD enthusiasts are encouraging people to hope that they can solve problems by escaping into realms of luminous delight. Actually, the possibilities of LSD have not yet been pressed to their final point. It has not been recommended that we spend our lives in a continuous if pleasant daze. It is not necessary to recommend these things; the average person can discover the possibilities for himself. It is only one more step in the direction of transforming human life into a span of years completely dependent upon medications intended to correct chemically the psychological derelictions of the race.

Suppose it were imaginable that the world of hallucinogens could be made a more or less permanent abode. We might then choose to spend most of our time there, and only emerge into conventional mental life for brief periods of time to take care of the fundamental necessities of living. In other words, we might come out of our daze long enough to earn the funds necessary to return to the daze. We may say this is a meaningless and absurd exaggeration. But suppose the anxieties of some scientists are correct; that we shall discover not only a few hundred, but perhaps several thousand of these hallucination-producing drugs. There is no reason to doubt that they could be as cheap and available as coffee and bottled soda water. It is also quite possible that they could be refined in their action, or reduced in potency, until the time might come when the consumer would not know whether he was under their influence or not.

If illusions are shared by many persons, they cease to be illusionary and are accepted as normal by common agreement. The trend is objectionable even to specialists in the field, and is viewed with

anxiety by idealists in all areas—religious, philosophical, and social. Even the most liberal researchers are ready to admit that the situation is out of hand and that it can no longer be controlled by those who introduced the use of these psycho-medications.

It is not our intention to disparage scientific progress, or to deny the rights of researchers to explore their own fields with reasonable diligence. It is assumed that all possible discoveries will ultimately be made, and it makes very little difference whether such discoveries are made now or twenty years from now. There is one point, however: when discoveries explode too suddenly upon the popular mind, and no effort has been made to condition the mind for the right use of new knowledge, responsibility has been neglected somewhere. It would seem that science should have allied itself more closely with education. By this I do not mean that every school child should become a scientist; rather, that young people should be prepared morally and ethically to live constructively in the world that science is creating.

A simple parallel suggests itself in that familiar symbol of progress, the automobile. We have had it for over fifty years, and no one can say that it has not been beneficial, making possible a great deal of human progress and security. But it would be foolish to overlook the fact that we are killing in this country nearly fifty thousand persons a year, and dangerously injuring over three million, through transportational accidents involving motor cars, buses, and trucks. After many years of mayhem on the roads, it has finally been decided to require high school courses in driving for those who wish to drive before they graduate. Laws have now also been enacted to force manufacturers to install certain safety features and devices in automobiles. These measures are efforts to correct years of indifference to a very real problem. The only way the road can be made secure is through the cooperation of the manufacturers of cars, the driver of the car, and the maintenance of the highways. All three share as causes of danger and also must contribute to the correction of these causes.

The manufacturer of hallucinogens is in somewhat the same position as the manufacturer of cars. The manufacturers of all drugs that can affect either the mind or body of the human being should be under legal restrictions to have a built-in mechanism by

which their research projects can be adequately protected against misuse and abuse. Products should not be available, nor should the formulas for them be available, unless they can be duly regulated and their effect upon society adequately foreseen.

We cannot assume that a man brilliant enough to develop one of the dangerous drugs which are now disturbing even the scientific world, is so restricted in his mentality in other directions that he does not know when he is creating a potentially dangerous product. To excuse him on the grounds of ignorance, is ridiculous. He is a human being; he has a family; he mingles with other people; he reads the newspapers, and studies the learned publications. He knows perfectly well that anything he invents, which human beings can use to escape from sanity and decent living, or for the sake of thrills and excitement, they will use, regardless of consequences.

It is also rather foolish to suggest that progress requires that the pioneer deluge the world with dangerous discoveries. There is no law that requires any individual to traffic in narcotics. Nor is there any rule that says an inventor must discover something that will destroy the world simply because he is a servant of progress.

We are not asking that scientific progress be throttled; we are merely pointing out that the discoverer should be wise enough and ethical enough to protect in every way possible the use of his discovery, and if necessary set up controls which the average person cannot violate. During the prohibition experiment, alcohol, which might be available to those who could not purchase liquor, was restricted to external use by adding substances that made it dangerous for internal consumption. The plan worked reasonably well, even though the prohibition experiment failed.

Certain steps could be taken that would be very helpful. One would be that the formulas for hallucinogens would be held by some group with government supervision, and would not be available to the public. Also, that such drugs would be distributed as narcotics are distributed, under rigid supervision, with heavy penalties for abuse. They would be easier to control than narcotics, where the formulas are already available and many countries are indulging in an illicit narcotics trade.

Another important step would be to control news media. One of the major contributing factors to many of our present problems

is irresponsible journalism. Here every delinquency of the young and old is dramatized. Narcotic parties have been written up in gruesome detail, and it has been pointed out how it would be perfectly possible for millions of young men to become addicted to a thrill drug by buying a certain type of glue. How can we describe this, name the glue, explain the thrills, and then expect a generation of young neurotics to refrain from involvement?

Publications dealing with this type of subject should be available only to those who will use them properly. This step would be a protection to the scientific researcher himself. Already, a number of fields involving drug researches have received so much unfavorable popular publicity that genuine advancement in the areas may be delayed for many years. Work in such highly publicized projects is distasteful to the serious thinker.

Another important consideration is to pause for a moment and get back to causes. Looking over the vital statistics of the day, it is evident that the younger generation, and much of the older generation, is made up of mentally and emotionally unstable persons. The explosion of instability is of the greatest concern to every law-enforcement agency in the world today. Hundreds of millions of persons are losing control of themselves in various ways and to varying degrees. It is impossible to assume that this is completely accidental, or an act of Providence, or an inevitable disaster, or the natural correlative of progress. Something big and important is going wrong. The major trends of our time are such that anything we invent, or any medication we compound, carries with it grave danger that it will be abused.

Why have we suddenly become confirmed perverters of knowledge? It is certainly not because we are underprivileged in terms of schooling; we are not illiterate, nor are we suffering from so many physical hardships that we must escape into some kind of fantasy. We have never had more education, a higher standard of living, or as many conveniences and comforts as we now enjoy. What is wrong seems to be a kind of intangible disease that is slowly eating away our internal integrity.

If the laboratories would get together and develop an honesty pill, it would help a great deal; but under present conditions, it would not have a very wide sale. It is time for the learned and the

wise and the skillful to head into the basic problem. What is causing the increasing delinquency, and why is it not subsiding as this type of thing generally does after a few years of acceleration?

If you ask an individual what the foundations of integrity are, he will probably tell you quite simply that man depends upon his own conscience to a very great degree. His conscience, furthermore, is supported by a traditional standard of living. Until recently, we were proud to be honorable; now we are a little embarrassed to be suspected of any idealistic sense of integrity. What has happened in the last fifty years to lower the threshold of our ethical and moral code? What have we done by which we have justified the deterioration of personal integrity?

Some say we are disillusioned. We have suddenly realized that we are not the noblest birth of time. We discover that our boast to build a peaceful world has come to nothing, and that actually, we have fought two of the most terrible and degenerate wars in the history of mankind. All the good things—our dreams and benevolent hopes—came to a head-on collision with the atomic bomb. What we call progress has become so dangerous, so burdened with implications of panic, that our securities have dissolved.

Who is responsible for nuclear fission? Where did poison gas and bacterial warfare come from? What is behind the continuing process of endangering the physical life of man in almost every area of human activity? The popular thinking, untrained in these matters, would point out that a few highly skilled technicians have contrived this disaster for their fellow human beings. Even if nothing new were added, we would be in trouble for another thousand years. Is it remarkable, therefore, that the average person is becoming bitterly disillusioned with all aspects of so-called higher knowledge?

The average housewife can see that the end of knowledge should be security, and she can also suspect that her children should be educated in a way that fits them for constructive citizenship. She doubts that any system of education that teaches only how to do things, and ignores completely why they should be done, or why they should not be done, can lead to anything but further misery.

We have developed everything except the character of man himself. We are trying to substitute computers for conduct. Instead

of building better people, we are resolved to find convenient methods for nursing weaklings. Rather than to prepare men to be fit, we are providing countless inducements to remain unfit and be sustained, supported, and protected by those around us. When too many become unfit, there are not enough left to guard them, and the system falls apart.

It is noticeable everywhere that we must provide more and more facilities to take care of those who cannot take care of themselves. Part of this is due to inflation, but to what is inflation due? What causes us to create concepts in business, economy, and investments that are themselves unreasonable? What has happened to what might be termed the normal thinking power of the mind? We were given minds to help us to stay out of trouble or get out of trouble; we are now using them to get into trouble and stay there.

In the last ten years, we have gone so far as to attack the basic functions of the mind itself. We have tried to prevent it from functioning by dulling its processes through sedations, exaggerating its appetites by stimulants, and now by forcing the individual to have a far more intimate association with his internal mental processes than he can safely and sanely maintain. Step by step, we have led man away from the use of those faculties that teach him that two plus two equals four. We have undermined his realization of universal integrity by denying that the universe has a purpose. A rational being, unable to function normally as a unit in an unrational creation, has been completely bewildered and no longer dares to defend his own thinking.

For thousands of years, man believed in religious ideals, and tried to live them. Sometimes he was fanatical, and sometimes he was superstitious; but all in all, he had a concept of what a good life could be, and he tried to live according to this belief. Now this has been taken away from the intellectual group. They must believe in nothing, and after they get through depressing their own inner mental lives, they cannot even depend upon themselves. We have taken away the external traditional supports; we have weakened our legal code so that dangerous criminals are released on technicalities; we have forbidden our school teachers to communicate any kind of idealism to their students; we have pointed out that business loyalties are an illusion, that family responsibility can



be safely disregarded, and that children can be neglected and depend later upon a benevolent society to protect them against the psychic injuries they have suffered.

How far can we go in this direction? The man with the computer ought to know. Those who declare themselves to be the appointed leaders of man's mental life today—the scientist, the educator, and the economist—these men are responsible to protect their followers from excessive troubles. They are responsible because they have created the institutions for the education of the young, they have set up the policies, they have standardized the ethics of professions, and they arbitrate the policies of industry. They are the ones who have forced upon us a way of life that we would never have accidentally come upon.

We are the products of a grand strategy that was supposed to lead us to the full use of our minds so that man could rise as the highest example of living creatures in the visible universe. After nearly fifty years of administration, these leaders have not demonstrated their fitness. They are still in a muddle, confused and contradictory in their thoughts and statements, and increasingly more fatalistic every day. Having brought the world into this peculiar situation, they admit that nothing can be done except to proceed as heretofore, hoping for the best, but more inclined to suspect the worst.

With this kind of a situation, it seems to me that the developing of any means of increasing hallucination is carrying coals to Newcastle. We are already walking around in a dream that is gradually becoming a nightmare. We do not need any further thrills, nor have we any right to expect that drugs can correct a situation that is caused by definite misrepresentation of the basic principles of living.

Where drugs are necessary to protect life, ease pain, or bring a person through some immediate crisis, they are right and permissible. They are not, however, safe. We have no idea what the side-effects will be, but we are already suffering from medications launched too hastily and enthusiastically upon mankind. No drug that is not necessary should ever be used. Unless we can definitely prove that these hallucinogens are really contributing to knowl-

edge, they should be held inviolate among a small group of researchers.

The chances are very great that one of these days, but perhaps not soon enough, we will realize that wandering around in the subconscious mind can be a dead end and a blind alley. It is not of great value at the moment to study hallucinations until we decide what constitutes reality. How do we know whether the hallucinations that we are studying are as dangerous or important as the hallucinations with which we are studying them? If the Oriental philosopher is correct in his view that mind is an involvement which becomes increasingly more fascinated with itself, and that out of this fascination nothing can come except arrogance, the end of the search may not be profitable enough to cover the costs.

If we insist upon exposing the beatnik to instant Zen, we should at least also have a remedy for the beat generation. We should have a way of restoring these young people to useful and happy lives. Why should we actually invite them to a new excess when their present actions are sufficiently eccentric? Why should we cater always to the appetite, and never attempt to correct the appetite itself? The belief that an appetite exists to be indulged, is wrong. The preachment that things have to go badly because we cannot expect the younger generation to be more mature than its ancestors, is a secondary proof covering a primary error.

We are in the presence of a rebellion that should not be put to sleep. Do not drug the young, but wake up those who are responsible for the young. Do not continue to feed problem and temptation into society. Recognize responsibilities, curb unreasonable profits if necessary, and establish standards that are right. In some areas, experimental efforts have been made to correct the situation at cause. While records are not yet conclusive, there is much to indicate that under intelligent leadership, we gain confidence by good works and right example.

*The Highest Tribute*

When Aristippus was asked how Socrates died, he replied, "As I would wish to die."

## PILGRIMAGE TO BETHLEHEM

It is now forty-two years since I made my pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Naturally, details have grown dim, and names and places have a tendency to become confused. But one thing I will never forget is the profoundly moving experience of standing on the Mount of Olives, facing over toward Jerusalem. In the foreground below, rises the concave dome of the Tomb of Absalom, facing into the dark shadows of the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Beyond the valley, there is a steep rise girded by the walls of David's City. Facing Mount Olivet is the golden gate, through which it is believed Jesus rode into Jerusalem under circumstances perpetuated in the celebration of Palm Sunday. The Moslems closed up this gate many centuries ago, and it will not be opened again until the Messiah re-enters Jerusalem.

The most prominent building rising above the walls of Jerusalem is the Mosque of Omar on the broad platform of Haram el Sherit, where once stood the temple of Solomon the King. The mosque is properly named The Kubbet el Sakkra, or the Dome of the Rock, for in the midst of it is that rough, though time-worn stone that was originally the threshing floor of the Jebusites. The lights and shadows cast by cloud formations upon the city of Jerusalem add greatly to the beauty and mystery of this sacred place.

Certain impressions of the Holy Land—it was called Palestine when I was there—remain clear in my mind. First of all, the smallness of the country. As we read the Bible, it might seem that we are concerned with a vast area of land, when in truth most of the events took place in a region of approximately ten thousand square miles. Palestine, as then partitioned, was only about a hundred and fifty miles long and about eighty miles wide at the broadest point. Yet the land is remarkably diversified. While snow is on the ground in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, orange groves are flourishing only five or ten miles away. The rugged countryside is broken into rocky mountains and narrow scenic gorges; and many have perished trying to cross a sandy waste of desert only ten or fifteen miles wide. In most parts of the country, if you stand on any elevated spot, you can see beyond the borders of Palestine.



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR

This beautiful structure, with its blue dome, stands on the broad walled platform where once the sanctuary of Herod's Temple was consecrated. The mosque belongs to the Moslem faith, and visitors are required to take off their shoes or put on special overshoes before entering. Nearby a smaller shrine containing a relic of Mohammed.

The second impression that lingers is the atmosphere of sadness with which nature itself has enveloped the region. The earth seems tired and old, and the little towns are of the same color as the soil on which they stand. The roads are dusty, vegetation is sparse, and the land is so rocky that one traveler remarked that it looks as though all the convicts in the world had broken stones there for ages. There is a legend that an angel accidentally dropped on the Holy Land a load of boulders he was carrying to another region. The rocky earth can and does support crops, and small desert flowers grow precariously from the slopes of rock-strewn hills.

There are many ruins in various stages of decay, including the lonely wreckage of Roman grandeur. Herod the Great, the father of the King Herod described in the New Testament, evidently wished to court favor with the Roman governors. He copied the architecture of the Roman forum, and relics of his enthusiasm dot the land from Baldek to Bethlehem. Broken Roman arches mingle with the slender minarets and beautifully proportioned domes of Moslem mosques, and near them may rise the pointed steeple of

a Christian church, surmounted by the cross. Everywhere there is this confusion of old and new, with the old predominating and the new representing a spirit of religious fervor associated with some traditional site mentioned in the Gospels.

Nor can one easily forget the black tents of the Bedouins, spread out over the crumbled and sterile soil. These somber dwellings fit into the grey mood everywhere prevailing. Yet the Bedouins themselves are a picturesque people. With their flowing robes and white head cloths, they represent a transitional state of Palestinian culture. Bedouin girls, with water jars on their heads, make their pilgrimage to the nearest well, as in ancient days. A Bedouin man, with his striped burnoose and a curved jeweled dagger thrust in his sash, may be home on vacation from Oxford University, where he is working for his doctorate in agricultural engineering; yet he stands in the shadow of the black tents, with camels kneeling beside him.

In addition to these more or less tangible factors that contribute to the atmosphere of the Holy Land, there is a strange intangible spirit that broods over the entire region. In Jerusalem especially, I was strongly aware that here was the sacred earth of three religions. In the shadow of Herod's wall, I gazed upon the bleak masonry that once formed the foundation for Solomon's temple. At that time, a stretch of this massive sub-structure was set aside for the lamentation of Israel. This was the Wailing Wall of the Jews, and every hour of the night, the doleful sound of voices broken with misery and tragedy, hovered over the sleeping city; and in the daytime, the wailing mingled with the chanting of the muezzin calling the faithful of Islam to prayer from the balcony of some ancient minaret. The Orthodox Jew can never forget the words of his Anointed King, David: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its skill."

Obviously, Jerusalem is the great shrine of Christendom, taking precedence, in the hearts and souls of the devout, over all other hallowed places. Not far from Herod's wall, along the Via Dolorosa, one comes to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is traditionally believed that this church was built by Constantine Magnus in the 4th century. The historical facts are not too certain, but the spiritual overtones have changed the course of history for Western man.

Outside the wall of Jerusalem is Gordon's Calvary, its steep front eroded with shallow apertures which probably gave it its original name—Golgotha, the Place of the Skull. Across the Valley of Jehoshaphat is the Mount of Olives, where still are shown old trees that may have sprung from the one beneath which Jesus prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane.

The region abounds in memories and reminders of Biblical events, and six miles away, to the south, lies the little town of Bethlehem. Dropping down from Jerusalem, one comes to the Dead Sea, the most lifeless body of water in the world, into which pour the slow and sluggish waters of the Jordan River. Many devout visit the Jordan every year, for it is the place where Jesus was baptized by John. Like so many other relics of the Christian faith, the Jordan has its strange contradictions, for its waters rise where once grew the Cedars of Lebanon, and at its source are pagan temples to Pan and Bacchus.

Next to Mecca and Medina, Jerusalem is the most holy shrine of Islam, not so much because of direct association with Mohammed, but because the Koran is steeped so deeply in the lore of the Old and New Testaments. The principal center of Islamic veneration is the Mosque of Omar, standing on the flat platform where once stood Herod's restoration of the Temple of Jerusalem. The Mosque of Omar is a beautiful building, and beneath the Rock Moriah, in the center, is a cave or grotto with which many legends are concerned. In the Apocryphal story of Mohammed's Night Journey to Heaven, the Prophet, mounted upon El Borak (The Lightning Flash), first paused on the Rock Moriah, which Solomon had purchased for a handful of silver. It was above this rock that the heavens opened and the ladder of silken cords descended so that Mohammed could climb into the wonders of the Heaven of Allah, whose name be blessed.

It would seem that with so much of sacred beauty, so many holy associations, Jerusalem would be the most blessed of cities and the proper shrine of world peace. Unfortunately, this is not the case. From the beginning of its troubled existence, the City of David has known mostly pain, fire, and the sword. Its temples have been desecrated, its shrines destroyed, its pilgrims massacred, and even at the time of my visit, there was little peace in the Holy Land.



VIEW OF BETHLEHEM WITH RACHEL'S TOMB IN THE FOREGROUND

It is likely that this tomb is almost exactly as it appeared at the time of the birth of Jesus.

Its surface is scarred with the sword wounds of the Crusades, and conqueror after conqueror has occupied it, or fashioned from it some vassal state. When Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany decided to make a grand entrance into Jerusalem, he caused part of the city wall to be removed so that it would not interfere with the grandeur of his procession. It has always been like this, and one can hardly blame the people if they are not entirely devout.

Not only has Jerusalem the problem of three religions—it has the still greater and more pressing dilemma of the internal conflicts between the various Christian sects. Nearly all the sacred monuments are shared by several denominations, of which the most important are the Greeks, the Latins, the Armenians, the Copts, the Syrians, and the Abyssinians. All these groups have special areas set aside in the principal churches or ancient shrines, and jealously guard their rights. Most wonderful of all, it has fallen to the lot of the Moslems to police the area and try to maintain order among all the groups.

When we think of a journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, it is hard to imagine that it is only a few minutes' trip by automobile. It was cold the morning I set forth, and the top of the car was not very well secured. The driver was amiable but helpless, and most of the journey was with a sharp wind chilling the riders to the bone. There was also snow at Bethlehem, but the air was bright, and the importance of the place took priority over minor discomforts.

Our first stop in Bethlehem was the Church of the Nativity. The church itself is more or less enclosed by convents belonging to various denominations. There is much debate as to the antiquity of the church building. At the time I was there, it was assumed that the structure was strongly influenced by the Romans, and the interior was flanked by rows of unfluted Corinthian columns. It has been likened to a basilica of the Herodian period.

To enter the Church of the Nativity, one must make a respectful bow, regardless of his beliefs. The upper part of the door has been walled up, so that the entrance is barely four feet high. There are various accounts as to why this was done, one being that in the old days, religious meetings were disturbed by unbelievers who rode into the church on horseback. In any event, the building is attractive, much in the same way that our old California missions are permeated with a quaint charm. Even this church, however, does not compare favorably with the Cathedrals of Europe or America. Many are glad of this, for it seems to bring us back again to the simplicity of the original story.

It has been mentioned by experts on life in Palestine that it was customary for inns to have grottoes or stables beneath them or in close vicinity. Whenever the inn was crowded, guests were permitted to find shelter in these adjacent quarters, and no indignity was intended; in fact, most early travelers found the stables more comfortable than the hostelry itself.

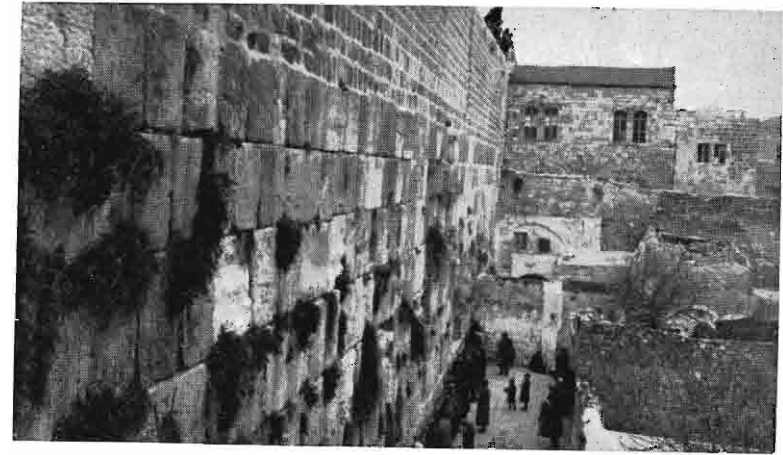
The Church of the Nativity is also attributed to the Roman Emperor Constantine. It has certainly been restored on a number of occasions, and the present roof is made of timbers provided in the 15th century by Edward IV of England. Most interesting are the numerous ornate lamps suspended on long chains from the high

beams of the ceiling. These lamps represent the rights and privileges of various denominations whose lights illumine the sanctuary.

Having entered the church, one approaches with reverence the Grotto of the Nativity. This resembles a large open fireplace, with a projecting marble hearthstone. Set in the floor is a silver star perpetually lighted by fifteen silver lamps belonging to the three religious communions that have proprietorship over the sanctuary. There is a legend—and there are many in this country—that the star marks the spot on earth directly below the point in the sky where the star followed by the three wise men stopped in its course and hovered over Bethlehem. All we really know is that this place had been identified as early as the 2nd century A.D. as being the true site of the inn at Bethlehem. It has received the veneration of the faithful for more than seventeen centuries, though on several occasions it was temporarily desecrated.

The pilgrim descends further by a short flight of steps to a place below the transept and beneath the grotto we have just described. Here is located what is now called "The Chapel of the Manger." It is a tiny place, where only a few can gather at a time. Even before the time of St. Jerome (340-420 A.D.), it was believed that Mary cradled the infant Jesus in a rock-hewn stall cut into the wall of the cave. We may doubt the present marble which embellishes the manger, but there is nothing impossible in the basic idea. The shape of this shrine is similar to that of the grotto above, and the actual location of the crib or place where the straw is spread is covered by a glass plate. Before the opening hang five lamps, and over the area are elaborate embroidered draperies covered with religious symbols and festoons of flowers and ribbons. The space in front of the actual manger, which is set apart by a marble sill, is occupied during the Christmas season by a small crib containing a wax effigy of Jesus.

One leaves this venerated place with rather confused emotions, and many who have made the journey to Bethlehem have been somewhat bewildered by the strange mixture of devotion and ostentation. In some way, exaggerated piety has obscured what would otherwise be deeply touching mementos of a noble life gloriously lived for the good of all men.



THE WAILING WALL IN JERUSALEM  
Photograph taken by Manly P. Hall in 1923.

If we could walk the dusty roads as Jesus walked them, visit the little inns where he rested, and the houses of his friends where he paused for refreshment, we might almost live again in the days of the gentle Nazarene. I am very glad that I visited the Holy Land when it was still much the same as in the days of the Crusades, and before the great modernization had moved in. I am grateful that at the time the Jews, Christians, and Moslems were getting along fairly well together. There was some childish feuding, but a genuine atmosphere of common faith prevailed. It was in that little lull between the end of World War I and the beginning of World War II.

It has been reported that some visitors take away with them an unfavorable impression, and I believe that one explanation for this is that they are unable to adjust the Holy Land with the Christianity they practice in their own communities. They forget that the people of Jerusalem, as a group, are not sophisticated, nor modern, nor especially efficient. They live simple lives, are child-like in their worship, and adorn their sanctuaries with baubles that please them. No indignity is intended; they give the best that they have, and they worship with full hearts; but it is all far removed from a fashionable congregation in a huge modern church of Europe or America.

To us, religion is a very tidy matter. There is little dust on the floor, and the walls of the church are not cracking with age or its timbers rotting away. Our offerings are usually dropped sedately into the collection plate, and religion is well-mannered. This is not true in the Holy Land—or was not at the time I was there. It bears witness to the zeal of many generations and the fanaticism of Crusaders, agitators, and political extremists.

It is hard for us to feel in our time that this is the foundation of our faith. The Sea of Galilee is beautiful, and the great Gates of Damascus are relics of Oriental splendor. The Roman ruins delight artists and photographers, and the old synagogues bring the devout Jewish visitor close to the source of his religion. But today Christianity has only a monument in Palestine. The whole world has become its holy city, and in nearly every nation at least some have accepted its teachings.

It may be easier to find the spirit of Christ in our own busy complicated living than along the road that leads past Jericho. It may be just as well that this has happened, for it reminds us that Christendom is a faith diffused throughout mankind, and not a little strife-torn world, strewn along the pleasant shores of the Mediterranean.

To me, a visit to Bethlehem was important. It certainly influenced my religious thinking then, and has continued to do so. It helped me to escape from the conflict of opinions about history, and to a large degree, revealed the futility of those creedal differences which have torn the faith of Western man for nearly twenty centuries. The pain of Christianity is etched into the face of Judea, but its joys are in the hearts of those who never visited war-torn Palestine.

Since my day, a new if rather thin historico-geological stratum has been added to the surface of Palestine's rugged earth. A new and progressive nation has been fashioned in the place that was once Judea. Israel, as a sovereign state, shares with the kingdom of Jordan most of the land on which stand the monuments to the three religions. Industry is rapidly developing. Great hotels provide luxuries for visitors, and there are many resorts for those who wish the fresh air and sunshine of the eastern Mediterranean.



THE CHURCH OF ECCE HOMO

This photograph shows how an old arch believed to have been constructed by Herod the Great, but possibly of somewhat later date, has been enclosed within the altar of the church, and is now supporting the choir loft. The church belongs to the Sisters of Zion. Traditionally, the arch is supposed to stand where Pontius Pilate, seeking to gain sympathy for Jesus, pointed to him and shouted out to the assembled mob—"Ecce Homo" (Behold the Man).

It is strange to try to visualize great luxury hotels overshadowing the Mosque of Omar. Progress will break through the walls of Jerusalem in many places, and these walls, once breached, will not be sealed again. Some day, the old step streets where no vehicle has ever travelled, will be smoothed to meet the requirements of commerce. Guided tours will make everything attractive, but although no more voices will cry at the Wailing Wall, if we are very quiet, we may too often hear the rattle of rifle fire in the distance. Old feuds have come to life again. The problem of the Gaza Strip, the emergencies created by the Union of Arab Republics, Nasser's perpetual indignation, the wealth of the desert sheiks, and the

endless conflict over the rights of faiths—all these sadden the earth of that holy land set aside as the shrine of a God of peace.

As we think of Bethlehem, and find another Christmas time approaching, it might be well to see how things fare in that holy land of our own hearts. Have we found peace, or are we still striving for those small matters which can become the cause of a terrible tragedy—like one that resulted from a member of the wrong sect lighting his candle in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In our desperate defense of the small ways we believe to be right, or perhaps in support of disillusionments that have weakened our faith, we too may lose sight of the great truths that lie beneath the surface of holy shrines and sacred relics.

If peace cannot come to the Valley of Hebron, it can come to the quiet places in our own hearts. We can make our own quiet pilgrimage into the depths of right personal convictions in our souls. Let us never mistake appearances for realities. Let us never substitute a ritual for right action, or a sacrament for personal sincerity.

On the other hand, let us be gentle of those whose beliefs may seem to us an over-simplification. They bring their little offerings to the crib of the Savior, and kneel in prayer in the Church of Bethlehem built to his memory. Let us be a little better, a little wiser, than those who cannot reconcile their faiths in the city of David. Holding no grievance against the honest convictions of any man, recognizing all faiths to be honorable, all religions to be inspired, all constructive action to be necessary, we can then restore the dream that geographical problems have shattered in the Holy Land.

There is only one thing left to the really sincere Christian. He must rescue his own life from the infidels of selfishness, unkindness, and intolerance. He must purify his own heart, which is the holy sepulchre of his risen Lord. He must transform his home and the small region of his influence into a land set aside for love and beauty, and he must do all he can to transform this whole tired earth into that land of promise which the children of Israel saw from afar.

## REINCARNATION IN DRUID WISDOM AND CELTIC LORE

In the last issue of our Journal, we discussed the book *The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries*, by Dr. Evans-Wentz. In this work, some space is given to the belief in reincarnation held by Celtic peoples in ancient times. The author also notes that his personal contacts with the older generation of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh citizens indicate beyond any doubt that the belief in rebirth still exists in rural districts, although the subject is seldom discussed with outsiders.

The question naturally arises as to where the people of Ireland and other areas where the Fairy-faith prevailed had learned of the doctrine of metempsychosis. Several explanations have been advanced. According to one, probably the most favored, the belief may have reached the coast of England and Ireland as the result of visits of Phoenician traders searching for tin. They could have brought with them religious teachings from the Orient and later from the philosophic schools of Greece and Egypt.

Less distinct, but worthy of at least passing thought, is the account that Buddhists from central Asia reached Ireland two or three hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era. There is still a strain among the Irish which would indicate Mongolian blood. Those having this ancestry are of more swarthy complexion than their neighbors, and in earlier days, they were associated with witchcraft, divination, and other unholy occupations. O'Brien, in his *Round Towers of Ireland*, suggests that these obelisk-like monuments, which are scattered in different parts of the country, were based upon the designs of pagodas and other East Indian monuments. He goes so far as to suspect that relics of some kind were probably buried beneath these towers, as in the case of the stupas of Tibet, China, and Japan.

There is a third and rather untenable belief that reincarnation may have been introduced into Ireland by Christian missionaries, possibly even by good St. Patrick himself. The support for this idea is that in the early days, several Early Fathers of the Church, including Tertullian and Origen, favored the belief, which had con-

siderable following among orthodox Jews during the time of Christ. We say that this position is not strongly taken, however, because there is definite evidence that the belief in reincarnation was held prior to the advent of the first missionaries to Ireland and Brittany.

It is doubtful that the belief in rebirth originated among the Irish, because it belongs to a system of legendry and symbolism derived from outside sources. One thing is certain. The Irish did have the concept of physical re-embodiment. It survived all the missionary work of the early Church, managed to continue after the split between Catholic and Protestant Ireland, has been frequently revived by Irish intellectuals, and is still held by persons in various stations of life, including members of the Christian clergy.

The Irish themselves trace most of these mystical ideas to the Druids, the ancient priests of the six areas in which the Fairy-faith was preserved. The Druids may be likened to the Brahmans of India. They were the highest caste among the Celtic people, leaders of religion, preservers of history, practitioners of the sciences, counselors of the State, and custodians of education.

Many books exist on the beliefs and functions of the Druids and Bards, but most of the older records are viewed skeptically by modern students of Celtic lore. It is pointed out that the Druids had no written language, and that their records were kept by oral tradition alone. As the institution faded away, there is a long break in the account bearing upon Druid doctrines and traditions. There was no real revival until the 16th century A.D., and nearly all the highly dramatic lore now circulated was either discovered or invented in England and Wales during the Elizabethan period. While there is no evidence that the modern traditions are not founded in older oral records, it is only fair to point out that no actual proof exists.

There are references to the Druids in early writings, including Julius Caesar and Poseidonius. Caesar's references are brief and not especially enlightening, but they would indicate that he held the Druids in considerable respect and believed them to be important factors in Celtic culture. Poseidonius was a Stoic philosopher, and he attempted a rather detailed interpretation of Druidic metaphysics. His account is largely rejected by critical scholars on the ground that he has simply imposed Stoical philosophy upon

the Druids without proving that he was recording their actual beliefs.

Because Poseidonius held opinions very different from those of modern historians, he is convicted of prejudice, but there may be some question as to whether his recent detractors may not be suffering from some deep-seated prejudices of their own. Nearly all modern writers are inclined to depreciate the wisdom or philosophical attainments of the ancients, preferring to believe that any credit that must be given to them should be as slight as possible.

Thus we have some records of unknown antiquity which present the Druids as the great wise men of the oak trees, members of secret and mysterious institutions performing strange rites, harvesting the mistletoe with their silver sickles, and sheathing and unsheathing the great sword of war in an elaborate ceremony between armies drawn up for battle. These Druids understood the secret meanings of the stars. They fashioned excellent surgical instruments, were acquainted with the medicinal powers of herbs, could work enchantments, and most of all, could journey to the Otherworld without death.

The conventional picture of the Druid that arises in the popular mind today shows him as a bearded man with a golden-rayed crown and an elaborate breastplate ornamented with golden shoulder knobs. He wore a massive belt to hold his white robe, and on one hand wore the crystal ring that drew the powers of the sun. He worshipped, with others of his kind and Order, in the depths of forests, before crude stone altars, and he draped the trees with garlands and made astronomical observations of the equinoxes and solstices. He guarded the sacred fire, from which each year all the lights of the nation were ignited. He worshipped the universe in the form of an egg around which was twined the serpent of cosmic motion. He did not fashion the great monuments of Stonehenge in England or Carnac in Brittany, but he adapted these monolithic stones and dolmens to his own faith.

From the Druid descended countless legends and stories told by the bards, which finally passed into the keeping of the old people. These stories were full of magic, mystery, and wonder, and are reminiscent of the later cycles of the Troubadours. There seems no way to explain much of the old Irish mysticism without as-



suming that it is traceable to Druid lore. It is quite possible, therefore, that what Evans-Wentz calls *The Fairy-faith* is derived, at least in part, from religious and philosophical convictions held among the Celts before the beginning of the Christian era. The most important element of the Fairy-faith is the division of the universe into two parts: this world, and the Otherworld. There is nothing especially original or ingenious in assuming that there is a region beyond the grave, or that somewhere the visible and the invisible divide. But there is much that is intriguing in the way the Irish interpreted their understanding of the twofold world.

One difference is that they assumed the Otherworld to be not merely a place for the dead, nor the abode of imps, demons, sprites, or those orders of little people which the Paracelsians called elementals or nature spirits. The Otherworld had its own peoples, races, nations, and was the dwelling place of orders of life that never appeared in the physical sphere where we dwell.

Thus two parallel systems of evolution existed together—one in the rocks and vales of the Celtic commonwealth, and the other among the invisible plains and meadows of the verdant Otherworld. Between these two regions a webwork of binding factors was set up. Those who died here passed into the invisible region, and by this circumstance, came to know the races and creatures that dwelt there. Mystics in their trances, psychics in their mediumistic experiences, could also sense this other side of mortal existence.

Conversely, the Otherworld included among its population the fairies, gnomes, undines, and sylphs that gladdened the hearts of our childish ancestors. Some of these beings were friendly, and others mischievous—in fact, if we may depend upon the records, some were downright difficult. But they did cross over to become entangled in the problems and projects of humans. Many of them had supernatural powers and could make the men and women of this world experience hallucinations and even go to sleep for centuries, like Rip van Winkle in old New York.

In addition to these elementals, there seemed also to have been creatures fashioned by man's own intemperances—monsters and demons that could haunt his sleep or curse his activities in punishment for the sins he had committed. Occasionally these sub-

mundanes of one kind or another took on physical forms to bewitch children and cattle, blight crops, and make trouble generally.

Beyond and above them, however, were the kingdoms of the Otherworld, luminous counterparts of the races and nations inhabiting what the Celtic folklore would call the "Upper World" where we live. Here indeed, several different elements of believing mingled, for in this fairy region of the invisible, the great Celtic heroes dwelt, much in the same way that the Gothic gods and demi-gods lived in eternal feasting in the great hall of Valhalla. One difference should be noted, however. In Irish folklore, the great and the good ones who had gone before were never far away. It was impossible to tell when a hero of long ago might take on a magic body and appear temporarily among his descendants or, possibly more to the point, select a suitable family and reincarnate to continue his service for his people.

As Tannhauser visited the enchanted Venusburg, so there are stories that men of this world, especially heroes, bards, mystics, priests, might make the difficult journey to the Otherworld, especially if they were under the protection of a powerful spiritual being. Sometimes the journey was made to consult a remote ancestor, and the incident was a kind of oracular adventure. On other occasions, the search was for justice or for the solution of mysteries that confused ordinary humans. But it is safe to say that passing from one world to another was little more than opening a door and stepping across into another luminous and beautiful abode. There was not very much of the purgatorial in this thinking.

Reincarnation was a part of the Fairy-faith, and Evans-Wentz, inquiring into all the areas where vestiges of the old beliefs remained, received some very interesting opinions and observations from the elder residents. One thing he learned was that the old folks seldom discussed the beliefs even with their own children. The grandmothers would get together in strict privacy to repeat the ancient accounts and thrill to the adventures of those who had been born many times. They might tell of the song of the Bard Taliesin, who described his countless embodiments, much as Buddha told of former lives as the account was set forth in the *Jataka Tales*. In his poem, Taliesin said among other things, that he stood at the foot of the cross in Jerusalem when Christ was crucified.



ST. PATRICK STRUGGLING AGAINST PAGANISM

When such was the drift of conversation, the grandmothers would solemnly nod their heads. These were the good stories, the true accounts, which were ridiculed by those who had never experienced strange happenings. Most of the elders could describe an occurrence in which reincarnation seemed to be the only explanation. When a man was plagued with ill fortune from the cradle to the grave, his crops failed, his land was taken by the mortgage holder and the priests could give him very little consolation, the old women would say among themselves, "He is paying for sins in another life."

On the other side of the ledger all the good men and women who ever came to Ireland in the last thousand years, were obviously and inevitably re-embodiments of earlier Celtic heroes and

heroines. Perhaps it is just as well that old St. Patrick did not live to learn what folklore was to do with his memory. For while he was stoutly expounding the Christian faith, his achievements made it evident that he could only be an ancient Irish hero, reborn to bring the new revelation to his people.

Among the labors of St. Patrick was his cleansing of Loch Derg (Red Lake). Those who dwell in this area say there is a cave there that is set aside as the entrance to the Christian purgatory. As the Otherworld did not have a place for relapsed heretics, Loch Derg, a weird and somber spot, was most appropriate. It was here that St. Patrick chased all the snakes out of Ireland, forcing them finally to take refuge in the fens and bogs of the Red Lake. Finally, all these evil creatures sort of formed from among themselves a dragon, and with this dragon St. Patrick fought so courageously that the Lake was turned red with its blood, evil was forever conquered, and the powers of evil were locked up in purgatory.

Perhaps more realistically, the native accounts say that Loch Derg was the last refuge of the Irish Druids. They were the serpent men, and they retired to this comparatively inaccessible area until finally the pressures of Christendom forced them to give up their faith. For all this, and many other great achievements, St. Patrick was considered an avatar, a divine one made flesh.

There is also a legend about Charles Parnell (1846-1891), the famous Irish nationalist leader. The people of the country will tell you that very strange things happened on the occasion of Parnell's death. While he was dying, there were lights in the sky which no one could explain. The air was heavy with mystery, and it seemed that for the moment, the Otherworld came very close, and a body of immortals came to take the hero to his home beyond the grave. It was assumed by the old ones who knew the best, that Parnell was a reborn wise man from the shadowy past of Irish history.

While the old Celtic people are convinced that human beings can be and are reborn, they have a curious point of view on this subject. With the exception of the heroes, who perhaps came to this world from one of the invisible races in the first place, and therefore are not of ordinary mortal stock, there seems to be grave question as to the continuity of consciousness for any great time

after death. It would seem that while the body dies here, the personality that we associated with the body, passes through a kind of second death in the Otherworld. It might remain as an individual being which could be contacted or might even intercede in earthly happenings for fifty or a hundred years; but there are few accounts of the ghosts of ordinary householders returning after a greater length of time. The idea of a spirit that would haunt a castle for a thousand years or more, seems to be a mingling of Celtic folklore and medieval Christianity.

As the Irish did believe in immortality, this presents a problem that approaches very closely the Buddhist point of view. The personality is corruptible and expendable; but what is it that remains after the dissolution of the personality? It would appear that there is something else, and that this something else can be re-embodied, though without conscious memory of a previous incarnation.

There is another possible explanation for this transitory after-death state. The Celts were inclined to believe that re-embodiment took place within one or two hundred years after physical death. Even if this time limit be increased, it becomes understandable why the Irish did not have a permanent heaven in their Otherworld. There was no mass of continuing unembodied souls to inhabit such a region—everyone returned in some form or other.

Dr. Evans-Wentz mentions the Darwinian theory of evolution in relation to the study of Irish folklore. He points out that while Darwin advances the theory of evolution, he fails at any point in his writings to tell the expectant reader what it is that evolves. Obviously, it is not the body, since this is perishable. And it would hardly be correct to assume that physical evolution can be completely purposeful if no product under consideration has any lasting significance.

Dr. Evans-Wentz therefore suggests that the Irish accept and recognize a life principle that can be considered an entity or not, but from which personalities emanate. These personalities are transitory and fade away, and their experiences, theoretically, should die with them, which is another difficulty if we accept evolution from a completely materialistic point of view. We are confronted with the dilemma that the only value of experience is that while we are still alive, we may use it in some way to advance the

state of the world after we are gone. This explanation is not completely satisfactory, for millions of persons have valid experiences, but these experiences die with them. No one knows what happens in the lives of most other persons, and very few care. Only a limited number of leaders can strongly and consciously influence the people. This would be an incredible waste of experience if it faded out at the end of each life.

It might be more solutional to assume that the law of evolution applies to something that is capable of evolving over vast periods of time, and may therefore at some time attain a maturity which justifies the troublous path that human beings must walk. Into this "something," the experiences of personal life may be absorbed at death; and if it is a continuing entity, it could profit from a long cycle of embodiments. It could be like a student who goes to school many times in order to learn the lessons of existence. If each lesson is incorporated into some type of conscious entity, these experiences could be accumulated, continually enriching that entity in the same way that in human affairs, daily experiences are cumulative, leading finally to the development of greater judgment and insight.

In the Fairy-faith, the emphasis seems to be largely upon a series of dramatic incidents involving the interplay of two distinct regions that affect each other. Gradually, the early orders of life that inhabited Ireland were forced into the Otherworld. They could no longer abide in the unhappy situations arising from increasing human selfishness, war, and religious upheaval. Having found a new asylum in a pleasant realm far from the troubles of mortality, they await a better day when they can return to bring a golden age to a tired and weary earth.

Nearly always, the legendry implies a host of radiant beings waiting to benefit man. In order that he shall continue to believe in the Fairy-faith, a few creatures of physical existence are permitted to visit the blessed realms of these other people. As a result of such experiences, moral values are reinforced and humanity is freed from the fear that it lives alone in a heartless and meaningless space. Actually, we are divided from a vast region of friendly and kindly beings by the veil over our own eyes. This veil can

sometimes be removed by the cultivation of the superphysical faculties and powers with which we are endowed.

There is another interesting ethical and moral by-product of the Celtic belief in rebirth. A man will go to his friend and say, "You are in trouble; therefore, I will give part of my own life to serve you." Another may go to the old king of Ireland and say, "To defend your throne, I will go to war. In this war, I may be killed, and may lose twenty or thirty years of life. But what does it matter—I have always lived, and I have been born many times upon the earth. In the future, I will come back for countless embodiments; what does it matter, then, if I sacrifice five years or thirty years to the service of another? After all, I have all the time in the world, not only here, but forever."

This attitude did mark in several ways the behavior of the old Celts who believed in reincarnation. It removed all urgency from their living. It lifted many of the pressures that afflict us so sorely. Eternity was the time of all completion. Everything was growing slowly but inevitably better. One by one, the evils of living would be outgrown, and all doubts that trouble the moment would fade away in the great optimistic certainty that perfection is inevitable to man.

This phase of the old beliefs became a powerful folk religion. Perhaps its very strength lay in the fact that it was not burdened by heavy orthodoxies. The Irish people have always been spiritually and physically independent. They resent being told how to vote, and they resent being forced to accept any religion or philosophy because it is supported by authority. Though most Irish people are Christians today, with the exception of a young atheistic group of intellectuals, their Christianity has always been subject to certain reservations. They have never totally rejected their Fairy-faith, although they have made these sprites resemble rather closely the Christian angels. Beneath the surface of their lives, the old convictions hold firm. The belief in the two worlds is in the blood, or at least in the subconscious nature, of many Celts.

Dr. Evans-Wentz goes so far as to point out a possible parallel with the early researches of Sigmund Freud. The conscious and the subconscious become the "Upper World" and the Otherworld of Irish folklore. This Otherworld is populated with the culture

heroes, the memories of the past. It is as close to us as sleep is to waking, for in our dreams and trances, we journey once again through the long archways of Tara's Hall.

One point that modern thinkers have generally neglected is the matter of where the concept of the conscious and the subconscious actually arose, and under what conditions. The Irish seem to sustain the possibility that the subconscious in man is a symbol of an actual region in nature that may be considered the subconscious mind of the earth itself, which was fashioned, in turn, from the subconscious mind of God or whatever divine power we assume to be at the source of manifestation.

Man's subconscious mind is therefore a doorway leading into the universal subconscious. It is in this interaction of two states of consciousness that the machinery of reincarnation operates. This is essentially the Buddhist point of view, but was not held by the Greeks. In the subconscious, all the wisdom of the past lies sleeping, for if we trace it back far enough, the personal subconscious must mingle with the essences of the universal subconscious.

This is not much more than saying that individual consciousness must also sometime be reunited with universal consciousness. It is the same process taking place on two levels—one objective, and the other subjective. In the subjective sphere, there stands also the great teacher-image, personifying or embodying the entire substance of universal tradition. This teacher image is the Druid, the custodian of all folklore, the keeper of the records of things that cannot be forgotten even though they are no longer remembered.

When the old wives gather around the peat fire on some cold Irish night, they tell their stories and each story reminds someone of another story even more wonderful. The whole process is a drawing out from the unconscious, or from some level of subconsciousness below the threshold of daily experience. Association opens the door, and the old lore pours out. In so doing, it brings with it the old strength, the memory of the good destiny. It reminds the believer that the heroes of the past are truly immortal because they live in the memories of those who come after. Not only are they part of memory, but they exercise a psychic force. They are the secret conditioners of consciousness as we know it.

Through contact with the outer world, with its sophistications and disbelievings, a young Celt may renounce the ancient heritage. He may educate himself in the new ways, and may proudly proclaim that he is emancipated from all superstition. But let troubles come to him. Let the years bring their burdens, until finally he sits with the old men who have no physical futures, and who can look forward only to a few remaining years. In this kind of an emergency, that which is stored only in consciousness is weakened by doubts and fears. The objective accumulations of sixty or seventy years break down because they cannot supply the one ingredient without which man is utterly forlorn. That ingredient is hope for the future. In such moments, the Fairy-faith comes through again. The world becomes a realm of wonders, and the hearts of the old experience again the sheer delight of childhood. The hero thoughts come to strengthen those who will soon await their journey to the Otherworld. To these, rebirth is the more important; and a man may say, "I have a fine grandson who has found himself a good god-fearing colleen. It would not be bad to be born again in that family, or perhaps in a family of their children, or the children's children. But it is certain I will be born again, and praise God, it will be in Ireland."

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## HOW TO LIVE WITH A CHRONIC AILMENT

(Condensation of a lecture by Manly P. Hall)

Nearly everyone, in the course of a lifetime, runs into health problems. Sometimes we are comparatively fortunate, but we all have to consider the possibility of adjustment to some decrease in physical efficiency. We must also contemplate the need to adjust to those around us who may have various infirmities. Thus, in the normal expectancies of living, the problem of adjusting to some degree of poor health, in one way or another, touches every one of us.

Those who are partly incapacitated usually have to work out two rather serious psychological situations that arise within them. When we are suffering from poor health, whether due to illness or injury, we are bound to receive a certain amount of solicitude from those around us. Friends drop in to inquire about us, people start doing small favors to save our strength, and after a while we can gradually develop a beautiful case of self-pity. We begin to demand a great deal from those around us. We sometimes become quite dictatorial, and can make life perfectly miserable for everyone. We expect to have a different relationship with life, feeling that the world owes us special consideration. The more sorry we are for ourselves, the more we demand pity or sympathy, the more unhappy we will gradually become.

The first simple fact that we must face if we are not in good health is that we really have no right to make special demands upon society as a result of our difficulty. Perhaps the circumstances that led to poor health are beyond human estimation, but regardless of the cause, when we come to depend upon sympathy and consideration, requiring it all the time and being desolate when we do not get it, we are gradually losing control of our own lives. We are becoming complainers. This not only hurts us, but usually alienates the people around us.

The second problem that often arises when we are incapacitated, is resentment. We allow the physical condition to completely ruin our disposition. We take it for granted that because we do not feel well, we can say whatever we please and hurt others without

any sense of personal guilt. We take out our own discomfort on our friends and relations, our business associates, and society in general.

Any person who does not have good health—especially if he is afflicted with some rather irritating, discomforting type of ailment that nags him constantly—must finally achieve a victory over this tendency to allow his physical condition to completely destroy his mental and emotional integration. The first thing he must do when he begins to find he is losing friends and getting himself into trouble, is to stop short in his tracks and realize that even though his body is not in good condition, the person in that body *can* continue to be just as fine and intelligent and considerate as he was before the infirmity came along.

If we do not demand this of ourselves, we will gradually allow poor health to become an excuse for the disintegration of our personality. We have to recognize that physical problems, while they are depressing, while they are confusing and debilitating, are also a challenge. The person who continues to have a fine, optimistic nature when he is not in good health, has achieved a real victory in life. By proper attitudes he sets up causations that will undoubtedly benefit him greatly.

I have talked to many persons who were rather desperately incapacitated, in conditions which the average person would probably never need to fear might occur to him, and I have observed that most of those who are really in trouble have amazingly good dispositions. It is the individual with small, nagging ailments who is most likely to get into a very negative condition. And very often, the most difficult person to live with is the hypochondriac, who actually has very little if anything the matter with him, but is in a state of perpetual ailing.

The hypochondriac nearly always falls into psychosomatic symbolism. He can develop ailments that are apparently valid. He can convince himself, his friends, and his doctor that he is a very sick person; yet there is nothing wrong with him except that he lacks courage within himself. He has been poorly adjusted; he has never had the stamina to stand on his own feet and make his own place in life. He therefore develops escape mechanisms to try to justify

the fact that he has not assumed his normal and proper human responsibilities.

It is really more difficult to work with the hypochondriac than with the person who is seriously ill, because the hypochondriac has convinced himself that he is unable to carry on normal activities. But if he is once converted, he finds that his health generally improves. One thing we do know about health problems is that mental attitudes, while they may not cure, certainly help. Not only does the person with a constructive and idealistic attitude have a better chance to live with an infirmity, he also has a considerable possibility that the infirmity itself will be modified and his health be markedly improved.

Actually, health results in an enormous waste of energy. The robust, healthy person uses far more energy than is necessary in the accomplishment of almost any activity. He allows his resources to be exhausted by his own intensities. But the person who is afflicted with health problems often finds ways of accomplishing the same amount of work with a remarkable conservation of energy. He discovers that he can still do most, sometimes all, the things that he did in better health, but he must go about them more quietly. He must prevent emotional overtones from disturbing him. He must not be pressed by too much intensity in his own nature.

Persons who have been very seriously sick, and who have very little hope of recovery, sometimes present an amazing contrast to the so-called desperately miserable. One of the things that happens if the individual is well integrated, or reasonably intelligent, is that he adjusts to restriction or limitation with greater ease than we would imagine could be possible. While the body does sometimes become a prison, it is also true that in the majority of instances, a major body illness produces modifications of consciousness within the individual, leading normally to a series of constructive acceptances. He discovers that there are many ways of expressing himself even though his faculties may be somewhat impaired. It is amazing the degree to which the body and the consciousness gradually adjust to the situation. The main problem is always for the individual to accept the challenge of doing the most that he can under the condition that afflicts him.

Many years ago, when I was writing my large book on symbolism, I chose as editor a young man who was hopelessly incapacitated physically. His body was completely paralyzed from the neck down, but he did have partial use of one hand. His sight, speech, hearing, and his mental faculties were intact, but his body was so immobilized that he could not even move his head, and had to have mirrors arranged so that he could see what was going on in other parts of the room. He could not get out of bed without the assistance of other persons, and he had not turned over in bed for ten years. It was a tragic situation for this relatively young person.

This man was completely self-supporting, which is an amazing thing in itself. He was the editor of a major journal, and he did his work by means of mirrors so that he could see at various angles, and by clever contrivances that he had developed himself. He did all the editorial work on our large book, and when the book was finally published, the only mistake noted in the text was one word misspelled in the index.

This individual was able to meet every day with a smile and a purpose. He was deeply concerned with the policy of the journal and the researches he was carrying on. He had been graduated as a doctor, and although he was never able to practice, he kept up with all forms of scientific information and had strong opinions on the development of specialized types of diagnosis and therapy. He was seldom disturbed, tired, miserable, or fatalistic. He once said to me that when he did not know what else was to be done, he simply asked for some more editorial material to be placed on the stand for him.

For over twenty-five years, this remarkable man was incapacitated, and he certainly learned what it means to live with a body that is useless. He was a living proof that the body and the person cannot be regarded as identical. In almost complete paralysis, he had every function of his mind, every awareness and skill of his faculties. Therefore, it would be almost inevitable to assume that the processes that we call consciousness, cannot emerge or arise only in the body. If they did, it would almost certainly have to follow that any physical impairment to this degree should result in some serious mental defect. It is beyond doubt to me, therefore, that the consciousness is superior to and can transcend the body.

Fortunately, the average person does not have to expect such an extreme type of incapacity, but the story of this individual illustrates the point that if we do find ourselves with restraints upon our functions, we must try to find some way of being useful within the possibilities left at our command. We should never be idle. No matter how restricted our faculties or our functions are, we must do our very best to be useful and to make a full life. This man whom I have mentioned told me one day that the one thing we can all do is to continue to learn in some way. No matter what happens, there are opportunities for a new dimension of consciousness.

A very important matter in health adjustment problems is to try not to wait too long to discover what the condition is. Many persons, suspecting that they may have some serious ailment, are simply frightened to find out. They feel they would rather not know. Perhaps in some instances, this might be serviceable, but in the majority of cases, it will complicate the situation and ultimately add to suffering.

The moment there is a possibility of something being wrong, instead of feeling that if we should learn the truth and the truth is unfortunate, our life would be more difficult—let us realize that the opposite is true. The individual who learns that he faces a completely set pattern to which he must adjust, very often becomes the best adjusted person of all. There is something dangerous, mysterious, terrible, about trying to struggle with the unknown. Symptoms can be evidence that something is wrong in this mechanism of ours, but if we do not know what it is, this in itself tends to create fear and anxiety, which only make the health problem more severe.

By having an adequate physical checkup, we gain certain comfort if we find that our fears were groundless, and we are able to arrange our life intelligently if we find that the fears were well grounded. There is no problem in life that is not improved by the facts of it. Some persons will probably deny this, declaring that they are simply mentally and emotionally incapable of sustaining the impact of bad news. Yet these same persons, when they are confronted by bad news, do adjust to it. The fear that they cannot

stand a bad medical report is purely psychological, arising from the fact that they have never faced the realities of sickness.

Actually, a person who knows that he has to live under a certain regime, that he must do certain things regularly and refrain from certain activities for many years, perhaps for the rest of his life—this person very often becomes philosophically law-abiding. He finds, to his amazement, that he now has sufficient incentive for the exercise of his own will-power and the strengthening of his character. Perhaps he even has a better chance of having a useful and comparatively pleasant life than if he had been able to drift along doing what he pleased to the end of his days.

Let us assume, therefore, that a body infirmity or limitation is an instrument of self-discipline. Very few persons are suffering from too much self-discipline, especially in these times. Most people evade it to the very end, hoping desperately that they will get out of this world without having to do the things they do not want to do. A health problem often gives the individual not only the insight, but the necessary motive to try to keep the rules of living. He will be more thoughtful, more consistent in his activities, more watchful of health than he would otherwise have been.

A doctor whom I knew years ago had a rather interesting thought on this. He said that a great many so-called incurable ailments are really health insurance. If in middle life sometime, a spell of sickness comes along that may linger for a time, it may ultimately be considered as a basic asset to life itself. The individual who finds out that his body can resent his conduct, that there are limitations upon what he can do and stay well, is really learning the facts of life. The person who learns these facts young, of course, has the greatest advantage; but no matter at what age the discovery comes, it is valuable as long as he is still alive. I would say very definitely that the best way to have a good length of years, is to have something in the health pattern that does invite caution.

Today a great many young executives, successful businessmen and those slightly older, are suddenly stricken at their desks, or drown in a swimming pool, or fall dead on the golf course. The fact that these people were in excellent health until the moment of death, is what destroyed them. They were not able to make

any reasonable adjustments because they did not feel any misery as a result of their intensities. They were working too hard, but because they had always been able to stand up under the continual pressure, it never occurred to them that they were dangerously overtaxing their resources. So in such cases, an illness at an early point in the pattern could have been a valuable health insurance.

A different type of health problem is found in the individual who is born with an infirmity, deriving it, apparently, either from heredity or from a previous embodiment. Regardless of what the cause may be, the person is never particularly robust. Sometimes he is severely handicapped, one of the most difficult handicaps today being some visible deformity. This often causes and sustains an extremely negative attitude toward life. But if the person is not very well through childhood—if childhood diseases must be carried with great loss of energy and vitality—he may also prove that this limitation can be an asset. Much of the important work of this world has been accomplished by persons who were physically below par and who therefore chose to depend more upon internal value than upon physical activities to carry them through life. They developed scholarly inclinations and what might be termed more sedentary hobbies, such as studying art, music, literature, or science.

Thus, body limitation throws the person upon his inner life. It gives him greater incentives to grow and to become skillful. He may also realize that he cannot get by on his face value. He must either be worth something, or he will have no place in society. He cannot depend upon attractiveness or vibrant personality to make friends for him and to advance him in the various interests of life. If he is going to get there, it must be on the merit system alone. And the individual who depends upon the merit system, really gets there, often outdistancing the person who is in far better health.

A chronic health problem is, of course, a gradual destroyer or disintegrator of energy resources. The person is not able to maintain a continuing tempo. Actually, this happens to all of us, but when we can blame it upon an ailment, it seems especially formidable. A great many persons who feel that health is failing—particularly those in advancing years—should realize that it is not



a sickness, but a natural separating of the body and the consciousness within it. As this separation takes place, it becomes essential that the individual invest in the consciousness aspect of himself. He has to face the ultimate loss of body, but this is not so important if he is already aware that the consciousness within the body can achieve victory over it and have an existence apart from it.

The person who has had health limitations during life always has a clearer vision of the difference between the body and himself. He is therefore much more aware, subconsciously, of his own relationship to body, and is not so inclined to identify himself completely with his body. He realizes that he can function in spite of infirmity. He is therefore better prepared to meet the inevitable transition with a serene attitude than is the healthy individual who has depended upon his body for his strength throughout life.

It often happens that the person who is ill can remember the cause of his own sickness. In retrospect, he realizes that he is probably largely responsible for this thing that has happened to him. There are instances, of course, where this is not true, where the individual has no understanding of why he is in trouble and it seems as though he has been struck down by a bolt of lightning without any just cause. But in many cases, the sick person wishes devoutly that he could communicate the truth of his own condition to those around him. If he has been a so-called successful person, he may realize through illness what this success has cost him, and that truly it was not worth it. He has discovered value at a great price, and he would like to share what he has learned about the inevitable relationship of cause and effect. But no one wishes to receive this kind of knowledge. Each individual goes along under the hypnosis that it will not happen to him, and he does not recover from this delusion until it has happened to him. Then he does not know what to do. The unexpected, the impossible, has actually occurred, and he has to live with it.

The person who has experienced the reason for his own trouble, has probably learned the greatest lessons that he came here to learn. After all, philosophy has always taught that embodiment was for the purpose of instruction. We are here to find out how to live well, how to use our faculties and resources constructively. We are here to learn the meaning of life, and also to recognize

that this meaning has to do with the unfoldment of personal character. We are not here for the primary purpose of having fun. If this process of learning and becoming a better person brings with it pleasure—fine; and many persons who are growing magnificently have enjoyed every moment of it. But if, on the other hand, growing is a little less pleasant and more painful, this is also part of the plan of things.

If we will look back very carefully over the background of our own health, we will realize that the physical body does not normally give too much trouble. It is an extraordinary thing, this body that we have, but few persons ever really pay homage to the wonder of it all. We live with it and in it and take it for granted. Yet this body can stand incredible hardship. It can be abused for years. It can continue to function when no machine devised by man could endure. It has an amazing tenacity upon existence; and yet the thread of life can be broken in a second without any obvious reason. The individual may go on for years, ailing and miserable; or he may have a physical checkup, be told he is in perfect health, and drop dead as he leaves the doctor's office. No one knows the intricacies of all this; it is a very wonderful, mysterious thing.

We all have the possibility of trying to understand our physical structure a little better. We are not going to succeed completely, but sometimes we can do rather well. One thing is certain. Any instrument that exists in nature—and the body is such an instrument—is subject to wear and tear. It is made up of elements and processes that cannot be indefinitely held within a pattern. Every part of the structure of man will ultimately return to the materials or substances or forces from which it originally came. Man is a compound that must be dissolved; but this compound can be held together longer and better by understanding and by a certain amount of sympathetic, constructive cooperation with it.

Looking back over his life, the sick person will usually find that he has broken some of the rules for good body maintenance. One pattern that we know the individual has to follow if he wishes the best of health, is that he must think constructively, express his emotions creatively, and practice adequate and proper physical habits of work and relaxation. Wherever any of these processes are slighted, trouble is going to result.

One of the most frequent causes of trouble in the modern way of life is leisure or luxury. The individual who by some circumstance of his own or others enjoys what appears to be the blessed opportunity of living without work, is really in trouble. If we ever succeed in liberating man entirely from useful activity, we will undoubtedly exterminate him in the process.

Actually, dislike for work is an indication of sickness. Another serious indication is to expect to be successful without work. This begins a bad psychology of life. We are never to assume that we can accept without giving, enjoy without sharing, or live without in some way giving proper compensation for the support we receive from others or from life. The individual who does not work because he has adequate income, is therefore depriving himself of one of the basic factors in bodily health, and is also under a terrific temptation to abuse physical resources.

In addition to his work, the person who wants to be healthy must have a full mental and emotional life; and this does not mean that he thinks all the time or is under constant emotional agitation. A good mental life is one in which the individual grows all the time. Unless mind achieves creative growth, the person is ultimately going to be blocked. Unless the emotions move him in the direction of developing unselfishness, and inspire him to become increasingly sensitive to values, to the needs of the world, and to the divine plan to which we belong, they become too personal and too physical, and can become killers.

Looking back, then, the individual may see where some of his problems came from lack of self-control, lack of discrimination, lack of proper attitudes. Such a person will almost always say, "Oh, if I had only known then what I know now; if I had only been taught some of these basic values when I was growing up."

Now, where you find nearly half of the population of the Western world in some degree of physical debility, where millions of human beings wake up somewhere between thirty and sixty with a realization that they did not know how to live, is it not about time that an educational program is developed to bear upon these circumstances? How is it that we can graduate the individual from an educational institution and consider him a well-adjusted citizen when he is actually ignorant of practically everything that is

necessary for his own security? Certainly he can make a living, but in the course of time, he is going to be disillusioned, discouraged, frustrated, and sick. And when these inevitable conditions arise, he looks back over the curriculum and finds that there was nothing in it that would help him.

As a result of this situation, he tries to find private help; it is the only thing he can do. But what kind of an educational system would we believe we had if the individual, growing up to maturity, had to finally go out and find private help in order to learn the alphabet? Yet that is just about the condition we are in. What we need to know constitutes the basic alphabet of life, which is more important to us than the three R's can ever be. For the three R's, without some insight, give us no power to protect us from ourselves, and it is here that our greater problem lies.

We test people for various ailments. Handsome shiny trucks with X-ray equipment go around regularly to test the population for tuberculosis. We have heart clinics and kidney clinics—we have clinics for everything except housemaid's knee; but we are all sick in spite of it. This sickness arises from the simple fact that we are ignorant about our relation to our own body. Anatomy and physiology will not completely solve the problem, nor will specialized courses in hygiene or things of this nature answer everything. But any form of knowledge that will cause the individual to realize how he must live if he wishes his body to be well, can help immediately and continuously.

When we cannot understand why certain ailments strike us, we should remember that there is no doubt in the world that the situation is honest, whether we want to believe it or not. There are reasons for these ailments catching up with us, and many of these reasons are psychosomatic. We have held attitudes, policies, or convictions that have ultimately turned upon the body. This is something, however, that is almost impossible to communicate to people. They do not realize that a bad attitude is an expensive luxury. They are convinced, if they admit it is a bad attitude in the first place, that it is an absolute necessity. To a great many persons, there is nothing wrong with jealousy, criticism, condemnation, gossip and envy; in fact, one lady told me that if her husband were not jealous of her, she would leave him. And many

times the individual who has a bad temper really believes he suffers from righteous indignation.

Now, we may decide that our bad attitudes are not wrong, or we may decide that we are definitely going to maintain them regardless. But nature is going to stop us. It simply causes the things we do to bring the proper harvest of their own effects. We are always suffering from our own mistakes, even though sometimes we make virtues of these mistakes and even build national and world policies around them. It makes no difference; if it is wrong, it is wrong, and no amount of legislation can make it right; no amount of self-defense can make it true.

So when we begin to find that we are in trouble with our health, it is certainly time to do some serious thinking. Suppose we go to our doctor, and he kind of shakes his head and says, "Well, I don't know, it looks as if you're going to have to live with this one." We have to realize that this may mean that some psychic pressure that we have had within ourselves, or some habit we have developed, or some mistake we made, is moving in on us. What are we going to do about it?

The first thing we had better do is say to ourselves that perhaps we do not have to live with this for the rest of our days if we can stop living as we have up to now. It is very possible that these symptoms can be mitigated or perhaps entirely removed even now if we correct the causes in ourselves. In other words, looking at ourselves and seeing a conglomeration of faults—and every honest person is bound to see them—we can begin to find out what attitude in us is responsible for our sickness, and sometimes common sense alone is enough to guide us.

Knowing that we are going to have to live with a physical ailment, we can ask ourselves what internal ailments of consciousness we are already living with. A little sincere effort will generally reveal that our chronic ailment is arising from a chronic attitude. Some little mistake we made twenty years ago is far less likely to be the cause than a long career of doing things wrong. It is possible, of course, that some accident or circumstance in early life is partly responsible; but I think for practical purposes, we can assume that the faults we have nursed through the years

are the causes of these health problems we may have to nurse through the future.

Under the impact of an unfavorable medical checkup, we therefore have a very strong inducement to make some basic changes in ourselves. We will discover that by correcting certain poor physical habits, we can reduce the difficulty. By correcting poor mental and emotional habits, we will certainly retard the progress of the ailment; and there are many cases recorded in which what appeared to be incurable diseases cleared up when the individual changed his basic attitude toward life.

We always have a fighting chance of getting well if we take the symptoms and try to find out what we are doing to cause them. And where we have created so much damage that the body cannot completely restore itself, we can probably reduce the discomfort and maintain ourselves until the natural vicissitudes of age bring about termination from other causes. So we may be able to live with the ailment, rise above it, and have a full expectancy of a long and useful life. But nothing will change for the better if we do not change ourselves.

There is no denying that there are illnesses and physical limitations that are hard to bear. It is not easy to live if you have a hundred pieces of shrapnel in your body. It is not easy to live when you know that you will never walk again, or that you will never see again. These things are extremely difficult. Every one of these situations demands a tremendous adjustment with life; but if the individual does not make the adjustment, he simply torments himself—and this he cannot afford to do. Even though it seems impossible, he has to do something about it. And the more difficult it is, the more that person has to depend upon his own inner resources.

We are here to develop such resources, but what is more important, we have them already. If we believe in the doctrine of reincarnation, we know that we do not come into this world brand new and helpless. When we arrive, we are already midstream in a great pattern of evolutionary process. The human being tends to live from himself outward, depending upon the material world for his interests, attitudes, securities, and peace of mind; but his internal life is infinitely richer than he realizes. If he will turn to

this inner life quietly, receptively, open-heartedly, asking very simply for the understanding that is necessary to help him continue to grow under adversity, he will receive it.

It is not adversity itself that is the major problem for the individual; it is his inability to release his own tensions. His fears and hatreds and self-pity separate him from the values locked in his inner life. Many have told me that in the face of serious illness, their first reaction was complete bewilderment—they did not know what to do; but after they had lived with the problem for a while, they found that they did have enough energy and intelligence and consciousness left to look within themselves and try to discover reasons and meanings.

The individual who quietly and without rebellion can take the attitude of "What does this mean to me in terms of growth?"—this person can find in his inner life something much more valuable than what he has lost as far as his physical life is concerned. There is a universe within man that is larger and more wonderful than the physical world in which we live.

It would seem that some of the tremendous values locked within man can come out only under adversity. Perhaps the natural formula is very simple. Let the individual learn pleasantly if he can—rationally, reasonably, through the control of his own faculties, if he will. But learn he must. And if all else fails, and he will not teach himself, then nature moves in to remind him clearly and definitely that he had better wake up and do something about his own growth.

All pain, all sorrow, all misery, are instruction. Suffering is a kind of growing pain. Children pass through this physically; older people pass through it psychologically. And if this is the only way we can learn, then we should give thanks that this way remains. Taking all problems as wisely and as lovingly as we can, we must live with the changing patterns of the flesh, convinced that each situation that arises is not just a limitation; it is a challenge, an open door into a greater dimension of consciousness.



## Curiouser & Curiouser

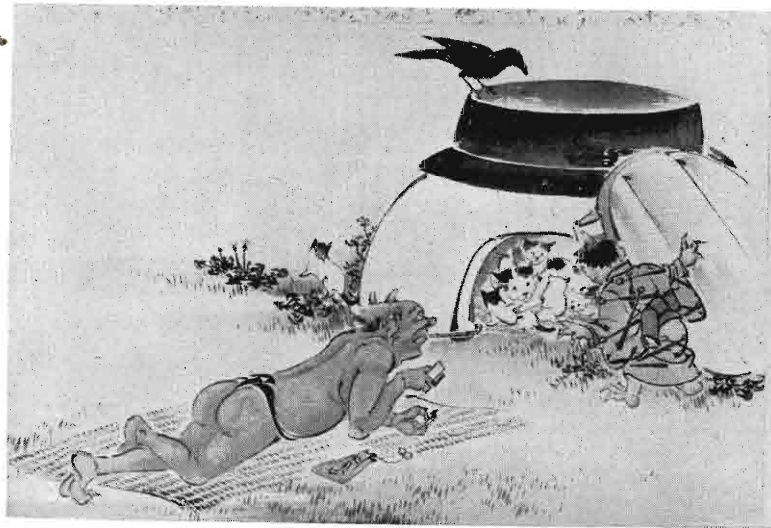
A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND

### RECREATIONS IN HELL

Once upon a time in Japan, there was a poor woman named Soga Sadayoshi, who made a living by raising silkworms for their precious threads. In spite of her menial and somewhat unpleasant occupation, she was a sincere Buddhist. Visiting her temple one chilly day, she became deeply concerned because the image of Jizo, the guardian of little children, was standing outdoors with no protection against the cold. She went home and made a cap for the Bodhisattva, using such cheap materials as were available. On her next visit to the temple, she placed the cap on the head of the statue, with a prayerful apology that her offering was not of better quality.

Many years later, Soga Sadayoshi was stricken with a mysterious ailment, and fell into a coma. On the evening of the third day, she was revived, and then she told of her journey to the world of the dead. Awaking from a trance-like sleep, she had found herself standing in the Judgment Hall of the afterlife. Before her, in a large chair of Chinese design, was Emma-o, King of the regions of the dead, with a scraggly beard, piercing eyes, and streamers hanging from his bonnet. He glared at her ferociously, and condemned her to a severe punishment because she had taken the lives of countless unoffending little silkworms.

When it seemed that all hope was lost, Jizo appeared. The Bodhisattva led her back into the presence of Emma-o, and re-



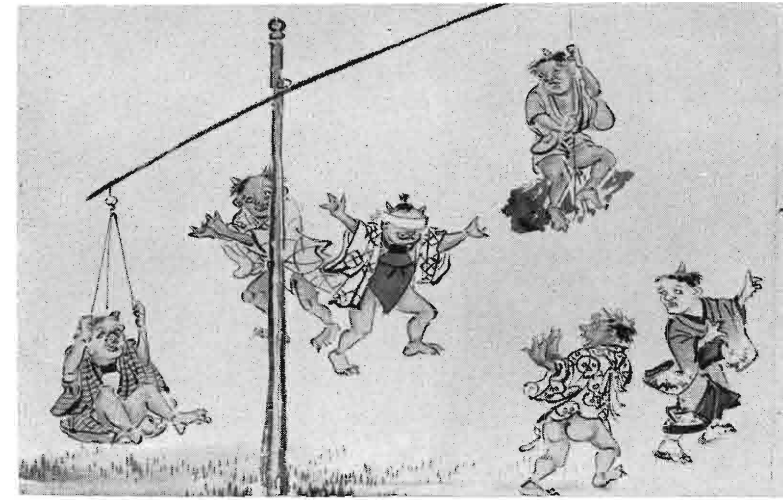
#### MATERNITY IN THE ROASTING OVEN

Demon and baby demon happily watching a mother cat and her kittens in the oven formerly used for roasting souls.

requested politely but firmly that the grim judge pardon her because one night, long ago, she had provided a warm headgear for one of his statues. Emma-o then smiled and comforted her, and according to the wish of Jizo, permitted her to return again to the world of the living.

Soga Sadayoshi recovered from her illness, but after this experience, she never again injured any living creature.

Stories of this kind are to be found in the lore and legendry of nearly all religions. At a very early time, humanity believed that those who escaped punishment for their sins during their physical lifetimes, must in some way receive punishment beyond the grave. To make this possible, a region devoted to retribution was envisioned as existing somewhere in the invisible world that surrounded and interpenetrated the visible earth. Often, this purgatorial place was believed to exist in some subterranean realm beneath the surface of the physical planet, and we remember how Dante was led by the spirit of Vergil into the dark abode of Hades.



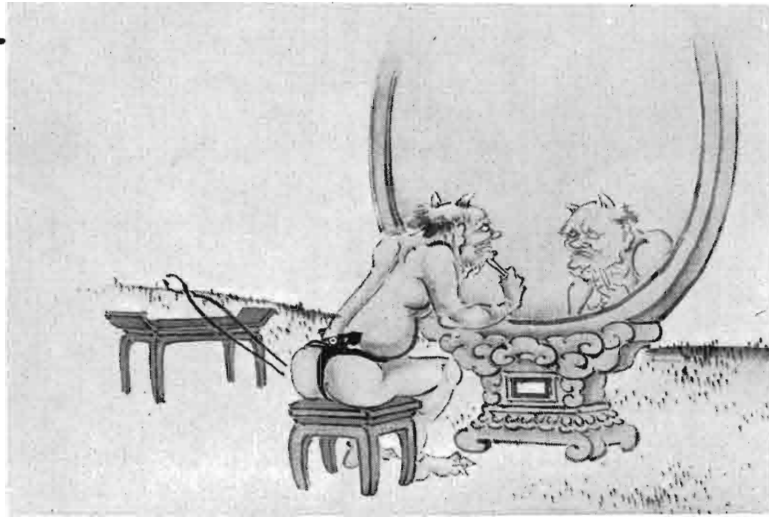
#### CONSTRUCTIVE OUTLETS FOR YOUNG IMPS

Child imps playing blind man's buff, and using the scales of the last judgment for a seesaw.

In older times, fear of damnation was a real and dreadful emotion, and countless mortals passed out of physical life convinced that they would be tortured forever because of actual or imaginary sins. In fact, according to one account, three quarters of the inhabitants of the earth were doomed to perdition before they were born simply because they belonged to false religions.

When Buddhism became a power in Chinese life, it performed a valuable service for the people of China by relieving them of pressing anxieties about eternal damnation. Although the Buddhist did not attempt to declare that a realm of punishments and rewards did not exist, he simply pointed out that both heaven and hell are within the individual himself. We are not punished *for* our mistakes, but *by* our mistakes. If we do wrong, misfortune will descend upon us either in this world or in the one to come, and the patterns of karma are symbolized by the lurid pageantry of torment in some purgatorial region.

Chinese Buddhists further developed this concept, depicting it by an elaborate symbolism called the figure of the Ten Worlds. These were the spheres to which souls passed as the result of



DEMON OF DISTINCTION  
Oni shaving before the mirror of karma.

their conduct in mortal life. Actually, of course, all that was intended was to dramatize the condition of the person's inner life.

In both China and Japan, there is a simplification of this older and more elaborate version of the heart mirror. By this symbolic concept, those who do not attain enlightenment must be reborn in one of the six states of existence making up the world of desire. In ascending order, the six states are: The hells, the worlds of hungry ghosts, the regions of beasts, the places of evil spirits, the abodes of men, and the heavens of deities. In this arrangement, Buddha is regarded as permeating all the regions, and is not given a particular place in the diagram.

It is a mistake to assume that the picture of the six regions was invented to frighten relapsed sinners into a state of grace. The regions are actually psychological levels set up in the mind by ignorance, selfishness, and illusion. Beings in human form that live a life of viciousness and crime, destroying others for selfish reasons, and fully aware of their own evil actions, are already in hell, whether alive or dead. Beings who live to gratify their physical appetites are already hungry ghosts. Beings who live only to satisfy the animal desires of their own natures, are actually beasts in a world of men. Beings who live to exploit their fellow men, lur-



THE STEAMING CUP OF FELLOWSHIP  
Emma-o, Lord of the Underworld, conducting the tea ceremony assisted by several imps.

ing them into temptation for personal advantage, are already in the abode of evil spirits. Beings who are true to their own humanity and live a respectable existence, although they have not attained enlightenment, continue in the world of men. Beings who have gained great merit by their conduct and have been benefactors of humanity, though they are not yet able to attain Nirvana, enjoy existence in the heaven of the deities.

It might be edifying to mention a few of the more unusual offenses which, according to the Chinese and many of the older Japanese, may lead to temporary damnation. Among the most acute sufferers in the after-death state are those who buy foodstuffs to force up prices, those who steal or mutilate good books, those who appropriate for their own use money raised for religion or charity, those who stir up enmity and suspicion in families, and those who kill innocent animals for pleasure.

Although Buddhist peoples certainly hold their faith in deep reverence, they have seldom associated piety with doleful attitudes. There is a whimsical streak in the Oriental nature, and this often reveals itself even in art that is essentially religious. We have a little album of paintings on silk entitled *Kan jigoku no zu*, which

may be translated. "Paintings of hell at leisure," that is unmistakably in this spirit.

According to the sequence of the pictures, Buddha has captured the souls of all living creatures in the net of the Blessed Doctrine. As a result, no more sinners are sent to the underworld for punishment. It follows that the demons whose task has been to mete out the awful retributions suitable for evildoers, find themselves completely out of work. Thus they have turned their attention to cultural pursuits and other simple pleasures to occupy the time that hangs heavy on their hands.

The first of the twenty paintings shows Buddha as the Great Fisherman, rescuing the souls of the dead with a long-handled net. The likeness of Buddha is very reverently drawn. Then follow pictures of the avocational activities going on in the purgatorial realm as a result of Buddha's ministry. One scene shows the huge oven formerly used to roast unrepentant sinners. The door is open, revealing a mother cat contentedly nursing her kittens while the goblins watch delightedly. In another picture, two juvenile imps are playing seesaw on the scales on which souls are weighed.

There is a fine drawing of Shozuka-no-Baba, the horrible old hag who steals the clothing of the dead when they enter the underworld. She is transformed into an ancient bespectacled matron who has taken up needlework. Very charming indeed is a painting of an imp busily shaving himself in front of the mirror of karma already mentioned. The last picture in the series depicts Emma-o, the grim-faced Lord of the Underworld, conducting the tea ceremony, assisted by three of his minions.

There is a great deal of solid philosophy under this amusing series of pictures. Hell is not a place, but a condition of consciousness. When the individual keeps the rules of enlightened living, he is no longer troubled by negative reactions set up in the patterns of karmic law. All the so-called forces of evil perform their duties only because humanity has not been converted to the Blessed Doctrine. When man corrects himself, his own thoughts and emotions no longer punish him. Under such conditions, the retributive processes of nature are given a vacation. The individual's energies turn to the enjoyment of harmless pleasures, and there is nothing fearful left in all the world.



## *In Reply*

### A Department of Questions and Answers

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**QUESTION:** *It seems to me that in your writings you use the term THE LAW to cover a variety of meanings. Could you elaborate on this in answer to the question: "What is The Law?"*

**ANSWER:** When we use the term *the law* without capitalizing the word *Law*, we are referring to the rules and regulations set up by society for the protection of citizens, or to the enforcement agencies required to administer this code. When we capitalize the word *Law*, we mean the divine or universal plan governing the growth of created things, by which all life is ultimately brought to enlightenment.

References to the Law are probably derived from Oriental philosophy, where the term may be considered as one of the translations for the word *Dharma*. This word has a variety of meanings. Most of all, it stands for the inevitability of the infinite plan and purpose. The Dharma is the way things must be because it is the way they should be. Thus it stands for eternal rightness, forever asserting and reasserting its own nature. In Buddhism, the Dharma also stands for the teaching or doctrine of the Buddha.

When the Buddhist says, "I take my refuge in the Dharma," he means one of two things, or perhaps a union of them both in his own consciousness. He may mean that he invests his hope for ultimate enlightenment in the instructions given to him by Gautama Buddha twenty-five centuries ago. He may also imply that he is accepting the protective power of infinite integrity, that he ac-

knowledges within himself that if he is obedient to the laws of nature, he will be preserved by these laws, and no unlawful catastrophe can occur to him. It is obvious that he can unite both meanings without inconsistency.

If we go further to discover a clearer definition of *Dharma*, we come to the one law that in most systems of idealistic philosophy is the most important. This is the law of causality, or the belief that all effects arise in proper causes; that is, no effect can be without a cause which is appropriate to the nature of the effect it produces. The law therefore becomes the idea of the inevitable reality that good must result from good, and evil must result from evil. It then depends upon the ethical code to determine what is good and what is evil.

In most Eastern philosophies, that which causes injury to the self or suffering to another, is evil. It must arise in the actions of persons, for Buddhism does not acknowledge the existence of a principle of evil. What we call evil arises from ignorance, which in turn impels selfishness; and this must result in suffering. Good, on the other hand, is any action that strengthens the integrity of self and is beneficial to humanity. One expression of the Law, therefore, is to abstain from evil and cultivate the good. Those who do this, keep the Law; those who fail to so act, break the Law.

Thus, the general concept of the Law includes a total summation of the elements necessary for enlightened living. It becomes a symbolic censorship, for in every thought, emotion, or action we measure the merit of the impulse in terms of the lawfulness of the motive and the harmlessness of the consequence. We must be able to stop at any moment and question the validity of an attitude. If we feel anger arising, we must pause and ask ourselves how the Law operates in the lives of those who are angry. The answer is that anger is a destructive emotion, damaging the health of the individual who is angry, often impelling him to an unreasonable action that he will regret and leading to consequences that are painful and distressing. Therefore, the Law says that anger is not good, and that those who become angry must face the destructive consequences of their own actions.

Because Buddhism spells the Law with a capital L, it means that the universal relationship of cause and effect is inevitable and can-

not be violated, regardless of the will or desire of any living thing. An attempt at violation does not break the Law; it simply damages the lawbreaker, in the sense that he has desired or tried to break rules established for his own salvation.

The Law also represents the vast interacting processes of the universe, as these are captured in symbolic art with diagrams and mandara. The Eastern mystic is trying to completely submit himself to the Law. He wishes to have no appetites or impulses inconsistent with its purposes. It is his hope that he can live an absolutely harmless existence. While he may not be able to fully accomplish his aim, he believes that he can reduce his own destructiveness to a minimum. He will never intentionally set in motion any cause that can harm living creatures. If by accident or circumstances beyond his control, he does commit an injury, he seeks immediately to atone for it by some special act of virtue. In other words, he judges and sentences himself, and his sentence is some kind of penance; but the penance is for a mistake that he knows he has made, and not for some abstract reason that he cannot understand.

By *the Law* is also to be considered the peculiar destiny of man himself. He is predestined by the Law to unfold from within his own nature the universe of the potentials that were placed in him by the Divine Power. These potentials, moving within himself, impelling him to the expression of his own nobility, are manifestations of universal Law.

The throne of Law is in man's heart, and it is from the heart that it flows outward to direct and control conduct. Buddha, in one of his sutras, declares that love is the Law of Laws, and that the rules governing the refinement and sanctification of love are the most important for man at this stage of his growth. According to this point of view, the universe is sustained not by rational processes alone, but by a tremendous emotional integrity. The salvation of all that lives comes about because the Creator guards the creation with absolute love.

The Buddhist, attempting to interpret the Law as love, chooses to symbolize love by the great personal virtues which the individual can cultivate. These virtues include compassion, kindness, renunciation, detachment from worldly attitudes, simplification of life,



purification of conduct, and dedication to the service of all living things. These are the qualities and characteristics most acceptable to the Law, and those who practice such sublimated attitudes and emotions are most certain to receive those natural rewards which come as lawful effects of lawful causes.

To many persons, the laws of society are frustrations of personal action, but actually they restrict only those who are in danger of committing an action harmful to themselves or others. When a person feels jealous, or is in the midst of a desperate worry spell, or wishes to condemn others, the Law in the philosophic sense is a frustration that he resents. He wishes to do as he pleases, and if necessary to make the mistakes that seem attractive at the moment. He resents the idea that what he feels to be a universal despotism prevents him from the free expression of his own will. To a measure, this resentment has contributed to rebellion against idealistic systems of behavior that expect the individual to control his own disposition and conduct himself in proper ways.

Actually, there is no way in which any person can successfully escape the involvements of cause and effect. We would not believe evasion possible, were it not for the confusion with which we surround ourselves. In human society as we see it today, the basic patterns of behavior are so obscure that it appears that causes do not always lead to their proper effects. It seems that some persons can make mistakes with impunity, and others gain advantage by wrong action.

One of the reasons why we do not recognize the full operation of the Law, is because in the fulfillment of its purposes, it must depend upon one of the more detailed aspects of itself—the law of reincarnation. This means that when death or other interferences prevent the completion of a proper cycle of cause and effect during a physical embodiment, it is simply projected into the future. Death in no way permits any individual to escape his Dharma, or that destiny which is the result of causes that he has set in motion.

In a sense, therefore, the Law is also a symbol of universal honesty. It reminds man that laws are only difficult for law-breakers. If the person keeps the rules, he is hardly aware that they exist. If he lives moderately, his health is usually fairly good; but

if he suddenly dissipates, he becomes ill, and such illness proves the working of the Law. As life unfolds through the years, we have countless opportunities to observe how fairly and accurately the Law operates, not only in our own lives, but in the careers of those around us.

Because we instinctively wish to gratify our own willfulness, we have gradually rejected the moral implications of cause and effect. Theologically, we have done this by assuming that our sins can be forgiven, and that we can escape our just deserts. It seems to me that this belief is fatal to the concept of integrity. It is too much like the special privileges and extravagant legal counsel with which we hope to escape the just penalties of civil law.

The only way we can disobey the Law with any hope for success is to deny the existence of a moral universe, and to assume that the Law cannot be made to apply to human conduct. On the grounds of free will, the person can do anything he pleases. This would be more inviting if we could prove that anyone can commit evil without suffering himself or causing suffering to another.

If we wish to assume that we hold ourselves free from the suffering we cause, we are still confronted with the miseries that descend upon our own flesh. It is far wiser and safer to abide by the laws of the community in which we live, than to experiment and find out to what degree we can break or ignore them without disaster.

The term *the Law* may therefore be regarded as a synonym for Deity. It is God as Infinite Will, infinitely determining that which is lawful and right for his creation. The will of God is revealed as the Law of God, and this is further revealed through the laws of nature. Natural law, therefore, is universal Law applied to the physical realm in which we exist and to the circumstances that affect us and all other physical creatures, beings, substances, and essences.

Natural law is more or less demonstrable at any time. Every scientist has worked with it and has learned to depend completely upon it. To the philosopher, natural law is the proof and evidence of universal Law, for it is merely the extension of something obvious into a realm where the same lawfulness is absolutely neces-

sary to explain existence and the processes through which it operates.

For the average person, in his daily living and thinking, the Law may be considered almost synonymous with the Ten Commandments of Moses, the Beatitudes of Jesus, and the Noble Eightfold Path of Buddha. These all expound a way of life that is correct and necessary for the preservation of both the individual and society. If this Law is broken, misfortune and suffering come to all involved; and disaster will continue until the Law is again enforced.

When we say the Law, therefore, we make a summarizing definition for all the rules governing the uses of our faculties and powers. We affirm that we believe in basic good, which, if continuously practiced, leads to the perfection of life. We believe in the universal brotherhood of life, and recognize that we are here to cooperate for mutual improvement and mutual preservation. We are here to be the best that we know, and to prove every day that we are capable of self-discipline.

By further definition, the Law embodies the entire concept of self-discipline, for it sets forth the way of control by which the individual is delivered from evil by his own insight and courage. If we use the term the Law, it can mean all of these things, for it simply signifies the infinite plan by which the Creator achieves the ends for which he devised creation. We must consider it perfect because it comes from the highest perfection possible to our understanding.



*Listen to the Nightingale'*

In modern Japanese history, three powerful men succeeded each other as the actual rulers of the country. The first was Nobunaga, a crusty old general; the second, Hideyoshi, a typical political opportunist; and the third, the wise statesman and brilliant strategist, Ieyasu Tokugawa. All three loved to listen to the songs of nightingales, and it is said in Japanese folklore that their characters are best expressed by their attitudes toward this pleasure. Nobunaga said: "If the nightingale does not sing, I will kill it." Hideyoshi said: "If the nightingale does not sing, I will make it sing." Ieyasu said: "If the nightingale does not sing, I will wait until it decides to sing." By this philosophy, Ieyasu preserved peace in his country for two hundred and fifty years, and was later exalted to the estate of a god.

## Library Notes

by A. J. HOWIE

### AS ONE FUTURE PRIME MINISTER TO ANOTHER

*Glimpses of World History* by Jawaharlal Nehru is a remarkable document. In it Nehru scans the events of recorded time with a world-wide perspective, tracing the various courses of human effort, ambition, combativeness, lust for power, search for knowledge, altruism. But the thick volume is a magnificent testimony to a disciplined will that enabled him to write in a gentle, constructive spirit in a project to preserve his sanity during the frustrating years of imprisonment for his active participation in the Gandhi campaign to achieve independence for India. Instead of brooding futilely during hopeless months over the injustices of a well-entrenched system of exploitation, over the deprivation of family life with wife, child, and parents, over his exclusion from participating with his fellow Indians in their non-violent resistance to the established order of privilege and discrimination, he directed his thoughts to his daughter, Indira, then only thirteen years of age. He wrote as if the letters were a substitute for a father's tutoring and guidance to an understanding of the progress of the world.

There is no bitterness or violence in the letters. He surmounted the inadequacies of prison libraries. Though writing materials were scarce and he knew the letters might never be mailed, he continued writing an aggregate of more than 950 pages of printed text. The letters are dated from October 26, 1930, while he was in the Central Prison at Naini, to August 9, 1933, from the District Gaol of Dehra Dun.

At the time the letters were written, there was no hint that the writer would become the Prime Minister of a free India, nor that the one to whom they were addressed also would become a Prime Minister. The son of a wealthy and successful lawyer, Jawaharlal was educated in England and apparently completely indoctrinated in the thinking of the British aristocracy and politicoes. But when he returned to India, he met Gandhi and through him witnessed the poverty and misery of rural India's millions. He quickly be-

came more and more involved in efforts to coordinate the people and to correct the causes of unjust taxation, economic restrictions, famine, disease. His temperament tended more toward positive action than non-violence, but he respected Gandhi and usually altered his decisions to conform to the policies of harmlessness. Imprisonment gave Nehru years in which to think, to gain perspective on the Indian position in the British Empire, to mature his own purposes.

As my reading of *Glimpses of World History* progressed, there seemed an apparent continuity and consistency of general observations, of interpretations of the greater trends of history. The span of time covered and scope of his material is so vast that it seemed possible to assemble references pertinent to an understanding of his career, his decisions, his long-range courses of action. Further, we now have a timely opportunity to observe the actions of his daughter as Prime Minister Indira Gandhi in her current decisions.

When the words of a great man are taken out of direct context, it is possible to imply or distort by inference an intent not in the original. Nehru wrote better than anyone could interpret for him. For this reason we have requested permission from the publisher to use direct quotations rather than resort to involved paraphrasing. The complete book should be consulted and page references are given for your convenience. I have used a copy of the fifth American printing of June, 1948, copyright 1942 by The John Day Company, New York. The Foreword states: "The present volume is in many respects a new book. It has been revised, to a considerable extent re-written, and brought up to date to the end of 1938 by the author himself."

The quotations are selective and directed to broad generalizations. We think that they will help study the purposes of those who won independent status for India and have labored since to bring order out of chaos. There are so many social and political changes taking place in our time that the examples of Gandhi's non-violent campaigns take on a new importance as they affect modern trends.

"One has moods in prison—as indeed one has in the world outside too—and lately I have felt little inclined to write these letters,



INDIRA GANDHI, PRES. RADHAKRISHNAN, AND PRIME MINISTER NEHRU

which no one sees but myself. They are pinned together and put away to await the time, months or years hence, when perhaps you may see them . . . . There will be quite a mountain of them by that time, and how many hundreds of hours of my prison life will be locked up in them." (274)

"In history we read of great periods in the life of nations, of great men and women and great deeds performed . . . . Ordinary men and women are not usually heroic . . . . But a time comes when a whole people become full of faith for a great cause, and then even simple, ordinary men and women become heroes, and history becomes stirring and epoch-making. Great leaders have something in them which inspires a whole people and makes them do great deeds." (2)

". . . . No man can succeed in great tasks unless the time is ripe and the atmosphere is favourable. A great man often forces the pace and creates his own atmosphere. But the great man himself is a product of the times and of the prevailing atmosphere." (307)

“. . . . And today in India another great leader, also full of love for all who suffer and passionately eager to help them, has inspired our people to great endeavor and noble sacrifice, so that they may again be free and the starving and the poor and the oppressed may have their burdens removed from them . . . . In India to-day we are making history, and you and I are fortunate to see this happening before our eyes and to take some part ourselves in this great drama.” (2-3)

“But history is one connected whole and you cannot understand even the history of any one country if you do not know what has happened in other parts of the world.” (4)

“Man’s growth from barbarism to civilization is supposed to be the theme of history. In some of my letters I have tried to show you how the idea of co-operation or working together has grown, and how our ideal should be to work together for the common good. But sometimes, looking at great stretches of history, it is difficult to believe that this ideal has made much progress or that we are very much more civilized or advanced . . . . Sometimes we read about past periods of history which seem to be better than ours, more cultured, and civilized even, and this makes us doubt if our world is going forward or backward . . . .” (6)

“. . . . But even this should not make us lose heart. The world is a big place and the rise and fall of any country for a while may not make much difference to the world at large.” (6)

“. . . . Why should we want revolution and change? . . . . Nothing in the world that is alive remains unchanging. All Nature changes from day to day and minute to minute, only the dead stop growing and are quiescent . . . . But there are many who refuse to admit that the world changes. They keep their minds closed and locked up and will not permit any new ideas to come into them. Nothing frightens them so much as the idea of thinking. What is the result? The world moves on in spite of them, and because they and people like them do not adapt themselves to the changing conditions, there are big burst-ups from time to time. Big revolutions take place . . . .” (8)

THE BURDEN OF OLD TRADITION: “. . . . And as I sat reading, the calm of the early morning was broken by distant

voices and rumblings, ever growing stronger. I remembered that it was the *Sankranti* day, the first big day of *Magh Mela*, and the pilgrims were marching in their thousands for their morning dip at the Sangam, where the Ganga meets the Jumna and the invisible Sarasvati is supposed to join them. And as they marched they sang and sometimes cheered mother Ganga—*Ganga Mai ki Jai*—and their voices reached me over the walls of Naini Prison. As I listened to them I thought of the power of faith which drew these vast numbers to the river and made them forget for a while their poverty and misery. And I thought how year after year, for many hundreds of thousands of years, the pilgrims had marched to the *Triveni*. Men may come and men may go, and governments and empires lord it awhile and then disappear into the past; but the old tradition continues, and generation after generation bows down to it. Tradition has much of good in it, but sometimes it becomes a terrible burden, which makes it difficult for us to move forward. It is fascinating to think of the unbroken chain which connects us with the dim and distant past, to read accounts of these *melas* written 1300 years ago—and the *mela* was an old tradition even then. But this chain has a way of clinging on to us when we want to move on, and of making us almost prisoners in the grip of this tradition. We shall have to keep many of the links with our past, but we shall also have to break through the prison of tradition wherever it prevents us from our onward march.” (21)

“It is strange and fascinating how in the lives of nations such periods of brilliant life come and go. For a while they brighten up everything and enable men and women of that period and country to create things of beauty. People seem to become inspired . . . .” (44)

“In these days you will often read or hear discussions and arguments on many problems—on Socialism and Capitalism and many other things. There is a great deal of suffering and injustice in the world, and many people are thoroughly dissatisfied with it, and they seek to change it. Plato also thought of problems of government, and he has written about them. Thus even in those days people were thinking how to shape the government of a country and society so that there may be greater happiness all round.” (45)

“Let us pick up again the threads of world-history and try to have some glimpses into the past. It is a tangled web, difficult to unravel and difficult even to see as a whole. We are so apt to lose ourselves in a particular bit of it and give it more importance than it deserves. Nearly all of us think that the history of our own country, whichever that might be, is more glorious and more worthy of study than the histories of other countries . . . .” (57)

“Real history should deal, not with a few individuals here and there, but with the people who make up a nation, who work and by their labour produce the necessities and luxuries of life, and who in a thousand different ways act and react on each other. Such a history would really be a fascinating story. It would be the story of man’s struggle through the ages against Nature and the elements, against wild beasts and the jungle and, last and most difficult of all, against some of his own kind who have tried to keep him down and to exploit him for their own benefit. It is the story of man’s struggle for a living . . . .” (58)

“You know that there is a great deal of talk now-a-days of nationalism and patriotism—the love of one’s country. Nearly all of us in India to-day are intense nationalists. This nationalism is quite a new thing in history, and perhaps we may study its beginning and growth in the course of these letters. There was hardly any such feeling at the time of the Roman Empire. The Empire was supposed to be one great State ruling the world. There never has been an empire or State which has ruled the whole world, but, owing to ignorance of geography, and the great difficulty of transportation and travelling across long distances, people often thought in olden times that such a State did exist . . . .” (95)

“You will thus see that in the old days people often thought in terms of universal sovereigns and World-States. Long after came nationalism and a new kind of imperialism, and between the two they have played sufficient havoc in this world. Again there is talk to-day of a World-State, not a great empire, or a universal sovereign, but a kind of World-Republic which would prevent exploitation of one nation or people or class by another.” (95-96)

There are “strange instances of humanity visibly moving backwards. We have this in India, in Egypt, in China, in Greece and Rome and elsewhere. After knowledge and experience have been

laboriously gathered and a culture and civilization built up, there is a stop. And not only a stop, but a going back. A veil seems to be cast over the past, and though we have occasional glimpses of it, the mountain of knowledge and experience has to be climbed afresh. Perhaps each time one goes a little higher and makes the next ascent easier.” (139)

“But people’s ideas change from age to age, and it is very difficult for us to judge of others who lived long ago. We must remember this. Many things that seem obvious to us to-day would have been very strange to them, and their habits and ways of thinking would seem strange to us.” (160)

“I should have liked to place vivid images of the past before you, one after another, to make you sense how this world of ours has changed, step by step, and developed and progressed, and sometimes apparently gone back; to make you see something of the old civilizations and how they have risen like the tide and then subsided; to make you realize how the river of history has run on from age to age, continuously, interminably, with its eddies and whirlpools and backwaters, and still rushes on to an unknown sea. I should have liked to take you on man’s trail and follow it up from the early beginnings, when he was hardly a man, to to-day, when he prides himself so much, rather vainly and foolishly, on his great civilization. We did begin that way, you will remember, in the Mussoorie days, when we talked of the discovery of fire and of agriculture, and the settling down in towns, and the division of labour. But the farther we have advanced, the more we have got mixed up with empires and the like and often we have lost sight of that trail . . . .” (172)

“Of man’s trail I have written above, since he emerged stumbling and slouching from the jungle. It has been a long trail of many thousands of years. And yet how short a time it is if you compare it to the earth’s story and the ages and aeons of time before man came! But for us man is naturally more interesting than all the great animals that existed before him; he is interesting because he brought a new thing with him which the others do not seem to have had. This was mind—curiosity—the desire to find out and learn. So from the earliest days began man’s quest. Observe a little baby, how it looks at the new and wonderful world about

it; how it begins to recognize things and people; how it learns. . . . So from the earliest times until to-day man's quest has gone on, and he has found out many things, but many still remain, and as he advances on his trail, he discovers vast new tracts stretching out before him, which show to him how far he is still from the end of his quest—if there is such an end." (172-173)

"The mind of man has carried man a long way in his voyage of discovery. As he has learnt to understand Nature more he has utilized it and harnessed it to his own advantage, and thus he has won more power. But unhappily he has not always known how to use this new power, and he has often misused it. Science itself has been used by him chiefly to supply him with terrible weapons to kill his brother and destroy the very civilization that he has built up with so much labour." (173)

"Every Mongol cruelty can be rivalled by modern instances of frightfulness. And yet it is undoubted that we have progressed in a hundred ways since the days of Chengiz or Timur. Life is not only vastly more complicated, but it is richer; and many of the forces of Nature have been explored and understood and brought to use of man. Certainly the world is more civilized and cultured now. Why, then, do we relapse back into barbarism during periods of war? Because war itself is a negation and denial of civilization and culture, except in so far as it takes advantage of the civilized brain to invent and use more and more powerful and horrible weapons. With the coming of war most people who are involved in it work themselves up into a terrible state of excitement, forget much that civilization has taught them, forget truth and the graces of life, and begin to resemble their savage ancestors of a few thousand years ago. Is it, then, surprising that war, whenever waged, is a horrible thing?

"What would a stranger to this world of ours say if he were to visit us during war-time? Suppose he only saw us then, and not during peace-time. He would only judge by the war, and come to the conclusion that we were cruel and relentless, savages occasionally showing courage and sacrifice, but, on the whole, with few redeeming features, and with one master passion—to kill and destroy each other. He would misjudge us and form a distorted view

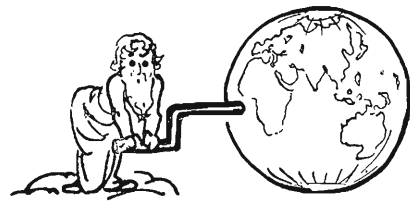
of our world, because he would see only one side of us at a particular, and not very favourable time.

"So, also, if we think of the past in terms of wars and massacres only, we shall misjudge it. Unfortunately wars and massacres have a way of attracting a great deal of attention. The day-to-day life of a people is rather dull. What is the historian to say about it? So the historian swoops down on a war or battle and makes the most of it. Of course, we cannot forget or ignore such wars, but we must not attach more importance to them than they deserve. Let us think of the past in terms of the present, and of the people in those days in terms of ourselves. We shall then get a more human view of them, and we shall realize that what really counted were the day-to-day life and thoughts of those people, and not the occasional wars." (249)

"While kings quarrelled and destroyed each other, silent forces in India worked ceaselessly for a synthesis, in order that the people of India might live harmoniously together and devote their energies jointly to progress and betterment. In the course of centuries they achieved considerable success. But before their work was completed there was another upset, and we went back part of the way we had come. Again we have to-day to march the same way and work for a synthesis of all that is good. But this time it must be on surer foundations. It must be based on freedom and social equality, and it must fit in with a better world-order. Only then will it endure." (253)

We are experiencing an era of demonstrations, political and social upheavals, science unleashed. It is important for the idealist to enrich his information so that his emotions do not carry him away. Nehru's *Glimpses of World History* is rich in the challenging subjects he discusses—the importance of paper production and printing—the incorrectness of the statement that "All men are born equal"—the inevitability of the breaking up of feudalism in India even before the advent of the British—national groups will believe almost anything if it tickles their vanity and is to their advantage—comparison of the struggle for Irish home rule and the Indian program—the industrial revolution, child labor, factories, sanitation—peace cannot suddenly descend from heaven.

What more can we say to recommend this book?



## HAPPENINGS IN THE WORLD

One of the outstanding cultural events of 1966 was the opening of the Avery Brundage Collection of Oriental Art in San Francisco on June 11th. To make this possible, a new three-million-dollar wing for Asian art was added to the M. H. deYoung Memorial Museum. The new structure was designed especially to exhibit, to the best possible advantage, selected items from the Eastern treasures gathered by Mr. Brundage since about 1935. There is so much material that only about a third of it can be displayed at a time, and exhibits will be rotated for the benefit of viewers. The total collection is valued at thirty million dollars. The event was so important that a special symposium was held in late August, attended by scholars, Orientalists, and leaders in various areas of Eastern research, including experts from many foreign countries.

It is believed that the Brundage material is the last great collection of Eastern fine art that can be accumulated at this time or in the foreseeable future. Restrictions against the export of major works of art have been enacted in most countries, and many areas are now entirely closed to Western collectors. The supply of desirable material on the international markets has dwindled to almost nothing, with prices rising to unreasonable height.

It is impossible to summarize adequately this fabulous collection. It includes outstanding examples of East Indian, Tibetan, Persian, Chinese, Korean, and Japanese material. Mr. Brundage was especially fond of early Chinese bronzes, which have always been regarded as the highest expression of Eastern craftsmanship. He also favored Chinese ceramics. These are well represented, although a number of examples were lost in the recent fire that destroyed Mr. Brundage's home. His collection of jade is exceptionally fine, and it will be a long time before another group of Khmer material of equal quality can ever be assembled.



THE FOYER OF THE BRUNDAGE WING

In going through the Brundage display, I found a number of items that were especially appealing to me. His Haniwa funereal art pieces are as fine as anything in the Tokyo Museum. Displayed also are breath-taking examples of Tibetan gilt-bronzes, including a very large fine figure of the Bodhisattva Manjusri. The jade group is shown most effectively in a case with indirect lighting. In the same display is a large piece of carved lapis lazuli that is beyond description.

It is evident that Mr. Brundage especially admires early classical Chinese stone carvings. These are beautifully displayed, and many go back to the Wei Dynasty or early T'ang. The Gandhara sculpturing, which is the earliest type of Buddhist imagery, features a magnificent bodhisattva figure showing strong Greco-Roman influence. Korea is represented by outstanding ceramic material, and there are some very large and impressive Hindu sculpturings.

One enters the collection through a large rotunda where several of the more massive statues have been assembled. On the second floor, an exciting experience awaits the visitor. Elaborate view windows face the Japanese tea garden, which is adjacent to the

Brundage Wing. Through these windows, the charming Japanese-style buildings of the garden, in their setting of ponds, bridges, stone lanterns, and dwarf trees, add greatly to the Oriental atmosphere.

Avery Brundage is well known as the President of the International Olympic Committee. Perhaps it is not so generally realized that he was once himself a national champion athlete, and actually competed in the Olympic games. He has always had an interest in types of amateur skill, and this expressed itself through his liking for folk arts and various remnants of Neolithic culture and the Bronze Age. No doubt this instinct for pure esthetic value led him to select such items for his collection as a four-thousand-year-old jade carving of a bird, a three-thousand-year-old bronze figure of a rhinoceros, and a one-thousand-year-old sculpturing of a Cambodian girl. Experts regard these as among the finest examples of their kind in the world. One enthusiast said that any one of the top thirty or forty items in the Brundage Collection would be a museum by itself.

Even more remarkable, perhaps, than the collection, was the public response by the people of San Francisco when it became known that the Brundage Collection was available to their city. Seventy-two percent of the city's voters approved a bond issue to provide construction funds for the new three-story edifice. Externally, this wing blends with the original structure of the deYoung museum, which was built forty years ago, but internally, it was designed according to the most modern concepts of architecture for the display of fine art. Models of the principal objects were used to determine special requirements of lighting and to prevent any feeling of crowding or conflict among the items shown.

Already, the exhibit has been given worldwide recognition, and is regarded as an important cultural bridge between Asia and the western cities of the United States. Mr. Brundage, a pleasant gentleman now in his seventies, has the satisfaction of seeing his treasures in a setting worthy of their distinction, and he further knows that he has made a lasting contribution to inter-racial understanding.



## Happenings at Headquarters



In August radio station KLAC in Los Angeles invited the P.R.S. to present a program outlining and explaining its activities. Dr. Henry L. Drake, Vice-president, and John W. Ervin, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Society, presented a joint program that lasted for an hour and a half and included audience participation by telephone. We appreciate the kindly and dignified way in which station KLAC cooperated, and the sincere effort to make sure that the public was properly informed about our educational and cultural activities. Since the program, we have received a number of letters, phone calls, and personal congratulations from listeners who felt that the presentation was outstanding and the discussion most informative.

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It is pleasant to announce that Dr. and Mrs. Bode are "back home" in Los Angeles after a six months' leave of absence while traveling in Europe and India. Dr. Bode lectured in London, Paris, Geneva, and his native country. He was selected by the U.S. Educational Foundation to deliver a lecture on Zoroastrianism before the American teachers who were visiting India under the Fulbright Exchange Program. After many interesting public experiences, he resumed the pastoral duties of his faith, performing several weddings and other religious ceremonies, and counseling with the other trustees on the management of a boys' school, locally referred to as "Boys Town," located about a hundred and twenty miles from Bombay. Mrs. Bode delivered a lecture before the Parent Teachers Association of the Ranina School. Her theme was life in America. She also took part in other civic functions. Since their return to California, Dr. Bode has filled several important lecture engagements, and his activities have been so interesting and numerous that we will refer to them in greater detail in the next issue of the Journal. He is giving two Tuesday evening seminars on our fall program—one on India Past and Present, and one on Eastern and Western Psychology.



Mr. Hall finished his lecture series in San Francisco on September 30, and opened his fall program in Los Angeles on October 2. He spoke every Sunday through December 18, except November 27, when Dr. Drake took the platform. Mr. Hall also presented nine Wednesday evening classes. These were divided into three groups, the first of which was a commentary on the Chinese classic of "The Quiet Way." Beginning November 2, he discussed "The Three Bodies of the Buddha, According to the Mahayana Doctrine;" and on December 7, he opened a series of three lectures on "The Memory—Its Uses and Abuses."

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The program of Workshops in Philosophical Psychology and Psychotherapy, under the direction of Dr. Henry L. Drake, brought two prominent men to our headquarters this fall. Both are internationally recognized as progressive idealists in psychological research. The subject of Dr. O. Hobart Mowrer's program was "Principles and Practices of Integrity Therapy—the Loss and Rediscovery of Deep Relation." Dr. Mowrer is Professor of Psychology at the University of Illinois, former director of the Psycho-educational Clinic at Harvard, and for six years, was associated with the Institute of Human Relations at Yale. His Workshop began on October 28, and continued through the following day. Dr. Ira Progoff chose as his theme "Anxiety, Growth, and Love—The Fundamentals and Methods of Personal Growth." He is a well-known New York psychotherapist, and worked with the Swiss psychiatrist C. G. Jung. He is the author of several books, including *The Death and Rebirth of Psychology* and *Jung's Psychology and Its Social Meaning*. Dr. Progoff's Workshop took place on November 29 and December 1. The contributions of these outstanding psychologists were well received.

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Our Society always has a Fall Open House. It is a splendid occasion for constructive "togetherness," and few are able to resist the refreshments and other activities. This year, our Gift Shop—Arts of the World—displayed rare objects of religious art from the Far East, interesting and delightful Christmas gifts, and a carefully selected line of cards appropriate to the season. At 2:30 in the afternoon, Mr. Hall gave a brief talk on "Art Appreciation as

Hobby and Therapy," and included some delightful reminiscences of his own experiences as a confirmed collector of almost anything. As usual, the Hospitality Committee contributed immeasurably to the success of the event.

A new exhibit was presented in our library on the day of the Open House. It was devoted to a most unusual subject—examples of Oriental stencils and shadow pictures. These are best included under the broad heading of folk art, although many examples reveal a profound appreciation of beauty and design. Delicate lace-like patterns originating in the rural areas of China, theatrical puppets from the old court of Peking, shadow dolls from the sacred dramas of Indonesia, and stencils used in Japan for creating designs on cotton and other fabrics were included in the display. This collection of material was especially appreciated by those interested in fabric designs and the ornamentation of ceramics and bookbindings.

The Christmas season Library Exhibit, which opened on December 4 and extends through January 29, is derived from the permanent collection of the Society and features Penitente art of New Mexico gathered by Mr. Hall when he visited the villages of this region over thirty years ago. Most of this material is no longer available. Worthy of special mention are a very fine retablo of San Ysidro Labrador, the patron of farmers, and a striking figure from a Penitente death cart. Also worth mentioning is a retablo in high relief of the Holy Trinity, and a painting, "Our Lady of Guadalupe," on animal skin. With these originals will also be displayed several rare books dealing with this art. The library will be closed on the Christmas and New Year's holiday weekends.

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Mr. Hall was invited to exhibit selected pages from his distinguished collection of postage stamps from India and its Feudatory States. His display was placed in the Court of Honor of the SES-CAL Exhibition held at the Statler-Hilton Hotel in downtown Los Angeles October 14 through 16. Included were the great rarities of early Indian stamps, special air mail flights, the Mt. Everest Expedition stamps, and the fantastic productions of the Native States, whose postal systems were small, but highly colorful.



## LOCAL STUDY GROUP ACTIVITIES



Mr. Hall's article "Pilgrimage to Bethlehem," which appears in this issue, may suggest an interesting project for P.R.S. Local Study Groups. Everyone travels at least occasionally, and although the trips may not be long or in especially dramatic places, every journey is an experience that can be rich in philosophical and cultural meaning. Members can bring first-hand observations about attitudes in various localities, unusual occupations, or interesting persons met along the way. One very fertile source of remarkable information is a taxi driver, who is often a philosopher of good parts.

If you visit famous places, try to estimate the real meanings of the events recorded and the vital contributions of the persons honored. Accept into yourself the quiet impressions of beautiful scenery, and keep a record of what mountains and lakes and rivers meant to you in terms of psychic peace and religious inspiration. Whatever your adventures have been, share them with your friends. But do not monopolize the evening; give everyone a chance. This may also be one of the rare opportunities when you can show the pictures you have taken. Incidentally, why did you take certain pictures and pass over other scenes that may have been equally beautiful? What did you really want to remember?

The following questions, based on material in this issue of the PRS JOURNAL are recommended to Study Groups for discussion.

### Article: DRUGS OF VISION

1. Do you really believe that man's consciousness can be developed by the use of hallucinational drugs?
2. What would you feel to be the most probable dangers resulting from attempting to attain extrasensory perception by the use of hallucinogens?

(Please see outside back cover for a list of P.R.S. Study Groups)

## A New Book--

# BUDDHISM AND PSYCHOTHERAPY

by Manly P. Hall

This is the first new book by Mr. Hall to be published in several years, and his only book devoted entirely to Oriental religion and philosophy. As the title indicates, the volume deals with the organization of man's mental and emotional resources, so that he can live a useful and constructive life in a world torn by confusion and discord.

The book is scheduled for delivery in early January, and it is possible that a few copies will be available for local delivery before Christmas. Orders may be placed immediately, and the books will be mailed as soon as possible.

*Buddhism and Psychotherapy* is a handsome volume of approximately 330 pages, with 70 illustrations. It is bound in full cloth, stamped in gold, and has an attractive dust jacket. Price: \$5.00 postpaid. (California residents, please add 4% sales tax).

