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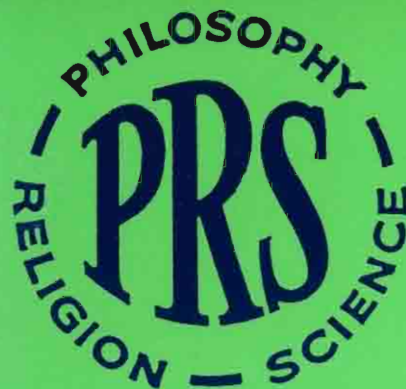
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Most of the reproductions of the early books, manuscripts, and objects of art which appear in this magazine are from originals in the collection of the Philosophical Research Society.

About the Cover: The wife and child of the custodian of the reclining Buddha memorial in Pegu, Burma.



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POLITIPHOBIA

Perhaps the time has come when candidates for public office should be listed anonymously. The moment that it is even suspected that a person wishes to throw his hat into the political ring the gossip circle calls for a special meeting of all members. It is easy to sympathize with a public that has been victimized by corrupted office holders, but the present trend is gaining such momentum that it may be advisable to pause and consider. In older times public relations were limited largely to space in a weekly newspaper. Very little was known about potential politicians, and the voters in general were not especially interested—but times have changed.

Most of those who wanted to manage the lower brackets of municipal leadership were personally known to many of the constituents, and it was assumed that the candidate would be acceptable to fill a small niche in the legislative machinery. It never occurred to inquire about the juvenile delinquencies of a local citizen. He may have smoked corncob cigarettes behind the barn and in his youth patronized a private still that flourished in the neighborhood. It was also possible that he felt the sting of his father's buggy whip on a few occasions and developed a bad reputation for causing distur-

bances in the schoolyard. Later, however, he joined the Boy Scouts—and his wrong doings were promptly forgiven.

We can wonder how any member of our communities can reach fifty years of age with an absolutely spotless reputation. He must never have had an enemy, his moral life was above reproach, and his business dealings were in strict conformity with the law and the prophets and patriarchs of the Old Testament. When a very serious effort is made to elect a candidate of the highest integrity, we are apt to find that a man who did nothing wrong during his lifetime also failed to do anything right.

The history of religion indicates that most of the great saints were repentant sinners. History then acknowledges that there may have been some irregularity in the conduct of a holy brother, but his maturity more than compensated for an unseemly youth. Such records were long ago, when temptations were few and the rewards for dishonesty were not alluring. The last two or three generations of young people who are now reaching the estates of maturity are not exactly of faultless background, and in older years their virtues have not multiplied.

As a hypothetical example, J. J. Smith has announced that he is a candidate for the office of dogcatcher—or possibly head of the department for missing animals that show up in various places. The appointment does not carry great distinction or high economical reward, but a potential politician has his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder of public service. Almost certainly, there will be a competition of candidates. It will be pointed out that one in his fifteenth year smoked a few marijuana cigarettes. This disqualifies him for any responsible office to the end of his life. Another started in as a local drunk, and in his thirties he married a good Christian woman who bore him two sons. No one can forget the older man's unsavory background, and it is perfectly reasonable to assume that his sons will take after him. This is unfortunate. As another example, a lady is a candidate for the school board. When it is realized that she has been divorced and further neglected her children, she certainly cannot be considered an appropriate defender of education.

And so it went down the line. The higher the office, the longer

the line. One potential defender of the public good had been mixed up in several shady lawsuits. Another had been arrested twice for assault and battery, and many had associations which would indicate the possibility of corruption. In the nineteenth century candidates were well-known to most of the voters. In the twentieth century they would be less known but more suspected, and in the twenty-first century it may be that many doubts and fears will be substantiated by conduct.

All of this, and much more like it, is souring the electional theory. Smug citizens who doubt their own integrity have little confidence in their representatives. The television news stations and commentators are exposing public officials every day. In many cases the suspect will be proved guilty as charged, and it will discourage those seeking political careers. They may feel that they are not in any sense of the word qualified for the office to which they aspire. While the sound and fury attract public attention, some of the negative by-products of this system should be noted.

The majority of citizens served by the media have already decided that all government is corrupt, leaders dishonest, and followers ready to share in the ill-gotten bounties—in simple words, we do not do as well as Huey Long. We do not get even the best administrators that money can buy. We simply sit back, taking it for granted that no matter who is appointed the people will suffer.

Disappointment becomes chronic. Each day a new rascal is brought to public attention, and even those who are slow of wit can see the stupidity or chicanery of their public servants. Day by day disappointments multiply until it appears that political leadership has lost the name of action. More and more each day we notice a kind of ailment, an illness, developing in the public mind. We conclude that integrity is a lost art, and our faith in the contemporary world is destroyed.

Much of the activism displayed in the columns of the daily paper is tracable to the deepening hopelessness. There seems to be no answer, and honesty has lost the very meaning of the word. The so-called socialized states are in desperate difficulties. The physical consequences of political bad news can be an actual sickness. The

heart can be affected, the functions of the body disturbed, the emotions exaggerated, and the mind convinced that honesty is a virtue of the past, dying out rapidly because of the pressure of modern commercialism.

When a nation loses faith in its leaders, it reacts much as the human body responds to disappointment, disillusionment, violence, and moral degeneracy. Little by little decency fades away, and mature men and women are afraid to be on a public thoroughfare after dark.

Years ago, because of my interest in astrology, I was asked by a committee to select which of three candidates would make the best president of the United States. One of the men had occupied a high government position and was favored. The second aspirant was rather young but had considerable strength of character and probably would be popular. He was very deficient in experience, however. The third candidate had neither experience nor outstanding intelligence, but he was a very affable personality and was seldom disturbed by moral scruples. Checking the charts, I said that my preference was for the first man—but it would be unwise to advance him as a candidate, as I doubted that he would live long enough to be elected and he would be in physical difficulties before the actual election took place. Six weeks later he was dead from a massive stroke. The other two men did not appear to have much probability of election, so I recommended that they allow another group of efficient candidates to carry the responsibility in the election.

It is sad indeed for those growing up in our present world who are faced by nothing more inspiring than political corruption. If an honorable man does run, he will be controlled after his election and will find it virtually impossible to support the proper legislation. World affairs are too complicated to be entrusted to party politicians. The very best minds that we have will never be too good; but, if we use wisely available talent, we can make a major improvement in government on all levels.

In simple truth modern government is far too complicated. We cannot imagine a great corporation or a world giant in the field of merchandising electing its officials by taking a vote of its clerks, stenographers, elevator operators, and maintenance crews. Great cor-

porations must have the wisest and best leadership if they wish to survive the recklessness of modern competition.

When it has become necessary to have a new vice president to handle foreign trade, the first step would be to announce the opening that is at hand and ask interested candidates to submit résumés. In a short time the ones capable of doing the job well can be isolated for further discussions. In due time there will be very careful research, which may include considerable investigation of backgrounds; and, when at last a choice is made, there is a general feeling that the new executive is the man best qualified for the job. There would be no question of buying his way in or arranging for a parade on the sidewalk endorsing his competence.

In the days of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson potential leaders were not too numerous. It took a considerable amount of careful planning to assure the electorate that George Washington was the best man. He was the victim of much jealousy, and leaders were emerging to take over the country before the ink on the Constitution was dry. Already the means used to elect a president was by popular vote. Those dedicated men who had to create this country were never among its most popular citizens, and it was fortunate indeed that the electoral body was small.

The political news shares time with fictional works, covering in detail practically every corruption of human nature. Switching from station to station, it becomes painfully obvious that confusion is loose in the land. Young people exposed to such allegations grow up in an atmosphere of psychic smog which must affect the destiny of nations. No one seems to be very much concerned. Political misbehaving is taken for granted, and we have already suspected that neighboring countries also have ghosts in their closets.

As communication facilities have improved, a world coverage is now available to anyone with a mild curiosity. Countries we have never heard of and little states that have passed without notice for centuries are suddenly locked in mortal conflict with civil wars and mob violence. Every day there are leaders who resemble cinema villains but nothing to encourage the weary viewer who is seeking hope and faith.

We turn the dial a little further to learn that a large company is in bankruptcy because the chairman of the board vanished with all removable assets. Another group is locked in bitter legislation for copying a patented device without preliminary financial arrangements. The following week trouble on a university campus is noted, and a radical group is arming its members in case of violence. Neighborhoods are dangerous to visit after dark, and the underworld of AIDS is sharing news space with narcotics. A considerable article suggests that many delinquencies are well-financed and here to stay. It has become increasingly evident that most of the inhabited areas of the planet earth are dedicated to the perpetuation of crime and iniquity.

We must admit that the television industry has become the principal disseminator of news and the doings of the day. How then can we expect to bring young men and women through all the years of immorality with a high regard for the country in which they live or more distant regions of the outback? It appears that we have developed a new code of integrities.

It takes time and money to check up on character, and this intensive program in some cases is little better than a violation of privacy. Actually, this is another example of bad taste motivated by selfishness and greed. The fact remains, however, that it is practically impossible to improve the situation by processes now currently in use. The only answer is to realize that society is an organization handling immense sums of money and millions of human reputations. It is usual that in the private sector résumés are studied to find out which is the best; and then there are further considerations, and the applicant is either accepted or rejected. It is not necessary for each step of the selection to be dramatized as a form of public entertainment. There is no need for embarrassment, and it may well be that a rejected applicant might never know why he was not selected. It is hardly fair that a candidate should fail to be elected and at the same time that his personal private shortcomings should be publicized throughout the world.

Presidents, vice presidents, and secretaries of state should be chosen in the same way. In most cases the applicant finally selected

will be qualified for the work at hand. Certain previous specializations might help to influence the final choice. It is possible that character witnesses should be included in preliminary interviews. All information should remain confidential, and no competitor could gain anything by attempting to discredit an otherwise suitable person. The only answer to this large question of national and international governments is to realize that governments cannot be successfully maintained simply by political processes. Those appointed to high office are not fitted into an entirely new situation, but it seems to be a mistake to select mostly members of the legal profession to administer the government. Of course, it all began in England with the Inns of Court; but contemporary records will indicate that litigation in those days was relatively simple. We like to think of attorneys reminiscent of Abraham Lincoln. His law office was in his hat, and he had fixed fees for his services; and, if in the middle of a trial he discovered a client was actually guilty as charged, he gathered up his hat and left the court.

Legality has complicated more situations than it has ever cured, and in the general confusion realities have a tendency to get lost. What we need mostly is common sense and old-fashioned integrity administered by kindly human beings who understand the needs of ordinary people.

The whole concept of specialization is not as efficient as we would like to believe, and I strongly suspect that considerable parts of our population have never been given their share of legal assistance. It might also be mentioned that there are numerous examples of problems that can never be properly solved in the chambers of court. Both parties involved may actually need psychological counseling or psychiatric care. Lycurgus, the Greek lawmaker, once observed that laws are like spiderwebs—they catch the small insect but permit the larger offender to break through and escape. It is also embarrassing when members of the judiciary are tried by a council of their peers and found guilty.

Small countries are easier to govern because most of the disputes affect all members of the community. In a vast nation, however, legal conflicts become so snarled and tangled that not even cutting them

would save much time. When we say that a man should be tried by a council of his peers, this does not imply that matters of small pith and moment should burden the Supreme Court for days or even hours.

There are large matters, however, completely outside the province of litigation. One of these is religion. No one really wants to stir up trouble in this area. It is tedious, bitter, and expensive. It has long seemed wise to let the religionists solve their own problems, and in every field of endeavor means could be found to settle matters quietly with a high degree of integrity. This was one of the original labors of the Guilds. They punished and rewarded according to the rules of their own orders; and, if a king or bishop attempted to meddle in their affairs, the workmen picked up their tools and departed never to return. Many modern organizations decide the outcome of concerns before presenting them in court. Legal services merely approve the decisions that their own representatives have made.

In the old days the family clergyman served as arbitrator and administrator of the accepted policies of the community. He sermonized on theology, but in the daily problems of his district his words were law. He was poorly paid but greatly respected. The reverse now seems to be true. The attorney's fees are large, but his conclusions are usually doubtful.

In summary, it seems to me that there are three levels to determine justice. The first is the individual himself in his own heart. He knows in most cases whether he is honest or dishonest, has been negligent or careful in his dealings, and has kept the promises he has made. The second level is the legal code. The lawyers can settle matters of inheritance, or property ownership, or grand larceny and moral crime. It is very seldom that it is actually necessary to call in additional counsel. The third level is justice among nations. In these cases only those matters which cannot be resolved by proper discussion and quiet arbitration can be considered. They concern not individuals but nations, races, great institutions, and the responsibilities of assuring the proper use of natural resources, protection in disaster, and a union of peoples to meet the basic rules of international or inter-communal interdependency.

Most of the litigations are of little practical value. They can be broken as easily as they can be made. They have created an elite society, charging and receiving fabulous sums and often contributing to the enlargement of a lawsuit. It is possible that we will discover that many individuals are perfectly capable of making proper decisions and solving misunderstandings without drowning the courts, in which a case may linger two or three years before it can come to a basic hearing.

If we really want to feed hungry people, we want the funds for the aged and the infirm. If we would like to be able to bring peace and comfort to those suffering from national or international cataclysms, we will have the necessary funds. In the century lying ahead there must be greater economy and greater sense of moral responsibility.



Curiosity is ill-manners in another's house.

He that is full of himself is very empty.

Exalt wisdom, and she will exalt thee.

If you meddle with many things, you will muddle them all.

Idle bodies are generally busybodies.

A light heart can bear heavy burdens.

A man is known by the company he shuns,
Quite as much as by the company he keeps.

NUTRITION IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY

For thousands of years it has been assumed that the principal purpose of eating is to keep the body alive as long as possible. Recent research in the field of nutrition indicates that many food products are dangerous to the health. This discovery has led to a general reformation in the eating habits of civilized human beings. Our ancestors gave little or no attention to what they ate. As a result of this attitude, it was assumed that life expectancy was thirty to forty years and possibly less for the wealthy. Even when I was young, meals were expected to be nourishing, abundant, tasty, and supported by a carafe of good wine.

Recipes, whenever and wherever possible, were strong in animal fat. There was always a lard bowl on the stove or nearby. A thrifty housewife found many uses for lard. It was an essential ingredient in pie crust, often spread on bread instead of butter, and perfect for the greasing of a griddle. To the present time it has been widely used in rural districts but is now frowned upon by nutritionists.

The quantity of food eaten at a meal has also diminished. While I was still young, the chef of Delmonico's famous New York restaurant remarked that there was no inspiration when diners no longer ordered ten to fifteen course dinners. Eating had ceased to be a secular sacrament. It seemed that when a farmer came home at night from plowing the back forty he had a healthy appetite, but when he moved to the city and took up banking he was less hungry. It was not until after World War I that the public began to take an interest in what it ate. It was assumed, however, that dieting was restricted to invalids. The average breakfast in our family began with fruit juice. This was followed immediately with an ample bowl of porridge with a generous portion of whole cream and plenty of sugar. About this time toast appeared as a garnish for a small steak with fried potatoes. This strengthened the appetite for a platter of ham and eggs accompanied by pancakes with maple syrup or molasses.

A bit of cheese might be added to go with the coffee. No one complained of feeling stuffy, but it certainly had some effect upon the probabilities of longevity. There were enough exceptions, though, to maintain the prevailing optimism on nutrition. An uncle lived to be ninety, and a brother-in-law died at eighty-seven.

Between 1925 and 1989 the matter of diet began to engage the attention of the general public and was further supported by the cosmetic effect of dieting on appearance and the control of poundage. Only in the last ten or fifteen years has nutrition become a contribution to health and an extremely profitable business. I remember when a few progressive practitioners began to recommend wheat germ as a valuable supplement to the American way of eating.

Several circumstances contributed to the modern concept of dieting. A number of religious sects influenced by Oriental thinking required abstinence from animal food. Groups also arose to protect animal life, and some progressive researchers warned that the human being would live longer on a diet of fruit and vegetables than as a carnivore. Somewhere along the way thrifty thinkers suggested that it would be cheaper to eat grain as it came from the field than to feed it first to animals which absorbed the original nutritional value only later to become a secondhand source of food.

Proceeding a little further in this matter, we find there is now abundant literature recommending major changes in the eating habits of mankind. It seems that some suppliers contended that it was difficult to merchandise vegetables, fruits, and dairy products—preservatives had to be added, and there is now anxiety because the various substances which prevent food from spoiling may be very detrimental to the ultimate customer. This part of the problem has not yet been solved, and there is considerable uneasiness of mind involving most packaged goods found on the shelves of grocery stores and supermarkets. A more or less simple solution has been to mark every package naming preservatives, additives, artificial coloring, and chemical flavorings.

In the meantime, the study of the food products upon which we depend for life, health, and the pursuit of our private projects provides a sizable amount of practical information. For those who wish

to join that expanding group of food watchers it is recommended that practical use be made of available literature. In the early days of nutritional planning individuals had to depend upon their own common sense or the recommendations of their friends and neighbors. Now we can look at a table which sets forth practical means for self-diagnosis.

There are tables to guide persons of all ages, weights, and eating habits. A person, male or female, of a certain height, a certain age, and a certain weight can combine the related information and find out how many calories should be ingested each day. There can be some minor variations, including racial types or inherited physical ailments or allergies. In substance, however, it will be found that there is needed a certain number of calories, say two thousand five hundred, a day. Give and take a few, the caloric content of what is eaten and has been eaten in the past can be checked. If everything is within the normalcy range, it may be possible to improve eating habits; and they should not be contributing unpleasant symptoms. It is more likely, however, that overeating is occurring; but this does not necessarily mean that the excess is useful.

In broad terms there are three principal food categories that must be in proper ratio. These are fats, carbohydrates, and proteins. A thoughtless eater can fail to proportion these groups of nourishers. At this point perhaps the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid will be helpful. Euclid's equation consists of three squares of different sizes. The smallest is the square of three; while the square of four is next, and the square of five is the largest. An equation very close to nutritional balance results if the square of three is assigned to protein, the square of four to fats, and the square of five to carbohydrates. This will amaze some people who do not realize that according to present conclusions every meal should have fifty-five percent of its weight in carbohydrates, a sufficient amount of fats ranging near thirty percent, and fifteen percent protein. The food should be properly cooked and attractively served. Here is where haste is dangerous. It requires thought and time with due regard for food combinations to prepare a healthy meal. For example, all fried foods from onions to beefsteak as a steady diet will result in too

much fat intake, which is even worse if the recipes themselves contain mostly cheese, milk, cream, or fatty meat. By the time the dieter, who may be interested in weight loss, becomes well-informed on the mystery of dietetics he will find his meals to be less than interesting. If he takes off a few pounds, he dreams of going back to his old habits; and about all the system has accomplished is to present its owner with disappointing facts.

Probably this is enough to indicate something of the mystery of nutrition, but it relates primarily to the physical body, its habits, needs, and intemperances. In addition to digestive chemistries, there is a considerable part of the human being which causes bad eating habits and can bring this magnificent physical, alchemical laboratory—the digestive system—down in ruin. Very seldom does self-control extend to the mental and emotional systems involved in the human compound. Proper eating habits contribute to physical health, and proper emotional habits are equally important. The same is true of the mental life of a person. Both the emotional structure and the mental compound are subject to exact rules. If you physically eat the wrong thing, you may be sick to your stomach; and, if you have the wrong emotions, they may lead to hysteria and a wide variety of intensities which threaten the physical health. The mind exposed to destructive attitudes or pressures gradually becomes contaminated and disordered.

As food comes in at the mouth, sound comes in at the ears. What we see reaches us through the eyes, and our mental equilibrium is betrayed by propaganda of all kinds and industrial dishonesty. The sciences for the correction of emotional and mental habits require the same self-discipline that must be exercised with physical appetites.

Plato was always critical of Alcibiades. This young man, while he claimed an interest in philosophy, was self-centered, emotionally insecure, and mentally self-deluded. He dressed well and came of an excellent family and received a certain amount of respect from those who sought his favors. Plato said of him that he was like a leaden dagger in a jewelled sheath. In these days we are inclined to be over-influenced by appearances. We do not measure our

associates according to their virtues but often for their vanities. It is obvious, therefore, that a person eating the healthiest food conceivable can become desperately ill if his emotional life is without maturity or integrity. The healthiest body imaginable can sicken and die if the person in that body fails to practice the rules and laws appropriate to humanity. This same fact applies to the mental activities and the emotional pressures.

To maintain health it is necessary that the intellect should be disciplined and the emotions refined. It becomes important to realize that the total personality should receive proper nutrition. The environment in which we live and the general state of the public mind should be refined and ennobled. This is only possible under a proper regime in which the faculties of the mind and the sensory perceptions are kept in a healthy condition by discrimination and the improvement of our standards of conduct. Through the mouth we take in the necessary foods for the maintenance of our physical economy. Through the eyes, together with the ears and other senses, we must guard the health of the invisible person living in the body and dependent upon the degree of understanding which dominates total conduct.

If the food intake is largely dedicated to satisfying the taste buds, we can eat our fill and die of malnutrition. At this time in human evolution we are largely victims of poor judgment and bad taste. Through the eyes and the ears we accept into the mind an almost constant flow of contaminants. There is very little consideration for protecting mental and emotional health. In fact, our economic system is locked in a death struggle to corrupt the flesh for financial gain. In dedicating our time to television we are making no effort to separate junk entertainment from a well-censored selection of important programs. Murder, rape, and carnage are among the junk foods of the airways. They are far worse for the constitution and disposition than the slight motion necessary to turn off the set. We will watch the starches and proteins, realizing they are detrimental, but enjoy several hours every day of assorted visual iniquities.

The junk food restaurants charge exorbitant prices for endangering the public health. Our leisure pursuits are often debased in the interest

of financial gain and represent only heedless dissipation. We are doing very little to improve the environment of the psychic atmosphere in which we spend many of our waking hours, a pervading influence often intruding into periods of sleep. As the contamination increases, it becomes accepted and even approved. We are catering to the flesh and allowing the soul to become truly a bird in a gilded cage.

In education at the moment, at least, there is considerable emphasis upon sports. We like to think of baseball, golf, and table tennis as healthy exercises and therefore justified, and, thus, permissible, if not particularly inspiring. But even in this area we are victims of exploitation and commercialization. Why does it happen that children today are being born into a world that is becoming unfit for human occupancy? Many parents are failing to provide their children with ethical education. They do not get it from the schools, which are concerned primarily with making children employable. The social life in the neighborhood is often a total loss, and in the occupations which are profitable dishonesty is rampant. Finally worn out, the individual who has never actually lived ends his existence in a retirement home. Wherever a flash of genius appears we are reminded of the observation of Emerson that the whole world is at hazard when God lets loose a thinker.

As the contemporary environment closes in upon the average mortal today, he pays little attention to the absurdities—assuming that the majority must always be right and why worry when fun is the principal inducement for modern conduct. Today we pause and hesitate to have a pizza for lunch or deep fried potatoes with the entree because stomach aches, indigestion, or the possibility of ulcers are unwelcome. If the laws of mental health are violated, the situation receives very little consideration. There is no immediate pain, and by the time our mental or emotional faculties end in a variety of debilities, frustrations, and antagonisms we consider these types of misfortune among the inevitables of mortal existence.

Emotional reactions are now entrusted to the tender mercies of moods and annoyances. The concept of disciplining feelings and reactions is fading out. There is slight tendency to accept responsibility

for conduct, and in an atmosphere of overwhelming uncertainties there is little inducement to change our ways. Most folks have trouble getting along with themselves, since there is a refusal to recognize the causes of cares. The inducements to strengthen character are not as strong on the level of integrities as the miseries of bad eating habits. The stomach, therefore, seems to be the last honorable disciplinarian of the composite constitution. It is catered to because otherwise consequences are suffered. This is also true when there is transgression against mental or emotional ethics, but the pain is not as immediately noticeable. It may take years of bad thinking and dissipation and the cultivation of unethical activities to bring the whole personality down in ruin. It will happen in the end, however.

We used to look forward to a good education, but from the beginning schooling has often betrayed us. In the Middle Ages theology dominated the curriculum. Today special inducements are offered for those who wish to become lawyers, doctors, and politicians. Except in a few schools which are still dominated by religious organizations, little is taught to protect the individual from the ultimate miseries of materialistic practices. When leaders in every field set examples of corruption, there seems to be no reason why it should be taken for granted that virtue and integrity are essential to success.

This has been an extraordinary century and, having lived for the greater part of it, I remember many things that younger generations have never known. There were days when courtesy was an admirable quality widely applauded. The average merchant was honest, while the average schoolteacher shared the basics of education and was deeply impressed by the Phi Beta Kappa. Doctors were seldom too busy to chat with their patients, and the minister usually came to dinner at least once a year with each of his parishioners. Legal fees were ten dollars for a conference and twenty-five dollars for a court case. There were few packaged foods, virtually no adulterants, and you could buy a Ford car for five hundred dollars. A good suit of clothes was one of life's great economic expenditures. They could be bought by mail order for from ten to twenty-five dollars, according to quality. A young girl was married in her mother's wedding

gown. This was not due to poverty but because of gracious memories of life's most important occasion. There were always a few of depraved dispositions, but they lived on the wrong side of the tracks. Such were accepted as burdens upon the flesh, predestined and fore-ordained to try the spirits of true believers. In those days people read good books, attended important drama, listened to the best music, and developed wide areas of mutual usefulness. Even middle class homes had pianos. There was no need for great wealth, and the very rich family was viewed with suspicion. Gracious living seems to have faded away, but it is not because we have outgrown the morals of our ancestors. Actually, it now costs more, and human beings have few incentives to know each other.

There used to be several small restaurants scattered around Los Angeles and other cities of similar size where the nutritionists gathered. Mostly they were there because they were already ailing; but they had read a little pamphlet somewhere about the importance of simple foods, either raw or soft-boiled. They gathered to discuss calories, the importance of proteins, and the virtue of holding constructive mental attitudes while eating indigestibles. From this humble beginning there has developed a science of nutrition which has helped the sick and contributed to the wealth of manufacturers and distributors. It is difficult for city dwellers to follow the simple eating habits of farmers. Therefore, we note some innovations in this area. It has been costly and is now recognized as big business. There is, however, a solid fact involved in the prevailing trend. Wrong eating habits must be corrected or the individual suffers the infirmities resulting from ignorance or indifference.

Can we say that present-day cultural life has also advanced? Are good books read? Is important theater attended? Is great music appreciated and are today's integrities greater than those of our ancestors? Has the "brave new world" controlled crime, corrected the causes of poverty, curbed violence, and saved society from the miseries of alcohol and narcotics? Have the major powers of the earth highly advanced industrially, politically, and legislatively, or brought an end to war, which is the great stupidity of the human race? Is mankind religiously reconciled? Has crime faded away? Are homes

more secure and the public health more closely guarded? It does not seem so; but, if these infirmities that still endure were always accompanied by immediate stomach aches, throbbing heads, gastritis, and rheumatism, something would have been done about them long ago. It would seem that everything is a success, except the human being himself.

From the science of nutrition it can be learned that troubles are cured by correcting their causes. Writing to a congressman does not remedy a bad liver. Since this is a world in which human beings remain incapable of cooperation on an equitable basis, it follows that the ailment from which we suffer is not sufficiently uncomfortable for us to make an all-out effort to find and apply the cure regardless of the effect upon superficial circumstances. There is very little consolation in being the richest invalid in the community.

The more we study the human body, the more obvious it becomes that Paracelsus was correct when he declared that God has given us a book with three pages which we should memorize with care. The first is Divine revelation, the word of God which has descended to us from the experience of ages. The second is the natural world with all its species of life and a multitude of evolving creatures that have an intuitive recognition of laws concerning survival. This part includes the solar system, planets, stars, and meteors. The third leaf is man himself. He is the little world, the miniature of everything in space, the shadow of an infinite plan cast upon the substance of physical elements by eternal processes. Man can never change the basic laws of his own existence. He can outgrow his mistakes, but he can never nullify them by an act of parliament. What we like to call freedom is really the privilege to be right and, as a result, enjoy those privileges which are reserved for the virtuous.

From the beginning of time people have tried to change the law of cause and effect. The despot has believed that he could go contrary to the Divine plan and survive. It was not the plan but the despot who faded away. Thomas More in his *Utopia* has clearly indicated that all things grow from their own seeds. If you plant a weed, you get a weed. This does not deny that some weeds are useful, but when usefulness is discovered it is only because truth has been approached

a little closer. If the seeds of peace are sown, peace will prevail; but all things must be earned by a firm determination to keep the rules of life.

It is bad enough to remain ignorant of these laws but still worse to dramatize disobedience. It took nearly five hundred years for the art of printing to become so completely dedicated to profit and trash-ridden as it is today. Everything invented is perverted for profit, and then humanity sickens as a reward for its cupidity. There was nothing wrong when the motor car was invented. Motion pictures were a good idea, while television was strange and wonderful and computerization little short of a miracle. Some of these inventions have been laborsaving devices. They have gradually deteriorated and are now time debilitating burdens upon society. We do not wander around with a bunion because it hurts, but we remain glued to the television four or five hours a day in spite of the detrimental effect to a considerable portion of the earth's population.

A few weeks ago, quite by accident, I chatted with a teenager who was discussing what he understood about the future. He was in high school and a fair student but stated firmly that in all probability he had no worthwhile future of any kind. The most he could hope to accomplish was profitable employment. He would be doing things he did not believe in and come in the end to a pension of some kind and fulfill a span of seventy years or more without any noticeable improvement or enrichment of character. If he wanted to grow, he would have to develop by an intense effort of his own inner resources. Even these assets were not sufficiently strong to promise a major achievement. Frankly and substantially, he knew even in childhood that he was not going anywhere and was part of a great wave of living creatures drifting toward oblivion. There was only one difficulty. Something within him was gently urging self-improvement, but the direction gave no positive leadership.

It was stated long ago by many scholars that pain was possibly the savior of the race. The only thing that we will defend ourselves against is a hurt in our own flesh. There is also emotional pain, which in some cases proves fatal; and there is mental pain, which has brought many well-intentioned individuals to membership in

monastic orders—where some may find an opportunity to resolve the conflicts of daily living in a setting of religious discipline.

In science we have now gone far enough to realize that the resources of our planet are becoming endangered. When someone asked Emerson what he would do if the world ended, the old Unitarian minister replied rather quietly, “I guess I will have to do without it.” Perhaps these words are more to the truth than even Emerson suspected. We must either conserve the resources we have or discover new ones. We cannot go on generation after generation without realizing that Benjamin Franklin was right when he stated: “Willful waste leads to woeful want.”

There seems no way to win by the present procedure. Even if we keep on wasting our resources, perhaps nature can continue to support us for a generation or two. We cannot pick up the daily paper or listen to a television commentator without realizing that we have a sick planet on our hands. The earth has been exploited with no regard for consequences. If we just go along the way we are, things will get worse; but we will stagger on like a person suffering from pernicious anemia. This is not what nature intended, and it has been a law from the beginning that nature will not destroy the disobedient but will ultimately bring about reclamation and restoration of natural order.



WHAT THE HUMAN BODY IS MADE OF

If you weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, you are about one hundred pounds of water, twenty-nine pounds of protein, twenty-five pounds of fat, five pounds of minerals, one pound of carbohydrate, and one quarter ounce of vitamins.

Consider well, I beg you so,
Who you are, and what you do,
Whence you come, and whither you go.

Courtesy costs little, but buys much.

REVOLUTION OR REVELATION

As a speaker at a luncheon enumerated the corruption and delinquencies spreading throughout human society, he concluded his remarks with the doleful statement: “Something must be done.” What the world in general and America in particular need is an effective remedy which will not interfere with business as usual. This is difficult, but there is a possibility.

The Egyptians in the Valley of the Nile and a number of American Indian tribes living along the banks of the Mississippi shared a native wisdom which we seem to have forgotten. The Indians observed a simple initiation ritual which we have largely overlooked in contemporary society; while in ancient Egypt, when a child was born, he became a member of a mighty empire but was not a citizen. During his early years, he had a thick lock of hair falling down on the side of his face to indicate that he had not yet become a mature human being. When he was about fourteen or fifteen years old, there was a special celebration or ritual by which he became a mature citizen. The child’s lock of hair was cut off, and he was required by the obligations that he took to live uprightly, protect his country, and be honest in his weights and measures.

Perhaps this system could have great relevance in today’s America. There could be certain modifications to meet the changes wrought by time, and it could be convenient to make this citizenship a voluntary commitment. Americans could live in this country, carry on their work on all levels of business and trade, enjoy the many privileges and conveniences of the nation’s way of life, and in due time pass away to a realm beyond citizenship. Since a rule of this nature would be self-determining, it should work no hardship on those who are not inclined to commit themselves to the structure of American sociology. In our case the ceremony of citizenship could be included in the graduation exercises from high school. It would

be a primary voluntary statement of allegiance to the American lifeway.

If this practice could be established, it would be a very large inducement to include ethical and moral elements in high school education. The young person could be taught clearly that he would not receive citizenship if he had been convicted of any serious social offense of a bad moral character, resented learning, and wished only to exploit the advantages of the country. By this means justification for integrity could be established along with a reward which could be proudly carried throughout life. A step further would be to point out that only those who had been awarded citizenship because of good character could vote. The non-citizen could benefit by all the improvements resulting from good laws; but, as he had made no commitment, he would not be entitled to change the rules of living.

Each voter would be bound by his obligation of citizenship, which could be forfeited for any serious misdemeanor, corruption, or exploitation of office. Under this system his word would be his bond. This procedure could gradually improve the quality of legislators and remind them of their moral obligations to their country and their neighbors.

The next consideration is a matter of rewards. Under the present system advancement in office or station results in financial gain. Gradually, we have reached the condition where money is the primary consideration on all levels of compensation. The structure of citizenship which we have outlined could have a built-in system of recognition and compensation. In Britain an outstanding achievement may result in knighthood or a peerage. When Francis Younghusband brought a punitive expedition over the high passes of Tibet and made a long and difficult campaign, returning to England without the loss of a single man, he was knighted and became Sir Francis. He had an army pension appropriate to his needs, and it was never even necessary for him to carry money. If he wanted something, he took it and sent a check. No one would question his integrity. Such a circumstance needs some representation wherever human beings strive to achieve a measure of recognition. There is no need for all achievements to be measured in wealth. This has simply been

customary because no other means seemed to be available. American citizenship earned is a recognition in itself, and some special achievement can be given additional recognition without measuring all progress in the terms of millions of dollars.

At the time that a student graduating from high school receives his citizenship he can be eligible to the university of statesmanship. It is assumed that his life will be dedicated to the service of his nation. If for any reason he is corrupted, his citizenship would be lost. A leader has full responsibility to set a high example for those he leads. His family life should be secure and his children prepared to take care of obligations of citizenship in due time. His conduct, of course, will reflect his integrity; and the religious life will not be subject to censure because of him. Persecution or prejudice will have no place in the life of one who has reached the level of statesmanship.

It may well happen that various entertainers and sportsmen who are not citizens will win a kind of fame and gain considerable wealth. This will not permit them, however, to corrupt any branch of the government. If they are already citizens, they should be above intrigue; if they are not citizens, they can spend their money as they please. Non-citizens will have a right to apply for citizenship at any period of their lives, and it is certain that the honor can be bestowed upon them by the government.

Now we go back to the educational system. The easiest way to create an honorable American citizen would be to supply an adequate educational background. Learning should begin at birth, perhaps earlier. Citizens would certainly train their children in those virtues and integrities which protect both the individual and the community, and money would not be the primary consideration. There could be a major improvement on the cultural level. Those who do not want culture would not be forced to change their ways, but they would not be permitted to destroy the more advanced levels of civilization by their complaints or other interference. Johann Amos Comenius (1592-1670), the founder of the public school system, declared that the highest and most important form of education came in the "mother school" when the child learned at its mother's knee. It was here that the moral values were strengthened and, by

instruction and example, character was established. The most important of all teachings that education can endorse and the highest is integrity. A person may be ignorant in the advancement of knowledge; but, if he is honorable, dedicated to principles, and faithful to his obligations, he is worthy of citizenship.

One of the reasons why a major change is absolutely necessary is the fertility of the human mind. We continue to invent with emphasis upon laborsaving devices. We have lost all sense of value and consideration for the future. As our industrialism advances, the number of the unemployed will continue to increase; and, while values of morality and ethics are ignored, the number of unemployable will become greater. The time has come when we have to face an emergency which will not go away. Burdened by it, children of today may be at a total disadvantage by the time that they attain maturity. Everyone is worried; but the desperate alternative, the strengthening of integrities, is regarded with fear and anxiety.

United by an earned and accepted citizenship, the legislator would be in a stronger position than he is today. It may happen that citizenship will not always result in political employment. This could be a decisive factor, however. There are other dedications by which a citizen can gain recognition for outstanding achievement. He can then be given a broad recognition and some physical proof of his achievement. He can be referred to as an honored citizen and some special designation awarded to him which will become a treasure of the family. There is really no need to tear the world apart in search of a cure. All necessary information is available already. What is absent is dedication, the ability to rise above immediate self-interest and recognize the long-range achievement which must protect the country.

If we look into the beginnings of the next century, we must continue to live with dwindling resources and moral reluctance for another ten years. By then there will be more earthquakes, more revolutions, new exploitation and corruption, and the worthwhile things of life will continue to fade away. There will be less petroleum and fewer trees, in spite of the reforestation program.

If a public building is neglected until it can no longer be safe,

it is condemned and torn down. If a house is inadequate, it must be reconditioned to meet the needs of those who dwell in it. When it becomes obvious that a political system is corrupting both its citizens and its legislators, reformation becomes imperative. The human family, long addicted to selfishness and exploitation, has corrupted its institutions beyond repair. A solution requires a major improvement of the moral and ethical values of manmade institutions.

The need for change can no longer be denied, but the search for a painless remedy has proven futile. Interlocking iniquities have taken over until every remedy that might succeed is considered too dangerous to attempt. Up to the present time, the prevailing policy has been that it is better to cling unto the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. Without repair we may stagger along for a few years or perhaps a generation or two. Then comes the deluge.

The possibility of a painless transition is no longer likely. In fact, the pain that we feared would come is already here. The daily press is becoming an unbroken record of man's inhumanity to man. Human life is no longer protected, and ancient conflicts surface with new fury. Religion, which should inspire to the peaceful solution of secular differences, is actually contributing to fanaticism and prejudice. Science seems to be dedicated to advancing the state of weaponry, and economics derives a substantial profit from the exploitation of the prevailing anxieties.

Even minor corrections result in controversy and conflict. To make any change stirs up a tempest of public indignation. In spite of considerations to the contrary, the economic system must be protected against any practical program involving integrity, ethics, or common sense. The loudest voices are now being raised against honorable suggestions for political or economic meetings of the minds.

We must face an unpleasant truth. The public mind at this time is completely self-centered. Each individual on all the levels of society is dedicated to his own survival. For this dangerous mental disease there are only two solutions. The first and most obvious belief is that all this pride of empire will perish in a disaster beyond estimation. Humanity is a self-destruct creature. The second possible

approach is more optimistic. It builds on the concept that while there is life there is hope and that a firm dedication to right principles could transform this age of gold to the golden age of classical learning. The question is how should the reformation be implemented.

There is only one area where a modicum of goodwill can support change, and that is in the sphere of education. When the youth of today come to bear the full weight of world survival, they must be properly educated and disciplined by dedication to the finer and more enduring values that still lurk somewhere in the human heart and mind. It is noticeable that the greater problem may inspire the greater solution. Today, youth, educationally speaking, is the victim of a corrupted and inadequate concept of knowledge. We are simply training the teenagers of today to become corrupt citizens in their time. No matter which way we turn selfishness and the gratification of personal desires are hastening the collapse of civilization. The Good Book tells us that as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined. The present twigs are deficient in both vision and discipline. The entire theory of schooling must be expanded, idealized, and modernized if future generations are to benefit.

It should all begin before the child is born. Parents must realize a reasonable degree of responsibility for bringing children into the world, helping them to grow, and providing them with a proper education. Freedom is not a synonym for neglect. It does not justify the assumption that life itself will bestow the cultural needs associated with growth. The procedure of regenerating the young people of the world is not as painful as might be assumed. After all, juvenile delinquency increases the crime rate, is intimately associated with narcotics, and is a constant source of moral vice. —As the Bard is supposed to have said, “. . . There’s the rub.”

It is virtually impossible to inspire virtue without integrities, and both these desirable qualities depend upon religion. Altogether we have some three billion members of an assortment of sects and creeds. How does it happen that so many believe in a Divine Power at the source of life, yet have so little enthusiasm for promulgating the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man? In simple words, why does the practice of a faith fail in large part to spread the glad

tidings of one world under heaven?

By reading the daily newspaper we learn that these various faiths are locked in an intensive sectarian competition. There is more stress upon individual salvation than the preservation of the public good. If the faiths of mankind would really stand together and each group practice integrities in their daily conduct, not so much would be heard about worshipers persecuting and even massacring each other. A systematic effort has been made to downgrade religion as a foundation for honesty in government or industry. The golden rule is not taught in the public schools as a universal truth, rather than one of many sectarian dogmas, so we have nothing to build on. If allegiance to a belief is more important than the daily practice of the Ten Commandments, the troubles will be largely uncorrected.

Religions have always assumed that they were predestined to be the spiritual custodians of mankind. With some encouragement the religious institutions might join forces in the face of the impending catastrophe. It is difficult to understand why groups of honorable persons whose beliefs are similar, if not identical, should have so much difficulty in working together. It is also obvious that sectarian conflicts have a detrimental effect on children growing up in a democratic society.

While there could be some conflict of opinions on theological issues, it should be easier to enlist the cooperation of theists than of atheists. Political differences can lead to armed conflict, tragic losses of life, and waste natural resources. When everything is considered, three billion human beings who claim to worship a God of peace and justice constitute a powerful influence if they unite in common accord. On this level a reformation does not seriously involve economics or industry but, if anything, hastens the cause of mutual understanding.

It is apparent that religion should be able to work constructively in the field of education. Certainly, ignorance is not a spiritual virtue; and moral delinquency adds nothing to the glory of the faith. Here the greatest enemy is a complex orthodoxy, but even this delicate issue can be arbitrated if emphasis is upon a moral code already mutually accepted by most religion-oriented groups or individuals.

In the home children are introduced to religion by their parents and other elders. If the child is brought up in a morally emphasized home life, it will accept the beneficial consequences instead of being conditioned by an agnostic family environment. All this would bring the young boy or girl to the public school system with a richer and better capacity for education than is generally the case today.

While I did not come from a strict religious background, most of the people we knew acknowledged without question a code of integrities which were certainly influenced by religion but were accepted on the grounds that it was necessary for the proper survival of human society. Substantially, the moral code, with minor variations, descended from one generation to another and was accepted without question, objection, or open violence. Honesty was a part of life with morality and ethics as supporting subsidiaries. It was not a question of why we should not lie or cheat or be discourteous to strangers or deficient in rudimentary learning. A growing child who did not abide by the prevailing code was penalized severely. If wrong tendencies were beginning to show in Junior's character, he was usually invited for a session with father in the barn. The offenses were not likely to be repeated.

There is really no good reason why the history of civilization cannot be introduced into the public school system at a comparatively early age. It can be very simply presented and expanded as the pupil enlarges his curriculum. We should be told why nations fall or what happens to ambition leading to reigns of terror. There is no reason why the facts of life should not be presented in a simple and understandable way and be considered just as important as academic studies. By the time a child enters kindergarten he should have a clear understanding of right and wrong, know how to conduct himself in all situations pleasant or unpleasant, and begin to have a glimpse of the actual world in which he lives with its advantages and disadvantages.

There have been several accounts recently of high school students who had never heard of Adolf Hitler, and there is probably a still larger group with only the dimmest uncertainties about the Civil War and the American Revolution. These influential occurrences

are important, and it is necessary to feed into the young mind a variety of information which will help to evaluate the problems of today. If children can be taught the vices of older generations, there should be some way of emphasizing the proper uses of the privileges we all enjoy.

Morality and ethics carefully worded, wisely thought through, and simply presented, are perfectly capable of understanding by children in their teens. I even know a few cases in which school-children have attempted to educate their parents, but the project is seldom appreciated.

The collapse of our theories of learning is even more serious in view of the vast number of refugees who have flooded into this country and other free nations and who will all need careful guidance, unless we choose to let them become narcotics peddlers or join the ranks of prostitution.

Perhaps teachers have something to do with all this. Does the educational system show proper and practical appreciation for the thoughtful and well-informed teacher? Will the Board of Education gradually develop a new perspective about the basic needs of students? Many children in grammar school and high school come from families who have made no effort to strengthen the mental and ethical qualities of their progeny. A job which will make money is all that matters, but a curriculum largely dedicated to matters of employment is revealing that a large percentage of the new generation is unemployable. It is becoming necessary to re-educate young people after they graduate from school.

Suppose we wish to make a long-range improvement of life and living for all the nations of our planet. The need for some evidence of maturity would be felt. There should be strong emphasis upon moral directives, so that in the future there will be better homes, happier children, and competent workers in all fields. We have already proven to nearly everyone's satisfaction that enlightenment cannot be legislated. In about twenty-five years the small children now grouped around the television watching murder and mayhem will be running the policies of our planet. They must be the

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THE PATRON SAINT OF LEARNING



ugawara Michizane, a Japanese scholar who lived in the ninth century A.D., was a very poor calligrapher in early life; but by long patience and determination he became in time a master of the brush. This is a most important cultural attainment, and many students visit his shrine in the hope that his spirit will help them to improve their "brushmanship."

Sugawara Michizane received many honors, and the Emperor Daigo bestowed upon him high distinctions and privileges. He was elevated to the exalted station of Minister of the Right in the Imperial Court. Unfortunately, however, the Minister of the Left, Fujiwara Tokihara, who was ambitious, wished to gain further favors from the Emperor and contrived a conspiracy against Michizane. The plot succeeded and the Minister of the Right was deprived of all his distinctions, banished from the court, and sentenced to exile on the Island of Kyushu, where he rode about on a black ox and died in the year A.D. 903.

The death of Michizane was followed immediately by a series of natural catastrophies. There were great storms, rivers flooded, and the ground was shaken with earthquakes. Under the pressures of these occurrences the Emperor Daigo discovered the treachery

of Fujiwara Tokihara, who was ambitious, wished to gain further favors from the Emperor and contrived a conspiracy against Michizane. The plot succeeded and the Minister of the Right was deprived of all his distinctions, banished from the court, and sentenced to exile on the Island of Kyushu, where he rode about on a black ox and died in the year A.D. 903.

which had brought about the downfall of one of his most devoted ministers.

Posthumously the Emperor restored all the honors and estates which he had taken from his loyal and faithful supporter, and the people declared that he had been transformed into a god of thunder. Because of his wisdom and extraordinary scholarship, Michizane was made the patron saint of schoolchildren and came to be generally known as Tenjin-Sama. Under the illustrious Emperor Meiji Western education was introduced into Japan; and many young people, completely unprepared for the sweeping changes in the schooling system, in their anxieties addressed fervent prayers to Tenjin-Sama.

Following the ancient custom, Michizane became the patron of the new learning; and prayers were prepared and shrines built and consecrated according to Shinto tradition. Supplications were presented to this patron of learning by the placing of ema tablets in the precincts of a Shinto shrine. A small wooden tablet about the size of a postcard was prepared either by the aspiring student himself, a member of the family, or, if the matter was of great importance, by a professional artist. The design placed upon the tablet was symbolic of the favor besought. It might be any worldly need.

All this I learned from Mr. Nakamura as we rode along in the second class coach from Kyoto to Nara. An old and honored friend was in difficulty and had sought the help of Mr. Nakamura. Presently we reached the Nara Hotel, a rambling structure in a kind of wooded area. Visitors who had rooms on the first floor level might be amused and even astonished to see a tame deer pecking in their bedroom windows.

At lunch I was introduced to Mr. Moto. He was an elderly man obviously in need of practical assistance. The conversation between the two men was in Japanese, but later I received a detailed English translation from Mr. Nakamura. Moto San had only one son who from childhood had shown scholarly inclinations. In the middle school he made excellent grades, and the headmaster had strongly recommended that he apply for acceptance in the University. Discreet inquiry, however, indicated that there was slight possibility that he could be accepted.

Mr. Moto was not a prominent citizen. He owned a factory for the manufacturing of folding fans. His fans were quite artistic, and he was strongly patronized by the tourists who visited Nara. Following the suggestion of the Shinto priest of the Inari Shrine that prayers for the young man should be addressed to Michizane, Mr. Moto designed a little votive tablet asking the light of higher learning to shine upon his only son. For this particular ema picture the emphasis had to be the improvement of the mind. In this case two half-open eyes stressed greater insight and understanding. It was hoped that Michizane, the great spirit of learning, would hearken to the plea of a troubled soul.

After its completion the prayer tablet was duly carried through a tunnel of torii to a rack where many of these little ema pictures were displayed for consideration by the deified spirit of scholarship. Each day thereafter Mr. Moto's son made a special trip through the vast grounds of the shrine to say a few words of prayer before the wooden tablet with its entreaty for divine help.

On the third day a strange and foreboding incident occurred. Tear drops fell from the eyes of the painted tablet. The little ema picture was weeping. It was then that Mr. Moto sought the help and advice of his close friend and companion of earlier years. This was the circumstance that brought Mr. Nakamura to Nara.

In the conference that followed Mr. Moto felt completely hopeless. He was not wealthy enough to make a substantial contribution to the University. He had no friends among the nobility or highly educated. His son was disconsolate and even contemplating suicide. Mr. Nakamura did everything he could to console the distraught son and reminded the grief-stricken father that they had made a proper offering to Michizane and a miracle was still possible, even at this late moment.

The little art dealer and I took the train back to Kyoto late that evening, and it was evident that Mr. Nakamura had something on his mind. When we were seated in the inner sanctuary of the antique dealer's store, it seemed appropriate for me to inquire if any remedy could be anticipated. The answer was that Mr. Nakamura did not feel confident of overcoming the difficulties of the situation, but

perhaps Michizane's help might still be forthcoming.

As a preliminary, the little art dealer placed a small box on the table, unfastened the ties, and raised the lid. From the interior he lifted out a remarkable object draped in silk. Dramatically he exposed a curious looking vessel that appeared to be a strangely shaped drinking cup of ancient ivory. Fondling the article reverently, Mr. Nakamura explained, "This, Harusan, is a rhinoceros horn drinking vessel that once belonged to the King of Korea. Incidentally, it is not ivory but, rather, is taken from the matted horn of a rhinoceros. The agglutinated fibers of the horn finally come to form a texture as hard as iron." Mr. Nakamura then excused himself for a moment and went to the telephone. He returned with a broad smile, remarking, "I hope you can be with us at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. A gentleman of consequence will be honoring my humble store."

Naturally, I arrived on time; but the visitor had come before me. I was introduced to a gentleman who proved to be the Dean of Men at the University. On the middle of the table between the teapot and the tray of sweetmeats was the rhinoceros horn cup, and it was instantly obvious that the visitor's eyes never left the object. The conversation drifted toward the magnificently carved vessel. Later I learned that the prominent educator was also one of Mr. Nakamura's best customers.

After about a half hour I noticed that the name of Moto San occurred in the discussion. The Dean of Men had been searching for this particular art object for several years; and, although the price was astronomical, there was no haggling. The transaction was soon consummated, and the rhinoceros horn cup passed into the keeping of one of Japan's greatest private collectors of Oriental antiquities.

Leaning back on his chair, the Dean of Men in a sudden burst of gratitude exclaimed, "This is the greatest work of art I can ever hope to own. I can never thank you enough." Mr. Nakamura smiled and replied softly, "If you really want to thank me, I think that there may be a way." The dean, surprised, asked in what way he could be of assistance. Mr. Nakamura then replied, "I know a young man of admirable qualities who has asked Tenjin-Sama (Michizane) to

make it possible for him to enter the University. I am sure that if the patron saint of your great institution knew of the heart-broken son of Mr. Moto his enrollment might be possible. Of course, this is a completely ethical suggestion. It has nothing to do with our transaction over the rhinoceros horn drinking cup. An appropriate prayer picture has been placed in Michizane's garden of young souls seeking wisdom." The Dean smiled, murmuring, "We will look into the matter." With much bowing and many inhalations of breath the Dean departed, and Mr. Nakamura had high hopes for a small miracle.

Two days later, when we were exploring an old shop which specialized in early Japanese prints, we noticed a woodcut of Michizane riding on his black bullock which had been designed by Hiroshige. My friend suddenly looked up with an expression of great satisfaction. "O Harusan, I should mention to you that I got a phone call this morning from Moto San. His son went to the rack of votive pictures at the shrine early this morning, and today the eyes were not crying and were somewhat more open. It would seem that our prayers to Tenjin-Sama have been answered."



Character is a man's best capital.

Plato, hearing that some asserted that he was a very bad man, said, "I shall take care so to live that nobody will believe them."

Every man is his own ancestor, and every man is his own heir. He devises his own future, and he inherits his own past.

—H. F. Hedge

When I examine myself and my methods of thought, I come close to the conclusion that the gift of fantasy has meant more to me than my talent for absorbing positive knowledge.

—Albert Einstein

HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

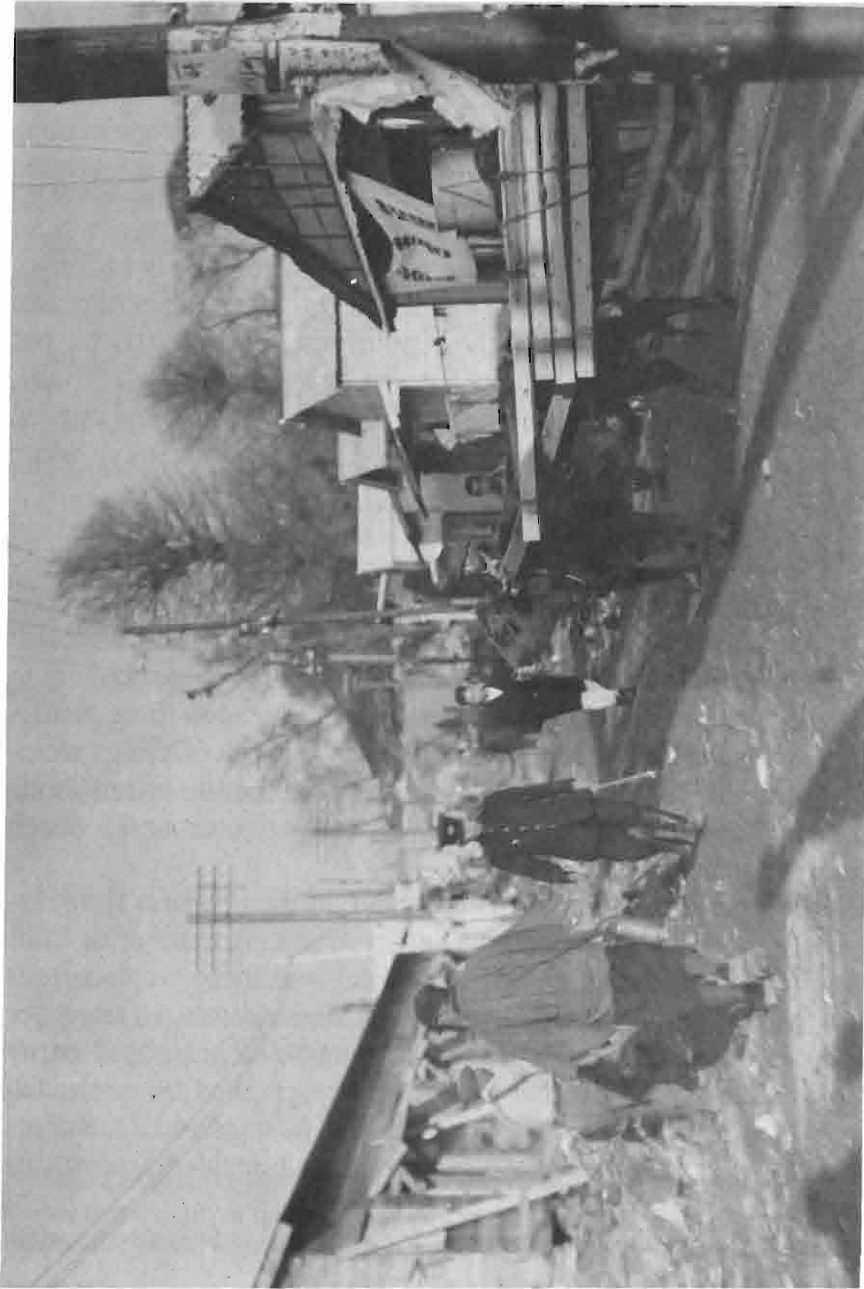
Part III

I was on the high seas when word came of the devastating Japanese earthquake of 1923. Our vessel had difficulty in finding a way to land its passengers; and means were provided to go directly to Tokyo, as Yokohama was almost utterly destroyed. In Tokyo the earthquake cut through a large section of the city leveling entire districts; but the Imperial Hotel, which had been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, was in an area that was not damaged. The hotel was built and opened the year I was there; and, incidentally, I was also in Tokyo some fifty years later when it was torn down.

My second trip to Japan was in 1964. Although the scars of World War II were not entirely erased, a general atmosphere of constructive endeavor was noticeable everywhere. As I have a special interest in Japanese religious art, it was not difficult for me to establish friendly relations with a number of dealers. It was not even necessary to go to the various stores. On one memorable afternoon three gentlemen with a slight knowledge of English arrived with offerings wrapped together in Fukusa cloths. These were about the size of bed sheets and served as wrapping cloths, and each was tied around a dozen or more boxes of choice curios.

Nearly everything was fascinating; and, as the treasures were displayed, I had to use considerable self-restraint. A number of Buddhist ritual instruments were irresistible; and there were curious books, some with handsome woodblock illustrations. I remember one dealer who brought with him a number of gilt-edged paper samples and assured me that they were autographed by celebrated Japanese personalities, including politicians, businessmen, members of the court, and Kabuki actors. Regretfully, I decided against this group.

Taxis were reasonably available, for at that time a compassionate



A street in Yokohama after the great earthquake of 1923. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



One of the docks that collapsed in Yokohama as a result of the earthquake. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

legislature permitted young men to buy cars and pay for them by operating them temporarily as taxicabs. When not occupied, the cab was parked in some possible spot—of which there were very few—and the young driver was out dusting off his cab with an elaborate whisk broom. One day I hired one of these temporary cabs to take me around the edge of Tokyo Bay. Our destination was a promontory where the huge Tokyo Bay Kannon stood majestically to a height of nearly two hundred feet. It was known there as Japan's Statue of Liberty. It was quite a trip, and the young cabman got lost on several occasions. Many of the streets terminated in the bay; but, when we asked directions, they were usually wrong—and finally the cabdriver asked me to wait a minute while he entered a small restaurant for a bottle of Kirin beer.



The Tokyo Bay Kannon. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

Needless to say, we finally found the huge figure—and the trip was well worthwhile. We also learned that it could be reached from downtown Tokyo by a water taxi in about fifteen minutes. The enterprising young cabdriver later had a card made to put on the front of his car saying that he specialized in trips to see the Tokyo Bay Kannon.

We stopped at the Palace Hotel, which was across the moat from the Imperial residence. The hotel had an extensive group of shops in the basement. Here you could find almost anything, and my wife discovered some delightful short coats. They were overprinted in red and black on a white silklike material. She was so pleased that she bought one and a few minutes later wore it in the lobby. We both noticed that busy Japanese businessmen all paused, took a second look, and smiled broadly. We found out that the jackets were inscribed “No. 1 Fireman.”

On a later trip these jackets were no longer available in the hotel—

so I explained that I wished to secure a second jacket. A member of the staff of the hotel interpreted my problem in Japanese to a cabdriver, who smiled and bowed repeatedly. We were immediately off on a trip which took about half an hour, and I was ushered into a store which supplied firemen’s jackets—the real ones that the firemen themselves wore. I then discovered that they weighed about twenty-five pounds, were three inches thick, and quite expensive. They are still in use by the fire department. The wearers pour water on each other until the jackets are soaking wet. They wear leggings, hats, and gloves to match and can walk through a considerable fire without serious discomfort.

The only Chinese cultural center that I found in Tokyo was an old temple presided over by a stout Chinese lady. In her establishment she gave courses on athletics for elderly gentlemen, served Chinese dinners, held Confucian meetings, and had a kind of thrift shop where you could buy almost anything. I patronized this shop considerably and found many curiosities. On one of her walls was a glowering portrait of Daruma, the patriarch of the Zen sect. The painting was about five by seven feet, and I reluctantly gave up the idea of carrying it home on Japan Air Lines.

A number of signs carefully lettered on white cards appeared on doors or public buildings. They usually indicated rather deferential requests not to enter. A slightly different one at the entrance to the main dining room of the Palace Hotel was posted every evening with the words, “Gentlemen are cordially invited to wear tuxedos.” There were many curious signs. An elevator might be labeled “Out of running,” and a restaurant advised its customers that certain items listed on the menu were “Out of serving.”

One of the principal department stores in Tokyo is built around a large central lobby which is open through several floors. On one wall is a standing image that rises some fifty or sixty feet and is labeled “The Goddess of Sincerity.” This is the symbol in all transactions of the business, and that entire establishment was scrupulously honest. For no particular reason this reminds me of a story in which a Japanese maid retired from the service of an American lady whose husband was employed in an industrial organization. She

had just bought a Frigidaire and said she could no longer work for a family that did not have one.

I remember definitely my trip across the straits between Shimomoseki and Pusan, which separated Japan from Korea. Incidentally, Prince Hirohito, later Emperor and recently deceased, was on the same boat. We were both born in 1901. I recently saw a newsreel picture of Seoul, and it now has a striking resemblance to metropolitan Los Angeles. There are tall concrete buildings, heavy traffic, and very expensive hotels. In the 1920s you could look down the main street and see the old Royal Palace in the distance. Koreans were not especially happy under Japanese domination. While I was there, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Sing Song, who was antique art buyer for a multimillionaire American. He explained to me why Koreans of early times wore very high shoes with thick felt soles. It was because they heated the important buildings by fires under the floors. In the Seoul Museum the royal armor of an old Korean king was on display. It was so heavy that on state occasions when he sat on his throne the robes were supported by a framework on the chair. He was apparently wearing them but not carrying the whole weight—such is the fate of kings.

After I left Korea, conditions became a little more complicated. There was a Japanese railroad which ran between Seoul and Mukden. It was not exactly deluxe, but in the severe winter months small stoves were burned in the cars. It was bitterly cold while I was on that trip, and there was considerable loud complaining in Spanish. In the same coach was Don Vicente Blasco-Ibanez, the celebrated Spanish novelist, who could not speak a word of English but was accompanied by an aristocratic lady who could speak English. Blasco-Ibanez was screaming at the top of his voice in Spanish, "Everybody gets tea, but I don't get any tea." By the way, on the roof of our car was a mounted machine gun and a group of soldiers to make sure we arrived at our destination without being held up by bandits. Looking back, it might be added that when Blasco-Ibanez got back to Spain he described queues on the Japanese instead of the Chinese.

One of the great sights along the way were the Imperial tombs



Mr. Sing Song, a prominent agent for European and American collectors of Korean art. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

in Mukden. The area was being guarded by a patrol, and our interpreter was unable to get permission to enter the area of the tombs. In this emergency one of the Americans took out his wallet and held up an old-fashioned tobacco coupon, which looked quite official but did no more than give you a few cents off on the next box of cigars. He showed this coupon to the military officer, who immediately bowed, accepted the coupon as a gift, and permitted us to enter the sacred precinct and remain as long as we wished; but we did not remain long for fear someone might tell him the facts about the coupon and, if this did happen, we would be frozen to death.

It was bitterly cold when I shivered my way into Peking. At that time Sun Yat-sen was President of China, and conditions there were regarded as stable. The best hotel was the Wagon Lits, well-located and equipped to develop and print Kodak film. This hotel included a magical performance whenever there was sufficient patronage. The

production was put on in the dining room after dinner. An elderly Chinese robed to the ankles and wearing a hat with a splendid tassel made an immediate impression. He entered the room empty-handed and, in spite of his feeble appearance, turned a forward somersault and came up with a glass bowl with no cover and full of water with goldfish swimming around. When the performance was over, he was richly rewarded by an amazed audience.

I took some film to be developed and asked the English-speaking manager how things were in China at that time. He replied it was not too bad, but they were having trouble with the missionaries who held picnics in the precincts of the Temple of Heaven and broke their beer bottles on the altar.

I will never forget the wonderful thieves' market in Peking. While I was there, I saw one excited customer departing—at a cost of only a few dollars—with a piece of jade almost as large as a football and completely covered with intricate carvings. About the time democracy was being declared an ambitious Chinese politician and militarist, Yang Shi Ki, made a strenuous effort to have himself elected emperor. He had electric lights installed in the Temple of Heaven; but for some reason he more or less vanished from the political scene, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen ruled the country until his death in 1925.

While in Peking, I photographed a building of the Rockefeller Foundation. They told me there that a program was being developed on the treatment of leprosy. It was believed, at least by local traditions, that the type of leprosy in China was partly due to the eating of spoiled fish. A few days later I visited the Court of the Lepers. It was an extremely depressing experience. There was an open square bordered on all sides by a kind of fence. Against this fence was a row of open-fronted sheds about twelve to twenty feet wide and about the same depth. All the rooms opened into the court, and in each of them was a representation of the punishment of souls in the afterlife. The scenes were made up of life-sized wood carvings, variously colored and all depicting extreme suffering.

In the open square was a large group of lepers. Most of them were in the last stages of the ailment and showed the terrible ravages

of the disease. It was sad to think that these dying people should be surrounded by symbols of eternal punishment. My guide was a young Chinese who spoke English; and, when he noticed that some of the lepers were holding out their hands begging for money, he told me not to hand them anything. If I did, I would be practically torn to pieces and be exposed to the dangers of the disease. If I wanted to make a donation, I should go with him to the entrance of the court, take the money and throw it back into the square, and then run away as quickly as possible. I strongly suspect that what I saw that day no longer exists in China.

No one has the right to say that they have been to China unless they have gone out for a look at the Great Wall. It is certainly the longest construction ever attempted by man, and there was a saying that its length was one tenth of the diameter of the earth. This great stone dragon was intended as a defense against the ambitious rulers of Mongolia and Tartary. An emperor who objected zealously to all forms of learning exiled the available intelligentsia of China and sent them into the desert to build the wall, and when they died their bodies were incorporated into the masonry.

From the train station at Fuchow I transferred to a sedan chair consisting of a contraption resembling a dining-room chair and which, to the anguish of the porters, broke down. Their optimism returned, however, when I paid extra for the broken chair. I heard that an enterprising young Chinese had a small monoplane and would drive tourists on a tour over the wall. It was recommended that I should not take the ride, for on one occasion—having overimbibed in alcoholic refreshments—he tried to fly under the wall, which was a serious mistake.

According to the guidebooks, once upon a time long ago a battle was fought outside the Great Wall of China near the Fuchow Pass. An army of more than a million soldiers were in combat on a battle-front one hundred miles long. There are many amazing things about China that are worthy of notice. To mention one, we can call attention to the dragon mines—a graveyard of prehistoric animals which has provided Chinese with ancient bones to become a prime source of calcium.



The Great Wall of China. A photograph from a vantage point in the Fuchow Pass. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

When the time came to continue my wanderings, I took a train from Peking to Shanghai. This train ran through the edge of The Gobi (desert), and it is a fact that the sands of The Gobi are almost black. All thoughtful visitors to Shanghai were expected to walk across the devil's bridge. It was a curious construction with sharp angles every few feet. If you walked across quickly enough, the devil could not keep up with you because he could not go around corners. If he tried, he would fall in the river below and drown. I do not know whether this bridge survived under Chairman Mao, but it was very popular in the old days.

Particularly attracting the attention of the visitor to Canton is that part of its population living on boats that are packed together so tightly it is practically impossible to move them. A large number of the citizens of Canton are born, live, and die on their boats. They fish off the front and throw the garbage off the back. Generally speaking, they appear happy and in reasonably good health. That was in



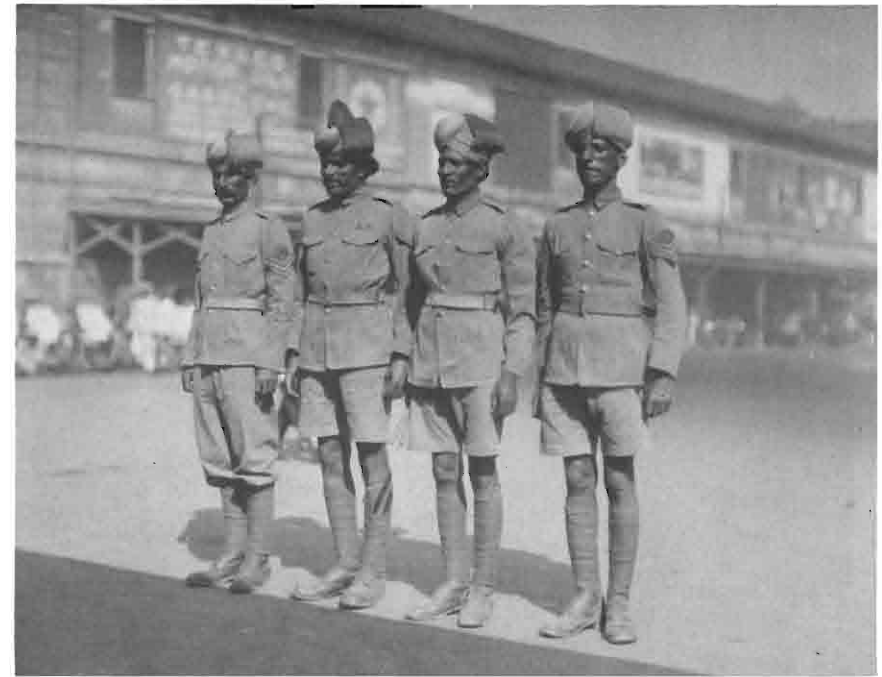
The Devil's Bridge at Shanghai. There were always troubled people seeking to escape evil spirits. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



The Queen Victoria memorial in Hong Kong, symbolizing the economic influence of British trade in Asia. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

the good old days when I was able to make such an observation, and conditions may have changed. In all these communities no one seemed to be in a hurry. Most of the population was smiling and appeared to have what they needed when problems arose.

My farewell to China was in Hong Kong. In that city there were two important monuments. One was a beautiful memorial to Queen Victoria. This was centered in the banking district; and Hong Kong was the only city which I found in China with impressive Western buildings, including banks, insurance companies, and investment brokerage firms. The second unforgettable sight was the Tiger Balm Gardens. A wealthy Chinese family had developed an ointment somewhat similar to our Ben Gay's balm, and it is still to be purchased in stores in the Los Angeles Chinatown. The Hong Kong gardens



The Indian constabulary maintained by the British in Hong Kong. Photo taken at Kowloon. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

are without doubt the worst collection of crockery in existence and devoid of meaning and of no actual use, but tourists always included the gardens in their itinerary if they wished to see China in one of its coarsest expressions. I believe, however, that the product has been so successful that a branch has been opened in Singapore. In my day visitors to Hong Kong usually had to cross the Bay from the docks in Kowloon. The water trip is not spectacular itself, but the phosphorescent light in the water is strong and so bright that you can read your newspaper by it at night.

Shopping in Hong Kong is usually brisk, and products from all over the world can be found there. Looking around, I discovered in a bazaar the three large curtains that had been used in a Jagannath car in India. We have exhibited them in our Library on several occasions. Outside of Hong Kong, when I was there sixty years ago,

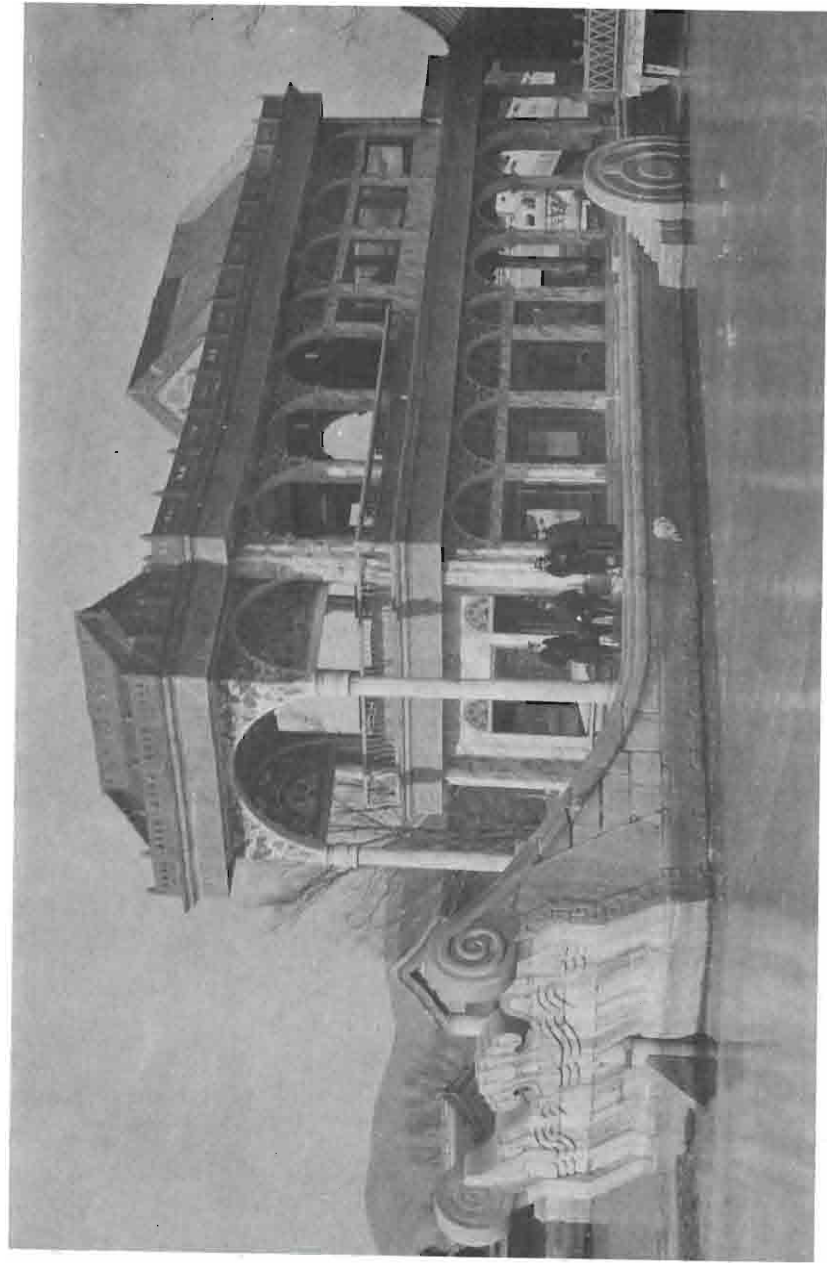


An old Chinese grave in Hong Kong. Miniature models of these tombs were popular souvenirs. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

was a small area where Chinese graves were set into the side of low hillocks with only the front of the grave visible above the earth. Merchants were doing very well selling miniatures of these hillside graves. In the miniature model the memorial stone front of the grave lifts up and a small scale casket comes out on a spring.

In those days China could be visited without trouble or discomfort by the citizens of any nation who desired to enjoy the natural wonders of the country and the breathtaking architecture of the Forbidden City. While I was in Peking I spent a day in the Forbidden City with its walls and moats; and the last inmate, Henry Pu-yi, the Emperor of China (1908-12), was a political prisoner who in 1934 as Kang Te became the Emperor of Manchukuo.

The boat trip up the Irrawaddy River to Rangoon must be experienced in order to be appreciated. The City of Rangoon is the capital of Burma and located directly on the Irrawaddy River. Large vessels cannot navigate in the Irrawaddy, so we went on a smaller



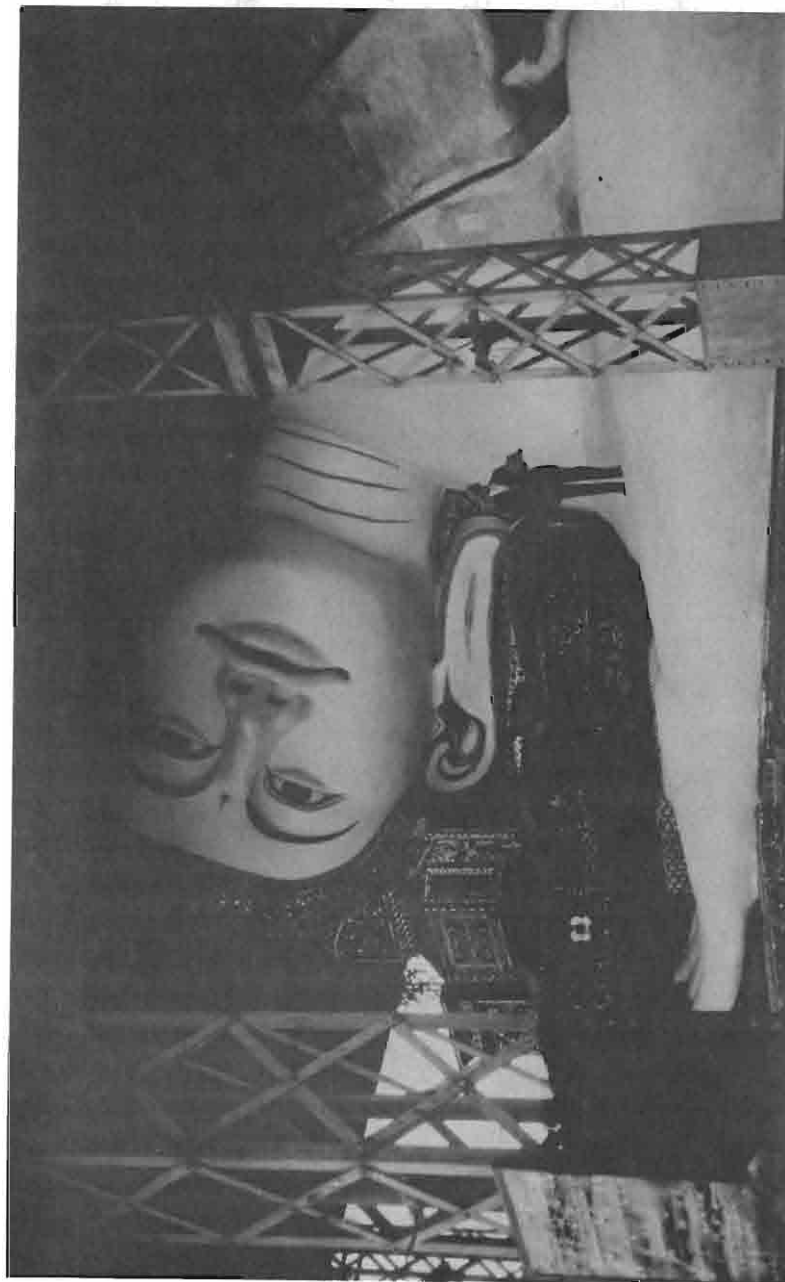
The Chinese navy. The marble boat in the Summer Palace of the Empress Dowager was built by the funds set aside for national defense. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



One of the four colossi in Pegu, Burma. This view shows clearly that one of the figures was destroyed, apparently by an earthquake. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

craft and had lunch *en route*. This was the only time I saw lunch for travelers in large dishes with tight fitting glass bells. It was immediately evident that flies or other small insects were clustered inside of these lids striving desperately to escape.

The religion of Burma is basically Buddhist of the Hinayana school, and there are numerous Buddhist monuments scattered about the country. For years now the region has been closed to the outside world, and we can ponder if some of the splendid religious remains have survived the political confusion. I wonder what happened to the Colossus of Pegu. This small community in the jungle is a short rail trip from Rangoon. My first impression was of an incongruous combination of the new and the old. Under a huge roof of galvanized iron was an image representing the nirvana of the Buddha reclining on a jewel-ornamented couchlike base. The figure is over one hundred and fifty feet in length. The eyes are open, and there is a slight smile on the face.



The Nirvana of the Buddha. This gigantic figure was protected by the British with a huge galvanized iron shed. The couch on which the head and shoulders rest is inlaid with brightly colored stones and other decorations. The reclining figure is over one hundred and fifty feet in length. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



Buddhist shrine enclosed by an ancient tree on the platform of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

When the British took control of Burma, this fantastic figure was without any protection and in a sad state of deterioration. They partially enclosed the image with a huge shed that had no resemblance whatever to Burmese architecture. I have heard nothing of this figure for many years, and I would like to know if it perished in the political disturbances.

Also at Pegu is a curious monument of four Buddhas represented on the faces of a cube. The monument is about eighty feet high and, according to traditional practice, only one of the four images was completely restored. It is said that a storm destroyed one of the great Buddhist figures, but the others remain in all their majesty. For some reason these colossi are seldom, if ever, pictured and should be fully represented—if only in guidebooks.

Though more frequently described, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda is a transcendent monument to the Buddhist faith. In recent years electric lighting has been provided, and the golden spire can be seen for miles. A stairway leads up to the platform upon which this fantastic structure stands. As usual, the shoes must be left behind if the central stupa is to be circumambulated. Around it is a grouping of smaller towers with many types of Eastern architecture to commemorate various Buddhist cultural groups.

It is good to learn that the Burmese people are returning to their faiths and protecting their national treasures. Very little Burmese painting or sculpturing is to be found in the museums of Western countries. Actually, the old Burmese sages illuminated magnificent collections of their scriptures on lacquered strips of cardboard or wood. They greatly resemble the sacred texts prepared in Thailand.

[To Be Continued]



I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

—Shakespeare

Before you decide
Hear the other side.

MARTINKA'S PALACE OF MAGIC

Once upon a time, about 1917, I discovered the House of a Thousand Memories located at 493 Sixth Avenue, New York City. The entrance was perpetually shaded by the Sixth Avenue elevated, and it was on the ground floor in what appeared to be a dilapidated building in a fading neighborhood. The small front window gave very little promise of better things to come, but this outward appearance had been carefully contrived to discourage casual visitors.

It was in this rather eerie atmosphere that the Martinka brothers, who had come from Bohemia, created their secret world of stage conjuring. Antonio Martinka and his brother Francis founded their "House of a Thousand Memories" in 1886 and presided over an empire of mysteries and wonders. Antonio was a mechanic of genius, and his brother was successful as a businessman and a considerable linguist.

When the offices on lower Wall Street decided to close on Saturday afternoons, the insurance company where I was employed rather grudgingly followed suit. As a result, I was able to make personal contact with the improbable retreat of the unknowable and the unbelievable. Entering the front door, one was confronted with a store containing counters, glass cases, and curiosities standing around or hanging from the walls. These were all part of the equipment of stage magicians, who were very popular in those days. When the entertainment fields changed from vaudeville to motion pictures, magicians went out of style. The mysteries that they could perform failed to appear authentic when transferred to motion pictures, where almost anything verging on the supernatural could be created by clever photographic imagery.

Behind Martinka's front room was a second apartment, rather more attractive and expansive. At one end was a miniature stage about eight feet wide with a platform raised two or three steps above the floor. There were chairs and stools standing around for an audience,

which would assemble usually on a Saturday afternoon to enjoy some new and fascinating examples of the conjuror's art. On one afternoon doves might disappear in thin air or a bowl of goldfish vanish without a drop of water being spilled.

The approved visitor could then continue into a kind of open backyard where stage magicians boarded their pets when they were not actually used in performances. Here Madame Adelaide Herrmann kept her rabbits, Harry Kellar boarded his pet rooster, and Harry Houdini may have hoped to board his elephant—which he was causing to disappear from the stage of the Hippodrome in New York—but found the facilities to be inadequate.

I remember one afternoon when Harry Houdini dropped in and found special delight in deceiving a group of close friends with a simple item from his extensive stock in trade. He took a package of needles from his pocket and a spool of cotton, which he caused to materialize while we watched. He then took half a dozen needles from his pocket and about a foot of thread from the spool and put them in his mouth. After chewing these with evident relish, he took the end of the thread and slowly pulled it from his mouth. The needles were all neatly threaded about an inch apart. This was considered an amusing example of theatrical conjuring. Houdini was a very affable person, good-natured, and found me most appreciative of his skills.

On a number of Saturday afternoons Howard Thurston stopped by. For many years he was the number one stage magician of the United States. Houdini preferred to be considered the top escape artist. One Saturday Thurston and I had a rather serious talk. He explained that, having established himself as a leader in his profession, he remembered that India was regarded as the source of wonderful miraculous tales. It was only in India that the magician could throw his rope in the air, where it would hang suspended while a small boy climbed up and disappeared. Another traditional wonder was the boy in the basket trick. This I saw performed in the gardens of the Raffles Hotel in Singapore by a Hindu conjuror. A round basket stood out on the lawn. It was probably four feet in diameter and two feet in depth and had a large opening in the top. A small boy

climbed into the basket, which was then covered with a cloth. The magician proceeded to thrust swords into the sides of the basket in every direction. Occasionally, the boy in the basket would shake a little or make a faint cry, which added to the suspense of the audience. At last, the magician waved his hands and the boy jumped out of the basket grinning and unhurt. Thurston was able to duplicate this trick.

Another very unusual item on the magician's repertoire was the growing of the mango tree. A mango seed is very large; and the magician handed such a seed to a member of the audience, asking him to write his name on the outside of the pod. The seed was then placed in a little hollow on the ground, and above this three sticks and a piece of cloth were used to form a tentlike structure about three feet high. After a number of magical phrases and the waving of a wand, the covering was removed to show a full grown mango tree. The magician then pulled the tree out of the earth with its roots still attached to the mango seed signed by one of the audience.

Thurston remarked confidentially that he was never sure that some kind of Oriental sorcery was not involved in these dramatic and world-famous tricks of the Indian fakirs. He could not actually duplicate their skills out-of-doors where the audience entirely surrounded the conjuror, but he did create an effect amazing to an audience in a theater with all the facilities of stagecraft.

A good friend of mine, Henry Ridgely Evans, Litt. D., wrote an interesting *History of Conjuring and Magic* published in Kenton, Ohio in 1928. He tells us that after a successful engagement in New York City Thurston went to London in 1920. At the height of his popularity Thurston decided that he would go directly to India. Evans then writes, "His adventures in India, China, and Egypt would fill a volume. The natives flocked to see the Western magician. In places where there were no theatres, he played in tents.

"While playing in China, Thurston made a pilgrimage to the home of Ching Ling Foo, who received him in a most friendly manner.

"Thurston's tour of the Orient lasted over two years. People of all classes, from royalty downward, attended his entertainments. Among his patrons were the Emperor of Japan, the Emperor of China, together with the Empress Dowager, the Sultan of Java, the

King of Siam, all of the royal heads of India, the Shah of Persia, and the Sultan of Turkey. Returning to the United States, Thurston joined forces with Harry Kellar in 1907. In May, 1908, at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, Md., Kellar announced his intention of retiring from the stage, and introduced Thurston as his successor. Since that time the name of Thurston has become a household word in America.'

In recent years there has been a considerable renewal of interest in stage magic, and conjurors are frequently seen on television programs. In Hollywood there is the Magician's Castle that is already justly famous. Incidentally, many years ago while the present Magician's Castle was still a private residence I performed a wedding there. Here the old traditions not only continue to live but are regaining importance in public entertainment. It was ingenuity like that of the Martinka brothers which has led to discoveries which can be adapted to the field of stage conjuring. We should remember that Robert Houdin, through the use of a large magnet placed under the floor of a stage, won an entire North African nation for France.

Magicians often introduced ingenious trickery into their own homes. One conjuror hung a tea kettle in the opening of his fireplace. When he had visitors, they found the teapot singing merrily with steam pouring out of the spout. The teapot would then welcome each visitor by calling him by his right name.

One is reminded of an incident in the life of Harry Houdini. On an occasion when he was in Scotland he gave two performances, one out of doors and the other in a theater. As a famous escape artist, he was nailed securely in a packing case and dumped into a nearby river. In a few moments he came out alive, and his amazed audience gave wild applause. The second performance, however, was given in the evening at the principal theater and only a handful of viewers appeared. Houdini asked his manager if the performance was a failure for lack of interest but was reminded that the outdoor exhibition was free, while to get into the theater the Scots were required to purchase tickets.

To note, in passing, the property on which our building stands was previously owned by a nationally famous stage magician.



A Department of Questions and Answers

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

Question: Will you comment on cruelty to animals?

Answer: We can fully appreciate your distress over the slaughter of elephants in Africa to thin out the herds. Of course, it will also be of interest to you to read the recent announcement in the press concerning the twelve tons of confiscated ivory from poachers in Kenya. About twelve tons which had been accumulated by poachers were stacked in a pile with wood beneath it and set on fire by President Daniel Arap Moi as a warning that the practice of killing elephants in the future will be punished with appropriate severity.

There is something about elephants that is appealing to most people. They are huge, but gentle, strict vegetarians, and one of the few animals accredited with a sense of humor. While not exactly beautiful, they have great natural dignity and in Burma show extraordinary skill in stacking teakwood logs. Most of the animal reserves in Africa are regarded as luxuries because the land could be conveniently adapted to agriculture and bring the human population an enlarged diet. It has been noticeable recently that members of the human family are willing to destroy each other to gain additional farming land.

Many years ago I discussed this problem with Ernest Thompson Seton, a distinguished naturalist and protector of bird and animal life. He pointed out that when no human factor is involved animal existence is forever hazardous. He stated that not one animal in a

thousand dies a natural death in its natural state. After the animal passes its prime age a deterioration sets in for which no remedy is available. The teeth wear down, thus interfering with the proper digestion of food; eyesight is dimmed; and physical strength is reduced. By degrees the animal becomes unable to protect itself and falls prey to one of its own kind or even a comparatively weak carnivore. There is nothing to protect a lion, for example, when it becomes infirm. It may crawl away to some hidden spot and die alone. This seems to be nature's way of preserving the optimum efficiency of the animal kingdom.

Seton was considerably interested in some scraps of Oriental philosophy descending from early researchers in animal survival. The ancients believed—and they have modern followers who agree with them—that all sub-human forms of physical life are under the protection of group spirits. The lion, for instance, is not an individual creature but is a distinct order of life as yet not individualized. Lions have their own intelligence in common, and they all share it without formal instruction. What they need to know comes to them from the group spirit of their kind. This group spirit is a kind of god or, perhaps more correctly, shepherd. There is a psychic communication which enables the animal to bear its young, protect them, and establish some philosophy of being a lion. When the lion dies from whatever cause, its undivided energy is again one with the lion as a species. It is very likely that the animal's suffering is considerably less than we think. We measure it by the physical body only, not by the consciousness inhabiting that body. Because it has no participation in problems of good and evil, it cannot suffer for its sins; and, therefore, its only relationship with pain is not intensified by imagination or memory.

Group spirits have guardianship over all the visible forms of life, except the human being. A benevolent being like the genii of the Greeks protects the various types of life according to the reason for their existence and the ultimate completion of their life cycle. Socrates is remembered for his good daemon or guardian spirit. This accompanied him throughout life but departed before Socrates died. To him the daemon was a kind of teacher, wise in the wisdom of natural

law and fully capable of assisting a wise master through the dangers of mortal existence.

The Arabian Nights has its genii, and Far Eastern faiths have their celestial messengers. It is still difficult to understand how an animal might feel about dying, presuming, of course, that it is even aware of death. There are certain indications about fear when it faces some powerful adversary, but does this fear include a personal anxiety for safety? Does the old lion know it is old, or does it just drift along perhaps increasingly tired until in one way or another it finally ceases?

There are many types of animals arranged on levels, and those most closely associated with human beings appear to show traces of human behavior. The family pet certainly gains through association. There have been cases in which animals that have died apparently have been reborn almost immediately, even in the same family. It should be remembered that complete individualization is indicated by the personal experience of selfhood. We have no way of knowing if animals are capable of experiencing the state of the first personal pronoun.

It would seem that we must accept the simple facts that the power which established and maintains the innumerable forms of life which share our planet must have ways of preventing natural processes from appearing hurtful or painful. If a creature is doomed to depart and in its lifetime has committed no fault deserving punishment but is moving forward along the path of evolution, it will be protected from unnecessary suffering. The trouble today arises from the simple belief that animals are inferior creations to be used as food or as labor and that the human being has no responsibility for the treatment of inferior creatures. We know many cases in which seemingly intelligent and compassionate persons have misused pets without any note of regret. In the past most children grew up in company with members of the farmyard. They played with chicks and other small creatures and were really sorry when some domestic animal was slaughtered for meat. Many farmers had horses, and some abused them without a shadow of regret. Progress in civilization has reduced many forms of cruelty to animals, but some continue and need further enlightenment.

In these days of computers and television young people would benefit by having a pet, taking care of it, and reacting to the diversity of experience which the animal provides. Gradually, we can enrich our lives by association with the members of the non-human community. The least we can do is treat them kindly and allow them to deepen our own understanding of the mysteries of life.



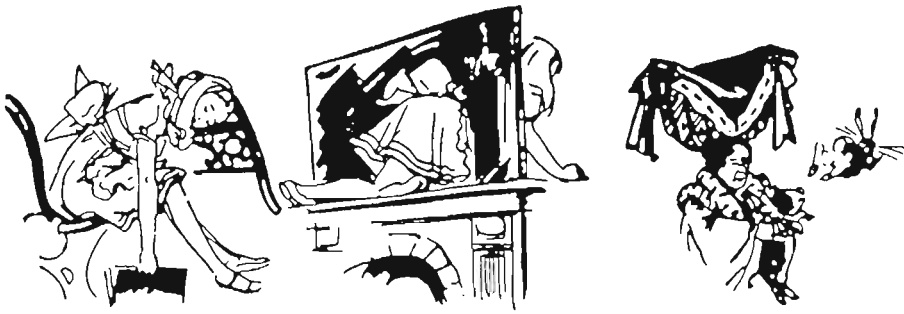
REVOLUTION OR REVELATION

(Continued from page 29)

lawmakers, the doctors, the lawyers, and the mechanics. When they vote, they should be properly educated and realize the responsibilities which they in their turn will pass on to the unborn future. There is no way of adequately operating a world with drug addicts, petty thieves, and dishonest leaders in all fields of endeavor. We would not want to vote for such a situation, but we resist with every means in our power efforts to prepare for a proper future. Some say: "What's the difference?" This is based upon the belief that before the catastrophe falls the troublemakers of today will be long gone, but this is not necessarily so.

The tempo of life is speeding up; and effects follow their causes in days or weeks, instead of years. In the last century the majority of human beings were willing to suffer unhappy marriages, delinquent children, and crotchety elders as part of destiny. In these times we break patterns of responsibility at the slightest provocation. It is generally assumed that pleasure is the proper end for which all should strive. The general lack of maturity is a source of genuine anxiety. We may take it for granted that as life speeds up the tendency to protect personal integrity is weakened and the experienced value of occurrences is lost. Consequently, there certainly is much to be said for a sincere effort to correct mistakes and maintain a well-merited self-esteem.





Curiouser & Curiouser

A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND

COMPUTERIZED ART

For a number of years we have had trouble with our television set. It would seem that with all these new and useful devices we begin with problems and die in a common despair. The computer's contribution to television is a major addition to all our other dubious technological "blessings." The colors are getting worse every day, and any resemblance to artistry is carefully eliminated. There are greens that resemble infections and reds that help to perpetuate the almost constant flow of blood. They may also include distortion by which a lunch basket expands mysteriously into a futuristic living room and the neighbors who drop in resemble fugitives from society's corruptions.

There has been warning that if we do not conquer computerization it will ultimately transform us all into robots. These new ads are not only in strange colors, but they jump about in meaningless confusion. Everything is sacrificed to impact. It is assumed that we can be bewildered into purchasing nearly anything. We may never use it; and, if we did, it may have collapsed shortly after arrival. I have noticed, however, that some of the television views go by so rapidly that it would be virtually impossible to discover the name

of the product which is being promoted. Computerization unfortunately also assumes that we will be able to mix and mingle not only colors, but sounds. When this finally happens, it would probably be advisable to remove the set.

Advertisements are the life of television. The stations are never happy unless we are buying something that they sell but would never want to own themselves. In many cases, though, the commercials take up at least half the viewing time. If you have a computerized mystery on and commercials are computerized riddles and splashes of iridescence, it is easy to mistake one for the other or both for each other.

It is high time to point out that computers can be mildly destructive on the industrial level and very heavily destructive when mingled with statistics or romantic films. It seems remarkable that no one has studied computerized color. The shades are usually unpleasant, discordant, and incompatible. When one after another flashes by, the eyes will naturally react to protect themselves and the mind that lies behind them. Perhaps we should say that if you wanted to watch a silent film in black and white you could do so for two or three hours without endangering your vision. If it is an early colored film with a music track and made before 1950, there would not be much damage done if you wanted to see a complete two hour film, but now it has reached the point at which about fifteen minutes is the maximum length of viewing time which will not contribute to stress, tension, and psychic delusion. Children should not be permitted to gain a mis-education from the tube. It would be wiser to let them read a good book once in awhile or go to a gallery where fine art is displayed.

While on the subject, it should be noted that libraries and art galleries are doing rather well these days. Newer and bigger ones are notable contributions to American culture. For a number of years exhibitions of fine art were largely assembled for purposes of self-glorification. The Guggenheim Museum in New York is a delight as a modern gallery. You ascend as through the structure of a shell. You rise along an incline without steps. Due to the ascending floor, however, every picture appears to be hung off center. It is possible

that something has been done to correct this condition, but I have not kept up with recent innovations.

At present, we find that the Orient is resurgent. Several great collections of Asiatic material are drawing enthusiastic crowds. Possibly the most unique factor is that in the Oriental exhibits it is not difficult to decide the subject under consideration, but this is sometimes incomprehensible in Western displays. Altogether, therefore, we have an interesting change in public sentiment. Good things are suddenly becoming attractive, valuable, and displayable—so, while the Eastern manufacturers are deluging us with computers, closer contact between the two hemispheres is bringing to the West some of the finest art that the human race has created.

When I was in New York I talked to a dealer who had just bought several magnificent bronze heads of Buddhistic divinities. He had attended an auction, but under the excitement of the moment he purchased a number of pieces for which he had no customers. The heads were probably from the period of the Ming Dynasty, perhaps a little earlier; but with a gesture he exclaimed rather pathetically, "You can have all three for nine hundred dollars, which is just fifty dollars more than I paid for them." I have no idea where these heads are now, but it is safe to say that they are appraised at more than ten thousand dollars apiece. It is little signs like this that prove that genuine artistry is creeping back in human appreciation. Even though we have computers, we also have some very good art and some discrimination about values, old and new.



A short cut is often the longest way.

Better be rich in good than rich in goods.

As the fire-fly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest, it darkens.

—L. E. Landon



Happenings at Headquarters



A half century of relative silence was broken by the *Los Angeles Times* July 6, 1989. The interview, which received nearly a full page of printing and illustrations, was remarkably gentle in its treatment of the Philosophical Research Society. There was a press photo of Mr. Hall, a view of the Library, and a running commentary presented in a gentle spirit. The *Los Angeles Times* appears to be printed simultaneously in four different issues for various sections of the community, and we were favored in two of the sections. A scholar in the area was quoted and was somewhat noncommittal. We have had many phone calls concerning this unique occurrence.

At long last our new book dealing with meditation symbols arrived several weeks late. It is a most attractive volume, and the front cover is a dramatic full-color representation of the goddess Kannon against a black and gold background. The pre-publication sale has been most encouraging.

We will be represented at the Frankfurt Book Fair. There is a strong interest developing in Europe for our more expensive publications. There are already plans to have a complete presentation next year. The sale of our books in Europe is increasing rapidly, and there is serious discussion of translations in the near future.

PRS had a visitor from Russia on August 6th—Farida Sadullina, who is a professor in the Psychology Department at the University of Moscow. Ms. Sadullina has long been a student of Helena P. Blavatsky and Helena Roerich. Pearl Thomas gave her a tour of the Library and took pictures of her—both in the Library and in Mr. Hall's office—with the MPH bust of HPB as background.



Farida Sadullina visiting PRS.

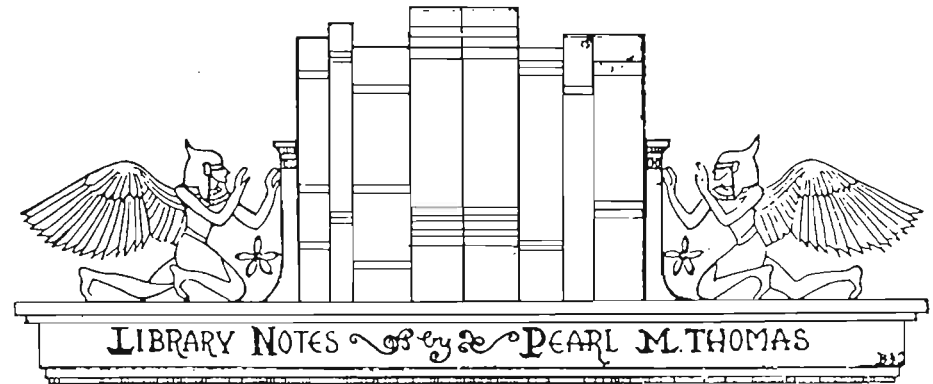
On August 8th Nicholas Bird left from New York for the USSR. Nick will cruise on the Dnieper River between Kiev and Odessa, visiting eight cities. On the same cruise will be another good friend, Beth MacKenzie, the lady responsible for Manly P. Hall's appearance on several "Odyssey" programs (NBC) a few years ago.

Esther Howton, a dear friend of PRS, died July 21, 1989. Esther had been in ill-health for a long time. We remember her with delight, partly because she made such beautiful cakes for us and was particularly famous for her pumpkin breads.



A sparrow may fly as high as it will,
But it must remain a sparrow still.

Be sure you possess what you profess.



SOME WONDERFUL LETTERS

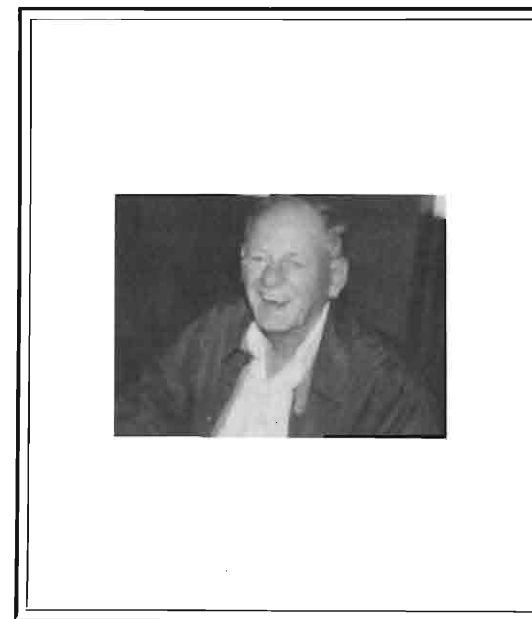
In the early 1970s PRS had a library volunteer named Genevieve Stiles, who was a nurse by profession and a collector of Oriental art and literature, as well as a poetess by avocation. At one time Genevieve was sorely in need of a new car but discovered at a favorite shop in Chinatown a most beautiful carved ivory traveling shrine. It was touch and go for a short time. She felt that she needed the shrine and could do without the car. (Actually, from a practical point of view this was an exceedingly wise choice . . . her driving left much to be desired.) Once, at Mr. Hall's request, Miss Stiles wrote an article on Oriental art for the *PRS Journal*. In her will she left her beautiful shrine in the care of Manly P. Hall and made arrangements for her books to be given to the PRS Library. One of the treasures from her book collection was entitled *Jade: Stone of Heaven* (Doubleday and Company, 1962) and was written by Richard Gump, who dedicated it to "The memory of my father (A. L. Gump) and D. E. Newell, who captivated so many with "the stone of Heaven."

Another related story has reference to a gentleman, Daniel

Newell, who started making regular monthly donations to the newly formed "Friends of the Library" in 1979. Acknowledgement forms were in order and, as time passed, an exchange of letters about all sorts of things developed between this particular Friend of the Library and myself. Then, in 1984, when Genevieve's book by Richard Gump came into our possession and it was discovered that the Library already had a copy, I purchased the duplicate volume. After acquisition of this fascinating account of the history and romance of jade, I wrote quite excitedly to my friend and said something to the effect that D. E. Newell had to be his father. —And, of course, he was. That was the beginning of a long series of letters, which not only delighted me but were shared in xeroxed copies with Mr. Hall for his enjoyment. The time arrived that whenever I went into MPH's office waving xeroxed sheets he knew exactly what to expect. Mr. Hall said that my friend should have these letters published. I relayed this information to Dan Newell, and his reply in the next letter to me read:

"You mentioned that Mr. Hall thought the letters might be interesting and entertaining to be published. Frank J. Taylor (he did a lot of feature articles for Southern Pacific Railroad) once told Dad that human interest must be the key element in any story. I try to keep this in mind . . . I feel that since the letters, which have been addressed to yourself, are rightfully yours to do as you wish with them. It's been a lot of fun to write them, but the only trouble is one subject suggests another as I go along, and goodness knows where this will all end. Please bear with me, and I will try to keep things within reason.

"It is indeed an undeserved honor if you care to show Mr. Hall what I have written. I chose my father as the centerpiece, as these are really his own experiences. Possibly they reflect what most other buyers experienced—how so often frustrations tried their patience and how often was the dearth of decent items offered by the



Daniel Newell, Christmas season, 1986.

dealers. There was always the nagging worry that they might overbuy or underbuy; that they paid too much to the dealers; that, when these items arrived home, was there a market for them?"

Once my friend Daniel Newell realized how much it would mean to us to learn more about his "Dad," he was really openhearted and expressed his great regard for both of his parents. His father's full name was Daniel Edwin Newell, but most people knew him as "Eddie." As I had specifically asked for more information about his father's travels and experiences with the Gump shop in San Francisco, Dan wrote:

"I will try to be objective. He was a man who maintained the most rigid standards for himself and was as unforgiving for his own conduct as he was compassionate for the frailties of others. He could be the bon vivant

and had his full share of foibles but never lost sight of his goals. I would say that his perceptions of what was needed to keep Gump's on an even keel were crystal clear. No doubt he made enemies, but this never deterred him from what he thought was best for the business."

In another letter, somewhat later, Dan had this to say:

"There is so much more that I could chat about, but I feel a little timid about trying patience too much. If you are of a mind to hear some in the future, please let me know—as it would be my pleasure, as I love to yarn and tell tales by the hour."

Needless to say, I gave him every encouragement to continue, and nothing more was ever said about being timid.

"Dad came from a family of Maine shipbuilders and inherited a certain Yankee shrewdness which served him well during his business life. He was a gregarious and friendly man, who—at the same time—was inscrutable in so many ways.

"In the later part of the 1890s Dad was head assayer and chemist for the Selby Smelting Company. His afternoons were mostly free, and for some reason (he) got interested in antiques. He read all he could and finally rented a small studio in an old building on California St. to display his purchases.

"Among his customers was Mable Gump, wife of A. L., and in this way (he) became acquainted with the Gump family. Another customer was Bruce Bonney, a partner in the prestigious Shreve & Co., who often came to the studio for a chat and an occasional purchase.

"One day he received a phone call at Selby's from Bruce Bonney asking him to come up to Shreve's that afternoon . . . Dad supposed it was for some technical advice on gold and silver treatment. Much to his surprise, he was taken to the director's room and there were

George Shreve and all the other owners. He didn't understand until Shreve told him their plans. They were going to move the next year to their present location (Post St.) and planned to start a high-class art business on the second floor in conjunction with their silver and jewelry business. Shreve's reputation was tops. They were called the Tiffany of the West and had a history of successful business for over fifty years. Shreve told Dad that Mr. Bonney liked his taste and offered him a job as buyer for the new art department—first to go to the Orient alone and then to Europe. He was completely flabbergasted and left in a daze.

"What a dilemma! He had a good future with Selby, and his only retail business experience was his little experiment at the studio. His desire to see the world overcame his common sense, and he accepted . . . and was off to Japan.

"Shreve's had the grand opening of their new store in March, 1906. At 5:13 A.M., April 18 all was destroyed by the earthquake and fire. This ended his employment and left him completely up in the air.

"One afternoon he just happened to run into Abe (A. L.) Gump on the Sausalito ferry. They chatted a bit, and then A. L. offered him a job in the new store they were planning to open . . . to get into the Oriental business. They built an old barn of a place way out on California St. until the downtown area could be rebuilt. They opened for business in Oct., 1906. Business was fantastic . . . Dad guessed the Gumps liked the way he pitched in; they gave him a raise and sent him off to China . . . , and the whole burden of making business connections was on his shoulders.

". . . With the passing of the years, I have come more and more to believe that he was really Chinese in his inner thought processes. His great love and respect for the *Analects* of Confucius and Mencius and his deep

reverential feelings for Buddha's *Sermon at Benares* leads me to believe this. His innate understanding of the Chinese and Japanese and his ability to get along with them strengthens this feeling.

"I hope I can fill in some of the gaps which exist in the books current about the Store. Dad's first trip to the Orient for Gump's was more or less tailored to purchases which had a ready market: Japanese lacquers, brasses, curios, and porcelains. There was also a selection of Chinese wares which he thought might have a market in this country.

"When Dad arrived in Peking, he took a room at the Wagon Lits. In 1907 there were no rubber-tired rickshaws, only the high wheeled iron-shod. As soon as he stuck his head out of the door, he was beset by a screaming horde of rickshaw boys. Dad picked out the biggest and most scoundrelly one of the lot. He was about six foot two with a long pigtail and a scalp lock like an American Indian of the Fenimore Cooper type. Dad said he had him every year as long as he went to Peking. After the first year, Dad never paid him until he left Peking. He got number one top service, which saved him no end of time. Dad always paid him the night before he left, and he was always at the station to see Dad off the next morning—but nursing a terrible hangover.

"All business with the Chinese was done through a Chinese compradore. He was the middleman between the agent and the Chinese sellers. He paid all the bills and was responsible for the native clerks. He got his cut both from the Chinese merchants and also from the agents and often became very wealthy.

"On the second trip to China . . . he acquired a fine Chinese compradore named Liu, who would handle Gump's business in Peking . . . he had a reputation for being a fine judge of Chinese art and had a good reputation for honesty. Liu told Dad that he was an expert in

all branches of Chinese art, which, of course, remained to be proved. It didn't take long to find out his standing with the top dealers. They all showed him the utmost respect and brought in tea and seemed to be honored by his presence. After one day Dad knew they had a jewel. He and his sons represented Gump's until the Communists took over.

"Dad said that most of his knowledge of Chinese art was acquired from Liu. When Liu saw that Dad was eager to learn, he took great pains to teach him the difference between authentic pieces and reproductions. It took him several years to learn the fine points. Dad said some pieces are so difficult to judge that he didn't think anyone had the last word. This was very much the case with some porcelains where the same clay and molds were used and the firing temperature was so high that there is never any change in the glaze in time. Tomb pieces were a different story, as they change over a long period of repose in the earth.

"Liu, in his inscrutable way, had successfully negotiated to always have the right dealers come to his compound. When Dad saw beautiful silks from the palaces that these dealers had, he didn't believe such marvelous textiles existed. He knew they would create a sensation at home, but he said: 'Don't think for a minute that the dealers didn't know their value!'

"He nearly had nervous prostration over one lot. He had bought from everyone but one man who had the finest collection. To acquire this lot was worth a trip to China. They . . . (waited) right down to the day before he had to leave. If he didn't go, he would have been stuck for two months—as every boat was packed. If he had shown any impatience, he would never have gotten the lot. The whole crowd was on hand listening to the dicker-ing. Finally, in a rather bored and indifferent way he said, 'You are a poor businessman. I have bought from every-

one here, but I don't think much of you as a merchant!' Then he filled his pipe and puffed away. He turned to Liu and said: 'He's impossible.' Evidently, the crowd got the meaning. They all had their money and began to josh the man in a way we call giving him the horselaugh. He finally couldn't take it any longer and accepted Gump's offer."

Dan Newell had this comment to make in one of his letters:

"I am experiencing a very singular phenomenon these days. Now that I've been going through a lot of Dad's old notes and memorabilia I am finding that my memory of family conversations, events and persons which happened in the long ago are returning with extraordinary vividness. I found a copy of a letter he sent to a customer and a partial quote from it may be of interest: 'The Chinese trader is unquestionably the cleverest and shrewdest in the world. You could roll together a mixture of an Armenian, Scot, Jew, and Yankee and he wouldn't be in the same class as a Peking merchant. They have been working at it for several thousand years, and there isn't a trick in the book they don't know!

" 'Another great advantage they have over we Occidentals is that time is of little importance to them. Tomorrow is better than today. As they have practically no physical sports, their competitive spirit is exercised in a battle of wits. Strange as it may seem to us, to make a quick sale to an easy mark is of little pleasure to them.

" 'They are almost uncanny in their judgement of the buyer. It is fatal to look prosperous. I wore old clothes, a black face, and smoked an old pipe. I knew there was no change of expression on my face, but the one thing that got my goat was that everything I liked was higher in price than those things I was not interested in. I stewed about it for days, and then finally I had a hunch. I bought a pair of dark glasses, and the jig was up. They could

actually read the light in my eyes, fleeting as it was.'

"Dad pointed out again and again that one must never lose one's temper, and he told about several European buyers for large New York importers who came to Peking in 1914. The Chinese way of doing business drove them crazy with impatience and frustration, and they became pretty abusive to the Chinese. He said the way they were taken(-in) was really funny.

" 'A lot of joking goes on, and if you wish to make a rather cutting remark 'say it with a smile.'

" 'With your every move you have a big audience, and they get a big kick out of the performance. He told of one case where a little joking didn't come amiss. One young fellow with whom he had done business for six years was crying bitterly on how much he had lost on the lot Dad had just bought. Dad said to the assembly, 'When I first came to Peking six years ago, he was a poor skinny kid. In those six years he has lost on everything I have bought. How did he get so fat losing so much money?' The crowd roared and they joshed him to a fare you well. Funny little incidents like that keep everyone in good humor."

Dan mentioned in one of his letters to me:

"When I was growing up, I remember a beautiful 'Ming' vase we had in our home. I had long admired it and when I asked Dad about it, he said he picked it up in Japan . . . 'as the finest example of a "fake" I had ever seen.'

"The only type of porcelain in which (Gump's) had much success were the Blue and White K'ang Hsis (1661-1722), and in two or three years they had an excellent collection. Ex-President Hoover collected only the Blue and Whites. Most of his collection was formed when he lived in Europe. In all Dad's buying years in the Orient he didn't suppose he found more than fifty pieces

of first chop. Later, he found some very fine pieces in Europe. He said the beautiful limpid blue of these K'ang Hsi Blue and Whites was due to the cobalt used in the decoration. Very possibly the supply of cobalt was exhausted during this Emperor's reign, and no comparable substitute was found.

"Dad was asked to catalogue and appraise Mr. Hoover's son Allen's collection. Allen lived in Palo Alto. This was a great pleasure to him, as he had long admired Mr. Hoover for his integrity and his contributions during World War I.

"One afternoon Mr. Hoover took Dad to the Hoover Tower on the Stanford campus, and they went directly by elevator to his office on the top floor. Then he took Dad to a room off his office, and there were Blue and Whites which were astounding to a collector. There were three pieces almost three feet high of the finest quality K'ang Hsi and of a size which he had never seen and didn't even know existed.

"The more Dad saw of Peking, the more he became fascinated with it. One of his keenest pleasures was to stand on the wall over the Chiermen Gate and watch the traffic. The variety of traffic was fascinating . . . long camel trains from Mongolia with each camel tied to the one ahead and carrying cargoes from as far away as Chinese Turkestan, wheelbarrows with huge loads with the straps of the coolies cutting into their shoulders, mandarins in full regalia with a small army of retainers on horseback—the women being conveyed in palanquins which were covered and outriders in front and back all dressed in the livery of the noblemen and sleek mules attached to the heavy Chinese springless carts with huge hubs and heavy spokes.

"Dad said that he had always been happy that he had the good fortune to see China under the Imperial regime. He often lamented that film was not available at that time,



Seal of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung.

for the pictures of this traffic would create one of the most fascinating cavalcades of men and animals to be seen anywhere.

"The jades from the palaces of the Ch'ien Lung period (1735-1796) were almost unknown until the fall of the Manchus (1912), so Dad had no guide as to how the public would appreciate them. He didn't believe there was a representative collection of elaborate carved jades of the Ch'ien Lung period in any foreign country. The Chinese knew the full value of jade; and to put it in a large collection, even if it were available, would have been an awful gamble on their part.

"One fact puzzled him a lot. With all the palace loot there was little jade offered. He made a wild guess that the Manchu princes kept their jades under cover and slipped them out of the country surreptitiously. London, Paris, and New York were the great art centers of the world, and he thought that most of the palace jades were sent to these cities. Strange things happened in China.

"Dad's trip to the Orient in 1915 was a successful one. There was a good deal of Imperial art looted from the palaces still hidden away. Quite a lot of Imperial jade came on the market, and the jade rooms (at Gump's) took on added interest. There were two jade rooms: the outer one for casual visitors and the inner for those who were seriously interested. It was company policy to not

sell in the usual sense of the term. We tried to make all our visitors feel welcome, whether they were customers or not.

"Dad hadn't been to the East Coast since 1911, so in 1916 he thought it would be a good thing to have a look at the Chinese things in the Metropolitan and Boston Museums, besides seeing what their New York competitors had in fine Chinese and Japanese things.

"In New York . . . he had an experience which he classified as luck. He was wandering along a cross street near 5th Avenue when he noticed a small shop carrying Chinese and Japanese goods. He went in and met the Japanese owner. The shop was small, but everything was in excellent taste. They chatted about Japan, and Dad said he knew the owner's home town on the West Coast very well. He showed Dad many of his better pieces, which were in old boxes. Finally, he brought out a beautiful large green incense burner about fifteen inches high with beautiful pierced carving. It was certainly an Imperial Ch'ien Lung piece. 'Where did you get it?' 'England,' he replied. Dad had never seen such a piece in China. He told the owner that he had a customer who was in New York at the time (and) whom he thought might be interested. Dad suggested, 'If you let me take it and show it to him, maybe I can sell it.' 'Alright,' replied the owner, 'You ring up your customer; and, if he is interested, I will pack it up and you can show it to him.' Dad called the gentleman (a well-known name) and was told to bring it over. He supposed he must have had an honest face or something, as the Japanese packed it up and didn't even ask for a receipt. The man was delighted and bought it on the spot.

"While on the East Coast, Dad was asked to try to clinch a sale of a fine white jade incenser which had been sent to him on approval. He was invited to dinner at a certain gentleman's home (again not using the name),

where they had an excellent dinner but very simply served. After a pleasant repast, they went into the living rooms where the collection of fine jade was astonishing. The Imperial collection in the palace at Peking which he saw the following year did not compare with the collection in New York.

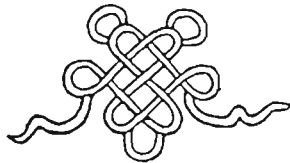
"When Dad saw this collection, he realized why he hadn't been able to acquire such pieces in Peking. He believed it bore out his earlier supposition that they must have been spirited out of the palaces and sent to the great centers of New York, London, and Paris. Every piece was a gem, both as to color and design. Dad had spent a truly wonderful evening with this gentleman. With his visits to the various museums and private collectors he had seen some remarkable pieces, which stood him in good stead in the future."



When I started to make use of Daniel Newell's letters for these "Library Notes," I planned to arrange the first one to recount "Eddie" Newell's experiences in both China and Japan in the early 1900s and to relate quite a bit about the Gump store in San Francisco during its early days. Then for future "Library Notes" I decided to continue with Dan's letters, which describe his dad's experiences in Europe. These letters from Dan spread over six to seven years, and a great many topics came up for general review. One topic was inspired by Dan re-reading Manly P. Hall's *Growing Up with Grandmother*. His own grandmother (his mother's mother) was a Southern belle at the time of the Civil War and had many stories to relate to her grandchildren about those days—happenings at which she was present. Some of those will be included in future "Library Notes,"

and I believe that readers will find them fascinating.

It appears to me that I have even more material on Japan than on China! I am delighted to have the opportunity to share these letters with readers, and I will have much more to tell about them the next time around.



Two Chinese proverbs that D. E. Newell often quoted:

“Men are not offended by a little extra courtesy.”
“A little impatience spoils great plans.”



To the person with a toothache, even if the world is tottering, there is nothing more important than a visit to a dentist.

—George Bernard Shaw

Contentment makes much of little; greed makes little of much.

And suddenly, reaching the last frontiers, when man is already stricken with poverty and nakedness and deprived of everything that seemingly adorns his life—then he finds in himself enough firmness to support himself on the final step and give up his life, but not his principles.

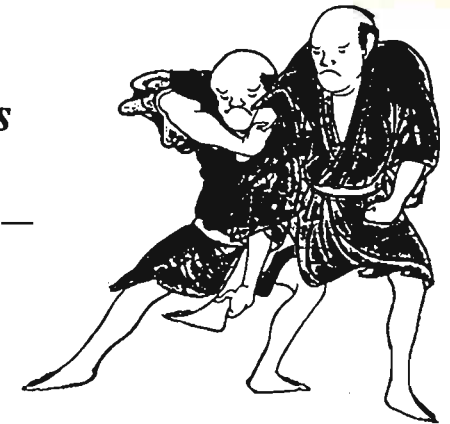
—Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn

A prejudiced man puts out his own eyes.

Love is the perfect of the verb “live.”

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