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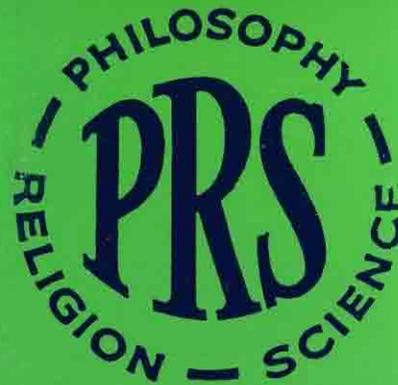
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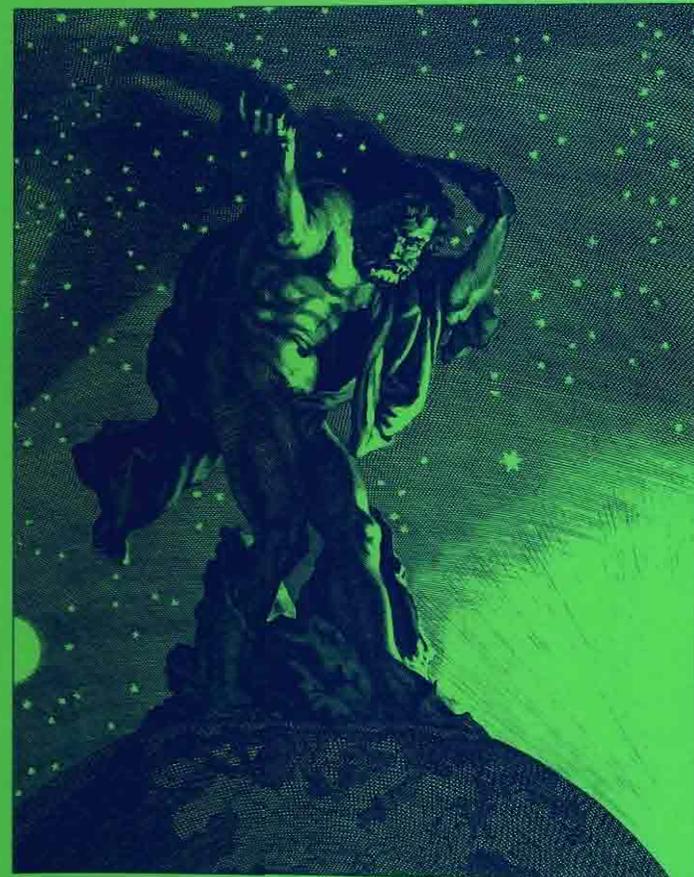
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Most of the reproductions of the early books, manuscripts, and objects of art which appear in this magazine are from originals in the collection of the Philosophical Research Society.

About the Cover: Atlas supporting the heavens on his shoulders, from *De Tempel der Zang-Godinnen*, Amsterdam, 1733.



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POTENTIALS OF THE HUMAN MIND

Civilization is actually a phenomenon of the mind. Step by step we have descended from an aboriginal state fascinated by the productions of our own thinking. For thousands of years the Chinese used fireworks for weddings and funerals, but then the intellect stepped in and pyrotechnics became gunpowder. The mind gave us other useful contributions. The telephone was introduced, and the practical help of communication has gradually become a nuisance for all concerned. The electric light ruined our sleeping time and worked a major hardship on the eyes. Henry Ford's little flivver was really a great success until now because the roads have become impassable. The Elizabethan theater made no claim to respectability and has managed to deteriorate more than was thought possible. For some reason the mind gives us good ideas and then systematically ruins them, largely in order to increase financial returns.

How does it happen that everything starts so well but becomes progressively worse? Plato gave us an interesting system of political administration. The original idea was to ensure the cooperation of human beings in the service of better and safer governments, and happier and more prosperous citizens. Something went wrong with this scheme. It seems that the mind which was responsible for sound government has been dedicated to its annihilation.

We might pause for a moment to consider motion pictures. It

would appear that we cannot trust humanity to take a new idea and dedicate it to progress—it has to be dedicated to profit. There was a great leap forward when talking pictures came in, but most of the stars of the silent era lacked grace of speech and faded away. Incidentally, the coming of sound films has bombarded viewers with murder, rape, and carnage for some time; and, when a new cataclysm is not handled, the old ones are replayed with full emphasis upon the noise of various forms of weaponry. Speaking of weaponry, we have also produced out of our mental capacity the atomic bomb. Nuclear fission has been described as a great scientific leap to a better world, but up to now it is the worst tragedy ever recorded. There are certain anxieties that it may eliminate entirely the history of the future.

The mind is hard at work again and now gives us the computer. We are still at the beginning of this product of mental ingenuity. It was received with great rejoicing, and it is certainly a miraculous instrument with incredible potential. Already, however, the potentials are becoming somewhat scary. We do not know how far we can trust this blessing before it turns on us and adds to our misfortunes.

It seems that whenever a human being has a thought, the consequences cause anxiety. Yet, the human mind is apparently limitless in its potentials. We can have new thoughts or bigger thoughts into the unimaginable future without exhausting the ingenuity of the brain and its overtones. It may well prove in the end to be the super computer. From the looks of things at this time there seems to be some doubt about how much mental ingenuity can continue before humanity becomes eliminated. We are worried now about everything conceivable—narcotics, alcoholism, air, water, and earth pollution, and education. These troubles all result from thinking that has been more than efficient but very short on integrity. Is it true, therefore, that the mind is a machine, and that it can never be depended upon to decide between right and wrong? It usually sides with wrong because it is more economically beneficial at the moment. What will we invent next as we come into the new century? Are we going to look back in 2050 to find a graveyard of experiments that have failed and the ruins they have brought?

Were we protected from our own minds by our religious convictions? At what period in the descent of the human brain did the concept of brotherhood fade away leaving mutual exploitation in its place? It is generally noted now that to find the best survivors of old-fashioned honesty we must look among the Amish communities of western Pennsylvania. At one time they took the buttons off their coats because it was possible for these shiny clasps to impel toward vanity. Is it feasible that the newborn child is a normal example of universal propagation until the mind begins to develop and with it an overflowing of undesirable and hereditary traits? There seems to be a valid question here. Is the mind naturally wicked? Is it the devil that humanity has been afraid of for thousands of years? Does thinking cause temptation and then find glamorous ways of trying to survive its own delinquencies? Why does it happen that if the mental equipment can have magnificent thoughts it never provides improvements of character to protect us from our own selfish thinking? One thing seems to be certain—you will never remove from society its burdens of delinquency unless the power that tempts becomes the power that redeems and protects. Why should we be quick to fall for our mistakes and slow to correct them?

In the olden days when life was more simple and communities were smaller, it was easier to notice the symptoms of trouble. If the community laggard did not improve, he was placed in stocks in the marketplace for a few days. The gossiping housewife had her virtue strengthened by a ducking stool, and petty thieves had an ear cut off to improve their morals. Today such wrongdoers would be considered progressive, fighting desperately to be themselves. This point of view also was a by-product of thinking. Perhaps, then, some of the ancients such as the Ignorantine friars clung close to God by giving up the entire process of mentation. It was easier to be good if one did not know the rewards of vice.

About the only remedy we have for this situation is to reorganize the ways in which we train the mind and the types of mentation which are entitled to recognition as generally beneficial. Many of the Oriental philosophers took the simple stand that the mind is the slayer of the real. We use it largely to justify our shortcomings and, as long as we find an excuse, consider this as equivalent to a remedy.

My old friend Dr. Sidney Brownson believed that society itself was the source of its own tribulations. From birth the newcomer beholds the advantages of dishonesty. He discovers that being good will end in poverty and, whatever the power may be that determines all things, we must wait until the afterlife for the peace and happiness that eludes us here.

How about changing this pattern a little and setting the mind to the correction of the fallacies which have arisen within it? How about proving without question that honesty *is* the best policy, that cooperation *is* better than competition, peace *is* more rewarding than war, and health more comforting than intemperance, sickness and death? There are many cases where individuals risked life and liberty for some offense which could never have lasting benefits. Why has education forgotten all this, business ignored it, and government legislated against it? Is there any proof that conspiracies, bankruptcies, national and international strife, crimes and punishment are more rewarding than decency and kindly objectives?

If we can develop a computer, can we not find some device which can convince us that universal law is exact and irrevocable and that it will ultimately reward only that which keeps its rules? Television is much worse now than it was a few years ago and threatens to take a further step—the specific dramatization of immorality. How can we expect thinking on this level to improve our futures or contribute to the betterment of the planet and its creatures?

Let us get back to the mind again. Is there anything stronger than thought? There certainly is, but we are not making a good case for it at the present time. Emotion can challenge thought and does so repeatedly, but here again we have a mixed blessing. When we eat lunch at the health bar, the mind may say that green salad is healthy; but the emotions could respond, “But that pie is delicious.” Therefore, we do have something that can curb the mind because of the stress of immediate desire. For a time, at least, we devote our energies to wishful feelings; and throughout life emotions have upset intellectualism on numerous occasions.

If the mind is addicted to philosophy, the emotions are the servants of religion. If religion is strong enough, it can take a man or

woman out of society and dedicate him or her to holy orders. It can give the world benefactors and reveal the strength to sacrifice our personal desires for the common good. How does it then follow that the emotions cannot help us to censor the conspiracies of the mind? In sober fact, the emotions and the mind frequently work together against the greater good of all humanity; but each of us in our daily existence comes in constant contact with the mind and its policies and the emotions with their intensities. This often results in distress and has broken many a home.

It would seem, therefore, that within this mortal fabric of ours there is a battlefield between truth and error; and here the war goes on generation after generation. We will continue to invent and dedicate each invention to exploitation and corruption. We simply cannot withstand the temptation that comes to us from every side. What is a great city? It is simply a thought form made solid. All public buildings exist first as thought forms; and, of course, the process of transforming a vision into a great building has moral consequences. Pythagoras knew that every public building was either a symbol of progress or a glamorous symbol of corruption. If the great philosopher struck the keynote of the building which had false motivations, the structure would crumble. Sometimes here and there something or someone does strike a keynote, and some production of human dishonesty collapses in our faces. But it is always blamed on something else.

Is it possible that without realizing the truth we have voluntarily turned the future of our race into the keeping of uneducated emotions? We do not hear much about the fatherhood of God or the brotherhood of man or the common needs of the human family in the public schools. The child grows up becoming mildly intellectual and emotionally a perpetual adolescent. We have never actually attempted to balance the contributions of the heart and mind. Today, we regard orders of strict observance as more or less superstitious—whereas the stock exchange is solidly factual, even though it contributes ultimately to our bankruptcy. If you go into the future allowing sterile intellectualism to lead the way, there will be other civilizations that will fall, systems that will die, and vast groups of

humanity that must suffer. Is being virtuous so painful that we prefer world wars, plagues, and political corruptions to go unchecked?

We are now in the midst of a situation that has obviously been building for three quarters of a century. The first major episode was World War I which was to end all wars but was really the termination of peace among the nations of the earth. The mind had to lead us through treaties, conventions, and leagues to prevent us from perpetuating our mistakes. We depended on them to give us all the answers we needed until they gave us World War II. We then called upon the best minds of our time and entered on a brief period of thirty or forty years during which we have had no peace. What is the mind doing to get us into trouble and prevent us from honest thinking?

There is no question that the power that fashioned us gave us the mind to think with. The purpose of the mind is to explore the resources of existence for the continuing improvement of man and the protection of natural resources. We still depend on it to do these things. It will teach us how to get rid of nuclear waste but not teach us how to prevent nuclear energy from being used in the pursuit of armament. The mind has shown us numerous ways to damage the environment so that we could build more houses and maintain the high pitch of industrial production.

How long will we trust this mind in its self-centered purposes? We have planes going down from sabotage or lack of proper maintenance, and we have tankers spilling thousands of gallons of petroleum into coastal waters, destroying various types of sea life. Then there is atomic waste with no place for its disposal. Now we have had most of these difficulties for the last thirty years, and the mind seemingly has not given us the proper solutions. If the mind can create problems that it cannot solve, why do we trust it and drift along awaiting a burst of integrity about things that may never come?

Naturally, we can only use our own minds to find a solution. For the last twenty-five centuries the best minds that we have—the great world teachers, the great sages and scholars of the past, and the unselfish servants of human need—have left records of their labors. They have also shown that their only reward was persecution and

martyrdom. It was only a few who gathered about the great prophets and teachers recorded in history. One way we could do a lot would be to reward virtue instead of destroying it enthusiastically in the production of human selfishness. If that which is right is rewarded, there will be an increase in the right. If all available privileges are bestowed upon those who do not deserve them, civilization will be destroyed. Perhaps if we could continue as we are, the future would be enduring; but we are not sure even of this. In fact, a certain nervousness is appearing in many areas. Instead of encouraging a few steps forward into a better way of life, we have prevented in every way possible the breaking of the vicious circle of our own deeds and misdeeds.

When the Greek philosopher Aristippus found that he was on a ship manned by pirates who were going to throw him overboard that night and steal his box of gold, he took protective steps to save himself. He sat on the bowsprit of the boat and dropped his gold piece by piece into the ocean. The pirates, completely astonished, asked him why he was thus disposing of his wealth. Aristippus replied, "It is better for the gold to perish for Aristippus than that Aristippus should perish for his gold." It seems to me that there was a start of honest intelligence in the act of Aristippus.

We will all find some day that it is better to overcome or redeem our concept of wealth than it is finally to perish trying to protect an illusion. Before we can have a decent world we must remember More's Utopia, a prosperous community—imaginary, of course, but of the size and population of France—that had no money and no need for it. Honesty does not require wealth, but because of people who are not honest it is a necessary evil. Wealth has been accepted as a substitute, but there is nothing that wealth could accomplish that cannot be attained by integrity.

In this simple human life we live we should not be forced to buy and sell or legislate for honesty, or rise in military wrath against the corruptions of leaders. Perhaps we hope the twenty-first century will bring us closer to an enduring social structure in which we become one united family, each living his own life but keeping the peace with his neighbors and his nation.

THE PRS MUSEUM PROJECT

When the first unit of our building program was constructed there was definite stress upon the importance of earthquake resistant planning so that rare items would have every possible protection. The floors, ceilings, and all the walls were supported by a network of interlaced steel running both horizontally and vertically and repeated twice in each pouring. Some years later when it became necessary to make a door between two of the rooms it took two men with power tools a full day to break through an interior partition. All the units had air separations between them to allow for earthquake motion. The units built at that time will formally be dedicated as the art museum for the Society. All of the later building is also considered earthquake resistant, and our precious belongings are being protected in every way possible.

The PRS Library was established many years ago, and the time has come to complete the entire facility as it was originally planned. Most universities, seminaries, and specialized institutions find it convenient and even necessary to maintain appropriate research facilities. While these basic collections are of vital importance to advancements in knowledge, they are seldom made available; and many of these important university collections would be of interest to scholars.

We provide a variety of artistic material mentioned in all texts, described in some, but seldom seen. Special collections are usually contributed by the alumni or those sponsors who express their loyalties by financial support. With me, however, collecting has been part of my basic program. For nearly seventy years I have accumulated reference material, examples of art, and biographies on outstanding personalities in the field of comparative religion, mysticism, and the esoteric arts. It is appropriate that this collection should be incorporated with the school program and be involved in many of the research projects. It is also important that students realize that the obscure forms of knowledge with which we are con-

cerned have dominated the thinking and practical achievements of many of the most illustrious scholars of all time. We also are happy to realize that gifts to this project still come in with some regularity, and we can offer unique facilities in a largely neglected field.

World-famous collections, such as the ones housed in the British Museum, the Bibliotheque Nationale de Paris, and the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. are under terrific pressure to meet the needs of recognized researchers. There are also exceptional institutions which deal principally with literary, artistic, or theatrical personalities. Until recently the esoteric arts in general, and idealistic philosophy in particular, have not been favored by reference institutions. Many more people are interested in the private life and foibles of Napoleon I than in the mathematical profundities of Theon of Smyrna, the Grecian scholar, or the other Theon honored in Alexandria.

Over many years when I lectured in the evening I spent days browsing in old bookstores. In dusty corners items of interest might be found. I came upon some old prints one day of Montgomery Flagg, items interpreting American family foibles. They were quite expensive and sold rapidly, but I picked up for almost nothing several first issues of Albrecht Durer. Today these would bring a handsome price. Being in on the ground floor and about fifty years in advance of cultural education, I was rather fortunate. From my good friend, Ernest Dawson, I bought an old alchemical manuscript for fifteen dollars. There were many beautiful and expertly drawn and colored alchemical vessels and related matters. I adapted one of these illustrations on the mystical crucifixion of Christ, redrawn by Mr. Knapp, for my big book. It was evidently intended that my project should fulfill itself and it may be of permanent value to the community. Rarities now greatly sought after by private collectors will be available to the public when it becomes more concerned with the essential values of life and living.

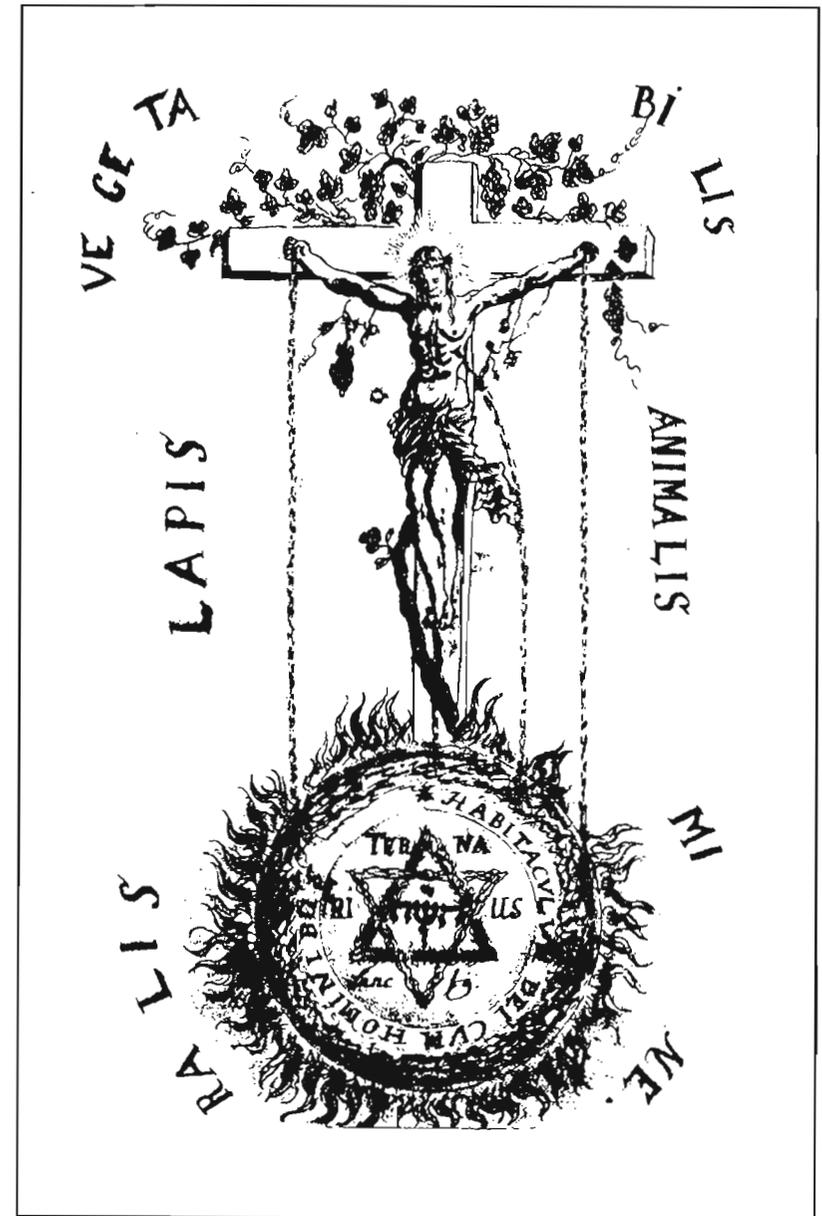
While my mother and stepfather were living in Santa Monica they developed quite a friendship with an elderly English lady. When she heard about my lectures she handed me four folio volumes which she said might be useful. They had been in her family for years and



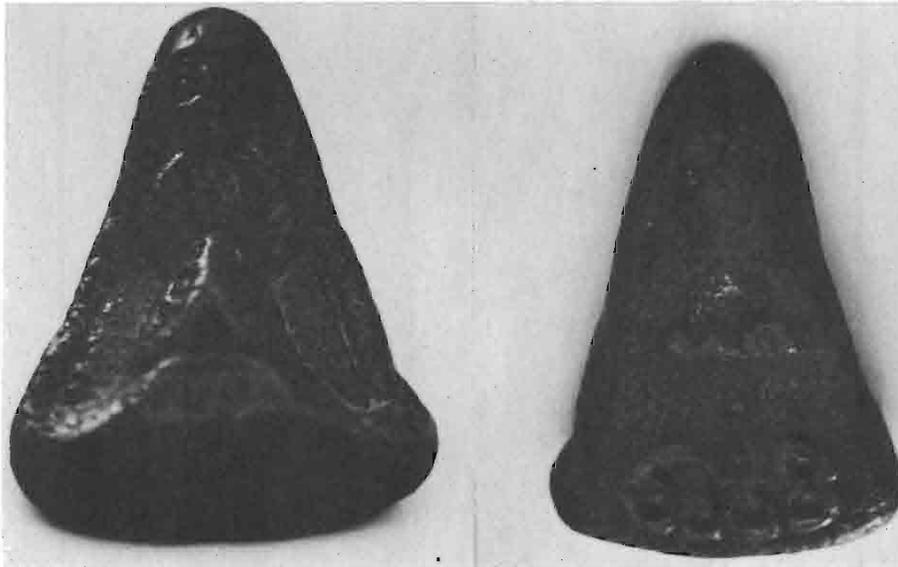
St. Bartholomew. Woodblock biblical print by Albrecht Durer.

she really had no use for them. The four volumes happened to be a complete set of the William Law translation of Jacob Boehme with the engraved plates attributed to Peter Paul Rubens. It was a rather expensive set when she gave it to me and is now in the class of rarities. This set is still the best work available on the mystical writings of the German shoemaker.

While browsing through a genteel antique shop in San Diego I found a mysterious stone. It has now been in my possession for over sixty years and has been submitted to several knowledgeable people who had never seen the like of it before. It is a triangular piece of hard reddish material about six inches high and four inches wide at the base. It has a strange design resembling the head of a fish on the obverse and an inscription on the reverse consisting of a group of characters resembling small doughnuts. The lady in the shop had



The Rosicrucian Crucifixion from a wash drawing in an alchemical manuscript, *Das Buch mit Sieben Siegeln*.



A curious stone excavated from an antique shop in San Diego. The subject matter may have been derived from the Chaldean myth of Dagon—a symbolic birth from the mouth of a fish. Both a front and a back view are shown.

no idea what it was, but had a kind of feeling that it was a genuine antique of strange vintage.

On another occasion I was less fortunate, but have never forgotten the episode. Dropping in at their ranch-type home to visit some friends, I noticed that the front door was held open by a strangely carved stone doorstep. One look proved the vintage. It was a genuine figure from Easter Island with a curious carving resembling a cross on the reverse and a kind of portraiture on the front. I asked my hostess where it came from and she said she had picked it up in a junkyard. She added that she had no special fondness for the rock but it served a useful purpose. Then I made a serious mistake explaining that I was studying some of the old stones and would she be willing to sell it to me or permit me to present her with a modern elegantly-proportioned substitute. The haggling that followed came to nothing. When she found out that I was interested, her mood changed and she decided she had grown so fond of the ugly looking



Japanese incense burner. A modern piece from the Kinkozan kilns bought at an auction sale in San Francisco.

stone that she couldn't bear the thought of parting with it. Somewhere therefore in the southern part of California on the rim of the desert is an Easter Island religious statue similar to the one on the front steps of the British Museum.

Traveling as I did frequently to San Francisco I found that the Butterfield auction house was adjacent to the Scottish Rite Masonic Temple. Butterfield's was having a sale of miscellaneous antiquities. There would be two separate sessions, one in the main gallery for high class merchandise and one in the basement for common items left over from other sales. In Butterfield's front window was a very pleasant Satsuma incense burner. It was about twelve inches high with bulging sides, two handles on a rather squat neck, with decorations of the saintly souls for which the Satsuma kilns are

famous. When I attended the auction I mentioned the item nonchalantly and was told it would be sold in the basement with other odds and ends. There was a kind of podium downstairs where various articles were displayed or held up for viewing very briefly by a disinterested attendant. At last the Satsuma incense burner appeared. It was held up briefly by the attendant who kept his hands in front of the item for the entire period of exhibit. He then slouched off with no one having the slightest opportunity to see what he was holding. There was some bidding, probably from memory of the display in the store window, but it was very lackadaisical and I became the proud owner for a bid of twenty-two dollars. Going to the cashier's desk to pick up my purchase I met a dealer who had been buying from the upstairs sale. I showed him my bargain and he asked me if I would like to make a quick hundred dollars. I said "No," and it is standing serenely in my home where I pass it every day. It has become somewhat more valuable since it was painted about 1880. The incense burner is therefore now over a hundred years old and has automatically become an antique.

While in Mexico City I spent a few hours in the Thieves Market. In those days any stolen article that appeared in this outlet had to be purchased back by a private transaction and the police refused to be involved. Someone had lost an expensive watch which was not only a solid gold timepiece but had a fob attached to it in the shape of a very large tooth that came to a point. It was fairly expensive, but I was more interested in the fob than I was in the watch. Research showed that I had found the tooth of a prehistoric animal and the chances are that the owner was an anthropologist or a student of ancient cultures. The theft of the expensive watch had caused quite a stir and the owner had left the area before it appeared in the Thieves Market. I made arrangements to return his watch and as a special favor he gave me the dinosaur tooth which I had made into a watch fob and wore it until wristwatches took over.

A few years ago we loaned an important second century carved stone steppiser from Gandhara to a local exhibit at the University of California, Los Angeles. It was a pleasant example of Buddhist art which had come into this country through an American diplomat



Small figurine of a deity identified as belonging to the Bankura culture.

who had been stationed for some time in Pakistan. I thought nothing of it. While looking over the exhibit catalog I found on one page a picture of a little figurine which corresponded almost exactly with an item I had been trying to identify for twenty years. No one seemed to know what it was, but in the catalog it was neatly described as having come from Gandhara. My little figure was styled and mounted on a bottle cork to keep it upright. I have since reproduced it in our *Journal*. (See Vol. 47, No. 3, Fall 1987, page 54.)

While in Japan I made a special pilgrimage to the old kilns at Seto outside of Nagoya. For many years these potters had served farmers in the surrounding areas with substantial and attractively designed dishes, bowls, etc. They sold for a few cents and were distributed throughout the country. Old Setoware has become quite expensive and is heavily collected. I bought several nice pieces and

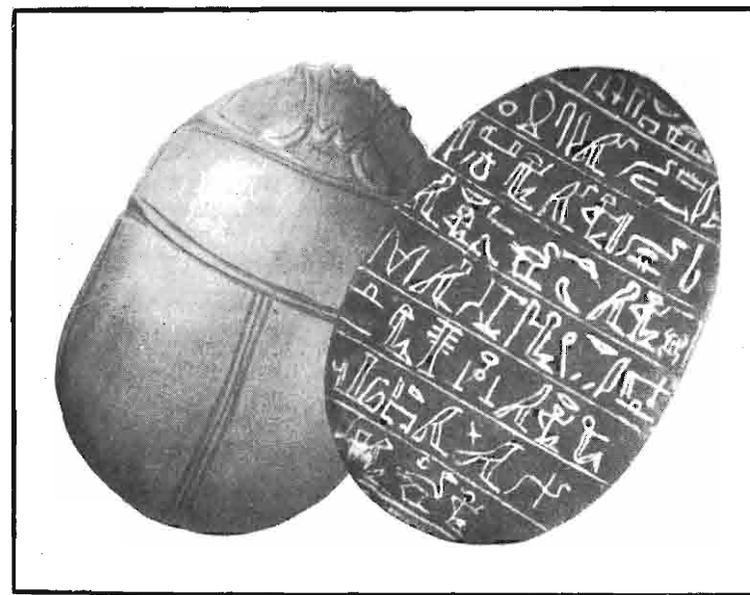


A typical example of an old Seto plate. Wherever found the present price is always \$95.00.

we have already exhibited them, but they are likely to appear again in our new museum.

I noticed the last time I was in Japan that the going price for an old Seto plate was ninety-five dollars. Coming back to this country I was wandering around one day and I saw a little shop presided over by an elderly lady who spent most of her time knitting. She looked very innocent and gave the impression of being a pensioner making a few pennies on the side. I looked around the shop and—lo and behold—on the top shelf away in a rear corner was a fine old Seto plate. Reproductions are made now but they are not the same. It seemed possible that this might be an opportunity to pick up a bargain. After looking around and talking about several different items I pointed to the Seto plate and asked how much that was. She didn't even look up as she remarked firmly that it was priced at ninety-five dollars.

Egypt has a considerable reputation for the manufacturing of an-



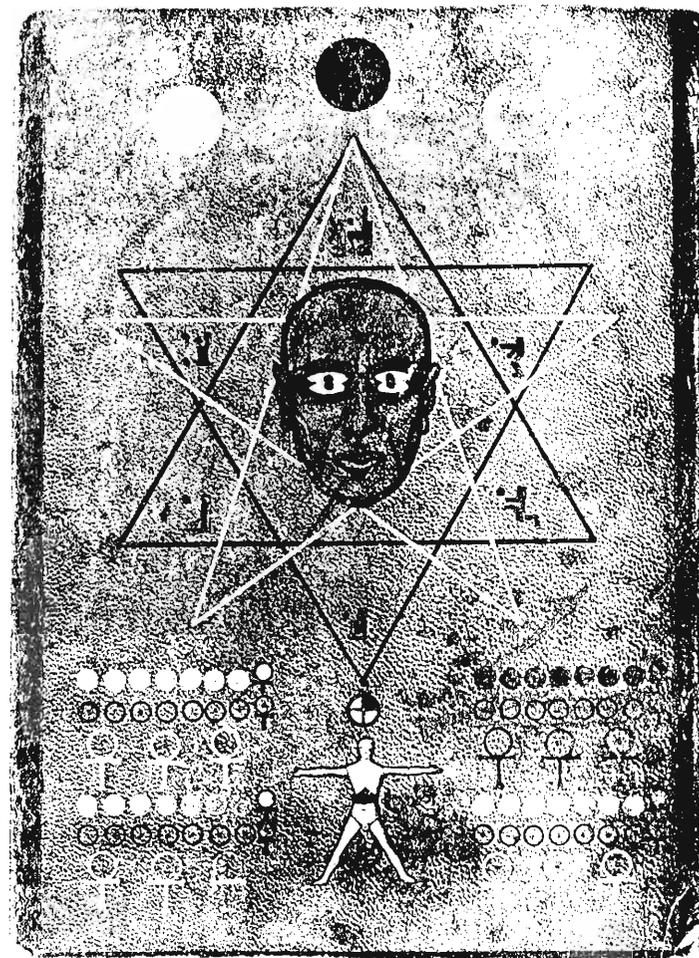
This ancient heart scarab with an extensive section of writing from the *Book of the Dead* was the one that Dr. Breasted felt should be in a public collection.

tiques. Most of the scarabs that are offered originate in Italy and are frequently mounted in fantastic settings. Small artifacts such as little lamps, lachrymal jars, and bits of Coptic embroidery intrigue visitors. I remember one merchant who featured walking sticks. For a few dollars extra he would inlay into the handle the phonetic Egyptian hieroglyphics making up your name. One dealer who was interested in secret societies that still survived among the Egyptians had an intriguing story. He had been in France for a time and had been amazed at French furniture restoring. He told me that all they needed to produce an antique from the period of Louis XVI was half a chair leg. Just a fragment of an original table, preferably with an old knothole, would convince almost any customer. So he went back and gathered up some miscellaneous Egyptian fragments and began an elaborate program of restoration. He was especially fond of the death masks of Greek Egyptians of the Ptolemaic period. They

was able to find in some obscure place a good leaf to be photographed and antiqued to match the original page. This has become quite a procedure, and those buying very valuable books, especially for investment, should learn to detect at least the general run of reproductions. Quite by accident I ran across a first edition of the Book of Mormon. It was in very good condition except for the last page on which a few lines of type were lost. I have not attempted to conceal or repair these because for research purposes the copy is in every sense adequate for the needs of scholarship.

A certain person I knew had a great fondness for old calf book-bindings, especially octavo and folio. He preferred books of no value from the contents point of view but with the binding still in better than ordinary condition. He carefully removed the binding, trimmed away unpleasant defects, and then used them for producing various black magic symbols and devices. He specialized in portraits of infernal beings, witches and warlocks and copied all kinds of spells and conjurations. He then carefully varnished the surfaces, framed them neatly, and sold them by the dozen. Even common spooks and warlocks became important when painted on a book cover two hundred years old. This man tried to sell some of them to me, but I was not a good prospect. He insisted, however, on giving me a couple of little bindings because they looked so quaint.

On my second trip to Japan in the 1960s I made the acquaintance of Mr. Yokoyama. His daughter planned to go on a pilgrimage to Mt. Koya to pray for the soul of her deceased husband and I was able to join them on this typical but very worthwhile adventure. We went by auto and in due course of time reached the high mountain retreat of this esoteric sect. The buildings are magnificently located in a kind of cup-like valley and have stood in quiet dignity for nearly a thousand years. The town of Koya, which is adjacent to the monasteries, has no facility for travelers who must arrange to stay at one of the chapels. It was there also that I saw the reproduction in granite of the Sian stone placed there in the 1920s by Lady Gordon. We visited the great cemetery where many of Japan's most illustrious citizens are buried, and along the way Mr. Yokoyama's daughter paused to pay tribute to the ministering power of Jizo, protector of



The great arcanum of the mysteries skillfully drawn on an old morocco binding by the imagination and industry of Comte Colonna Walewski.

children's souls and the souls of the dead.

When I got back to Kyoto, almost immediately I visited the Toji Temple, which is the principal Shingon sanctuary away from its mountain retreat. I also learned that monks and novices often spent much of their time discussing the great scriptures of the sect. It also seemed that the Temple had decided to sell some of the duplications to provide funds for necessary improvements. Through Mr.

Yokoyama I secured a complete set of the scrolls of Sonoyosho which are the most esoteric of the Shingon writings. They are based upon the original scripts brought by Kobo Daishi from the great centers of esoteric Buddhism in China. The fifteen scrolls constitute a kind of dictionary of divinities with their attributes—appearances of the very benefits which they bestow. Each deity is beautifully drawn and hand-colored and is derived from the two great mandalas which Kobo Daishi also brought from China. In addition to the complete set, which is not actually ancient but has a little age at least, I was able to find three separate volumes, two of which were hand written in the seventeenth century.

Some years ago the Japanese issued a sixty-five volume set of their Buddhist sacred books in the Japanese language. This set was accompanied by fifteen crude rolls, presumably facsimiles of very early Sonoyosho scrolls. It is doubtful if many complete sets are available for study in this country. We have good hand-drawn and painted examples of the two great mandalas representing the higher and lower aspects of human consciousness. Each of the mandalas, which are circular, contains the same images as on the Sonoyosho scrolls. We also have an unusually large lithographic multicolor reproduction of the two circular scrolls. I have built up a considerable background in Shingon mandalas and altar instruments.

We have vertical scrolls of the Shingon pilgrimage cycle picturing nearly eighty temple seals arranged against a background, sometimes with a central image of a Buddha or Bodhisattva. The pilgrim presents this scroll to each temple he visits where the appropriate seal is placed in a space provided for it. There is considerable spiritual virtue in completing this cycle.

The Shingon sect is the most elaborate in its altar decorations. We have an excellent showing of the thunderbolt daggers, bells, and related ornaments such as a large fine crystal rosary and alarm staff. Incidentally, Lady Gordon presented a considerable part of her library to the Koya sanctuary and part of her ashes are buried there. In the Library section there are a number of excellent textbooks dealing with the Koya monastery with fine illustrations. I have published two works dealing with the subject, one on Kobo Daishi and the

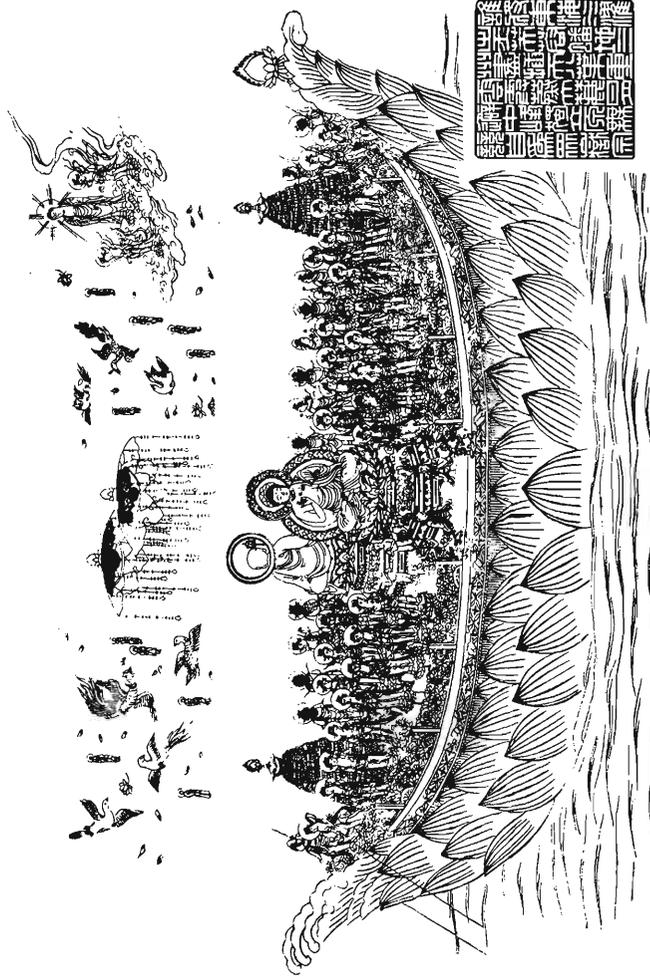


A Shingon votive scroll, part of a pilgrimage cycle, with eighty-eight images each representing a Shingon temple. At the bottom is Kobo Daishi enthroned in a teacher's chair.

Koya sanctuary, and the other setting forth Lady Gordon's association with this group. The Shingon and Tendai sects are closely related and the founders were in China at the same time. In our upstairs lecture room we have a very large and handsome Tendai mandala from the fourteenth century which in Japan would be considered a national treasure.

Quite by accident I found a shop in Kyoto devoted to woodblock

弘誓船



The ship of the blessed doctrine represented as a lotus flower floating on the eternal ocean. On the deck of the vessel the deities and saints of the Shingon sect are grouped together.

prints, mostly black and white, of the Japanese ship of good fortune. The pictures are of various dates, and there is considerable diversity of treatment. They are all delightful and make a good addition to an exhibit of modern Japanese prints. We have thirty or forty of them now rather well scattered around under various headings. We also have a set of horizontal paintings in color mounted as wall hangings covering the life of the Buddhist priest Honen. It seems to be a rather pleasant grouping but Honen is represented in only one picture in what appears to be the torturing of the priest probably for his religious scruples. Another friend brought me a group of stone rubbings on paper—twenty-seven monumental inscriptions of road markers probably concerned with some person who died in the area. There seems to be no listing of this type of memorial.

We have already mentioned books depicting the pilgrimage cycles. I started out with one of these books during my tour of a number of temples, not the least of which was Ishiyamadera located near the town overlooking beautiful Lake Biwa, possibly the one where Lady Murasaki Shikubu meditated on the escapades of Prince Genji. It was Ishiyamadera that the Japanese Hercules, by name Benkei, had one of his most unusual escapades. He stole the great bronze bell and carried it up a steep hill to the monastery of the Tendai sect. At every step he took, the bell whimpered and begged him to return it to its proper home. In a bad burst of temper, Benkei kicked the bell back down the hill and it is exhibited today showing the scratches resulting from its rough return to its proper abode. Here also is Benkei's pan for cooking rice which probably held about a hundred pounds and was good for one light meal. Among the Otsu pictures which we have exhibited are several good representations of Benkei, and he also appears on Surimono prints.

One afternoon I accompanied Mr. Yokoyama to the home of a friend of his, also a dealer, who was suspected of having unusual material. The dealer's office was in his home which was furnished in strictly Japanese style, but his private quarters looked as though they had been accumulated from Sears and Roebuck, all except one fancy lamp from a type very popular in the early years of the twentieth century. It represented a young lady in diaphanous drappings



Benkei, the Sampson of Buddhism, once stole a temple bell, and when it refused to ring for him he became angry and threw the bell down the side of a mountain. In the process the famous bell received many bumps, scratches, and other damage. This is a favorite subject for the Otsu artist.

holding an electric light bulb over her head. After proudly displaying this treasure the dealer realized he was not going to make a sale. He did better, however, with his Ukiyo-e prints. I found a splendid portrait, the Japanese interpretation of the appearance of Bembo, King of Sicily. We had quite an argument over Hiroshige's monkey bridge. There were some doubts as to whether it was a first issue, but with an appropriate modification in pricing I bought it and have never regretted making the transaction. The mystery lies in the absence of a small written character near the bottom of the right hand corner of the picture. It is missing from the one I bought, but holding the print up to the light the dealer pointed out that there is a small mend in that area, and the loss of some of the paper accounted for the absence of the missing symbol. In any event it is a worthy example of woodblock printing.

While I was in Tokyo the Takashimaya Department Store had a special sale of Japanese woodblock prints. There were no great rarities but a wide assortment of subject matter illustrating some of the theories of Japanese art. There were road scenes in the rain, cloudy days over Tokyo Bay, snow in a mountain village, and sailors coming home from the sea. It is always amazing how these prints are registered so precisely that there are no errors such as we find in most modern multi-color printing in the West. The different colors are perfectly imposed on each other without a press and with the crudest possible equipment. The printer simply has a board in his lap and with a simple motion of one hand accomplishes perfect registration in five or six different colors. Although this process is still in use, it is mostly for reissues of the older prints. At Takashimaya I also secured a number of fabric samples mounted for exhibit purposes or in interesting albums. On a more recent trip to Japan, I discovered that all this type of material had vanished, but some of it can still be seen in our displays.

Nor should we omit my visit to a prominent Daruma temple in Kyoto. Daruma is now rather well known in the West as a funny little figure looking like a fat egg wrapped up in a red robe with a glowering expression. He was actually a Hindu monk of a royal family, but he had so many brothers and other relatives that there



Daruma-like badgers are magic animals and will usually perform for any farmer in exchange for a glass of saki. Here the badger sits on a lotus and attempts to appear unworldly.

was no chance he would ever rule so he decided to give his life to religion. Some said that he visited Japan but this is questionable. In the temple we visited there was an eight-foot figure of an egg-shaped Daruma with a glowering face. It was made of basket-ware covered with some kind of paper and then painted. The face was slightly more than life-size and the gaze was forceful to say the least. After viewing about fifty other Darumas of different sizes, we saw one which even the custodian obviously approached with awe and contrition. It looked the same as the others but there was a difference. Having gained our attention the attendant turned the image around so that we could see the face that had been cut out and pasted on the back of the head, and there enshrined in the crimson hood was a rather inadequate likeness of President Kennedy. It was not simply an accident or whimsy, but was there because the President had been assassinated a few weeks earlier.

Art brings a message of importance to every thoughtful person. An art dealer once told me that every customer who came into his shop was a real individual, thinking his own thoughts and slowly but surely refining his taste both in terms of observation and reflection. One can nourish the soul by the love of beauty, and those who have neglected the inspirations that art alone can bestow are missing one of life's most important mystical experiences.

The history of art is the history of civilization. It reveals clearly the various insights that human beings have developed over a period of centuries. The Oriental mystic considers art under four distinct headings. The first is a beautiful painting. A fragment of sculpturing or a remnant of early fabric awakens memories of ages past and lives lived long ago. To appreciate the beautiful is the first step in the cultivation of aesthetic understanding. Next, gradually there develops a desire to possess a beautiful object. A refining process is going on in the soul of one passing through the adventure or opening an inner eye which may otherwise be left unconsidered or neglected.

In the third step, appreciation eventually leads to emulation. As we see the achievements of others there comes an urge to release some talent from within ourselves. It is no longer enough to exist only on the surface of our soul power. We also discover that there is a special gift when it is the product of our own imagination. There is enough egotism left in most of us to appreciate the compliments of those who admire the special talents of their friends and associates. Finally, some gain skill through participation in music, others can dance their way to recognition, and there is a wide diversification that comes to those who labor with the seven liberal arts.

Art has always been a handmaiden of faith. Many of the great treasures of human creativity surviving the ravages of time have been a continuous source of inspiration to those around us. We reveal growth through appreciation of essential values. The decline of aesthetics throughout the modern world has made prevalent a mediocrity of taste. Because we have lost intuitive respect for that which is worthy of admiration we are satisfied to perpetuate mediocrity and spend too much time in an atmosphere of the commonplace.

Many Oriental people have consolation stones. This can be a natural pebble which is in one way or another a thing of beauty, or it may be a masterpiece of a great artist working under the direct inspiration of the divinity within himself. Whatever the source, in due time these labors of love find their ways to great museums and galleries where they bring charm and even courage to countless lives.



SOME QUOTES FROM BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

If an Indian injures me, does it follow that I may revenge that injury on all Indians? It is well known, that Indians are of different tribes, nations and languages, as well as the white people. In Europe, if the French, who are white people, should injure the Dutch, are they to revenge it on the English, because they too are white people? The only crime of these poor wretches seems to have been, that they had a reddish-brown skin, and black hair; and some people of that sort, it seems, had murdered some of our relations. If it be right to kill men for such a reason, then, should any man, with a freckled face and red hair, kill a wife or child of mine, it would be right for me to revenge it, by killing all the freckled red-haired men, women and children, I could afterwards anywhere meet with.

A man may, if he knows not how to save, keep his nose to the grindstone.

For age and want, save while you may; no morning sun lasts a whole day.

Talking against religion is unchaining a tyger; The beast let loose may worry his deliverer.

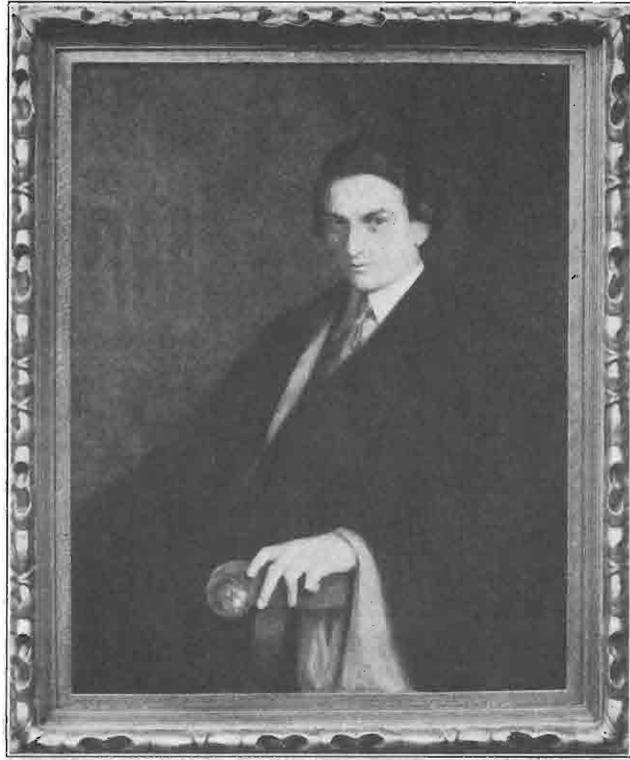
The rapid progress true science now makes, occasions my regretting sometimes that I was born so soon. It is impossible to imagine the height to which may be carried, in a thousand years, the power of man over matter. We may perhaps learn to deprive large masses of their gravity, and give them absolute levity, for the sake of easy transport. Agriculture may diminish its labour and double its produce; all diseases may by sure means be prevented or cured, not excepting even that of old age, and our lives lengthened at pleasure even beyond the antediluvian standard. O that moral science were in a fair way of improvement, that men would cease to be wolves to one another, and that human beings would at length learn what they now improperly call humanity.

Sin is not hurtful because forbidden, but forbidden because it is hurtful.

THE PLACE OF PHILOSOPHY IN A COMMERCIAL WORLD

The May, 1928 issue of the Overland Monthly founded by Brett Harte published my article, "The Place of Philosophy in a Commercial World." I was twenty-seven years old at the time, uniquely qualified to champion the cause of idealism in a cultural system based on the principle of cash and carry. It is interesting to note that this gem of journalism came into print about six months before my large volume on symbolical philosophy rolled off the presses of the Crocker Co. My beliefs remain the same, but the wording can gradually improve with the passing of years. Incidentally, the photograph used by the artist who painted my portrait is reproduced here. Mr. Smart did his best, but as Sargeant once observed, "The portrait is a likeness with something wrong around the mouth."

That the philosophic culture of ancient Greece, Egypt and India excelled that of the modern world must be admitted by even the most confirmed modernist. The golden era of Greek aesthetics, intellectualism and ethics has never since been equalled. The true philosopher belongs to the most noble order of men. The nation or race which is blessed by possession of illumined thinkers is fortunate, indeed, and its name shall be remembered for their sake. In the famous Pythagorean school at Crotona, philosophy was regarded as indispensable to the life of man. He who did not comprehend the dignity of the reasoning power could not properly be said to live. Therefore, when through innate perverseness a member either voluntarily withdrew or was forcibly ejected from the philosophic fraternity, a headstone was set up for him in the community graveyard; for he who had forsaken intellectual and ethical pursuits to re-enter the material sphere with its illusions of sense and false ambition was regarded as one dead to the sphere of reality. The life represented by the thralldom of the senses the Pythagoreans conceived to be



spiritual death, while they regarded death to the sense-world as spiritual life.

Philosophy bestows life in that it reveals the dignity and purpose of living. Materiality bestows death in that it benumbs or clouds those faculties of the human soul which should be responsive to the enlivening impulses of creative thought and ennobling virtue. How inferior to these standards of remote days are the laws by which men live in the twentieth century! Today, man, a sublime creature with infinite capacity for self-improvement, in an effort to be true to false standards, turns from his birthright of understanding—without realizing the consequences—and plunges into the maelstrom of material illusion. The precious span of his earthly years he devotes to the pathetically futile effort to establish himself as an enduring power

in a realm of unending things. Gradually the memory of his life as a spiritual being vanishes from his objective mind and he focuses all his partly-awakened faculties upon the seething beehive of industry which he has come to consider the sole actuality. From the lofty heights of his selfhood he slowly sinks into the gloomy depths of ephemerality. He falls to the level of the beast and in brutish fashion mumbles the problems arising from his all-too-insufficient knowledge of the Divine Plan. Here in the lurid gloom of a great industrial, political, commercial inferno, men writhe in self-inflicted agony and, reaching out into the swirling mists, strive to clutch and hold the grotesque phantoms of success and power.

Ignorant of the cause of life, ignorant of the purpose of life, ignorant of what lies beyond the mystery of death, yet possessing within himself the answer to it all, man is willing to sacrifice the beautiful, the true, and the good within and without upon the blood-stained altar of worldly ambition. The world of philosophy—that beautiful garden of thought wherein the sages dwell in the bond of fraternity—fades from view. In its place rises an empire of stone, steel, smoke and hate—a world in which millions of creatures potentially human scurry to and fro in the desperate effort to exist and at the same time maintain the vast institution which they have erected and which, like some mighty juggernaut, is rumbling inevitably toward an unknown end. In this physical empire, which man erects in the vain belief that he can outshine the kingdom of the celestials, everything is changed to stone. Fascinated by the glitter of gain, man gazes at the Medusa-like face of greed and stands petrified.

In this commercial age science is concerned solely with the classification of physical knowledge and investigation of the temporal and illusionary parts of Nature. Its so-called practical discoveries bind man even more tightly with the bonds of physical limitation. Religion, too, has become materialistic. The beauty and dignity of faith is measured by huge piles of masonry, by tracts of real estate, or by the balance sheet. Philosophy which connects heaven and earth like a mighty ladder, up the rungs of which the illumined of all ages have climbed into the living presence of Reality—even philosophy has become a prosaic and heterogeneous mass of conflicting notions.

Its beauty, its dignity, its transcendency are no more. Like other branches of human thought, it has been made materialistic—"practical"—and its activities so directionalized that they may also contribute their part to the erection of this modern world of stone and steel.

In the ranks of the so-called learned there is rising up a new order of thinkers, which may best be termed the *School of the Worldly Wise Men*. After arriving at the astounding conclusion that they are the intellectual salt of the earth, these gentlemen of letters have appointed themselves the final criterion of all knowledge, both human and divine.

This group affirms that all mystics *must* have been epileptic and most of the saints neurotic! It declares God to be a fabrication of primitive superstition, the universe to be intended for no particular purpose, immortality to be a figment of the imagination, and an outstanding individuality to be but a fortuitous combination of cells! Pythagoras is asserted to have suffered from a "bean complex," Socrates was a notorious inebriate, St. Paul was subject to fits, Paracelsus was an infamous quack, Comte de Cagliostro a mountebank, and Comte de St.-Germain the outstanding crook of history!

What do the lofty concepts of the world's illumined saviors and sages have in common with these stunted, distorted products of the "realism" of this century? All over the world men and women ground down by the soulless cultural systems of today are crying out for the return of the banished age of beauty and enlightenment—for something *practical* in the highest sense of the word. A few are beginning to realize that so-called civilization in its present form is at the vanishing point; that coldness, heartlessness, commercialism and material efficiency are *impractical*, and only that which offers opportunity for the expression of love and ideality is truly worthwhile. All the world is seeking happiness but knows not in what direction to search. Men must learn that happiness crowns the soul's quest for understanding. Only through the realization of infinite goodness and infinite accomplishment can the peace of the inner self be assured. In spite of man's geocentricism, there is something in the human mind that is reaching out to philosophy—not to this or that

philosophic code, but simply to philosophy in the broadest and fullest sense.

The great philosophic institutions of the past must rise again, for these alone can rend the veil which divides the world of causes from that of effects. Only the Mysteries—those sacred Colleges of Wisdom—can reveal to struggling humanity that greater and more glorious universe which is the true home of the spiritual being called man. Modern philosophy has failed in that it has come to regard thinking as simply an *intellectual process*. Materialistic thought is as hopeless a code of life as commercialism itself. *The power to think true* is the savior of humanity. The mythological and historical redeemers of every age were all personifications of that power. He who has a little more rationality than his neighbor is a little better than his neighbor. He who functions on a higher plane of rationality than the rest of the world is termed the greatest thinker. He who functions on a lower plane is regarded as a barbarian. Thus comparative rational development is the true gauge of the individual's evolutionary status.

In a nutshell, the true purpose of ancient philosophy was to discover a method whereby development of the rational nature could be accelerated instead of awaiting the slower processes of Nature. This supreme source of power, this attainment of knowledge, this unfolding of the god within is concealed under the epigrammatic statement of the *philosophic life*. This was the key to the Great Work, the mystery of the Philosopher's Stone, for it meant that alchemical transmutation had been accomplished. Thus ancient philosophy was primarily the living of a life; secondarily, an intellectual method. He alone can become a philosopher in the highest sense who *lives the philosophic life*. What man lives he comes to know. Consequently, a great philosopher is one whose threefold life—physical, mental, and spiritual—is wholly devoted to and completely permeated by his rationality.

Man's physical, emotional and mental natures provide environments of reciprocal benefit or detriment to each other. Since the physical nature is the immediate environment of the mental, only that mind is capable of rational thinking which is enthroned in a

harmonious and highly refined material constitution. Hence *right action*, *right feeling* and *right knowing*, and the attainment of philosophic power is possible only to such as have harmonized their thinking with their living. The wise have therefore declared that none can attain to the highest in the science of knowing until first he has attained to the highest in the science of living. *Philosophic power is the natural growth of the philosophic life*. Just as an intense physical existence emphasizes the importance of physical things, or just as the monastic metaphysical asceticism establishes the desirability of the ecstatic state, so complete philosophic absorption ushers the consciousness of the thinker into the most elevated and noble of all spheres—the pure philosophic, or rational, world.

In a civilization primarily concerned with the accomplishment of the extremes of temporal activity, the philosopher represents an equilibrating intellect capable of estimating and guiding the cultural growth. The establishment of the *philosophic rhythm* in the nature of an individual ordinarily requires from fifteen to twenty years. During that entire period the disciples of old were constantly subjected to the most severe discipline. Every part of the life was gradually disengaged from other interests and focalized upon the reasoning part. In the ancient world there was another and most vital factor which entered into the production of rational intellects and which is entirely beyond the comprehension of modern thinkers; namely, *initiation* into the philosophic Mysteries. A man who had demonstrated his peculiar mental and spiritual fitness was accepted into the *body of the learned* and to him was revealed that priceless heritage of arcane lore preserved from generation to generation. This heritage of philosophic truth is the matchless treasure of all ages, and each disciple admitted into these *brotherhoods of the wise* made, in turn, his individual contribution to this store of classified knowledge.

The one hope of the world is philosophy, for all the sorrows of modern life result from the lack of a proper philosophic code. Those who sense even in part the dignity of life cannot but realize the shallowness apparent in the activities of this age. Well has it been said that no individual can succeed until he has developed his philosophy of life. Neither can a race or nation attain true greatness

until it has formulated an adequate philosophy and has dedicated its existence to a policy consistent with that philosophy. During the World War, when so-called civilization hurled one-half of itself against the other in a frenzy of hate, men ruthlessly destroyed something more precious even than human life. They obliterated those records of human thought by which life can be intelligently directionalized. Truly did Mohammed declare the ink of philosophers to be more precious than the blood of martyrs. Priceless documents, invaluable records of achievement, knowledge founded on ages of patient observation and experimentation by the elect of the earth—all were destroyed with scarcely a qualm of regret. What was knowledge, what was truth, beauty, love, idealism, philosophy, or religion, when compared to man's desire to control an infinitesimal spot in the fields of Cosmos for an inestimably minute fragment of time? Merely to satisfy some whim or urge of ambition, man would uproot the universe, though well he knows that in a few short years he must depart, leaving all that he has seized to posterity as an old cause for fresh contention.

War—the irrefutable evidence of irrationality—still smolders in the hearts of men. It cannot die until human selfishness is overcome. Armed with multifarious inventions and destructive agencies, civilization will continue its fratricidal strife through future ages. But upon the mind of man there is dawning a great fear—the fear that eventually civilization will destroy itself in one great cataclysmic struggle. Then must be re-enacted the eternal drama of reconstruction. Out of the ruins of the civilization which died when its idealism died, some primitive people yet in the womb of destiny must build a new world. Foreseeing the needs of that day, the philosophers of the ages have desired that into the structure of this new world shall be incorporated the truest and finest of all that has gone before. It is a divine law that the sum of previous accomplishment shall be the foundation of each new order of things. The great philosophic treasures of humanity must be preserved. That which is superficial may be allowed to perish; that which is fundamental and essential must remain, regardless of cost.

Two fundamental forms of ignorance were recognized by the

Platonists—*simple* ignorance and *complex* ignorance. Simple ignorance is merely lack of knowledge and is common to all creatures existing posterior to the First Cause, which alone has perfection of knowledge. Simple ignorance is an ever-active agent, urging the soul onward to the acquisition of knowledge. From this virginal state of unawareness grows the desire to become aware with its resultant improvement in the mental condition. The human intellect is ever surrounded by forms of existence beyond the estimation of its partly-developed faculties. In this realm of objects not understood is a never-failing source of mental stimuli. Thus wisdom eventually results from the effort to cope rationally with the problem of the unknown.

In the last analysis, the Ultimate Cause alone can be denominated wise. In simpler words, only God is good. Socrates declared knowledge, virtue and utility to be one with the innate nature of good. Knowledge is a condition of *knowing*; virtue a condition of *being*; utility a condition of *doing*. Considering wisdom as synonymous with mental completeness, it is evident that such a state can exist only in the Whole, for that which is less than the Whole cannot possess the fullness of the All. No part of creation is complete; hence each part is imperfect to the extent that it falls short of entirety. Where incompleteness is, it also follows that ignorance must be coexistent; for every part, while capable of knowing its own Self, cannot become aware of the Self in the other parts. Philosophically considered, growth from the standpoint of human evolution is a process proceeding from heterogeneity to homogeneity. In time, therefore, the isolated consciousness of the individual fragments is reunited to become the complete consciousness of the Whole. Then, and then only, is the condition of *all-knowing* an absolute reality.

Thus all creatures are relatively ignorant, yet relatively wise; comparatively nothing, yet comparatively all. The microscope reveals to man his significance; the telescope, his insignificance. Through the eternities of existence man is gradually increasing in both wisdom and understanding. His ever-expanding consciousness is including more of the external within the area of itself. Even in man's present state of imperfection it is dawning upon his realization that he can never be truly happy until he is perfect, and that of all the faculties

contributing to his self-perfection none is equal in importance to the rational intellect. Through the labyrinth of diversity, only the illumined mind can, and must, lead the soul into the perfect light of unity.

In addition to the simple ignorance, which is the most potent factor in mental growth, there exists another, which is of a far more dangerous and subtle type. This second form, called *twofold* or *complex* ignorance, may be briefly defined as *ignorance of ignorance*. Worshipping the sun, moon and stars, and offering sacrifices to the winds, the primitive savage sought with crude fetishes to propitiate his unknown gods. He dwelt in a world filled with wonders which he did not understand. Now great cities stand where once roamed the Crookboned men. Humanity no longer regards itself as primitive or aboriginal. The spirit of wonder and awe has been succeeded by one of sophistication. Today man worships his own accomplishments and either relegates the immensities of time and space to the background of his consciousness or disregards them.

The twentieth century makes a fetish of civilization and is overwhelmed by its fabrications; its gods are of its own fashioning. Humanity has forgotten how infinitesimal, how impermanent and how ignorant it actually is. Ptolemy has been ridiculed for conceiving the earth to be the center of the universe, yet modern civilization is seemingly founded upon the hypothesis that the planet earth is the most permanent and important of all the heavenly spheres, and that the gods from their starry thrones are fascinated by the monumental and epochal events taking place upon this spherical ant-hill in Chaos.

From age to age men ceaselessly toil to build cities that they may rule over them with pomp and power—as though a fillet of gold or ten million vassals could elevate man above the dignity of his own thoughts and make the glitter of his scepter visible to the distant stars. As this tiny planet rolls along its orbit in space, it carries with it some two billion human beings who live and die oblivious to that immeasurable existence lying beyond the lump on which they dwell. Measured by the infinities of time and space, what are the captains of industry or the lords of finance? If one of these plutocrats should

rise until he ruled the earth itself, what would he be but a petty despot seated on a grain of Cosmic dust?

Philosophy reveals to man his kinship with the All. It shows him that he is a brother to the suns which dot the firmament. It lifts him from a taxpayer on a whirling atom to a citizen of Cosmos. It teaches him that while physically bound to earth (of which his blood and bones are part), there is nevertheless within him a spiritual power, a diviner Self, through which he is one with the symphony of the Whole. Ignorance of ignorance, then, is that self-satisfied state of unawareness in which man, knowing nothing outside the limited area of his physical senses, bumptiously declares there is nothing more to know! He who knows no life save the physical is merely ignorant, but he who declares physical life to be all-important and elevates it to the position of supreme reality—such a one is ignorant of his own ignorance.

If the Infinite had not desired man to become wise, He would not have bestowed upon him the faculty of knowing. If He had not intended man to become virtuous, He would not have sown within the human heart the seeds of virtue. If He had predestined man to be limited to his narrow physical life, He would not have equipped him with perceptions and sensibilities capable of grasping, in part at least, the immensity of the outer universe. The criers of philosophy call all men to a comradeship of the spirit, to a fraternity of thought, to a convocation of Selves. Philosophy invites man out of the vainness of selfishness; out of the sorrow of ignorance and the despair of worldliness; out of the travesty of ambition and the cruel clutches of greed, out of the red hell of hate and the cold tomb of dead idealism.

Philosophy would lead all men into the broad, calm vistas of truth, for the world of philosophy is a land of peace where those finer qualities pent up within each human soul are given opportunity for expression. Here men are taught the wonders of the blades of grass. Each stick and stone is endowed with speech and tells the secret of its being. All life, bathed in the radiance of understanding, becomes a wonderful and beautiful reality. From the four corners of creation swells a mighty anthem of rejoicing, for here in the light of

philosophy is revealed the purpose of existence; the wisdom and goodness permeating the Whole become evident to even man's imperfect intellect. Here the yearning heart of humanity finds that companionship which draws forth from the innermost recesses of the soul that great store of good which lies there like precious metal in some deep hidden vein.

Following the path pointed out by the wise, the seeker after truth ultimately attains to the summit of wisdom's mount and, gazing down, beholds the panorama of the life spread out before him. The cities of the plains are but tiny specks and the horizon on every hand is obscured by the gray haze of the Unknown. Then the soul realizes that wisdom lies in breadth of vision; that it increases in comparison to the vista. Then as man's thoughts lift him heavenward, streets are lost in cities, cities in nations, nations in continents, continents in the earth, the earth in space, and space in an infinite eternity, until at last but two things remain—the Self and the goodness of God.



Precepts or maxims are of great weight; and a few useful ones at hand do more toward a happy life than whole volumes that we know not where to find.
—Seneca

A snob is that man or woman who is always pretending to be something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than he is.
—Thackery

The love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable, and the humor of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valor so celebrated among men.
—La Rochefoucauld

The virtue of man ought to be measured not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his every-day conduct.
—Pascal

YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU

On a certain occasion Sandy MacPherson, a thrifty Scottish citizen, discussed the future of his estate with a solicitor or attorney at law in Edinburgh. Sandy wanted to know what was going to happen to everything he owned when the time came for him to depart. After a long discussion, the solicitor said: "Well, Sandy, after all you can't take it with you," and MacPherson replied: "If I can't take it with me, I'm not going." History gives us some very interesting sidelights about the future of our worldly goods after we have made the journey to the mysterious realms of the afterlife.

The Egyptians, for example, buried most of the valuable belongings of great persons with their bodies and sealed them up in mortuary chambers of the tomb. Everything of value was tucked away in the earth, where it waited until grave robbers caught up with it. It was assumed that the spirit of the deceased would be surrounded with the things that he loved and cherished, and little clay figures of his servants were also there ready to cater to his every whim; but in the Valley of the Kings nearly every tomb was rifled within a few years after the funeral. A new tomb has been discovered recently, and apparently the contents had not been molested.

On the other side of the world the Chinese had a similar approach to the subject of worldly goods. They likewise did everything possible to comfort the soul of the departed one, and in early times most of his court might be killed and buried with an emperor. Not long ago a tomb was opened, and the bodies still rested there completely enclosed in suits of jade.

The problem continues to linger and is disturbing to many persons of wealth. By degrees the billionaire accumulates everything that interests him and must have considerable legal advice on the proper distribution of his estate. Only he can decide which of his relatives receives what part of his worldly goods. It may well be that parting with a great fortune is not a pleasant task. An otherwise normal

lifetime has been dedicated to accumulation. Through strategy upon strategy the rich man has enlarged his fortune; and now, when his accumulation must pass to another, there is no heir that he feels to be deserving of his possessions. Of course, he can leave it to charity, build a library, found a university, or help the victims of war and crime. Actually, however, he never really felt that generous while he was healthy, and on his deathbed he must make decisions that perturb his spirit. Perhaps, like the thrifty Scot, he too would like to take his fortune with him when he leaves. This might be one of the most reasonable solutions to the financial bind. If all his stocks and bonds were tucked away in his casket, marriages for money might be less frequent among his heirs. Litigation would not be profitable, and there would be no one waiting for a wealthy man to die. Tax problems would also be greatly simplified.

Just how an estate could be buried with its owner will require some astute thinking. In Egypt possessions were less complicated than they are today. Great mergers would be broken up, cartels would crumble, and there might be some difficulty in disposing of yachts, summer homes, and private golf courses. Yet, anything is possible if you set your mind to it.

Perhaps the greatest advantage would be the realization that there is really very little advantage in collecting estates which might end in inheritance suits. How does it happen that thousands of ambitious persons live to accumulate things which no one can take with them? Perhaps there is some better approach to accumulation.

If there is anything that we can take with us, it is the soul. The enrichment of the inner life is useful and therapeutic while we still live; and, if anything does survive, it is the remembrance of friendship, kindness, affection, and beauty. If a list of a man's good deeds should be buried with his bones, there is no danger that his grave will be robbed. Year by year the toils of wealth while we live—and the abuse of our possessions after we are gone—have been considerably minimized. There is little enduring value in struggling, conniving, cheating, and stealing if all that we can take with us would be the memory of our own misdeeds.

TWILIGHT OF THE UNBELIEVERS

As a substitute for religion, materialism has contributed to the human dilemma by eliminating Deity and spreading the concept known as atheism. Materialism is at best a fair weather friend. Agnosticism is also popular in the present century and has received considerable support from the scientific community. That unbelievers have contributed to the decline of morality and ethics is obvious, but there is some question as to whether they were responsible for the beginning of social and political corruption or the consequences thereof.

The rise of industrialism in the nineteenth century and the prevailing prosperity of the wealth-oriented twentieth century has strongly influenced both public and private worship. Deprived of religious conviction, the popular mind has accepted corruption on all levels of society. Since World War II we have had ample opportunity to contemplate the consequences of unbelief. The basic fact remains clear: we must believe in a universal power which is greater than ourselves and concerned with our survival; otherwise, civilization as we know it is on the threshold of extinction.

We must remember that atheism is a political failure and the acceptance of it becomes a personal tragedy. Russia experimented with atheism and is now attempting to solve impending calamity by restoring its ancient faiths, opening cathedrals and temples, and bringing back rituals and sacraments.

It is very important that codes of spiritual values should be restored and expanded. There is no substitute known for a dynamic faith. The problem is complicated, however, because for years we have neglected and even rejected all idealistic beliefs that inspired and comforted our families fifty years ago.

Those in favor of a godless world were unwise in discarding their religious traditions, and we have been so afraid that theology would blight our democracy that we have taken every possible means to

maintain the separation between church and state. We certainly do not want a sectarian nation, but it is perfectly possible to inspire and acknowledge that we are a country which believes in the world's highest spiritual convictions. If we are afraid to defend our beliefs we can scarcely expect others to accept and practice them.

There is much to indicate that the twenty-first century will have far stronger spiritual convictions than those generally practiced today. If we look around and glance back at the history of world religions we shall realize that substantially they form a constructive pattern of convictions useful in all transactions of personal and community living.

Recently, the belief of a godless universe seems to be losing its private and public appeal. The daily press is warning us that our very existence depends upon a major change in our moral attitudes. We may be afraid that we will accept false beliefs, but if the teachings themselves are honorable, the various public media should cooperate with the dissemination of practical idealism when it is so sorely needed. There is little probability, however, that a major reform in the religious fields will occur without legislative support. The idea that religion would damage our practical integrity is foolish. The present policy is simply perpetuating amoral practices and beliefs.

Looking backward, we see the rise and fall of religion, and critics have long pointed out that the abuses and corruptions of religious beliefs have been instrumental in destroying nearly every civilization in the past. Wealth and ambition, by first undermining faith, have been free to corrupt those noble aspirations which are inherent in the human soul. A powerful leader always arises inflamed by ambition and leads his confused people to ruin. These leaders have been able to dominate many of their sacred institutions. Religions distorted by ulterior motives have inspired wars, attacking different faiths and contributing generously to the collapse of empires.

Not long ago a friend asked me why religions and theological institutions have conspired with corrupted leaders to betray their nation and their people. Actually we do not know why ulterior motives arise in the hearts and minds of normally gentle and peaceful people.

Although we do not understand all the elements involved, we see the contrasts of vice and virtue around us every day. We know that it is wrong to deceive other human beings, but this is nevertheless an everyday occurrence.

All our vices originate within ourselves, so there is no real need to accuse anyone of the mismanagement of world affairs. No divine despot whispers in our ears, and no deity on some remote throne is bent upon punishing us for our mistakes. Although the human being appears to be a very remarkable creature, it is only at a comparatively elementary degree of enlightenment. We may as well face the fact that human beings as evolving creatures have not yet attained spiritual maturity. We think and act and live as we do because of what we are at present. There is no grand scheme in our present actions, but the mistakes that we make result because of conflict with natural laws.

Another question has caused considerable moral misunderstanding. How can we account for the fact that confused parents have different standards of honor and honesty? Some have used the law of evolution to explain our difficulties, others depend on the Decalogue for the laws of their faith. All believe they are doing the best they can, and millions pass out of this life convinced that the world was against them.

Probably the most honorable and reasonable answer to the confusion of tongues and the adversities of life are the laws of reincarnation and karma. When Gautama Buddha revealed the laws of reincarnation and karma in India some twenty-five hundred years ago, they gained favor among people who had long been waiting for an explanation of universal integrity. These two great laws preached by Buddha brought to an end the accidents of fate and fortune. By accepting these laws, we can never consider ourselves to be unjustly injured or punished in this world or the life beyond. This is the end of injustice of any kind, the final proof being that we are the creators of our own destiny and defenders of our own integrities. Although great waves of people are involved in events, no one is punished for any misfortune except his own. An army of ambitious, avaricious people wage war. Those who survive the battle pass out of physical

life in due time. Later they return to pay for the ulterior motives which dominated their previous actions. Thousands or tens of thousands may suffer together now because thousands and tens of thousands committed wrong actions together long ago. In spite of appearances to the contrary, no one is imposed upon, over-influenced, misjudged, or falsely punished.

Those entities that come to birth in the twenty-first century will appear at the proper time for themselves and have an assortment of diversified actions and consequences. No one is to blame, no thought pattern dominating a generation can punish a person who did not deserve appropriate retribution. There is no old man with a book on his lap checking our records. This old man is ourselves—the part that we call memory—which can be either physical or relating to the broad circle of incarnation. In the meantime and in between time there will be opportunities to grow, make new friends, and achieve new insights into the truths of life. We will develop skills for our use in this life and insights for realms that lie beyond the grave. We are never alone, never neglected, and the only way we can deceive each other is by trying to deceive ourselves or vice-versa. Great moral codes center upon a single day. On this very day, any move or project we entertain will give us new opportunities and responsibilities. And there is no God of vengeance to punish us for our misdeeds or for the sin of attending the wrong church. The great temple has the heavens for its roof, and within it abide all the congregations of space.

We have an honest universe because confusion reembodies, families come back, rulers return, and little children arrive in our home. They are not new helpless creatures, for each one is growing up to face his own karma and to prove that by paying his debts he will not again make the same mistake.

We may not be able to detect the procedures, but nations are reborn together, institutions call back the old members, the great schools have venerable footprints in their corridors. Teachers come back to teach, wiser than they were before. Parents are given new privileges to contribute to the well-being of their children. Leaders of states have accumulated new information that will prevent them

from repeating the mistakes of the past. Young and old will be laying the foundations for the twenty-second and twenty-third centuries.

The opportunity for growth will continue as long as growth is necessary, and when we outgrow the challenge of our present environment we will progress to other unfamiliar worlds. There is no injustice, there is no cruelty. There is only willing, with each person privileged to prove his integrity by being placed in positions of responsibility. When we start to make a move of one kind or another, there may be a little catch in our own minds—a feeling of “don’t do this,” or “wait a minute.” In these ways, past ages speak to us directly. If we refuse their warning or compromise for gain or fame, we will return one fine day to repeat the same detail of mortal—or immortal—behavior which we have overlooked.

One of our major difficulties is that we have come under the influence of scientific materialism. The sciences began with a philosophy that required very little idealism. There was no essential reason for anything, and all the visible evidence seems to support the idea that physical existence ends in death. There was no reward for virtue beyond the grave and no punishment for vice. Our three score and ten years could be a happy interlude or a mixed blessing. If we made a mistake, we would never return to correct it, and if our career won public acclaim, there would be no one to remember.

Materialism, with the blessings of the material sciences, has attracted many with lazy hearts and minds who are willing to accept our brief sojourn in the mortal sphere as merely a shortcut to oblivion. But the more we contemplate this solution to the riddle of existence the less we are inclined to accept it. If one benefits from the labors of living, our journeys through the years are a waste of cosmic energy and human endeavor.

If we are not responsible for our conduct in the larger panorama of world affairs, then generations of peoples have come and gone, experiencing moments of glory and hours of pain for no reason. This earth and others which may sustain life are nothing but graveyards in space. Nothing remains: “Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, sans end,” to quote Omar Khayyam. The only reason why a doctrine of annihilation is fascinating to immature minds is the over-

simplification of the factors involved. We can live for today; and after a brief part in this earthly drama of conflicts, some find it a bargain to accept oblivion as a suitable closing scene.

As this has failed to maintain our physical environment for those who have been born on this planet, many otherwise intelligent people have been satisfied to fade into nothing when the time comes for our journey to end. There is certainly no evidence of a cosmic intelligence in such an explanation of the sorry farce we call a lifetime. Actually, a large contingency is starting to find scientific materialism unacceptable, turning its attention instead to the offerings of religious dogma. This has some advantages and one great disadvantage. The individual has a preexistence before birth, existence during physical life with a strong moral code to protect the soul from corruption, and finally a departure into another realm where punishments and rewards can be contemplated. Now we have some reward for virtue and some punishment for sins and crimes, but for one confused span of temptations and our own undisciplined natures, we must face an eternity of punishments or rewards. This pattern is not entirely appealing even to our sense of justice. There is no discussion of where we came from or whither we are going. Our embodiments will usually be in times of war and strife and our place in society far from happy.

A Unitarian minister whom I once knew had a special sermon for those who had certain doubts about Providence. He called it “the one-ended stick” and explained at considerable length that this stick symbolizes the philosophy of atheism. We must come from somewhere, but in the end we go nowhere. This concept is in conflict with natural law. Nature does not create forms of life, protecting them from the vicissitudes of physical existence, only to discard them in the end. It would certainly be a pity if noble character is buried with the flesh where it lingered for an uncertain number of years.

The doctrine of “dead ends” is especially dangerous for young people. If it makes no difference how we live, then incentives for moral and ethical teachings are merely delusions which contribute nothing to the improvement of humankind. No civilization has ever attained its own maturity without idealistic convictions. It is notice-

able that the present crisis arising in the relationships of nations and the corruption of the environment are resulting in a strong resurgence of idealism. Persons in all walks of life are seeking internal security through the strengthening of their religious convictions. A number of organizations are turning to foreign and distant beliefs to support their hopes and aspirations to some form of worship. Many have chosen to revive ancient beliefs.

There was a strong surge of spiritualism in this country after the Civil War, and several prominent citizens also had spiritualistic beliefs following World War I. This never really subsided and was further reinforced by the advent of atomic fission.

Mystic arts and sciences in general are making a strong bid for public attention. Publications appear every day defending old beliefs. The only practical way by which we can regain the spiritual insights of the ancient world is to make certain dramatic changes in our own conduct. The classical Greeks recognized that the heart and mind must pull together. If we expect to be learned we must simplify, clarify, and discipline our affections.

If we study architechtonics we realize that lofty dedications create appropriate monuments to truth and beauty. Disillusionment undermines health, paralyzes initiative, and contributes to corrupting and destructive habits. To have a positive and constructive sense of internal integrity results in immediate improvement in conduct. Those who have traveled widely are usually impressed by the love and devotion which humanity has bestowed upon its sacred monuments. Communism never intended to undermine morality or ethics. The trouble was that without the emotional warmth of positive believing the average person could not elevate his individual character or strengthen the soul qualities with which he had been endowed. Aspiration contributes to continuing refinement of conduct and character. If we neglect our inner dreams, our outer world becomes a purgatory. Day by day we destroy the natural beauties of mind and heart which we possessed when we were born into this mortal sphere.

A few days ago I looked over a program of television offerings for the spring and summer of 1990. In the *TV Guide* there is a little column each day with special attractions or noteworthy events. Sports

differ with the seasons but they are always listed. After this is a group of prime pictures that have stood the test of twenty or thirty years. Then comes the latest romantic offering, mostly rather stale from frequent revivals, and then perhaps a half-hour repeat on turtle life in Borneo or New Guinea. Notes may appear in the program here and there, and some stations mention that mature films may be presented after midnight. The word "mature" in this case suggests that the films will not be suitable for children. After the theater comes music, art, literature, and society in general. While we are mentioning the importance of building for the twenty-first century, intelligent people are already dying of boredom in the twentieth century. In other words, we cannot lift a small branch of society to noble heights and leave the rest untutored and unchanged.

When home life falls apart there seem to be unfortunate changes in planetary climate. There is a saying that insect pests do not attack healthy plants. As disasters take their toll and it becomes increasingly difficult to live constructively, climates worsen, smog thickens, fumes become more dense, and food is adulterated and loaded with chemical protectives.

Little by little, a downward trend gains momentum until it becomes an avalanche, and among the present avalanches are narcotic abuses and a variety of communicable diseases. If we really want to protect the twenty-first century from the pestilences of the past, we must restore the dignity of the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes. We are worried about the shortage of gasoline, the destruction of our forests, the plundering of our lakes and rivers, and the endangering of our proper food supply. These ills will not cure themselves, and materialism only contributes to the continuance of our evil times.

A small section of our society simply takes it for granted that death is not only final but complete. Therefore, we should enjoy ourselves all we can because disasters of various sizes and shapes are lurking around each corner. I think the philosophers show better judgment for they insist that in spite of our delinquencies we are going to stay here and suffer until we wake up and properly protect ourselves and our environment.

Perhaps we were present at the siege of Troy or the sacking of Rome. We may have been in Greece when the Moslems conquered the regions. In the old days when Europe was beset with treasons and inquisitions, we escaped in little ships from the sick continent of Europe to the then comparatively healthy continent of North America. We no more than settled here than we imported the troubles we had sought to escape.

It has taken us over two hundred years to spoil our landscape and turn lakes and rivers into swamps. How did it happen that we failed to understand the history books? Though somewhat biased, such volumes explain how we gradually ruined the complete continent. Each day as we open a newspaper there is some new record of inhumanity and corruption. However, it is interesting to note that social and political groups are now beginning to cooperate with religious and cultural organizations to save the environment. In North America we are the environment. Today we are the ones trying to find some place to bury our atomic waste or just old fashioned garbage. We build on filled land and have a pleasant nine-year-old home on the top of a trash heap.

What department of our political structure could be held responsible for criminal indifference to sanitation and survival? Believe it or not, the decline of the importance of religion in everyday life is probably one of the largest factors in the whole sorry situation. Unless we all believe that there are universal laws established to curb our appetites, we have overlooked the basic and inevitable process of evolution. We must come in time to the proper motivation to inspire constructive action. Peace and profits will not see us through. The conference of nations is little better than an illusion, and competition is a sickness that has destroyed a hundred empires. Continuance into the future as a sane and safe structure must result from a dedication to the fulfillment of our microcosmic and macrocosmic destiny.



Every waking hour we weave, whether we will or no
Every trivial act or word into the warp must go.

EDUCATION AT HOME

At first it seemed to me that the principal obstacle to home schooling was the additional responsibility that is placed upon parents. According to an article which appeared in the *Daily News* of Sunday, October 15, 1989 under the by-line of Randye Hoder, this factor would appear to be negligible. We seldom hear about home schooling, but actually it is fully recognized in the State of California. In this state the Board of Education is extremely liberal and permits parents to have full control of their children's learning processes. They can take a child out of public school, give it home education for as many years as they desire, and then return it again to the public school system without penalty. The only requisite is that those who are taught in a home school must pass a regular examination required of all students. In fact, pupils in the home study program can enter college or a university if they can prove they are proficient in required preparatory material. There is no restriction concerning religious beliefs where studies are carried on with the parents as teachers. Home schooling is stoutly defended, especially by mothers who are disillusioned by the low moral level of the existing facilities. Not only are children receiving inadequate education, but they are being exposed to strong corrupting influences from other schoolchildren. The popular belief that there are social benefits from mingling with other young people is no longer especially beneficial because the general tendency today is to take on disagreeable attitudes and habits. The values of the lessons are seriously damaged by the danger to integrity to which students are constantly exposed.

It is gratifying to learn that statistics are available which would indicate parental cooperation in the maintenance of moral instruction of the young. Actually, a more intimate association between mothers and their children would probably strengthen family rela-

tionships. In many cases family units have basic religious convictions and the members would like to protect each other from the disillusionments which have spread throughout society. Schooling at home would also permit young people to grow up without the danger of contamination which is burdening the American life-way. It is difficult to imagine that a good middle-class family which believes in an honorable way of life would not like to communicate their ideals and convictions to their progeny. Today the moment the child enters the stream of materialistic schooling which generally prevails, leadership is taken away from the family and bestowed upon a peer group of incorrigibles. Private schools are certainly an improvement in some cases, but they are beyond the means of many families. In the home school, if a child is brought up into its teens in a constructive atmosphere strengthened by good example, a first line of defense has been established against the evils of our times.

The great difference between family schooling and the collective system is emphasis upon ethics. More and more our academic system has compromised the principles of right living in order to meet the requirements of an industrialized system which largely considers virtue to be a serious impediment to financial success. As it is legal to include idealism, integrity, and basic religious principles in home education, this can build for itself and its members the very ideals which it wishes all children to respect.

With such rights and privileges parents can start educating with reading, writing, and arithmetic. The reading can be simple but significant, and the textbook for the very youngest scholar can contain something more useful and enduring than *Little Bo Peep*. Writing is generally neglected, but it is still necessary for writing to continue if reading is to remain possible. The trend now, however, is toward audio-visual methods. Arithmetic still helps us to keep out of debt, and the common sense derived from mathematical discipline will still be useful for some time to come.

Thoughtful parents can decide for themselves just how they would like to bend the "twigs" that have been entrusted to their care. Parents want to love their children and in turn receive their affection. They do not appreciate bad dispositions, temper fits, and the numerous disagreeable habits that can be bestowed upon their sons and

daughters from the outside.

Religion can be an important factor in home schooling. Those who have lived long enough to bring a family into this troubled world realize the desperate need for spiritual nutrition. The belief in God which impels the individual to keep the Ten Commandments is far more essential than courses in dominant personalities or intensive salesmanship. Faith in a spiritual power ruling the world and which also abides within children to guide their personal destiny will result in a marked reduction of juvenile delinquency, which in turn will cut down adult crime.

It is also possible for the parent to prove conclusively those eternal facts of life which we are inclined to ignore completely. By the time a child is twelve or thirteen years old it can become moderately aware of the moral lessons taught by history. It can come to realize that no war ever ended strife, no crime contributed to happiness, and lack of self-discipline is now bringing the world to ruin. At that age a child can also come to realize that this economic system into which it is supposed to fit is destroying our national resources, poisoning the air and water, and corrupting the hearts and minds of billions of human beings.

Why are we deprived of these facts in the modern patterns of schooling? The answer seems to be that we cannot make anything better without making something else worse. If we really accomplish the improvements necessary to our survival, we will deprive ourselves of the luxuries which we want to survive to enjoy. It is not unimaginable that we have responsibilities which we must use to protect our opportunities.

As long as we protect the small child from contamination we must keep control of its habits, attitudes, and sources of influence. The reforming of the educational system is a huge task for many different groups of citizens opposing changes which they consider restrictions upon life, wealth, and the pursuit of luxury. In the home the children can be taught that real happiness can come only with integrity, and the mad scramble for personal freedom is ending in a demoralization of the young and the disintegration of legitimate opportunities for self expression. There is every reason to suspect that the nation would not be demoralized if the child's day began with

a moment of prayer and the rededication to the spiritual realities of life.

There are other subjects which are not generally taught today which would help. One is respect for the institution of the home, made beautiful because it is the shrine of social existence. There should be instruction about the body, the proper care of health, proper nutrition, and the earliest guidance about the sacredness of family planning for a new generation. The child learns the true principles of human survival from its parents and in turn passes the lamp of wisdom to a future generation.

From this point on there are many things to consider. If there is planning for career, the foundations can be laid in childhood. There should always be a balance and a constant watchfulness against intemperances of the mind, the emotions, or the body. Negative emotions such as hatred, prejudice, bigotry, and revengefulness must be explained away as attributes which will end in sorrow for the individual and misery for the commonwealth. The mind must be trained to be well dispositioned. It must be thoughtful, ever ready to learn, and willing to give up prejudices and opinions that will not bear the test of living. There must be a sense of humor and a definite diversification of intellectual energies. The "one-track" mind is off the track already and may experience great difficulty and sorrow before it can correct the condition.

The Greeks recommended three essentials for study: mathematics, astronomy, and music. We might have better executives in politics if public servants really understood astronomy and came to recognize that human beings are in a universe much bigger than any corporation we will ever be able to put together. Heavy thinkers could do well to take up music with a full realization that we do not advocate hard rock. Musical discords are an abomination to the ears; however, harmony relates not only to sound but to the management of empires as well.

Recreation must also be well planned. Young minds must be given opportunities for social existence and indulgence in all constructive pleasures. If we do not learn to laugh in childhood, we will weep before we die. Also the physical life must be protected. The body

is not merely a servant of ambition or a means for the gratification of every appetite and desire. I remember a case of a gold miner up in Alaska. The local doctor, who was not very experienced, advised this old sourdough to go to the Mayo Brothers Clinic. They took out two-thirds of his stomach and told him he could lengthen his life considerably if he would live on milk toast and cereals. When he got back to Fairbanks he was so happy he gathered all his cronies for a party that lasted all night in a saloon, and the next morning he was found dead alongside the bar. This is an extreme example perhaps, but the tendency is spreading. The alcoholic and the chain smoker are just as foolish as this old miner from the Klondike. Young people should learn from the beginning that there is very little success for a person who has already ruined his health. In the home school these little sidelines would help in the preparation of a useful curriculum.

Very little history is evaluated for students in the early years of schooling. According to the press it has been noted that over half of the children now in grammar school have never heard of Adolph Hitler, and fewer still know who discovered America. Actually however, there are many moral lessons to be learned from the records of the past that would help to straighten out a young mind which is groping toward the cultivation of common sense. When I was growing up, a number of books for young people clearly set forth the deeper meanings of world events. We found out about the French Revolution and the social injustice that caused it; and how, after the execution of Louis XVI, France inherited another despot, Napoleon, who came into power, wasted the lifeblood of Europe, and died on St. Helena quite possibly from poison.

Every day we read sad tales arising from heartless competition, but at the same time we are impelled to regard these tragedies as necessary to progress. With a little help a twelve-year-old boy or girl could come to understand that the self-centeredness of modern society gave us nuclear fission which has proven to be the supreme disaster of all time. There is something wrong with progress that begins, theologically speaking, in a beautiful garden and ends in a military cemetery. No amount of education can prove that selfish-

ness is a benefit, but for some reason no one in the halls of learning is proclaiming the actual facts in audible terms.

I remember when I was a small boy I had three cousins, and we decided together to entertain our elders with a short episode chosen from the Song of Hiawatha. We were all going to be in a canoe and row our way across the living room rug. It was a deep and enthralling project. There were difficulties with the cardboard canoe, and the costuming was less than authentic. But when the time came our parents sat completely entranced by the performance. We rode in and gave a few memorized lines from Longfellow, and everyone declared that so far as we were concerned it was a world-shaking event. We need more of this kind of special occasion.

Now everyone sits around a television set watching a terrible program, or the young folks are out and we do not know or care what they are doing. Education costs a fortune and the conditions caused by lack of adequate instruction costs another fortune. Confucius was right: the survival of a nation depends upon the integrity of its homes. In the present century at least, the school system has been detrimental to the home. It has strengthened the idea of everyone doing as he pleases and earning enough money to pay for his own mistakes.

Of course, we have another consideration. Parents who are ready and willing to take over the culturing of their children must study their own capacities. They are probably a little wiser because they have suffered longer and may have had better upbringing, but the experiment of home schooling can also be a vital experience for those in middle life. It fills in otherwise monotonous years, even if they are economically secure. When the adult loses purpose, there is nothing left to dream about or hope for. Therefore, children can become the great opportunity for continued growth, learning and strengthening love and friendship. No one with only half-grown children is finished, and many parents gradually come to share in the psychological childhood of their growing sons and daughters. If they have had the wisdom to select an appropriate curriculum for their own family, parts of it may apply to themselves. A mother in teaching may fulfill part of her own psychological and educational needs. To teach is to go back to school again, a little older and a

little wiser. In this way, the parent may recover from the damage of a public school education and grow along with the young again.

Sometimes it looks as though the father may be left out of this pattern or have very little to say assuming that he is employed most of the time and comes home from many exasperating hours of work. If, however, he has a half-grown son, this gives him a great opportunity for sharing. The bored father suddenly realizes that he was not as tired as he thought he was. He is really more or less disgusted with the world he lives in and the people he has to work with. Suddenly a young life comes into his keeping, not physically, but emotionally, or even spiritually. He can help his own son to become a good father in due time, to pass on from generation to generation the wisdom and skills of mankind he's been taught, and even still more important to carry the burden of wisdom, or at least knowledge, in a way that will enrich the future and bring quiet satisfaction to the person himself. In matters of this importance, many a marriage of a daughter has been ruined by the negative image of her own father. In every family a father is an image of a husband, and the father/husband image is united in the young son of the next generation. It all begins in the home, not in the school.

There was a popular psychiatrist who gained a considerable reputation untangling the complexities of family life. He told me one day that one of the most difficult problems to solve consists of a family dedicated to freedom without assuming that freedom should be censored by integrity. All the members had careers of their own. Both parents were employed, two of the children were in college, and the younger ones were headed for careers in art and dramatics. No one really cared what happened to the home, and that is exactly what is wrong with America today. The average citizen considers the home a refuge, an escape, when in reality it should be one of the most important and central factors in his own growth and survival.

It is too late to change children after they have been ruined. A parent makes the dismal discovery that a brilliant young son is dabbling in cocaine. It is a terrible moment for both parents. Grief-stricken, the mother asks the eternal question, "What have we done to deserve this?" Investigation indicates the habit was acquired in

a prominent university. How can an educational institution overlook the importance of building into the curriculum some code of ethics which will protect the young person and support him in his determination to live a good life? It is an incredible mistake to graduate a student for his academic achievement with no consideration for the corruption of his personal life. Education should make a clear mind in a clean body. If it has not done this and cannot do it, it is time to return the care of the growing child to those who still possess moral integrity.

The expense of maintaining the present educational structure is excessive and increasing every day, but the products of this system are not prepared to make a positive contribution to human society. As populations increase and refugees continue to require specialized schooling, major reforms are essential.

The present trend already shows in Australia where the outback is being educated by the communications media and the children study at home. A national board can provide adequate instructional material for students up to and through high school. University training must for the moment be carried on in qualified and equipped institutions.

It may seem difficult to carry on schooling in the home but there are advantages. In these hazardous times children can remain safely at home but their social lives can continue with or without surveillance. Much of this new approach to learning is also applicable to adults. With any program, however, which is expected to meet popular approval the audio-visual approach is bound to meet considerable resistance. The instruction that is most necessary will meet the greatest resistance, and it will require major changes in popular beliefs and believing. With two-thirds of the population of the country concerned, to some degree at least, with religion and morality on the one hand and atheists and agnostics on the other, a major disturbance is likely to occur.

In the home school private beliefs are not subject to discrimination or sectarian criticism. We must sometime face into the facts that the world's heritage of spiritual values descends through ancestors, is communicated in family circles, and passed on as a spiritual

heritage from one generation to another. While theoretically we are entitled to follow the faith of our choice, every effort is now being made to protect materialism from all phases of idealistic thinking.

Patriotism implies that the citizen protects and supports the good in his community and the nation. Those who immigrate from other cultural structures must be prepared to protect the freedoms by which they have come here. In the nineteenth century a substantial majority took the attitude that they were entitled to abuse the privileges which they enjoyed. In every country there are idealists and dreamers, practical workers, and radical nonconformists. They must keep the rules of society and set the example for the conduct of their sons and daughters.

The home school educates the parent as well as the child. A well balanced schedule may bring many surprises to the adults long taught to believe that survival must deprive the worker of most of the pleasures and privileges appropriate to the human estate. The drudgery of learning is not only due to poor material, but still poorer presentation of facts or beliefs. Obviously the basics must be included, but there should always be food for the mind and the soul. If we think only of the body, life is comparatively meaningless.

The old guild system required that a member should receive instruction in two separate means of livelihood. These could be as different as possible. A bishop of the church might become a locksmith, or the Grand Duke could take up tailoring. The principal merchant would do well to become a meistersinger or write poetry. A temperament supported by a variety of activities is most likely to remain healthy, and if times are troubled an avocation might become a vocation.

One problem which affects all types of home instruction is the one-parent family. A great many mothers must be employed and therefore have limited time to devote to their children. It was for this contingency that home schools united into groups and shared the responsibilities of teaching. Another anxiety, of course, is the temperamental child. Actually, however, the parent who handles this situation in a constructive manner is usually successful.

We are all on the threshold of new ways of life. The changes can-

not be prevented for we are making them ourselves. Natural resources are being exhausted; and by extravagance, selfishness and indifference we are wasting irreplaceable and essential materials. There is more to education than book learning and training for employment. Young people growing up must be taught to live within the means provided by the planet. Being born into this world and remaining here for a number of years is an important event. There is also more to life than rock music.

Education should include the protection of physical health and the proper use of all the faculties and powers which we have brought to the earth on our arrival. We are not entitled to continue making the mistakes which have contributed to the miseries of millions. Intelligent training arbitrates conflicts, reconciles antagonisms, and provides us with self-control. Perhaps most important of all, education teaches us not to waste time. Before we realize it, we have spent our entire allotment of courage and insight. In the home school we can be taught not to waste our lives trying to be happy but settle down instead to the serious business of fitting ourselves for a destiny that will be here sooner than we know. If we do not want war, if we are tired of depressions and sick of being a wastrel, we must do something about it while there is time. If parents want to give us a better education and a richer and fuller understanding of life, we should cooperate with them and all other parents and use the years of learning as nature intended them to be used. Three generations of home school would entitle everyone to a better environment than is available at present. It may take a little time but the foundations of wisdom and understanding which the thoughtful mother imparts to the child she loves will result in the healing of the nation, thereby correcting numerous ills for which an honorable and practical education is the only remedy.

Time wasting can be a further disadvantage. In the classroom, little opportunity exists to give special attention to the exceptional child, which is one of the variety of causes resulting in the deterioration of the quality of contemporary education. There has to be some definite reason for the unpleasant fact that after several years of schooling a considerable percent of students are below standard in

reading and writing, and become dissipated while still in their teens.

In the family school it is reasonable to assume that children will receive some moral education. That scientific materialism should be encouraged and morality downgraded or ignored is a serious mistake. The scientific community is highly indignant at the thought that promising young people in public schools should be contaminated by a belief in God and a development of moral virtues. In a free country in which over one hundred million of its inhabitants engage in public or private worship, young people should not be criticized or condemned for their theological associations.

Faith strengthens character and ennobles conduct. The belief in the immortality of the soul is certainly more inspiring than the belief in eternal futility. The human being is naturally a religious creature, and while religious convictions may not be supported by scientific research it is only fair to say that science has not taken a firm stand on world peace, the brotherhood of man, or the victory of skill over the reduction of the crime rate. In the home school, family faiths can be preserved without detracting in any way from the advancement of scientific studies.

There is another point that can only be open to negative doubt and apprehension. It will be difficult for the home school to maintain an impressive program of sports. At present, two of the important sports are football and basketball. The football season is highly publicized and extravagantly supported. In a sense football has become the favorite for public institutions. Every college worth mentioning must have a team of huge, brawny young men who have contributed very little to the advancement of learning but have been very profitable to institutions of higher learning. At the present time football has been subjected to considerable personal criticism and a bad press. In these difficult days where there is great need for serious consideration about the future, this multi-million dollar sport does not seem to contribute in any degree to the improvement of education or the security of the nation. Again the motivation behind university sports is not always on a high ethical level, and the supporting of such athletic events is of dubious integrity.

In recent years world conditions have so worsened that a religious

reaction was inevitable. In every field of entertainment there has been serious deterioration. Television is hard at work to bring pornography into the family home. Hard rock is a menace to health and much modern art is debased. A great part of this deterioration could be markedly reduced by home schooling. With a proper curriculum, learning could be made vital and exciting. The deeper meanings of daily happenings could be evaluated, and parents would grow with the child.

One of the most important considerations is that many adults are not well educated. They may have attended institutions of the highest reputation but their philosophical thinking has had little tutoring. For the parents to take their child by the hand and lead it into the wonders and beauties of enlightened living is one of the world's greatest adventures.

Atheists try to tell us that the good and the bad come to the same end. If this is true how does it happen that a good marriage is better than a poor one? Why does the great artist paint an inspiring picture while the poor one, working only for money, remains mediocre to the end? The thoughtful person refrains from narcotics and has a better time than the one who believes that nothing is good or bad. Corrupt leaders fall from their high estate, and those of noble dedications are long remembered. Aesop, the slave, was once asked what was the principal labor of the gods, and he replied, "The gods are busy all the time lifting up the humble and casting down the great." Maybe a few lines like that should be in the textbooks of grammar school students.

We are not going to get very much soul into education when the curriculum is dominated by present political considerations. We are referred to as a free people; however, this does not mean that we have the right to drive a car while intoxicated, vote on elections with no concept of proper government, or become narcotic addicts. It means we are free to think and dream and build. If we want to help our children to carry on the noblest of our convictions, the way to get them started on the right track is to share with them the vision of a good life here every day; and when the time comes to leave we will join the ages with a good hope.

R.A., THE RECREATIONAL AGE

The twentieth century now coming to an end has been the fun generation of all time. There is no record of the combinations of tragedy and comedy equal to those we have passed through in recent years. Having been born in the first year of the twentieth century I have a reasonable memory of some of the changes which occurred then and will affect human destiny for centuries to come.

It all began slightly before my time when there was a major outbreak of labor difficulties and the Populist Movement opened the way for a general increase in wages. The days when men worked from dawn to dark for one dollar were no longer tolerated, and in a comparatively short time workers in general began to have spending money, but there was very little to buy with it. Although the labor unions provided for many of these increases in pay, the temptations to spend were simply not very strong. The great fortunes which had been built up in railroading, mining, and heavy industry were beyond the means of the new spenders so they settled down to bargaining among themselves. Nineteenth century Americans were frugal people. I remember a wedding in which the central attraction was neither the bride nor the groom but the wedding dress. It had adorned three generations of brides and was truly the treasure of the house, so there was no question of buying the young lady a new dress. As the years went by, it was necessary, therefore, to create markets where none had existed before.

And then the cinema appeared. The first one consisted of a three-minute film, a two-minute song, and five minutes of ads, and the admission fee was five cents, or ten cents in a few of the more plush theaters. As the films improved and increased, the general admission fee increased to ten cents with afternoon programs for juveniles, for which the price was also ten cents. As the film industry became more glamorous a number of magazines appeared which were issued

specifically to describe the antics of the actors, and the industry was on the way to becoming expensive.

About this time also the mail order houses recognized a great opportunity. They had been servicing country areas for a number of years, but the prices fitted very low income customers. Now this was changed. I remember distinctly a page devoted to ladies' hats. They were grand and glorious, consisting of straw bases decked with veils and adorned with imitation flowers, feathers, and stuffed birds. All this grandeur was available for two dollars and seventy-five cents, and who could resist? In the same catalog was an advertisement for a piano—believe it or not, the neat little upright could be delivered to you even in rural districts for fifty dollars. This was enough to keep the children home and could be the impressive center of a social group. And so sales of all kinds were stimulated. Since pay raises had brought in many extra dollars the temptation for spending was always in excess of the income.

Clothing was quite a factor. You could order almost anything from some garment wholesaler in the South (labor was always a little cheaper there)—a good suit of nearly all wool for ten dollars, dresses of every style (the handsome ones for three or four dollars), and shoes (you could get almost any type including high buttons with the privilege to exchange them if they didn't fit). Here is a point to contemplate. Rubber-soled play shoes were a dollar then, but today a comparable pair of high-fashioned shoes sell for fifty or seventy-five dollars.

Along came airplanes, and the prices were right. I remember a plane I was on from Los Angeles to New York which was a sleeper jump, meaning there were berths on the plane. I had a lower berth as handsome as anything on a Pullman car and ate Thanksgiving dinner over Kansas City. By that time rapid transit could be an economy. It cut down hotel bills and when I reached New York I went to my usual good hotel with room and bath for two dollars a night with a glass of orange juice through an opening in the door early in the morning.

Incidentally, I could never have collected the rare items in our library at present prices. Not long ago we were offered twenty-five

thousand dollars for a set of books for which I paid less than three hundred. All this is gone now, however, and the result is sad. Although we have more cash than ever before, we can buy less now than we could fifty years ago. It is only fair at this point to mention the Ford car. I never owned a Ford personally, but a friend who liked to drive me around in a little half-ton truck had one. This was especially showy on an evening when we pulled up in front of the Mason Opera House and a doorman ushered us out—with a smirk. The Ford car was a bargain at three hundred and fifty dollars, give or take a little, and the great improvement on the second model induced buyers to continue with the same brand. On one run to San Juan Capistrano I put a chair in the back of my friend's truck and made the entire trip facing the rear.

There is one thing to be said, however. Those were interesting days. No one was ashamed because they did not own the most expensive articles, and expenditure was a game which you could play until the money was gone. Then you could borrow a little more at a high rate of interest. Probably the early twentieth century housewife had the most interesting time. The pickle barrel disappeared and you no longer simply asked for soap but had to name the brand. It wasn't long before canned goods appeared. These had considerable appeal because they were labor saving to the housewife with a busy schedule. There were no special labels in those days—no one would have understood them anyway—and everyone trusted the manufacturer. Milk was sold in bottles instead of being poured from a pitcher. Grocery stores in small towns featured considerable local produce. Business became more brisk when elaborate pastries appeared, and it was generally agreed that progress should be welcomed with open arms, mouth, and eyes.

We should not leave out the professions. A visit to the doctor's office was usually about a dollar, and arrangements could be made for credit. One of my early dentistry jobs was performed in a barber's chair which had seen better days. A lawyer was often hard to find, and when a legal emergency came along it could usually be solved by a member of the local community who was in politics. No one sued anyone for much. Recreational funds were not yet available

in general, but we wish to point out that recreation crept up on us day by day and year by year because very few people really enjoyed saving money. The depression of 1929 resulted largely from the inflation caused by World War I. After the war was over and things simmered down, war surplus stores did a flourishing business. We probably might have had another depression in the forties had it not been for World War II. By that time, however, armament had become so costly that no one even mentioned profit. Now we are hanging on to the last decade of the twentieth century in a complex of anxiety and repentance. To make folks happy we tried to put two cars in every garage and have wasted a large part of our petroleum resource. What is left will be subject to elaborate scheming and political juggling.

Education-wise we are not doing so well. With ninety years of observation and experience the new generations that have grown up have received no inkling of the disaster in the making. We have gone on competing with each other and striving desperately to get one of the few jobs that are still available. To do this we are now all becoming computer experts, and it is already obvious that this device can further contribute to the collapse of ethics. If things continue, recreation could become a synonym for unemployment.

As we look the field over we kind of wish that some of the virtues of the nineteenth century could have endured. In those days folks went to church to thank God for the privilege of living in a free country, rich in natural resources, beautiful and healthy, and vast enough to protect us for many centuries to come. In fact if we were careful we could replenish our resources and could live happily for untold generations. We were more or less happy when grievances were petty, wars were occasional with the tendency for them decreasing. The genocide of entire countries was unthinkable and man, woman, and child could travel anywhere in relative safety.

True, we weren't having much fun in the modern sense, but mostly the folks of those days were friendly and hospitable. They took pleasure in things close at hand. The housewife appreciated her home and gave much affection to her family. She enjoyed watching her sons and daughters growing up, marrying, and creating families of

their own. It was kind of nice to be a husband or a grandfather or even an uncle. Generally speaking also, health was better. We are dying every day from ailments apparently unknown to our ancestors. We were never so completely out of step with reality that we had to depend on narcotic drugs, alcohol, and tobacco in order to live. It is true that President Jackson's wife smoked a corn cob pipe at the inaugural ball, but anyone who really became dissipated had to face his frowning neighbors.

The nineteenth century also had strength from religion, and the Bible made it so plain that avarice was a sin that God-loving folks were a little afraid of money lest it corrupt their eternal souls. I attended a country church. The churchyard was overflowing with small children wearing their Sunday best. The elders were chatting together while they laid out a picnic lunch on tables in the churchyard. The minister was a kindly man with a rather feeble and forlorn look about him. It was said that he would have been called to an important city parish had he been somewhat more handsome. He and his wife, however, were happy and well liked by the parishioners. The salary at the church was low, but the members augmented it in a number of ways. I was told that this minister never emphasized sin or attempted to frighten minor transgressors. I heard afterwards that when he died his widow entered the missionary field and spent the rest of her life somewhere in the Near East.

While there is still life there is hope. Perhaps we can save the twenty-first century simply by reversing relationships between happiness and wealth. When things become more scarce we may complain a little but ultimately adjust to a normal and more healthy lifestyle. Our present situation is breaking up hundreds of thousands of homes, raising the suicide rate, doubling and tripling the number of criminals and degenerates, and so damaging our environment that we actually fear to be on the street of an evening. Can we really talk about progress unless a majority of our generation is glad to be alive, happy to do a good job, close with family, and firm in supporting individual and collective moralities? Those will be the proofs—and the challenges—which we must consider when we plan a better way of life in the century that lies ahead.



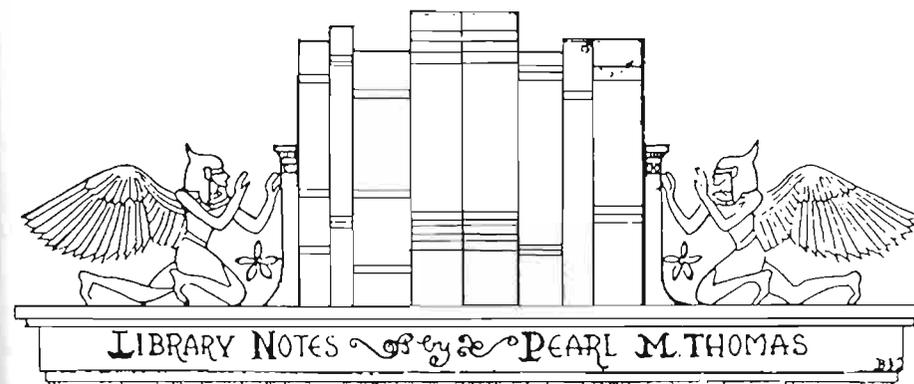
Happenings at Headquarters



We had a very interesting visitor in August. She has a wide variety of activities and at the moment is involved in the study of the religious figures among the decorations of the great doors of such cathedrals as Chartres and Notre Dame. Mrs. Hill made a special trip to Los Angeles to read and discuss her philosophical insights with Mrs. Marie B. Hall, and made use of our research library. She is planning to make a return visit before the end of the year.

A delightful group of Japanese students of Western mysticism and philosophy gathered in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hall. It was quite a sizeable group, but most of the delegates spoke little or no English. In spite of this handicap there was a great deal of mutual interest, and the Japanese guests made a kindly donation for the expansion of our work. Incidentally, these very nice people spent considerable time in our Library and our gift shop where they found many items which they considered irresistible.

The program of home study courses was very well received. Many of our friends returned a reply form saying that they plan to participate in the new home study course in 1991.



In the early 1930s, Manly P. Hall heard Ernest Thompson Seton talk at the Author's Club in Hollywood. The group, under the guidance of Rupert Hughes and Irving S. Cobb, attracted many people prominent in the writing field. When Seton and Mr. Hall met it was instant friendship, in spite of a great difference in their ages. The PRS Library has an excellent collection of Seton books, most of them personally autographed to Manly P. Hall. In many of his writings, Seton included delightful line drawings, sometimes on every page. A drawing of a wolf track usually accompanied his autographs. The little sketches here and there in these Library Notes are taken from various Seton books.

The following excerpt from Seton's *Wild Animals at Home* relates a story of a mother bear and her two little cubs and how well they behaved. Seton was eager to see many bears while at Yellowstone Park and was advised that he would most likely find them near the garbage containers back of the hotel. So he set out:

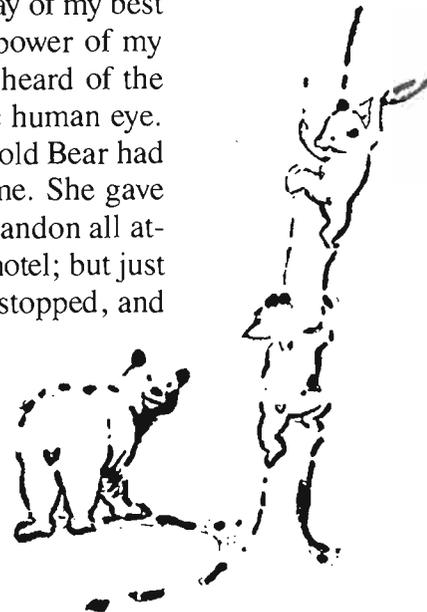


"I had not gone fifty feet before I walked onto a big Blackbear with her two roly-poly black cubs. The latter were having a boxing match, while the mother sat by to see fair play. As soon as they saw me they stopped their boxing, and as soon as I saw them I stopped walking. The old Bear gave a peculiar 'koff koff,' I suppose of warning, for the young ones ran to a tree, and up that they shinned with alacrity that amazed me. When safely aloft, they sat like small boys, holding on with their hands, while their little black legs dangled in the air, and waited to see what

was to happen down below.

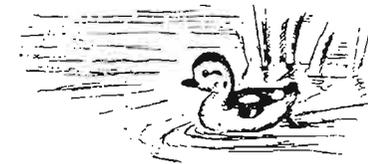
"The mother Bear, still on her hind legs, came slowly toward me, and I began to feel very uncomfortable indeed, for she stood about six feet high in her stocking feet, and I had not even a stick to defend myself with. I began backing slowly toward the hotel, and by way of my best defense, I turned on her all the power of my magnetic eye. We have all of us heard of the wonderful power of the magnetic human eye. Yes, we have, but apparently this old Bear had not, for she came on just the same. She gave a low woof, and I was about to abandon all attempts at dignity, and run for the hotel; but just at this turning-point the old Bear stopped, and gazed at me calmly.

"Then she faced about and waddled over to the tree, up which were the cubs. Underneath she stood, looking first at me, then at her family. I realized that she wasn't going to bother me, in fact she never seemed



very serious about it, so I plucked up courage . . . I got out a sketchbook, and made a sketch." [This was 1897, it was near sundown, and Seton knew his camera could not serve him.] . . .

"[The mother Bear] looked up to her two hopefuls, and gave a peculiar whining 'Er-r-r-er-r,' whereupon like obedient children they jumped as at the word of command. There was nothing about them heavy or bear-like as commonly understood; lightly they swung from bough to bough till they dropped to the ground, and all went off together into the woods."



A year ago in the Library Notes, I mentioned a comment that Manly P. Hall made about a word he had used somewhere in his early writings. He had been brought to task for using this word which actually did not exist. But he added, good-naturedly, that he had not copyrighted said word, and if anyone cared to use it, it was quite all right with him. The word was "directionalization."

Now, bringing this up to date, I am having great pleasure in re-reading *The Phoenix* (1931-32 edition). I had enjoyed it so thoroughly the first time around that I decided to reread it. These days I am much bolder than I was at that early date, and before I got very far into the article on "Concentration and Retrospection" I started to mark a passage that really thrilled me. But I discovered that it was already marked! In fact, the whole article had gentle pencil marks, some representing whole paragraphs! Then, on page 47 and again on page 49, I encountered that word "directionalization." It hadn't disturbed me before; I still accepted it in the 1990s. I knew exactly what it meant. Perhaps Mr. Hall should do something about getting it copyrighted.

Quote from p. 47, *The Phoenix*:

“Our lack of knowledge of Eastern metaphysics has made the perpetuation of fraud so simple that scarcely a community has escaped. The reaction is now toward more directionalization of effort.”

Quote from p. 47, *The Phoenix*:

“Mental peace and emotional peace should first be cultivated. These will result in a greater degree of corporeal harmony, which harmony provides the proper environment for the directionalization of the abstract faculties.”

Incidentally, the pleasure I am having in re-reading this wonderful book, *The Phoenix*, is very rewarding to me. This time I am marking sentences that are pertinent to me in ink—and even underscoring.

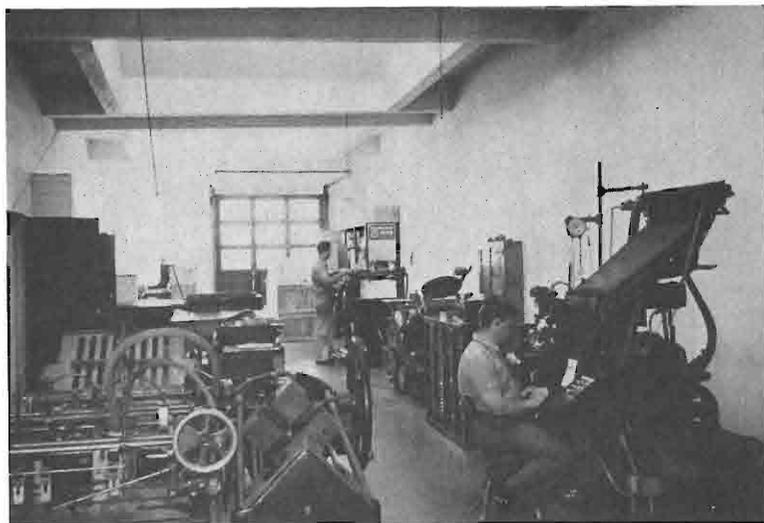
Almost every librarian is inclined to have favorite books which are brought out to show visitors who have a genuine interest in libraries. I have two or three which I invariably like to show. One of mine is the *Nuremberg Chronicle* (1493), the picture book of the Middle Ages. The good doctor, Dr. Hartmann Schedel, who wrote most of this world history, was a very learned and well-traveled individual. He actually had a library that boasted two printed books, a very rare thing at that time. The artists, Wolgemuth, and his stepson, Pleydenwurff, were responsible for most of the etchings. Wolgemuth had a guild-art school of approximately one hundred students. His most famous pupil had completed his apprenticeship before the *Chronicle* was started, and he was studying in Italy. This was Albrecht Durer. The *Nuremberg Chronicle* was a truly remarkable book and completed at a time when almost everything to be accomplished in the world of printing was an entirely new undertaking with no pattern to follow. The book had tremendous popularity in spite of the fact that very few people could read. But it did have pictures, sometimes four or five on a page. Any event that had happened in the great walled city of Nuremberg could generally be known by everyone, and a picture would restore the memory. For example, the “All Year Dance of the Impious,” illustrated by the young Pleydenwurff, shows several young people



playing on musical instruments to an appreciative audience. This relates to an actual event when the parish priest, while delivering his midnight Christmas Eve program, was disturbed by these young people outside making considerable racket with their music. Later, the priest had them hauled into court, and their punishment was to play all day for a year. It looks like more pleasure than punishment.

Another favorite book of mine is the honored *King James Bible* (1611). It is one of the most beautiful bibles extant. My particular joy in showing it, with slides, is to tell the workshop people that they should turn to Psalm 46 (King James Bibles) and count down 46 words and mentally record the word there. Then to go up from the bottom of the psalm for forty-six words and note the word there. It turns out to be “Shake-speare.” I don’t know what good it is, but it is interesting.

Three months have passed since the Summer 1990 *PRS Journal* put in its appearance. Many changes have been accomplished and more are still taking place. In that issue, on page 78 of the “Library Notes,” I included two pictures taken of the appearance of a building while it was being readied for office use where more technical equipment will soon be installed. This room, located behind the back parking lot, will soon have the equipment that will make our art work



The print shop of the Philosophical Research Society in the early days before it was closed.

for the various books and other publications to come out with much more precision. There are many of us associated with PRS who have been taking pictures through the years, and by the law of averages, some of them are bound to be good—good enough to make into post cards, for instance, pictures of the buildings, of the gift shop, and of course the library. I know many people who would love to be in a position to send such post cards to friends across the country who may never have been to our headquarters or who have not seen the great changes. I even have a few of my own pictures which I would love to see on a post card. Mr. Hall told me recently that much more of our art forms will be done on the premises, and they will be a great improvement.

The picture you see above shows another area as it was in the early days when the printing facilities at PRS were called either Phoenix Press, Philosopher's Press or The Hall Publishing Company. Mr. Hall loved to work on all the various steps in the production of his books and pamphlets. One of the most dependable in-

dividuals working there was Dave Murray who, along with his many other talents, did a remarkable job of beautiful book binding, the kind of binding that costs a fortune today. The PRS vault shelters many of Dave's bindings.

Often books written by friends of MPH were published at the facilities on Los Feliz. As an example, the book written under the pseudonym of Grove Donner, a fictionalized biography of Pythagoras, recently turned up at the 12th Annual Book Sale and became the property of one of our Trustees, Col. Clarke Johnston, who was so delighted with it that he phoned me long distance to tell me how much he appreciated it.

Again, back in memory land, in the summer of 1938, I started the Correspondence Course given by PRS on Mr. Hall's book, *First Principles of Philosophy*. The first lesson, which dealt with ideas from page 3 to page 26 of the book, had ten questions to be answered. On that first lesson, I received a grade (from 1 to 10 points) of nine points on five questions, eight points on three, and all ten points for two. The grade was 85, and Understanding was listed as "+Good." Then, maybe I improved; I really don't know. The other grades in later lessons were a consistent 100+, and for Understanding I went from Superior to Excellent. But I like and appreciate the first grade the most. You see, it was the only one personally signed and dated by M.P. Hall.

A recent change at PRS, and a vast one at that, is the removing of all equipment and many of the personnel in the area that has been known as the Order and Shipping Departments, and a general storage area which contained books by Manly P. Hall that have been stacked practically to the ceiling. Other books by MPH and other writers that have been kept in various rental storage places in Glendale, are now all consolidated in this large, very adequate place which is only about three miles from headquarters.

The space that has been vacated at PRS will be utilized in various ways. Mr. Hall has for years had the dream of a museum on the premises. He is now looking forward to overseeing the development of such a center where much of the fine art in the possession of PRS can be on permanent display.

I recall that years ago, the Robinson's Department Store in downtown Los Angeles had a vast exhibit of Mr. Hall's holdings. Mr. Hall was so utterly delighted with the prospect of seeing so much of this fine art all at one time that he actually visited the exhibit almost every day. To be able to do this again would be most rewarding to him, and we can hope that this wish will be fulfilled.



Invariably, when MPH brings up the subject of retirement in his lectures, his emphasis is on establishing useful activity. So many people, he tells us, merely want to take it extremely easy: not to feel that they have to get up at a certain time, not to punch a time clock, not to be regimented.

Thank the Gods that be, I have none of this to encounter. I retired from Los Angeles County employment on a Friday in 1970 and the following Monday morning, I became Librarian at PRS. Dr. Drake had kept the Library position open for me from October 1, when the former Librarian left, to December 21. I learned to know the Library largely by the method of osmosis and have told my various volunteers that this is not a bad way to become acquainted with it. In short order, I started workshops on the history of printing, Japan, China, India, etc. A few times I have given Open House programs, my first one being a slide presentation of a trip I had taken to the East Coast. The first slide I showed was of the Commons in Boston. The auditorium screen was so immense that momentarily I forgot I was to talk about the slide—I was literally in the picture and thought of the lovely old-fashioned ice cream parlor across the street.

It was a wonderful way to retire back in 1970. Being Librarian has been a rare privilege for me and has given me a tremendous opportunity to learn. The "Library Notes" did wonders for me in this respect. I have over twenty notebooks jammed with notes, some

typed, some hand written, but all filled with ideas for "Library Notes" and/or workshops. It has been a full, rich experience. When I come back in another incarnation, I should be able to make a good start. But I do realize that I can't expect to have access to those notebooks.

Another privilege and delight has been the opportunity to meet and greet many people who were seeking to speak at PRS, to get to know them, and in many cases, to make lifelong friends.



I wish to tell my friends that as of June 30 of this year, I retired from active service at Philosophical Research. I had a lovely conference with Manly P. Hall when I told him that I was planning to change my status at PRS. My first thought was to retire close to my eighty-third birthday, but somehow that seemed a long way off. Then I thought of leaving several months earlier, but that still seemed a long way off. I was beginning to admit, even to myself, that I was very tired. So, I looked for a sign—and got it! I fell four times in five weeks. However, nothing was broken, and I have repaired nicely. But still, with the stairs that I have to climb to get to my office (over 100)—half of them at my apartment—this is a fair warning to try to take it easier. But I'm not leaving entirely. Mr. Hall seemed pleased that I would like to continue my "Library Notes" as long as possible, that I would continue doing a subject and title index on his

articles in the *Journal*. Then I realized that I really wanted to be functioning with the active Study Groups. These people have all become friends, the kind of friends one cherishes and wants to keep.

Setting up speakers for PRS programs has been given to Daniel Fritz and to Anne Badger. Anne and I have remained friends from the days when she was Mr. Hall's secretary in the early 1970s, and we have an excellent relationship. She knows that I will be willing to assist in any way I can.



It shows a weak mind not to bear prosperity as well as adversity with moderation.

—Cicero

Consensus is when we have a discussion. They tell me what they think. Then I decide.

—Lee Iacocca

Shafts of
wheat sway
under a
light
spring
rain.

And the dance
begins
again.

—from *Haiku Poems*
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