

HORIZON

**The magazine
of useful and
intelligent living**

MARCH

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Articles by MANLY PALMER HALL Philosopher

**What shall I do?
What should I do?
How serve my country best?**

“Use this astrological knowledge to fit yourself to present conditions; it will guide you to a much higher percentage of rational, constructive results than if you merely blindly try to do things.”

— MANLY PALMER HALL

SEE INSIDE BACK COVER ANNOUNCEMENT OF
MANLY HALL'S NEW ASTROLOGICAL BOOKLET —



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MARCH 1942



VOLUME 1, No. 7



Published monthly by HORIZON PUBLISHING Co., 3341 Griffith Park Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.
35c a Copy, \$4 a Year. Two Subscriptions, Your Own and a Gift Subscription, \$7.

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- *The great moments of history have not been the result of someone's planning,
but of divine and sublime accidents under stress conditions*

The Superphysical In War

WHENEVER there is war the accounts of psychic phenomena increase rapidly in number. There are several good reasons.

Man is so physically constituted that under normal conditions his nervous system is thoroughly protected against what might be termed psychic stress; the more sensitive and subtle parts of his glandular and psychic organism are protected by a series of reflex processes; and as long as these processes are undisturbed impressions flowing into the consciousness through the sensory perceptions follow along lines of nerve impulse that are defined as physical, or normal. This means that the individual is not sensitive to the overtones of impression.

At the present time in our evolution psychic phenomena for us is a sort of overtone, something that is not usual nor normal, ordinarily to be met with in our daily living. We are surrounded by it all the time but we are not responsive to it because it is just beyond

what we might call the range of our normal sensory reflexes or perceptions. It is like the inability of a radio that has a limited wave band range to tune in certain sensitive rates of vibration. These rates are always present, these vibrations are always in the air, but the instrument is not responsive to them unless it is sufficiently precise in its fine adjustments. So in a normal daily life the psychic is just beyond the circumference of the known, beyond the normally felt and normally realized. If, however, for any number of reasons we upset the human body mechanism, creating abnormal tension or abnormal exhaustion, reducing, changing or modifying the vibratory rates of the body, it is as though we have in some way deranged or tinkered with the mechanics of a very complicated electrical instrument, and as the result of our tinkering we suddenly find we can tune in, temporarily at least, some of these extra-sensory rates of vibration.

The stress and strain of war with its attendant demoralization of the nerve fabric frequently results in temporary conditions of psychism. They are recorded in connection with practically all the wars in history. War is one of the stress problems of society which makes man responsive to psychic overtones. War is not by any means the only stress factor that will produce such a result; any catastrophe that jolts the consciousness out of accustomed ruts, may result in temporary sensitivity. The collective disasters of earthquakes, pestilence, and plague, and the individual disaster of loss, sorrow, misfortune, debility, bad health—all these factors are frequently found in the chemistry of psychic experience.

The average normal individual can live constantly in a sphere of psychic phenomena without responding to it or being aware of its existence. One of the barriers that break down under the stress is the fear mechanism. Wherever an individual is afraid, fear produces psychic sensitivity. That is one of the reasons possibly why among primitives and in the more primitive parts of our own modern world society we find people much more responsive to psychism than we are. Individuals living constantly in the presence of hazards, or surrounded by old superstitions and strange beliefs, or who are brought up with the firm belief in the existence of the supernatural, are much more likely to experience it than we are. That is the reason why the sorcerer of Central Africa has continued to exercise his power, why voodooism works in many parts of the world, why the medicine man and Shaman are still flourishing institutions, and why the majority of stories we have today regarding the werewolves and vampires and things of that nature seem to emanate from the region of the Balkan States, in which areas there is psychic sensitivity to psychical phenomena, a condition we have killed by general disbelief and unbelief, and have further reduced by the method and way in which we live. The more firmly the mind is attached to material things, and the more

certain we are of the value of physical things, the less likely are we to experience any superphysical experience in our lives. But in periods of stress or strain we come into the presence of the breaking down of our material value sense. The man who goes off to war is very soon brought into the presence of the realization of the impermanence of life. He becomes aware that human existence hangs on a very sensitive thread. He realizes that although the man next to him may be far better educated than himself, and richer in this world's goods, these factors will avail him nothing when a bullet comes along. What a man has, he then recognizes, is no protection to him in war emergency.

War and other catastrophes also bring out the possibility of coincident patterns to a much greater degree than is ordinarily experienced in society. In the same way the medium develops and releases through himself certain psychic powers by so-called sittings and development, which is merely a process of more or less becoming negative to the pressure of psychic force, so under the confused pattern of the chaos of national stress individuals find themselves constantly in the presence of hazardous situations, conditions where fate, providence, chance, destiny, luck—these queer and strange terms which we have applied to unknown processes of Law—suddenly become dominant.

In times of peace and so-called security, the human being leaves very little to chance. He tries to organize his life against exceptional and unusual circumstances, to protect himself from accidents and from all extraordinary stress. But a soldier in the tension of his unfamiliar military existence is brought face to face continually with moments when everything hangs in a sort of sensitive balance, his life hangs in the balance. It may be one way or the other; the gods will decide. Only in moments of such stress as these do individuals become aware of the laws by which coincidence operates. In these moments we see through the pattern—that chance is the working of sensitive principles which operate only in

moments of great tension. Thus there a situation more or less psychic is created, which the complacent and secure householder can really know very little about, will have little if any appreciation of its significance.

Not long ago I talked to a professional adventurer, a man who has for years looked over the map of the world trying to find a war so he could get into it. Teaching such a person Platonic philosophy would be difficult. It does not conform to his life. He loves hazards; he would rather take a chance of being killed than have to settle down to the security of normal living. But he is quite frank, that as ten or fifteen years of adventuring have passed along with him, he has developed quite a definite religious viewpoint. It is not quite orthodox or conventional, for it is the result of mingling with others of similar mind, professional soldiers and professional explorers, men whose lives are wholly devoted either to the hazards of war or battling nature. He has found in his group nearly unanimous acceptance of psychic phenomena; he has observed that those who live constantly in the presence of hazard are seldom materialists.

You would think a life devoted to professional soldiering and killing would result in an attitude of the starkest form of materialism; but it does not. Adventurers are among the most superstitious of all people; they are ridden by their belief in fatalism; it is one of the things that keeps them going. The professional hazard-seeker could not function unless he believed in certain fatal circumstances in relationship to himself. For instance, if he believes he is going to be killed in the course of his adventuring he settles down to the firm acceptance of the fact, assuming that practically on the day he was born the circumstance of his death was set down; and so he will keep on running until he catches up with his own fate. In the process of catching up he has decided to live as completely and



fully as possible, because he is entirely convinced that somewhere in space there is a written document explaining fully the moment that he is going to drop. He is completely indifferent—if this is the moment, all right; if not, nothing can get him. Either way is all right. He takes the same chance he imposes on others. This in a majority of cases is the basis of his code of life, and surrounding that fundamental and simple premise is the overtone of his psychic belief.

All professional adventurers and soldiers have been in the presence of psychic phenomena; the explorer contacts it among primitive people, the professional soldier on the battlefield. The adventurer by choice is surrounded so continuously by a condition of tension and emotional and mental stress, that his is an almost frantic condition of consciousness; a large part of the time he becomes quite mediumistic and psychic, seeing and sharing experiences which force him into the realization and acceptance of the immortality of life. Wherever death is present the proof of immortality is not far away. Man is never left without the assurance of the eternity of life, but

he is not always capable of perceiving it. To the soldier it becomes especially essential to believe that life goes on; he is surrounded by the comrades of yesterday who are gone today; tomorrow he may be among those missing; and yet those who remain behind live on in the company of those who are gone. The surviving feel those who have gone on ever nearer. There is something very intimate and close about associations in hazards. People living ordinary normal lives do not closely share each other's experiences or confidences; they spend their lives trying to exploit and cheat each other; but under the stress of present danger humanity comes into a camaraderie not felt in ordinary life.

This is not a defense of war. It is merely the statement of factors that exist under the stress of what we call war. We can not say that any experience

through which we pass is profitless. Many people wonder today what good thing can come out of the world at war. One thing is certain: Out of the last war hundreds of thousands of men came to believe in God who had not before believed in God. Out of that war came thousands of records of psychic phenomena which changed the lives of millions.

An important involvement of the psychic factor of war is the compound emotional stress setting up tremendous tension in Space. Millions of human beings and uncounted forms of mechanical devices move in combat in the huge scale program of modern warfare, and in combination produce a definite unsettlement in the vibratory atmosphere of the earth. Just as the tension of the individual results in psychic stress, so the tension of the world's atmosphere results in world psychic stress. It results in an increase of psychism even in parts of the world that are not at war. In wartime the whole earth becomes psychically sensitive. As war expands, nations and individuals become more sensitive, the accounts of psychism increase; literature shows an increasing tendency toward the subject.

Women, mothers whose sons have gone to war, the wife whose husband is gone, are suddenly shaken out of long accustomed ruts of security. If they do not have a very good philosophy of life, an adequate perspective of spiritual values, the separation of families and the hazards and dangers of loss through war produce a desire for a better philosophy of life, extending to both the one who goes and the one who remains. The one who remains suddenly finds the world of private interests shattered by public woe, the family broken up by forces beyond control of the members of the family itself. Those left behind say, "Why does this happen to me?" and wonder what it is all about, why these things have to happen, and what is to be turned to in the form of strength and security under the stress. Under stress we search for religion; we need it; we have to have it; faith becomes significant

only when it solves a stress problem. The individual turns in one direction or another for consolation, strength, peace, comfort; and in many cases that turning and seeking brings one definitely into contact with psychic phenomena. It brings people suddenly into a state of mind in which they are sensitive to belief in some larger plan or purpose.

Whenever we are confronted with a great indecision, we must do one of these things: either rebel or become an iconoclast; or else begin fitting our problem into a larger sense of justice. If we are able to take the small injustice that apparently happens to us and find its place in a universal justice, then we are philosophers. If we cannot make that adjustment, and that little personal injustice destroys our perspective of universal values, then we become iconoclasts, cynics and skeptics. We find small comfort in these attitudes. The mind cannot live with itself in an iconoclastic state very long, it is unendurable; gradually we get to the place where we hate ourselves and everyone else. The reaction is always back again to some principle or value strong enough to see us through to a more permanent sense of wellbeing.

Then, there is living to a more heroic pattern. Little people who would normally live their own small lives unconcerned with the common good catch fire, aflame to some common motive; they become for a moment stronger than they really are, or seem to be. A certain heroism comes to the weak in a time of stress. A certain aura of strength is bestowed upon those united for some common purpose. Very close is the bond between patriotism and religion. To the individual who is intensely patriotic, his land, his people, his earth, his tribe, and his clan are all a part of a certain common worship. Patriotism is a sort of veneration for the clan, veneration for the tribe. Patriotism practically never develops except in times of great stress. In peace and security very few people in any country are patriotic; certainly very few people are patriotic in a practical or intelligent sense of the word. There may be flag wavers, but few who work for an

ideal. People expect their country to take care of them in times of peace. It is only when hazards affect the very standards of our existence that we unite and sense a nobler motive.

What constitutes nobility, principle, and purpose? Nobility is a matter largely of personal understanding. It is like right and wrong. Philosophically, we believe above all other forms of patriotism is the patriotism to Truth, that the final objective of allegiance of all men is to Reality; that only when the whole world venerates Truth can the world be at peace, in happiness, or in a state of security. That viewpoint belongs to one level of human beings. For another level, such a concept is impossible and utterly impractical; it is something that cannot be lived, applied, sensed, or valued. To certain other levels of consciousness, the only virtue that can be lived in the sense of patriotism is willingness to die for one's country—the sovereign virtue to which that particular soul can rise, the greatest unselfishness, the greatest merit that soul is capable of expressing. And for such an individual this heroic decision is a spiritual experience; it is the giving of the last full measure of devotion as that devotion is understood. It is much more difficult to live for one's country than to die for it. But if to die is the highest realization the individual has, he lifts himself by heroic effort from the daily selfishness to give his all for the thing he believes, although he does not understand what it is. He is like the average religious martyr so fired by his beliefs he is willing to die for his religion, but who has not the slightest idea what his religion is. He is not able to express intelligently what good his religion is to himself or anyone else. But it is his faith, his father's faith, it is the belief of his clan or tribe; therefore it is sacred beyond all words; for the very sanctity of it he will die and he will die heroically, suffering as he will not suffer under any other conditions. Savonarola burned at the stake, died for his religious convictions; yet he never lived those convictions himself. He did not understand

Christianity; yet he was perfectly willing to die for it.

So, in war there are millions who have no comprehension of what true patriotism is. They are willing to die for what they believe it to be; they believe it a cause greater than life; and to come to such a decision requires courage, fortitude and a mystical humility that must arise within the consciousness out of the chemistry of considered, serious thought—for in a mind not being capable of philosophical analysis, there must at least be a decision achieved in silence, achieved after a struggle with self, a decision achieved against the natural temper of life. All creatures desire to live, so it is a decision brought about by the realization there is something greater than life, and this is principle. Regardless of what that principle may be, a struggle goes on within the self in every case; and that struggle creates psychic tension, psychic stress, resulting in psychic sensitivity and creating in a great many cases temporary mediumship and clairvoyance.

All these factors and others combine in the chemistry of what we term war. We must add the exhaustion factor. Exhaustion is the result of the actual stress and nerve strain of war. It has been proven in recent months that under certain forms of stress the human organism will not stand up. It has been demonstrated that our mechanical instruments of warfare are being so highly intensified they can no longer be controlled even by those who are creating them and using them. The very devices themselves destroy their own makers, they get beyond the point of control and beyond the point of human survival in the presence of them. An example is in aviation.

The present technic of war in the air is so extraordinarily powerful that the aviator cannot stand it for any length of time, regardless of an iron constitution. A few exceedingly rapid power dives will produce nerve reflexes the strongest human being cannot resist. The same is true of those who work with very large guns. The concussion of these guns pro-

duces tension and stress so great as to rapidly exhaust the vital resources of gun crews.

Another form of exhaustion develops out of continuous strain upon human organism in the bombardment of cities; the resultant reduction in the vitality level is due to critical nerve tension in long periods of vigilance, little sleep and no relaxation. As the vitality level goes down and the physical resistance is depleted, the individual comes closer and closer in his adjustment to psychic forces. A medium is typically an individual who has broken down resistance barriers between the defense mechanism of the body and the psychic currents of nature. Any great strain can break down these resistance barriers; war, or exhaustion, can reduce and break down this barrier in hundreds and thousands of persons almost at the same time.

According to Greek philosophers, under such conditions it is as though a tide has changed in Space, and the whole current of psychism flows toward the world, flows towards the innumerable openings that have appeared in this mysterious dam that divides the world. It is as though this dam was broken and crumbled in a thousand places to let a torrent come through.

Now the stories begin to come in; stories of people who have seen someone at a distance they have known; incidents of thought transference, the family at home that suddenly knows a loved one has been killed or wounded; the man on the battlefield who suddenly knows someone at home has died; the tramping legions that walk silently through the hospital corridors at night; and the company that engages in hand to hand combat again and again after they have died. The stories are of things seen, spectres on battlefields, the comrade whose voice is heard at night after he is dead; the man who knew he was going to die before he died; the man who only once forgot his good luck charm and was killed whereas previously he had carried the charm and had come through miraculously. No one could conceive that just one of these

little stories could change the destiny and life of a considerable number of persons, yet they are producing a profound effect upon many lives; they are the difference between materiality and the acceptance of spiritual values. For the most part the relating individual has for the first time come into the presence of the supernatural; and not only come into the presence of it, but has come into the presence of it in such a way that precludes trickery. The thing that has happened has happened to him; it is not something he has read about or heard about; it has not been produced under technical conditions or dark room seances, but under the stark realism of conditions in which no one could possibly attempt chicanery. The circumstances are so intense, so incredible in themselves, so bizarre, so unbelievable, in the presence of them anything else is believable.

All of this means that out of the experience of war there is something that goes forward to enrich the race. That the gods in their wisdom permit war is the proof that it must be a necessary experience in the evolution of the human consciousness. We know it breaks up patterns, we know it destroys security, we know the one reason we have it more than anything else is because it does break up patterns, and that probably is the very reason the gods permit it; man is prone to fall into patterns, and it is these patterns which are so likely to destroy him. We have been returning our youth from many years of educational conditioning with a complete certainty that immortality is a delusion of the proletariat. The educational system has created the materialist. Now, against all this tradition comes war. Young people suddenly find themselves drafted into the army. As time goes on and the hazards of war multiply, these young people discover that their professor's viewpoints are simply too tragic to live with; the professors never had any particular stress or tension in their lives. Smug professorial remarks become simply childish; they are utterly inadequate. After sensing the absolute necessity for

some spiritual understanding, some philosophic code, and then having one or two personal experiences, the man in uniform back from the war says, "What do the professor's words mean? Not one single thing." What does the vicarious viewpoint mean when confronted with an actual, factual experience that proves the opposite? The individual who has seen a metaphysical demonstration under test conditions can never be talked out of it by the vicarious intellectualist. He knows what he has seen, he has been there. The one who has never been there cannot talk him out of it.

So, one more thing war produces is the breaking down under test conditions of false ideology. Industrial America has long been conscious of the value of test. The motor car company bringing out a new motor car hires a special type of man to take one of the new cars and try to wreck it; and he does as good a job as possible, maybe breaking his own neck in the process. The idea is, to try to destroy this piece of merchandise. If he can destroy it there is something wrong with it; and it has to be worked on some more. If he can turn it over, drop it off a cliff, drive it off the end of a pier, hang over the edge of a mountain, and it comes through without a scratch, then it is too good, it will last too long. So they do not bring that car out either. But, it is true that when practical men have an idea that they have a device or mechanism that is valuable, they believe the thing to do is go out and test it and see if it works. Similarly so then the crises that arise in civilization are the tests of ideology in the majority of cases. Can something which the human being has thought up stand the final test—application? The devices that will run on paper and valuable formulas that will save the world in someone's head are without number; but will they work, and can they be made to work? And thus every so often a group of false ideologies is broken down by international crises. The whole structure of the social order may be wrecked in its testing, but a society that can wreck itself obviously has not

yet discovered how to live without wrecking itself. So, the patterns that might remain as instruments of corruption for thousands of years, in wartime are torn down in five years by stress of application. Although this application is hideous and horrible, it prevents man from making the same mistake interminably, going on in the same errors. It is like the mystery of pain. Nothing is more terrible than pain, and nothing more dangerous than the absence of it. Pain is man's warning that something is wrong. His first desire is to use a pain-killer; he wants to stop the hurt. He is



far less inclined to take the trouble to correct the cause. Suffering is an agonizing experience through which we must all pass to some degree. While going through it, it seems the most useless and hopeless thing in the world. But without it, we would destroy ourselves; few of us would long survive. Pain is at the same time man's greatest blessing and burden.

And so it is with war; it is a great disaster; and yet it is necessary to prevent the structure of error from pyramiding until there is no possibility of correcting it. Through the years the flashes of strange powers indicate there is a great law at work.

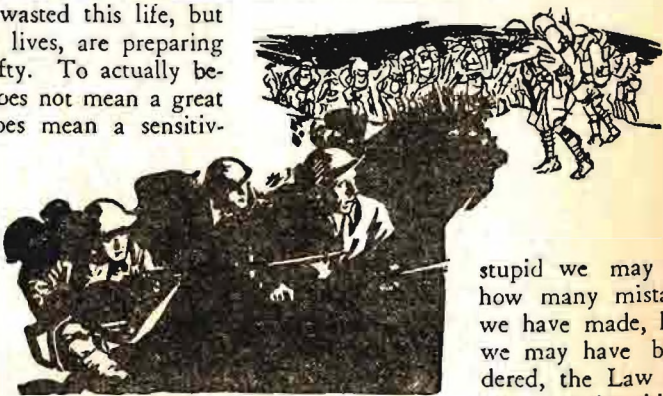
In the matter of war's numerous records of mysterious circumstances, I have talked with fifty men who have been actually under fire, and not one of those men is today a materialist. They do not have mature philosophies in most cases, but they do have a profound respect for the supernatural. Fully forty of the fifty had actually passed through

psychic experiences—their pals, comrades, friends, those whom they had known, camped and lived with, all had passed through similar experiences. The number of experiences was beyond calculation. While these people have not been made over, are not living great and noble lives as the result of the experience, still in recondite parts of themselves they have a sensitiveness to psychism. It is not true to say the metaphysician lives closer to his faith than the individual who is more orthodox. There are many people who believe in karma, and live as though it did not exist. Many people who believe in reincarnation have not only wasted this life, but wasted the last fifty lives, are preparing to waste the next fifty. To actually believe in something does not mean a great deal. But belief does mean a sensitivity to that subject, assurance that you will not persecute it, you will not disrespect someone else because they believe it. Because of the fact of your acceptance, that belief has a strong toehold in your consciousness and can develop in your environment without your opposition. And that is something, for philosophic ideas have to grow very slowly and they have to grow the best way they can.

The most extraordinary phenomena I think we have had as yet in connection with world war is the story of Dunkirk. It seemed fatality stepped in there for the first time, to prove that beyond all the plans of man there are factors over which human beings cannot make plans.

Something that should come home to every human being regardless of whether it is war or peace, success or failure, is that in every plan and project man conceives there is an intangible factor no man can control. In every conspiracy and scheme which we build there is one member present in our council who is unseen, but who can change the course of all things. Men perfect scheme af-

ter scheme, and these schemes fail for no seeming reason; they are like the perfect crime—which this war is. This is crime so carefully and cunningly devised that it could not fail according to all the skill and ingenuity of the human mind, but always something is present that man is not the master of. To realize that beyond all the physical governments of the world there is the government of Space and Universal Law man cannot resist, is to begin to sense values. "Unless the Lord builds the house it shall not stand." We forget that usually, until something like Dunkirk reminds us of it, reminds us no matter how



stupid we may be, how many mistakes we have made, how we may have blundered, the Law dictates certain things.

Law is supreme.

The Law of the Universe is very similar to the administering power of an exceedingly wise parent. There is no correction less effective than over-correction. If the gods nagged man, man would have rebelled against Space long ago. If the Deities or the Powers, the Laws, the Principles of Nature, absolutely dominated man's capacity for action, then the human being could not have evolved, and Space would have been filled with slaves, the world populated with the negative equation of some divine despotism. It is within the power of the gods to dominate any situation at any time; but to do so would obviously remove the human equation in existence, and would thwart forever human evolution, that is, personal experience. And yet man is not entirely capable of separate existence; left completely to his own

resources he is like a child unguided. He does not evolve into God's perfect child, but like the child, is long a nuisance to himself and to the rest of Space. It is thus necessary on rare occasions for certain intercessions to occur, and they have. Never for a moment has the world been out of control. But never for a moment is that control too obvious, that is, in a degree that would dominate and destroy individual initiative.

If you read history back through the ages from the beginning you will discover that the great moments of history were not the result of the planning of anyone, actually they are the divine and sublime accidents which occur fortuitously under certain stress conditions, changing the whole of worldly destiny. There has never been a time that accidents did not occur at appropriate moments. It is as though an invisible hand was moving the chess men. So long as the player controls the game the hand does nothing; but if the player reaches the point where he hazards too much, then the hand projects itself into a protective position to prevent the worst. Apply it to our present war experience. It was dead against the law of nature for a despotism such as was threatening to be allowed in an unmodified condition to control the world. Acknowledge that the nations as they are functioning at the present time are many of them corrupt institutions, politically and economically; acknowledge also that the need of reform is present; and acknowledge further that in all probability we are in a transitional period, that a new economic, social and political order is being evolved—acknowledge all these things and recognize that the years to come will never be the years that are gone. Man must grow, man must change, but when a dictator opportunist attempts to exploit the transitional period of the human race, he cannot be permitted to go unchallenged. Exploitation at this time might interfere seriously with the great social experiment of the future. Some of the ideas the dictator has may be ultimately used, for anyone who is powerful enough to dominate half of the world is not

wrong in everything; but it is not part of the Universal Plan that an individual shall exercise unlimited authority over the disposition of human growth. And so the invisible hand moved on the chess-board.

So carefully and cleverly had this whole plan been devised, and so completely was the world unprepared for it (due to the world's own fallacy of viewpoint) that under the pressure of the first impact it threatened to turn the world over. The condition got out of hand, or seemed to; it got to the extremity where the human being seemingly could not control it. There was need for some special intercession, or loss of a great civilized motion that had been going on for thousands of years. Apparently no living person was in a position to actually prevent catastrophe. But the end that was to be accomplished was not in line with the Plan, therefore it could not go through in that form; something had to break it up. The thing that broke it up, to become the dividing line in history, was Dunkirk. What arose came as a sort of spontaneous condition, aided and abetted by what the materialist would term an extraordinary coincidence.

Those who have not yet been able to see the Law working and are unable to grasp its import, are satisfied to accept isolated activities as coincidence. Dunkirk if a coincidence, they must admit, changed the destiny of European history. It was, more reasonably, the first unexpected move, and it should have proved to the dictatorial mind of Adolph Hitler that there are equations you can not reason out, and that if your human plan is not in accord with the Plan something happens to it, no matter how cleverly you devise it. To those who recognize psychism all over the world it proved that the Law working will not permit Law as human Reality to be utterly compromised.

Two important circumstances in connection with the retreat of Dunkirk were not military achievements. Under the stress of that retreat the military command showed the greatest skill; but the

physical problem of getting out was aided by two definite phenomena: the first an unseasonable fog that lasted just long enough for the British to cross the Channel. The second was the power, or whatever it



was, that brought hesitation to the Hitler mind, slowed down German ability to follow after and catch up with the British retreat. If Adolph Hitler could have crossed the Channel within a week or two he conceivably could have captured the British Isles, achieved a very strategic position for complete world domination. And why didn't he do it? We know now that he was absolutely convinced that England would make immediate overtures for an armistice, sue for peace. England had no such idea; wouldn't have entertained it for a minute. There were no surface indications, not even a hint of possible British capitulation; but the thought had lodged itself in the Hitler mind, stuck there. And so passed the great opportunity.

Something else happened, and those who returned from Dunkirk, term it definitely an occult phenomenon. They saw, they say, the return of the Archers of Agincourt. What this means, requires brief explanation. England is a mass of traditions, many relating to the recurrence of psychic phenomena; of all of so-called civilized nations of the world, England probably more than any other, is psychically conscious, much more so than we are over here. The great spiritualists, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, were products of the school of advanced educational English thought. The English Society of Psychological Research is possibly the greatest organized group of its kind in the world. Among the stories of England's occult association, are the stories of the Archers of Agincourt. They were the archers of olden days who were so skilled that they could fire their arrows with such rapidity that the sky became black with shafts.

On the occasion of Dunkirk, they were in the sky, marching in the fog that was seen coming across the Channel. Thousands of men swear they saw them; not occasional individuals but whole regiments

say so. As in other days they again caused the air to be black with their shafts.

We can wonder whether or not there is as much fantasy to all this as might at first seem. We know beyond question of doubt that Adolph Hitler is involved in psychic phenomena, and if an individual is involved in psychic phenomena it does not necessarily mean the resulting decision and action are either good or bad. That there was a psychic equation present means one thing, the intangible in one way or another dominating the tangible. Adolph Hitler is on public record as saying he is moved by some mysterious, psychic force within himself. That this psychic force may result from the combined thought-forms of the German race spirit is quite possible; and that the phenomena of Dunkirk may have resulted from the thought-forms of the English race spirit is equally possible. Never before has a war been fought so close to psychic forces, and never before has there been a war in which occult forces have been so consistently and definitely involved.

What does it mean and where does it lead? What is the experience and what is the lesson? Will this war among other things establish human acceptance of psychic phenomena? A few more experiences like the retreat from Dunkirk will cause a great number of people who have not been previously interested in psychic phenomena to sense psychic values at work in the affairs of men.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE
Suggested Reading: UNSEEN FORCES; DEATH AND
AFTER; OPERATIVE OCCULTISM; SUPERFACULTIES
AND THEIR CULTURE; LECTURES ON ANCIENT
PHILOSOPHY)

- *If we do not live in a world that dances
we can have the dance in our souls*

The Rhythm Of Right Thinking

IN the Near East at the present time the state of affairs is confused and agitated; but that is the way it has been for twenty years in the whole area comprising Iraq and Palestine, and even including Turkey and North Africa. Yet, with all the stirring up by political agitation, the near-east mystic continues to function, not ignorant of world change, but untouched by it; he expects a constant conflict between himself as a being and the things that happen around him as environment. He believes that not for a moment should man become a floating chip on the sea of life, whirled about by floodtides of superficial change; he must maintain his own center of consciousness, be able to see civilization collapsing in world conflict and be willing to do all he can to serve those in need and trouble, but not for a moment permit himself to be picked up by chaos. Nothing is changeless but change. Nothing remains the same; change is eternal.

We in our western world are somewhat aware of the Sufis, and we of course know that the Dervishes exist; but only on very rare occasions does a Sufi mystic come to the United States—here of course to be met with certain reservations and fair doubts as to whether he is the bonafide article. He nevertheless interests us as someone at least representative of Oriental teachings of a great school that arose in Islam in the 9th Century, one culti-

vated by the poets and singers; definitely, a school of the literati.

The ancient Arabian mind, as most people realize, was one greatly given to the arts; beauty was admired above everything else in the universe; beauty was synonymous with the virtues. Singing, to the accompaniment of various musical instruments, was cultivated; and particularly, poetry. It was considered a necessity of education to be a poet, and only by excelling in poetic utterances could one be regarded as a scholar. Vieing with each other were the Shahs of Persia and the Caliphs of Turkey to leave behind them great poems to be read by future generations; these possessed the finest culture of those who composed them; they were emblazoned in magnificent letters, illumined in gold and color; and they are today numbered among the greatest artistic treasures of

the earth. A single sheet of paper, ten by twelve inches, in Persian manuscript, 400 years or so old, has sold in the open market for \$25,000. Combining elegance with beauty of style and profundity of mind these manuscripts unite all that is best in nature with highest of artistic expression in idealism.

The poem best known to us is the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, translated by Fitzgerald. It rates with us as a classic, and so it is lamentable that Fitzgerald was not more accurate in his translation, and also that he



translated so small a part of the large work. That which we know is fragmentary, and thus often misinterprets the original meaning of the poet tent-maker. But the Fitzgerald version at least gives us some slight understanding of what might be expected from Eastern literature.

Before the coming of the Prophet Mohammed, Arabia was a comparatively primitive country, its people without culture; its religions and philosophies were ill-formed and incomplete. They worshipped a very primitive and degenerate form of idolatry, if we are to believe the accounts, and they were ruled over by a vicious and illiterate lot. Arabian history is largely legendary prior to the coming of the Koran, a wild confusion of stories which combine elements of the impossible and improbable; but with the arrival of the Koran, Arabia arose; culture came, and development of the arts and sciences; great Islam appeared; within a hundred years people became settled in states and provinces, and the country's history emerged orderly and sequentially. The coming of the Koran to Arabia must always be regarded as one of the most powerful forces of change in world civilization.

Beholding in Arabia almost a miracle in the organization of a people, we then come face to face with something the western world has all too well known... the orthodox traditions of Mohammed became subject to metaphysical interpretations.

It is not at all remarkable that certain mystics among the Arabians demanded a deeper meaning to fables, even to morality, and to every significant word Mohammed left. Someone is always looking for deeper meanings, anytime, up to and including the present. Not so many months ago I was called on the phone and asked if I had heard a certain speech over the radio. I hadn't; the speaker was a politician, and of no great interest to me. My caller said, "Well, I was just wondering if this speaker was or was not an Initiate." My reply was prefaced by a non-committal "Hm-m-m," as I considered the doubtful reputation

of he who had radioed; and then I asked what had made my caller think that this person might conceivably be an Initiate. "Certain things he said," came in explanation, and the things said were given to me verbatim, with the emphasis, "He repeated that statement three times." My caller had been greatly impressed; forthwith he had worked out the statement numerologically and performed a metaphysical abracadabra over the wording, out of which had come a number that was very, very significant. And so then to looking up the planetary hour; and very, very suspicious were the aspects of the heavens. And all the time he was telling me this I was thinking: chances are the speaker didn't even write his speech; professional 'ghost' writers usually prepare the information and even the actual phrases in accord with what the political group behind the speaker desires to promulgate; and certainly, there has been no indication of any connection between this man's political group and an esoteric order; nor any indication either that it now practices an esotericism peculiar to politics... But, minds which are metaphysically inclined are not always ready to accept things at their face value. My caller found daily stimulus in thinking in terms of the unseen, arcane and mysterious; he preferred to invest the ordinary with some halo of mysticism. Only with greatest reluctance would his mind now accept the likelihood that the speaker was engaged wholly in voicing no more than a second-hand and circumscribed political opinion.

Particularly noticeable is such dissatisfaction with the literal in religious revelations; a deeper meaning is demanded. It is especially true when revelations originally intended for primitive people are applied to more advanced civilization. As an instance, our own Bible. In moral statements the book outgrows itself. The conflict of growth is markedly evidenced in the Mosaic law of retribution in the Old Testament and the forgiveness of sin precept in the New Testament.

Once conditions bound by the traditions of certain Laws have grown beyond the literalism of those Laws, it is customary that there should be reinterpretation of the Laws to discover in them some justification for a new idealism. Such was the case in Islam with the Koran. The Koran had given a new standard of spiritual excellence by which to live, had reached a majority of the people. But the scholar of Islam stroked his long beard in meditation, decided that there must be some meaning deeper than that of pure scholarship, something to inspire those who already had lived out the virtues to the best of their ability, and who having retired to an existence contemplative and speculative, demanded mysticism of the revelation. They were soon declaring that the Koran had been written by the mystic hand of Deity, by the aid of the archangels Michael and Gabriel, therefore it must be a great book containing many secrets hidden from the profane, to be revealed only to the initiate. And it was not more than fifty years after the death of Mohammed when the Dervish and the Sufi systems were conceived to promulgate the most abstract speculation based upon the literal word and text of the Koran. It was mystical tradition to attract all the dreamers and poets, and these movements continued to increase in power and influence until in their way they dominated the entire structure of Islamic thought.



In the 12th and 14th Centuries came the Crusaders, and when they returned to Europe newly acquainted with mystical philosophy and keys that might conceivably be applicable to Christian scriptures, the search that then began for some hidden meaning in the Christian revelation changed the whole course of European thought. It brought to an end the Dark Ages and gave to the western world the roots and foundation of most of the mysticism we know today.

And so it is, that in the twentieth century of Christian thought we lean heavily on mysticism, unable to survive in the letter of the law alone; we have considered the literal too flexible, too prone to misrepresent, lacking imaginative qualities to supply nutrition to the inner yearnings of the soul. We have felt the necessity to dream; and the moment we do that we become mystics. The dreams are not born of fear to face the realities of life, but the conscious and intelligent freewill refusal to accept that the life we observe going on about us is merely a series of accidents devised for no reason; and admitting that we do not fully understand life, we will not in judgment and reason accept the untenable. We demand of life a purpose proportionate to the privilege of living; and if in doing so we thereby become mystical—appearing to the non-thinking majority as 'slightly teched,' or 'pixilated,' or 'cracked'—it is in conscious demand of the privilege of estimating for ourselves and in our own way the values of life. It is not a matter of going into a trance to achieve some high plane of meditation; we are mystics if we demand in an eternal universe an internal existence—to the end of building a life upon what we believe to be a more adequate foundation than would be possible with a more limited perspective.

This was the problem the Persian poets confronted. They had departed from the shop and store and the road; they were no longer merchants and artisans, but teachers and tutors. The foundations of their life were intellectual; in a position between aristocracy and trade, giving their lives to teachings abstract and classical, they could not live within a philosophy based upon the exchange of camels, or economic honesty, which they had already fully accepted. They knew there should be twelve eggs in every dozen, that the butcher should not weigh his thumb with the meat on the scales; without such moralism they could not live, but they could not live by it alone. For the man with the thumb

on the scale the letter of the law must be learned, but for those with deeper appreciation of larger issues there must be something else.

And thus emerged the doctrine of the Sufi, the esoteric key to the Union with God, as it was known in Arabia.

There is division in Islam, as in our own religion, with numerous sects each devoting their emphasis to what each regards as relevant detail, separate interpretations of selected values to which each gives precedence. The main division is between the Sufis and the Dervishes. The Sufi is quiet, contemplative; the Dervish is a man of action, of dynamic belief; to him the achievement of an inner mystical consciousness must be associated with supportive outward evidence.

There are howling Dervishes, and those who whirl; there are walkers and mendicants and beggars; and all the activities of the separate groups have special religious significance. To the Howling Dervish virtue is associated with greatness of sound. His distant approach is heralded by wild screams and howls; his chant meaningless to the uninitiated, resembles a hound dog baying at the moon; to him it is song, by sheer volume of which he will storm Heaven. His is a religious dedication to making a noise, whereby to find inner union with the Divine Spirit. He is the servant of My Lord Who Sings. If his desert chant is in a physical sense shattering, his soul is singing celestial harmonies.

The Whirling Dervish has a different idea of release; he seeks a state of oblivion in the ecstasy of his whirling body in a motion similar to the whirling of planets on their axes. It is his belief that as he makes his physical body whirl like the planets he can participate in the Power which causes the movement of sun and moon and stars within their orbits, whirling himself, so to speak, into the motion of the universe. His inspiration is in the teachings of his great leader, the Sufi-Dervish, JeLal ud-Din, the Master of the Dance. The motion of the Universe was a sublime pageantry of movement to JaLal ud-Din,

greatest of Mohammedan saints, who saw the universe in a sublime pageantry with the Lords of the Dance utilizing universal motion to whirl themselves into Space, and he adjured those who would follow after the Divine Will to dance in the manner of the stars. And so the Whirling Dervish whirls for periods of many minutes and acquires in the process no dizziness whatever; he can suddenly stop spinning on his heel and lean over and pick up a pin instantaneously. There is no dizziness because, according to the Dervish, his super-physical body has risen; in the center of his vortex of emotion he has become quiet and peaceful. By a peculiar fixation of the mind he achieves suspension of motion in the heart of motion, and peculiarly thus does the Whirling Dervish find the subject and object of his contemplation.

There are the Dervishes who walk from one place to another, like the Peripetetics of ancient Greece; there are Mendicant Dervishes, Begging Dervishes, who live entirely by begging; and all the various sects and orders recognize each other by hand grips, passwords and other signs, united in a freemasonry of symbolism.

The Sufis, by contrast, are usually to be found seated under the trees in a grove, or perhaps between the arches of some ancient mosque, quietly reading the Koran. The Sufi is sedentary, gentle and kind; little related to the world of material things, it is his purpose to eliminate materialism to write poems, to teach. He is an interpreter, a settler of disputes, converter of members; he serves the sick and engages in various of the gentle arts and crafts. By merely looking into his face a Sufi can be recognized, for his expression is of a luminous quality, mild and gentle, quite different from the wild and vicious mien of many Arabs and Turks. He lives as one apart from this world, in devotion to the things of the spirit. His is an attitude like that of the Taoist monk of China, the Buddhist monk of Ceylon, with whom he is in common fraternity.

For his mysticism he has evolved a delightful set of symbols. The Universe, being a supreme abundance, the Sufi asks for nothing. He does not pray constantly, asking for this and that; for life itself is sublime abundance. He continually gives thanks for what he is, never desiring after that which he is not. Living is something he likens to a banquet, a great board laden with the fruits of the earth in a wealth of all that is noble and pure. He has the privilege of participating in a feast in the very privilege of being here. To mingle with other men is a sumptuous feast, a banquet. Always filled with a realization of the supreme goodness of things as they are, his is a full dedication to admiration of the Divine Plan. He does not ask why some men are rich and others poor, nor why men suffer in this world; nor why there is crime, nor why there is war; he is too filled with thanks for the virtues that exist to take time out to question the wisdom of the Plan which placed him here. He is not unaware that the East has been impoverished since the beginning of time; he is not unaware of misfortune; it is more important that in a splendid universe there is space for all who desire to achieve.

Every life, no matter how miserable, has to the Sufi so much of blessing, of opportunity, of good, that it is not for one ever to question the wisdom of the Universe. And thus the Sufi, sitting quietly by the wall of his mosque, continues to live his life, feasting eternally at the heavily laden board of experience, rejoicing in change, peaceful in now living unchanged, eager for the transition to another life, unafraid. If his sensory perceptions fail him, as they frequently do in old age, he is still happy; for every new change in himself gives him a new world of opportunity.

While illuminating a manuscript, a Sufi went blind; before sight ceased he wrote a final poem:

They say to me, my eyes will fail.

They say to me,

'You will soon be blind;'

If that be true

I go forth in joy to the

feast in darkness,

For by it too I shall learn.

And I shall abide in darkness,

but my memory shall be rich,

For my words and writings have

given light to other men's eyes.

Regardless of what my state may be,

I give thanks to Allah

Who giveth and taketh.

Any transitional condition leaves the Sufi unmoved; all change, whether by good fortune or evil, for better or worse, is but a new course to be taken with zest in the Banquet of Life, to be experienced roundly and fully and with rejoicing that it will leave its impression of eternal wealth upon the soul.

It is of these Sufis that Omar writes when he sings in the *Rubiyat*: "Ah, take the cash, and let the credit go,"—and the reference is not to money, but to experience. And Omar's wine is not of the grape, but the Wine of Life that flows in the veins of every living thing, as with the man who beheld Life face to face, intoxicated with God... no place for terror nor darkness nor sorrow within the entity that is filled with the Divine Life.

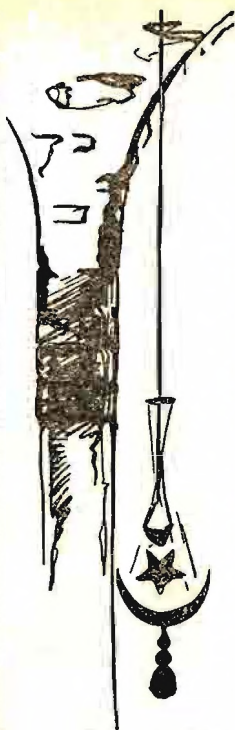
And so sits in the niche of the mosque the Sufi inspired by soundless song within; one elbow resting on the fork of a stick, the Koran in his other hand. Once in a while he may look up from his reading to glance across to the square where the merchants and shopkeepers sell their wares in unholy din. And if he smiles, he has reason to. Peace. Meditation. Contemplation. These things make up his world.

In a time such as we are passing through, we of the western world have something to gain if we can impress into our consciousness the comfort and release that comes from the profundity

and dignity of the Sufi detachment. It is mysticism particularly suited to those types of people long surfeited and wearied with the uncertainties and superficialities of the inadequate interpretation of life that surrounds them. Any condition man is capable of, says the Sufi, is no more than a passing mood of men. Sufi poems depict men as being moved like water by the wind, compare men to a field of grain swept by the summer breeze. The constant motion in the wheat field is not wheat moving, but being moved. And when the breeze changes the direction of movement shifts—in an eternal sense of motion and change which is bestowed by external forces, invisible as air, but powerful and effective. Mankind, forever moving and changing, yet forever remains the same; and the wise man observes the wheat field and values the grain in the wheat, not the motion.

According to the Sufi, life is so infinitely precious that not a moment of it is to be wasted on things which produce no tangible spiritual gain. He says that it is better that a man have no house, than that the house possess him. He believes that the secret of the new age is in release from things material, that a man should do more than live to serve his own possessions, and not accept the apparent wealth he sees about him as reality. It is in release from things material that we discover that we have something bigger to live for; and never shall we live better than we do now until the motives behind our living are higher than we know now.

In specific application, this is what the Sufi means: All over the world are numberless organizations aiming toward improvement in mode of



living through bettered working hours, higher wages, lowered production costs, to the objective of giving security through raising life's physical standards. They are doomed to failure, the Sufi believes, because physical security of individuals is not to be secured by any direct procedure. Physical security is a by-product of mental security. The thing basic to economic integrity is spiritual honesty, and the good that men do must come by enlightenment, and this the individual man cannot have except through a personal life which is good, and this in turn he cannot have until he has ceased to be a materialist. He cannot seek lasting good while physical concerns are his primary objective, nor rise above the materialistic until himself he has overcome the concerns of the

material. Security does not begin with attempted reorganization of the social and economic system, but by the individual coming into new recognition within his own sense of that which is truly valuable.

To Oriental thinking, civilization has approached the wrong problem. And its approaches have been from the wrong end. Experience proves that progress is not to be estimated by the improvement of material conditions, but by improvement of attitudes toward material conditions. The approach, the Oriental would agree, could be in accord with the Christian statement: "Seek ye the kingdom (of God) and these things shall be added unto you,"—seek for values, determine why we exist, why we are here, and decide what it is that we really desire to accomplish, and put an end to purposeless living. What is needed is a new standard of



values applied to what we are and what we do.

Organization for peace, or economic security through such things as wage reforms is useless, says the Sufi, while there remains a single individual to exploit mankind under the very reforms introduced by those who would improve men. Reform that is based upon how much we can make, how secure we can then be, belongs to the minutia of the unenlightened. The problem states itself in the single question: How long will we try to live an existence which is materialistic in a Universe which is essentially spiritual?

The solution begins with individual adjustment. Ultimately it leads to collective adjustment. The dignification of life, believes the Sufi, is the simplification of living. We approach life's dignity as we simplify living standards, dropping one by one those things not necessary or helpful. And doing this not because we must, but out of recognition of the supreme significance of that which is necessary, the utter worthlessness of that which is not.

The Sufi, who is of course a poet and dreamer, sees man dancing through

Space with wings on his heels, but a ball and chain of his own making tied to the wings. Man, who could be little less than the angels, chooses to be little more than the earth. The human soul, intrinsically a divine entity, he envisions groveling before the illusions of wealth and power. Unhappy, he writes a poem about it. And there are many people who have noted that armies may bring revolutions, but all the great revolutions have been brought about by men of peace. Not by blocs of humanity have all the great social changes come, but by simple men who brought messages, clothing these in poetic words. The poets are a race apart, for they have privileged themselves to say what stronger men dare not utter.

Says the poet: the gods wrote in language of rhythm—words metered together in the dance of life, in mystical poetry, and man in prose. Verse is the flowing that bears witness to the flood of life moving through everything. The Sufi says it is proven beyond doubt that if we cannot live in a world that dances, we can have the dance in our souls.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE)

The Good In War

JACOB Boehme, the cobbler of Gorlitz, author of more than twenty-five mystical books, established as his most important line of thought the peculiar essence of Christianity, the fall and redemption of man. When asked why God permitted wars, permitted evil, permitted nations to rise and fall, he replied: Those things, when seen by the soul, when seen inwardly, are luminously beautiful in themselves, obviously good in themselves, obviously achieving good. When enlightenment comes to men, things that seem unfair and not right fade away, and a world consisting of a divine conspiracy toward Truth stands in its place.

Suffering then, according to Boehme, is like a flower, beautiful in itself; through it the Universe achieves beauty. Every form of life we admire is the product of struggle. Every admirable trait of character is the product of suffering. All the beauty of the soul rises, like the plant, from the dark earth of anguish. In the strange words of Boehme, out of the dark earth, out of the mingling of bitterness and anguish, rises in glorious blossom the pure white lily—the flower of the soul, nurtured by adversity, grows magnificently to the fulfillment of its purpose, grows inevitably toward the Light.

The Rights Of Brutes

Written in 1792 by Thomas Taylor

These excerpts slightly modernized to make clearer certain unfamiliar words and sentence constructions of 150 years ago, present an interesting viewpoint toward two ends: In particular, "to demonstrate the perfect equality of the so-called irrational species with the human." In general, "to establish the equality of all things in their intrinsic dignity and worth."



THERE still are many who will be so far from admitting the equality of brutes with men, that they will not allow even the equality of mankind with each other.

Aristotle in his *Politics* endeavors to prove that some men are naturally born slaves, and others free; and that the slavish part of mankind ought to be governed by the independent in the same manner that the soul governs the body—like a despot or a tyrant. "For," says he, "those who are born with strong bodily and weak mental powers are born to serve; and on the contrary, whenever the mind predominates over the body, it confers natural freedom on its possessor."

This conclusion proceeds wholly on a supposition that the mind and body are two distinct things, and that the mind is more excellent than the body. Almost everyone now is convinced that the soul and body are distinguished only nominally from each other, but essentially are the same.

Such is the prevalence of truth, and such the futility of Aristotle, that this distinction between master and servant continually is losing ground. All subordination seems to be dying away, and an approximation to equality taking place among the different orders of mankind. Female servants, whose independent spirit is mistaken for boldness and

impudence, have become the subject of general surprise. They so happily rival their mistresses in dress that, except for a little awkwardness in their carriage and roughness in their hands occasioned by untwisting the wide-bespattering radii of the mop and strenuously grasping the scrubbing-brush, there is no difference between my lady and her housemaid.

We may hope reasonably therefore that this amazing rage for liberty continually will increase;... and that mankind will join as universally in vindicating the rights of brutes as in asserting the prerogatives of man.

It appears singular that *the equality of all things in real dignity and worth* should have been utterly unknown to the ancients, nor fully perceived and universally acknowledged even in such an enlightened age as the present. This ignorance arises solely from habits of perverse reasoning which from time immemorial have taken root in the minds of men and have sunk so deep as to render their extirpation an immensely laborious, if not a ridiculous attempt.

Mr. Tom Paine (in the *Rights of Man*) has convinced thousands of the equality of men to each other. And Mrs. Woolstoncraft has proved indisputably that women are in every respect naturally equal to men, not only in mental abilities, but in bodily strength, boldness, and the like.

But all this is only an approximation to the great truth that there is no superiority of nature in the universe, the First Cause excepted. Any thing when minutely and accurately examined, however vile and contemptible it may falsely appear, will be found to be of inestimable value and intrinsically equal to a thing of the greatest magnitude and worth.

Deity, according to the common conceptions of all men, is a being of perfect equity and impartiality; his goodness is immense; and he is no less powerful than good. Consequently, all his productions must be equally good and excellent—otherwise he would be partial and unjust. To say that according to this doctrine the vilest natures must be as similar to Deity as the most excellent is only begging the question.

We contend that the merit of all things is in all things equal and the same.

Comparing the nature of a lion with that of a man, we find that bodily strength is the apparent characteristic of the one, and reason of the other. I say apparent for, as shortly will be proved, brutes possess reason in common with men, though not in quite so exquisite a degree. Deficiency of reason combined with superiority of strength renders the lion an animal equally excellent with man. Similarly the swiftness of a hare united with hare-like reason puts the hare upon an equality both with the lion and the man. The advantages of flying in a bird, subtlety of spinning in a spider, the microscopic eye of a fly, each united with its degree of reason will severally be found to be equal to each other, and of equal dignity with the reason and bodily advantages of man.

This theory may appear too abstract and refined, with a tendency to destroy those distinctions of society which seem to have been pointed out by nature herself at the creation of the world. That such a system tends to destroy the necessary distinctions of society, it first must be proved that such distinctions are necessary and natural. There is great reason to suspect that they are, and always

have been, nothing more than tyrannical invasions of certain wicked and designing men who wished to destroy that equality which the Author of the Universe benevolently has inserted in all things. These distinctions are far from being natural.

I shall prove first that brutes are rational beings as well as men. Then I shall enumerate some of the numberless advantages which would arise from endeavoring to understand the language of brutes and restoring them to their natural equality with mankind. It should be noticed that whatever is asserted of brutes is no less applicable to vegetables, and even to minerals.

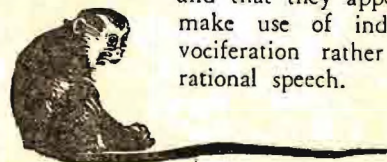
It is an ancient opinion that all things are endued with sense. This doctrine is very acutely defended by Campanella in his *De Sensu Rerum, et Magia*. I hope that this essay soon will be followed by treatises on the rights of vegetables and minerals, and that thus the doctrine of perfect equality will soon become universal, dominion of every kind be exiled from the face of the earth, and that beautiful period be realized which at present is believed to exist only in fable when

*Man walk'd with beast joint tenant
of the shade*

In order to prove that brutes possess reason in common with men, I shall present the substance of the Platonic philosopher Porphyry's (233—304? A. D.) arguments on the subject.

It is a true and Pythagoric opinion that every soul participating in sense and memory is rational. Each is endued with internal as well as external speech by means of which animals apparently irrational confer with each other. That the words they employ should not be distinguished by us is not to be wondered at, if we consider that the discourse of many barbarians is unintelligible to us,

and that they appear to make use of indistinct vociferation rather than rational speech.



If antiquity is to be believed, and contemporary testimony and that of our ancestors, there are some who have affirmed themselves capable of hearing and understanding the speech of animals. Among the ancients were Melampus and Tiresias. Among the moderns, Apollonius Tyaneus (first century A. D.) is reported (by Philostratus) to have told his friends that a swallow twittering had just informed the other birds that an ass had fallen near the city and that its load of wheat was scattered on the ground. One of my (Porphyry's) companions related that he had met a servant boy who understood the voices of birds, and affirmed that they were diviners and prognosticators of future events. His mother, fearful lest he should be presented to the emperor, poured urine in his ear when asleep. Thus he was deprived of this wonderful sagacity.

That brutes are endued with reason may be argued from their signifying their peculiar concerns to each other, consulting with diligent sagacity for their own interest, providing for futurity, learning many things alternately of each other and of mankind, and instructing each other in things necessary to their existence. Plato, Aristotle, Empedocles, Democritus, and others investigating the truth concerning animals, have found them partaking of reason and discourse.

As Aristotle observes, there appears a diversity in the participation only, and not in the essence of reason. The difference consists in more and less, which many think may be applied to the nature of gods and men, a diversity between these subsisting according to a perfect and imperfect habit of reason, and not according to a contrariety of essence.

The same reason is common to men and brutes but is distinguished by degrees of intention and remission. Aristotle observes that those animals are most prudent—are most crafty and subtle—which excel in acuteness of sensation. The difference of the corporeal organization renders animals easily, or with difficulty, passive to external objects and is

the occasion of their possessing reason in greater or less energy and vigor. But this cannot cause an essential variation of soul, since it compels neither the senses nor the passions to depart from their proper nature.

Nor must we deny reason in animals because we participate in higher degree of intellection. We do not deny that partridges can fly because hawks soar with greater rapidity. The soul is subject to passion from its union with the body, and is affected according to the good or bad temperament of its constitution; but that the nature of the soul is changed in consequence of this passivity must by no means be allowed. If it is passive only from this union, and uses the body as an instrument, when this instrument is differently organized from ours, it performs many things which we are unable to effect. Indeed, it is passive from the particular constitution of the body, but it does not on this account change its peculiar nature. Those who affirm that brutes act from nature in their rational operations do not sufficiently perceive that they are naturally endued with a rational power; nor that the reason we participate in is the gift of nature, although its perfection depends on an increase beyond what we derived from nature.

Nor is it an argument against the rationality of brutes that their reason is not derived from discipline. It is true in other animals as well as in men that many things are taught from nature, and that they acquire much information from after instruction.

Some have endeavored to show from the places in which they reside that many animals are more prudent than we are. As the inhabitants of ether are more rational than mankind, they say this is likewise true of the next to these, the inhabitants of air; afterwards the residents in water and in earth differ from each other in gradations of reason. If we measure the dignity of divinities from the excellency of place, it is equally just to apply the same standard to every kind of animal nature.

Socrates, and before him Rhadamanthus, used to swear by animals. The Egyptians believed that certain animals were gods. Whether this was their real opinion, or they designedly gave the countenance of an ox and the face of birds to the forms of the gods that they might induce men to abstain from animals as much as from their own species, or whether this proceeded from some more secret cause, we are ignorant. Thus too the Greeks placed the horns of a ram on the statue of Jupiter, and the horns of a bull on that of Bacchus; and they composed the statue of Pan from the junction of a goat and a man. To the Muses and Sirens, Love and Mercury, they gave wings. They relate that Jupiter assumed at different times the form of a bull, an eagle, and a swan. By all which the ancients testified the honors they bestowed on animals, and this in a still greater degree when they affirm that a goat was the nurse of Jupiter.



But fables indicate that brute animals accord with mankind in the nature of soul when they affirm that through the indignation of the gods, human souls pass into the bodies of brutes; and that when thus transmigrated, they excite the pity of the divinities. By such narrations they signify that all animals are endued with reason which, though imperfect in most of the brutal kind, is not entirely wanting in any.

Hence it is unjust to destroy animals, since they are not entirely alienated from our nature and participate of reason in common with mankind though in an inferior degree. But we, indulging in wantonness and cruelty destroy many of them in theatrical sports and in the barbarous exercise of the chase by which the brutal energies of our nature grow strong and savage desires increase.

On the contrary, the Pythagorean exercised gentleness and clemency toward brutes as a specimen of humanity and pity.

Again, every thing which is perfectly inanimate, since it is destitute of reason

and intellect, is opposed to that which together with soul participates of reason and a certain intelligence. Every animated sensitive being possesses also a *phantasy* as a kind of reason. Nature, which forms every thing for the sake of some purpose and with reference to some end, forms an animal sensitive, not that it simply may perceive and suffer, but that it may distinguish what is convenient and pursue the one and avoid the other.

Sense procures to every animal the knowledge of what is noxious or beneficial. But that conduct which is the result of sensation—I mean the prosecution of things useful and the avoiding of such as are destructive—can be present only with beings endued with a certain ratiocination, judgment, and memory.

Strato, the physiologist, observed that sense cannot at all operate without intelligence. We often run over writings with our eyes and expose our ears to discourse without attendant consciousness, the soul being intent on some other concern, yet afterwards consider and pursue the meaning they contain by recollecting what was before unnoticed.

*'Tis mind alone that sees and hears,
And all besides is deaf and blind.*

Though our eyes and ears become passive to external objects, yet perception cannot take place unless intellect is present. King Cleomenes, when asked if a certain discourse at a banquet did not seem excellent, answered: "That must be determined by you for my soul was at the time in Peloponesus."

Although we should admit that sense does not require intellect in the prosecution of its energies, yet when it places a difference between two objects, pursuing the one and avoiding the other, and sagaciously invents the middle terms of pursuit and declination, we may justly attribute such inventions to the operations of reason, and conclude that these powers are peculiar to a rational nature present in different degrees in all animals possessing a progressive motion.

Vision At Valley Forge



In the year 1859, Anthony Sherman, then 91 years old, related to Wesley Bradshaw an incident in the life of George Washington, with the added comment that he believed he was the only person then alive who knew of the incident from firsthand knowledge. It relates to that dark period when Washington, after several reverses, had retreated to Valley Forge, resolved to pass there the winter of '77.



FROM the opening of the war of the Revolution we experienced all phases of military fortune, good and ill, victories alternating with defeats, but from the hour when the bold action of Congress in asserting the independence of our colonies first became known in the world we were laughed at and scoffed at.

At Valley Forge it became Washington's custom to go into the thicket to pray, to seek in secret the aid and comfort of spirit he so urgently needed to buck up his soldiers facing the rigors and discouragements of a bitter winter campaign. One day he had remained alone in his quarters for nearly the whole of the afternoon, and when he came out it was to seek further solitude in the woods. Returning at dusk, he immediately dispatched an orderly to summon a ranking officer in whom he imposed his greatest confidence.

For half an hour Washington's conversation dealt with the military situation, preliminary to sharing a transcendently important matter which then occupied his mind. He related that he had earlier been sitting at the same table where he was again seated, preparing a dispatch. He sensed a feeling of vague disturbance, looked up. Standing exactly opposite

him was a singularly beautiful woman. He had given strict orders not to be disturbed, and the presence of the intruder so astonished him it was quite some time before he could find language to inquire the cause of

her presence there.

To his question he received no answer, other than a slight raising of the visitor's eyes. He repeated the question again and again, four times in all. In indignation he strove to rise, found volition impossible; simultaneously his tongue seemed to become paralyzed and he could do no more than gaze steadily at his unknown visitant. The atmosphere grew luminous and all things about him seemed to rarify. He had ability neither to think nor reason.

Presently his visitor extended her arm, her forefinger pointed east. A voice said, "Son of the Republic, look and learn!"

Before Washington's fixed gaze a heavy white vapor then arose at some distance, fold upon fold. Gradually it faded and the countries of the world, Europe and Asia, Africa and America, lay outstretched in one vast plain. The two great oceans rolled and tossed between western and eastern hemispheres. The voice repeated, "Look and learn."

And then a shadowy standing figure appeared, floating in midair between Europe and America; and the figure dipped water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, sprinkling some upon America with his right hand, some upon Europe with his left. Immediately in each of the two countries dark clouds arose, and joined in midocean; then the clouds moved slowly westward, to envelop America in murky folds. Light-

ning flashed and Washington heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

A second time the shadowy figure dipped from the ocean and sprinkled the waters as before, and the dark cloud drew back, to sink from view in the ocean's waves. The mysterious voice said again, "Son of the Republic, look and learn!"

Villages and towns and cities were springing up on the continent of America, one after another; and quickly the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was dotted with them. Again the voice said, "Son of the Republic, look and learn."

And as he looked, the dark shadowy form faced southward. An ill-omened spectre was approaching from Africa. It floated slowly and heavily over American villages and towns and cities, and the inhabitants of each formed themselves in battle array, one section of the land against the other. And then came a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light and the word 'Union;' and the angel placed between the divided peoples an American flag, saying, "Remember, ye are brethren." And the inhabitants cast their weapons from them, and became friends. The same voice was then heard by Washington, saying, "Son of the Republic, the second peril is passed; look and learn!"

Under his gaze the villages and towns and cities of America began to increase in size and numbers, and soon they covered the whole of the land between the two oceans. The voice admonished, "Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh. Look and learn!" And at this instant the dark shadowy figure suspended in midair blew three blasts on a trumpet and once more sprinkled water from the ocean; three handfuls, on Europe and Africa and Asia. Three black clouds arose again, and joined as one, and a dark red light gleamed in the mass.

The scene disclosed was fearful. Hordes of armed men, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America. And the vast armies

devastated the country, as through thundering cannon and the cries of millions in mortal combat, came the mysterious voice again, "Son of the Republic, look and learn!"

As the sound of the voice trailed off, a single long blast came from the dark shadowy one's trumpet. A light as from a thousand suns came from above; the dark cloud parted and was broken into fragments. The angel upon whose brow still shone the word 'Union' reappeared, attended by legions in a dazzling light. Quickly they joined with the hard pressed Americans, and they, taking courage, closed up their ranks, refreshed and renewed in battle. Again the water was dipped from the ocean, and sprinkled upon America, and once more the dark cloud rolled back, taking with it the enemy hordes. For the third time the villages and towns and cities sprang up, and the bright angel planted in the midst of them an azure standard, crying now in a loud voice, "While the stars remain and the heavens send down the dews upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last!"

Taking from his brow the crown of light on which still blazed the sign 'Union,' the angel placed it upon the standard... and the scene began to fade and dissolve, and soon nothing remained but the billowing white vapor Washington first observed. Then this faded, and the commander of the colonial armies was once more gazing fixedly at his visitor. The voice, in now familiar tone said, "Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted: Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her!"

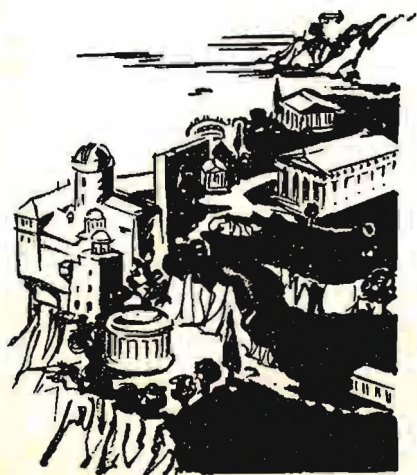
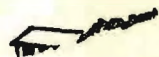
The visitor then vanished, and Washington struggled to his feet. He had seen, as he expressed it, the birth, progress, and destiny of the United States. And in union would lie her strength.

...Anthony Sherman maintained, in his advanced old age, that he had heard the vision described in Washington's own words, from his own lips.

- *What would eventuate should we govern by qualities of faith and obligation, with spiritual freedoms put ahead of material conditions.*



City Of Good Intention



IN the opening centuries of the Christian Era there was a magnificent revival of scholarship at Alexandria, Egypt. The Egyptian civilization was collapsing. Alexandria had already passed through one great war in which most of the city had been destroyed by the burning of the fleets in the harbor. This great cultural center, unparalleled in ancient times, was reduced to ashes. From these ashes it built itself again. Egypt was already crumbling toward that oblivion which has since descended upon its history and life, but in this eventide there flourished in Alexandria one of the most astonishing groups of human beings the historic course of learning has ever produced. They were the Neo-Platonists, a mystical sect dedicated to the doctrines and teachings of the immortal Plato, resolved to re-state and re-discover great Platonic idealism.

The Neo-Platonists were not interested in Plato the politician and statesman, but in Plato the theologian, the meta-

physician, the abstract philosopher, the creative thinker. They sought to bring together all the old lore and secret teachings of the Egyptian philosophers, unite all this with the teachings of Plato, thus to envision a world in which Platonism became the principal religion of mankind. And, as several more recent scholars have been kind enough to say, probably most of the intolerance from which the world has suffered in the last two thousand years could have been avoided if Platonism had become the religion of the Western world. This great philosophic system is unique in its dignity, sublimity, tolerance, breadth, and understanding.

In Alexandria, at the time of the great restoration, the mind probably most dominating was that of the philosopher Plotinus. He was the most learned of the later disciples of Plato, his entire life had been given to scholarship. According to legends from earliest childhood his mind would consider nothing but the Nature of Being as set forth by Plato. The personal disposition of Plotinus was rather dour; he had none of the great joviality of his Master, no great optimism; his was not a great rollicking mind, and he was somewhat critical of others and more critical of himself. Plotinus would never tell anyone his birthday; he regarded the day of his nativity as the most unhappy circumstance in his life, maintaining the fact that he had been born proved he was far short of perfection. It is typical of his line of thinking that to be born is the great misfortune, and the greatest good luck thereafter is to die early. He was a quaint character, but while not equal to Plato in profundity, as an interpreter of Plato he was another St. Paul, as one who cried in

the darkness. The teachings of Plato, which Plotinus could not have created within his own mind, he re-stated in the most splendid manner that Platonism has ever been spoken.

The Egyptian government was still dominated by the Initiate Priests and an Initiate Pharaoh; at least a shadow of the old splendor remained personified in the Pharaoh, double crowned Emperor of the double kingdom. Plotinus was a close associate of the Pharaoh, who like so many of the older rulers prided himself upon the excellence of his own mind and the keenness of his wit. The two had many discussions on problems of philosophy.

In lengthy arguments upon the problems of civilization, Plotinus approached the subject as a mystic, viewed all of life as a series of superphysical realities, in which physical things were sort of shadow and apology. Pharaoh argued as a man of worldly wisdom, not denying by any means the mystical, but insisting that practicality could not be given to that which was beyond the comprehension of the people. Plotinus was all for reforming, and Pharaoh kept reminding him that reform was not easy as one might think; you can subject mankind individually and collectively to universal experience, but that does not necessarily mean they learn anything. Pharaoh was the wet blanket to Plotinus, not because of basic disagreement, but because, like most scholars, he enjoyed a constructive argument. As with the gymnasiums of the Greeks, which were not groups gathered together for physical exercise, but for mental exercise, nothing could equal the symposiums of the Ancients to create local activity and sprightliness. The discussions were of vital circumstances and facts, well pointed, well maintained.

At their games of draughts in the evening—a game much resembling our checkers—Pharaoh and Plotinus used to solve the world's affairs. It is not common for philosophy to be close to the State, but on a very few occasions it has been, and where it has happened,

both philosophy and State have greatly benefited.

Plotinus devised the notion or opinion that it was important to the survival of mankind that philosophers and thinkers, dreamers and poets should have their own empire. A philosopher, a thinker of any kind, whether a musician, a poet, an artist, an actor, a scholar, or priest—all of these who lived in a world of creative idealism, sort of live apart from the rest of mankind. Humanity, according to Plotinus, could be sharply divided into two great orders basically, the thinker and the non-thinker. Also, the determinant was not necessarily the capacity to use the mind, but the inclination to direct the mind. Those whose intellect was devoted to the material concerns of life and who were dedicated to accumulation, survival, comfort and convenience, and whose entire consciousness was dedicated to material things, constituted one world. In a smaller world, the empire of poets, were those who even in this life seem to possess the capacity to see into another world, whose whole existence floats above reality, and only occasionally impinges on material concerns; and this group is a different race; Plotinus declared there was more difference between the thinker and the non-thinker than between the Caucasian and the Ethiopian. To have divided races according to color, geographical locations and languages, was, according to Plotinus, an entirely false division; it was a division assuming that the individual is to be completely analyzed from external parts. If an individual is born in Hindustan he is a Hindu; if he is born in Greece he is a Greek; if he is born in China he is a Chinese; which is true only of his body, and not of himself at all. A man born in India, another in China, and another in Greece, might by virtue of every part of their intellect be one people; a dozen born in the same neighborhood and community, of the same race, might be absolutely different, having nothing in common and with no way of reconciling them into any coordinated group or structure.

So Plotinus insisted, in his own metaphysical manner, that philosophy should not be regarded merely as a division of learning, but definitely as a social structure. Said Plotinus: There may be thinkers among the Greeks, among the Romans, and among the Egyptians; but a man is not an Egyptian because he is a thinker, because there are innumerable thoughtless Egyptians. Nor, a man is not a thinker because he is an Egyptian, because there are innumerable thinkers that are not Egyptians. There must, therefore, be some other distribution and division. Furthermore, said Plotinus, philosophers are the forgotten men; in all the world systems no one ever builds anything for them. Majorities dominate the procedures of mankind, he continued. When we build, we build for the greatest good of the greatest number, and as scholars have never been the greatest number, they have never had a show at anything. They are the people who are supposed to take care of themselves, while the State takes care of the foolish. The reward for wisdom has been neglect, poverty, and persecution, and only in times of emergency when the individual is really in a critical condition does he look up somebody who knows, and try to find out what to do next.

Plotinus could see no reason why the dreamer, the poet, the metaphysician, should always be the ugly ducklings, always off by themselves somewhere. The individual who lived, or tried to live, a little apart from the general structure of mankind because his mind was given to a more serious consideration of things, lived alone for the most part, misunderstood and more or less neglected. He said, if there is one thing in the world scholars should produce it is the capacity of scholars to associate with each other. Ordinary people have trouble getting along together, but scholars should be able to abide together in closest fraternity. And so to Pharaoh he advocated setting up an empire with the proper allotment of land and necessary quarters, giving scholarship its own kingdom in the world. To this kingdom, from all parts of the world, scholars would be

admitted upon having proved they belonged to the band of the philosophic elect; eligibility would not be born in the mystery of birth, but rather citizenship acquired through the mystery of achieving philosophic understanding. Plotinus besought Pharaoh to become a patron of the philosophic empire.

The Egyptian Pharaoh being a man of ready wit, was fascinated by the thought. Such a thing had never been done by any predecessor. He could become the founder of a nation, the father of a race, and the benefactor of mankind. Socially and politically, it was intriguing; and being more or less a scholar in his own right, he recognized the dignity and honor such an aggregation of learning would bring, particularly to its patrons.

So Pharaoh announced his willingness to be a patron of the philosophic state, if it could be proved to him conclusively that the project would be practical. It would have the name Platonopolis, the city of wise men, or the world of wise men. The Egyptian government agreed; a great area of land was set aside, large enough for the establishment of an independent community under the patronage and protection of Egypt. The wise were to reside in their own city, building it as they wished to build it, governing it as they wished to govern it. It was to be a city of libraries, universities, laboratories and observatories. It was to be a city devoted to music, art and culture, and everything that was a benefit to mankind. It was to be a center of the great world cultural system, the mother university of a great world empire of education.

Everything in readiness, the Egyptian government actually allotted the funds and material and necessary labor to build Platonopolis. Then the complications began. Where life runs afoul of facts, as we know them in the physical world, there is always complication. The vision of that which was so noble to scholarship became terrifying to the absence of scholarship. With man's almost uncanny genius to misunderstand, misinterpret and misuse, Platonopolis could not be conceived as a city not involved

in politics, concerned only with the preservation of eternal knowledge, a vast place of beauty and dignity, where scholarship could dwell in peace, guaranteed by an international agreement among nations that the neutrality of Platonopolis would be respected by all—for the reason whoever conquered the empire would require knowledge with which to build forward into the future. So, the first trouble came from close at hand, Egypt itself.

Egypt, as we have said, was already decadent, collapsing into the oblivion with which it was to become covered as with the sands of the desert. The strong political clique which ruled it realized the words that Emerson has since immortalized, "All the world is at hazard when God lets loose a thinker." Privately, among themselves, they were of the opinion that the whole structure of human privilege and fallacy would be endangered. It could be destroyed by the presence of a group of organized, constructive thinkers. In other words, the kingdom of stupidity could not survive the organization of intelligence.

The argument ran: If you can keep your thinkers separated at the far corners of the earth and burn at the stake anyone who talks out loud, the kingdom of ignorance can be maintained. But give your thinkers and philosophers a powerful organization, give them an opportunity, give them a chance to prove their opinions, then the world of privileged people collapses. And, it is much easier to

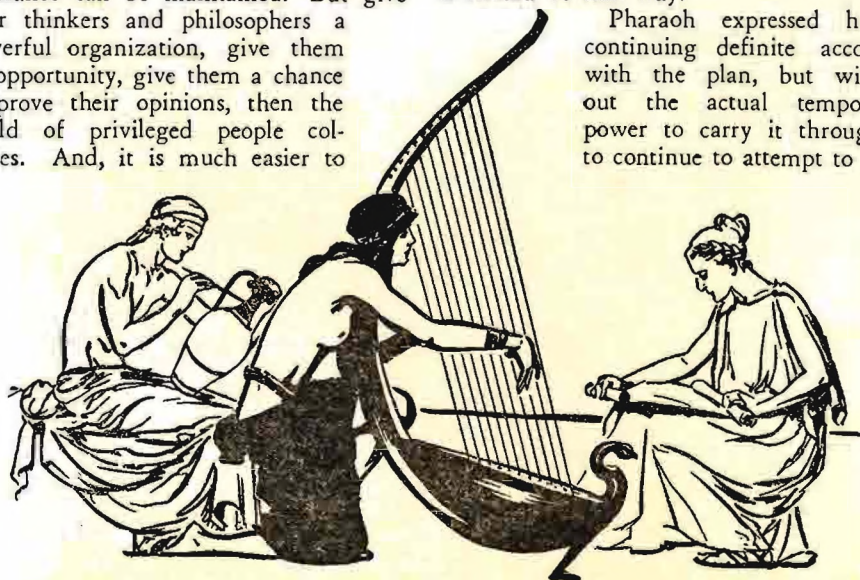
destroy a thinker than to learn how to think yourself.

Egypt knew there was only one thing to do, remove the hazard; self-preservation is one of man's most primitive instincts, and never keener than when he is supremely ignorant; so a delegation of prominent leaders waited upon the Pharaoh, told him frankly and simply and directly the facts of political life. They told him there was not going to be any Platonopolis. And if he did not see it their way, there was just not going to be any Pharaoh. Much as they would dislike to offend the gods by destroying their first born upon the earth, it would be very much better for them to offend the gods whom they could not see, than lose the fortunes they had in their hands. Their Pharaoh should be an intelligent and understanding soul, one who could see the significance of preserving the stupidity of mankind.

Pharaoh invited Plotinus for their usual game of draughts, and during the game told the philosopher that as much as he hated to break bad news, it looked as though the universal reformation of mankind was going to be somewhat delayed.

Plotinus could quite understand; he said it was according to precedent that it should be that way.

Pharaoh expressed his continuing definite accord with the plan, but without the actual temporal power to carry it through, to continue to attempt to do



it would do neither the two men nor philosophy any good. If he insisted he would merely be dethroned, and then whatever grants he had given would be revoked anyway. Stupidity possesses the one tremendous power, and that is organization, said Pharaoh. The level of mankind is so powerful that it can be invoked at any time to prevent the success of anything above or below that level. That which is below the level is destroyed by the level, and in that the level is constructive. But that which is above the level is also retarded by the level, and in that way the level is not so constructive.

So the great plan for the great philosophic empire continued only as the subject of discussion between a very scholarly and intelligent Egyptian and Plotinus, the Neo-Platonist. Out of the discussion and thought and meditation of these men concerning what might have been, comes one of the most dramatic stories of a dream the world has ever known. Possibly it will be realized, but it is a dream that requires a great deal of further thought.

No absolute records of their discussions have been preserved. All we have relating to the subject is to be found in the political opinions of Plotinus, and in occasional references to his ideals of philosophic government. We know these discussions were built into dialogue, and from them we can reconstruct an approximation of what went on between Plotinus and Pharaoh. It is a pity a word for word descriptions of their meetings have not descended to us, because they must have been of the greatest thought-provoking interest.

Said Plotinus in substance: I can readily understand why the Egyptian people should object to the recognition of a philosophic city. We all object to what we do not understand; we all fear what we do not understand. The moment anything arises which we do not fully understand we begin instinctively to interpret it negatively and to assume an offensive position. It never occurs to us that something we do not understand could be benign, it always appears mal-

ign. We are always afraid of the dark. It never occurs to us that there might be something beautiful and fine there, it is always goblins and monsters and horrible, dangerous, tragic things. It never occurs to us that the unknown can be good.

It seldom, if ever, occurs to us either to suspect anybody else of good. The moment there is the slightest possible doubt as to the obviousness of that which is done, we suspect evil. Of course we know each other pretty well. We have suffered from each other's various plottings and schemings and machinations, but at the same time a large part of the grief of the world is due to the fact we are always suspecting the worst in the presence of the unknown. The Egyptians as a race did not know much about scholarship, so they feared it. To them the great world of thought was darkness, and they were afraid of the dark; they were afraid of the hole in the dark. Most people who have false ideas about knowledge fear there is something overwhelming and relentless, something absolute and ultimate about knowledge. Actually, we are very afraid of people who know too much, because we do not know as much as they do; and anyone who knows too much may be in a position to discomfit us, to expose us, even presumably to destroy us. We are afraid of the relationship of ourselves to something superior, to something we do not understand.

These are all primitive reflexes, and perfectly human. We conceal feelings of inferiority by ridiculing or persecuting the thing we do not understand. The man who laughs at knowledge is not laughing at knowledge because it is funny; like the man whistling in the dark, he is laughing to keep up his courage. He who makes fun of and ridicules that which is superior to himself is not doing so because he has seen humor in the matter, but because he believes we can in various ways block out through an attitude the serious matter of facing and considering facts. If the philosophers of the world should get together, if scholarship should unite, the problem of this

tremendous organization of world knowledge would be a serious consideration; it would be a matter which could have the most profound political and sociological consequences, consequences which would not be the unconditioned joy we might like to believe they would be. If knowledge actually organized itself, if the world accepted Wisdom as a sovereign state, it would be forced to abide by the consequences of wisdom.

Egypt presumed that if the philosophic city was built it would succeed, because it would be built by the only group of human beings in the world who are potentially capable of success—the wise. It would establish precedent that the rest of the world could not meet. It was the same thing that happened when Confucius was elected Treasurer and Supervisor of the Kingdom of Lu. He ran the State so well that poverty ceased, the people were happy, the taxes were paid and the treasury full. Whereupon, the surrounding States waited upon the Prince of Lu and said, "Get rid of that man or we will make war upon you. He is making a fool out of us. In order to compete with him we have to govern as wisely as he does. For him to govern wisely is easy, for us to govern wisely is almost impossible. We do not know how. If we have to spend the rest of our lives learning what he knows in order to govern wisely, what pleasure will we have? Get rid of him." And they did. Definitely, Confucius was embarrassing the Princes of China. Egypt was a little more cautious than China; it did not give the philosopher a chance to embarrass Egypt, it moved before he could.

Would it, asked Pharaoh, really be good for mankind for a philosophic city to be built? Would it be a good plan to nationalize or racialize or in any way limit thought? Would it be a constructive thing to group the learned in one place?

If you could, would it be a good thing to put all the doctors in one place? Would it not be much more beneficial to mankind that doctors be distributed throughout the social system rather than be isolated in one assembly?

Furthermore, what would be the effect of the philosophic city upon the philosophers? After all, philosophers, while they see further into the plan than other human beings, are not immune from the problem of experience. Suppose you took all the philosophers and brought them together, what would you produce? Would you produce a great philosophic empire, or would it result in the stagnation of philosophy and thinking?



Suppose the poets and dreamers were all comfortable, would there be any more poetry or dreams? Supposing that all philosophers could wander about in groves, and doves, could enjoy the choicest foods, could sit and discuss with each other the most choice abstracts, and all had fine raiment and comfort

and security, would they still be philosophers? Would this not be too much of a test even for philosophers to endure? Wouldn't they simply die of shock! At least be demoralized.

Would philosophy cease within a century?

What would be the result of scholarship achieving security apart from the race? Would the scholar still struggle manfully to bring the world to a better state? Why do they struggle, asked Pharaoh. Is the philosopher entirely selfish? Does he want the world to grow only for the sake of the rest of the world? Or is he trying to make the rest of the world more congenial to himself? Perhaps one of the reasons he wants mankind to get along well together is because he would like a better world to live in himself. We do not know the

answers to all these questions, but Pharaoh had a wide experience with people with various opinions; and like the fox that could not reach the grapes the two scholars settled down to figure out why they did not want the grapes. They proceeded to talk themselves out of the Philosophic Empire. Which makes more sense, their arguments for it or their arguments against it? Let us look a little further into the arguments of the Sour Grapes Committee at the end of their disillusionment.

Explained Pharaoh: The struggle of every individual is toward a condition of survival, and the only reason any human being tries to think, is because he wants something. Even the most abstract thinker rarely thinks just for the pleasure of thinking. If he does he becomes very much a Sophist, a sort of professional intellectual. All thought must have some purpose for itself.

Thought has evolved through millions of years because of one thing alone, insecurity. We are thoughtful because we are not safe, not secure. We are thoughtful because we do not know where we will be tomorrow; a lot of thought is a sort of overtone of wondering.

Thoughtful people arrive at their commendable condition because of experience; and experience is the intellectual consideration of circumstances and incidents. Usually these are seen in the light of inadequate personal accomplishment at the time they are under consideration. Experience is a sort of process of finding out what we should do by doing something else, and wishing we had not.

In the problem of philosophy a thousand motivations incline the human mind to improvement. All these motivations are basically selfish. The so-called least selfish are abstractly often the most selfish. We want to be happy; we have not the physical things we want; therefore, we apply reason to the fact that physical things are not a source of happiness. Philosophy is a method of proving to ourselves that we do not want something we do want.

That type of thinking is inevitable among immature human beings, and that takes in all of us. But the problem of more creative forms of philosophy involves more abstract forms of selfishness. Some people are selfish in their efforts to make other people happy, not because they actually want anything for themselves, but because they are pleased or made happy themselves by making others happy. Still, it is selfishness, because it is doing what we want to do. It may be very constructive, altruistic and noble, but what is involved is the satisfaction of ourselves.

Some learn because they feel it is their duty to be intelligent. But this is not entirely unselfish; because whatever attitude we assume, the gratification of that attitude is selfishness. We may not want anything, but when we conform to our own preconceived opinions of what we desire, that is basic selfishness.

The Philosophic Empire would be confronted with the problems of the effect upon thought of removing hazards. Both Plotinus and Pharaoh were forced to the common agreement that nothing would hazard thought more than its own isolation. The reasoning is easy to follow. The individual who becomes a thinker, or thinks he becomes a thinker, wants to get away from the horrible milling throng of non-thinkers. He wants to retire to some Shangri-La somewhere; he wants forty acres, or the top of a mountain, or a little farm or ranch. The thinker, instinctively as a human being, is desirous of getting away, but he has to whip himself into the realization it would be fatal; when he separates himself from the rest of humanity he leaves the conflict that gives him strength. A city made up of the wise would give no great opportunity for anyone to be supremely useful. The utilitarian quality of wisdom would be largely destroyed.

Consider this point: If the scholars of the world all got together and became absolutely fascinated with themselves, and dug further and further and found more about what Plato thought, and more and more about what Aristotle did, and their united efforts resulted in larger

and larger lenses in their telescopes, and smaller and smaller beams in their microscopes, this would mean a world of absolutely introverted persons becoming all wrapped up in themselves; and the more they got wrapped up in themselves, the smaller the package would be. There might be other complications. Could it possibly be that many philosophers all gathered together in one spot might have a disillusioning effect upon the layman?



There are philosophers who believe all kinds of philosophy, and poets who believe in all kinds of poetry, all the way from Longfellow to Gertrude Stein. All the philosophers might not get along well altogether. Maybe the Aristotelians would continue the old feud with the Platonists. It is quite possible the followers of Socrates would brush up and dust off the old misunderstandings with the Cynics. And the Skeptics and Epicureans would go into a grand battle, one with the other. While the philosophers were arguing the musicians would beg them to keep still so they could compose. There might be a bit of chaos in the Philosophic City, because, said Pharaoh of Egypt: I have known several philosophers but I seldom invite two of them here at the same time.

Plotinus agreed, absolutely. He was fully aware of a tremendous amount of disagreement among intellectuals. Disagreement, however, quite necessary and quite healthy.

Pharaoh said, both necessary and healthy, yes; but probably safer at a reasonable distance. And too, it would be a terrible thing to gather together all the great world leaders and intellectuals, and then have the city turn into a battlefield, disillusioning all men with the idea of self-improvement. And yet, the more an individual thinks, the more he becomes an individual; and the more he becomes an individual the more difficult it is for him to mingle in the common social concourse. The philosopher, said Pharaoh, must realize that he is not alone because the world turns from him; basic-

ally and nine times out of ten, it is he who turns from the world. He becomes hypercritical of the people who do not agree with him. He becomes so convinced that others do not think, that he positively retires into his own superiority. It would avail nothing furthermore to advise a segregation of levels of thinking, because the levels are the heaven in the loaves, and each level has its own experiences which are necessary to its own continuance.

Then, countered Plotinus, that would be a good reason for having the city, inasmuch as it would expound systems of government by means of which the individual nations could each find its ideal form of government.

But Pharaoh answered, no, that would not work either, for the reason that a government is really not a pattern but an interpretation. There is only one government in the world, and never has been but one, and that is the government in which authority exercises itself over an area wherein it has authority. Government, in other words, is just something running the rest. Now, that something may be any one of a number of things. It may be anything from a dictator to the sanctified shin bone of a saint; but where anything exercises authority, that is government. Those who accept that authority are the governed. It may be a king, emperor, priest, a committee, a sacred relic or a constitution, but whatever it is, it is something governing others.

What in detailed application that government is actually going to be depends upon the environment, racial development, national development, and the individual psychological development of the people administered by that government. It would be impossible to govern the Eskimos by the same interpretation that could be used in governing a highly cultured people. Both could enjoy the same principle of government, but it would have to be interpreted in the terms of the people themselves. In China, for example, it is still very difficult to

convince the older Chinese that age is not the sign of political priority. Even today in a large part of China the oldest living man is still the official head of the State. He may be in his dotage, they may have to carry him in, he may be deaf, dumb and blind—in fact, he may be just as bad as some of our politicians—but he is still the head of the government. It is absolutely necessary to realize that government is an interpretation. Some peoples thrive under monarchies. Some seem to prefer anarchy; there are some that prefer democracies, and there are those who choose dictatorship; it is a matter of attitude and experience. It would be quite impossible for even the wisest of all men to establish a system of government that would be universally acceptable. There would be those who would not understand it and would dislike it; and what we do not understand we dislike, as earlier observed. Therefore, said Plotinus, the noble example does not always mean much.

Pharaoh said, that is exactly what I infer, a noble example is not noble except to those who are noble. Those who do not understand it do not see anything noble about it. The philosopher may have a perfectly good idea, but there is no doubt it is no good except to others with the same philosophic idea.

They argued week after week and month after month, and finally it is assumed that the Pharaoh had a very pertinent opinion, for he said: It seems to me that the philosophic city of Platonopolis can ultimately only be one thing, and that is the world itself. There will never be a Philosophic Empire until it is possible for it to embrace the whole world. That would require a world united behind intelligence; and there can never be this unity until the whole world has experienced through sorrow the need for such unity. In the meantime there is no need for a Philosophic Empire for the simple reason that basically the philosopher is the only member of the community who does not need representation.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE—The argument between Plotinus and Pharaoh will be continued to its conclusion in the April Issue. *Suggested Reading*: LECTURES ON ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY; DIONYSIAN ARTIFICERS; THE CULTURE OF THE MIND)

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