

HORIZON

**The magazine
of useful and
intelligent living**

APRIL

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Articles by MANLY PALMER HALL Philosopher

A New 224 Page Book

BY MANLY PALMER HALL

*Based upon private class instruction
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self-unfoldment, and a special series
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Foremost Philosopher*

Announcement On Inside Back Cover 

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All Eyes On India

On fateful December 7th the curtain fell on a drama two hundred years in its enactment, the white-man rule in Asia. It is over; we must recognize that, regardless of the outcome of the war. And now, unless and until we understand the East, and the people of Asia understand us, we will not only pay a greater price for victory in this war but involve ourselves in a war to follow that may be still more costly, bloodier. In the words of a Chunking spokesman: "The battle of the South-west Pacific is a battle for the freedom of the Asiatic peoples." Said our own Pearl Buck: "The peoples of Asia want most of all in this war their freedom. Japan aims to show them that if the United States wins, they will not have it. We cannot win this war without convincing our allies that we are fighting for freedom everywhere."

It is India that is the new hope of Allied strategy in Asia. It appears to be right now under the guns and bombs of the next Japanese advance, for the Japs are ravenous for India's labor supply, for here is one-fifth of the working hands in all the world; a docile people, used to obedience and small pay; nine out of ten are farmers. India sizes up this way: There are three times as many Indians as there are Americans, their country is two-thirds as large as ours; in some respects its resources are better than ours. Waterpower resources exceed those of the U. S., but only in smallest fraction have they been developed; India has abundant reserves of coal, but a production one-sixth that of Russia, and even less than pre-war China; in iron resources India is enormously rich, second only to the U. S., but Japan before the war produced seven times as much steel. We produce 100 times more steel than India.

As an "arsenal of democracy" in the East small indeed has been the mobilization of India's potential, which far exceeds that of China and Japan combined. There

is no automotive manufacturing industry in India, and at the outbreak of the war there was only one airplane assembly plant—installed by Americans. India can make its own small arms and ammunition and, on a limited scale, artillery, shells and bombs; some armor plate; but none of these in sufficient quantity against a major foe. Under attack India will have to be dependent upon Allied supply for virtually all of the decisive modern arms.

What is India's trained man power? Proportionate to population, there is one trained Indian soldier for fifty raised by the Nazis. If India had recruited in the same ratio as Japanese mobilization, India would have 25,000,000 soldiers in her army. Before December 7th, India had one million. This is an army obviously inadequate to meet blows to be expected from both east and west.

This unprepared situation dates from Great Britain's 1939 arbitrary declaration of India a belligerent in the European war. Because it was arbitrary, the Indian Congress rigorously opposed the action, and later introduced "non-cooperation" against Britain. Two years precious time had been lost when both Germany and Japan began to imperil India directly; Jawaharlal Nehru was released from jail, took up leadership of the Indian Congress, vigorous effort was made toward reconciliation with Indian nationalism. Faced with decision, Mahatma Gandhi withdrew aside to allow the Indian Congress to receive the proposals of Sir Stafford Cripps to bring Great Britain and India into general agreement on a self-government plan and to convert India into a fullfledged war ally, a mission which failed. The demand of the Indian Congress party was to organize its own war effort and for recognition of India's independent status by the United Nations.

TEEMING millions occupy the great area of land which is India in a strange admixture of peoples; theirs is a civilization which is a confusing combination of some of the finest arts with some of the most backward of customs and ideals. It is a land of contradictions. The greatest and the lowest not only dwell in the same house, but in the same man. India is not a nation, not even a confederation of states; it is ruled in divers ways and for many interests; and although it has been beset by plagues, overwhelmed by conquerors, remained in bondage to castes, traditions, habits and customs, it has achieved world distinction for having retained a great culture. But of India, too, it might be said that it has lain stupified in the anaesthesia of its culture.

Great waves of change now move through Asia; eyes are on India; there is the threat of inundation of one of the most populous sectors of the earth; the currents and eddies of new orders lap the sides of a sleeping giant; whirlpools are forming. At any time now the sleeping giant may awake. It is the hour for pertinent recalling of the words of Na-

poleon: "Leave Asia asleep; for if she awakens, God help the world."

Why has the giant been sleeping for centuries? To answer that one, you will have had to live with these people, have walked their dusty streets, visited their shrines and temples, traveled vast stretches of land under crude agricultural cultivation, where everywhere arise ancestral graves—for only thus will realization come in full measure that here is confirmation of the words of Plato: The living are ruled by the dead.

Tradition rules India; Americans scarcely know what tradition is. We have the D. A. R., Abraham Lincoln, George Washington; and that's as far as we go. India has had a thousand Washingtons, a thousand Lincolns, a thousand orders and traditions which trace so far back as to recede into pre-historic times. An average American family with nine relatives finds it difficult to reconcile in a blanket sense to any viewpoint that might have had its genesis in family tradition; how impossible it then becomes for us to comprehend the Asiatic's reverence for his temple's ancestral tablets of 60,000 descendents; it is these he

has to pray to, it is these he must copy—do a thing the same way as it was done by his 60,000th great uncle, removed.

We are participants in and witnesses today of whirling conflict out of which will be taken steps that will disturb India's rest of centuries, the torpid sleep of a thousand generations. One thing is clearly emerging, and that is, out of world upheaval it is destined that Asia shall come to unification. In India this requires reconciliation of a very complicated political situation. A severance of relationships of dependency upon Great Britain is long overdue; it can come about by only slight moves on the part of Indian leaders. The reason for withholding dominion status has been that India is composed of a number of small puppet states with allegiance to Great Britain, and many of these are controlled by fanatical leaders. The danger has been present and evident that should Great Britain suddenly step out there'd be civil war among these states—religious war, bitter, evil, and vile, without principle. Every native prince would consider himself a potential conqueror of India, in the superstition of the second coming of Genghis Kahn. Extremely dangerous as this situation is to 360,000,000 people, it is almost a certainty that in a day when India will be completely independent and left alone, the Indian princes will unite to reconcile most of their differences under a powerful leader like Gandhi.

Attention thus focuses on the point that India can arise, and when and if it does the force of that rising will be great.

If it is accompanied with a hearty hatred of things western we will have earned it as peoples who have exploited the East. Europe, in gradual return to feudalism, has been losing its position of world power. America is younger and stronger. But to the eyes of India our weakness would stand revealed in our desperate effort to build our young nation on a basis of economics and rule of money; we have signally failed to evolve a civilization fortified in culture, one that rests on the soul. And this we must recognize: Any nobility of the American national purpose is one thing, the actions of individuals are something else; it would be difficult indeed to find a more individually selfish people than we who reside in the U. S. This is a time for America to watch her step. Asia is awakening. It means that the day is not far distant when human beings must come into a new pattern of adjustment with each other, and the time is now for realization that this earth is too small for factions, for race prejudice, for nationalism's destructive moods.

We in this generation are pioneers in a world building toward the sure knowledge that on this earth is room enough for everybody, things enough for everybody, to a recognition of the need for motives nobler, truer, more rational, saner, finer. India points now to the necessity for us to bind ourselves with the bonds of fraternity to peaceful nations that may soon be forced, under new order ideologies whose origin is in the western world, to take over and dominate the world's warring factions. We may well watch with anxious eyes the awakened might of a long somnolent East.

The Mysteries Of Asia

It is time to face the staggering realization that in a matter of weeks Japanese victories brought that aggressor nation within sight of self-sufficiency in the essential resources and raw materials of war. We have had a hard lesson in geography; not soon will Americans forget where our rubber comes from, our tin. Abruptly too has it been borne upon us that the peoples of the East are not inferior fighting men. If we have learned what the Japs can do against us, we have also seen what the Filipino and the Chinese can do for us.

The next lessons to learn, the next questions to face are these: Not do we fight solely to defeat the Japanese, to stop the Japs from stepping into the white man's shoes in Asia, to create there a huge empire to directly threaten us for years to come; we must once and for all drop the imperialist attitude that Orientals are incapable of self-government; no matter what we have thought, the Asiatic does not believe that left to self-determination he will return to anarchy. Given arms and the cause of full liberty to fight for, the eight hundred millions of India and China will drive the semisavage Japs into the sea.

The whole question of India's age-old political complications and religious conflicts is one so difficult that Americans can not have any intelligent opinions on the subject. Mixing in the details is none of our business. But clearly to know that the long range objective of this war is to insure the freedom of all peoples is vastly important to going along with these Eastern allies in successful war effort. It is enough for us to be conscious that a Moslem minority in India has long objected to any change in Britain's rule that might give power to the Hindu majority; whatever adjustment comes, it is the concern of India, not of America. It is a problem with which we can have little understanding; we are a single language people; in India the populace must convey ideas one to another in 147 languages, reconcile measures of control exercised over them by 563 ruling princes—and more than any other factor, the conflicts in religious beliefs are of paramount importance. The Hindu worships a plurality of gods; although modern Hinduism is the joint product of Buddhism and Brahmanism, it accepts the supremacy of Brahmanism, a religion with a literature unrivalled in antiquity and intellectual subtility. A quarter of a billion Hindus want complete independence for India. The Moslems, numbering about one-third as many natives, have long wanted separate autonomy to protect their minority status. The Moslems are Mohammedans, devotees to the Koran, descendants of the Mogul emperors; they constitute the main body of today's Indian fighting forces.

The antagonism between Hindu and Moslem is much less acute than it used to be; it is India's problem to work out its own solution to the best way to govern itself. American interest in the progress of this effort should remain one of keen interest, non-interference. What is most important is that we of the west should better understand and evaluate the lives and customs of these peoples, the cultures of Asia, for they are going along with us in the world fight for freedom. HORIZON presents these excerpts from *THE MYSTERIES OF ASIA*, written by Manly Palmer Hall many years ago, and now out of print. These word sketches will give us at least the "feel" of a people in diverse aspects, present their strange contrasts to our familiar ways, indicate the higher bond of common humanity which can serve to bind together all who seek the priceless boon of liberty and freedom.

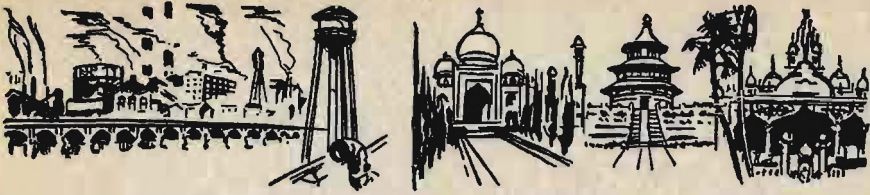
Conversation In Calcutta

IT is not difficult to understand why the great industrial civilization of the West is at a loss to comprehend the asceticism of the East. The Occident sees the Orient steeped in superstition and social degradation; the Orient conceives the Occident to be a vast financial mechanism wherein all of the higher issues of life are sacrificed upon the altar of Mammon.

To the Hindu, the very ground upon which he walks is hallowed; the hills

and valleys of his native land have been sanctified by tradition. Treading reverently the *via dolorosa* where once the Master Jesus walked, the pious Christian feels very close to his Redeemer. Dwelling in the very fields harrowed first by the immortals or wandering along dusty roads where once the gods walked with men, the East Indian is profoundly impressed by the sacredness of his surroundings.

He feels the dignity of his race and



his kinship with the deities. To him the gods are beings very real who, descending from their abode of bliss, disguise themselves as men and concern themselves with mundane affairs.

In the West, where gods are a very uncertain quantity, men are prone to worship their own creations. The Occidental is convinced that he is making history. The Oriental is worshipping history. So, while the superstitious and impractical East was building temples, palaces, and tombs, the practical and enlightened West was erecting offices, factories, and stores, thereby gradually gaining control of the commerce of the earth.

Katherine Mayo was duly horrified by the daily sacrifice of goats in the temple of Kali in Calcutta. Equally horrified is the Hindu by the daily sacrifices of human life in America and Europe, where the firstborn of man are the sacrificial offering upon the altar of industrialism.

In the mind of the philosopher, there is some question which is the more idolatrous: he who worships the shining face of Brahma or he who grovels before the shining face of the almighty dollar.

To the Occidental mind the age of miracles is but one of the divisions of ancient history. Water could be changed into wine two thousand years ago, but not now. The prophets and saints of the past could divide oceans and pass through barred doors, but these things are simply not in vogue nowadays.

But, as in Biblical days, the halt and the blind are still brought to the living saints of India to be made whole and the sick are carried to the pools of healing. The East never has been able to understand why the West does not believe in miracles. To the Oriental mind

it is incomprehensible that anyone should scoff at the raising of the dead and the cleansing of the leper.

While in Calcutta, I met a young man, educated in the university and preparing himself for a scientific career, who told me a story typical of the attitude of the Hindu mind toward the supernatural. It should be borne in mind that this young man spoke several languages, was from the higher stratum of Indian society, and had received several years training in a Western college. The youth was studying East Indian philosophy with a very eminent and highly revered holy man who was famous all over India as a miracle-worker.

As a part of his training the young disciple was sent for a period of several years into the vastnesses of the Himalayas, there to fast, meditate and pray. Taking with him only the sacred books and the memory of his master's instructions, he retired into the mountains, living alone in a little hut fashioned of tree branches and stones. Each day he would wander about the hills, his mind absorbed in the contemplation of cosmic verities. Here he found spiritual peace by leaving far behind the illusionary and impermanent world of human vanity and ambition.

One day while walking along a narrow path bordered by heavy vegetation on either side, he was suddenly hurled into a clump of bushes, where he lay for a second terrified and half stunned. Looking to see the source of the blow, he was amazed to see his aged teacher standing in the center of the path and pointing his finger to the ground.

Following the direction of the Mahatma's gesture, the youth saw coiled in the road a death's head cobra ready to strike. In another step or two he would have trod upon the body of the snake,

which would have resulted in certain death.

As the boy watched, his aged master simply faded from his sight into the depths of the jungle. Upon his return to Calcutta, the youth discovered that the holy man had taught a class in Calcutta the same day he had appeared to him two thousand miles away in the Himalayas.

That the young college student was not lying was very evident. What he said he believed to be the absolute truth and nothing could shake his faith in the reality of the incident. The only inexplicable thing was that an American should doubt the story or consider it in any way remarkable. To him it was an everyday experience; similar things had happened to him before and were daily occurrences among the students of the Indian adepts.

To illustrate another peculiarity of Oriental religious thought, let us take an episode which occurred at Mount Abu in Central India, where stands the world-famous temple of the Jains. Near the temple is a little lake and near the shore of the lake a rest house for the holy men who stop there while en route to certain national shrines in secluded parts of that mountainous country.

One day the rest house was sheltering a very aged and wild-looking mendicant, who was sitting in the doorway sunning himself. His clothing consisted of a single rag wrapped about his loins. Both his hair and beard were unkempt and had not been cut for years. His sole earthly possessions were a brass water bowl and a small bundle of holy relics.

Several Americans stopping in the nearby hotel had availed themselves of the brief interval sightseeing tours to

walk along the path leading by the door of the rest house. It was apparently the first time they had concerned themselves with Indian holy men and stopping a short distance from the doorway, they discussed the mendicant's peculiarities and laughed heartily at his ridiculous appearance. One of the tourists, presumably of a religious disposition, delivered a lengthy dissertation in which he expressed great pity for the benighted state of the wretched figure taking a sun-bath.

Unable longer to keep quiet, the holy man gazed mildly upon the group of gawky globe-trotters and in flawless King's English requested them to choose a less personal subject for discussion. The tourists, who had no inkling whatever that the old man understood English, were profuse in their apologies and finally persuaded the holy man to tell them about himself.

They learned that he had been educated at Oxford, had traveled in both Europe and America, and was thoroughly conversant with all the elements of Occidental culture. For some years he had been a practicing physician in Bombay, but had decided that as the result of a great sin he was obligated to leave comforts and joys behind him and devote the remainder of his earthly existence to expiation of his heinous crime.

Concerning the nature of his offense he was very reticent, but finally unburdened his soul.

While a prosperous young man practicing medicine, a holy man had come to his door asking rice and he had thoughtlessly failed to give him any. As years passed by this sin so preyed upon the good doctor's conscience that he had set for himself a fifty-year penance.



This is typical of the seriousness with which the Eastern mind faces the problems of spiritual salvation. To the Ori-

ent, only the spirit is real and permanent; only time devoted to the unfoldment of the spiritual self is well spent.

The Parsees Of Bombay

THE Parsees are Persians who migrated into India when the Arabians overran the Persian Empire in the eighth century A. D. From that time to the present the Parsees have preserved intact their national integrity. The largest Parsee community is to be found at Bombay, although there are small groups in nearly every large city of the Indian Empire. While the number of Parsees probably does not exceed one hundred thousand altogether, they represent one of the most devout, yet at the same time most progressive, elements in Oriental life. Their effect upon the entire structure of East Indian civilization has been most marked. In religion they are followers of Zarathustra (Zoroaster), the Fire Prophet. Their sacred book is the *Zend Avesta*.



The Parsees are noted particularly for their honesty, their integrity in all business relations being a proverb in the Orient. Crime is virtually unknown among them and their community life is ideal.

In matters of religion they are also exceptionally tolerant, gladly fraternizing with all just men, irrespective of caste or creed. In India the Parsees are distinguished by their contributions to charity and public institutions, and in late years their superior intellectual qualities have been manifested in their rapid rise to positions of authority in law, medicine, banking, commerce, and brokerage.

For bankers and brokers to be honest to a fault is an anomaly to the Western mind. In Asia, however, the unusual is not only possible but also to be expected.

The Parsees are most generous with

their possessions and the existence of a single beggar in their midst would disgrace the entire community. The tendency of this group of people to support civic movements and encourage education has done much toward the betterment of East Indian living conditions. It is not uncommon for rich Parsees to bequeath their wealth to public institutions or direct that it be expended in the erection of public buildings or in the purchase of land for parks and recreation centers. Neither militant nor aggressive, the Parsees live in simple humility and gentleness, seeking but to serve the needy and improve the lot of all.

The practicality of Parsee ethics is an excellent demonstration of the fact that adherence to an ancient religion does not result necessarily in its followers being stragglers in the march of human progress; for the Parsee is abreast of the most progressive spirit of the age. Several Parsees have been knighted by the British government for their distinguished services in the interests of the Indian Empire, and the only two East Indians ever to sit in the House of Commons were Parsees. Two Parsees have been elevated to the British peerage.

In personal appearance the Parsees are remarkable for the natural dignity of their bearing. They are often tall in stature and inclined to be slender, and, if not of a decidedly ascetic or Uranian type, are at least benign and Jupiterian. Their skin is of rather olive hue, the features regular and well chiseled. The women are rather small in size. They are also very graceful and in common with most Asiatics have large and expressive eyes. In every Parsee community the status of woman is a very unusual



one. She has never been subjected to the inhibitions of the purdah and has always traveled about unveiled. She is mistress in her home and in all matters is accorded fair treatment. The domestic life of the Parsee is marked by concord, there is a definite disinclination to contention or controversy.

Zarathustrianism, the religion of the Parsees, was revealed to Zoroaster, who lived between three and four thousand years ago. Like Jesus, Zoroaster began his public ministry in his thirtieth year. He spent twenty years in the Persian deserts in fasting and meditation. At one time he also lived upon a holy mountain which was always surrounded by a ring of fire.

The Parsees revere the Deity under the symbol of fire. They also esteem the elements to be sacred. They will not bury the dead in the earth lest the earth be polluted; they cannot cast the body into the water lest the water be contaminated; they cannot leave the body exposed to the air lest the air be rendered foul thereby; and finally they cannot consume the body with fire; for, being the most sacred of all the elements, fire must not be profaned.

As a solution to this predicament the Towers of Silence were erected. At Bombay these towers—the world's most unique method of burial—are located in the midst of a beautiful park on Malabar Hill. A strange atmosphere, however, is lent to the scene by the hundreds of vultures whose weight bends down the branches of the trees as they sit with beady eyes ever fixed upon the squatty towers where lie the Parsee dead.

When the Parsee physician gives up his patient as incurable then the priest is called, who performs for the dying man the last rites of his faith. When death is presumed to have taken place, a dog is then brought into the presence of the corpse as additional verification of death's occurrence.

Among the Parsees there is a curious belief which decrees that children must

be born on the ground floor of the house, for the upper stories are regarded as of a more lofty or exalted state and hence man must be born in the lowest place to emphasize his humility. To indicate its return again to this humble state, the body after death is taken back to the lower floor where it was born.

The body is then placed upon an iron bier and covered with cloths. When the time for the funeral arrives, a procession of priests and friends accompanies the corpse to the Towers of Silence, where the remains are hidden from view by the parapet of the tower, the tower being fashioned to simplify as much as possible the role played by the vultures. Since the deceased person no longer requires his body, the Parsee, consistent with his philosophy of utter charity, considers it proper that that which he ceases to need shall become the food of that which must still live. In a brief space of time the bones, falling through specially prepared gratings, are later disposed of, probably ultimately buried.

In the twentieth century it is impossible to form any adequate concept of the original doctrines of Zarathustrianism nor can any authentic description of even the founder of the cult be discovered. Zoroaster was said to have been born of an immaculate conception and escaped death in infancy by the intercession of divine beings. Many startling parallelisms abound between Zarathustrianism and primitive Christianity, and no longer is there any doubt that the Christians borrowed many of their philosophic concepts from the Zarathustrian theology, which is a dualism in monotheism, and apparently established to counteract the primitive pantheism of the Persian people.

Zoroaster taught the existence of a supreme nature within which existed two eternal beings—or, rather, one eternal being and a second who was ultimately to be absorbed into the nature of the first.



The Astronomer's City

JAIPUR, the Astronomer's City was founded in 1728 by the Astronomer-Prince, Sawai Jai Singh II. It is the chief city of Rajputana. The name Jaipur, when translated into English, signifies "the city of victory," and is an enduring monument to the illustrious Maharajah who embodied in its specifications the fruitage of his scientific research.

All the main thoroughfares are over one hundred feet wide and are in startling contrast to the narrow, tortuous streets of the average Eastern city. It is supposed that there are no streets in Jaipur less than twenty-eight feet wide.

The entire city is a monotonous mass of buildings colored the same shade of pink. During the life of its founder, Jaipur was white. A later Maharajah, with an eye to color, decided to vary the landscape by ordering the buildings upon each street to be painted

a different color. Thus one district became green, another yellow, and a particularly squalid area bloomed forth with a lilac hue. During this period Jaipur was well named "the rainbow city." This conglomeration, however, rapidly became an eyesore, and Jaipur eventually sobered down to its present raspberry hue.

The third never-to-be-forgotten novelty (and more outstanding even than the hennaed whiskers of the Rajput gentry) are the tin roofs which serve as awnings over the stalls and bazaars fronting on the main thoroughfares. To call these roofs tin might be considered a slur by the natives, for in reality they are composed of very thin rusty corrugated galvanized iron laid in sheets with no effort to match the edges or fasten them

together. The monkeys from the nearby jungle show a marked partiality for these remarkable roofs. Trooping into the city just at sunset by the hundreds, the simians disport themselves on the rattling sheets of iron. Having discovered an exceptionally noisy spot, a number of monkeys will gather there and jump up and down in unison, causing an indescribable din that can be heard over all the city.

In great central square countless birds congregate. Turbans of a thousand hues folded in a score of ways form a sea of bobbing color. Perfume bazaars and fish markets scent the atmosphere. A native

dye stretches vast lengths of varicolored cheese cloth on sticks in the air to dry. Bazaars hold everything from handmade cigarettes to antique furniture. The Brahmin, the Moslem, and the Jain brush elbows, and hardly an hour passes but that

some procession winds its way along the busy thoroughfare, heralded with much commotion.

To the southwest of the Maharajah's palace is a great walled courtyard containing one of the finest astronomical observatories in Asia. It was here that Sawai Jai Singh II with immense stone instruments carried on those studies in celestial dynamics that elevated him to chief place among the astronomers of his time. In writing of his accomplishments, Major H. A. Newell, of the Indian Army, says:

From early times the study of the stars had appealed to the princes of his line. None, however, had displayed anything approaching the mathematical genius and passion for



research possessed by Jai Singh II. This gifted ruler not only exposed the errors of existing Oriental and European systems but he issued a revised star catalogue, produced a set of tables of the sun, moon, and planets, and corrected the calendar.

The observatory, which has been justly termed "the last survival of the stone age in astronomy," is under the patronage of the present Maharajah, who has preserved its original splendor and restored those parts that fell into decay after the death of the astronomy-loving prince.

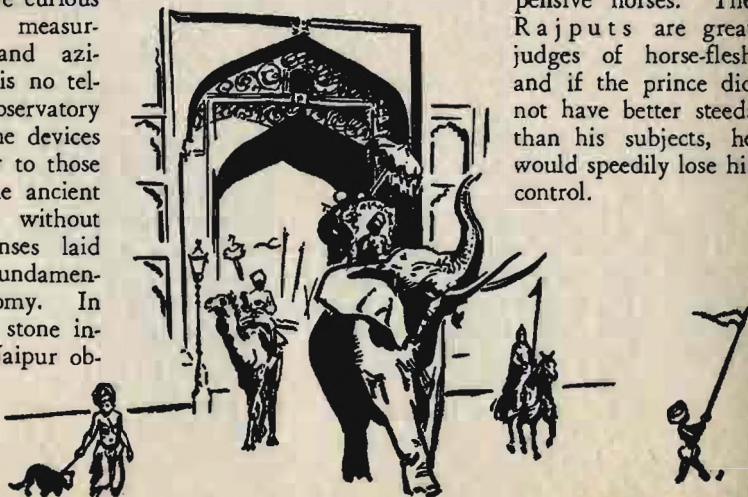
The Hindu scientist who was apparently appointed by the government as caretaker and astronomer extraordinary of the observatory called my attention to the fact that he had detected with his strange instrument several minor errors in a famous European nautical almanac. It must be admitted that he was highly pleased with his ability to discredit his European *confreres*.

In the midst of the observatory stands a great sun dial ninety feet high and apparently constructed of brick. It is called the "prince of dials." To the right of this dial as you face it are twelve other small dials, each bearing one of the signs of the zodiac. There are also instruments for the determination of right ascension, declination, and hour angles. There are curious contrivances for measuring altitudes and azimuths. There is no telescope in the observatory and many of the devices used are similar to those employed by the ancient Egyptians, who without the aid of lenses laid down all the fundamentals of astronomy. In addition to the stone instruments, the Jaipur observatory boasts several contrivances of brass resembling huge

clocks, or more exactly watches, hung from marble columns. These brass disks with movable pointers are from six to eight feet in diameter, their surfaces covered by intricate mathematical calculations.

The Maharajahs of Jaipur are the descendants of a most illustrious line. They trace their origin to the great Hindu hero, Rama, the central figure of the immortal Indian classic of the Ramayana. Rama, being an incarnation of Vishnu, was the very person of this god himself, and his descendants—the princes of Rajputana—therefore feel themselves to be most god-like men, direct descendants of the sun. Princes of the blood have ruled in Rajputana for nearly five thousand years. Each year there are great festivals in honor of the descendants of Rama, and the Maharajah himself appears in processional.

The question is often asked why the princes of India display such fabulous wealth when their people as a mass are in a state of abject poverty. This seeming extravagance is necessary because of the peculiar attitude of veneration common to the Hindu mind. In order to hold the respect of his people, it is necessary for the Rajah of Benares to drive forth in a carriage constructed entirely of ivory. It is also necessary for the Maharajah of Jaipur to keep his enormous stables filled with the most expensive horses. The Rajputs are great judges of horse-flesh and if the prince did not have better steeds than his subjects, he would speedily lose his control.



The Gaekwar of Baroda is a man of distinction to the uttermost degree. After seeing his solid gold and silver cannon, and also his golden elephant howdah, it is in order to visit the royal treasury where are gathered pearls and diamonds unsurpassed even by the crown jewels in the Tower of London. In addition to his nine ropes of matched pearls, each pearl the size of a dime, the Gaekwar possesses the "Star of the South," the largest diamond in India, which is set in a broad collar containing over one hundred other large diamonds. Even his pearl and diamond-clustered carpets, however, do not produce the general effect that results from a visit to his palace, where the tired and dusty

traveler is permitted to gaze—and no more—upon French plate glass-enclosed bathtubs.

The Gaekwar is the most progressive and humane ruler in India; a great part of his annual income, which has been estimated at sixty million dollars, is directed to the improvement of his people. Under the Gaekwar's patronage, public schools, universities, and medical and dental colleges have appeared; also universities for women. Baroda has a public library and children's playgrounds, and many of the streets are excellently paved. The result is that nearly ninety per cent of the people of Baroda can read and write, a percentage of which any country might be proud.

Magic And Sorcery

THE Orient has long been considered a land of mystery because the Western type of mind has never been able to understand the mental outlook of its people.

We hear it frequently said that the Hindu is uncanny. This is the natural result of ignorance concerning the life and ideals of the Oriental. From the dawn of time, Asiatics have been suspected of possessing some subtle and unknown power beyond the comprehension of other races; India is still commonly referred to as the land of the living saints; and the gods are still supposed to wander the earth among the hills and valleys of Hindustan.

Magic, in general, is divided into two classes—transcendental magic, and legerdemain. The transcendental depends upon the knowledge and manipulation of certain intangible powers and processes in Nature by which seeming "miracles" can be produced. Transcendental magic itself is subdivided into many forms, the two most important of which are (1) *black* magic, which is the sorcery as performed by the Dugpas; and (2) *white* magic, which is the true wonder-working as performed by the Gurus, Mahatmas, and Arhats.

Legerdemain—the second and far more common form of magic—is otherwise known as conjuration, jugglery, and sleight-of-hand. This form of magic attempts, by purely mechanical means, to reproduce the miracles of true transcendentalism. Legerdemain has been raised to the dignity of a fine art by Eastern magicians and wandering fakirs, and while its effects are achieved through the medium of trickery, they never fail to mystify those unacquainted with their *modus operandi*.

The true miracle-workers of India are now seldom met with, for ridicule and persecution have driven them into the mountain fastness and secluded temples far from the sight of the white man. Those who have traveled extensively in India realize that the Indian people as a mass firmly believe in the existence of certain venerable and illumined sages, possessing the power of performing miracles and able to directionalize the invisible laws of Nature at will. Despite the efforts of missionaries and educators, this belief in miracle-working is so strongly imbedded in the Hindu nature that nothing can uproot it.

In the grounds of the Raffles Hotel in Singapore I saw one of the finest de-

monstrations of Oriental magic, made a desperate effort to photograph the various tricks, but the failing light—for magicians prefer to work in the evening—to a certain degree thwarted this purpose.

The Victoria Memorial building in Calcutta is surrounded by quite a park where one or more snake-charmers can nearly always be found entertaining crowds of natives and tourists. Many people believe that the snakes used by these charmers are not really poisonous. This conclusion is erroneous, for while the reptiles represent some of the most poisonous forms known, the power which the natives exercise over them is uncanny. Though it is undoubtedly true that impostors are to be found, those who are representative members of the snake-charmer calling have attained an almost inconceivable degree of control over the snakes they handle. For example, upon one occasion I saw a native turn a white rat loose among several snakes. One of the reptiles immediately coiled itself around the body of the animal and prepared to devour it. When the life of the rodent was on the verge of being extinguished, the magician, who was watching closely, ordered the snake to release the rat. The serpent obediently uncoiled itself and retired to its basket and, picking up the rat, the magician demonstrated that the animal was not injured in any way.

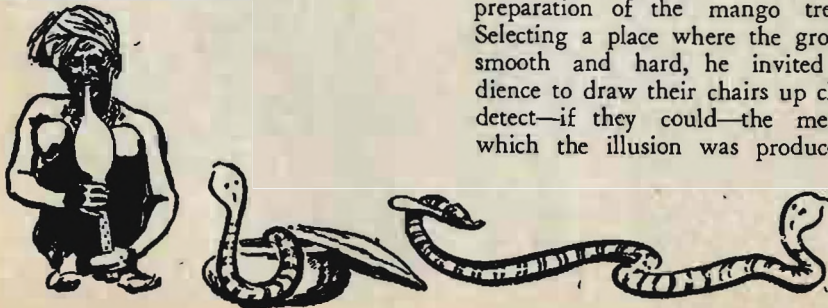
Watching a snake-charmer one day and noting the impunity with which the native handled his reptiles, a young army officer suddenly exclaimed: "Why, those snakes won't hurt anybody," and, leaning over, picked up one of them. He

was dead in fifteen minutes despite every effort made to save his life.

While strolling in the grounds of the Victoria Memorial building, I met a most interesting personage. When first seen, he was sitting down, surrounded by his snakes and a troupe of small boys, the latter as irrepensible in India as in America. Noting the approach of a white man, which meant money, the Hindu prepared for his coming. Motioning the boys to keep back, he stood up, his skin gleaming like copper in the humid Indian sunlight. His clothing consisted of a varicolored turban and a rag about his loins. He motioned to a young Mohammedan who stood near by to lend him his slipper, and the youth with a laugh kicked off his scuffer which the juggler then picked up. The slipper consisted of a flat sole and a toe-cap—nothing more. With a quick move, the snake-charmer threw the slipper on the ground at my feet and as I watched there crawled from the toe of it an East Indian cobra at least five feet long. The snake then coiled itself around the magician's neck. There was no possible means by which the snake could have been concealed in the toe of the slipper and the scanty clothing worn by the conjurer renders the trick still more unsolvable.

It was in Benares that I witnessed the most famous of all Oriental illusions—the growing of the mango tree. While there is hardly a country in the world where the story of this trick has not been told, yet, strange to say, the details of it have seldom been described.

After placing a number of eggs in a basket and causing them to instantly hatch, the magician next turned to the preparation of the mango tree trick. Selecting a place where the ground was smooth and hard, he invited his audience to draw their chairs up closer and detect—if they could—the method by which the illusion was produced. The



preliminary preparation for the trick consisted in securing three sticks about four feet long, which he arranged in the form of an American Indian tepee, covering them to the ground with a large white cloth. He then lifted up one side of the cloth so that it was possible to watch the proceedings within the tentlike structure.

Then from his little "bag of tricks" the conjurer produced a large oblong mango seed, which he passed around for careful examination, afterwards requesting one of the audience to carve his initials on the seed pod.

The magician next produced an empty flower pot which he filled with earth and in which he planted the seed. He then thoroughly watered the earth with a sprinkling can, placed the flower pot with its contents within the tent and, dropping the flap, sat down beside the tent and played upon his flute.

After an interval of about five minutes he lifted the flap of the tent and there, protruding from the earth, was a tiny green shoot. Closing the flap again, he continued to play.

After a few moments, he once more lifted the flap, showing a mango bush about a foot in height growing in the pot.

Again he closed the tent and after a few seconds reopened it, revealing a full grown mango bush in blossom.

He dropped the flap still another time and when he finally removed the tent entirely, the mango bush was covered with ripe mangoes, which he picked and tossed to his audience.

Then suddenly he tore the plant up by the roots and, shaking off the dirt showed the open pod still clinging to the roots and still bearing the initials inscribed thereon at the beginning of the exhibition.

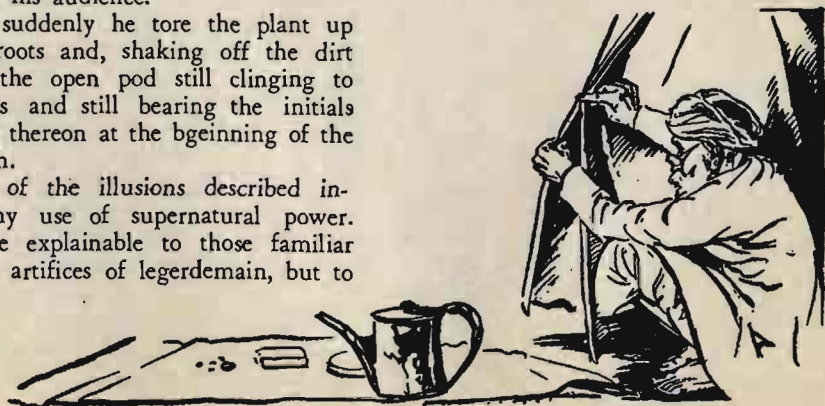
None of the illusions described involve any use of supernatural power. They are explainable to those familiar with the artifices of legerdemain, but to

the uninitiated they are a never-ending source of wonder. I have discussed with these conjurers the methods by which they attain these remarkable results, and it is interesting to note that, while admitting themselves to be only tricksters, they all realize that it is possible to accomplish these illusions without recourse to legerdemain.

These very magicians are aware that among their own people there are certain illumined Masters and holy men capable of growing a tree in fifteen minutes by processes quite unknown to the Western world. The conjurer admits that his illusions are copied from the sacred magic of the East Indian Wise Men. These holy ones perform their experiments only in the seclusion of the temple for the purpose of demonstrating to disciples the cosmic principles underlying biology and physics and, consequently, are inaccessible to the public; the trickster with his legerdemain produces the same effects for the amusement of the populace.

I once discussed the problem of miracles with a very learned Brahmin Pundit, whose conclusions on the subject may be summarized as follows: "You Christians believe that He turned water into wine; that He raised the dead, healed the sick, passed through a closed door, and multiplied the loaves and fishes. Do you believe that the day of miracles ended 2,000 years ago?"

"Your Jesus told His disciples that greater things than He did they should



do. Why, then, do you declare the miracleworking of India to be false? There are no such things as miracles, if you consider the meaning of the word in its last analysis. A miracle is in reality, only the effect of an unknown cause.

"For thousands of years our people have devoted themselves to the study of the invisible worlds—those forces and powers in Nature beyond the comprehension of any save those who dedicate their lives to service, asceticism, and virtuous living. We are specialists in matters pertaining to the invisible and the intangibles, as you are specialists in those things pertaining to the visible and the tangible. We do not understand each other because our work is in dif-

ferent worlds; we only understand one another when we are engaged in similar labors.

"India is a land which in your estimation may seem very backward because it is concerned with things which do not interest you, and which your people do not understand. Do not doubt or deny the knowledge possessed by Asia. But if you would pass judgment upon that knowledge, come and investigate it, and we will show you the proof that you desire.

"Live as we tell you to live, think as we tell you to think, study with our wise men, and you will then realize that there are among our people certain ones who possess a knowledge which makes them capable of working miracles."

Reminiscence Of Rangoon

We have acutely felt the consequences of the political stalemate developed in Burma. It is no secret that the amount of assistance given to the British defenders by the native population was disappointing, when full support was needed to stem the Jap unrush. For two years the Burmese had been menaced by the Japanese guns in adjacent Indo-China, by airfield concentrations only a few minutes distant; they had asked what were their chances for dominion status in exchange for cooperation in fighting the Axis; they were put off—all colonial nations under Britain's own rule were specifically excluded from the four-freedom promises held forth in the Atlantic Charter, and seemed to apply only to conquered nations under Hitler domination. The rebuffed Burmese nationalists never formally proclaimed non-cooperation as did India, but they utilized many opportunities to obstruct Britain's war effort. The Japs know the value of Burma as a war prize other than strategic, for here were major oilfields, iron deposits that ranked first in the world in purity of ore. For decades, Japanese agents had cultivated the friendship and

trust of the Burmese, taught them to look to Japan as a big brother. A Jap monk or novice was planted in every temple of any importance from the Burma frontier down to Rangoon. Buddhist monks, trained and organized by the Japanese gendarmery, for years specialized in espionage, cultivated sedition, and the vast majority of Burmese natives today are wholly ignorant of Japan's true character.

IN the streets of Rangoon the East and the West meet in exotic confusion. Modern office buildings stand side by side with gilded Burmese shrines.

As one approaches Rangoon by the way of the river, the city becomes visible as a mysterious blur—shadowy buildings faintly outlined against a low-lying haze. The mist finally breaks. Suddenly a shaft of golden light seems to hover, gleaming and glistening above the gray skyline of the city. This point of light, this crystallized sunbeam, is the *Shwe Dagon*, or the Golden Dragon—the most sacred as well as remarkable of Buddha's countless shrines.

The main entrance is on the south side, which faces the city of Rangoon. In front of this entrance almost invariably may be seen long rows of shoes. Here native sandals bump toes with imported oxfords; well-dressed walking shoes and military boots share space alike with dainty high-heeled slippers and well-worn clogs.

Near by on a low, rambling wall sit a number of Burmese boys, each with a nondescript water container and several pieces of old rags. These young business men have created a profession: they wash the feet of the tourists who must wander barefoot among the byways of the great pagoda. No one is permitted to enter the Shwe Dagon without first removing his shoes and stockings, a ceremony in the East which is equivalent to doffing the hat on entering a Christian church.

Upon reaching the top of the flight of steps and passing through the elaborate gate opening on to the pagoda platform, the visitor is confronted by a spectacle so overwhelming that language completely fails to express its magnificence.

Picture, if you can, twenty-five hundred pagodas, each ranging from twelve to a hundred feet in height and each with its surface a mass of carvings in most instances gilded or lacquered. Hundreds of golden points sparkling in the sun, thousands of silver bells tinkling in the breeze, millions of dollars worth of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies scintillating in the noonday light—this is the Shwe Dagon!

Upon the platform of the Golden Dragon is gathered in lavish disorder the architecture of forty nations. Strange slanted roofs from old Siam; fluted points from Indo-China; curious *topes* from Cambodia; bell-like *dagobas* from Tibet; ornate gables from China and Korea;



strangely carved towers and half-round domes from India and Ceylon; great *men-dotes* from Java—all are gathered around the golden base of the Shwe Dagon.

Everywhere the images of the Buddha peer out from the recesses of their shrines. There are great stone Buddhas which have sat in meditation for ages. There are teakwood Buddhas with their lacquered faces and dark shiny robes. There are marble Buddhas,

their garments inlaid with gold; Buddhas of bronze and brass, with emeralds for eyes and rubies for lips; small golden Buddhas and silver saints seated in jeweled niches; Buddhas of jade, amethyst, rose quartz and crystal; Buddhas that sit in meditation, Buddhas that kneel in prayer, Buddhas that stand and preach, Buddhas that recline and with half-closed eyes await Nirvana. There are Buddhas so great that they stand fifty to sixty feet high; Buddhas so small that they can be held between the thumb and forefinger. In all, there are to be seen upon the platform of the Shwe Dagon over twenty-five thousand images of the "Light of Asia."

Upon the platform of the Golden Dragon there are not only schools for the Buddhist monk but also houses in which to care for those who, stricken with such maladies as leprosy or tuberculosis, come there to be healed. The *Phongyees* with their horse-hair tailed scepters and shaven heads wander unceasingly among the golden altars. They are the guardians of this world-famed sanctuary.

Of peculiar significance is the form of the Shwe Dagon. The base is an inverted begging bowl. Above the begging bowl are conventionalized folds of a turban from which springs a double lotus blossom. Above the lotus blossom the point of the pagoda rises to end in

the form of a plantain bud. The perimeter of the central pagoda at the base is 1,365 feet. The entire structure is built of native brick. The present *h'tee*, or umbrella, which forms the canopy of the pagoda, was placed in 1871. It is composed of iron rings goldplated and hung with gold and silver bells, whose tinkle can be heard from the platform below. The upper point of the *h'tee* is called the *sein-ba*, or gemmed crown. The *sein-bah* glistens with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, for many wealthy Burmese Buddhists hung their personal jewelry upon it before it was raised to the top of the pagoda. When the sun's rays strike one of the great jewels, a blinding flash of green, red or white dazzles the beholder.

The first pagoda, which occupied the little knoll to the north of Rangoon, was twenty-seven feet high, and was built 500 B. C. In 1776 it attained its present height. The great tope has been regilded several times, and as new layers of brick were added and the gold thus covered up, it is impossible to estimate the amount of precious metal actually contained in the pagoda. As the gilding process proved unsatisfactory, a new method was substituted; solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch thick. It is difficult for the Occidental to visualize an enterprise involving the gold-plating of a

structure 1,365 feet in circumference.

Why was this mighty shrine erected; what holy spot does it mark? If you ask the *Phongyee*, he will reply that it marks the spot where the sacred relics of four Buddhas are deposited and, consequently, of all sacred places it is the most holy.

Despite its overwhelming splendor, the Shwe Dagon is directly opposed in spirit to the great Teacher for whose relics it is the repository. Buddha preached the nothing-ness of worldliness; that to discover Reality man must liberate himself from the illusion of physical existence and retire into the inner fastness of himself. To the Lord Gautama neither pagoda nor shrine meant anything. They, too, were part of the illusion that must be left behind. To him there was nothing real but the Self, nothing absolute but the Self, no true attainment but perfect unification with the Self. So, as he sat in *Samadhi* his consciousness was reunited with that of the universe. His mission was to teach men how to release themselves from the slavery of illusion which comes from the recognition of parts and thereby attain to that perfect liberty which is the realization of wholeness. The message of the Golden Dragon is: "Asia loves and pays homage to her Buddhas, but Asia does not understand."

Soldier-Philosopher Liberator

THE West conceives governments to consist of groups of human beings controlling their brothers by virtue of the authority vested in them by birth or ballot; the East declares mankind to be guided through the ages by a divine administration. Kings and presidents preside over nations, but the entire earth is ruled by *The Great White Lodge*, an executive body composed of demigods and supermen, which meets every seven years in the sacred City of Shamballa in the heart of the Gobi Desert. And each new race or species that comes forth upon the earth has its source in occult Mongolia.

The Aryan race (of which both the modern Hindu and the Anglo-Saxon are sub-races) had its beginning somewhere in Central Asia. While Western anthropologists even admit this, they do not link this fact in any way with the Hindu belief that the race migrated from the Gobi Desert, where the first white man was born.

It is worthy of note that while the Roy Chapman Andrews expedition did not discover the Sacred Gobina (Holy City) during its exploration of the great Mongolian desert, it did find verification for many of the Eastern legends concerning it.

When the scientific world received word that the entire desert was rich with fossil remains and other strange evidence of previous and now extinct forms of life; that in all probability the oldest and best preserved remains upon the surface of the earth were to be found there, the superstitions of untutored Asia began to assume an impressive aspect. Modern scientists were unable to distinguish ordinary snakes from Naga spirits in disguise. But the snakes were there, tens of thousands of them, just as the Eastern Scriptures had declared, and of a sudden the entire subject became one of popular interest.

The fabled Mahatmas of Asia have been a constant source of worry to Western scientists, who feel that not only is the age of miracles over but that it never existed outside of the vivid imagination of the gullible. For years European influence in the East has sought in vain to shake the faith of those who believe that supermen with supernatural powers are indeed a reality. The most interesting development in connection with the problem is that, instead of changing the convictions of the Asiatics, the Asiatics have converted a large number of Europeans to their ridiculed beliefs.

The Mahatmas are presumed to possess the power of separating their souls from their physical bodies and, while apparently lying asleep, their consciousness is speeding through space to the Sacred Island where the great conclave of spirit takes place.

In India I have met persons who declared that they not only knew great adepts who had accomplished this feat, but that they themselves had been to the etheric temple and had seen it glittering and shining in the air like some iridescent bubble.

The name of the Gobi Desert is indissolubly linked also with the life and achievements of the world's greatest general, conqueror and statesman, Genghis Khan, upon whom was bestowed the title, "The Emperor of the Earth." Of this man little is known today, and that

little is tainted with the venom of his enemies. In his own day he was called the "Son of God," and victory marched with him and his arms.

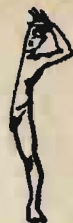
There is a record of one battle which has escaped the pages of history where *four million men* went into action simultaneously over a front hundreds of miles long. The victorious Khan—one moment a soldier and the next a philosopher—passed like a glorious comet across the face of Asia and sank into the oblivion of the Gobi Desert.

In a certain spot on the edge of the ancient desert, bordered on one side by rocks and desolate hills and on the other by an eternity of billowy sand crossed only by an occasional caravan trail, is a lonely pyramidal-shaped monument now falling into decay. In a vault of glass under this melancholy marker lies the body of Genghis Khan preserved in a mysterious fluid. According to the legends of his people he will continue to sleep in the peace of the desert, whose spirit is one with his own, until that great day when Asia shall rise in her might and cast off the bondage of foreign oppression.

When the time of liberation comes the glorious Khan, rising from his sleep of the ages, will call to the sands of the desert and the rocks of the hills, and the spirit of his horde will answer and come forth at his command, and all men follow him. Race and religion will be forgotten, and the legion of the living and the legion of the dead will not be stayed until Genghis Khan is once more Emperor of the Earth.

Beneath the yellow sands of Gobi lie civilizations unnumbered and unknown. The desert night is as fathomless as Asia's spirit. It is written that out of the Gobi Desert shall come a great light, and from Mongolia a master of men. He shall come with the strength of aloneness, riding upon the sandstorm, and his army shall be as the grains of sand. The time is written in the Golden Book when the oppressed shall be free and the wrongs of the centuries shall be righted.

- *We are looking at everything and sensing everything in life with only half of our potential sensory capacity developed*



Five And Ten Senses

HUMAN thought is beginning to turn toward a consideration of the sensory perceptions of man, showing increasing interest in what might be called the spiritual powers of living. It opens up a new world of human thought and activity. At last the higher octaves of human thought, especially those that relate to the clairvoyant faculty, are coming into their own, receiving attention appropriate to their importance and scope.

The principal seat of the superphysical faculties is the mysterious little gland in the brain which we call the pineal body. It is the center of a magnetic field with marked differences in the various parts of its composition. The parts closest to the gland itself are associated with the normal sensory faculties; the power, or energy, released through these emanations makes possible the sensory perceptions of the human mind. Farther away from the center of the gland, into the more attenuated parts of the magnetic field of vibratory motion, is the peculiar fringe of overtone value.

The elements that control the magnetic field of the pineal gland are divisible into ten general classifications, and these, from the most dense and least vibrant outward toward the most attenuated and most vibrant, constitute ten distinct rates of vibration. Each is susceptible of interpretation and classification as a sensory perception. The gland thus indicates that man has ten sensory powers; of which only five have as yet been developed, a sixth more or less hinted at abstractly.

In a certain clairvoyance which many humans possess is revealed this complete sensory gamut of man. This can give us an appreciation that at the present

time we are only approximately half aware, from a sensory standpoint. We are looking at life, at the world, looking at everything and sensing everything with only approximately one-half of our potential sensory capacity. This means that of everything we see and contact, a very large part escapes us.

It is also known that the sensory perceptions are adjusted to levels or planes of energy, each sensory perception a doorway to a corresponding level of universal vibration. Sight opens to us another world, a world of visible objects whose rate of vibration is different from the vibration of sound. Since each of the sensory perceptions unites us to a sphere of external phenomena, and as five sensory perceptions are as yet dormant, then five external spheres of potential environment remain unknown to us. Where we lack a sensory perception to bridge across between the internal state of consciousness and an external condition, we are unaware of the existence of the external condition; this means we are living in only half of a great universe, the other half closed to us because of our own limitations. It means also that we are in the midst of arts and sciences and crafts of which we have not the slightest conception, because we have not yet stimulated into activity the sensory perceptions that are associated with them.

Take for example cinema pictures as the result of the devisement of various mechanical motion contrivances to relate to the faculties of sight and sound. If we had other sensory perceptions developed we would also devise other ingenious contrivances for our own pleasure and improvement; and, unfortunately, as sensory perceptions increase in fineness

as they ascend away from the physical, that field which is still concealed from us is the highest, finest and most refined. Functioning now only in the lower parts of our great sensory extensions, we have no way of knowing whether the remaining sensory perceptions ascend in magnitude as they ascend in quality; but we presume that they do. It is quite probable that the higher five senses are infinitely more powerful than the five senses we now possess.

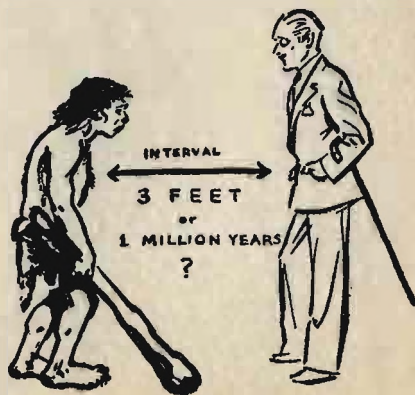
The Ancients have left us some records indicating what these sensory perceptions might be, and what their powers might include; but the whole subject is abstract to us because of limitations we have imposed upon ourselves. In assuming that only that which we know, and have, is possible, we have limited our realization of universal possibilities. Because certain senses we use at the present time give certain testimony, we believe we know the whole story. Civilization as we know it today is the product of the degree of development which has been represented by the so-called average human beings that make up that civilization. Add one sensory perception to man's present equipment and the whole face of his world would change. Our industries, our arts, our economics, everything we have, would be completely wiped out by the addition of one sensory perception to the average individual; they are only useful and acceptable because of the sensory pattern we have brought to them, the pattern we have evolved. But, as we proceed along the great pathway of gradual unfoldment of internal capacity, we are eternally building a world about us to testify to the experiences which we are recording inwardly. Civilization is nothing but a reflection of our internal chemistry upon the substances and materials of the external life.

In classical times it was recognized that certain human beings did possess extensions of sensory powers. Most moderns regard these as merely superstitions, attributes bestowed upon certain deified people by ancient thought; and they have not been taken seriously. For example,

the power of the human being to project thought-power away from the body center into some distant place; and then cause to it to return again and function as before. The East Indian believing this was true, claimed to be able to practice it. Various ancient people have insisted this capacity is not impossible, that it can be developed.

And there is what has been termed fourth dimensional sight—distinguishing by sensory means what might be termed the qualitative interval. This is the lapse or interval of quality between two structures. Qualitative interval is probably best represented by two human beings standing in the same room in close proximity to each other, and yet divided from each other by distance far greater than any physical perception of distance—in difference of attitude, difference of training, difference of background, and interval of personality and intelligence. These intervals cannot be perceived. They can only be perceived intellectually. The Ancients believed that qualitative interval had a sensory perception belonging peculiarly to it.

Then, of course, telepathy is definitely an extra-sensory perception. An astonishing number of people possess some form or degree of telepathic power. It is quite probable that telepathy will be a part of the next sensory perception we are likely to develop. Already widely distributed and possessed by far more people than we realize, telepathy has a profound significance from the stand-



point of possible future effect upon the social order. Imagine, if you can, telepathy becoming a universal faculty, with people going about attending to their daily concerns, each one experiencing telepathy by something like internal radio. If the capacity of the individual to instinctively read thought became universal, natural, and normal, it would shake our civilization to the very foundations. Nothing we know, nothing we have, could remain unchanged. Imagine a world in which nobody could keep a secret. Imagine a world in which we would all be able to sit back and know what international politicians thought, and not what they say. If five years ago, two and a half billion people had been able as a natural faculty to correctly and quickly and conveniently read Adolph Hitler's mind, there would have been no war. Long before his plan was complete, everybody would have been equipped to face him, render him impotent.

Applied to the life of private citizens, if we knew what the individual was thinking, with inconsistency being readily recognizable, can you imagine the effect of that?—whom each really liked, disliked, what all individuals really thought of things, no evasion? It would mean a complete change of our whole world. Man would have honesty thrust upon him; probably honesty would become fashionable. Thus, one more sensory perception would end the probability of war forever—but about this we need not get too optimistic; we might have something else to take its place.



Human nature seeks always to find some way of making itself uncomfortable. Corruptions of government and industry could be cured by the development of sensory perception that could not be cured in any other way, for fighting these things year after year, and century after century, will do no good. We shall never outgrow them until we grow above them. Evolution changes the form of life by creating new consciousness extensions, and it is these which demand changes in the adjustment between the individuals and their world.

In this same list of mysterious powers of the mind is psychometry, one not so well understood, but certainly of great interest.

Psychometry is the faculty within man which ties him to time and place, it is the faculty which permits him to read experience. To go through a certain experience once may be only to rebel against it; to have it repeated may be to become more bitter than before; but if we are in a position to constantly experience as living fact—incidents and circumstances of all time and place—we cannot so experience things without in the end being profoundly affected by them.

Psychometry does not concern itself with any change of things to come, it is a new method of achieving history—not in the making of history, but in the discovery of it. So-called history is mostly a bookish record of wars, written by the victor at the expense of the vanquished; it does not bear witness to the motion of humanity. H. G. Wells, some years ago, caused a great stir in literary circles by writing the history of the world in which he said he had definitely attempted to write a history of people, rather than a history of generals. He felt it was more important that we recognized the great motion of human thought than to merely recount the campaigns of tyrants and despots. According to Confucius: *A man may put his hat straight in a mirror of glass, but in the mirror of history he may put his world straight.* And that is a very important thought.



In history we find the necessary keys to what might be termed the philosophy of sociology. History is a record of the unfoldment of human nature along lines of experimentation; history is a record of laboratory research of human beings trying to adjust to their world. Every page of history is a vital account of human impulse striking against Universal Law. History is the story of Cause and Effect, it is an account of the result of impulses put into action—the result, in turn, becoming the cause of new effects. The Babylonian God Nebo, had as his motto, "That which has been, will be." And that is the philosophy of history.

Every foolish man in the world has thought he could change history, and every wise man has lived to see history change the foolish man. There is no way of departing from the great channels into which activity naturally flows, and history describes those channels. The inaccuracies of human records of history are, therefore, particularly unfortunate.

People do not realize that history is a vital tool in their own adult life, and the power to appraise and interpret and understand history gives the individual who possesses this power a distinct advantage in his daily living. The individual needs however two kinds of history, public history and private history. Public history is the history of his world, and private history is the history of himself, and of the few individuals whose lives have flowed with his own.

It is very important that as we see our own life history that we understand the bearing and relationship which the past and present have to each other. The

average person who looks back over his life does not know how to read his own history correctly. That is because of present opinion, and a series of traditional prejudices through which all fact is refracted and distorted. Looking at our life, for example, our first attitude is to be sorry for ourselves, when in most cases it would be better if we were sorry for the people who have to get along with us. We will probably insist that we have always tried to help others; but actually our effort has been to help others in the way we wanted them to be helped; and that is not help at all. That is merely pressing an opinion upon others, and very largely this makes up our private history, the story of our life as it affects those about us and as they affect us.

Public history is a larger history, made up of many lives lived in this world.

Through the contemplation of these two histories, intelligently and honestly compared, the mind gains an invaluable and extraordinary amount of judgment. If we had so studied history, we would never have had this war, nor the depression of '29. The delusion that we are different has caused us to always do the same thing—so different, that age after age we fall into the same ditch! In order to get our history straight (and in order to be useful, it must be straight) we need some power or faculty to penetrate propaganda distortions of history, in records of various victorious nations which always blame enemies for all the difficulties of the time. This means we cannot fully depend upon books, but we have today no ability to rescue history as living knowledge. And yet history ap-

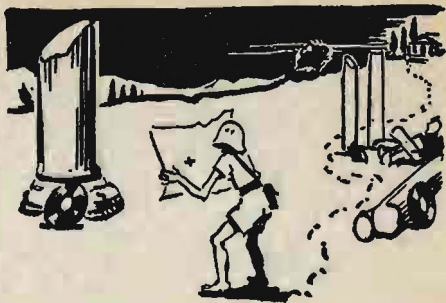
parently, is ever-living. This is the reason why psychometry is important to us.

What is the principle upon which psychometry rests? Is it merely a faculty of man, or is it more than that?

Psychometry is an extension of internal consciousness, a sensory extension. This extension is into a sphere of very peculiar activity. Psychometry would be quite useless if it were merely the human mind groping out toward a vacuum. Unsuspected and unknown a sphere of energy is lying about man, to which psychometry is the doorway or faculty of connection. And is too a bridge, crossing from the internal self to the external not-self. Psychometry's extension is into a sphere of ever-living experience. The faculty of psychometry extends into what might be termed the memory of the world.

We know that the world is governed by some administrative power. The evidence is everywhere that a thoughtfulness abides in Space, and it is this that must be the Truth. The psychometrist is able to extend out into a sphere mysterious which is a kind of memory, a part of thinking. Memory extends inevitably and eternally in Space. One of the three parts of mind, according to the Ancients, is memory. In space, all that has been is forever continuing to be.

Psychometry involves the fourth dimensional vista. The Chaldeans, aware of the difficulty of comprehending this point, used the term that was very adroit, Unaging Time—never passing, always there. Now, to relate this to psychometry: Incidents that have occurred do not stand still, but flow into one another. One thing having happened, never happens again, but becomes the parent of innumerable other happenings. Psychometry can pick up fragments and parts of these sequences or circumstances, and so separate the facts that time can be stopped and the circumstances reconsidered. It is possible then to see the perspective of the relationship of Cause and Effect in a separate episode, apart from the involve-



ments and complications with which these are variously associated. Psychometry also teaches us this, also: All forms and structures which pass through changes and mutations have the records of these mutations correctly identified with themselves. In other words, if you are interested in what has occurred in a certain place, you will most easily discover what has occurred by going to that place. Experiments in psychometry indicate that all living energies and forces, and also all inanimate patterns—more correctly, those in which the animation is of a lower order, but not necessarily absent—all patterns are radiant, and all forms emanate energy. If the energy is not intrinsic, as the form of life, it is intrinsic as the form of pattern.

For example, a chair is not an animate object, not being ensouled by a composite living consciousness; the chair is not actually an entity, but is an entity with a pattern, for the shape of the chair is dynamic. Therefore, it impresses itself upon experience as *shape*. Everything which does not have consciousness has some form, and its form becomes the measure of the life. Form is to inanimate objects what consciousness is to animate objects, it is the principle from which they are suspended—the chair exercises a moral force as *form*... A bit abstract? Follow it, for it is an interesting line of thought.

In harmony with this belief is the old Egyptian one, that all kinds of designs, symbolic and otherwise, exercise influence; they used geometrics to heal the sick; all the patient had to do was to look at the geometrical form; its pattern produced a therapeutic effect. We may

not know just how to do this today; but we do know that forms produce effects. A bill rendered for hospitalization is an inanimate object, yet a sick man looking at it is logically due for a relapse. The unpaid bill is not alive, but it is not fair to say it has not a moral effect. Other numerical patterns cause distinct headaches, such things as tax reports.

Patterns were recognized by the Ancients as always vital and vibrant. In the same way, these patterns emanating force from themselves, leave a record of this force about themselves in Space. Furthermore, animate objects in Space react upon them. The vibration of any object is changed if it is brought into the presence of a higher vibratory rate. If brought into the presence of a lower one, it is not changed. Thus, a person entering a room and seating himself on a chair will leave a permanent psychometric pattern in the wood and fabric of the chair. The chair will not leave a psychometric pattern on the individual. Or a person walking through a room in which there is a bowl of water will leave a psychometric impression on that water, but the water will not leave a pattern on the individual. It is the testimony of nature, that whenever a rate of vibration is brought into the presence of a higher rate, its own rate is exhilarated. As pictures and patterns are merely rates of vibration the resulting change in the vibratory rate of these as the lower object cause the vibrations to become a memory. The objects are thus capable of perpetuating a record of the higher vibratory rate which has passed through or near. A violin, for instance, played on by a great master, retains the sound in the wood; that sound remains year after year, and can be psychometrically reproduced, long after the musician has died. If three musicians have played the same instrument, one well, one badly, and one extraordinarily well, it is much easier to pick up psychometrically the sound made by the master player; because the higher rate of ability and tone quality obliterates the lower. Most inanimate objects when examined psy-

chometrically, will give off as an impression of themselves the most important and vital incidents associated with them. If they have passed through a number of trivial incidents and one dramatic, that one dramatic incident will overshadow the power of the others.

Psychometry works in this way: Take a very common object, a ring, one which has been worn by a person for some time. The human being, because he is of a higher vibratory rate than the metal, will have dominated gradually the personality of that ring, gradually have caused certain of his own vibrations to enter into the composition of that ring. Fifty years later, or five hundred years later, some vestiges of that vibration will remain; and as long as those vestiges remain it is possible to reconstruct the vibratory pattern.

Radio transmission excellently serves to give the idea. From a radio station sounds, a musical composition is changed into vibrations. It is not correct that sound goes through the aether, only the sound-rates of vibration. (Conceivably, by television, say, rates of vibrations by another device might be interpreted as sight). It is only possible to receive the radioed music when the receiving set reinterprets or turns back the vibrations into sound. Somewhere in Space, little waving lines of force resembling an electric cardiograph of hysterics, impinge upon an attuned receiving set—lol Benny Goodman and his orchestra... and those who wish that those particular vibrations had wandered off into space and got lost, must be reconciled to the fact that nothing in nature gets lost.

Intangible, invisible, are these radioed vibrations, not within the range of our normal perceptions. That is, not until they are re-interpreted as sounds. In the same way the vibration that is in the ring is not the picture of some person or condition; it too is merely a rate of vibration; but if brought in contact with one of the rings of emanation of the pineal gland in the brain, that vibratory rate is reinterpreted in the human mind as picture. This does not mean that Aunt Theodosia who wore that

ring is wandering around with it all the time, even if Aunt Theodosia was primarily a rate of vibration, as all the family well realized. Her rate of vibration merely became a part of this thing which had been hers. Later, when this rate of vibration strikes a magnetic field such as the human mind of a sensitized person, that rate of vibration immediately reorganizes itself into the symbolical equivalent of Aunt Theodosia. Thus Auntie lives again in the mind that is capable of restoring the pattern from the rate of vibration.

No more than in familiar radio phenomena, is there anything miraculous, or weird, or strange, if the proper receiving faculties can pick up the rate of vibration from a psychometrized object, reorganize the picture of the circumstances in which that object was involved. Circumstances impress themselves upon substance as well as sound. Every circumstance is a sound and every sound is a circumstance; we just do not appreciate, as yet, vibratory significance.

It is one thing for the mind to be sensitive enough to pick up these psychometrized impulses, another to preserve the order of these impulses and bring them through to the conscious faculties without distortion. The great reason for error in psychometry and for differences in findings, lies in an individual's chemistry. The mind picks up different aspects of the same problem, because of different aptitudes and inclinations; then too, everything man does of a sensitive psychical nature must come into physical expression through his physical personality, and every psychical impulse is well diluted by the time it gets through into physical expression. As it passes completely and consistently through a personality that is inadequate and inconsistent, there is bound to be serious loss in the process of getting through to the objective. But where this loss is not too great we find very, very interesting results.

A letter came from a man in a concentration camp. Permitted to write only one letter a month, of course he wrote to the person nearest to him, hoped

that he would in turn be able to communicate the letter's contents to other relatives and friends. The letter had been heavily censored, merely told that he was still alive, and that was about all. But the person to whom he wrote happened to possess an extraordinary psychometric power; from his letter his entire condition was psychometrically read. The condition of his health was revealed; it had been bad; he had fallen and broken his arm while in the concentration camp; the whole condition of his life there, what he was doing, and what those were doing with whom he was in contact; everything relating to him was psychometrically taken from the letter. By a rare streak of fortune he was able recently to get out of the concentration camp, get to this country; he verified as correct everything that was taken psychometrically from the letter. Interesting? Much more than that: in the indication that here is something censorship cannot touch. A force of men sitting around with brush and ink may cut out sentences and questionable parts of letters, but they cannot censor out something they cannot find. Psychometry, as an overtone to our present knowledge, is not yet taken very seriously; and yet it is a potential means of communication that would negate all present means of military censorship.

The psychometric faculty involves not only the possibility of interpreting some individual's possessions, but also interpreting from the great monuments of time the whole history of the world. Abstractly, if not concretely, it is possible from the rocks to psychometrically reconstruct in the mind the glacial period of history. What happened before history was indicated, can be rescued by psychometry; for everything that exists has its own story locked within itself. This is a magnificent realization.

The questions to which science wants the answers remain unanswered in man's faculty limitation, the inability of the mind itself to grasp the very thing which it desires most to know. As the modern geologist is incapable of dreaming the story of the world, because he has not

sufficient knowledge or sensitiveness to be aware of it, the man who had the patience and ingenuity to develop that faculty within himself could re-live the entire formation of the planets, know what Napoleon was thinking, listen to Lincoln speaking at Gettysburg—not because all of these things are imperishably recorded in the words of man, but in the living substance of Space. Somewhere there is this immense sphere of energy which we deny, because we have not built the bridge which connects us with it. Occasionally some person comes along who has to some degree built that bridge, and we ridicule him, think him a freak, that he is deluded. Rather than acknowledge the wisdom of something else, we believe in the reality of our own ignorance.

To deny these things does no real good, for gradually all over the world sensory perceptions are increasing in sensitiveness; all over the world men and women are beginning to be naturally sensitive to these extra rates of vibration. In the universe these faculties are developing, for that is what experience is for. Why are we going through generations of wars and economic depressions? Why are we being tortured psychically and emotionally? Why are we being so eternally harrassed and agitated until our lives are constantly what we do not want them to be? Simply because we are in the process of chemical development and whatever is necessary to the organization of the sensitive faculties of man will take place in his experience. Out of all this stress and strain these superfaculties are being released; nothing can stop them. The very despotism which seemingly would imprison man, is creating within man the very instrument of his own liberation.

The development of the psychometric faculties, as far as individuals are con-

cerned, is two-fold. First of all, it is often a natural sensitiveness. Just as the Greeks declared there were certain people born with an aptitude for wisdom, so there were others born with a greater aptitude for psychical sensitivity. Those who are sensitive, nervous, very highly organized, are more receptive to subtle vibratory force than those of much less refined impulses. And, just as there is a great deal of difference between radio receiving sets, so there can be a great deal of difference in the accuracy and subtlety of the human organism in response to psychic impulse. Psychometry is not to be thought of in the same terms as mediumship, because it is not the same thing. Psychometry is not the individual opening himself to some form of obsession by decarnate intelligences; it is the individual becoming sensitive to emanations of force which do not come directly from any living creature. The psychometrist might be described as one who is looking at pictures, rather than at persons; or, is re-seeing pictures, but not connected in any true manner with individuals living or dead. It is only a slight connection that the pictures are of persons and things. Psychometry is a sensitiveness to a finer world of vibration. While included in psychical phenomena, psychometry is not to be regarded as in any way an evidence of clairvoyance or mediumship. The psychometrist is not clairvoyant. He is merely capable of attuning to a finer



rate of vibration than men are normally able to experience.

The only successful practical method of developing psychometric power is based in the recognition of all extensions of power as evidence of extensions of consciousness in general. It is a perfectly normal expectation that the course of evolution will result in all people ultimately becoming psychometrists—and many other things far more advanced and complicated than psychometry. To the degree then that the individual through self-improvement proceeds along the path which humanity *must* take—the path to development and progress—to that degree normally and constructively he will become sensitive to the finer vibratory forces of life.

It is a mistake to attempt to develop isolated psychical powers—that's following things in reverse order. You should not *try* to become a psychometrist, the thing to do is try to become wise; and psychometry among other things, will be added unto you—when the normal development which you have reached justifies it. Those who wish to become possessed of extra-sensory perceptions must refine and integrate and organize and use the faculty perceptions they already possess, until these become obviously inadequate. The moment nature finds a man's present equipment inadequate, it supplies that which is necessary. Nature never allows the human being to be inadequate.

The possible effect of psychometry on our modern life is something to think of. It is coming, it is showing up here and there, in time of war especially to become more prominent everywhere. One thing science desires more than anything else today is to have conscious interchange of thought with kingdoms other than the human. The scientific man today would give a lot to know what dogs think, or if the animal kingdom thinks; and psychometry could probably solve that riddle; because it could pick up the vibratory field of the animal and restore it as a pattern within our physical experience. We would like also to know what certain great leaders

really did and said. We would like to know a great deal more about the origin of our religion. Somewhere in the course of history Christianity got lost, and with the rise of churchianity Christianity fell. Somewhere in the background is a lot of knowledge and thought and realization that we are not benefiting from; many believe the so-called Christian creed of today is not the one that was originally intended. It would be perfectly possible by coming into possession of some ancient object that had been connected with the history of the faith, to go back any number of centuries desired, and pick up the record of what was occurring at any specific time.

We would also like to know a lot more about the humanity of our heroes. One of the first indications of a primitive people is the human tendency to deify the human. Instead of recognizing the immense dignity of the human being as a human being, we are forever trying to make gods out of men, and men out of gods; we are never willing to leave the universe in its proper order. Men have lost much greatness by unwillingness to recognize the humanity in those who were the great leaders and thinkers. We surround them with impersonal auras of splendour, lose the privilege of the knowledge of their consciousness as human beings. It is very hard for us to think of Plato as just a human being, possessing human limitations and human propensities; it is hard for us to think of Buddha as a human being, or of Jesus as a man. We always think of these leaders as apart from humanity; yet the greatest lesson they could possibly teach us, the supreme lesson we have never been able to get straight, is how a human being could achieve what they have achieved, and still be a human being. The Christian doctrine of the divinity of Christ destroyed the whole significance of the Christian revelation. If Christ were God, he could not have died on the cross, and could not have suffered as men suffer; therefore, while he may have appeared to have suffered he could not

have done so; his tests and trials and tribulations could not have touched him in the way they touch John Doe and Henry Smith. As a creature apart from the beginning, he could not have been part of a life we have to live. Christianity defeated itself, for the Christ that interests the modern thinker is in the story of a man living as an obscure Syrian prophet, with almost no opportunities or privileges, yet a man whose personal life and personal accomplishments and personal dreams were so extraordinary that they changed the whole course of history; a human being who accomplished a great good. How? That is the question. What were the processes working through the consciousness of that man? How was it this one man could dream dreams that in two thousand years of history there has not been produced another man that could dream in the same way? That is important. It is important to our salvation. It is important to us to know the thoughts and lives of great and good people. Only when we know them as people, with problems and responsibilities and sorrows like our own, can we begin to estimate our own weakness and our own strength.

How did Buddha find Truth? We have the legends and allegories; but what was the simple process in the mind of this one good man, in which he divided himself from all other good men striving, like himself, after Truth, until he become a power so great that 750,000,000 human beings found life more endurable and more noble, because of him? What was the power of that man, and how did that power evolve? What was his childhood? What of his parents?—we have legend; but they were living persons. The record, the story does exist; it is not to be found in books, but in actual living fact. This is the answer to the historian's dream, but it is something so beyond our present limited comprehension that we do not even grasp the magnitude of being able to live in the lives of the great and

noble. It is worth while to realize these things *will be*. Thousands of human beings today are striving after a life of Truth; history will have no place for them, it will focus on the politicians; science will do no better, in concern for sole registering of scientists' own opinions; religion will ignore Truth-seekers, because of selfish conceits; but in the day when men possess the faculty of perceiving reality these unknown heroes will all live again.

There is a repository of world memory. Among the things man is building is the bridge between his own mind and this memory. When that bridge is built we shall each live in a universe a thousand times larger than the one we live in today. Psychometry, as we know it, is a sort of myth, only a shadow of things to come, it is just an indication thrown out, so that those who will observe will notice. It is the promise of the shape of things to come; it tells us that this faculty is human, and in the fullness of time, and in the wisdom of nature, that faculty will be released into dynamic expression.

While we are hopefully believing that after the present war we may be able to find a way to stop another one, the universe is gradually building within us faculties and powers, which when they are developed, will reveal to us completely the stupidity and uselessness of most of our great social institutions. Then, and then alone, the wise man and the foolish man will agree that the course which we have followed is wrong and useless. When we discover that, there will be no more wars. There are wars because we believe in them, and because we do not sufficiently believe in ourselves.

In the benevolence of Space, and in spite of our own false efforts, Life is coming of age through the gradual development of potentialities in all living creatures. And that in substance is the most fascinating and interesting aspect of the extra-sensory problem.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE

Suggested Reading: SUPERFACULTIES AND THEIR CULTURE;

OPERATIVE OCCULTISM; 'TWELVE WORLD TEACHERS';

UNSEEN FORCES; LECTURES ON ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY)

- *Conclusion of the argument between Plotinus and Pharaoh on the need for a Philosophic City wherein spiritual freedoms would be put ahead of material conditions*

City Of Good Intention - II

THE original statement upon which Plotinus worked was, the philosopher is the forgotten man. Pharaoh pointed out he is the forgotten man in one sense of the

word, but in another sense of the word he is the unforgettable man, because, let us say, while Socrates was forgotten by the Athenian, and Christ forgotten by the Jews, who are the forgotten men? The forgotten men are the ones who forgot the philosophers. We have no names on record of the men who opposed the building of Platonopolis, but we have the name of the man who wanted to build it. We have not the name of the man who condemned Socrates, but we have Socrates' name. We do not know the great men of the day who afflicted philosophers, but the philosophers we know.

The philosopher, pointed out Pharaoh, does not need a city; he is at home wherever he is. Any man's actions are understandable to him. To him any world condition is adaptable, because he is not particularly upset by world conditions; he just does not believe in them. He is not in a position where he has to run away from this or run away from that, because if he has become wise at all in fact, there is nothing that a foolish person can do to him that means very much.

The Greeks thought they had Socrates at a disadvantage when they sentenced him to death. They thought he would certainly pay the small fine, admit his guilt, and live; but Socrates did not have to; he had reached a point where life



was not interesting enough to make a liar out of himself to keep on living, integrity was more than life. The one great power that ignorance applies to ignorance to

dominate it, is fear; and of all fears the fear of pain is the most tremendous, the most basic of all human emotions. By fear of pain, corruption has governed the world for thousands of years. The only person who cannot be governed by corruption, for the world cannot do anything to him, is the individual without fear; and that is your wise man.

But, explains Pharaoh, this is a new type of definition as to what constitutes wisdom; and immediately when this is applied to the so-called wise you have another division within the ranks, and you find a great number of persons who believe themselves to be wise, or want others to believe they are wise, who are really Sophists and not truly wise. The individual who claiming to be wise tries to change the world by any means into merely a gratification for his own purposes, is not really wise. The individual who is incapable of functioning in things as they are is not wise, regardless of how much pedantry he may claim to possess.

So, explains the Pharaoh, not only do the truly wise not require the city, the otherwise would destroy it.

Presuming the government of wisdom could come, Plotinus and Pharaoh finally came to agreement that the City of Wise Men is not yet, that the time has not yet come when human beings can constructively function in such relationship. And for the human being to at-

tempt to force that which the gods deny is madness. It is the duty of wisdom rather to extend itself through every department of human structure. There has never been a time when the truly wise could afford to rest. The time for rewards is not yet, the work becomes heavier every day. Their job is to keep in circulation, promulgating and pursuing the course of communicating to all who desire to receive, whatever knowledge or enlightenment it may be possible to communicate. It is no time for wisdom to think of its own ends; it must continue to think in the terms of necessity of that which does not possess wisdom. The world was not fashioned for the wise; it is for them a place of exile, a place of useful experience but never intended to be comfortable. The world is fashioned for those who need the experience of life, and those who have already achieved this experience occupy the relationship of the teacher to the student, but are not intended to settle down here.

The purpose of the material world is to produce spiritual enlightenment. It is not the purpose of the world to become merely a place in which persons bask in the light of pleasure. The world can enjoy certain comforts and security if it will so act as to produce them, and we may grow either happy or unhappy according to our own morals and morale; but primarily the kingdom of the wise man is not of this world; and there would be nothing more finally foolish than to establish it here. It would bind the concept of wisdom to the material world, and people would quite correctly infer that the career of wisdom was to build a city, and that this city, like some great League of Nations capital, was the monument of wisdom. The only monument wisdom can possibly build is invisible and eternal.

Those who would attempt to build a Philosopher's City would proba-

bly destroy a philosopher's Universe; they would do it by causing men to think that the ends of wisdom are to build a city, whereas the ends of wisdom are to create a world. And not just a world of this planet, but to go on mastering the mysteries of the unnamed Universe.

Ordinarily mortals can build comfortable cities, they can build that which is necessary for the survival of themselves and the physical survival of the wise, but the wise man's world is not primarily concerned with material things or material states, the wise man's world is an inner, invisible, spiritual sphere. To the degree that men become wise, wisdom will manifest outwardly as a better physical world, and also at the same time manifest inwardly as a closer communion with the greatest Laws of Life which sustain all existence. The Philosopher's City would be the blind alley of the philosopher, even as nations and empires have become the blind alley of humanity.

There is only one Philosophic World, the World of Light, the World of Truth, and we are all striving for it; and in the struggle of civilization we are building that world, thus achieving the purpose of existence. We are growing eternally toward Wisdom.

This realization comforted both Pharaoh and Plotinus and they settled back to the realization that in the last analysis if the gods do not build the City, men build it in vain. If the Will of

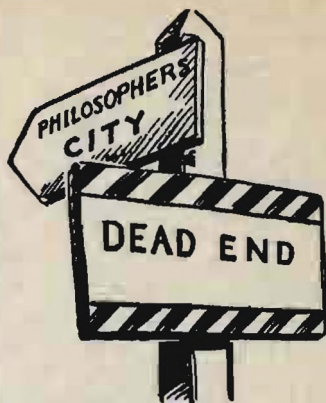
Heaven does not decree it, the work of man will not survive. It is not for man to build the Empire of the Wise, it is for man to continue the process of unfolding Wisdom within himself. And that wisdom which abides within himself will flow through him naturally and eternally and create the world he must have. The realization needed is, that we are living in the world we should have, and not in the world we desire.



All of which is applicable in great principles to the emergency in which we find ourselves today. We are on the eve of a great change in our world order. At last in fact and in substance a so-called world war has become a world war; every major power in the world today is now at war. It is a condition in emergency to begin to call to our minds the important, the significant and the vital reality of wisdom. People who have been studying for the last ten or fifteen years in the hope of improving themselves were studying for just such an emergency as has now arisen. Those who have studied philosophy well and intelligently will find now that what they have accomplished will begin to bear fruit. Sowing the seeds of wisdom in good times, we reap the harvest in adversity. Under stress and strain we learn the lesson of application. To what degree we have actually and internally understood what we have attempted intellectually to attain, is represented in our attitudes under existing conditions. War is becoming a personal reality. Our wisdom must now come to our assistance. We must find in wisdom the courage, the fortitude, the understanding to do those things which are right and necessary and next.

The thing which it is hoped you have learned through the study of philosophy, and which now may mean much to you, is that in the sphere of wisdom there is no place for fear. If study has destroyed in you the power of fear, you are then approaching wisdom. And if too you are beyond the sense of personal loss, the world cannot hurt you. When these two things have been conquered within yourself, then you are wise, and on that wisdom you can build an understanding which will interpret the mystery of the whole world.

With courage and mastery of the sense of loss the world cannot move us from the foundation of normalcy. Each individual does the most for himself when forgetting himself as much as he can. He views a condition such as exists today in the light of two necessi-



ties. First, that it is a privilege to be here and to be allowed to learn and see. A crisis such as we are passing through is an intensive period of specialized instruction. Like the old philosophers who were so interested in learning they forgot they were being menaced, if we are so interested in learning that we see everything as students, then we shall see learning unfolding about us. Instead of thinking of personal hazard, let us try to experience the power of unfolding knowledge as it comes in profound and concentrated circumstances.

The second thing is that to the degree we are wise, to that degree we desire to serve. Wherever there is great difficulty there is great opportunity. Learning to see all we can, and placing all we know and all we are at the disposal of those who need, we shall find the fulfillment of the most reasonable and practical application of our philosophic beliefs.

With that program and without personal fear or personal sense of loss or of what is going to happen to us, we are not going to be worried about what is going to happen to us. When some one says, What is going to happen to me? there are two answers: If you are wise, nothing. If you are foolish, everything. To the degree we are stupid, to that degree we are going to suffer. To the degree we are wise, we are going to walk upon the waters of circumstances and the storm will be still.

- *Wherever you find a psychic
you find a negative person*

The Psychic

IT is often noted that the ability to perform psychic feats, or mediumship, is possessed by those underdeveloped in spiritual understanding, and this seems at odds with the accepted premise that spiritual understanding comes only through greater growth. People usually refer to psychic ability as a "gift."

In my observation it is a gift of doubtful value. After reading many psychic messages, and seeing many psychic paintings, the conclusion must be that the ability to transmit these phenomena is in no sense a bonus bestowed out of the Infinite. I do not mean that all psychic phenomena is fraud; for it certainly must be affirmed that there can be rare exceptions; the main point is invariably those who have psychic power are ruined by a sudden sense of their own importance, a mistaken belief that the Universe is rotating about them.

The average psychic is not a person of great development for the very reason that development destroys psychism. It is observably a power of primitive people, which fast recedes as civilization develops these individuals. The average Hot-tentot is a psychic, for the reason that he is close to nature through primitive contact. And another thing which is evident is, wherever you find a psychic you find a negative person. This has to be so. Psychism evaporates as the individual asserts his will power. The psychic is frequently an Indian Squaw, or some similar illiterate, and almost invariably a person of negative attitude.

A medium or psychic is, after all, one who negates self so that there will flow through certain parts of his own body or organism the impulses of other entities and creatures. A psychic cannot control his messages; nor in the majority of cases can he even be aware of what he gets.

Every so often an example of Atlantean sculpturing is brought to me; or Lemurian painting, or a painting which someone did when he did not have his mind on it, or something which has come on the ouija board, or by slate or automatic writing. The paintings in particular are revealing; they all have a specific lack of technique; put them in a row and they are all alike. So what are they? Nothing more than primitive chaos coming out through an individual.



It is a wise medium who knows he is one. He is a psychic, whether he knows it or not, when he receives messages, paints pictures, or does frieze work, and does these without knowing how he does it or where the impulse comes from. But this much is sure: if the painting produced is without adequate technique, it'll do him no good, nor reward anyone else. Some years ago I was invited to a house which was representative of the product of psychic powers. The paintings were of gargantuan size. The one I remember best flanked the stairway. When you were on the first floor you saw the feet; you had to go to the third floor to see the face. Psychic paintings these, and no doubt of it. The artist could not describe his technique in producing them.

There were no strokes, no lines. If you blew on them they disappeared. They were very strange, very curious, and from a scientific standpoint very interesting. But of no actual value. It is un-failing that the thing which is accomplished without personal labor intensified can not mean anything to us.

Psychism is to be encountered in many forms. Very often the individual who thinks he is an Adept is merely one who is in trouble he doesn't know the meaning of, and upon the evidence of some product of mediumship mistakenly thinks he has received a divine command to form a new religion, or to overthrow society, or to follow some such grandiose idea. Most common is the psychic of the comfort type, dedicated to the endeavor to contact lost loved ones. And there are psychic solution types, visited by those who have perhaps lost a relative or a ring or a packet of bonds or something. The hoped-for restoration is not impossible; such things can be and have been accomplished; but the eager seeker for restorations lays himself open more to deception than to any constructive result.

Psychism adds no superiority to any individual's existence. The "gift" is not a spiritual asset, so it is no gift, but a



punishment. No person should be envious or jealous of a psychic in the feeling of having been slighted by God in not receiving the power too. No person has to grow with greater difficulty than does the psychic, nor take a longer time to get out of his mistakes. No intelligent person questions the fact of psychic phenomena. But the desirability of it is definitely questioned by the philosopher, even if a person is thus enabled to talk to a departed loved one. For it is always to be remembered that when you are old enough and wise enough you will know all things. Whatever you get before you are ready you cannot keep.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE)

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