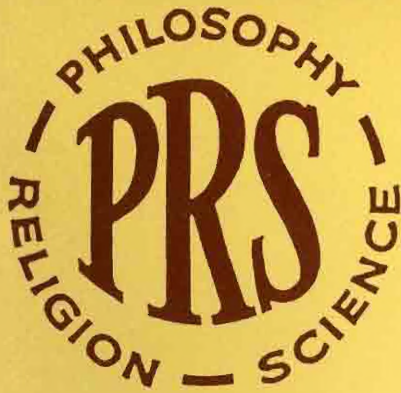
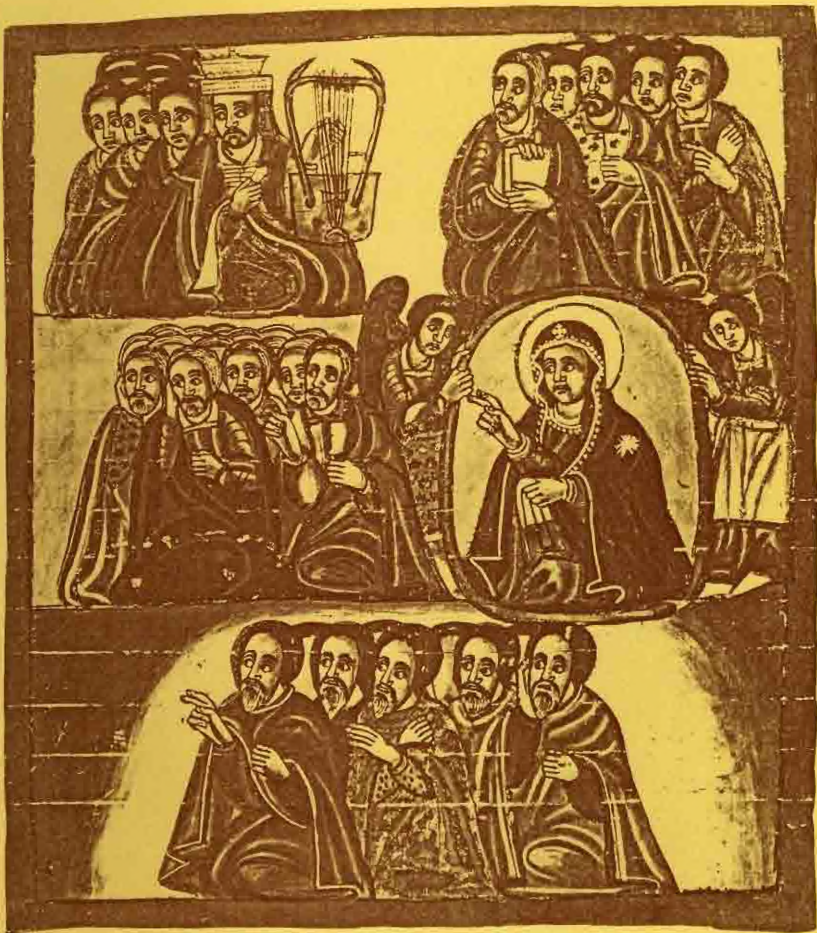


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MANLY P. HALL, EDITOR  
EDITH WALDRON, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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

**About the Cover:** The Virgin Mary together with the saints and martyrs, the twelve apostles and the seventy-two disciples assemble to console the spirit of Gabra Krestos. From an original Ethiopic manuscript in the PRS collection.





Winter 1984

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## RESURRECTING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

In the course of over half a century, I have listened to the troubles of many persons. Most of them held the Holy Bible in high esteem, and were perfectly willing to affirm that the Book was divinely inspired from cover to cover. Obviously, there are sections about which opinions differ, usually because they are seldom read. The New Testament in particular is a simple statement of Christian integrities attributed directly to Jesus and proclaimed to the world by His disciples and apostles.

Followers of the Christian faith are admonished to love one another. We should forgive those who have wronged us and be charitable to all in need. As a conservative estimate, there are over a billion Christians in the modern world. They are divided into a number of sects, but for all of the denominations, the words of Christ are above debate or alteration. Yet for the most part, we nurse our private and public grudges without the realization that we are in conflict with the deepest human convictions of integrity. That such contradictions should exist we can understand, but why they pass unnoticed and uncorrected in these dangerous times is more or less a mystery.

All of the world's major faiths and most of the minor ones claim that they believe their prophets and sacred books, but with little or no provocation, they lock themselves in bloody conflicts. Thousands die when a battle of believers seek to gain possession of some holy place. Many of the faithful feel that it is more glorious

to die for their religion than to live in harmony with its teachings. To call battles over beliefs "holy wars" seems completely irrational.

In counseling disturbed persons who seek help, we come upon incredible situations. A devout church-goer who considers himself a Christian admits that he has not spoken to his younger brother for twenty years and is determined that there shall be no reconciliation during their present lifetimes. When Christ taught His followers to love one another, the advice fell on deaf ears. When I brought this thought to the attention of the person seeking help, he simply stalked out of the room leaving some unpleasant words behind him.

Such cases are not unusual. In practice, the tendency is to return good for good and evil for evil, and when nations take this point of view, another war breaks out. It seems almost unbelievable that nearly two thousand years of a kindly ministry should have so little effect among those who claim to be Christians.

One way to keep antagonisms alive is to remember every detail of some misunderstanding. The more deeply we allow an unpleasant circumstance to linger in our thinking, the worse the situation appears. Even though we are admonished to forgive with full hearts those who have spitefully used us, there is something satisfying to a bruised ego in keeping hatred alive. A thoughtful counselor may have difficulty in understanding how some trivial incident can damage a complete lifetime.

A lady decided not to speak to her sister again. It was all over between them. There was a little jealousy in the matter, for the sister had a good marriage, a secure home, and well adjusted children. Due to her own disposition, the neurotic sister went through an unpleasant divorce and, as might be expected, blamed it all on a childhood incident. She took out her displeasures on an image that existed only in her own mind.

On every level of human relationships, negative attitudes take root and spread like weeds. Some seem to feel that suffering is sacred and that the miserable have already assured their salvation



in the life to come.

Many of the small things that happen are too trivial to remember, but they result in momentary discourtesies which are no part of a well ordered life pattern. Once the mind is infected with griefs and grievances, these become a part of our conduct in almost every social relationship. We like to imagine however that we should say what we think even though we are not thinking, but the person to whom we are speaking should be overflowing with charity and good nature.

A sure way to alienate people and make enemies is to sit in judgment upon the conduct of our associates. We believe that we should weigh everyone in the balance and find them all unbalanced. Our children do not know how to run their families, our business administrators are despots, our politicians are corrupt, and we are the victims of worldwide dishonesty. In this mood, we may consult a psychologist only to decide that he is the worst of a bad lot. Under such conditions, religion is not especially helpful.

We are certain that the sacred writings have been mistranslated or misinterpreted simply to afflict already burdened mortals. All over the world, magnificent churches, cathedrals, and basilicas have been built to honor the Prince of Peace. Generations of workmen have raised these mighty fanes, and the prince and the pauper have contributed generously to the sacred labor. There is scarcely a town where congregations do not assemble to hear the Christian message. In many countries, there are great festivals to celebrate the risen Christ. In both World Wars I and II, monasteries and convents were bombed out. Monte Cassino was left in ruins and Ypres was seriously damaged. It was Christians fighting Christians on sanctified ground.

It would seem that we have not learned the sorry lesson that greed and ambition transgress the will of heaven. Is it really necessary that the world's major powers transgress the Golden Rule? This brief statement—one of the wisest that was ever made—is found in the moral codes of all world religions. Yet we hope in some way we can escape the retribution which must descend upon those who transgress the great moralities of life.

It may be that the mystery of death profoundly disturbs most human beings. If perchance there is no other life than this, we must grasp every fleeting opportunity for wealth and happiness. Future uncertainties overshadow our basic concepts of morality and ethics. The one life theory makes cowards of us all and has led to the erection of an economic empire where personal gain will compromise all other considerations. The more we violate the laws of nature, the more antagonism we build throughout society. Brother betrays brother for economic profit. Principles cannot stand against the pressure of the profit concept. Members of a family cheat each other under the pretext that all is fair under the rules of competition, and finally, war is a massive competition.

In the Moslem world, the legal system is founded squarely on the Koran. All litigation is settled by reference to some statement made by Mohammed himself. If nothing relevant can be found in the scriptures, certain early commentaries will be examined and if these cannot decide the matter, it must be arbitrated in the spirit of the Koran.

In the early Christian world the same was true. Religion was the right arm of government and Christian communities were expected to abide by the words of Christ. There was no way in which an evil doer could find a loophole in the law. It gradually became obvious, however, that judges themselves could be bribed or over-influenced and justice was compromised and made secondary to temporal authority and private profit. Actually, there can be no justice apart from integrity, and nearly all sacred writings have both their commandments and their commendments. Materialism, by denying the authority of scriptures, leads its followers into dangerous compromises of divine law.

When medicine was secularized in Rome, it was immediately necessary to establish laws to punish malpractice. When governments were corrupted by the ambitions of princes, dynasty after dynasty was overthrown by revolution. When lack of ideals destroyed the integrities of private citizens, anarchy spread and crime came to be regarded as inevitable. The sorry facts are becoming obvious. Leaders, however, for the most part ignore those



spiritual overtones of living for lack of which the entire complex of social structure is endangered.

The general opinion that religion is unprovable is no longer enduring. One of the most positive proofs of the existence of God is revealed by the dismal consequences of atheism.

Again, comes Christmas and, for many, it will be a merchant's holiday, but at least it is a statement of remembrance. It was established to honor a person who revealed, practiced, and taught the very virtues we are striving desperately to ignore. We would rather secularize this holy holiday than contemplate its deeper meaning. By giving lavishly of our material resources, deeper matters are passed over lightly. Young people today often think that Christmas is that delightful occasion on which we get something for nothing. There is feasting and exchange of highly priced Christmas cards, mailed under an inflated postage rate. Many will go to church and there may be concerts of sacred music which will be appropriately televised. Then everything quiets down until New Year's when jubilation over the coming year chooses to ignore that our troubles will continue and spread misery throughout the earth.

Every institution we have created to arbitrate the disputes of nature has been corrupted by politics. Each legislation is motivated by private purpose and personal gain. How long does it take for a frightened humanity to become at least dimly aware of its own mistakes.

If we have mysterious aches and pains, we seek out an accredited physician and ask for a diagnosis. If he tells us what is wrong, he will also prescribe a remedy. It is likely that we will take the medicine because we are tired of aches and pains. The world is the great sick person, aching in every joint, burdened with anxieties, and admitting that it is in desperate need of help. We turn to our elected leaders who are supposed to protect us from all the hazards of existence and make a discouraging discovery. They are as infirm as ourselves. Trajano Boccalini in his satirical book *Advertisements From Parnassus* written in the early seventeenth century, explains that humanity was in such deplorable condition that the wise of all time assembled to discover a solution. They could agree

on nothing, but finally came to a practical compromise by advocating the fixing of the price of cabbage. They then departed in the midst of universal acclaim. For us, tariffs, restrictions, inflations of the dollar, and similar artifices take the place of cabbages.

One of the reasons why the present crisis has arisen is to prove to all living creatures that there are natural rules and concepts that cannot be violated. We do not rule the solar system. We cannot regulate the motions of the stars in their courses or the sequences of the seasons. As individuals we are subject to all the infirmities which arise from our own indiscretions. As Buddha said, "Effects follow causes as the wheel of the cart follows the foot of the oxen." It is also said by Cassandra, the muse of doom, "Who lives by the whirlwind will die by the whirlwind."

As the struggle for survival intensifies, survival itself becomes increasingly difficult. If we attempt to restore the dignity of religion, countless sects will be offended or believe that their unique superiority is assailed. We are expected to believe that Deity has powerful sectarian prejudices and is withholding survival from one sect while glorifying another. Religious competition is even more dangerous than industrial or economic competition.

I have been present on a number of occasions which involved the reading of a will. Those hoping to be beneficiaries wait expectantly. Those not remembered are violently disturbed and will use every possible legal means to break the will. The wishes of the deceased are of no interest to anyone unless they are generously remembered. Everything breaks down in terms of profit and loss and we still wonder, "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mt. 16:26)

There are gleams of glad tidings which should encourage a fuller dedication to principles. Nature is still benevolent and its resources are still abundant to meet the needs of those who keep its commandments. In the hustle and bustle we have completely ignored the real significance of living. We are here primarily to become better persons, more gentle, more kind, and more understanding. Around us is a world of beauty, of wonder, and of mystery which invites consideration and understanding. There are



powers within ourselves which are not dependent upon wealth for their expression. How does it happen that social units that have walked side by side for centuries are suddenly mortal enemies?

Indications are that feuding is the result of destructive indoctrination. We turn against our neighbors for no valid reason. We were friends until someone told us that we were enemies and we believed them. This in itself, however, is not the final persuasion. By being enemies, we can confiscate the properties of other people, we can gain some political advantage and we can give vent to small grudges. For such insignificant motives we fight and die, kill each other, and murder our elected officials. All this is not in the spirit of Christmas and the murder will continue until we experience within ourselves the fatherhood of God and the fellowship of all that lives. This is the season when we should deeply examine our own motives and restore those Christian principles which constitute our most cherished heritage from ancient times.

When someone scoffs at the idea, it may be fair to question them about themselves and their futures in a soulless world. Is the unbelief which now dominates their thinking sufficient to guide them into a useful career and the establishment of an enduring family? Are they getting along well with their associates? Do they have constructive friendships and have they stayed clear of dangerous and destructive habits? Are they well adjusted and are they free from the political corruptions that are now rampant? If they do not already have an inner life which will protect them against the social evils of the time, they need a faith in the Divine Plan and a dedication to a constructive code of conduct. If they fail to live a well disciplined life, they can have little hope for the future.

If we are already church goers, are we receiving useful and meaningful instruction? If sermons are largely strings of platitudes, it may be wise to search for another and more inspiring spiritual home. If sermons do not demand obedience to the Divine Will, they have little useful meaning in these chaotic days. One way we have consented to participate in a decline of religious values is by simply ignoring teachings that assail our present policies.

On Christmas, there will be many productions on television ap-

propriate to this season. There will be music, drama, and carol singing, and even the most indifferent audience will remember the nostalgias of years gone by. It is interesting to realize that, for a few hours, billions of human beings will pay at least lip service to the principles of their religion, and that many participants should testify that faith still has a following. We do not have to start out alone to face the world's indifference. In almost any field of activity, this many adherents should earn our respect and even admiration. When we try to build a better Christmas, we are not alone in an unbelieving world. The truth is, we share with all the others moral courage to do what we all realize stands in need of doing.

Two or three generations of sophistication have brought us to the present impasse. We have been converted to error by a social pressure dedicated to selfishness and exploitation. There is no substance beneath the selfishness that we have come to believe is indispensable to success. Still locked in the little cycle between the cradle and the grave we are satisfied to drift along awaiting the inevitable. Can anyone actually excuse political or economic policies which assure us that it is perfectly proper to bomb each other's homes bringing death and destruction to millions of children and which assume that this is a way of solving uncertainties? It is time to stop being criminals to advance the projects of a so-called civilized society.

At this Christmas season, let us create within ourselves a code of conduct that can protect us from our own selfishness and the cupidity of others. First, we must transmute the ulterior motives in our own hearts and minds. We should be satisfied to live within our justly earned means, relinquishing entirely luxuries that must be obtained by dishonesty and soulless competition. We must so live that we can restore the kindly spirit in our own homes and carry our responsibilities with dignity and honor. Every day we should be mindful of the Divine Power that sustains creation and we should learn to obey with love and respect that sublime principle at the source of existence which alone has the right to command.



## THE LIVES OF MABA SEYON AND GABRA KRISTOS

The Ethiopian text from the library of Lady Meux was translated and edited by A. E. Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum, published in London, 1898. This edition was limited to 300 copies and includes ninety-two color plates reproducing hand painted miniatures on vellum by Ethiopian artists.

The text is concerned with the lives of Maba Seyon (Takla Maryon) and Gabra Krestos. The former was a Christian ascetic dwelling in the province of Shoa in Ethiopia and the latter is believed to have been the son of Theodosius, the Emperor of Constantinople. According to Budge, the contents are from translations made in the fifteenth or early sixteenth century from Coptic or Arabic manuscripts. The study of the contents indicates beyond question that they were inspired by early Christian tradition embellished by the florid imaginings of a naturally mystical people, firmly convinced of the super-physical powers of their ancient priests and prophets.

Those who have given careful thought to Ethiopian Christianity are convinced that it was strongly influenced by the Egyptian faith belonging to the period of the Ptolemies. Merchants from all over the world bartered with the Ethiopians and brought sacred traditions from the furthest East. Budge is convinced that some legends at least are derived directly from Buddhism. There seems to be no doubt that the Ethiopians venerated the Old Testament and that the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon in Jerusalem. The Ethiopians also traced their royal line from Menelik the Great, the son of Solomon and Sheba. The insignia of the Ethiopian emperors was the lion of the tribe of Judah, crowned and bearing a pennant in its paw.

The religious art of the region is much in the spirit of Greek Christian icons. They were usually painted on wood and adorned

the homes or churches of orthodox believers. The coloring is brilliant and highly imaginative and is most decorative in religious manuscripts which are usually written on vellum. The bindings of these codices are leather over wood, with blind tooling. In addition to these massive volumes, there are a number of small scrolls, used as talismans to protect their owners from the hazards of living. They contain sections from religious writings, illustrated with figures of saints or archangels, one of the favorite subjects being the Archangel Michael.

Haile Selassie, the last Emperor of Ethiopia, was a devout man and had a Coptic chapel in his own palace. He encouraged the practice of the Scriptural virtues as he was in many ways the "defender of the faith." The present condition of the Coptic religion seems uncertain, but according to available reports it still survives. Its presence has helped to preserve the ethical institutions of the country and enabled the people to withstand the encroachments of materialism.

Budge also tells us that a Christian who had been held prisoner in Ethiopia was released in order to report to St. Athanasius (293?-373) in Alexandria the condition of the infant Ethiopian church. Athanasius was so favorably impressed that he consecrated this messenger a bishop and for centuries the Ethiopian church was under the protection of the Copts and their leaders.

By the sixth century, Christianity had spread throughout the regions of Ethiopia and the Bible had been completely translated into the Ethiopic language. This provided a splendid opportunity for artists who labored with both zeal and imagination. Their productions reached the distinction of being a unique style of folk art with considerable aesthetic merit. Things went along more or less smoothly until Islam entered the country in the fourteenth century A.D. It does not seem to have destroyed the native beliefs nor their sacred traditions.

In our own collection is an excellent illustrated Ethiopian manuscript on rough vellum bound in red leather between boards. It deals with biblical subjects and the lives of Ethiopian saints. It is a remarkable production consisting of 308 pages in Amharic,



beautifully written and illuminated with ninety-two miniature paintings, mostly full page. The vellum used for this manuscript is extremely rough and in many places holes caused by the killing of the animal have been crudely mended with sinews. It is reported that this manuscript came originally from the library of the Emperor Haile Selassie. There is no date, but it is probably seventeenth century or earlier. We also have a somewhat smaller manuscript with hand designed and painted arabesques at the beginning of the sections.

Comparison of our manuscript with the one published by Budge in 1898 indicates that they are the same work. The manuscript is divided in two parts, the first being *The Life of Maba Seyon* and the second *The Life of Gabra Krestos*. The colored reproductions of the plates from the Lady Meux codex are almost identical with those in our manuscript. In each manuscript there are two or three illustrations not found in the other. It would also appear that the original illuminations are of approximately the same date. The colors are brilliant and the treatment of the imagery is equally excellent in both manuscripts.

The Coptic church which originated in Egypt derived its religious tradition largely from the Christian community in Alexandria. The Copts were a simple people and never gained any special recognition for outstanding scholarship. They were devout, however, and in their oral tradition they included numerous embellishments on the early biblical texts. It is possible, of course, that legends were in circulation at that time which were never incorporated into the orthodox canon.

The accompanying illustration from *The Life of Gabra Krestos* pictures the illumination of this holy person who has long practiced extreme asceticism. He prayed to be taken from the mortal world so that he might come to righteousness beyond this life. On this occasion, the patriarchs of the Old Testament, the saints and martyrs, the angelic and archangelic hosts, and the Virgin Mary come to console his spirit. The painting represents the Virgin Mary, the twelve apostles, and the seventy-two disciples. Eusebius, who acted as secretary of the Nicene Council, made special men-

tion of the seventy-two apostles.

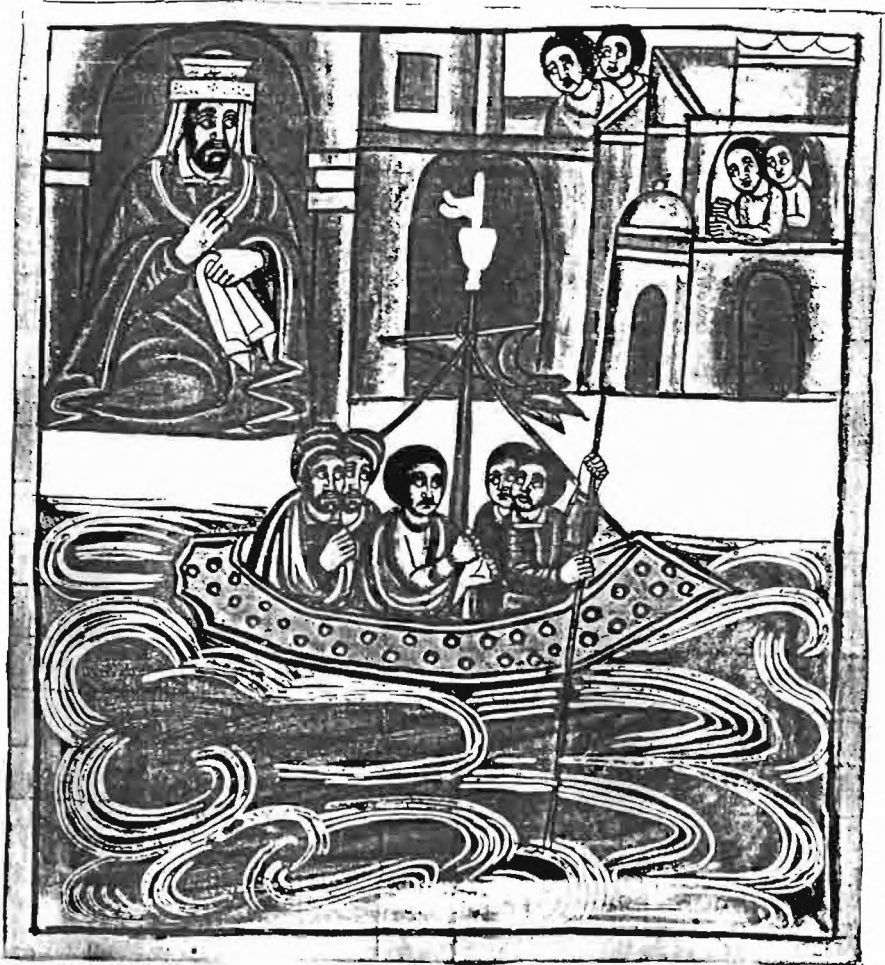
The description of this glorious occasion is reminiscent of the hosts and hierarchies that attended the Buddha on the occasion of the recitation of the Lotus Sutra. In the Ethiopic version there appears also the whole company of the martyrs, all who have labored in the cause of Christ, all the prophets, and the host of the righteous together with the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. In the apotheosis as pictured in the Ethiopian manuscript the upper register shows David playing his harp and Enoch holding his book of wonders.

In the early centuries of the Coptic faith, this humble sect had considerable contact with the Moslems. Their literature also is enriched with miracles and associated legends. As Islam gained in temporal authority, it tried to absorb the Coptic sect. In some cases it succeeded, but a goodly number of this Christian group continued in their own way. There is no evidence that the Moslems persecuted them, but used all possible persuasive means. Up to recent times, the Copts have preserved their faith, but in the present world confusion their future is uncertain.

Gabra Krestos, son of Emperor Theodosius, resolved to return to his father's house. He therefore prayed that the master of a ship, which was sailing toward Arabia, would give him passage for Christ's sake, and the accompanying painting shows him arriving in his father's kingdom. The Emperor himself is pictured at upper left. When he had reached home, food was provided for him, but Gabra Krestos did not partake thereof except on the Sabbath day. Otherwise, he took the food and gave it secretly to the poor, and the servants of the Emperor became jealous of the holy man and conspired against him. Some smote his face, others beat him with their fists, and still others threw broken bones at him. The holy man made no effort to protect himself, but accepted all the abuse as sent by God to test his piety.

This next illustration is from *The Life of Maba Seyon* (surnamed Takla Maryon). Now it came to pass that Maba Seyon descended into Sheol, the abode of lost souls. While he was there, the souls of the damned swarmed upon him like bees, and when Christ





Gabra Krestos, the son of Emperor Theodosius, desires to return to his father's house and a kindly ship's captain gave him passage. From an original Ethiopic manuscript in the PRS collection.



The great saint, Maba Seyon, descended into the abode of lost souls which swarmed about him and were saved from further punishment. From an original Ethiopic manuscript in the PRS collection.



beheld this wonder, he asked Takla Maryon, "Who told thee to bring them forth?" And the saint said to the Savior, "By what power could I have brought these forth except Thine and that of Thy grace, O Lord?" Christ then said that the saint should take these souls as his reward and bring them into the Garden of Joy. After saying this, Christ, the Living One, who does not die unto all Eternity, returned to his heavenly abode. In the upper register of the painting, Christ seated, is addressing Maba Seyon, and in the lower register, the saint, surrounded by the swarm of souls, is shown rising from the flames of perdition.

In *The Life of Maba Seyon*, the illustrious saint prepared a festival to honor the nativity of Our Lady Mary, the Mother of God. Many of the holy ones then beheld the Virgin Mary accompanying Maba Seyon as he journeyed about ministering to the sick. Then Mary called St. George, the Star of Glory, and instructed him to bring together the saints who are in heaven and upon the earth that they might gather to honor her nativity. It was done as she had instructed, and the preparations were made for the celebration of the service of the mysteries of the heavenly Queen, and the Eucharist was administered unto those who were gathered together.

In the Budge version, the painting of Saint George shows him riding on a spirited horse to gather the saints for the feast of the Virgin's nativity, but in our manuscript pictured here the miniature painting of St. George is inserted in the Ethiopic text and gives a somewhat better impression of an illuminated leaf.

Among the examples of Ethiopian art mentioned by Budge is the one reproduced here. It concerns an artist, painting religious pictures on the walls of a church. The devil objected to the likeness of himself and threatened to throw down a scaffold upon which the painter was seated. When the artist did not stop working, the devil fulfilled his threat. The painter fell and would have been dashed to pieces had not a statue of the Virgin Mary put out a hand and caught him as he was falling. This is startlingly reminiscent of illustrated Buddhist works picturing the twenty-nine intercessions of the Bodhisattva Quan Yin. When evil men attempted

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St. George goes forth to gather the saints in heaven and earth to attend the festival celebrating the nativity of the Virgin Mary. From an original Ethiopic manuscript in the PRS collection.





Fragment of Coptic manuscript excavated at al-Fayyum, in Upper Egypt. Approximately seventh century. Now in the PRS collection.

to thrust a devout believer over the edge of a cliff, Quan Yin extended her hand into which the intended victim fell safely.

In the PRS Library there are three large slip cases containing unedited Coptic manuscripts, some with Arabic variants. The earliest of these fragments are believed to have been excavated in al-Fayyum, Upper Egypt. We are also including a leaf from one of these manuscripts. Our holdings are sufficient to interest specialists in these fields.

The recent invasion of Ethiopia will probably result in the destruction of many early and valuable examples of sacred art. It is fortunate indeed that representative examples are in museums and libraries outside of the endangered region.

At this Christmas season, it should be an inspiration to recognize the simple, but devout labors of the early Coptic converts. The leaf that we reproduce is probably from the fourteenth or fifteenth century and was part of a group secured in Constantinople by Dr. R. M. Riefstahl. Most of these early manuscripts are liturgical and include prayers, quotations from the Holy Scriptures, and extracts from the early Ethiopian fathers.

### THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

The rose, with its love-filled blush  
 Moved the dawn to tears;  
 The rose, with its burden born  
 Melted winter's frozen years.  
 In the cavern of the ages  
 Bowed down the ox and ass;  
 In an evening deep with listening  
 The Eternal came to rest:  
 From the heart of the rose  
 Dressed in the swaddling clothes  
 Of our poor earth,  
 Christ came to earth.



—Michael Miles

M E R R Y   C H R I S T M A S



**Ν** ΔΙΕΤΕΥΘΟΥΠΠΟΕΤΟΥΠ  
 ΝΥΧΕΠΙΠΥΔΕΥΝΑΡΑ  
 ΝΙΟΥΚΙΗΔΡΔΙΔΕΕΦ  
 ΝΥΧΑΝΑΔΕΥ  
**Ρ** ΕΣΥΔΑΥΠΨΑΛΜΟΣΝΕΝ  
 ΡΕΣΥΘΟΟΝΕΜΘΟΙΕΠΥΖΗ  
 ΧΟΙΥΠΤΕΩΝΕΝΠΙΕΧΥΡ  
 ΒΕΙΘΟΗΠΙΕΤΧΑΡΕΥ

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**Ν** ΘΟΘΜΑΧΑΠΙΟΥΝΙΥΙ  
 ΝΕΤΗΘΟΥΤΑΜΔΟΝΟΤΕΡΕ  
 ΔΙΔΑΠΧΑΖΟΥΠΙΕΧΟΡΠΟΥ

**Π** ΕΙΥΕΥΣΕΦΡΕΙΔΕΥΑΡΡΕ  
 ΠΩΕΙΕΡΟΙΜΠΑΡΒΕΙΟΥ  
 ΡΟΟΝΕΜΕΔΙΥΟΜΤΕΙΟΥ  
 ΣΙΜΟΥ

**Χ** ΕΙΥΘΟΥΒΕΙΥΠΕΥΑΝΩ  
 ΝΕΜΠΙΜΑΤΑΠΕΥΑΝ  
 ΣΕΥΠΠΙΔΕΥΧΕΣΥΙΔΥΟ  
 ΤΙΜΟΥ

Leaf of a Coptic manuscript of the fourteenth or fifteenth century secured in Constantinople by Dr. R. M. Riefstahl. A liturgical work in the PRS collection.



## *Curiouser & Curiouser*

*A DEPARTMENT DEDICATED TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND*

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### **DAVID GARRICK AND THE SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL**

During the Elizabethan Period in England, the public theater developed a most unsavory reputation. Theater managers catered to rowdy audiences who expected to be entertained by violence and vulgarity. Quick profit was the only consideration. Actors were rated as vagabonds and survived only by inclusion among the retainers of noble families. The nobility entertained themselves by amateur theatricals in which they personally participated. These were called masques. Queen Elizabeth I found these court theatricals delightful diversions and is said to have been the leading lady on several occasions.

Oliver Cromwell, a square-toed Puritan, had no time for the delinquencies of the theater, and during the years of the Commonwealth, the prevailing confusion provided little time for public amusements. Charles II, who followed Cromwell, was of more liberal mind, but was decidedly more aristocratic in his tastes. Many playhouses opened, but a new sense of morality was in the air. Under Charles, anti-royalist sentiments divided public opinion, but the tensions gradually subsided and cultural institutions had both public and private support. The establishment of the Royal





*La première chose qu'on doit faire quand on a emprunté un livre, c'est de le lire afin de pouvoir le rendre plutôt.*

*Menagiana, Vol. IV.*

#### The Bookplate of David Garrick.

Society contributed strongly to the advancement of educational facilities and progress in the arts.

A few years ago while looking through our collection of bookplates, I discovered the ex libris of David Garrick. It has been classified as designed in the Chippendale manner with the name bordered by symbols of the theatrical and musical arts. A bust of Shakespeare dominates the design. The inscription below is in French and translates as follows:

“The first thing one has to do when borrowing a book is to read it in order to return it sooner.” Menagiana, Vol. IV.

Garrick was probably the first actor to have a personal bookplate for his rather extensive library. In those days when overacting was taken for granted and successful thespians were said to chew the scenery, Garrick played his roles with dignity and restraint. He was only dramatic when off the stage. It was in 1741 when Garrick appeared as Richard III and on the basis of that performance alone he was recognized as one of the greatest actors of all time. It was not until that performance that he dared to tell his

father that he had dedicated his life to the stage. In a few short years, leaders in many fields acknowledged Garrick's superlative artistry and accepted him as a friend and a social companion. Although Garrick played many roles, it is said that he brought to the stage twenty-six of the Shakespearean plays. This ultimately resulted in a curious incident. The upsurge of interest in these plays was due to Garrick's remarkable performances and his reputation finally reached the remote town of Stratford causing him to receive a suggestion from the Corporation of Stratford that he become a burgess and accept the freedom of the town. Having indicated his willingness to accept this honor, it was bestowed upon him and he was given an elegant box the following May.

The subject of certain relics associated with Shakespeare comes into focus. The freedom of Stratford-upon-Avon already mentioned was given to Mr. Garrick by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses in a casket carved from the wood of the mulberry tree which Shakespeare himself was said to have planted. This precious relic was beautifully carved with the following symbolic devices: "In the front, Fame is represented holding the bust of Shakespeare, while the three Graces crown it with laurel. On the back, Garrick is delineated as King Lear, in the storm scene. On the sides are emblematical figures representing Tragedy and Comedy; and the corners are ornamented with devices of Shakespeare's works. The feet are silver griffins with garnet eyes. The carving was executed by Davis, a celebrated artist of Birmingham, at the expense of fifty-five pounds." From the quotation it is evident that the casket was not an antique, but designed to honor Garrick.

Later in September, 1769, the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon also presented Garrick with a cup, about eleven inches in height, carved from the same famous mulberry tree. It is recorded that Garrick held this cup in his hand at the Shakespeare Jubilee and sang a lovely tribute which he had composed for the occasion. Mrs. Garrick outlived her husband for a number of years and in due time, the cup was sold at auction as a part of Mrs. Garrick's estate. In 1835, it was again auctioned as part of a Mr. Mathews library and curiosities. It is recorded that it was knocked



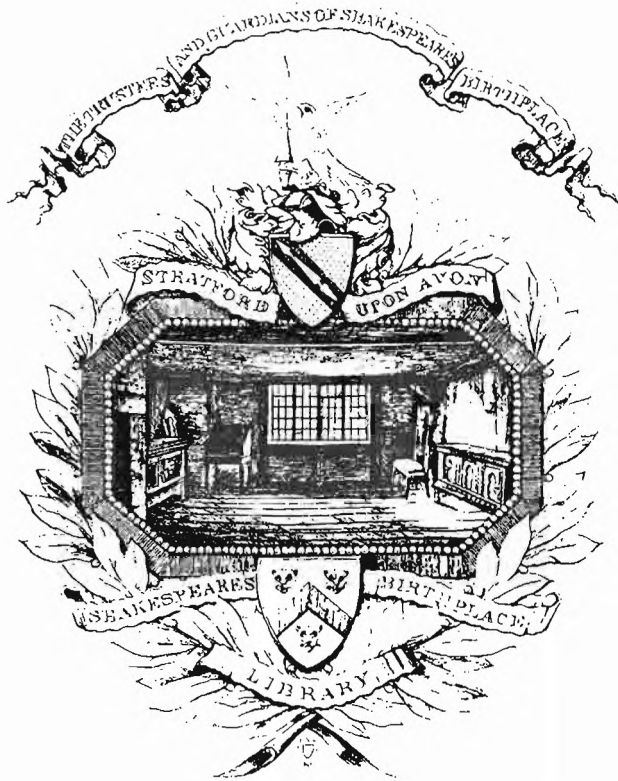


Wood engraved portrait of David Garrick. From *Old England*, London: 1854.

down to a Mr. George Daniel at forty-seven guineas. (A guinea is a pound and a shilling.) After the death of Mrs. Garrick, the cup carved from the same tree was sold at Christie's auction rooms and was purchased by a Mr. Johnson who afterwards offered it for sale at the price of two hundred guineas. (See *The Book of Days*, Edited by R. Chambers, 1863.)

It is obvious that the relics referred to were made in honor of Mr. Garrick. It is dutifully noted in records of the Stratford Shakespearean Jubilee that Shakespeare's mulberry tree had been cut down by a splenetic clergyman. In addition to this act of vandalism, the new owner had pulled down the house in which Shakespeare lived. If this is true, the present structure never sheltered the immortal bard in his declining years. I was in Stratford in 1934 and dutifully made pilgrimage to the "great house." No one told me that it was a fascimile of the original, but I noted that it conferred an overwhelming sense of emptiness. It appeared that any belongings of the original owner had been carried away by admirers.

It is probable that the success of the Stratford festival was due more to the popularity of David Garrick than William Shakespeare. The celebration was widely heralded and persons from all



Bookplate for the Shakespeare Birthplace Library by C. W. Sherborn dated 1901. Original in the PRS Collection.

parts of England including a number of celebrities were present at the opening. Newspapers and journals gave full coverage with occasional notes and observations. On the morning of Wednesday, September 6 at five o'clock visitors were serenaded by a band of musicians and singers from the Drury Lane Theatre. Several guns were fired to call the magistrates together and a public breakfast, presided over by Mr. Garrick, was served at the town hall. On this occasion also a medallion of Shakespeare, carved from a piece of the inevitable mulberry tree and set in gold was presented to Mr.

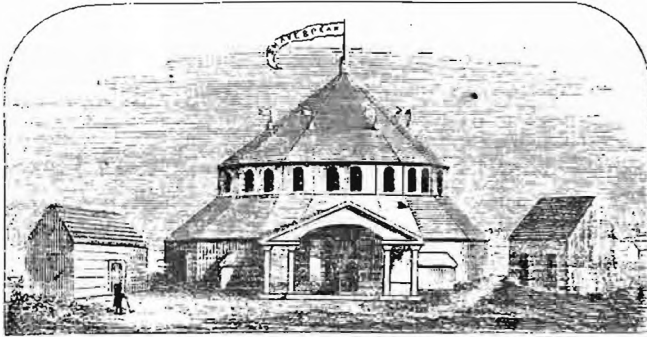




The Stratford Jubilee made possible by the enthusiasm and ingenuity of David Garrick. From *Old England*, London: 1854.

Garrick. A little later, the guests proceeded to the church where the Oratorio of *Judith* was performed. The assemblage then proceeded to the amphitheater which had been especially built for the occasion. It was octagonal in shape, the roof supported by eight pillars, the entire structure elegantly painted. Dinner was served at three o'clock accompanied by music and the recitation of poetry. In the evening there was a grand ball. In front of the building a transparency was exhibited, "representing Time leading Shakespeare to immortality, with Tragedy on one side, and Comedy on the other." The second day continued in the same vein, but Friday was rained out.

In 1747, Garrick was able to gain control of the Drury Lane



The eight-sided amphitheatre built especially for the Shakespeare Festival. It was here that the assemblage was privileged to hear Garrick recite his specially composed "Shakespeare Ode." From *The Book of Days*, London: 1863.

Theater. This enabled him to make numerous changes such as moving the orchestra out of the balcony and finally installing footlights which were actually lamps with reflectors. Garrick decided to dispose of his theatrical properties about 1775, but did a number of farewell performances. The retirement years were peaceful and pleasant and he fulfilled the not too arduous duties of a country squire. Garrick suffered considerably from kidney trouble and died January 20, 1779 at his home in Adelphi Terrace. He was buried in Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey and there is a monument to him in Litchfield Cathedral.

Perhaps it should be mentioned that the citizens of Stratford made no serious effort to glorify the memory of their most illustrious citizen until Garrick appeared on the scene. Books said to have belonged to Shakespeare have come to light, but it is noted that the supposed signatures in such volumes were put there by William Henry Ireland whose fabrications deceived even Samuel Johnson. The bust of Shakespeare now in the Stratford church is a replacement but fortunately Dugdale in his *The Antiquities of Warwickshire*, London 1656 included an engraving of the original monument, which has little or no resemblance to the effigy on exhibition at the present time. Shakespeare's epitaph, also in the

(continued on page 34)



## DARJEELING—THE PLACE OF THE THUNDERBOLT

When the summer temperatures of central and southern India become more or less unbearable, natives of moderate means seek relief in the foothills of the Himalayas. Needless to say, they are joined by most members of the International colony. Often referred to as a hill station, the rambling community stands on a mountainous ridge about seven thousand feet above sea level. If the gods of the mountains are well disposed, visitors may get a glimpse of the great peaks in the midst of which is Kinchinjunga which rises to a height of 28,146 feet. When the sun shines on the snow clad crests, with their glistening glaciers, seasoned travelers have declared that the view from Darjeeling is the most beautiful in the world.

Darjeeling is about 369 miles in a northerly direction from Calcutta, and is in close proximity to the borders of Tibet. In my traveling days, there was a decent railroad to Siliguri, and on the way one passed close to Sarnath where Gautama Buddha preached his first sermon. The last fifty-one miles, however, have been described as "a great engineering feat." One ascends by means of a miniature railroad on a two-foot track. It winds up in such multitudes of twists of which John L. Stoddard was moved to say in his lectures that "the engineer in the locomotive can sometimes hold conversations with passengers in the rear car." There is a famous figure-eight loop which appeals to most amateur photographers, and where even loops are impossible, the train ascends by a zigzag process working its way back and forth up the face of an almost vertical cliff.

The cars attached to the railroad when I was there were far from comfortable and Stoddard also describes this experience. "Seated in one of these small boxes, while wiggling up the mountainside and shaken violently every other minute on the innumerable curves, I felt as I should suppose an insect might feel riding

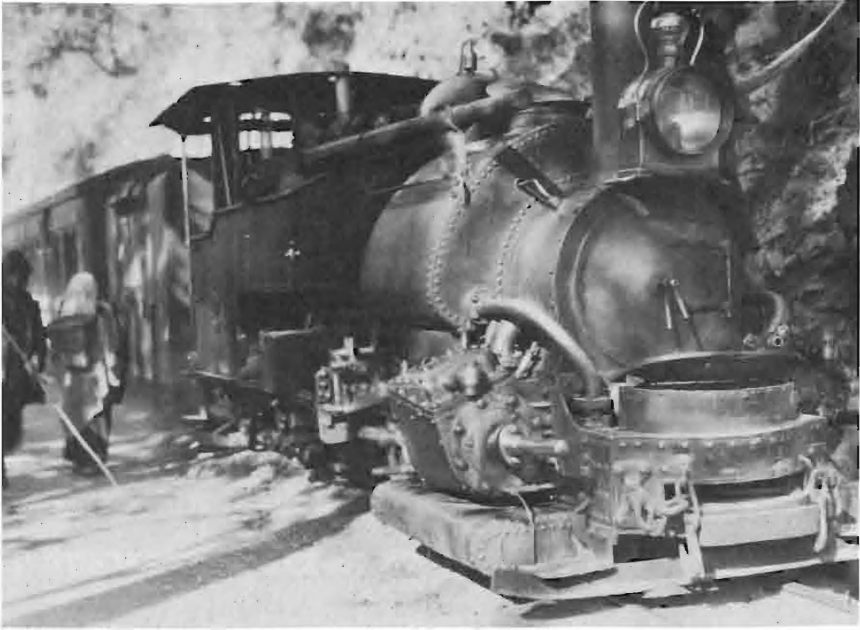


Deluxe accommodations on the railway heading into the hill country. From *India Illustrated With Pen and Pencil* by the Rev. W. Urwick, M.A. New York, 1891.



The great engineering feat. A section of the railroad between Siliguri and Darjeeling.





The hard-working little engine with the metal tub containing sand.

on one of the rings of a rattlesnake's tail." I remember that on the front of the little engine was a kind of metal tub, and when the going was especially difficult, a member of the train crew sat on the front of the engine and tossed sand on the tracks from the tub.

There were numerous stops along the way, and nearly always appreciative spectators on the station platform. These were mostly people from the north. Lepchas, Bhutanese, Tibetans, and Nepalese. They were nearly always smiling, but the source of their happiness was not quite certain. They might be glad to see us, but they might also have enjoyed our suffering.

In those times, Darjeeling was comparatively unspoiled, but it is quite possible that many changes have taken place. Comfortably settled in Hotel Mount Everest, the journey seemed more than worthwhile. There was one shopping street in the town with quaint



The Tibetan Chorten at Darjeeling.



The Lamaist temple with its outdoor prayer wheels as they appeared in 1924.



little stores where the folk wares of several cultural groups were offered at reasonable prices. I found a number of artistic trinkets which I added to my early collections of Oriental art. Tibetan influence was evident everywhere. Near one edge of the town was a typical sacred tower with a fine new coat of white paint. Close by was a little temple with Buddhist images within and large prayer wheels mounted on the outside.

The hotel was always happy to arrange for an exhibition of Tibetan ritual dances. These exhibitions were especially effective in the early evening, when the glow on the high mountains bathed the town in a rosy light. The dancing was spirited and proved conclusively that the Tibetans were skillful acrobats. The dancers wore homemade masks which were not especially effective, but the event was entirely enjoyable. We were all assured that no evil spell would endanger our future health and happiness.



Tibetan ritual dancers put on a special performance for our benefit.

There were other more immediate hazards, however, and the next morning we were scheduled to make a pilgrimage to Tiger Hill, which involved several hours of arduous ascent which might result in a passing glimpse of Mount Everest, the top of the world. We were a handsome caravan when we started out. Several foreign ladies rode in palanquins, or sedan chairs. Gentlemen chose horseback, and I am happy to reproduce herewith the only equestrian picture of myself in existence. It was still pitch dark when we left the hotel.

As we struggled along in the darkness with high cliffs above and invisible realms below, we suddenly noticed that the feet of the native attendants were surrounded by a phosphorescent glow. The first impression was that these feet had no bodies attached. Members of the hotel staff assured us this was a natural phenomena, but the Tibetans themselves were inclined to believe that the gods of the high mountains were responsible for this



Manly P. Hall on the way to Tiger Hill.

strange sight.

In due time, we reached the crest of Tiger Hill, just in time to see the sunrise over the Kinchinjunga. We stood on a square tower at a height of some twenty feet, and from there we got the first look at our native guides. Although they were smiling benevolently, there was a barbaric quality about them which was not quite reassuring. There were several different hair arrangements. One elderly tribesman had dozens of grayish braids standing up all over his head. Another had bows on the ends of his mustache and beard, and all wore shaggy, furlined garments. The tourist however was rather jealous of the beautiful turquoise ornaments which most of them wore partly visible through the heavy garments.

At last, the great moment came. The sun poked its shining disc over the mountains and, for a few seconds, the lofty peak of Everest could be glimpsed in the remote distance. Before one could count ten, the clouds closed and we were told that there would be no further view beyond the valley for the rest of the day. We were assured afterwards that we were among the most fortunate of mortals, because a glimpse such as we had seen would only occur once in several months.

The leader of the native bearers remarked that conditions were rather dull and noted that a few coins tossed over the side of the tower would result in immediate action. As the first rupees hit the ground, there was a wild scramble. Accompanied by shouting, gesticulating, and prayerful beseeching, the natives, famous for their stoicism, piled up like opposing football teams. The situation was irresistible and only ended when the rupees gave out.

As might be expected, the trip back to the hotel was comparatively easy although it is not entirely comfortable to be riding downhill on the pommel of a saddle. It was all worthwhile however, for with every turn of the path a magnificent scene unfolded. When I reached the lobby of the Mount Everest Hotel, a native bellhop was pasting a baggage sticker on my valise. It seemed like an appropriate momento so I asked for an extra one which is reproduced herewith.





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GARRICK (*cont. from page 26*)

church, has been replaced on a number of occasions and the curiosities of the original wordings have been quietly removed. If the "sweet bard of Avon" wrote that epitaph, it might be the only authentic surviving relic of his genius. We have a rubbing of an early version of this example of high verse which can be seen in our Library by those interested. The version given by Dugdale dates from the middle of the seventeenth century and reads as follows:

"Good friend for Jesus sake forbear  
To digg the dust enclosed here  
Blest be the man that spares these stones  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

*In  
Reply*



## **A Department of Questions and Answers**

*Question:* My two sons were born only about a year apart, but they are completely different in character and disposition. The oldest boy was strongly ambitious from early childhood. He was an honor student in college and a star football player. In business, he has earned several promotions and it is generally assumed that his life will be highly successful. My other son was quiet and gentle from the cradle. He had no interest in sports and managed to graduate from high school without distinction. He loved to read and was highly artistic. Of his own accord, he decided to enroll in a Protestant seminary and hoped to enter the mission field. Do you think that it is possible that this young man's dedication to religion from childhood indicates that he brought his spiritual convictions from a previous life?

*Answer:* If we look back over the careers of prominent theologians, it would seem that most of them were projecting a former commitment into a later embodiment. It does not follow that they completely avoided the temptations of material life, but when serious emergencies arose, they instinctively turned toward religion. This was certainly the case of St. Francis and St. Augustine. St. Thomas Aquinas was dedicated to the service of God from his youth, and even the conspiracies of an ambitious family could not turn him from his decision. I have noticed that the ministry at the present time is served by two distinct types. One type is basically an excellent organizer and a good business man. He is popular among prosperous parishioners and may increase

the size of the congregation and the measure of its financial support. He is socially acceptable. There is little in the appearance or manners of the prosperity-oriented clergyman to suggest humility of spirit, and his sermons are usually deficient in mystical overtones.

The other type has a calm and peaceful countenance, soft and soulful eyes and is obviously unworldly. He is a good shepherd and lives for his flock. He is likely to remain committed to the needs of a middle class congregation. This type of minister has high aspirations, but little or no ambition. He is well liked by those content to follow in the faith of their fathers. This is the type of minister who is willing to sit for hours by the bedside of the sick and the dying to comfort them the best he can. It is hoped that he is married to a simple girl who shares his dedication, otherwise there may be difficulties ahead.

Phrenologists and physiognomists recognize the basic facial structure of the born clergyman. The head is somewhat narrow. The lower part of the face is not strongly developed, but the forehead is high, especially where it joins the crown. The hair is fine, the ears are highly placed and the texture of the skin is fair and often somewhat pale. If higher education supports religious convictions, such persons may become medical missionaries or teachers in foreign fields.

The genuine ministerial type is strongly influenced by the denomination which he has assumed. If it is narrow, bigoted, or fanatical it can end in tragedy for the sincere minister. The modern tendency is to be increasingly liberal and escape from the boundaries of severe denominational restrictions.

It is almost certain that the success-prone mortal is continuing a policy that he has brought with him from previous embodiments. Only long experience can perfect an ambitious materialist. He instinctively knows how to exploit his associates and secure special benefits for himself. He will probably pass out of this life without facing circumstances that might reduce his arrogance. After all, there have been self centered mortals from the beginning of time willing to sacrifice the happiness and security of others to advance



their own purposes.

In the history of religion there was a distinct break in the fifteenth century. Before the Reformation, devout persons of both sexes retired from the world and sought peace of soul in monasteries and convents. In many cases also, retirement was an effort to escape personal tragedies, and many of those who sought to depart from human society were embittered by disillusionment or saddened by tragedy. The born mystic may reveal neurotic tendencies and be deficient in optimism and peace of mind. There may not be any memory of the past, but adjustments with secular society may be more or less painful and therefore avoided.

Extroverts have very little time for introverts. When other persons differ from them, they always assume that they are victims of some kind of self delusion. A third type is now entering the ranks of the truth seekers. Disillusionments in previous incarnations are at least partly remembered, and there are strong impulses to avoid unfortunate involvements. As a result, many now seek for inner security without involvement in formal sectarian groups. It seems therefore, that many of the early Grecian beliefs and policies are coming back into vogue. Ridpath in his *Universal History* (various dates including 1907), points out that religion was largely a family affair. The head of the family acted as priest and all the other members joined in the observances. When a Grecian man or woman was initiated into the Mysteries, those so initiated were expected to make their own peace with the gods.

The priestly caste came into being largely as a convenience. They supervised festivals and services to the patron deities of their communities. They could be consulted, but it was not obligatory. As communities increased in size, the temples were served by priestly custodians. In those days also, there were quiet youths whose minds became preoccupied with the mysteries of God, and these could enter the service of the temples or practice such private charities as satisfied the needs of their souls.

We must always remember that our children are also individuals who have lived many times before and will continue their journey through the ages that lie ahead. If we attempt to dominate

the convictions of sons and daughters, we should pause for a moment and consider the probable consequences. Why do we want boys and girls to become rich and famous? Is it because we hope that they will fulfill our own private longings for distinction of one kind or another? In the long run, it is likely to be the kindly and thoughtful child who is our comfort in advancing years long after those seeking success have gone their own way and are not likely to return.

Among the American Indians, young people who are overshadowed by God are given special attention. They are not expected to become warriors, but to contribute in various ways to the well being of the tribe. Great chiefs may come and strong men may go, but the medicine priests remain to guide the spiritual destinies of their people. For a time it seemed that the tribal religions were fading away, but recently there has been a powerful revival of Amerindian mystical healing methods, and literature on the subject is beginning to appear.

One point that very few have considered involves the application of ancient knowledge to modern circumstances. A man who was a doctor in his previous embodiment must again attend medical school in order to become a modern practitioner. What he brings forward from the past is the desire to serve the sick, and the general experiences associated with a lifetime as a practitioner of the healing arts. There have been many recent developments in the various branches of therapy which have to be learned by special training in the present embodiment. Thus, the born doctor brings with him from the past the spirit of the Aesculapian Oath and, having taken his refresher course in a modern facility, he is not only technically proficient, but carries with him the spiritual overtones, learned in the sacred clinics of long ago. Such a person is an ideal family physician, or general practitioner, who is difficult to find in modern society.

Convincing evidence of reincarnation may be easier to find on a religious level. Mystical experiences may include vagrant memories of earlier incarnations. While these may be difficult or impossible to prove, they have special meaning in personal living. Those who



have lived unselfish lives for several embodiments may continue to serve others because of definite preference. The ancient student may be studious again and, when a belligerent entity returns, his disposition may not improve. The effort to trace eccentricities of character to a family ancestor is only a convenient way of preventing further discussion.

Among the factors that must condition a new lifetime, karma is probably the most important. We must all reap the consequences of deeds and misdeeds although we no longer remember the actual causes. We bring forward certain past achievements which may strengthen character. These fortunate traits which we have inherited from ourselves are considered personality assets. Conversely, debts of one kind or another which we have not yet paid also present themselves as long overdue.

Some religiously minded people prefer to deny the law of karma because of afflictions which they regard as unjust. We must remember, however, that sins and crimes of one kind or another are part of humanity's heritage. Warriors who followed Alexander the Great may have returned to obey the commands of Julius Caesar. The millions who followed Ghengis Khan across the face of Asia may later have died gallantly to advance the ambitions of Napoleon. While there are debts of wars in human karma, we cannot expect universal peace on earth. There are some, however, who are born at this time with a firm resolution that they must help the cause of world peace. It is always the urgings of karma that bestow courage to correct ancient faults.

There are those who prefer to remain uninformed and there is no impulse from within the self to do anything in particular. These types stoutly resist education, avoid responsibilities, and drift along catering to comfort at all costs. These may be newly emancipated from a former serfdom or slavery under some arrogant ancient despot. It may take some time for such persons to awaken to the possibilities of individual growth and unfoldment. As good karma comes forward in such cases, the individual may leave behind early bondage and build a new life in a more fortunate environment.



When an immature person through some ingenuity attains wealth or social position, he is apt to fall into trouble immediately. To manage one's affairs in this embodiment efficiently requires help from former incarnations. While living with our own mistakes, we have a strong tendency to get into further trouble. This is where the doctrine of reincarnation can exercise its most important influence. If we do not believe that we have lived before, and assume that we shall never live again, nearly all inducements for self improvement are removed.

Science tries to take advantage of this situation by a carefully constructed concept of futility. We are not responsible for our own destiny because we have none. By an unhappy process of nature, we may inherit something, and, if we do, we can bestow it upon our descendants. In the last analysis, nothing is important. Yet these same researchers are striving continuously to penetrate the mysteries of universal existence. In the meantime, integrity falters, cooperation breaks down, and hope is considered illusional. Reincarnation changes all this and brings with it an honest, but sometimes unpleasant fact. Namely, we were fashioned for a purpose and must cooperate with nature so that this purpose can be properly fulfilled. The idea that we have nothing to do and no place to go has never been accepted by thoughtful persons even in most primitive times.

The old Chinese were aware that children born into this world are destined to succeed in some specialized field of activity. Unfortunately, the parents are unaware of the future potentials of the newly born infant. At an appropriate time, therefore, a group of objects symbolizing professions, trades, and crafts are arranged in a kind of circle, and the child is placed in the center. Fascinated by the array of pretty trinkets, the infant will ultimately crawl toward one of the shining objects. The first item he touches is determined by the will of heaven and indicates his choice of a life work. The family then educates him as completely as possible for the future which he has selected for himself. This may be as efficient as present aptitude testing.

In the present generation, abilities are apt to be abundant, but

integritys are largely lacking. Karma operates according to motives. It is not what we do that deserves recognition, but why we have performed a certain action. Karma saves its highest rewards for unselfishness. A person who is strong, but cruel creates a debt to the universe which sometime he must pay. The kindly, thoughtful person may not be such a brilliant success, but karma strengthens peace of mind and stores up treasures in heaven. According to Buddhism, we are all here because we are imperfect. There is no sin associated with imperfection, but it is uncomfortable. There is something that everyone needs to know, and integritys that must be understood as directives for action. When an old mistake is corrected, it is not repeated. We are never punished twice for the same offense unless we repeat the action. Some cases I have known compromise their principles every day, but ultimately nature will provide inducements for self improvement that no one can deny. Perhaps it is wise to assume that the whole cycle of embodiment running to several hundred lives are bound together like beads upon a single string. Each life is not completely separate, but contributes to the ultimate maturity of the human being. Some Western people have trouble understanding karma because they have been taught the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin. There is actually no conflict, however. A Christian cannot be given absolution unless he repents his sin and does an appropriate penance. Karma is actually an irresistible part of our own life pattern, and reincarnation provides the opportunity for an appropriate penance. It becomes obvious that the only way that we can correct a vice is by cultivating a virtue. In mortal existence, we have a beautiful privilege of paying our own debts to nature by performing kindly, generous, and useful deeds for those who need us.

The responsibilities of parenthood are part of our heritage. The moment we accept family duties, karma steps in under the direction of reincarnation. In most cases, parenthood in these days is a burden rather than a privilege. Various ways are found to escape from the tedium of personal commitments. The debts begin to build and there is very little unselfish love to neutralize them. Later, the parents are deeply concerned, worries multiply, the



moral life of the child has no solid support, and tragedy is imminent. The whole cycle is as scientifically exact as any laboratory experiment. Yet modern education ignores the science of morality and ethics and inspires economic success at all cost.

In older days, there were a few philosophers who helped where parental guidance failed. Socrates was condemned to death for attempting to strengthen the characters of children whose parents were too ignorant to care. Idealistic philosophy in combination with the Mystery system of religion made possible the protection of the minds and emotions of the young. In our times, philosophy has been in the doldrums for the greater part of the twentieth century. Dominated by a mechanistic system of higher education and more or less eclipsed by scientific progress, many modern intellectuals have renounced idealism and followed that drummer who leads the procession from the cradle to the grave. In the last twenty-five years, however, there has been some change of attitude. This is probably due, at least in part, to more direct contact with the esoteric doctrines of Asia. These have supported Christian mysticism and modified many dogmatic theological beliefs. Now, a steady stream of literature is being distributed by reputable publishing houses and mystical doctrines are represented in the curriculums of our best universities. We are being saved, in a sense, by the law of karma. Unable to endure the sterility of higher learning, we are again asking, "Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?" (Matt. 7:9)

Years ago, I read somewhere that those who keep the laws of living are not even aware that the laws exist. It is only when one transgresses the rules that he begins to hurt. The first thought, of course, is to change the rules and it has taken several thousand years to prove conclusively that this cannot be done. The only alternative is to change ourselves. When we do, the golden age comes back. Nature is not a cruel parent, but it reminds us that it expects to be obeyed.

Of your two sons, it may well be that the elder is the younger in terms of moral maturity. He must be careful not to transgress the ethical and moral laws of nature. It is difficult to be a great success,



especially in the business world, without injuring someone else. It is assumed that nature condones sharp practices, but this is not the case as we have all learned in our sorrow. Your younger son may be on his way home. In a previous embodiment, he was touched by some mystical experience which cannot be forgotten. If he is completely sincere, he can do no real harm, and those who object to his attitudes have ample defenses against them. The fact that the two boys came into your life is a lesson that you should contemplate carefully. The boys, themselves, should strive to understand each other and find some important reason why they chose to be reborn in the same family. There is one thing about nature you can depend on. It can mark each sparrow's fall, and every living thing will come in the end to that complete enlightenment which is its natural destiny.

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## TO RENT A CATFISH



As I approached the front door of Mr. Nakamura's antique shop, the proprietor emerged wearing his homburg hat and his brown and white sport walking shoes. After carefully locking his premises, he noticed that I was approaching and beckoned to me.

You are just in time, Harusan. I am on my way to rent a catfish, or if necessary, buy one."

After shaking hands, I inquired politely, "Are you also a fish fancier?"

"Not really, but they are very beautiful little creatures and studying them is an excellent way to take a mental vacation. Mr. Ogawa has a most attractive kind of garden with many small ponds and pools where he breeds various kinds of oriental fish, especially carp."

The little art dealer beckoned to a rickshaw built for two that was standing nearby and we were soon rolling along toward the outskirts of Kyoto. It took about fifteen minutes to reach Mr. Ogawa's establishment and my friend was given a warm reception including many bows and inhalations of the breath. In the course of time there was a pause and a bright smile was sent in my direction.

When Mr. Nakamura mentioned that he was interested in renting a catfish, Mr. Ogawa shook his head sadly. "So sorry, please, but catfish very difficult to find these days. At this moment there is not even one catfish on my premises."

Mr. Nakamura appeared only mildly disappointed and murmured, "I was afraid that you might not have any left. Can you suggest some other fish breeder that might have one?"

"You could try Mr. Tanaka. For generations his family has

raised carp for the aristocracy, but he also has less valuable varieties of fish. He is very expensive so he might still have a few."

A little later, the beautifully kept gardens presided over by Mr. Tanaka also proved to be short of catfish. The owner was most apologetic. "I have only one catfish at this time and it is held in reservation by the Imperial family. A special messenger is coming this afternoon and will take the fish immediately to Tokyo."

As we rode back in the direction of Nijo Castle, I offered a suggestion. "If you are in such urgent need, perhaps one of your personal friends could loan you a catfish."

With a quick intake of his breath, Mr. Nakamura immediately grasped at this possibility. "One of my competitors who is good-hearted except in matters of business used to have several catfish to amuse his children. He might be willing to rent me one or, as a last recourse, sell it to me."

Happy to say this business rival proved most accommodating. "I have two catfish which I do not want to sell, but I will rent one for fifteen yen a day. If it does not come back you will pay me two hundred yen."

Mr. Nakamura agreed instantly to the terms and the fish was brought out in a large clay bowl which Mr. Nakamura carried as gently as possible to his store. He was greatly relieved and assured me that my help had made it possible for him to pass successfully through a very serious crisis.

Finally seated in the back room with the catfish splashing in the bowl on the cherry wood table, it seemed reasonable to inquire the cause for the urgent need of such a fish. To summarize briefly and in simple words the art dealer's explanation: It all began in an ancient legend, and sometimes legends must be taken seriously. The Japanese islands rest on the back of an immense catfish which cannot escape because it is fastened beneath the land by a pivot pin which visitors can see if they go to the right place. The pivot pin is in the precincts of the Kashima Shrine in Hitachi Province. Occasionally the catfish wiggles a little and, when this happens, there is an earthquake almost immediately. There seems to be some mysterious, magical sympathy between the honorable catfish



under the land and all the little catfish which, in one way or another, are its legitimate descendants. If the great one wiggles, all the little ones wiggle also.

When Western scientists began to study earthquakes in Japan, they tried to refute the catfish theory, but after considerable research they were forced to acknowledge that all catfish are strangely aware of approaching seismic cataclysms. Recently there had been a series of rather severe shocks on the west coast of Japan and seismologists were expecting violent quakes. When such news comes to public attention, worried persons immediately purchase every available catfish.

It was easy to understand Mr. Nakamura's anxiety. If a serious quake occurred in the Kyoto area, there could be terrible damage to the numerous treasures that had been preserved there from ancient times. If there was a major disaster, the beautiful works of art on the shelves of Mr. Nakamura's store were in danger and their loss would be irreplaceable.

We both looked attentively at the catfish, but it was floating around most serenely, totally unaware of its importance. Mr. Nakamura had brought up from the basement bamboo railings which could be attached to the fronts of the open shelves of his inner sanctum. He put these in place on general principles, and then sat down again to watch his catfish. Suddenly the telephone began to ring and there was a long animated discussion in Japanese. The news was not reassuring. His adopted son in Tokyo warned him that a major earthquake was expected within a few hours.

Looking over toward the clay bowl, we noticed that the catfish was floating lazily near the surface of the water. To brighten Mr. Nakamura's life, I suggested that if this fish was really a seismograph, a disaster did not seem likely. The phone rang again and brought the news that a moderate earthquake had occurred at Kamakura, but the damage was mild.

As the catfish became slightly more active, my friend selected a larger bowl of a quality suitable to the tourist trade, and brought a wooden water pail from his kitchen. He filled the larger bowl and then put the bucket under the edge of the cherrywood table. Then

as a final gesture of hospitality, he moved the fish into the larger bowl.

It was soon obvious that the catfish was becoming increasingly agitated. It began swimming around as though trying to get out of the bowl. About this time there was a low rumbling sound and I suddenly realized how the catfish probably felt. The bottom seemed to drop out of my stomach and a nervous tingle resulted in a feeling of panic—and then the earthquake hit. The principal shock was of the rolling type and the bowl with the catfish slid across the top of the cherrywood table and went over the edge with a crash.

Even though the floor was still a little unsteady, Mr. Nakamura and I started immediately on a rescue mission. The bowl was no great loss and the puddle of water on the floor was not a matter of concern, but there was no sign of the catfish. It seemed that in spite of our earnest endeavor, the fish was the principal casualty.

Sadly, Mr. Nakamura and I surveyed the damage in the store. As the shock was comparatively mild, the art dealer would be protected by his insurance policy.

As Mr. Nakamura was a devout Buddhist, he felt it appropriate to recite a short prayer to console the catfish on its way to the other life. At that moment, I chanced to look down and there was the catfish swimming around happily in Mr. Nakamura's wooden water bucket. As the bowl slid over the edge of the table, the fish dropped neatly into an appropriate habitation. Everyone was deeply relieved. The catfish was alive and well. Mr. Nakamura's losses were slight, and he could return the fish to its owner without a heavy premium. As for me, I borrowed one of Mr. Nakamura's favorite expressions, "Very unusual."



To teach men how to live without certainty and yet without being paralyzed by hesitation, is perhaps the chief thing philosophy can still do.

—Bertrand Russell

Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

—Lord Acton

## THE CHURCH AND STAGE

### Part 2

As in the case of the ancients of Greece and Rome, and Egypt under the Ptolemies, audiences divide into three conflicting levels. There is a thin layer of cultured persons who must sustain opera, classical dancing, symphony orchestras, museums, and art galleries. This important contribution to the general improvement of human society is appreciated by a few and of little or no interest to the vast majority. The second level is made up of what we used to call the middle class. The members of this group are essentially moral, interested to some degree in self improvement, and would like to see their children have healthy entertainment with emphasis upon the principles of good American citizenship. Comparatively little crime originates on this social level which is now for the most part held up to ridicule by the antiestablishmentarians. The third, and by far the largest segment, is befuddled by narcotics and alcohol, indoctrinated by vicious beliefs, slovenly in appearance, and suffering from a variety of contagious ailments. To make an analogy on the level of music, the pattern seems to be from Bach to Brahms to rock.

The present confusion is further confounded by the rise of a number of eccentric religious beliefs attempting to capture the attention of those who are afraid to face the futures they have created. Some of these sects do considerable good, but few of them are realistic in their religious convictions.

The theatre is not setting a good example for those who attend its performances. In order to prove conclusively that it is emancipated, it attempts to hold the attention of the nondescript by perpetuating their mannerisms, language, and morality. This is already dominant in television and the legitimate stage. With all its faults, it would seem that the Oriental theatre is preserving its integrity better than the Western stage. In spite of the economic



stress which plagues Asia, there is still some emphasis upon natural beauty, individual dignity, and the development of aesthetic skills. This is largely due to a religious background that is still noticeable in the foreground. The people who are unable to maintain their convictions are at least regretful and hope to remedy the defects of their moral natures. Even in countries where the rights of free worship is curtailed and religion is officially abolished, the inward worship of God continues and sustains the hope for better times to come.

Throughout the world, non-theological religions are gaining ground. Principles that we all know to be essential are attracting the attention of disturbed and confused minds. The search for truth is now recognized as an internal pilgrimage for the Divine Power at the source of existence. As this continues, it will certainly influence the entertainment media. What the public demands and supports will always be available in a free society.

Motion pictures and television can be the most important means for the improvement of human nature. The theatre has come to us as a gift of the gods. It can gradually bring about a degree of enlightenment sorely needed. It can rescue humanity from the ignorance that is threatening its survival. The secular government, and religious leadership must unite for the proper use of both arts and sciences—and the sooner the better.

For many years, Los Angeles had a substantial theatre. Dramatic productions were usually given in the old Mason Opera House, which was on Broadway near Second Street. Between 1920 and 1940 the San Carlo Opera Company presented such old favorites as *Faust*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Tosca*. There was an occasional *Carmen*, but this was not a regular feature. Most of the voices were of good quality and all performances were well attended. On the same stage, Robert Mantell and his daughter gave excellent interpretations of the more popular Shakespearean plays. They were excellent in *Macbeth* and *Richard III*. The Merchant of Venice with its final ballet was popular, and in their version of *Hamlet*, his daughter played Ophelia. Montell stepped outside the

Shakespearean cycle to present Lord Bulwer-Lytton's dramatic masterpiece, Cardinal Richelieu. In one scene, hired assassins attempt to murder the Cardinal in his bed and, as they are ready to leave, Richelieu appears on a staircase with a dramatic line that went something like this. "Richelieu, shall not die by mortal hand; the stars have said it." We sort of miss that kind of theatre these days.

The old Mason also played host to Holbrook Blinn, whose version of the life and policies of Pancho Villa was a triumph. Also, Walker Whiteside played his outstanding Chinese role as Mr. Wu. Walter Hampton was well received in a highly mystical play, *The Servant in the House*. George Arliss fascinated his audience when he engineered his board meeting with perfect finesse in that delightful play, *Old English*.

In those good days, Los Angeles was also proud of two stock companies; one holding forth at the Majestic Theatre and the other only a block or two away at the Morosco Theatre. At the Majestic, Edward Everett Horton was especially good as a hypochondriac and turned in a fine performance in *Outward Bound*.

The Philharmonic Auditorium was reserved largely for the intelligentsia. It was there that I heard Ernestine Schumann-Heink in one of the last of her final tours. Her voice had faded considerably, but when she sang *Stille Nache* she received a standing ovation. On the same boards it was my good fortune to hear a concert given by Ignacy Paderewski. He was having some trouble with his starched detachable cuffs, but he triumphed over this annoyance with perfect composure. Fritz Kreisler always faced a friendly audience, but Tito Skippa had certain difficulties. For one performance, his tuxedo failed to arrive and he had to borrow one from the conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, a man of definitely different size and proportions, but everything was carried on in excellent humor. Mrs. Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society, though of advanced years, gave powerful lectures at the Philharmonic Auditorium.

I used to take my parents to the Orpheum Vaudeville Theatre in the days of its glory. The acts often included short playlets. In one



The bookplate of Edward Everett Horton. A fine theatrical composition. From the PRS collection.

of these, Ethel Barrymore discussed the probabilities of becoming financially independent by purchasing a typewriter. Theodore Roberts, who played Moses in the first version of De Mille's *Ten Commandments* also appeared at the Orpheum. Comedy acts included Jack Benny with Mary Livingstone, Edgar Bergen with Charlie McCarthy, and most of the artists who were later to gain fame in radio and motion pictures.

In those days, audiences were not afraid to be constructively influenced by good theatre. Most of the serious drama was thought provoking and it was usually possible to have a happy ending. Admissions were within the reach of those on moderate incomes; top

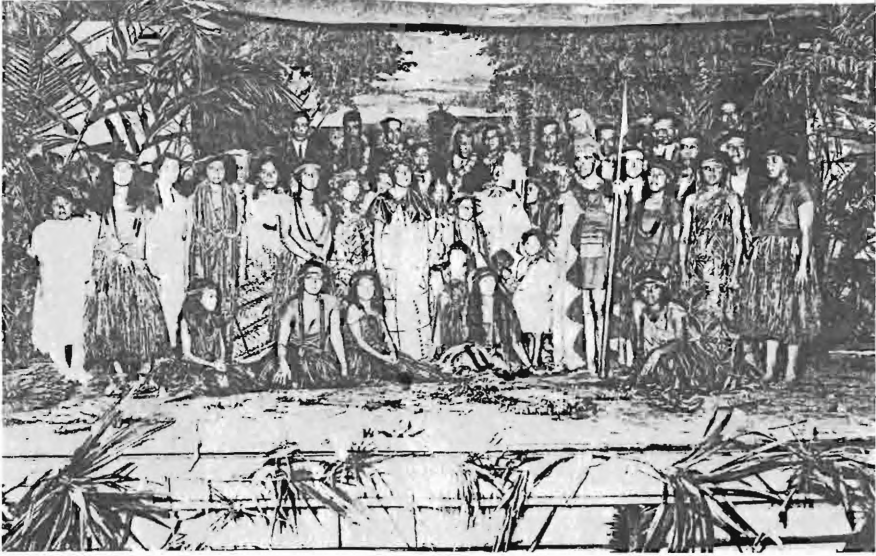




The bookplate of Charles Spencer Chaplin. A poor boy looking across the Thames toward the great buildings of London. From the PRS collection.

seats were seldom over three dollars. The concerts at the Hollywood Bowl were well programmed featuring semi-classical numbers and the works of good composers. It is strange to remember that essentially fine theatre in which seasoned actors participated in plays of proven worth no longer commands the large audiences it once did.

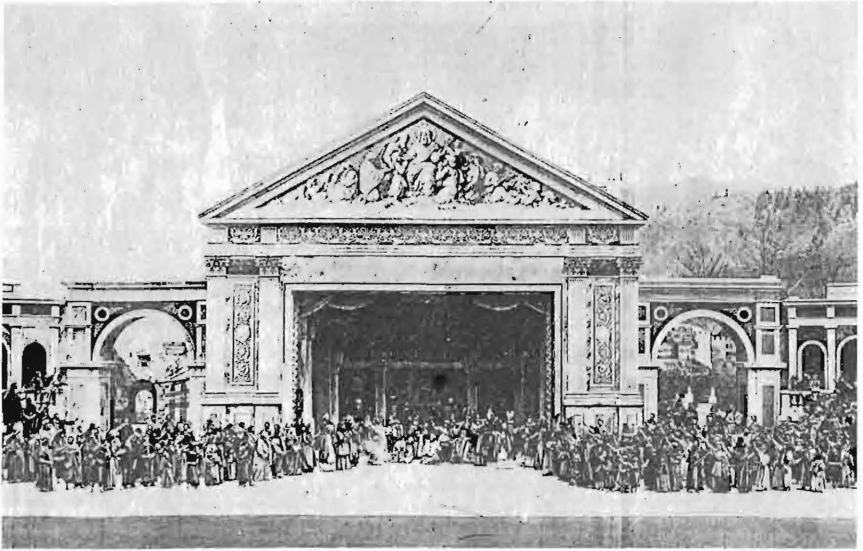
In the early 1920's, I had an opportunity to attend a special festival commemorating the life of Queen Liliuokalani, the last royal ruler of the Hawaiian Islands. The pageant was held in Hilo on the big island. A prominent member of the Hawaiian aristocracy impersonated the Queen and surviving members of the old royal court participated in the pageantry. Many of the priceless



A Hawaiian Island pageant as presented in 1923.

feather capes preserved in the Honolulu Museum were loaned for this occasion and the various costumes and elaborate helmet-like headdresses lent authenticity to the occasion. A number of outstanding native dances were presented by students studying with a young lady who was not an Hawaiian, but the very talented daughter of a Christian missionary. The young lady had been studying for years the sacred literature of the islanders and was familiar with the ancient legends upon which the local customs were based.

Hilo was a quiet little town with no resemblance to the tourist ridden city of today. A considerable group of interested persons was determined to preserve the arts of the islands for future generations. One elderly lady who was related to the royal family acted as a librarian for the Bishop Museum. The museum itself was named for Pauahi Bishop, a direct descendant of Kamehameha, the Great. Incidentally, General Albert Pike, the outstanding



The stage for the Oberammergau Passion Play as it appeared for the season of 1890. From *Lectures* by John L. Stoddard.

Masonic scholar of modern times, received a decoration from the King of the Hawaiian Islands and in photographs he is often shown wearing this jewel.

It may be of interest to note in passing that on the big island are two of the world's most famous volcanoes, Kilauea and Mauna Loa. If the height of these two mountains were measured from the ocean floor rather than from the land surface, both would be over thirty thousand feet high.

My grandmother and her two daughters attended the Oberammergau Passion Play in 1890. In those days, the seating was out of doors. It was traditional that it would rain during the crucifixion scene, and Grandmother always told her friends that she was drenched to the skin before it was over. In 1970, I made a special trip from Munich to see this world famous sacred drama. Having had a bad fall in the Munich Art Museum in Bavaria, I managed to reach Oberammergau by auto, but from that point on I was under the loving care of the West German Red Cross. When I arrived at



the theater in a wheelchair, I was rolled down the main aisle and allowed to sit in the wheelchair for the entire performance.

After seeing photographs of previous performances, I have the feeling that the mystical overtones of long ago are fading away. For centuries, the play was performed in a cemetery, and tourist trade had not become a matter of concern. In the version I saw the man playing the Christos was almost inconspicuous. He did not dominate the groups which were supposed to assemble around him and, in the scene in which Christ enters Jerusalem, he is actually lost in the crowd. At the time I was there, there was also considerable religious criticism in the air. Today, there are persons opposed to everything, on general principles. There was talk of re-writing the script or leaving out material that might lead to discord. For centuries no one questioned the right to dramatize the life of Christ in its original form, according to the Gospel of John, but times have changed.

The shops in Oberammergau do a thriving business whenever the play is given. Wood carvings are a specialty of the region, but very expensive. Walking down the main street, I passed the local apothecary shop. The window featured a very large poster of Paracelsus surrounded by the paraphernalia of chemistry and bottles presumably featuring remedies for the benefit of those following the Paracelsian canon. In this same shop and several others it was possible to purchase solid gold medals for the 1970 season of the Passion Play.

On several occasions, it was my good fortune to be lecturing in New York City during the Metropolitan Opera season. This provided the opportunity to attend the two great Wagnerian cycles of the *Ring* and the *Grail*. Unfortunately, Madame Flagstad had returned to Europe, but Lauritz Melchior was present and in excellent voice. Through a fortunate circumstance, Helen Traubel, a singer unknown at that time, was quite satisfactory in the principal feminine roles. Wagner developed his own interpretation of the Nordic mythology and the *Ring Operas* are reminiscent of the initiation rituals of ancient mysteries. This cycle has been called Wagner's *Old Testament*, and the *Grail* rites the *New Testament*.



A gift shop in Oberammergau with its painted walls as it appeared in 1970. MPH photo.

For music lovers who are not firmly addicted to Wagner, the *Ring* cycle is tedious to those seated in the boxes and loges, but are soul stirring to those music students with their librettos in the second balcony. While I was attending *Siegfried*, a couple in the seats exactly in front were in an advanced stage of boredom. There is an extensive recitatorial while Siegfried is mending the magic sword on an anvil. In the process, much of the plot is sung in monotone German, and I heard the man in the next row front whisper, *sotto voce*, "Is that blacksmith ever going to finish?" When at last the sword is mended, Siegfried is supposed to plunge it into a tank of water from which a cloud of steam arises. There was trouble with special effects, however, and the steam came up in a magnificent cloud long before the sword hit the water.

In the *Gotterdammerung*, Helen Traubel, affectionately known as "Big Helen" by her friends and admirers, had minor difficulties. In the immolation scene, as Brunhild she is supposed to mount her flying horse and ride into the funeral pyre. Under pre-

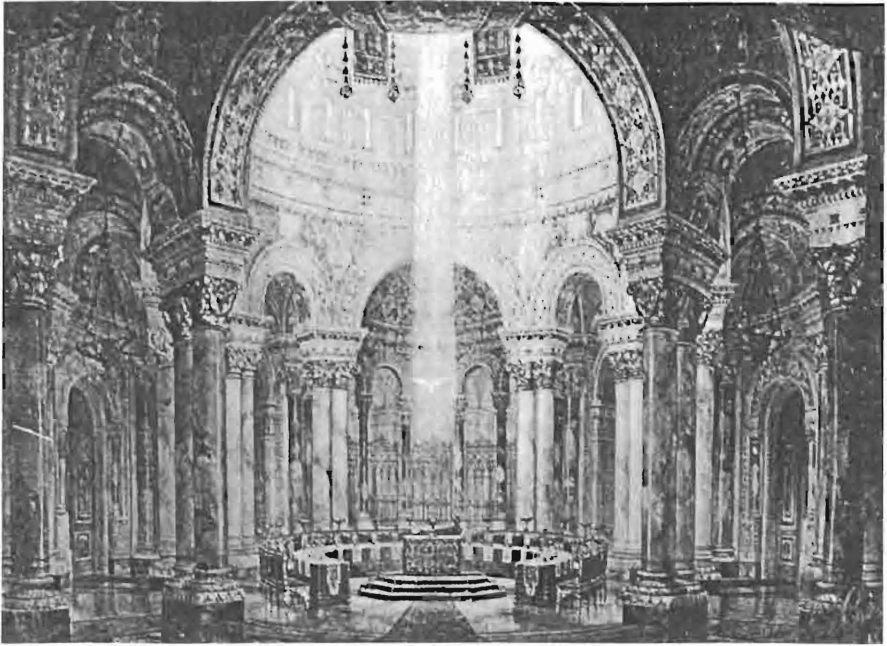
vailing conditions, this was impossible. Brunhild had to lead her horse off the stage and she was surreptitiously feeding it lumps of sugar. The libretto tells us that all these final events took place in the house of the Gibichung located on the banks of the Rhine. I inquired of an outstanding German musicologist the location of this ancient establishment. He shook his head sadly saying, "I never heard of it before." Evidently he did not read librettos.

In my day, there was always a special performance at the Met of *Parsifal* on Good Friday. There was an overcharge placed on the tickets which contributed to the support of a civic music project for underprivileged children. Those who remember Lauritz Melchior before he retired from opera and went big game hunting in Africa, probably remember the initial appearance of this great Wagnerian tenor in the first act of *Parsifal*. Melchior was usually heavily corsetted and wearing a blond, pageboy wig. His portly frame was decently covered with a kind of tunic which ended about three inches above the knees, and in one hand he carried a bow about the size of a coathanger. With this equipment, he shot the sacred swan and, when the stuffed bird hit the stage with a thump, it bounced.

In those days, the Met was seriously limited for space to store its properties. For each performance, vans had to park at the back of the opera house to unload the scenery and later take it back and store it at a considerable distance from the opera house. There were always unusual episodes, intentional or otherwise. One of the intentional ones occurred in the garden of Klingsor, the black magician. At a critical moment, Klingsor throws his lance at Parsifal in order to kill him. Clearly seen is a kind of trolley wire along which the lance glides and on the day I saw it, the spear did not quite reach Parsifal who had to make a flying jump to catch it.

In *Lohengrin*, which is part of the Grail cycle, the last scene ends with Lohengrin calling to his magic boat, drawn by swans and disappearing into the mountainous vistas of northern Spain where the Grail castle stands. On one occasion, the swan boat left before Lohengrin sang his sad farewell. Reliable witnesses have confirmed that on this evening Melchior sang into the German lines,





The interior of the Temple of the Grail from the Metropolitan Opera setting of 1924. See *The Victrola Book of The Opera*.

“When does the next swan leave?”

Among religious rituals with strong dramatic elements, we should mention ancient ceremonies of fire walking and fire eating. Nearly every primitive culture has included some phase of this strange performance. There is a sect in Japan that practices this rite and, on a few occasions at least, they have permitted foreigners to participate. Non-members of the sect must be sincere and serious persons. They are then placed under the protection of a priest who tells them to take off their shoes and socks and hold his hand, never for a moment letting go. The two then walk slowly across the fire and neither is burned. I have actually seen this rite only once and that was here in California. It was performed by native Indians under the direction of a medicine priest brought in



The Walking on Fire Ceremony as performed annually in Tokyo on September 17. The original shrine was destroyed in the earthquake of 1923, but was rebuilt soon after. From *We Japanese*.

from the desert for the occasion.

Amerindian secret societies have many ritual practices with strong pictorial overtones. The initiation rituals of the Ojibway people seem to imply acquaintance with secret societies of the Near East. Miraculous happenings are frequently noted and these are discussed at length by Charles F. Lummis in his book *Some Strange Corners of Our Country*. It would seem from Lummis's description that the Amerindian priests performed many of the same miracles associated with East Indian conjury. Wherever ritual is widely practiced, miraculous circumstances are usually reported.

For centuries the Penitentes of New Mexico, Colorado, Sonora, and the Philippine Islands have performed what has been called *The American Passion Play*. In this drama, no exploitation was possible. Audiences were not invited, but occasionally an intimate friend was allowed to be an observer. The roads were blocked by armed men ready to shoot trespassers if necessary. A candidate selected by lot had the honor of being actually crucified. He was tied to the cross, however, without nails. He might be unconscious when taken down and in a few cases did not recover.

Through personal contact, I was privileged to watch parts of the Good Friday ceremony of Los Hermanos Penitentes. The participants wore their normal clothing, had no makeup of any kind,

and the elected Christos dragged a full-sized wooden cross up the steep sides of Calvary. Within two years after I had attended the Penetente Tienabre the performances were abolished. There is no longer any public display and the autonomy of the society is ended. Similar rites, however, with physical ceremonies continue in the Philippine Islands, and the Miseracordia in Italy and Spain still includes rites of penance. Colorful ceremonies originating in the Maya or Aztec culture of Mexico have lingered on as dance pageants. Many participants in these rites take them very seriously and believe that the participants may have, or will develop, extra-sensory perception.

A considerable literature originating with American Indian authors or their Anglo disciples seems to be derived from the popular esoteric literature now in general circulation in American and European countries. Whether these interpretations of ancient symbols and legends actually originate with the native people or have accumulated from outside sources is open to question. It is certain, however, that old myths are coming back to life. I once asked Hasteen Klah if the Navajo people had any legendry relating to astrology and he definitely shook his head.

The Amerindians of the Southwest have important ritual dramas which have been handed down in the tribal lore for many generations. The best known of these ceremonial dances is a petition for rain. The rites are generally performed in more or less isolated areas, but "Anglos" are permitted to attend. There is no charge, but photography is not permitted. The dance is regulated by a large and resonant drum. The drumming never stops for even a minute over a period of several hours. When one group becomes weary, new drummers step in and pick up the rhythm. The dancers, with their many colored regalia, include women and children and, when the rites start, there is not a cloud in the blue sky. A couple that was sitting next to me was speculating as to the probability of a heavy downpour which is most inconvenient where there are no bridges across the numerous washes. By mid-afternoon, they showed signs of anxiety and the man insisted that the dance was nothing but folklore, but after due thoughtfulness,



decided that it might be best to take no chances and leave early. It was a wise precaution for by late afternoon it was raining heavily.

Another interesting Amerindian sacred drama could well have originated in Tibet or Bhutan. I took a small plane from the Grand Canyon to attend the "Coming of the Gods" at Kochiti. The plane landed at the foot of the mesa and a path led to the village above. A considerable breeze was blowing and clouds of sand obscured most of the ordinary landmarks. The "Coming of the Gods" was heralded by drum rhythms and the Indians themselves stood against the walls of their adobe houses in solemn silence. The dancers, who were supposed to have come from the distant mountains, were actually members of the village population. They were fathers, sons, husbands, and brothers, but all strangely masked resembling the Katchina dolls. While they wore the masks which they had made themselves, they were sacred beings from another world, perpetuating beliefs originating in the dawn of time. The wind rose and the clouds of sand partly obscured the dance ceremony, and the figures in their strange regalias seemed to appear and disappear in a kind of yellow haze. Having completed their ceremony, the gods departed supposedly returning to the mountains from which they came.

Modern theatre in many parts of the world has fallen under the spell of social significance. Theatre is now a powerful medium for indoctrination. Liberated playwrights and stage directors are working from the premise, "If the story requires thinking, leave it out." Everything is impact, meaning nothing and going nowhere, but thrilling as it passes. In the days of Good Queen Bess, the theatre was tolerated. Now it is the great opinion maker. It follows that the public is extremely careful to protect itself against the vague possibility of intellectual improvement. In far off Mongolia, however, the theatre clearly reveals the victory of virtue over vice, and in a long hard fight between gods and demons, divinities always emerge victorious. Some attribute this moral factor as proof that the natives are still uncivilized.

During his brief and intensive career, Rudolph Valentino did a picture entitled *The Young Rajah*. The story was based upon the

*Bhagavad Gita* and popularity wise it was a dismal failure. At the auction sale of Valentino's estate, there were a few books which he may have read in connection with this Hindu role which went under the hammer. I made a bid on one of them, *The Buddhism of Tibet* by Austine Waddell, the medical officer on the Younghusband expedition into Tibet. The book has a good example of Valentino's bookplate.

Some producers and directors bewail the fact that there are so few good stories on the market. Actually, the supply of useful themes is endless. The real problem is that there are so few bad scripts that it is difficult to choose between them. In the recent list of fifty motion pictures for theatres and television, over forty contained definitely objectionable elements. Some portray explicit or implicit sex situations. Others were loaded with violence, degeneracy, and rape. A third group was heavy in obscenity and pornographic innuendos, and the few that remained were largely stupid.

Under these conditions, we must restore our respect for theatre by thinking back to better times—John Barrymore as Benvenuto Cellini in the *Jest* and Francis X. Bushman as the Duke of Medici, Lionel Barrymore keeping in his heart throughout life the strange and wonderful secret in *The Copperhead*; De Mille's first version of the *King of Kings*; and Francis X. Bushman in *Ben Hur*. These great successes in their time packed the theatres and had wonderful reviews. There were good musicals in those days also—Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy in *The Vagabond King*, *The Desert Song* and *Rose Marie*. It is announced that some of these melodies are now available on cassettes and I suspect that they will sell well.

In the old days of the legitimate theatre as we have already mentioned there was an asbestos front curtain. This announced almost everything from Glover's mange cure to Jane's vermifuge and electric belts. These announcements were artistically arranged around some central subject such as the canals of Venice. If you arrived at the theatre early you had ample opportunity to contemplate the various offerings of local merchants. When everything was over and you were ready to leave, the advertisements



The bookplate of John Barrymore made from his original design which caused considerable distress to the printer. From the PRS collection.

came back into view again for one last lingering look.

In television, advertising is almost continuous and increasingly ingenious. As you watch the hero and heroine riding into the sunset, a closeup shows them munching contentedly on a hamburger with all the trimmings. With eight or nine commercials inserted between the sections of a story, it is almost impossible to appreciate even a well acted feature film.

Ballet can be traced to the sacred theatres of antiquity. Primitive people have always been strongly affected by rhythms. Mythologies tell us that the rhythm of the dance of life is the heart-beat. Among primitive peoples there are dances for every important occurrence in human life. They provide a vital emotional outlet and help to maintain the unity of tribal society. We are informed that Socrates liked to caper about in the early morning and his disciples accompanied him in tripping the light fantastic. Pythagoras also participated in ritualistic posturing as part of meditative disciplines. According to very old records, Christ and His Apostles danced and sang together at the Last Supper.

With the development of theatre, choral interludes were added to popular theatrical performances. It has been suggested that the massive baroque theatres required that a large number of persons should assemble in significant patterns. To dramatize such groups,



they performed choral music and dancing ensembles whenever the structure of a play provided a suitable opportunity. We remember that the *Merchant of Venice*, when the happy ending becomes obvious, concludes with an elaborate ballet for no particular reason. Solo artists have achieved lasting fame in the dance and we can mention Nijinsky, Pavlova, Ruth St. Denis, and Martha Graham. I had the privilege of knowing Ruth St. Denis's mother, an intriguing little, old lady who could pirouette at the slightest provocation, and whispered to me one evening, "I taught Ruth."

Looking back over the years, it seems to me that I have been privileged to enjoy the outstanding period in modern theatre. We have also seen the changing panorama of stagecraft in the wide gamut between overacting and underacting. In the very early days, Sarah Bernhardt did a movie on the life of Queen Elizabeth I. It was a fantastic exhibition of excessive dramatization. One day when the divine Sarah was a guest in a leading hotel, she carried with her the snake that she used in Cleopatra. It was a harmless garter snake, but created pandemonium when it was seen crawling its way down the grand staircase.

In those years, the emphasis was definitely constructive and without apology. Even with less adequate theatrical machinery the special effects were amazing. I went with Grandmother to see *Ben Hur* and the chariot race was a wonder to behold. The two chariots, with live horses, galloped across the stage on a treadmill. *Joseph and His Brethren* was based upon a Biblical text, but in one scene, a full moon was shining down on the shadowy outlines of the great pyramids. It was an amazingly graphic representation and served beautifully to emphasize the action in the foreground. In New York they presented a dramatic representation of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. On the stage was a complete ship, rocking about on a stormy sea with men in the rigging and the sails flapping in the gale. You do not see stagecraft like this any more.

Memory drifts back to a performance of the Folies-Bergere in Paris. While this extravaganza long suffered from an adverse press, it would be comparatively conservative according to present standards. It had extraordinary stagecraft. For example: in one act

the curtain rose to reveal in the foreground a pond of real water with a fountain sending streams into the air. Behind the fountain was a long flight of steps which led down into the water. A colorful group of persons, with gentlemen in full dress and the ladies in extravagant costumes and headdress, all walked down into the water and disappeared. The fountains continued to play, but the cast did not come up for air.

Another scene showed a kind of Egyptian barge carrying brilliantly attired persons, floating across the stage on a sea of waving ostrich plumes. Most of the waves were of sea blue, but occasionally there was a white one to suggest breaking foam. The persons handling the fans were invisible, but the rhythmic wave motions were remarkably beautiful. More to our present taste was a team of adagio dancers. The leading lady wore the costume of *La Belle Marianne* (personifying France), and her partner wore an elaborate mask of the President of France. All the chorus, young ladies with fluffy skirts, wore masks depicting members of the Chamber of Deputies. In the course of the performance, Marianne was thrown from one to another and dragged across the stage in an effort to determine which of the politicians was to control her destiny.

One other unusual item we would like to mention. Shortly after the production of the first recorded motion picture film there was a program depicting music boxes. They were of the French type with graceful figures posing on the top of the music mechanism. When the film was run, these figures moved and pirouetted most gracefully, but the interesting point is that at that early time they were in full color. I have been told, for what it is worth, that these lengths of film were hand colored in Switzerland. The work was perfect and nothing made today equals the craftsmanship.

Well, I guess it is about time to bring this little excursion into nostalgia to an appropriate conclusion. I hope the young people of the future can look back upon a theatre equally interesting and inspiring. Perhaps those of my own generation have had similar experiences and this may remind them of the great theatre of long ago.



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## Happenings at Headquarters

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On Saturday and Sunday, September 13th and 14th, we had the pleasure of a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Ritman from Amsterdam, Holland. They have one of the world's finest collections of early esoteric books and manuscripts, including alchemy, Rosicrucianism, and most of the important names who have helped to preserve the sacred wisdom of antiquity. They have opened their library to the public, an event of international importance in the realm of higher learning. The name of their library is the Bibliotheca Philosophica Hermetica. Mr. and Mrs. Ritman spent some time in the vault of the PRS Library and were delighted to find items they had never seen before. They brought a wonderful gift as a token of appreciation for our collection. In a beautiful example of bookbinding genius, they encased two extremely rare Rosicrucian items, the first English edition of *The Fame and Confession* of the Rosicrucian Fraternity attributed to Johann Valentine Andreae, and the first English version of the *Themis Aurea, or Laws of the Fraternity* by Michael Maier. Later Mr. and Mrs. Hall entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ritman in their home. In all, this was a most unusual occurrence.

The PRS Open House on October 7, 1984 included a concert by the International Children's Choir in a musical tour around the world. These young people sang and danced their way into the hearts of a most enthusiastic audience. Their presence appropriately celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the PRS. The group was under the direction of Irene Bayless whose inspiring leadership has made a positive contribution to a better understanding be-





tween races and nations. The children were dressed in the costumes of their various countries and many of the smaller ones were especially appealing and the whole group was a joy to behold. We hope to have the privilege of having them with us again in the not too distant future and we are most grateful for their presence with us.



A Good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

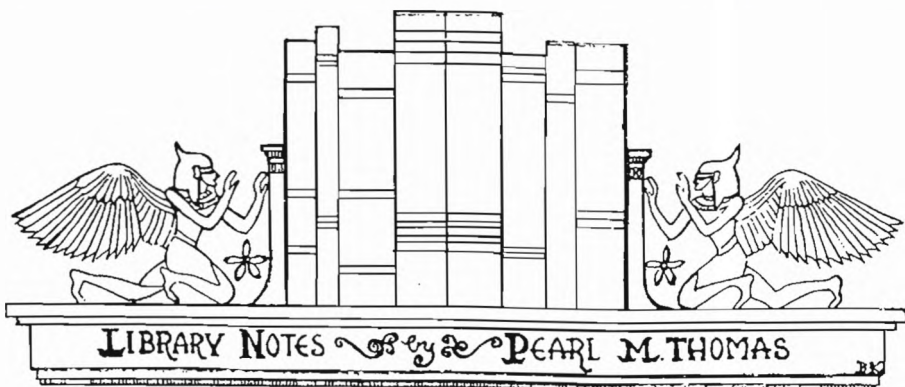
—John Milton

It is books that teach us to refine our pleasures when young, and to recall them with satisfaction when we are old.

—J. H. Leigh Hunt

Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.

—Edwin Percy Whipple



## LONDON, A MAGNETIC CITY

Most cities have certain abiding features that distinctly belong to them. Perhaps they are remembered for the beautiful way they are laid out; or remembered for a certain historical significance which has great meaning.

There can be no doubt that London is many things to many people. The mention of London to some conjures up fog, drizzly rain, and gray days. Others respect the London theater and consider it the best in the world—and rightfully so. The vast array of museums in London is well worth an extended trip just to visit them. Then the great network of parks and squares which are open to the public is a release from the vast array of buildings which come in all sizes, shapes, and periods. The Thames with its commerce and its magnificent bridges is a most integral part of the metropolis and it would be impossible to imagine London without it. Whether it is liked or disliked, London is an extraordinary city.

London has been home for a tremendous number of outstanding persons. In and around the city there are about 350 large, blue, circular plaques which are attached to homes to mark the former residences of the great and near-great. The Chelsea area, 660 acres, located up the Thames from Westminster, has many of these indicators. It became an “in” address when Sir Thomas

More, "The Man for All Seasons," Lord Chancellor of England, had a beautiful residence built for him in this area in 1520. Since then it has attracted many worthy projects. The Royal Hospital, founded by Charles II in 1682, is one of Christopher Wren's outstanding architectural accomplishments. It is now the residence of the scarlet-coated Chelsea Pensioners and the location of the much publicized annual Chelsea Flower Show. Next door is the beautiful Chelsea Physic Garden which was founded in 1673 by the ancient Society of Apothecaries. It is still a teaching garden, much used by London colleges. The West Coast magazine, *Sunset*, had an article about this garden in the April 1984 issue.

Blue plaques abound in this area. It went through a Bohemian period during the residency of James McNeill Whistler and Oscar Wilde, both gentlemen being eccentrics in their clothes and in their outlooks. At No. 16 Tite Street, Oscar Wilde wrote *Lady Windermere's Fan* (1892) and *The Importance of Being Ernest* (1895). At Lindsey House, built in the 1700's, James Whistler painted his famous *Arrangement in Gray and Black* (1872), otherwise known as "Whistler's Mother." One of his comments about this painting which gained considerable fame even in his own time was: "One does like to make one's mummy just as nice as possible." Another famous resident at Lindsey House was engineer Sir Marc Brunel, the builder of the first tunnel under the Thames.

Thomas Carlyle, called "The Sage of Chelsea," lived for forty-seven years at No. 5 Cheyne Row (it is now No. 24). He paid the same rent during the entire time he stayed there! He could be gruff and overbearing but he was known to have a loving, caring heart. A near neighbor, Leigh Hunt, poet and essayist, lived in constant poverty, but whenever he visited Carlyle (and this was often), a guinea was quietly placed on the mantle which Hunt automatically picked up; a case of mutual understanding without a lot of fanfare.

These homes are all marked with the large blue plaques. While I was in the area, I took pictures of the former homes of George Eliot, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Oscar Wilde, and Thomas Carlyle, one of which is being reproduced here.





Now a museum. Carlyle's home in Chelsea London at 24 Cheyne Row.  
Photo by Pearl Thomas.

Other areas around London also have their fair share of these plaques indicating homes of former celebrities, Samuel Johnson's, whose home on Gough Square is a tourist spot where visitors may see the attic where his great Dictionary was written. Charles Dickens's home, where he wrote *Oliver Twist*, is a far cry from his early surroundings. Mark Twain spent the years 1896-97 in Lon-

don; Benjamin Franklin found the city noisy and smoky, and Sigmund Freud spent his last years in London. He was not only given political refuge but he also received a warm welcome from the medical profession and the general public. Handel lived in the city for forty-seven years and was never short of musical patrons, so vitally necessary in his time. Karl Marx, who moved to London when he was expelled from Prussia, died in London in 1883. The list could go on endlessly.

The transportation system of London is fantastic. Much of the basic groundwork was established many years ago. Tunnels built under the Thames are over a hundred years old. The underground, or "tube," has been in existence for many years and is the world's first subway system.

The marvelous London taxicabs are, I'm sure, unlike any cab system elsewhere in the world. In many major cities one takes his life in hand in attempting to go by taxi. In London, it is no perilous adventure. The London cabby is trained over a period of two years during which time he is sent out on bicycles or small vehicles to check locations, and learn the proper and most direct way to get to any destination. He really knows his city.

Streets of London change names more often than they change directions. For example, the main East-West artery starting at the Mansion House, close by the Bank of England, is called Poultry Street, but quickly changes to Cheapside, then Newgate, to Holborn, to New Oxford, to Oxford, to Bayswater Road, to Nottinghill Gate, and Holland Park Avenue. And the names continue to change.

The London cabby has stringent tests to pass before he is allowed to operate his cab, which he owns outright (and they are not cheap!). At first these cabs looked awkward to me, but actually they are quite comfortable, always kept neat and clean. The doors are wide, the floor flat. I suspect you could stash fifteen suitcases in front of the back seat and still have room for your feet! The drivers are business men; they are a proud lot and give excellent service. The cab license has to be renewed each year and is easily revoked if the driver has failed to live up to the requirements. With

over 8000 cabs in the city, they are more numerous than any other form of transportation.

We loved the big red double-decker buses. The really great way to see the city is from the top deck. The tube, or underground, is available all over London and is excellent. You do not see anything but you get to your destination in a hurry, with about two minutes between stops. The river boats, plying from Westminster Bridge down to Greenwich or up to Kew Gardens or Hampton Court, are sturdy old vessels but give the feeling of complete safety and durability, and you get a bit of history along the way.

There are also fine new trains which slip through the countryside at a remarkable rate of speed. None of these forms of transportation are really expensive and each type should be experienced by anyone visiting London.

Taking one's chances at being a pedestrian can be precarious. Coming from a large city like Los Angeles, I was sure that crossing a street would be simple. "T'ain't necessarily so." Londoners drive at tremendous speed. But everywhere we found that the British drivers have a strong sense of basic courtesy which indeed is a hallmark of the British character.

The "Pub" or public house is an institution in England which is distinctly British. The theory has even been advanced that the pubs originated in the days when Roman rule dominated the island empire. Romans, in early Christian days, held sway there until 423 A.D., and their influence is still felt. Ancient Roman walls are seen in many places and today every effort is made to preserve them. Remains of these walls are often found when diggings are called for in the erection of new buildings. Roman baths are still preserved, especially in Bath, the city named for them.

Pubs are far more than just a place to eat or drink. They are actually, according to many authorities, more essential to the life of the Englishman than almost anything. Here is where public opinion is formed. A great many Englishmen have what they call their "local" and visit it regularly at least once a week. Perhaps it is on Sunday mornings, for a snack, a light beer, and a bit of news. The news is not classed as gossip but is information meaningful for people in the area. Anyone is welcome in the pub. Unescorted women



need not hesitate to enter one. The food, or "Pub lunch" is usually good and the service kindly and considerate. The strict government regulation of hours perhaps has much to do with a sense of sobriety. In general, pubs are open from 11:30 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. and again from 5:30 P.M. to 11:00 P.M. There are over 7,000 of them in London alone which speaks well for them—they are certainly popular and one should have no difficulty in finding one suited to his individual interests or tastes.

Pub signs are a distinct feature and date back for hundreds of years. Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*, refers happily to the Tabard Inn, Southwark, where the travelers gathered before setting out on their pilgrimage to Canterbury. The sign seldom, if ever, says anything about eating or drinking. They originated in times when few people could read. Today, they are still of fair size and often have a picture of a man (perhaps Henry VIII), an animal, or bird, a bell, or an oak tree which was a popular form. Names abound like: Ye Olde Cock Tavern, Old King Lud, King's Head and Eight Bells, the Goose and Ferkin.

One pub where we ate is called the "Prospect of Whitby" and was established in 1543. It is located in an area called Wapping, about a mile below the White Tower, and it affords a fine view of the Thames. Samuel Pepys and Charles Dickens frequently visited this establishment.

Arthur Guiterman put it well when he said:

The finest thing in London is the Bobby;  
Benignant information is his hobby.

The London "Bobby" is a representative of a remarkable police system. But it has not always been thus. The London scene was a sorry affair into the early 1800's. Criminals were so rampant that the authorities were hard put to know how to keep them incarcerated. Some were made prisoners aboard old ships on the Thames, some were simply disposed of, and many were shipped off to Australia. The crimes committed were often very minor.

A strong criminal element was there too, but the police were ill-paid when paid, poorly clothed, and with no training. Sir Robert Peel, in 1822, took over the job of Minister of Law and Order. He

sized up the situation, gave policemen good uniforms, much increased their salaries, gave them respect and dignified their jobs. He also more or less disarmed the police. The new order took hold quickly and to this day the police in London are called "Bobbys" in fond memory of Sir Robert Peel. They are a fine looking, good-natured and kindly concerned group. They are young and vital and oh! so willing to be helpful. I even like their headgear now which I



English Bobbys. Photo by Pearl Thomas.

previously thought a little strange looking.

My friend and I experienced a tremendous sense of safety wherever we went. We attended five evening performances and had no hesitation about being out late at night. There is no doubt about it—London is a safe city.

One of the most delightful experiences of my recent trip to London was spending part of a Saturday morning at Thomas Goode, purveyors of China and Crystal; "By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, Suppliers of China and Glass." Never have I seen such a preponderance of beautiful china, in sets, in individual art pieces. Room after room of it. I almost hesitated to go, thinking the prices would be prohibitive. But our hostess on two Sundays had urged me to visit Thomas Goode, she wanted me to have the experience of it. Her lovely townhouse was filled with delightful pieces from this china shop, including two sets of porcelain figures of the Cold Stream Guards, protectors of royalty. They were meaningful to her as her husband had been a member of the famous Cold Stream Guards which had served since the return of royalty in 1660.

Shortly after entering the Thomas Goode shop, a representative asked me if he could assist me. I told him one of the principle things I wanted and he made suggestions. I went my way and he went his. Not finding what I came for, but being extremely successful in other areas, I sought him out and asked (it was exactly 12:00 noon) if he was going to lunch or could he help me. No, he was not going to lunch. They were closing in an hour! Of course, all said in a beautiful, precise English. I had completely forgotten the tendency to early Saturday closing time.

It was a soup tureen that I was seeking but had not found any to my liking that was within my means. I had quite fallen in love with a Royal Copenhagen tureen on display near the entrance but it cost close to four thousand pounds! I took a picture of the entire display, at least I have that! My English assistant took me to another floor and showed me tureen after tureen. One seemed to be just right and was settled on. Then he was called away on some responsibility but he told me to gather items together that I desired



and showed me where to place them. I more or less threw precaution to the winds—I didn't run, but wanted to! I gathered items as he had suggested (nineteen of them), took pictures of them, including one with him when he returned. By that time lights had gone out everywhere except where I was waiting. When the sales transaction was completed it was 13:40 (or 1:40) P.M. All in all, it was a wonderful two hours which I will long remember.

Shortly after I returned home, I was delighted to find in one of our American house beautiful types of magazines an article entitled "Britain by Mail." At the top of the list was Thomas Goode, described as a charming Mayfair firm since 1827. The author goes on to say: "Goode's is the quintessential London shopping experience, offering the finest display of its kind to be found anywhere (including many styles and patterns not available in this country)." And, I might add at reasonable prices.

The term "antiques" is an English invention. On the continent the term used is "antiquities." In England they are getting more and more scarce and the manufacture of so-called "antiques" is a growing industry.

At the hotel where we stayed, near the famed Marble Arch there was an Antique Show one weekend which we attended. Two large rooms below the ground level were occupied by dealers showing off their wares. My friend, who has had her own antique shops, was well aware of what she wanted to see, but in all innocence I wandered in. It was not long before I noted repeats on certain items but not necessarily the same prices; they varied considerably! Then I discovered English teaspoons and my enthusiasm soared. One dealer had some charming spoons in a locked case with no price showing. I hesitated to inquire—such a setting automatically would increase the price. But I was curious and asked. They were well within my means, so I bought them. They are about half the size of our American teaspoons and the shaft is a beautifully designed five-tiered pagoda. What I'll do with them has not quite occurred to me. At least they travel well, took up little room in a suitcase, and are not heavy. That should be almost reason enough to buy them. And of course I suppose I could

always use them as teaspoons!

My initial encounter with the English variety of teaspoons was at our first breakfast in the hotel. I asked our waitress for a teaspoon and she, looking at my cup, informed me that I had one. To prove my point, I picked up the tea cup and lo, there it was! These spoons were everywhere we ate: hotels, restaurants, and private residences. As you can surmise, I quite fell in love with them.

Going to Madame Tussaud's was a Sunday afternoon experience we will not soon forget. A little background might be appropriate here to add meaning. In the mid-eighteenth century, a Swissman by the name of Curtius and his young niece had developed a fine technique by which they produced miniature figures in colored wax. In time, they made these into full-size figures and gained considerable fame. The young niece became a favorite of the French king's sister and she resided at the palace in Versailles for a period of nine years. Just before the French Revolution broke, the niece returned to Paris to be with her uncle. But her closeness with the Court of Louis put her under suspicion and she was imprisoned for a time. Her cell mate was Madame de Beauharnais, who later became the Empress Josephine. After the Peace of Amiens, the niece, now married with the name Tussaud, left France forever, not wishing to remain near the sorrowful place of the revolution when she had been forced to take impressions of royal heads immediately after decapitation.

In 1802 she removed all of the figures, some 400 of them, and brought them to England where they have been a most popular feature ever since. Madame Tussaud's is both a museum and a theatrical production. The work continues which she started over 200 years ago and new figures from the world of the theater, business, war and politics constantly appear.

One of the delights of seeing the various settings is that with many of them it is possible to walk right up to the figures. I took pictures of Gandhi, mystery writer Agatha Christie, Elvis Presley (for a friend), the wedding of Charles and Diane, and King Henry VIII with his numerous wives. Figures of royalty are roped off, but many are not so set aside. Literary celebrities are included and are



Madame Tussaud at the age of 42, when she left France for England. From book owned by Paula Andree.

very popular; among them: Chaucer, Scott, Dickens, Tennyson, Kipling, H.G. Wells, and George Bernard Shaw. There is a large scene of Lord Nelson's fighting ship which was too much for me and I made a quick exit. There are many tableaux, some scenes ac-



tually modeled from life by Madame Tussaud first exhibited in Versailles in 1789.

There is exhibited a great deal of humor with some of the figures. I noted a little old lady on the end of a bench which could seat three persons comfortably. She was apparently weary from viewing the exhibits, all humped-up and sound asleep. I felt delighted and sorry for her and then realized that it was just another wax figure, but in so unlikely a spot! The museum also has "Bobbys" and guards who stand at attention. They look pleasant enough, but that is only the waxen smile on their faces.

I recently read about Mark Twain visiting the wax works. His cousin, Katherine Clemens, who described the incident said that her relative was quietly studying one of the famous literary figures when suddenly he was jabbed in the ribs. He jumped and so did the little matron who had jabbed her umbrella at him. "Oh Lor', it's alive" and she made a hasty retreat.

In going around London, one is distinctly impressed with the great number of parks. Everywhere there is greenery. For the most part, parks are very large and are often called the "lungs of London." Each one has its individual character, and all are safe.

Originally these parks were private gardens or hunting grounds for royalty. These areas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were considered to be quite a distance from London proper, but now are all well within Greater London. There are some 30,000 acres given over to public parks, although they still actually belong to royalty. Londoners make very good use of them.

There are also about 1200 acres in small squares, usually only about an acre apiece, which likewise give a pleasant spot of greenery, with many large, beautiful, old trees. For example, Berkeley Square (pronounced Barclay) denotes a charming old area of residences largely built in the late 1700's and now transformed into exquisite executive offices for large companies.

Gracious gardens are a British love, and many an austere architectural wonder has in its inner gardens beautiful, quiet retreats which completely belie the hustle and bustle just a few feet away. Many hotels, department stores, and office buildings have large

containers for living plants which create a cheerful, colorful exterior particularly enjoyable on gray days.

Wherever you go in England gardens are very important. Many have been the result of the landscaping of Lancelot or "Capability" Brown (1716-1793), one of the truly great landscape architects of that period. He was particularly famous for the creation of gardens for large estates and was called in for service to over 140 private estates. The gardens he created at Blenheim Palace for the first Duke of Marlborough (ancestor of Winston Churchill) had much ingenuity mixed with a certain amount of humor. They remain beautiful to this day. He enlarged a pond and built a lovely arched bridge upon it. The mere fact that the bridge did not go anywhere did not seem to disturb him. It looked very well. Brown has made a tremendous impact on English garden procedures. He started the trend away from classical, straight lines in gardens to the development of curves and a somewhat studied casualness. Another large garden that he designed was at Longleat Manor House, an Elizabethan estate in Wiltshire County, south of London.

One can admire London for its wondrous cathedrals and abbeys. Or, one can be thrilled by the fact that so many of the world's great treasures have been secured for the ages in the vast museums of the city. Maybe it is the enormous department stores which intrigue. Napoleon once called London a city of shopkeepers. It was not intended as a compliment, but Londoners took it kindly. Perhaps it is the network of parks and squares of London that is so pleasing to the eye with their casual woodsy atmosphere. Again, it is interesting to note that so many great people have called London their home and everywhere there are the blue plaques to declare it. Also, the vast, organized, prompt, safe transportation system intrigues many people. London is all of these aspects and much, much more. It is truly a magnetic city.



There is only one thing a philosopher can be relied on to do, and that is to contradict other philosophers.

—William James



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