

# HORIZON

The magazine  
of useful and  
intelligent living

SEPTEMBER

1942

Articles by **MANLY PALMER HALL** Philosopher

## CONTENTS SEPTEMBER 1942 ISSUE

An identifying footnote to each article indicates whether it is an original article, a condensation from a Manly Palmer Hall lecture, or an excerpt from his writings. *Suggested Reading* is a guide to his published writings on the same or a related subject. A list of Manly Palmer Hall's published works will be mailed on request.

<i>THE INWARD LOOK AND THE OUTWARD</i> .....	1
<i>THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS</i> .....	10
<i>NOSTRADAMUS</i> .....	12
<i>LIN YUTANG: THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING</i> .....	19
<i>THE WIDOW OF WANG</i> .....	24
<i>SPOOKS</i> .....	28

# HORIZON

The magazine  
of useful and  
intelligent living

SEPTEMBER 1942

VOLUME 2, No. 1



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

Entered as second-class matter, July 31, 1942 at the Post Office  
at Los Angeles, Calif., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Entire Contents Copyright 1942 by Manly Palmer Hall  
For permission to reprint or translate address The Editor of HORIZON  
No consideration can be given to manuscripts submitted for publication.

Subscribers ordering a change of address must observe the requirement of two weeks' notice.  
Please give both the new and old address. Numbers missed can not be supplied after 30 days.

● *Possessiveness, externalized, results in war; internalized,  
in sufficient amount, it is fanaticism*

## The Inward Look And The Outward

AS various people reveal their reactions quite a number still do not really believe we are in peril in the war, it just could not happen to us. Others are convinced that the Universe is without a pilot; in proof or evidence finally of something long suspected; namely, that God does not love us any more. Another group takes a more direct attitude; if God does not do a little better with the world He is not going to be believed in any more! Others, having accepted the visible and tangible facts that the war is, are shaking their heads solemnly; they do not want to believe and they cannot understand the disclosures of perfidy within our beloved country. They say, Is it really possible that great corporations are guilty of doing some of the things suspected? Surely black markets on life-and-death materials

have not been established *here*; and it is equally impossible that any Americans could be as perfidious as the international bankers and traders are reputed to be!

Comes then the discouraging statement, "What are we all striving for?" Are we destined merely to protect those who are continuing to afflict us? Very confused are the emotions which emerge into the summary, "Well, I just can't believe it!"

It is strange how much an individual can believe that is not so, when he wants to. And also how little he can believe that is so, when he wants to. The peculiar truth is, we all want to believe according to our own personal conceits; and when we run against the obvious fact that things are not the way we believe, or desire, or affirm them to be, we get very much worked up.

Beliefs should be the substance of experience applied to the problems of decision and perspective. No individual should believe anything that is any great distance from a fact, for the reason that the whole of our experience-life, and our traditional life, our education, everything we have, is presumably pointed to culturing our beliefs toward facts, pointing our opinions toward realities. If we sit then completely dumbfounded in the midst of a reality, there is something wrong. We should never expect anything except that which occurs.

Whatever occurs and has happened is obviously the consequence of adequate cause. That cause has been apparent for a long time. The consequence could have been calculated from the moment the cause was set in motion. At no time, then, should we sit down and say, "Well, I just can't believe it!" Normal and natural reaction is to expect effects to follow their causes. But, we are never more surprised than when we are faced with reasonable consequences.

Outraged in this hour by the perfidy of both peoples and nations, and by the stupidity of the masses and the corruption of individuals, we want to know, if people remain as ineffectual as they are, how can we extricate ourselves from this dilemma? The answer is obvious, we cannot. We can never get ourselves out of any condition as long as people are in that condition.

We cannot correct a general world situation while the greater part of the world functions on the level of that situation. The moment we make any definite gesture toward the thing we believe in, we set forces in motion; but while we just sit and say, "I just can't believe it," it will go on the way it is. If there were sufficient impetus back of society to reform conniving corporations, to take care of correcting the major delinquencies, international and internal, that impetus would

correct the general evils from which we suffer. General evils give rise to particular ills. Every problem we suffer from is suspended from the principle of the problem. It is basic Platonic philosophy, that the innumerable corruptions that appear throughout society bear witness to a basic corruption in society itself, which will continually produce from itself periodic manifestations of its own inadequacy. These manifestations may be disease, war, or crime waves, or any one of a hundred different forms of social or economic unrest.

War is merely a manifestation of this basic inadequacy. The human being is not yet a stabilized, social animal. Only through the process of culturing and conditioning over a long period of time will the training be acquired which the human consciousness demands and requires—and this very training is that which causes some people to shake their heads solemnly and say, "I have lost faith in everything." This is faith lost in a Universe that will not corrupt itself to meet our corruptions, that continues to demand the same standard of integrity regardless of how completely the creation falls short of that standard.

Realizing the inevitability of cause and effect, and the flow of values forever in Space, the Eastern philosophy views the Western problem very differently from the way we view it. We have two great lines of thought in the world, along two lines of ambition. All creatures exist for the achievement of one of two goals: The first is the conquest or control of other things, of externals. The second is the conquest or control of internals. We are divided in our allegiance between the desire to possess, and the desire to become.

We also recognize that we are all basically motivated by one fundamental impulse: The desire to do what we want to do.

The various conditionings through which desire passes



result in the diversity which we see about us in life. One individual's desire is to make a fortune, another's is to accomplish a professional career. Some wish to excel in sports, and others in crafts and trades. What we desire to do becomes our great motivating power.

In the more abstract attitudes which involve the psychological tendencies of people, we find desire finally conditioned by abstract factors. To be desireless in a metaphysical or mystical sense might mean that the individual has no desire. The truth of the matter is, his basic desire is to be without desire, which is of course desire itself.

To give away everything one has, thereby to gain a certain personal pleasure from performing certain charitable actions is basic selfishness, in the fulfillment of personal desire. And that is so, too, whether it be a desire to conquer the world or die for a cause. Fulfillment of personal desire is regarded as the basis of personal happiness. We are happy when we are able to do that which we desire to do; we are unhappy when thwarted.

People say, We desire to be wise. That is a noble and reasonable desire, but one that demands conditioning, as do all other forms of desire. It demands the development not only of the abstract impulse to want wisdom, but also the technical capacity to comprehend wisdom, to accept it, and to use it. Numerous indeed are those desiring to be wise; but, also entirely different are the concepts of what constitutes wisdom, constitutes acceptable knowledge, and application of knowledge to its legitimate ends. The desire to be wise is a term conditioned by heredity and environment, conditioned by time and place, and conditioned by individuality and personality. And so, wisdom in the process of its interpretation takes on as many appearances as there are races and schools of thought.

In the East we encounter introverted desire. The Orien-

tal desires to possess or to be possessed by a certain kind of consciousness. This consciousness, preconceived and premeditated in most cases, is in many different schools of Eastern thought actually little more than a kind of self hypnosis. In a few of the most profound and ancient systems it rises to the estate of a great mystical experience. Great mystics in the East however are not much more commonly met with than here in the West. For every truly great Oriental there are a hundred who only seem to be great.

Western thought is basically extroversional, involved eternally in the problem of possessing. A sufficient amount of possessiveness, externalized, results in the phenomenon of war. But a sufficient amount of possessiveness, internalized, results in the peculiar phenomenon of fanaticism, and thus is not so very different as a kind of internal war.

The strength of the ego and the spirit of the self over its environment—whether that environment be the body, or whether it be the world—leads inevitably to the same general crisis. People who spend their lives trying to dominate their own personal activities by means of will-power come finally to collapse; and nations that try to dominate other nations by will-power and stress and striving come ultimately to the same collapse. Wherever force is used to accomplish an end it is obvious that one of two things is wrong: The end is wrong, or it would not be necessary to force it upon people. Or, the time is wrong, else the end would be accomplished. A wrong thing must be forced; but a basically right thing too must be forced upon the world if the time is wrong. That which could be accomplished joyously in one time by a people, must at another time be enforced by militarism domination. Any effort made to accomplish a desired end out of season results in a condition of stress. It is a crisis that bears witness to abnormalities, as do



all crises, whether of health within the body, which is war, or of economics, which too is a kind of war.

Study of the motivations behind war reveals in some cases that the motivation has been basically idealistic. Wars have been fought in order to accomplish a certain reform, to free people, to emancipate nations, to protect minorities, to accomplish many necessary things. Although in themselves great catastrophies to the race, these wars have apparently been the only way of breaking up the patterns with which humanity circumscribes itself.

The destruction caused by war is similar to the destruction caused by natural decay. Whether the means be violent or natural, crystallization inevitably ends in disintegration. A crystallized body will ultimately disintegrate, releasing the entity within it; but it is obvious that a crystallized social structure will not die at any given time. A social structure as a kind of immortal animal eternally perpetuates itself, regardless of its corruption. It is therefore in the form of war that disintegration comes to break up the crystallization of corrupt political and social structures. Approximately the same end is accomplished as in the disintegration in the personal existence of an individual.

Death in our view is common disaster and so war is to us the great disaster in the failure to realize that without it the patterns that we most despise would endure and continue indefinitely. A certain professor has been worrying deeply over a problem, "The evil live too long, the good die too soon." What is the answer? This: Corrupting time cuts down people in this world whom we cannot spare, along with those who, had they never been born, no one would have known the difference; cuts down others who, had they not been born, the world would have been happier. Because of the few whose continuance would have assured a great good to mankind, the professor wants to wrestle with the problem of how to do something about this great dishonesty in nature. And so to the question: In the



development of new technique in hormone therapy, it might be possible to add twenty-five or fifty years to human life, and what would be the consequence of doing that?

Well, the world might announce it as the greatest discovery of all time. Then too, it might want to tar and feather the inventor. Able to keep a modern Plato with us for another fifty years, we would also have to keep with us a hundred politicians who, too, would live longer.

The universe going along in its blundering, unscientific manner has been worrying the professors for years, but it nevertheless manages to maintain a basic rightness in things as they are. As it is far better for the world that the few who are great should go their way at their appointed time, so is it better that never can a *status quo* be perpetuated in society for indefinite prolongation of any condition as it is. For, as a novelty and thus a magnificent opportunity for a while, any condition gradually bogs down until it becomes a limitation; ultimately, anything that we have become accustomed to prevents the development of ourselves. The only way we can keep on growing is to keep on moving. We immediately begin the process of dry-rot whenever we settle down into an attitude, a condition, a psychology, a system, or an order. It is necessary to jog us out of everything good, bad and indifferent. The final jogger is death. Death jogs us out of any predicament, and is particularly kind in this, in that it rescues those who have forgotten they wanted to be rescued. It takes care of those who have long since lost any perspective on the values of life. What death is to the individual, war is to the social system. It is a breaking up of inevitable crystallizations of patterns.

While we are engaged in our type of struggle here in the west, the Oriental too is also involved; sitting under his

banyan tree and viewing life from his Trans-Himalayan hermitage, he today hears the distant roar of airplane motors, and realizes the meditation of Asia is in grave danger of being interrupted. For thousands of years the Far East has been internally plagued with bad government, dissipation of power, and corruption in high and low places; but it has lived its own life, mingled very little with the outside world. Asia has never taken at all seriously the rise of European political power, but now it sees the phenomenon of the whole world involved simultaneously in a great strategy of conquest, of world dominion not dreamed of since the time of Genghis Khan. The holy man sitting quietly under his tree is beginning to feel the consequences of a great world sociological change. What does this mean to the man of the Orient? How does he view it, and how does he interpret the conditions through which we are passing?

Our philosophy of life is largely stated in argot and colloquialism. We express in brief and pungent language our opinions on most things. The Oriental is much more subtle in his interpretation; he is far less explosive, far less certain in his statement of extremes; but he has his own clear convictions as to the why and wherefore of things. To the Oriental our war is the direct result of the departure of human effort and endeavor from a meditational mode of existence. The Oriental sage of course would not engage in hackneyed phrase, but he is sitting under his tree saying in effect, "I told you so, I told you so." Always he has assumed and held to be true that without the meditational life of the individual and internal tranquility no social existence can hold together in its external parts. In other words, unless a man can sit down quietly and alone and enjoy his own thoughts, think in terms of the beautiful and constructive, at least on occasions, he is not an individual capable of being woven into the fabric of any common social structure. There is nothing weaker in nature than the individual who cannot lean on himself. Of very weakest basic substance



is the individual whose life depends entirely for its adequacy upon what others do to him, or for him, who is constantly trying to run away from himself, outwardly, into some environment for security. The situation is hopeless when such a person is multiplied by a number like him required to make up a state or nation.

In Western life we have completely sacrificed the introversion relaxation of contemplation; if we introvert at all, we do it in the form of worry or fear, or express it through comfortable neurosis. Should we keep quiet very long, our doctor begins to suspect paranoia; silence is a bad sign.

The result of having no internal experience at all, and having nothing within ourselves in the form of a stabilizing force, is our turning to the stabilizers which western society provides, the church, education, and the state. Turning to these we become more unstable than we were before; contemplating them we become more neurotic than before. The church has no stabilization for our emotional life; if anything, it involves an elaborate mechanism of frustration through which all kinds of fears and phobias flow. Education, which is in a constant state of bewilderment itself, doesn't seem at the moment even to be able to determine for history whether you pronounce the Russia bastion Sevastapole, Sevasto-pool, or Sevastopple.

But, if the problems of education are largely frustrations, politics is the world's supreme frustration.

The extrovert West leans for stabilization on values which do not produce it. And when we lean way over toward something and there is nothing there—!!!—well, we pick ourselves up and go on. And that is exactly what has happened to us since the caveman age; we have been fighting one kind of dinosaur or another ever since we invented the stone ax. The different steps in our extroversion have all been an escape from ourselves out into circumference, out into the world, looking to external things for strength, coordination, and fraternity. It is our extroversional tendency which makes us in many cases quite happy, normal people; but, when overdone, unconditioned, uncontrolled, and unregulated, it results in the unbridled excesses of opportunism—and these take form in what we call war.

So, the Oriental says, the basic cause of war is in the individual having no point of stability within himself. If there were a point of stability within himself, he could not convert people. If the individual German was a stabilized being, there would be no opportunity for Adolph Hitler. The stabilization of individuals into self-governing units ends the capacity of others to dominate them. Crime or war are mass motions of unstabilized, dominated unbalanced people, who have no sense of resistance, comparison, or discrimination within themselves. This produces crime after crime, war after war, and we must have one outbreak after another until the experience develops us into stabilized individuals.

All right, we of the Occident reply, that is the way it is. We do not practice Yoga or sit in meditation under a tree. We do not give ourselves to the truly cultural things of life; we seek culture mostly in emotional satisfactions; even our musicians and artists approach their problems superficially. With no great internal cohesion or tempo within ourselves, here we are. But how about you? Sitting under your banyan tree in the heights of the Himavats, now you hear the ominous drone of airplane motors over your country. You have

meditated for ages, and yet it looks as though war is getting ready to sit on your back doorstep. What about that? You have told us what is the matter with us, and how we got that way. Now, we have not done what you have done; and you have not done what we have done; but we are both in it. What's the answer?

The answer you get depends upon whether your Oriental is a real thinker or a superficial thinker. If he is truly profound he will recognize that he has made the same type of error we have, in losing perspective on his environment. Do that, and you bring another problem into existence. Man began as an introversional creature; the primitive human of a million years ago lived without any external sensory perceptions, without any capacity of external locomotion. Living entirely within himself, the primitive protoman was an internal, subjective being, without any objective environmental consciousness whatsoever. But, over a period of hundreds of millions of years the individual creature gradually linked up with environment by means of extension of nerve terminals and the gradual differentiation of sensory perceptions. This process of man gradually reaching out to environment from darkness inside himself is part of his evolution. If the human being could have accomplished his evolution entirely subjectively, could have become a god, knowing good and evil, without having externalized, and could have remained eternally subjective and eternally wise, it is obvious there would have been no reason for this immense period of time, to bind together the internal and external by a sensitive network of nerves, which has taken millions of years to perfect to its present degree of imperfection. If we could have evolved completely within ourselves there would have been no need for organs of communication by which we have attempted an interchange of our ideas one to another. But by the very Divine Being or Power that created him, within man was implanted from the beginning the desire to mingle and share, to bridge intervals,

and bind together through the conscious experience of understanding.

If at five years of age one takes vows to retire for the rest of his life and meditate at the head of the Ganges, there to remain until at ninety-four years old he is gathered to his Fathers, it is certain that something will be lost. For something will not have been done. There will be the sin of omission, the failure to add that one small stone to the general structure of the contact consciousness which we should gain from each life. There will be something lacking in the form of ability to bridge intervals.

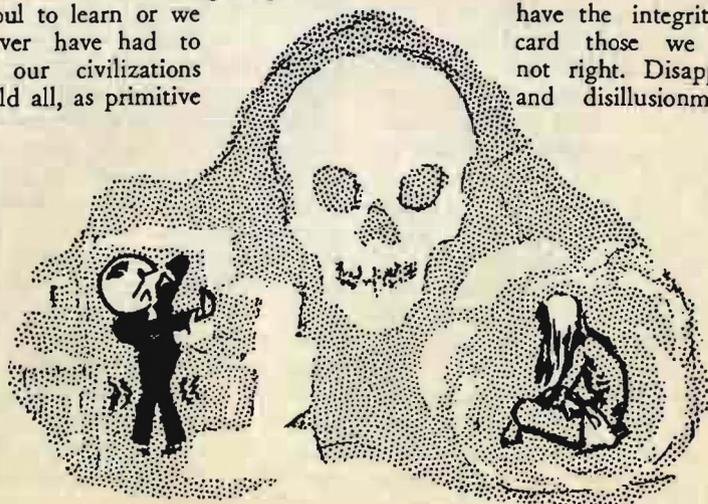
Complete subjectiveness, with every part of his discipline directed toward the unfoldment of only internal values, allowed the Oriental to remain for a long time in an extremely individualistic area. Then he fell into a series of consequences and conditions which naturally result from that form of desire. The Oriental has never confronted the problem of social structure in building good government; for example, China, one of the oldest civilizations in the world, up to very recent years, never even attempted to think in terms of the rights of anybody. It never attempted to solve, until the coming of new China in our own time, any of the problems of human rights.

There must be something important for the soul to learn or we would never have had to extrovert our civilizations. If we could all, as primitive

beings, have meditated our way to Nirvana, we would never have had to form today's civilization at all. There is some lesson yet to be worked out in the laboratory of life. Lord Bacon well observed; "Life is theory and practice." Introversional life is theory; extroversional life is practice. In life's laboratory of great social experiment thus we try out opinions, for what we call facts are only someone's opinions, and the whole world has been suffering over a great period of time as the opinions of the powerful have become the laws by which other men have had to live. Because they were opinions they have ever been inadequate, and as products of a time they have been applicable primarily or solely to their own time. The network meshes of outgrown beliefs and the fallacy of unproved opinions is something the world has never freed itself from.

Inwardly and philosophically we may reason out certain great truths; outwardly we must test and apply that which we have discovered in a laboratory of common concourse. More and more obvious it must be in religion, philosophy, and even in science itself, that many of the most firmly established beliefs can not stand the test of proving.

With the internal capacity to originate ideas we must have the physical endurance to live with those ideas after we make them laws. But we too must have the integrity to discard those we find are not right. Disappointments and disillusionments are



traceable always to clinging desperately to something that is not so. When we are not astonished or dismayed or perturbed by any reality, that is good philosophy. Philosophy brings with it the capacity not to be surprised, not to be dismayed, not to be disillusioned, not to be disappointed.

As the man of the East clings to his conviction that the introversional life is the significant one, only now to be bombed out of his thousands of years of complacency, he faces the same problem that confronts us. The eastern saint immersed in his meditations, and the Western materialist in his accumulations, are both finally to be cut down by the common mystery of death. To the foolish man it is a disaster; to the wise man it is a triumph. But the physical experience is common to both because planted deeply in all things that live, and beyond the possibility of being removed, is the seed of mortality.

The death which appears to be disaster can strike both East and West, because both have within themselves the imperfections which make them responsive to disaster. The Eastern mind has resisted the motion toward the perfection of the social state. In the West the resistance has been to the impulse toward the creation of the internal state.

As the sun that shines down upon the earth brings many different kinds of fruit to their ripening, makes watermelons green and lemons yellow, each in its own way to fulfill its own destiny, so experience ripens according to the need. As experience itself is impersonal, intangible, abstract, nothing ever really happens until some external forces itself dramatically upon us. The power of experience like the light of the sun as it radiates upon all life is in the form of incidents and happenings interpreted differently in the different types of organisms that receive its influence. Under the same light the apple ripens as an apple and the apricot as an apricot; it is not a common ripening forced upon all, but each fulfilling its own experience—as experience continues filling in the necessary intervals. So, war

which may turn the Westerner to meditation, may cause the Oriental to externalize thought to the creation of a social system. War being a statement of inadequacy, and the proof of it, out of itself it produces the impulse toward balance, equilibrium, and normalcy.

It is a false assumption, held by many that we are in the presence of a great catastrophe. In reality, it is no more than a great unpleasantness. The truant officer is coming; certain experiences are catching up with us.

In the belief of the Eastern sage, one thing only can we look for and hope for, and that is the perfection of man. Not in any time or place. Through time and place.

Reform to the Westerner has called for a parade, creation of an organization, election of a board, and after selection of a promotion manager, a campaign to go out and raise sixty million dollars with which to turn the world over. After a certain length of time, the world having failed to turn over, the world in fact having turned the reformers over, that is that. While they lasted they made a terrible noise, but there are so many making a terrible noise it takes a very loud noise to be heard at all. And sixty million dollars worth of uplift makes little splash in a world that borrows forty-five billions over the week-end.

We have yet to realize what the Oriental knows, that a reform is a family job. A good Mongolian thinks nothing of putting five generations to work on one scheme. His great-grandfather began it, and if he does his bit his great-grandson may finish it. We are in such a hurry. The perfection of humanity, whether of one small human institution or the whole thing, is not, according to the Oriental mind, something that is going to be accomplished by a sudden fell swoop of enthusiasm; it is to be built gradually over inconceivable periods of time; it must be built by people who may never see each other, and who unquestionably never will live to see the job they are working on accomplished.

The thing necessary is to desire a specific end, to know at least the basic principle of what you are trying to do. Then just work along on it quietly with no expectation of seeing it finished. Expect that every possible impediment will be placed in the way of what you are doing. Be much more afraid of those who understand you than those who do not. Anything that runs smoothly is worn; it will be none too smooth at first if it is new and has to find its place in the plan. Never expect cooperation; if the idea belongs to the future it will not be understood. The only people who can cooperate are the very few whose views are similar. The thing we do for tomorrow will be understood by tomorrow, misunderstood by today. The thing we understand today has already served its purpose; to re-state it is not to further the cause of progress. To say things people like to hear will make them happy; to say things they do not understand will make them better.

So, the Oriental mind says, "Do not think *Now*." Do not try to work out certain problems in terms of Now. Do not say the present war is going to be the last war. That has been said so long it is hackneyed; every war is going to be the last war. This war is not going to be the last war, it cannot be. There is no possibility of human beings learning enough in one war to prevent another war.

And there is not going to be a Golden Age following any specific moment in history. What *is* going to be, is mankind gradually growing better. It is because of the unselfish dedication of certain individuals at various times that all time is richer. These individuals have all been united in one common desire, the desire to make humanity better. Each generation produces a few more who have the same convictions; and these few adding themselves to the great stream of those who have gone before are gradually constituting a mysterious order of pilgrims, an over-race of creatures that have become the demi-gods of all mankind, the great leaders of pro-

gress. These leaders working through the things they have left behind them, and the records of their teachings, their doctrines, their religions, their empires, act as a foundation upon which other structures can be built. Gradually all this together is moving mankind irresistibly toward a condition of adequacy.

Life is a slow, eternal progress in which each generation learns a little, teaches a little, and fulfills its own destiny as a generation by understanding what has gone before and interpreting it in terms that are useful to that which is to come. We are wiser than we ever were before, and better than ever before; but there is a great deal of difference between better and best. What yet is to be accomplished is more than what has been accomplished. The great cycle we have passed through, since the prototype until now, is only a moment in the great distance between now and the perfection we dream of. Our attitude should be that our job is to make a contribution to correct something that we see is wrong; to make something right, but never expect to see reward, never expect to see consequences, and certainly never expect in any generation that we are going to change the whole course of the world.

Out of this war we shall arise a people richer in consciousness than ever before, and that richness will go to work on new problems. Believing, as we do, the mystery of death is not in reality a disaster, but merely a transitional process from life to life, in no way interfering with the evolution of life, we then realize the one great disaster which threatens of destruction and death is in itself illusionary. Death and destruction are dreams. Growth only is reality. All things have to die in order that they may live; and things in us must die before we can live. Each one of us is prevented from living ourselves by a host of conceits within us; and it is these that must die that we may live.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE  
Suggested Reading: SELF-UNFOLDMENT)

# The Sun of Righteousness

BY HENRY A. WALLACE

*Vice President of the United States*

FOR four centuries the name "America" has been a beacon light, inspiring a new and vibrant hope in the hearts of all the Old World peoples. At every stage in America's history there have been men who felt her destiny, but this has been especially true only during recent years. For the first time, New World consciousness begins to emerge as a powerful and determining entity in world affairs.

America is more than a tale of rivers and mountains and metals and soils. In the electricity of her air, the brightness of her sunshine and the color of her landscapes, there is a lift, a breadth, which is the physical manifestation of the word "liberty." This is sensed throughout the hemisphere, and nowhere more than in the nations of South America. I freely translate from a book of children's poems published in Argentina:

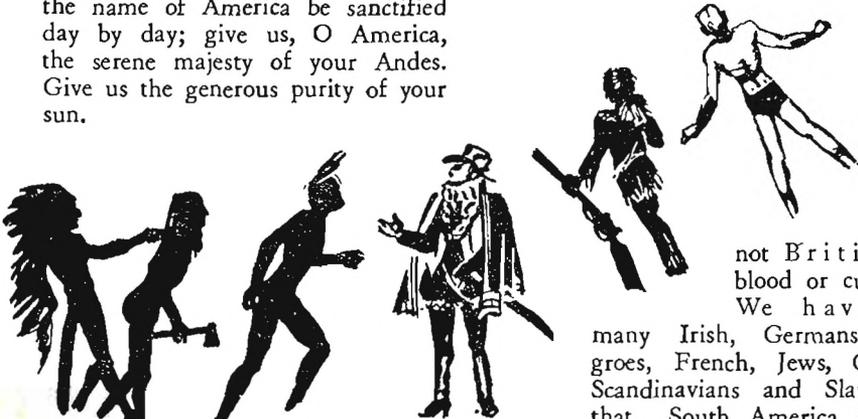
America, clothed with sun and all marvelous things, extending from the golden magnificence of the tropics to the white glory of the poles, may your beauty, your greatness and your joy be blessed; may the name of America be sanctified day by day; give us, O America, the serene majesty of your Andes. Give us the generous purity of your sun.

For thousands of years, this America, this glorious physical America, was appreciated but not exploited by the Indians. And then God said:

Time is ripe. Here is a chosen land, a land of promise to be given to all—all—my people to be a blessing for the world.

And so the ideas of ancient Rome marched into America via Spain, Portugal, Italy, and France. And the ideas of northern Europe marched in via England. Bolivar, the great South American liberator who was also a political philosopher, in his famous speech of 1819 to the Venezuelan Congress, spoke of the extraordinary mixture of races which was going on in South America. Perhaps more than any other man of his time, Bolivar, while realizing the Iberian ancestry of Latin America, appreciated that something altogether new was being built here. He was the first to perceive clearly the meaning and eventual destiny of Pan-Americanism.

In the United States there is an even greater mixture of customs and cultures than in most of the countries of Latin America. English in language, we are

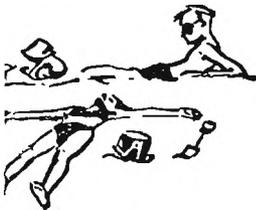


not British in blood or customs. We have too many Irish, Germans, Negroes, French, Jews, Greeks, Scandinavians and Slavs for that. South America is nei-

ther Spanish nor Portuguese, and North America is not English. Both together represent the greater America—Pan-America—made for the most part out of the Old World, but essentially new, with a hope in the future based on pride of strength and joy in liberty, and through it all, humility and tolerance. We may live in a chosen land, but we do not belong to a chosen race.

And if America is a chosen land, it is not for her sake that she is chosen of the Lord at a certain stage of the world's history, but for the sake of all the world. We appreciate what has come to us from the steadfast British, the light-hearted Irish, the industrious Germans, the thrifty Frenchmen, and all the rest, just as in Latin America there is the greatest admiration for the long-suffering patience of the Indians, the fiery pride of the Spaniards, the happy good nature of the Portuguese, and the artistic feeling of the Italians. Yes, we appreciate all that has come to us out of the past, but we insist that it be transformed into a greater hope for the future, into something which Europe and Africa and Asia will welcome as their brightest hope in the time to come.

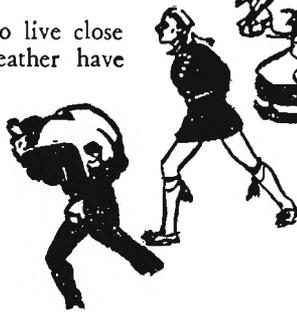
All simple people who live close to the soil and the weather have a deep feeling for the sun as a symbolical father of our being, as the source of our food and our strength,



and the bringer of life and hope.

The Sun of justice will be born under whose wings or rays is salvation.

America, without pride of race but with complete tolerance and great power, can be that "Sun of righteousness" with healing in its wings—



The American peace, the peace of the common man, must be translated into freedom every-

where.

The mighty cultural rivers which have come rushing down upon us from the mountains of the past have joined here in America to nourish a new civilization which blends the social justice of the prophets, the legal justice of Rome, the stability of Britain, the fire of Spain, the tolerance of Portugal, and the fortitude of the Indians with the aspiration of the common man, which is the very essence of the sun and the soil of America. We shall see the day when the sun of our America is the sun of righteousness, and when that sun will rise with healing in its wings.

- *Prophecy in a new dimension of thinking;  
a challenge to knowledge*

## Nostradamus



I TALKED to a gentlemen recently who had just returned from Washington, where he had a series of conferences with our government leaders. When he was introduced to one of the members of the Cabinet—one of the most important members—he was immediately asked, “When does Nostradamus say the war will end?”

There seems to be always some new and interesting development to point up the predictions of Michel Nostradamus, the curiously gifted physician who 400 years ago wrote a history of the future for a thousand years beyond his time. This old French gentleman, living back in the 16th century, is still exercising an extraordinary influence upon the political structure of nations.

In order to better understand this influence, let us go back to Germany of the First World War, and the flowering of the Geopolitical Institute founded under the policies of Bismark. It was then that the personnel of the German Department of Propaganda translated the predictions of Nostradamus, placing their own interpretation upon them. They used the series of Nostradamus prophecies to further the propaganda of the German cause. Immense numbers of these pamphlets and books were circulated throughout the Balkans, regarded as a fertile field for that type of thing. They next translated these predictions into French and flooded France with them. Later, and as a definite part of their war policy, they went so far as

to translate them into English, and flooded England with them. Then the English consulted the original source, the author’s copy in the British Museum, and did their own translating, and this indicated that the Allies would win the war.

Followed then what old Dr. Johnson might have called the “battle of books”. A number of scholars, both in England and Germany, were kept busy battling the verses of Nostradamus back and forth. Every time the Germans found a verse to prove their side would win, the English found one that said their side would win. It was all taken seriously and it actually constituted a major branch of propaganda.

The German Geopolitical Institute, solidly founded and dating back to the beginning of the great Prussian Empire, had made it an important consideration to determine the influence of the occult sciences psychologically upon the structure of the people. The majority of human beings are sensitive to some form of mysticism, it had discovered, in spite of the discouragement metaphysics had suffered from various scientific groups. The response is to the realization that somewhere in the universe there are intangibles; that at times these intangibles impose their weight upon tangible matters, creating definite eccentricities in human affairs.

Not only is this true among primitive people, but the so-called ascendancy of civilization, the rise of culture, has

had little if any effect upon the basic superstitions or basic sensitivity of the human consciousness toward mystical realities. It has been demonstrated conclusively that the majority of so-called cultured people are sensitive to some form of mystical influence. Research further suggests that as man advances along the lines of reasoning thought, as he develops more and more his own mental viewpoint, he becomes ever more aware of the inadequacy of the physical concept of life.

In a certain stage between the primitive and informed the mind dwells in a kind of intellectual fog. In this stage materialism flourishes. The individual believes it to be a sign of maturity to escape from the legends of infancy, for not yet has he reached that fuller maturity in which he discovers all things under the sun are possible. The entire history of science is more or less epitomized in the way the average scientist develops his personal career; in his childhood up to six or seven years, before scholastic influence, he probably believes most of the legends of childhood. During the formative period of his life psychology, he is still exposed definitely to the legends of his environment, along with all human beings, believing in some things not easily demonstrable—in abstract virtues, abstract patterns, such as hope, faith, and charity, which we cannot define, but know are necessary and vital ingredients to the human being. And so, up to his sixteenth or eighteenth year the embryonic scientist is quite like the average person, with a certain measure of belief and unbelief, with a certain sense of disillusionment, but participating in the common illusions of his race and kind. The dogmatic influences of exact educational procedure then catch up with him.

I have heard it interestingly debated whether materiality or materialism is an integral part of science. Scientists who are not materialists say they have not found materialism in science. Other scientists who are materialists say they can prove materialism by science. Science is somewhat like the Bible; you

can prove whatever you believe by it, justify your own preconceptions. But of course it is true that the average scientific textbook and the average scientific teacher, incline more to materialism than to any form of what Dr. David Starr Jordan has called "sickly mysticism".

Science's stressing of physical factors makes the tendency almost inevitable to throw emphasis upon material things; and so the young scientist, graduated from an educational pattern, is very likely to be an agnostic, perhaps an atheist. He likes particularly to haggle over words; he will deny the existence of God and spirit, but will accept the existence of light. By semantic refuge he tries to escape the superstitions, opinions, and convictions of his less bookishly informed brethren. Then in time he settles down to actual engagement with the problem of a scientific life, and if he strikes deeply into his science, if he searches sharply enough into the life and nature of things, then, as Lord Bacon so aptly put it, "Depth of learning will bring him back again to God." Out of a profound research into the working of the universe, out of a broad examination of the incredible phenomena that make up living, the scientist comes gradually back to the Mind that human intellect cannot limit, and rather than essay to define the boundaries of universals he will sense that somewhere in space, somewhere in the outer reaches of the cosmos, out beyond light years and time, there must be some pattern, some fabric, some vast framework, some common unity that binds the whole.

Only the deeply trained mind, expert in estimating the magnitude of values, has the capacity to definitely sense the import of universals. Profound thinkers like Dr. Millikan and Dr. Carrel return again in a kind of long, spiral road to many of the simple convictions of childhood. Having passed through initiation into human knowledge, and out of human knowledge into human thought, realization comes finally that every instrument we possess, every faculty we have developed, every penetrating power

which we have perfected—all these fall short of the great universals. Highly cultured minds take on even greater capacity to believe in more intangibles than the innumerable superstitions of the primitive savage.

Such structures as the Geopolitical Institute of Germany force today upon the mind of the world the realization of intangibles. This release of values in human life is something over which education and culture have little influence, because they are basic values. It is because of them that the interpretation and translation of such prophecies as those of Nostradamus become vitally significant.

This obscure French prophet, who lived 400 years ago and scarcely hoped that he would be recognized by the modern world, has been revealed as one of the most powerful forces in our political theory. In the past few years America has become particularly conscious of Michel Nostradamus. Today, as we examine and ponder thoughtfully his amazing work, we come into the presence of probably the most nearly perfect of all systems of prophecies that have yet come to the world. Nostradamus is outstanding as a prophet in foretelling literal facts of subsequent history. He submits a strange kind of proof that, in some way, coming events do cast their shadows before.

Nostradamus is not only a prophet, he is a challenge to knowledge. He demands the recognition and acceptance of a new dimension of thinking. If Nostradamus predictions increase in popularity, and the demand for a reasonable explanation of how he accomplished his prophecies also increases with the insistency that the human mind so often demonstrates, this old physician, Provençal astrologer and magician, is very likely to be a very important force in overturning the entire history of modern life.

Nostradamus is an example of something, the exception that disproves the greatest rules we know. If he is right, then there is a great error in our own structure of knowledge—and up to the



present hour in matters of prediction he has never yet been wrong. Four hundred years of the most critical examination has not been sufficient time to discredit this old Frenchman. That which time justifies, the opinions of men cannot overthrow. The proof of all things is time, and only that can survive the obliterating force of time which possesses within itself some basic integrity. Time destroys mediocrity. It buries the unimportant in an oblivion, from which it cannot rise again. As time has proved the political theories of Plato and Socrates, has proved the great philosophical sentiments of Buddha, so time is proving the uncanny accuracy of Nostradamus.

We are challenged by the fact that, if four hundred years ago this man could with definition discover the shape of things to come, then the shape of things to come must be discoverable. And yet we have no instruments today for their consideration, other than certain applications of analogical principles. The men we call scientists, the academic thinkers of our time, acknowledge only one theory of prophecy, and that is the analogical instrument of natural repetitional procedure. The admission of science is that there is a certain relationship between action and reaction throughout nature, and that this relationship may exist in large cycles of energy.

If we wish to get beyond academic science, astrology is one means by which we can predict more definitely regarding things: On the assumption that, that which is produced by a certain time at a certain place must inevitably fulfill its

time and fulfill its place. It is not possible, astrologically, to describe the estate of an unborn person; but it is possible, theoretically, to establish the destiny of anything to be born at any stated time at any given place, whether it be a person, a nation, or a state. We can say of a person to be born on January 1st, 1990, at nine o'clock in the morning, in Los Angeles, that he will have certain things happen to him. Then we must wait, and watch the hospital records. If anyone is born there at that date and hour then that which was set down years in advance is the data of his nativity. In that way there is a certain futurity in astrology. Nostradamus defies this entirely. He does that which science says is impossible. He names by name persons unborn. He describes what will be their lives and habits, and what will occur to them—before he could possibly take advantage of the data of their nativities. Now this is entirely beyond the so-called psychological laws of analogical prediction. We are dealing with a dimension of the mind, for Nostradamus as an individual in some way could actually visualize with exactitude the peculiar eccentricities of life, picking out of cycles individuals whose lives are not consistent with major cycles; his is the ability to describe them in their own little eccentric orbits while they live.

This is a challenge. This is something that even today the average unformed person does not dare to think through. He escapes from the thoughtfulness the subject deserves by declaring there are certain persons born endowed with a prophetic spirit.

According to certain schools such endowment may be a divine attribute—Divinity bestows exceptional capacity to occasional people. The mind which is materialistic will say, some mechanism—the cause of which is unknown—has made this mind sensitive to the impulses of futurity. But this still leaves us the fundamental issue: What is the impulse of futurity? How is it that the non-existing unborn tomorrow can cast its shadow? How can the unformed in-

form? How can things that have no place, no time, herald their own approach—pictures not yet painted be visible? This challenges our concept of time. We wonder if some of the Ancients might not have been nearly right when they declared that by some strange and mysterious power, man grows up to Now.

Nature is eternally Now, in which there is no yesterday nor tomorrow. The future is not really the future at all; it is man catching up to the Now. Is it possible that time is in man alone, that the mechanism of time is not in space, but in the human mind. Perhaps what we call tomorrow is not tomorrow; what we call yesterday is not yesterday; and what we call things coming to pass, are not really happening at all—that these are but the mind of man catching up with something that always is!

This problem is in the proportions of a very great headache; and rather than accept the possibility that Nostradamus' predictions call for a new faculty of reasoning, we ease ourselves into the contentment of our time, by merely assuming that he was exceptional and that what he did was done by the grace of God. We therefore do not need to think about it until God graces us again. Obviously the easy way out is to assume that we are more or less in step, and he is out of step. We can comfortably think of ourselves as normal and old Nostradamus as super-normal. That's better than to think that he was normal and we sub-normal. On the flattering premise that we are the pattern of all things, and he the exception, we can ignore the implications of this exception and go on our way rejoicing in the hope that we can find some solace for our present catastrophe in the writings of this venerable gentleman. But, to me, the challenge is profound; and I might say, quite overwhelming.

In fifteen hundred and something, mid-16th Century, old Nostradamus declared of Louis Capet, Louis XVI, that the King would attempt to escape and that he would finally be taken "between

the Tallow and the Salce." (Fr. *Salce*, Salty.) Nostradamus published that prediction in 1560, approximately. In 1791, two hundred years later, the Tuileries palace of Louis XVI was attacked by 500 men (Exactly the number prophesied; and the site of the palace had been named by Nostradamus, though it had not been built.) The king escaping, by a series of misadventures failed to make contact with the guards sent to take him out of France. He took refuge in a little shop, and discovered it was the shop of a chandler, a dealer in tallow candles. The Queen was seated in the shop between two high stacks of tallow candles when the candle-maker betrayed the royal presence to the revolutionists. The shopkeeper's name was Salce! Between "the Tallow and Salce" the King was betrayed.

We have no way of explaining that. It just simply does not fit. Our physicists can work on it until they are tired, even our "metaphysicists" will have trouble with it!

It demands of our consideration a thoughtfulness about the possibility of patterns yet unformed, conditions not yet existing, but correctly anticipated.

We come back to the previous problem: Does that which does not exist have the capacity to impress energy from its own vacuum, upon anything else? Citizen Salce was unborn; there was no revolution, no prospect of it, there were not even Capet kings. (The House of Carolingians ruled France.) Capet was just a name. And yet conditions, the very chemistry of which did not exist, were envisioned by this excellent old scholar, as he sat quietly studying at his home in a little French village. What *is* the answer? Somewhere, some way, unborn Citizen Salce had to exist in 1560. Some way, somewhere, in 1560 unborn Louis XVI was escaping from an unbuilt palace; two hundred years before it mortally happened on the physical earth, the King

and his soldier guards failed to meet! The facts came from something like a mirage somewhere; and those facts had to be!

Let us see what else old Nostradamus was thinking about in 1560. Somewhere America had to be, in some internal atmosphere where the great procession of immortal persons who were yet to come and will come passed before what we'll call the mental vision of this seer. He had some very interesting thoughts relating to our own time and other times, and to our own land and other lands.



Nostradamus refers to America by name in only a few quatrains, for simply and in truth he was a Frenchman. A native of Provence, well educated, cultured and schooled, a man of dignity and parts, this able physician never could have been regarded as a charlatan or impostor; he has to be considered today as he was in

his own time, a doctor in medicine, able and a great pioneer, a man of scientific mind. In opinions concerning our time, as well as the time that is yet to come, usually he described America as the Hesperides, the Blessed Isle of the West. In this he patterned his thoughts after the best of the classical Greeks, with which he was quite familiar. And he so visualized our homeland that he called it the Land of Opportunity, Happiness and Privilege. He saw it the possible home of a more enlightened people. By some fifty years he anticipated the opinions of Lord Francis Bacon, concerning the New Atlantis; in one place Nostradamus refers to America as Atlantis. He also mentions the New Land, or the New World.

Nostradamus's predictions are essentially French. Out of a thousand quatrains at least two-thirds unquestionably relate to his own country; he was thoughtful of his own people, zealous for their future; and he was greatly saddened by his realization of the great pain and tragedy that hung over his

own homeland. But he does in some cases extend outward to include other nations and other people.

He makes reference to "the League of Twenty-one Powers that shall unite to protect the world." At the recent conference in South America such a league was formed—of twenty-one nations, the exact number stated by Nostradamus in 1560!

How did he know there would be twenty-one nations? In the Americas in the time of Nostradamus there was not even *one* sovereign state, but exactly twenty-one flags now hang on the front of the Pan-American building, as they did on the one where the conferences were held to indoctrinate a great league to protect and save the world. This type of prediction coming from so vast a distance in time, naturally intrigues us.



It was pointed out not long ago, and rather astutely, that Nostradamus wrote a curious verse to the effect that while "the little men talked the fort would be attacked." Was it coincidental that "two little men," the representatives of the Japanese Empire, were talking while Pearl Harbor was bombed? Studying the verse in this light, more and more emerged, until it became almost certain that was what the old prophet had in mind. It is very strange.

In his time he could not have known that the new city of Leningrad would be built. He somehow knew that the man Adolph Hitler, referring to what Nostradamus called the New City, (the Russians themselves call it that) would declare that because it was a new city he would take one stone off another, and change Leningrad into a vacant field. It was not known in 1560, except to Nostradamus, that the Great Bear would come into great power; at that time Muscovy was not the Russia we know today, but the bear that Kipling much later referred to when he said, "beware of the bear that walks like

man," sensing rather than forecasting a sudden rise to prominence among the nations of the world.

Nostradamus describes the "Eagle that shall fly against the Rising Sun." Why should he chose to say "the Rising Sun?"—that did not mean anything then. Did he realize that the word Japan, *Nippon*, means "the place of the Sun's birth?" And that in later centuries millions of men Nostradamus would never know, would come to refer to Japan as the Land of the Rising Sun?

Is that any more strange than Nostradamus referring to "Old Noll"? No one knew in those days who Old Noll was; later, Oliver Cromwell was born in England, and named by his soldiers "Old Noll." Nostradamus not only apparently knew the details of the life to be lived by Cromwell, but amazingly anticipated even a nickname the soldiers of his great army would call him.

In 1604 James I declared the united provinces of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales should be named Great Britain. In 1560 Nostradamus referred to England as Great Britain, anticipating this action by four decades in an uncanny fashion.

Consider that reference to "the Rising Sun" and that the Eagle shall fly against it. There was no Eagle then. It was not until 1780 that the Eagle was selected as the symbol of the American nation. The spread between 1780 and 1560 is 220 years; that much earlier, the old prophet had spoken. The more you study these things the more impossible they become. Yet they cannot be impossible, for they are.

I think one of the most interesting lines in the predictions, and one that applies to Hister (Hitler), is the statement "For nine years the lean one will keep the peace." Nine years is exactly the length of time between the ascendancy of Adolph Hitler and the outbreak of the war. And we can be fascinated by the cabala in the term "the lean one."

In the old Provençal French, which is the language in which the idioms were actually written, the lean one, or word "lean" as given, means a kind of soup that was eaten during Lent in those days, a soup without meat. It means "meatless." The old translator, Garenquieres, tried to turn his native French into English, and did a very spotty job of it. He thought "meatless" meant things having no meat on their bones; so from that point on this became the accepted translation of Nostradamus's use of lean. The interesting point is, it means something that does not contain meat, which is particularly appropriate to Adolph Hitler, the vegetarian, whose life is curiously associated with such fads. Very interesting is the tie up of the "lean one" with the "nine years"—the length of time "the abstainer from meat would refrain from war; would keep the peace," which is a little better translation.

By means of this curious designation associated with the turnabout episode in the life of Hitler, the average astrologer, writing a detailed account a few years from now, would make a point of the peculiarity. It indicates a detailed consideration or knowledge of the smallest element in the pattern, and in that way departs entirely from the grand sweep of prophecy. Bringing us down to such specifics, we wonder what else Nostradamus saw that he did not say. If he could examine so closely into a man's life as that, imagine the possible knowledge unrevealed that he possessed concerning that unborn man!

The same is true in the lines referring to de Gaulle. In this prediction the prophecy is so carefully worded that we are again impressed by the intent of specific identification. It is a splendid example too of the seer's ironical touches of humor. De Gaulle means a "rod," a "staff," in French. Today, of course,

de Gaulle is an anathema in Nazi occupied France, and anyone who shows any interest in him is liable to land in a concentration camp. So what do two loyal Frenchmen do when they meet? Each holds up a walking stick—"de Gaulle"! It is the same thing as saying it. The German police in occupied France may suspect the reason for an immense increase in the number of walking sticks, but you cannot throw a man into a concentration camp for merely handling a cane; he has to handle it roughly; and all that can be reported is that the French have strangely become a very feeble people; men, women, and children carry canes. The stick represents de Gaulle, and that is precisely the way it is used in the quatrain; by the wording of the phrase de Gaulle means either man or stick. It is interestingly the type of thing that cannot be explained until the incident occurs.



The only definitely German words in Nostradamus occur in one of the quatrains, where the line ends with "der Tag." It meant nothing in 1560, but The Day has since come to be the most significant German word in current history, summarizing the opportunism in regimentation of the German mind. Germany has been waiting for The Day since Bismarck. It has been to the Germans the day when the superman would come into his own. For years "der Tag" has been in the heart and on the lips of every German—the very words Nostradamus includes in his history of things to come, the strange words of conquest by power that were to launch two of the greatest military catastrophes the world has ever known. This is the kind of thing we are dealing with in the quatrains of Nostradamus, things that make those writings very mysterious and strange.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE  
Suggested reading: A SYSTEM OF WORLD  
PROPHECY (New). )



## Lin Yutang: The Importance Of Living

LIN Yutang, modern Chinese philosopher, is a product of Chinese ancestry and European education, a Chinese educated in Occidental psychology, which may help and may not. In my opinion, it does not help.

When he wrote, *My Country and My People*, he dealt essentially with history and with racial problems; and in this he excels. In *The Importance of Living*, he dealt with philosophy, with a wee bit of Heidelberg coming out of the Chinese background; and also a tendency toward the modern sophisticated viewpoint tainted with our western psychology, which is a pity. The more he studied here, the less he knew.

But the good points of Lin Yutang's writings are well worth considering, and one of the finest is the Chinese philosophy of leisure. A philosophy of leisure is one in which you value most the time you are doing nothing. When we are at leisure, we do not think, because thinking to us is an artificial process. When the Chinese is at leisure he does think, because to him it is an instinctive reaction. There is a great difference between these two philosophies and viewpoints.

The philosophy of leisure is the philosophy of refinement, and there can be no refinement where there is no leisure. Where things are hurried, rushed and stressed, there can be no subjective existence. Subjective existence is refinement. An individual is not refined because he is skilled with his hands—that is craftsmanship. Only when the mind subjectively bestows skill upon the hands, which manifest the will of

the life within, is he refined. It is a mechanized effect when you have no life within you, an effect which is lacking in soul, lacking in culture, and lacking in intrinsic refinement.

In the decade leading up to the war the western world had a great deal of leisure thrust upon it, but it was irrational leisure, leisure tintured with despair; it was accompanied often with thoughts of suicide, and sometimes murder. It was not a leisure of refinement produced by thousands of years of unemployment. China had an unemployment problem—its "1929"—somewhere back about 6000 B. C.; and through thousands of years China has considered

unemployment as a natural state of existence. Living in an area the size of United States are 450 million people who are born with the realization there is nothing to do. They live on small margins; they are sick only once in a lifetime; they will die of a head cold because they have suffered from malnutrition too

long, have no physical resistance whatever against sickness. A certain sickliness of body produces a great despair; and this despair is gradually mellowed down until it becomes thought—a thought that has under it a sadness of long life and vast experience, a sadness of the ages.

But it has something else under it. It has transmuted unemployment into absorption of the arts, into refinement, into culture, into the gentle doing of nothing, one of the greatest of the arts.

As for us, we are in despair, fighting desperately for a common survival. Or else we are sitting around letting the



老子

country pay the bills. But in China lack of opportunity for great wealth has resulted in a new type of aristocracy, one of learning, an aristocracy of the mandarin, an aristocracy not based upon how much money a man has, but upon how old he is. It is usual for one Chinese meeting another to ask him how old he is, and he replies, "I am but a miserable twenty-six; but I will recover from it." When he is forty he says, "I am only forty. You will excuse me; I will get over it." But when he is fifty he sits back and smiles; now he feels he can be proud. This is the reverse of our psychology. The older we get the more ashamed we are, but the older the Chinese becomes the more he is mellowed; at fifty he is just beginning to hold his head up; at sixty he can hold it higher, —he may not have any money, but that is not important; he grows to the age of aristocracy. At eighty he is honored, at ninety he is a patriarch; at a hundred he is the head of the family. In China, age is the symbol of mellowness, and the poverty of age is regarded as more beautiful than youth, because it has in it the flowing detachment which comes with years.

Compare that with the Occidental idea of being desperately unhappy because at age forty you won't be employed any more. Of course, the Chinese never was; he does not have that worry. And he believes with the Greeks, the passing of normal years brings wisdom. This then is the psychology of compensation developed by the Chinese based upon lack of economic security, and taking care of ninety per cent of a people who had nothing to hope for when this philosophy was developed—and the nine out of ten who must yet be born in comparative poverty if not abject poverty. The mellowness that comes only with the attainment of mature years is part of the Chinese life, one associated with subjective existence. It is a life interpreted by the wise old man seated

in his garden. A garden twenty-five feet square, one tree, and a bird on a branch; this is the Chinese concept of that which constitutes security. He will write poetry about the branch and its bird, because the bird on the branch reminds him of the emotions, instincts, and appetites long since dead; they remind him of the ages gone by, and people, and things; and as these flow, he lives within himself in the mellowness of his own years.

Such a condition is not conceivable here. We must grow old awkwardly, bring discredit upon our years which do not have this detachment; our talk is about the uncertainties of feeling old, and we advise each other that no one should celebrate a birthday beyond the fortieth. By our psychology we instill the sense of age, until we finally kill ourselves in the prime of life by aging ourselves to death. The man of the western world would live much longer if he did not know inside of him it is about time to die. Busy people live longer than idle people, because they do not have so much time to fret about unproductive selves. And yet, it has been proven time after time that the thinking that comes with advanced years is likely to be most valuable to the community.

Reasoning, thinking things through, the Chinese believes in age; he believes in the patriarch of 130 years, who rules the family clan. He is the final word in all things relating to family history, and the older he is the more he is honored. Lin Yutang has taken some of his countrymen's philosophies, torn them to pieces, examined them to see how they work. He gives us the sense of Chinese Taoism. In China, for example, Taoism represents an unchanging emotion that is neither young nor old, but goes on forever. In Taoism there is this doctrine of leisure: Do nothing you can get out of doing; but you must get out of it elegantly. You must not sneak out of it; just be careful not to do any-



壽老

thing to get in, in the first place. If you do not get into trouble, you do not have to get out. If you do not want anything, you do not get into trouble.

So, if you sit quietly under a palm tree you will not worry about eating or drinking. You are not afraid of anything, therefore you are a free man. You reach up and pick off your dinner, and continue to sit. A man comes by and says, "Why do you sit there?." And you say, "Where?". And he says, "Where you are sitting." If you are a Taoist you say, "I am not sitting anywhere. I am here, but five minutes ago I was in Europe. I am where my mind is. I am all over the world; but I am still here. I do everything, but I do nothing. I do everything, but I don't do anything. I gain all the glories of the world because I do not want the glories of the world; and so, there is no conflict." You reach up then and pick more fruit.

A philosophy of aimless existence; a philosophy that came into China from India, a truly Asiatic philosophy; a philosophy of detachment which, in moderate doses, might be useful here. We of the west would not want that philosophy in its entirety, but parts of it can be used; the parts which moderate extremes of attitude would be most useful. Why want to be President? Why try to be Governor? Why want to have a million? You would be no happier when you got these than you were before. If all you want is a ripe banana, you will probably get it, and then you will be happy. If you want things you can't have you will be miserable and be forced into unphilosophic attitudes. Want then only useful things that are reasonable; desire only that which is necessary and devote the rest of the time to your mind. The mysterious part

of it is, in the end you will have had a comfortable life.

The Taoist sage, going to sleep and waking up under the tree, represents the termination of desires forever. He is unmoved by anything that occurs. Guns and rifles will not stir him, frighten him. He merely reaches up and picks another banana. It is not important, life nor death.

What can you do, how are you going to hurt a man like that? He does not hurt. You can't take anything from him but the tree. If you take the tree away from him he will sit under the next one. He will not be unhappy, because he is not attached to anything. He is not worried, because everything is right in his universe. He is one of those imperturbable factors against which an irresistible force has no effect whatsoever.

This being true of Taoism, in moderation it dominates the Chinese philosophy and tends to prevent worry. The Chinese will say, "if it is so bad you have to worry about it, there is nothing you can do about it; so why worry about it?" "If it is something that is going to happen, why worry about it, because it will happen anyway." "If someone you love is very sick, why worry because he is going to die; if he dies he will not be hungry any longer." This is a philosophy that is a stasis to all arguments. It is an immovable philosophy; like China, it can absorb all races and nations in itself and still remain China. At the end of the war with the Japanese there will still be China. China is like a man sitting under a tree, immovable. He knows no defeat. Men searching for victories have nothing that can make an impression on this attitude.

Lin Yutang considers the personal application of



this attitude towards all things, toward the problem of what you should do, and what you shouldn't do; sees the problem as typically Chinese, but one to be considered in the western world with moderation; we have no Chinese culture, we are not faced with Chinese problems, and so we cannot adopt one hundred per cent any Chinese philosophy to our own needs, but there is a part of it we can use.

The Chinese in his daily life lives simply. He follows a simple routine. He always eats at the same time. He always goes out at approximately the same time, not because he keeps a close watch on himself, but he always has, and what he has always done he never changes. The idea of being called out at four o'clock some morning is unthinkable. Anything that can't wait until eight doesn't need to be done anyway, and he doesn't want to get up that early; and he doesn't.

He eats what he wants to eat, and he enjoys it—not because it is rich or fine food, but he is hungry and he enjoys it. He has one bed in his house. No man can sleep in more than one bed, so why have twenty? If we have twenty we have relatives, so he is very careful not to have two; and he can do his daily thinking undisturbed. He has a garden, he reads the classics and enjoys every moment of life, because he demands nothing. The motion of the fish in the water is all he requires. Once Buddha said to one of his disciples, "What man is rich?" And the disciple answered, "The man who wants nothing." And that is the Taoist answer. If you do not want anything, you are rich; because wealth is possessing that which is desired.

Taoism refers specifically to what we do. If we wear any uncomfortable clothes, we are foolish. The Taoist does not wear high heel shoes because someone else wears them. If someone else wants to be miserable, then let him be foolish; he will wear the robe that is comfortable and when it is worn out, go without. The old Taoist program says, "One wise man in the presence of

999 foolish men is still a wise man;" if everyone else on earth is uncomfortable, the Taoist still wears what he wants to wear. He is not tradition bound. He does not do things because his fathers did them, but because he wants to do them. If you don't like to see his shoes, then stay away; because if you came to see his shoes he doesn't want to see you anyway. It is his mind you are supposed to come to see.

The idea that a man has to wear the finest garments does not appeal to the Taoist. He says anyone that wants to see a tall silk hat can look in the store window. A Taoist monk was once wearing a robe that was quite worn out, and when one of his disciples noticed it he threw him out. He said, "Any disciple that notices a hole in my robe, I do not want. If he finds a hole in my mind, he is my Master." So, a Taoist sits under a tree, and after ten minutes another Taoist sits down beside him. If they agree, they stay, and if they don't, they part.

Taoist detachment has this beautiful application: we stop worrying about other people and start thinking of what is wrong with ourselves. The Taoist is not concerned with what is wrong with the other fellow; he does not make conversions; he is not a reformer. When a man gets into the same state of consciousness he is in, he comes and sits down beside him. He has decided you cannot force people to give up the world; you cannot force people to give up bad habits; when a man outgrows them, all right. If some other man wants to drink himself to death, the Taoist sits placidly by and lets him do it. He says if you prevent him you deny him the privilege of suffering for it. If he drinks himself to death enough times he will learn it is not worth it and he will stop drinking.

Detachment requires that you keep your hands off of reforming people, and never worry about people. Infinite Wisdom is taking care of everything and it doesn't require our help. A Taoist once said, "The Infinite takes care of and preserves all things, and it is a desecrating of Tao to try to take care of the

other man." The Taoist sits back and lets Tao take care of all things, and he doesn't try to usurp its power; and so the only privilege he has left is reforming himself.

Lin Yutang considers many other aspects of the Chinese life. He takes up the problem of food. A Chinese philosopher when he eats, only eats when it is necessary. One who is of the intellectual class, a scholar and not a philosopher, eats only that which pleases him; the idea of eating something he doesn't like, never occurs to him. He says, "If I have to eat something I do not like, I might as well die now as later." Therefore, his food must have several qualities. Not only must the aroma be pleasing, but the shape and form must be pleasing, and the texture must be pleasing. It is important the food must have a slight crispness. The idea of sitting down to a restaurant dinner of ham and eggs would cause apoplexy in the Chinese scholar; because something heaped up on a plate is against his ethics. The food must be appetizing in appearance. It must feed

the eyes, feed the nostrils, and appeal to the soul. It must be smooth, crisp and tender. It must have a number of different requirements and it must give pleasure to the mouth. Therefore, he prepares his food in a certain way, and he is one of the few people who does not overcook his food. He can paint a picture of what he eats, in lines and angles.

He says, "As long as we live we must eat or starve, and if you are not on a starving program, the only other thing for you to do is eat what pleases you. If you eat what you do not like it makes you sick. It must appeal to your appetite." That is good advice to the young bride who serves food with the can opener. Such a thing would be a disgrace in a Chinese household. These poor barbarians, these poor under-privileged people whom our missionaries try to convert!—there is no comparison between the Chinese civilization and our civilization. The Chinese civilization is pointed to a purpose. And this is something which we have never perceived, nor tried to accomplish.

(CONDENSATION FROM A PUBLIC LECTURE)





# The Widow of Wang

*A Fable  
In the Manner of the Chinese*

THE Emperor of Great Cathay lay dying upon the couch of the Golden Phoenix. The Privy Council was gathered in solemn tribute. The Court physician stood beside the bed listening with his jewelled thumb to the sad slow drum beats of the heart.

The last hours had come for the Era of Courageous Conduct. The chair of the Empress stood empty beside the death bed of her Lord. She had already preceded him by 17 years to the yellow land.

Beyond the walls of the Vermilion City, China waited the awful tidings that should announce that the Son of Heaven had darkened the whole earth by his departure.

Suddenly, there was a discreet commotion at the entrance of the imperial chambers, and the captain of the palace guards, in crimson robes of quilted silk, entered through the circular door. He whispered behind his sleeve to the Lord Secretary, who whispered behind his sleeve to the Lord Chamberlain, who mumbled in his great beard to the Major Domo, who in turn communicated in a barely audible voice the substance of the matter to the Prime Minister, who gravely shook his head.

But in the silent room the aged Emperor had sensed the stirring of his court, and opening his eyes, he asked in a low voice the cause of the commotion.

The Prime Minister prostrated himself before the couch of the Golden Phoenix and replied: "Most Serene Augustness, it is the captain of the south gate—a matter of no importance."

The Emperor of all China then spoke again.

"The ageless one who dwells within the temple of the heart tells us otherwise. Let the captain come forward unafraid and reveal the matter."

The captain, in his crimson robes, slowly and reverently approached the couch of death and fell on his knees, covering his face.

The low voice from the phoenix bed bade him rise. "Death waits not for the formalities, my Lord Captain. Pronounce your mission while there is yet time."

"Most Serene Majesty, beloved of heaven and earth, when this morning I opened the south gate of the forbidden city, I found upon the threshold this small roll of paper inscribed to Your Magnificence. "Last night there was a bearded star in the west; flames fell from the sky; the water of the sea were troubled and because of the omens of these times, I dared not fail to inform the court of this strange roll of paper!"

The captain drew from his sleeve a small scroll, and with the greatest deference laid it on the side of the bed and discreetly withdrew.

The dying emperor touched the scroll, solemnly moved his head. "You have done well, my Lord Captain, we will hear the words upon the roll."

The Grand Secretary received the scroll and the five secretaries of the five provinces gathered behind him, each with his brush and his ink-slab. With delicate fingers the Grand Secretary unwound the scroll which was of no great size, observing, "Most Sovereign Majesty, the paper is poor and cheap, and the writing is crude, by one who has never learned the fineness of the strokes."

The old tired voice replied, "We have little time, My Lord Secretary, for the paper and the strokes; let the living observe these things; read the words."

Holding the crystal lens to his eyes, the Lord Secretary spoke in proper and modulated tones.

*"Amidst the vapors of the dawning  
I walked alone in my little garden  
And I heard the song of the  
morning glories  
As they opened their hearts to my  
Lord of the Day."*

The Lord Secretary lowered the scroll. "Most Sublime Majesty, there are the words. There is no signature and no seal."

There was silence in the room of the peonies. The Privy Council waited to hear the words of the Emperor. At last the voice spoke again from the veils of the phoenix couch.

"My Lords of the Middle Kingdom, let us give thanks to the Yellow Emperor in the sky that in our last hours we have been privileged to receive this happy omen of our transition. Before we likewise depart to our Lord of the Day, hear now our pleasure and let it be a law and an edict to be written in the five languages and dispatched to every part of our Empire."

The five secretaries prepared their ivory tablets and the court was silent with the greatest expectation.

The old tired voice continued, "It is our desire that the author of this poem shall be discovered regardless of cost and time, and shall be brought to the Vermillion City and shall be decorated with the Order of Two Dragons and shall be titled, The Honorable Morning Glory Listener, and this name and title shall

be inscribed in the annals and beatified as worthy of veneration. Let this edict receive the imperial seal." There was a moment's silence and the voice continued, "And now, my Lords of the Middle Kingdom, my time has come. The Transcendent Being is bidding my body farewell. Amidst the vapors of the dawning I walk alone in my little garden."

The Lord Physician turned gravely from the couch. "Great Mandarins of Chiua, the Son of Heaven has returned to his Father. He has climbed the stairway of the seven dragons. The Emperor is dead."

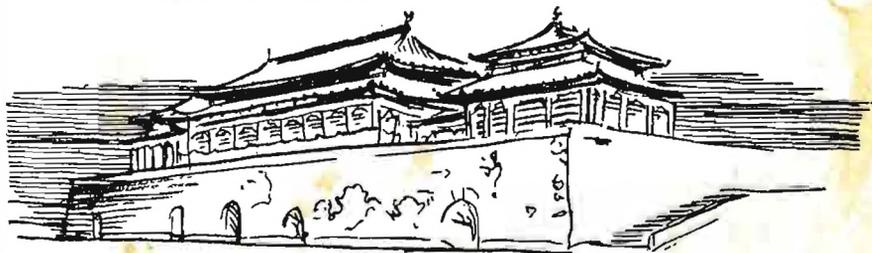
A few moments later, the great drums on the walls of the Forbidden City boomed out the tidings. The Era of Courageous Conduct was complete.

The edict of the Morning Glory Listener was woven with treads of black silk and twisted gold brocade, and when the weavers had finished their task, it was sealed with the great jade seals of state and was brought to the Duke of Ku.

Now, my Lord of Ku was the chief of those men who seek and find, and he dispatched his agents to all parts of the empire bidding them discover the writer of the poem.

They sought among the high and the low; the great and the humble; the rich and the poor for eleven years without ceasing, and at last the Duke of Ku approached the imperial throne and announced that the Honorable Morning Glory Listener had been discovered.

In the eighth moon of the year of the Iron Horse, it was proclaimed that the emperor commanded the seventy dukes to assemble with their lords and knights



in the city which is called The Forbidden.

And the seventy dukes, with their marquis and their earls and their knights and the great ministers, entered the Vermilion City through the south gate, and crossing the bridge of the bows they prostrated themselves toward the throne and proclaimed their fealty to the Sun of Heaven.

Thus, it came to pass that the princes of the five provinces assembled in the great Court of the Lions, treading upon the yellow sand of Gobi, according to their stations and their honors, and they covered their hands with their sleeves and wore fringes of beads before their eyes.

And because this was the 11th year of the reign of Consummate Culture, the scholars were there dressed in black coats, and historians with green tassels, and poets with amber buttons.

The great gates of the throne room were opened and the Lord Chamberlain waited at the foot of the steps for the voice of sovereignty from the dragon throne.

At high noon, the great gongs in the arches proclaimed the coming of the Duke of Ku.

There was a blast of silver trumpets and a solemn procession entered the courtyard of the Lions and approached the Throne of Heaven across the yellow sand.

The guards of Honor with green and crimson banners stopped at a respectful distance, and with great majesty, the Duke of Ku advanced to the foot of the dragon's seat.

My Lord of Ku was robed in flowing yellow silk and his bonnet was crested with a crimson plume. He was a man of great stature, and in his strong arms he carried the diminutive form of a very aged woman dressed in a simple black robe.

Extending his arms with their frail burden upward toward the misty depths of the throne pavilion, the Duke of Ku spoke: "O sovereign liege, master of the world, beloved of heaven, I have completed the task which was assigned to

me by your deceased father, the Emperor of Courageous Conduct. This is the widow of Wang, the fisherman. Eleven years ago she crept in the night to the south gate of the City which is Forbidden and placed upon the threshold of the door her poem as a tribute to his illustrious majesty, your father in eternal glory.

The voice of a strong young man spoke from behind the diaphanous veils of the throne: "Our beloved cousin has fulfilled his duties well. We are satisfied with him. Let a chair be brought for the venerable mother."

A seat of red and black lacquer was placed at the foot of the throne on the yellow sand of Gobi, and the Duke of Ku gently placed the aged woman upon it and stood with his hands in his sleeves, a little distance off.

The veils of the throne slowly parted. The princes of Grand Cathay hid their faces behind the fringes of their bonnets. Down from the dragon throne stepped the heir to the earth, robed in garments of gold, with bells of jade upon the fringe of his raiment. He advanced towards the little ancient one on the lacquered chair. Reaching her, he knelt before her and touched his forehead to the yellow sand of Gobi.

"Honorable Mother, it is written in the code of conduct that we shall honor the aged who are the parents of our glory; accept now the veneration which youth offers to the fullness of years."

The ancient woman smiled a strange, blank smile, and reached out her hand toward the voice. The Duke of Ku stepped forward. "Majesty," he whispered, "the woman is blind from great years."

The emperor held up his hand. "Let the five secretaries come forward to record the words of the venerable mother, for she is about to speak. Let no syllable be lost—that all China may know her words."

The widow of Wang, the fisherman, smiled a gentle, tired smile; and in a very small voice answered the emperor. "May heaven bless you, my son, for your gentle thought. I am very old and

far from home. I do not know where I am or who you are, but you have a kind voice and you are a good son. Somewhere a mother is proud of you."

The secretaries had taken each word and now they waited with their brushes poised above the silken rolls. The emperor turned to the Lord Chamberlain who advanced, bearing in his hand the royal edict. Let the mother be informed for the reason that has brought her here, and of the honor to be conferred upon her, according to the will of our deceased father, the Illustrious Emperor of Courageous Conduct.

The Lord Chamberlain spread the edict and in a loud voice proclaimed the occasion to the assembled lords, each of whom now prostrated himself before the chair in which sat the widow of Wang.

The Prime Minister now approached and placed in the hands of the emperor the great golden pectoral of the Order of the Two Dragons. The emperor hung the chain around the aged woman's neck and placed her left hand on the jeweled embossed pendant.

"We, Emperor of China, Son of the Sun, in compliance with the edict of our illustrious father do hereby confer upon you the Order of the Two Dragons, and declare that hereafter you shall be titled The Illustrious and Honorable Lady Morning Glory Listener."

The ancient woman smiled the strange simple smile of a little child and fingered the golden plaque in her hands.

"I know not the way of princes; I am a peasant. I know not the formalities; I am a simple, ignorant woman. Already I am burdened with such a fullness of years that my time here is not long. I know not how to thank you, nor why this honor has been brought to me."

The Emperor looked for several moments into her wrinkled face and then

asked. "Most Illustrious and Honorable Lady Morning Glory Listener, is it true that you could really hear the voice of flowers?"

She nodded her head. "My husband was a fisherman, and for many days he was away on his boat, leaving me alone. We had a little garden where I planted morning glories. Early in the dawn I used to go and sit quietly and if I was very still, I could hear tiny voices speaking soft words as the buds opened."

The Emperor leaned forward eagerly. "Illustrious Lady, what did the morning glories say when they spoke?"

The ancient one shook her head sadly. "Alas, my son, they spoke a strange language which scholars could understand — not a simple peasant woman who could not read the classics. But I could feel in their words a strange ecstasy as though each of the little flowers gave up its life in a mysterious passion as the first ray of the sun touched its petals." The Emperor was silent, and the wife of Wang continued.

"You are a great personage. If you were very still in your heart and listened to the voice of the morning glories, you could understand what they say." There was silence; and the secretaries leaned forward, and the princes, and the dukes stood breathless, for they felt that the Emperor was about to speak immortal words.

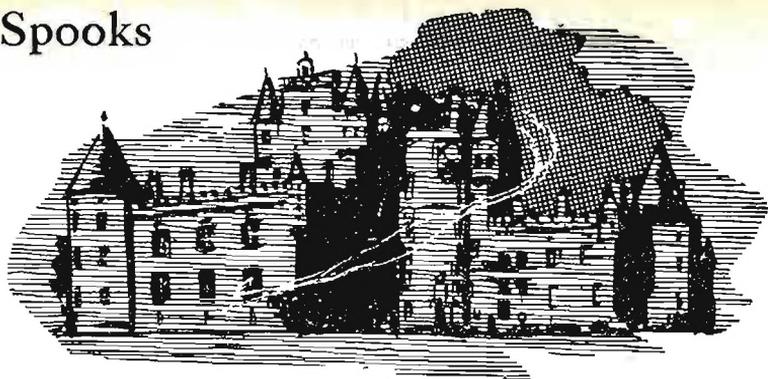
The Son of Heaven leaned over and reverently kissed the wrinkled forehead of the widow of Wang, the fisherman.

"Illustrious Lady Mother, you, whose gentle soul could hear the voices of the morning glories could not understand their words, and I, a scholar in the five languages and the classics and the annals and the analects who might understand their words, will never hear their voices, for I have not silence in my heart. This is the way of heaven."

(WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR HORIZON)



# Spooks



YOU may know something about the ghost of Glamis Castle, but do you know there is a fine, first-class ghost of Windsor? The curate in the old Parish House at Windsor tells people not to worry; they are bound to hear things. Unseen, a ghost walks across the hallway, down three steps; and the strange thing is, there are only two steps. Once there had been a third step, later removed, but the old ghost belonged to the earlier period, and to the ghost the step has remained there always. The steps are in a small entrance at the west wall, and the ghost goes up and down, never bothering anyone, a ghost heard and known of for centuries.

To us, the idea of a ghost is very strange, the supernatural working in houses and buildings is difficult for us to understand. But, as a very young people our American history contains little of the intrigues and the strange and mysterious things which have occurred in the older lands. Every country in Europe has its ghosts; and there is not a country in Asia that does not have its ghosts. If we wonder why America has no banshees, the answer is obvious. We are very obvious people. We are an extrovert people. We live definitely in the sensory perceptions. We externalize every motion and attitude. We never think of retiring quietly within ourselves and meditating on something. Our idea of relaxation is occupying a seat at a baseball game or a football game.

We do not, as they do in the old country, sit studying alone night after night, in some old historic building. We do not live in the house of our fathers, of our grandfathers, and our great grandfathers, in houses filled with traditions. We live in apartments and have no more than bowing acquaintance with the landlord. We have no folklore except the Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Superstition Mountain.

The Indians in our own country have their ghost folk. As tribal descendants of those who have lived here thousands of years they know that the Spirits are here. But we never see them, going by at 60 miles an hour. With a psychology so objectified as ours is, we are not sensitive to subtle impressions; we are not sensitive to the forces which have become part of the life of older races in which the bloodstream, unbroken, carries the traditions of the race down from the father's father's grandfather.

Here as racial factors the Irish are mixed with the French, the English with the German, to make the traditions impermanent. It is different in a family which has lived in the same house for a thousand years, where there is no electricity, where there are only contacts with the past in the very suits of armor worn by ancestors, where the red banners which hang on the wall bear the family escutcheon and the stone steps have been worn into ruts by ancestors. Should you sit down night after night in a library filled with books which were put there 500 years ago,

then you too would live in a different world. It is a world charged, electrified; you are negative, and the atmosphere is positive. In this country we are positive, and the atmosphere is negative.

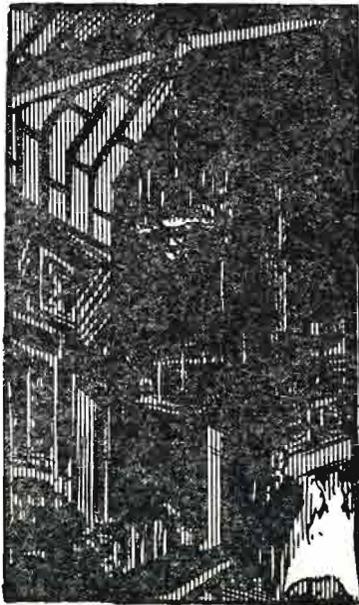
To hear the clank of armored feet on the stairs, to spend a quiet evening talking to some grandsire who has been dead for 150 years, may not seem pleasant. But can you sense the psychology of this atmosphere of antiquity? Can you realize what it means to be the descendant of twenty generations of people who thought and spoke the same language you speak, who had the same kind of food, and lived in the same house? If you can, you know the difference between that and America—where our homes are great apartments with a hundred families who never speak to each other as they go in and out, who are off to the mountains for one season and down to the beach for the next, who have no particular traditions, whose children do not respect and honor their parents, and whose parents cannot look back on any family life except discord. In this difference is the why of our not having occult phenomena in America. Our psychic attitudes are nothing more today than a mass of discordant factors.

If in a visit to the old countries you study the ghosts and wonder what the principle is behind the dead walking, you are bound to consider the interesting problem of intrigue. We today do not know what hearty intrigue is. If we do not like people, we say so. But in the centuries gone by the idea was that you brought your enemies into your house, fed them, patted on the back; then poisoned them. As the inevitable result the victims were earthbound.

To be earthbound there must be, first, the desire to be tied, and second, something to be tied to. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge, men of reputable character, developed intelligence, and integrity, examining the haunted houses of England decided beyond all question the existence of these mysterious places. The earthbound, an entity after death bound to environment, has to have the environment to be bound to. In England it has some terrific thing which holds it; and that is missing here. Can you imagine anyone earthbound to a two-room flat?

Associated with the Ancient Egyptian dead are a number of remarkable curses of earthbound entities; not discussed a great deal, but the curators of great museums can tell stories if they want to. And they are hair-raising stories. The good earthbound entity is one cut off during life through violent action, or one who has passed on greatly desiring to live, or one who sees in the environment following after him the requirements for his own continued manifestation.

For example a true case in the 15th century. A young man returning home from service to his feudal lord was attacked and killed by robbers. He was returning home to his wife and family, and had everything desirable to live for. This entity can be repeatedly seen on the road to that castle, always going by the place he was killed, still trying to go home. The peasantry tell about it, and scientific investigators have proved it to their own satisfaction. That type of thing is not uncommon. Family blood which goes along for centuries without great crossing leaves a certain effluvia which makes the descendants sensitive to the psychic forces of



their predecessors when not sensitive to anything else. That is the reason why children see their parents after death, and parents see their children after death, because of this psychic bond. This psychic force can extend back through several centuries.

Asia has many stories of haunted places. For example, the long line of Princes of Rajputana, in Central Asia, have stored up a great fortune, the magnitude of which is unknown, but it is said to go into billions. Each Prince of Rajputana takes a part of his wealth up to the hills to the City of Jaipur, where he buries it. When he dies the next Raja takes his part—and so all through the ages. This has been going on for thousands of years. An inconceivable amount of wealth has been stored in this family's great fortress, now fallen into decay. The walls have many holes. Anyone should be able to get in. But no one has been able to get in. The number who have died trying to get in there could be counted in legions. There is not a soul around, no one lives at the fortress but no one can get in. It is believed a group of soldiers were killed to guard the treasures when they were first buried, and that they are guarded forever. It may be a superstition. But no one has been able to get at the treasure and many have tried. Those who have tried and come back alive admitted when they got near the castle things happened that no one could explain.

Recently in our Southern States we have had examples of table tipping and bed jumping. The newspaper articles caused a certain educator of the public schools to say that if he saw it he would not believe it, which shows the general approach to the subject. The most direct explanation was that a small child makes the bed jump by contraction of her muscles. No one has seen her contract her muscles, and no one else has been able to do it; but some explanation had to be made. She probably has spirits. The table tilting is to be explained the same way. One thing about that type of phenomena is, it will

not work when required. It works when it works; and is no respecter of committees.

The table tiltings came from what type of family?—the type that has intermarried, interbred, lives in small towns, and is very similar to the European peasantry. The greatest amount of psychic phenomena in America is to be found in Tennessee, West Virginia, and in the Ozark Mountains. The area produces a considerable number of morons, and it is in that area you find psychism because there you have the atmosphere proper to produce it; they have the psychic chemistry under which it can be produced. The normal, healthy American extrovert cannot have that type of experience. The peculiar psychic sensitivity required is comparatively unknown in this country.

The Chicago Historical Society has sufficient proof to show that Abraham Lincoln was a Spiritualist, and that spiritualistic seances were held in the White House during Lincoln's presidency, so it should not be hard to accept that the great emancipator was a natural psychic. In historical books you have read of his ability to tell the outcome of battles before the courier arrived with the news; you know of the famous sailing ship which he saw in his dreams and visions; and you remember the premonition on the very night of his death, the chill he had before he went to the theater. Only a short time before, Mrs. Lincoln had come in where the president was sleeping; she gave a scream and nearly fainted because as she looked at him he turned into a skeleton. That incident can be found in biographies of Lincoln. Among the papers of Lincoln was found a curious document signed with strange letters, which connected Lincoln with the deepest of occult societies of Europe.

We are to remember in the case of Joan d'Arc that this girl did not see archangels or anything of that kind. The visions she saw, which seemed to be supernatural, and which led her to the saving of her country and to her



own martyrdom, were not visions of archangels or celestial beings, but simply predecessors—those who had gone before in the history of France. France had had many strong leaders, as far back as the times of the Roman Empire. What Joan d'Arc saw were these earlier leaders of France, behind her and forcing her to do things. She thought the voice she heard was the voice of God, but any philosopher knows that God does not personally speak; the voices of men must always speak the words of God; decarnate intelligences were the power back of her in her great heroism.

Many were the stories during World War I of soldiers claiming to see Joan

d'Arc on the field of battle. These stories are thought forms, to be considered as factors in psychic phenomena. Any imaginary being that is the common thought of mankind becomes a thought entity. Santa Claus is an example. Santa Claus is very real to small folk, and rather real to grown-ups, who, while they are participators in the mystery, at the same time enjoy playing with the idea themselves. Children will tell you with perfectly straight faces, and they are telling no lie, that they have seen Santa Claus. And the fact is, the children have seen him. What you want to see you can see, because you can make it up. The collective thought form of millions of people can create such a force as to cause something to be visible.

You remember with some vividness the famous character, Sherlock Holmes. He really did exist, but not exactly as you feel you know him. He was a professor; but the Sherlock Holmes of the book became so real to so many people the thought form actually existed. The same may be said of the famous char-

Christianity is a very strong religion,  
 apart from its theology and churches.  
 We can live religion, and make it work.  
 The Bible holds for us all the greatest  
 and most comforting elements of Christian  
 thought... if only we understand what we  
 read. Most sincerely I offer my new book  
 as one shedding new light on the Scriptures,  
 hopeful that it may be of help to all  
 in the hour of our wartime stress.

*Manly P. Hall*

acter of the Count of Monte Cristo. Many people believe him to be historical; the consensus of thought has made him so.

Consider this thought force working in religious life. Many people believe they have seen visions of the archangels, of saints, of the Christ. Many believe they have seen mysterious masters, and adepts. They have merely seen the things they wanted to see. The thought form was placed in their minds; it became real. The proof that it was no more than a thought form is in the different reports given by them. As we have had the different faces of the Christ recorded, the Chinese see Christ as a Chinese, the Scandinavian sees him as a Nordic, the Latin sees him as a Latin, and when they converted the Indian he saw the vision with feathers and warpaint. These were not intentional misrepresentations; the desire was the parent of the act.

We are apt to stress the psychological factor behind mysterious phenomena which cannot be questioned, but its importance is usually nil. It is merely that some entity is earthbound and can-

not go on its way; or else some prankish elemental has arisen that has nothing in common with human life or human purposes. It is not desirable for a student of philosophy to participate in phenomena, dabble in spooks. It is necessary for every student to recognize the existence of these forces, and as he becomes a higher advanced person to be of assistance in releasing them; but never to take them as part of his own life. Never however should he completely reject their existence. There is a whole world around us we know nothing about. We are tiny little units of finite consciousness in the midst of the cosmos of infinite intelligence. It is impossible for us to say what is possible and what is impossible. It is rather for each of us to preserve our integrity and to grow up in this world according to our own light, attempting as far as possible to refrain from any bypaths which may lead us away from our central purpose which is the unfolding of ourselves in the service of others.

*Suggested reading:* MAGIC; UNSEEN FORCES; NATURE SPIRITS)



*Cut along this line; it will not injure the editorial contents of the magazine*

MANLY P. HALL  
PHILOSOPHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY, INC.  
3341 GRIFFITH PARK BOULEVARD  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

I enclose \$2.50 (plus 8c sales tax) for an *Autograph Edition* copy of  
HOW TO UNDERSTAND YOUR BIBLE

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

*All copies bear the author's signature gold-stamped on the cover*

