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MAZDAZNAN

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CHRIST, ~ HE LIVETH!

Christ, He walks

And talks with Man,

Christ, He walks and talks

With Man,

Christ, He walks, He walks,

He walks,

And talks,

And talks,

And Talks with Man!

—Avesta in Song.

Palm Sunday

Lecture by the Reverend Doctor Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish. Services held at the Border Stronghold, San Diego, Calif., Sunday, 9 a.m. to 1:30 p.m., March 24, 1918.

"Hosiannah, Prince of Peace," was played during entrance march, louder, then medium, soft, aeolian, distant, then very, very softly, then echoed and carried until the sounds died away beyond the senses. Then all arose and with one accord sang with zest and power.

ON this beautiful Morning of the Palms, we meet in recollection and remembrance, that in recapitulation of the events of the historical life of The One whom we have recognized as the *Central Figure* of our race, we may at the same time see reflected and reflecting in the *Historical Figure*, like unto a mirror, the individual life of all the souls and entities who are conscious, who are growing conscious, who are awakening unto that *realization of the at-one-ment with God*, who remember that they are at one with the Father, while wandering through this abyss of uncertainty make experiences, have observations and bear conditions and environments similar to those of a Savior.

Whatever the daily walks of the Saints of God on earth may be, whatever they may be engaged in, whichever way they may direct their talents or gifts, whether those inherited from Mother Earth, or those

reflected upon the mind from Planetary Systems, each and every soul and entity has its experiences, trials, sorrows, heartaches and temptations, which, when compared with those of the Savior, according to the position they occupy at the time, are equal, *for no man can bear more than his strength enables* and no man *bears less* than what is allotted to him. He who bears more than another, it is because he has strength to do so, it is because he is conscious of that strength, therefore he uses, he utilizes that strength. He can do no more than *reach the limit*, and when that limit is reached in accordance to common laws he yields, he gives way, eventually he submits, but he may not, he need not *surrender*. He may submit on a physical plane, in a physical sense, in that lowly material state and condition, but in his mental, in his psychical, in his *spiritual*, in his *divine self*—he holds his own *even unto death*, and consequently **NEVER SURRENDERS!**

For such is the object, such is the purpose of life, of every occurrence of life, to depict to the individual that individual self, and with it to continuously point the way, the Way unto Eternity.

Failing to recognize oneself, to find oneself, to discover oneself, and at the same time choosing that which appertains to the timely, we have failed. In failing, we have no excuse for the simple reason that there is not only one mirror, and a hundred mirrors, but a thousand mirrors—in fact, we are as if in a

maze of mirrors, each and every one reflecting himself, not once, twice, but a thousandfold. Even the objects of sense stand out day by day, as if asking of us the questions: "Why art thou here, and why am I?" "Is there any relation between thee and me?" We come in contact that we may see one another. The objects of Nature speak to us, for they are our natural material reminders. But, now, that there may be no excuse, this entity of ours, the soul, this being, the sum and substance of ourselves which constitutes the mere cells—that there may be no doubt about it—it is not enough that God speaks to us in a language that never changes, no matter what material changes a planet has to undergo, no matter what manifold revolutions and convolutions, evolutions and involutions that take place in Mother Earth, no matter how often she proposes to enter a realm of self-destruction, changing the very surface of her being, the objects of Nature continue to stand out, speaking in an unmistakable language, a universal language understood by all minds that can think, reason and contemplate, who can make deductions, those "who have eyes to see," as the Savior said, and "ears to hear," to hear what that Spirit reveals, and hear what that spirit of nature propounds.

That is what John the Revelator meant when he said, "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come!" Not only the *Spirit*, but the *bride*, that which is arrayed in magic illusion, that which appears of illu-

sion, complicity, multiplicity, and that multiplicity minimized to visibility. Therefore, the bride, not only the Spirit, says, "Come and take of the flow of life" (life eternal) "freely." Not only drop upon drop, not only drink upon drink, but "partake of it freely." Each and every one keep partaking of it (the flow thereof), and he, whosoever heareth it, let him in turn say, "Come, come, come!" And thus, one is calling the other, and that one always calls another. Thus in being called, and in calling, all avenues of excuses are cut off.

We cannot say, "Well, I did not know any better, I did not understand, or it did not appeal to me. I knew of these things, heard of them over and over again. I have seen these wonderful objects of Nature."

When standing before towering mountains we were awe-inspired. When seeing those giant trees it was inspiring, when looking at the crown of the trees it was awe-inspiring. It was explained that by the number of rings of a tree we might determine the number of years it had stood there.

Long before the Savior came there were only two factors to depend upon—our eyes to see with and our ears to hear with as to what the Spirit reveals to me. And these trees stood there long before we knew anything about the records of prophets, long before there were poets, long before there were leaders of people, and law-givers like unto Moses; that giant tree stood

there, was conscious of its life, and kept on adding year upon year. Long before there was an experience of universal flood, long before the deluge was, I, as a giant tree have occupied this plane, this place. Long before men were engaged in controversy as to who was the first man on earth, long before there was a cradle unto them, there that giant tree already stood for thousands of years, experiencing everything that transpired about it—and yet it forgot Him not! Occupying its plane, the tree did not give up, it did not yield, but held its place and plane.

And then, in addition thereto, these flowing rivers, how they talk to us! These lakes and oceans, how they speak to us! But when all our mentality has exhausted itself, and in attempting, as it were, to refuse the testimony of these living and everlasting living witnesses because they seem to us somewhat inanimate, because they do not speak in a language we comprehend, but speak in the language of Mother Nature, in a language beyond our comprehension,—we now seek information of our kind and kin—lo and behold, before us we see all our great patriarchs, poets and prophets. All about us are men and women of character, even Saviors appearing, *and at last the concentration of all the mental, psychical, spiritual, divine forces, all united and focalized into ONE.* But with all the prophets and all the poets, with all the great men and women, with all the saints, and even the gods and goddesses—there was still a

doubt as to the possibility of Perfection.

Is it possible to withstand even this, the most trying of conditions? Can there be *one* among us all who can hold his own unto the last?

And there are these questions piling one upon another. And in answer—there comes a Savior to save this condition. In answer to *these questions—He comes!* He is not the Child of a Miryam. He is not a Child of a Yousef. He is not a Child begotten by man and woman, but He is *the Child of His Race*. And for this reason neither father nor mother were to be glorified. The *honor*, if any, all has to fall back upon the whole Aryan White Race that desired Him, and that desire prompted by the Will of God, by that will of determination to picture *The Perfect One*, is the proof and testimony unto the possibility of perfection.

And thus—He comes! He still stands out the *Central Figure*. There is no need for Him to speak, for His works, His accomplishments speak for Him and speak for themselves. There is no need for Him to say, "I have withstood it all, I am still living, I am being perpetuated, I am still coming." There is no need for Him to whisper in our ears, there is no need for Him to give signs and tokens, for history itself, and biography although differing, suffices for testimony. By virtue of testimony, not only given by those who have *admired* Him, but by those who *hated* Him, all their testimony taken together adds all

the more to His glory.

The greatest enemy would have to say, like Pilate when he said: "Ecce Homo! Ecce Homo!" See Him! Just look! Look at that wonderful man! Look at that physique! Look at those clear-cut lines of that face! Look at those eyes with that intelligence continuously reflecting! Look how well He is kept, how neat, how well attired, there is nothing shabby about Him, He is not a tramp, He is not a pauper, He is no beggar. And with all that accusation, there He stands, still a smile upon His face, no wrong, no anger, no malice, but that smile that cannot hide the love that is in His heart *for His own*.

Pilate said, "Ecce Homo!" Just look! Such a man, such a wonderful man, such a marvelous man! Look at Him! "I find no fault with that Man. Ecce Homo!" And we all have to say the same. The historians of all countries, even those who had hatred in their hearts, when summing up the Biography, they said it was wonderful and was simply marvelous how He should have power to withstand it and to hold His own to the very last. It was a marvel!

And upon this particular day we are celebrating the *Day of the Palms*, the *Day of Recognition*, for here is where He is recognized, where He is *first* recognized by virtue of all those who are prompted by selfish motives. That mob, those plebeians, that multitude and those politicians, they were all hankering after positions. And that the Savior had all these

classes to deal with we glean when we remember the Mother of the sons of Zebedee who approached Him before appearing in the City of Jerusalem. She preceded Him the night before. She heard the time had come when recognition was to be paid to the Savior, and she was not going to lose any time. She saw her opportunity and she was not going to lose it, for she had two sons who had failed to attain to high positions through the avenue of Pilate as well as all the others holding the reins of power at that time. And so she saw that it was time to speak for her sons. In that way she proved herself to be a *real mother*, who thinks only of the success of her children, which is perfectly natural and right. Has she not borne them? Has she not raised, reared, educated and given them every opportunity? They had lost out, but they were young, they were forming the rising generation, therefore the opportunity was small because of the elders in sway due to chaotic conditions.

But here was an opportunity at last, and the only opportunity for her sons to be raised out of the existing conditions into positions of power. And thus, the night before the great Day of Recognition, the Mother of the Sons of Zebedee sought the Savior. It was customary for heralds to precede and announce the coming of all great personages attending the Great Feast to celebrate the Passover in the City of Jerusalem.

She came, prostrating herself before His feet and

said: "Lord, Lord, remember Thou my boys, do remember them when Thou enterest Thy Kingdom, when Thou enterest the City. Lord, do place them upon Thy Throne with Thee. Promise that Thou wilt place one of my sons to Thy left, and one to Thy right. Do promise it to me!" Knowing only too well if the Lord spoke, it would hold good. "Promise it to me! Raise them into positions of honor, that others may prostrate themselves before them, as I am prostrate before Thee. Oh, Lord, do place them!" Was there no John to think of, no Peter? No, to her there were only two people upon the face of the earth worthy to hold these positions—her sons! She knew there was a John so close to the Savior, so much so they seemed inseparable, but that made no difference to the Mother of the Sons of Zebedee. It is her sons that are to occupy those responsible positions by the side of the Savior. It shows the mother as every mother should be. But suppose she fails? She has done her duty, she has done her part in entertaining the highest possible for her own.

That is the idea, to entertain the highest possible, for there is, after all, no position too high, too great, too honorable for anyone. That was the idea. Of course, He said: "Unless ye be as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." It would avail thee nothing. It would avail them nothing to sit in authority and to sit in high places. *Oh, it avails them nothing!* They cannot occupy that place even

for any length of time. It is only for a moment, it is only illusionary, and then they shall be forgotten—*forgotten unto all eternity*. But, “if ye be as little children, then you shall enter the kingdom of heaven, then the kingdom of heaven is assured forever and forever.”

We still seem to see her upon those hill-tops toward the East of the City. Not only do we see her there, but we see *others* clamoring for positions, each and every one getting ready, making preparations, even arguing: “Whose will it be?”—All displaying the lower basic nature, that material nature.

But, besides the Camp of the Savior and His company, there is the camp of Queen Helena, the grandchild of Joseph, who became the guardian of Miryam and the Foster Father of the Savior, a relationship in the second lineage on the Mother's side. The Mother's parents, grandparents and great grandparents of the Savior, of the Virgin Mary and of Joseph, the foster protecting father, and all along the line, were of Esseneian descent.

“Why, we thought they were Jews!” They were not of the Semitic tribe at all. They were of the Northern Household, or the “Household of the North.” From the northerly direction they had come. In the days of Ezra they had come and had located in what is called Asia Minor, they located as far down as what was known later on as Palestine. Cyrus the King had given to these families of relationship the

smaller countries bordering on Cappadocia, and to Queen Helena it was given to rule over a particular district, or that country bordering Cappadocia on the west. The country west of her province was Abdelene (?), and what is now known as Odessa is directly north of it bordering toward Armenia.

This country was to be inherited by Queen Helena's eldest son, but the people did not like him, and so the mother hoped it would be given to her younger son. And there was controversy over Abdelene as to who was the rightful owner and ruler.

They had all agreed the only and rightful owner and ruler of Abdelene, as well as of Cappadocia would be the last of the lineage, and there was no other person left in the whole relationship, but the Savior. Jesus, the Christ, whom we call the Savior, He was the last of His lineage. And with Him would go down the whole lineage of Cyrus, Kuyros, the Messiah of the Jews and the King of Persia; or Kriste (Christ) of the Zarathushtrians; the Chrystos of the Greek Christians, the Christ of the Latins or Romans; with Him it would become annihilated. The great Household of Kuyros (?) would be extinct, for with His Mother, like with the Mother of Zarathushtra, the lineage would have died out. The Household of Zoroaster, or Zarathushtra, as properly called, would have died out, as he, too, was the last of His lineage.

Queen Helena had her Camp beside that of the Savior, and she was wise to keep with the Savior and

remain on good terms, for she knew that eventually, if it came to the worst, she would have *One* who would uphold her sons. She knew it would be impossible to uphold her eldest son, for he was degraded to the very depths, so much so that even she could not receive him. But she was going to hope for her younger son, and the only way to accomplish her ends was to make them remain friends. And so Queen Helena would follow the Savior, that in case of emergency He would uphold her son in that position of honor, which He promised to do.

When Queen Helena heard He was going to enter the City of Jerusalem living in expectancy, naturally her heart was filled with fear. If HE was going to take Jerusalem, consequently dethrone Herod, it would mean dethronement of her own throne and even the throne of her son in whom she had placed all her hopes. And this must be averted. And thus we see her, with all her company, passing over to the Savior's camp to pay Him homage, to break bread with Him, to break the bread of friendship, thus making Him promise upon His honor, that He may at least spare the throne for herself.

It is during that time that we also see Nicodemus, for wherever there is anything of importance we see Nicodemus there. Although a high dignitary in the Church and in the Sanhedrin, nevertheless, because of the foreign blood in him, because of the Northern stock in him, he has to keep his own informed. Joseph

of Arimathea, he always holds a fort in the City, and he has to listen, get all the information possible as to what is going on among the people, that he may accordingly make his reports. But these two particular personages have the safety of the Savior at heart. Now, whether they could understand the message of the Savior or not, they are interested in that man, not knowing why. They are just interested in Him, and they will not let any harm come to Him.

As we said, Queen Helena broke with the Savior that bread of friendship. She had broken that bread many times before, but now she had doubts of Him. Even she had taken on suggestions. Although in a high position, although surrounded by soldiers to protect her, though having power over life and death, after all, she is open to suggestions of a lower nature.

There is none on high, there is no heaven toward which she may turn her eyes, there are human beings and *only* human beings. And she said: "I must have these words from His own lips! I must have these words from His own lips in the presence of my company, in the presence of my disciples, that there may be no doubt about it." "And O Lord, when Thou dost enter the City, for this is the Day, I know Thou enterest the City." (All explanations would avail nothing, she was so convinced in her mind that He was going to enter the City. But His mission was teaching the people, healing the sick, raising the fallen, helping the neglected ones.) "Ah, yes, but you

can give me the assurance this is the purpose and object in Thy life. May it not be a means to an end, for no others use the same means to gain the confidence of the people." And at moments and times of emergency, is it not the bulk of the people that possess the physical power, that fight and enter into battle? May it not be a means to an end? The very fact that the camp fires were burning far into the night, for remember those were the signs or forebodings of people who were going to take the City by storm, ere the sun would rise they would be taking the City by storm. Why did He allow fires to be stirred if there were not people to be prepared, if needs be, to take the City by storm. "Promise it to me before my company that Thou wilt sustain me and uphold my son when Thou enterest the City by storm. Promise that Thou wilt be my guest, and particularly at my home during Thy stay in the City of Jerusalem. Promise it to me!" Because that promise "*to be their guest*" commands protection, that even in the case of emergency during a moment of revolution or war they would be safe with the Savior beside them. Not that she cared so much for Him, not that her son was so much in love with Him, but as a means to an end—*using the Savior as a means to her ends*. *Royalty* was to demonstrate that, *Royalty* was to bear it out. *Royalty*, when it seeks a Savior, not because of a message, not because of enlightenment, not because of inspiration, but to sustain them;

Eastertide

THIS year we not only have an early spring, with plowing and planting earlier than usual, but we shall also have an early Easter, adorned with many flowers and quickening breezes. What the spring is to the earth Easter is to man. As at springtime the seed of the earth awakens to its consciousness while the first rays of Tistra touch the ethereal currents of the moon, and thus attracts to its glume the fecundating sparks unto the concept of a nucleus promoting the intelligence of the seed toward gestation, even so will return to man the spirit of the times, if he will only follow nature in her ascendancy and direct his spiritual propensities toward the building of everlasting life and burst from the tomb of superstition and error which holds him to the glume of ancestral ties and influences.

Freed from the dismal realm of sepulchral beliefs, man is to arise in all his glory and leave behind him the cloth of contention in which he once lay wrapped even beyond recognition.

May the world of sin continue to have its share of fear while the God-man walketh in the garden, speaking words of love and cheer.

Let the disciples of doubt and faint belief run away from before the messengers of Truth and mingle their voices with the confused of the Tower of Babel, while

the God-man walketh in the cool of the evening toward Emmaus expounding the laws of life and perfection.

Let the world around you continue in its sorrow and care for the morrow's fare while the God-man, with thanksgiving in his heart, breaks the bread of heaven unto recognition and appears in the midst of his own as a Savior of Liberty.

Yea, thou son of man, come forth from out of the chambers of superstition and as a son of God face the dawn of an era of peace that surpasseth all understanding. Break the fetters of ancestral chains and enjoy thy higher nature, full and free. Break away from cruel dogmas and cold creeds of antiquity and follow the light of understanding as it rises before thee from out of the jasper sea of illumination.

Set thy feet upon the ground strewn with the seed of life everlasting and listen to the gladsome song carried upon waves of ether, touching the heart-strings of thy soul, revealing melodious tones, the message of the season. "He lives and lives again!"

May it come to us, one and all, that this day is our day of resurrection, and may we remain free from the touch of the past, pointing the finger of Destiny toward the rising luminary who carries in his rays the seed of the life to be.

May it come to us that this is the day of our realization and a day of victory over all the accumulations of racial suggestions.

May we, like He, cast aside all the wrappings of sin and error, and appear in the garment of resurrection, pure and undefiled.

Let us arise and go hence that in the fading away of the stars of the morning we may be remembered by what we have done.

And with splendor behold our faces adorning
At the hour of the rising sun.
Here to bask in the rays of golden perfection,
Lauding the day of our first resurrection.

Christ Is All!

In all of our life's moods of feeling,
Of sorrow, distress and unrest,
Christ, Lord is our Anchor, our Leader,
Inspiring with unfalt'ring trust.

So Christ is our All very truly,
Our Hope and our Life and our Peace,
His name breathes excellent sweetness,
All potent with joy-giving life.

Chorus:

The cross let be raised then in triumph,
For Christ is and must be in all,
In true love our loyalty maketh
Christ King and Lord of all.

Silent Saturday

Song: "Come, oh, come unto me, all ye who are heavily laden!"

"And I will give you heavenly rest!"

AT least one day out of three hundred and sixty-five days should be set aside to go into silence, to be silent and in that state of silence recapitulate upon the events of the past, be they appertaining to individuals, to individual relationship, to humanity or to the world at large, or be they appertaining to the very beginning of things, so that step by step we may remember, we may recall to our memory time and eternity. Although engrossed in material things through the rest of the year, we are not to lose ourselves within the density of space, not to lose our mark, our aim, our purpose, at least one day of the year should be a day of absolute silence. Instead of communing by words of mouth, we commune in spirit, forgetting all the objective and with it return to first principles in which all the great possibilities of eternity are contained.

It is from out of the profoundest depths of silence that the Infinite Intelligence originally reflected upon the circumference of being, and from out of the silence of space, the magnitude of space, emanated the creative thought, the creative energy with its processes

of divisibility conducive to the formation and creation of worlds.

The prophet of old, in reminding us of our being and our origin, our purpose and destiny, declared: "Be still, ah, be still for a moment, cease this tattle and prattle, cease asking these thousands of questions that are but passing phenomena, cease dealing with problems that are of a passing nature, which rise and fall; just be still!" Be still and then? Be still and know—and know what? Know not only the things that appertain to the daily walks of life, not only the things that appertain to nature with its entirety, with all its variations and complexities, not only know their power and ability; to delve into space, considering the strata above and the strata below, not only know the things that appertain to the whole of creation with its almost innumerable operations and processes—but to find and know more than this world can offer, more than the universe holds, more than the infinite space embodies. "Be still and know that I am God!"

The Blessed Savior, in announcing freedom, liberty, salvation, redemption and emancipation, proposes to recall to our memory the beginning, the purpose of things, and the end with its great possibilities of eternity. He endured every experience that can possibly come, not only to one human being, but to all humanity, and in the end He, too, had to go the way that all are destined to go. For though we have come

into our own—yet its treasures and possessions being of matter, terrestrial, we cannot carry them away with us, for burdens they must remain there where we have picked them up.

Even this physical constitution, though the result of operations and creations; even this frame which embodies these magic illusions, though created, shaped and formed in accordance to designs, nevertheless, being in accordance with terrestrial laws, it will have to go, every particle has to return to its source.

The story given in the Gospels is to remind us that it is not the material side—it is the spiritual side alone that is everlasting, eternal, and does not change. All changes are made in and through, and by matter or the material side. We are to be spared illusions and delusions by recognizing and realizing the operation of illusions that we may never accumulate, never hoard up and with it be made slaves to the material side of existence, but to merely turn everything into channels of greater profit and utility—consequently to apply our intelligence with all its spiritual propensities and its material possibilities to ever and anon interchange and exchange. . . .

To impress our mind with this thought the Savior descended into that very sepulchre. He left behind all that appertains to this world. That incident proposes to impress our thought with the necessity of freeing ourselves from all the embellishments and suggestions of fear, anxiety, trembling; it frees us

from authorities and authoritative institutions, to go out into the open without any attachments whatsoever appertaining to this world or humanity. And the Savior rests for a while; He is resting just long enough to recapitulate, to reconsider.

We are to do likewise upon this day of silence. We are to think of whence, where and how we came, by what means, what we are in reality, and in summing it all up, leave everything behind that is illusionary and step out into the open nature, guided and directed by the higher, the Infinite Intelligence.

The things that continue to live are the things that come to us due to memory which has been impressed by the days gone by. All that is praiseworthy, useful, elevating, inspiring, and the things that have been accomplished are by those who have passed through terrible experiences. Not the stones, monuments or edifices stand out in testimony of the hero that has gone to the fore, but the accomplishments and the things that we delight in, taking up there where others left off, adding to it, aggregating, building, experiencing the higher state of civilization.

And so it is with us: though the name be forgotten and the time falls into oblivion, the things that we have done and accomplished are the things that continue to perpetuate themselves, that enter a corresponding mind and thought, and with it the thread of continuity will be drawn and be woven that leads to the glorification of each and every one.

Just to be remembered by what I have done, not what I believed and said, not what I proposed and claimed, but what I have done in paving the way for others. Not to go back always to a beginning but to take up the work where we left off, where we expect to take up the work, whatever the Infinite Intelligence has put in our care, to perpetuate the creative energy by perfecting the things that we find on terra firma.

—April 20th, 1935; 1 p.m. South Coast Park,
California.

Ash Wednesday

THIS is Ash Wednesday; and oh, if we could only turn into *ashes* all superstition, all ignorance and all dogmas that we all have been steeped in! If they only could be turned into ashes, to rise no more in our presence, then we would be thankful for this day. It would be a real, true Ash Wednesday to us. Not the dogmatic Ash Wednesday that is celebrated today, but the Ash Wednesday commemorated in the spirit of our ancestry, in the spirit of the first Royal Family, having separated itself from the preceding race. Thus having separated themselves, they traveled in a south-westerly direction from their former abode and multiplied and filled the western hemisphere, the principal

abode of the Aryan or White Race, of which we, each and every one of us, are members.

In the way they separated, you, today, in commemoration of the thought that has realized and freed them from ancestral ties and superstition, separated yourselves, just as in the case of the blessed Ainyahita. It had to come to her most vividly when that ancestral tree was struck down on that memorable Ash Wednesday—the day we still celebrate in the memory of the mother unto the Aryan White Race, Ainyahita, the incarnation of love and wisdom. She came to this Earth and her spirit still hovers over us, for that was her one wish and desire, as she said: "This one boon, oh, Lord, I ask of Thee; this one thing promise me; this one desire let it be granted, oh, Lord, that I remain upon this Earth until every one to the very last of this race shall be redeemed. Just let me stay here among them, for I shall not find any solace, peace or happiness, even though Thou hast something superior in store for me, I am willing to waive it for this one wish—to remain that I may have the privilege of touching up their hearts and minds, and bringing them comfort at the signal of distress. Yes, permit me to remain until every one of my race be redeemed, then I am willing to submit to Thy Will, Wish and Desire!"

That is the real true spirit and heart of a real mother. She was not going to ascend and sit at the right hand of another. She did not want a throne

and to look down upon mortals. No! She said: "I am going to remain with them until the hour of delusion is past, oh, Lord. Permit me this one boon, oh, Lord, that my spirit shall remain upon this Earth until the *Great Morning* shall appear."

Evidently she must have been granted that wish, for throughout every century, every age and era there her spirit is most perceptible. Again and again you can see her stepping-stones, you can see her rounding the ladder, you can see her great scientific mind and character arise. All the things that she wished for her race, that they might be blest are being accomplished. Indeed, we are all being blest in these last days.

The Blessed Ainyahita, thousands of years ago, she, too, knelt before the Tree of Wisdom—the tree that had been planted by her ancestry, the *Genealogical Tree*, the tree before which they had prayed in the days gone by. That tree was planted before she came, and that tree had grown so sacred that all ceremonies were performed under it, and it seemed that supplications were almost impossible without it.

One day—it was on a Wednesday, a day of Wodan—the clouds gathered, the thunder rolled and the lightning struck that tree, and it was burned until nothing but ashes remained.

Ainyahita seemed as if she, too, were struck by lightning. She lamented: "How could it be! How could it happen! How dare they strike that tree that

was planted by a powerful people, a people of noble and pure blood! Where shall we go to pray now? Where shall we perform our ceremonies! Where shall we receive our blessings? Where is the Lord God Mazda to reveal Himself?"

It seemed as if everything was lost or gone. All Ainyahita's hopes were burned to ashes. And as she lamented she rolled in the ashes because of her agony, and she put on a rough gown; not a soft gown, but a rough one, made of sackcloth. If you have never seen such a gown it will have to be shown to you. Ainyahita wrapped herself in that gown and cried and called to the Lord. You know whenever you have gone through a terrible experience, how your very heart seemed to bleed, your very soul went out in anguish, and you said to your friends: "No one ever felt as I do, it seems to me I am heart-broken." And Ainyahita was heart-broken.

But a joy had come to her in answer: "Blessed Ainyahita, that thy race may forever be redeemed from superstition and witchcraft, even the last of thy idols had to be destroyed by the elementals, that by destruction of the useless, even the uselessness of humankind is to be scattered by the wind in four directions, even to be untraceable. Intelligence cannot be limited. The God of Hosts, the Saints of Ancestry are not confined to any particular place on Earth. God to be lauded and the Saints to be communed with do not recognize any set place. From

the very rising of Khorshed unto the setting thereof the Name of Mazda shall be praised."

Lo and behold, thousands of years thereafter there comes the Blessed Savior teaching and proclaiming that everywhere they shall give praise unto the Lord. You need not a hall, a chapel, a church or building of any kind. You need not find God there. If God is not within, He is not here. God, to be, must be within. Even the Savior said: "Know ye not, that ye are the Temples of the Living God? Know ye not that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you? Wherefore, be ye as perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect, even as I and the Father are at-one."

Then, when we reach that point, when we come to *Ash Wednesday*, when the tree of accumulation has been struck, we find ourselves at last freed from all that which has clung to us in the past. We arise in all our majesty and we begin to turn pure, clean and white.

The use of ashes has come down to us in this very age. Once a year and sometimes oftener we use it as an emblem of purification at the proper season, therefore, we have consecrated these wood ashes.

What do we make out of wood ashes? Potash. What do we use that potash for? To what do we add it that the preparation may become more cutting to the dirt? To oils for soap. You cannot make soap without it. The concentrated wood ashes is in all soap and we cannot clean anything without it. It is

cleansing, purifying, it cuts the dirt. So the wood ashes, just the hard wood ashes, the other would not purify, we use to cleanse the body.

Where the blood thickens, where too many white corpuscles exist; where the membranes have an accumulation of mucus; where we find any organ fails in the process of assimilation; where the alimentary canal has become a camping ground for bacteria, feeding the germs which interfere with the nervous system; where we think no further than morning to evening and follow the ordinary trend until it grows monotonous; when we have nothing to look forward to, but breakfast in the morning, lunch at noon and dinner at night and then retire to bed, perhaps to rest for the coming day only to again repeat the same thing over and over and have not enough money to cover expenses; when those are the conditions, even though to a small degree, then pack your body in sackcloth and ashes. That is the last resort where all else has failed. Take to wood ashes and sackcloth. What is sackcloth for? Anything rough, anything that brings friction to the skin, such as borax or hard-wood ashes, opens the pores. You rub wood ashes over the body and keep at work and the effete matter is removed. You may think you are clean, but you must remember there are several layers of skin, and if any morbid matter is retained it is detrimental to your well-being. You may steam, bleach and bathe the body, but the moment you have rubbed the body

vigorously with your hands or after you have gone through that for an hour or more you note the difference in the results. Then you go to the tub and rinse the body and put on clean underwear. Now you can retire, and you will have to say next morning: "Such a sleep I never had before. Now I know what I enjoy—the sleep of the righteous." Remember, with real honest sleep every morning you arise with more consciousness. When you arise with a feeling mean and fidgety then you have not had a real sleep. Real sleep does not induce anything of a destructive nature.

All we should say is, celebrate your Ash Wednesday with sackcloth and wood ashes. When you go home take a half teaspoonful of hardwood ashes and keep it up for a week and you will be glad to do it for another week. You will be surprised at the change that takes place. The regularity will be established when all else has failed. You will notice it in the tint of your skin. You may already have a clear skin, but it does not harm to have more color. You feel there is a certain cleansing process you are going through. You need not use sarsaparilla or any other spring remedies. You may use the old remedy of sackcloth and wood ashes and you will not need to have all those ungodly bitter herbs. The wood ashes will accomplish the purification and with it you will become more conscious.

Egyptian Postures

The Egyptian Postures in this series assure the physical and intellectual development in the gray matter, touching the spiritual side only to the extent inherent.

The Egyptian Postures have it for their purpose to increase chemicalization of thought-waves and with it the refining of the blood, which assures refinement of the heart so necessary unto higher culture and greater attainments.

5. Take the same kneeling position, keeping the clenched fists tight against the shoulder joints. Always empty the lungs, thoroughly, arrest the breath action for a few moments. Fill the lungs with ease, while chest is well set. Arrest all action and bend body to the left and until left elbow touches the floor. Hum a sweet tune when returning to original kneeling position. Do not release fists from their position. Continue to clench fingers and press the thumbs.

Having gone through these positions until they become easy, take all four positions in rapid succession and upon one inhalation.

This done, take each position upon an exhalation, which means to say, you hum a melody until lungs are thoroughly emptied and then go through the movement and movements.

(Continued next month)

Mother's Counsel

Congeniality

EUGENICS as a science has been known and practised by the ancients throughout the ages of the past and it was due to the knowledge of Eugenic laws that they were able to give to the world its Saviors and Redeemers. All great and powerful individuals who have incarnated in and through matter were eugenically born whether consciously or unconsciously conceived.

As Mazdaznan students we are interested in all lines of progressive thought. Eugenics in particular is a science which requires thought and understanding of the fundamental principles of nature pertaining to the higher unfoldment of the human race. Man is impelled by the evolutionary laws of nature to improve and advance the conditions surrounding him through birth and circumstance. Every thinking, reasoning mind feels the great responsibility placed upon him by an all-wise Creator.

The animal creation is led by instinct but remains true to its nature—true to its own particular class, kind and species. Man, however, is in a class by himself; "He stands 'twixt earth and heaven," endowed with the inner consciousness of his divine soul-spirit

—ego. Because of man's spiritual origin and higher relationship to the Infinite Creator, he cannot honorably disregard the obligations which were given to him when incarnating in human form, thus fulfilling the design and purpose of Providence. Consequently is it not our sacred duty to use the highest means at our command in paving the way for the little ones to manifest? Surely, every conscientious parent desires to bless and welcome the little stranger who comes as a messenger from higher realms! Nature is very exact in all her workings; either we must live in harmony with her operative laws, working in every way constructively, or become disobedient victims of uncontrolled elementary forces which tend toward destruction and thus be compelled to struggle through the difficulties, uncertainties and vicissitudes of a miserable existence.

Man is endowed with right of choice, the power to direct his own life's destiny on earth. How fortunate are those individuals for whom the path has been paved, the way of life made easy from birth by parents who have given the subject of Eugenics due consideration and thus prepare understandingly for their children's coming into manifestation!

There are so many planes of thought to be traversed while giving the subject of Eugenics necessary thought that one is liable to become lost in a maze of unsound theories and impractical ideas. Nature is simple and direct in her methods, and to understand

nature we only need to return to a life of simplicity, we need to be honest, just and sincere in all our reasoning. Harmony, unity, congeniality are qualities and attributes governing universal operations. It is said, "That only in a state of peace may we prosper!" Thus, respect, contentment, harmony and love, all contribute to the maintenance and upkeep of a successful home-life. Upon whom does a home depend? Father, of course, is the provider, the protector of the home and family while the household, that which constitutes the making of home environment, is dependent upon mother, whether she is in reality a mother, or just someone who holds the place of mother—a spiritual mother caring for those in her charge.

Where couples decide to travel the way of life together, they should realize the importance of congeniality in all things. Many times nature compels us to be attracted to one of opposite temperament, appearance, etc., one who possesses certain qualities which we ourselves lack. Beautiful and talented children are often born of such a union. When we exercise foresight, thoughtfulness and an understanding of human nature in all our thinking, we are able to keep a mental balance, an equilibrium at all times; thereby creating an atmosphere of peace and felicity that is sensed by all who enter such a home.

Mother is the pivoting point around which home and all that it signifies revolves. To be a successful home-maker, wife and mother, requires a keen reason-

ing mind and a loving, understanding heart.

The business woman must train herself in a profession as does the successful business man. Business psychology is taught on every hand. But the business of building a successful home environment wherein may be born and reared the tender plants of childhood has not been as studiously observed and considered as its importance demands. The divorce courts testify to this regrettable fact.

Harmony is the keynote to a serene and contented state of mind, while congeniality, the companion of harmony, lays the cornerstone to a happy family life and a successful home environment.

—*Maria R. R. Hilton.*

Eugenics

ABOVE all things we want to remember: That in the process of gestation all of the processes of evolution are being repeated; that the characteristics are determined in accordance with the momentum that sets in during the process of gestation. The later a momentum sets in during the process of gestation, or enters into that process of development—speaking now of the foetus part, in the procreation of one's species, one's kind—the later a momentum sets in, naturally the child is brighter, the more independent in thinking and in action, the more intel-

lectual it is, the more determined it becomes. Why? Because it has been given an opportunity to go on and to pass through the higher strata of animal development, and because of the accumulation of greater additions to the physical the animal propensities have reached the highest possible kind or class within the animal kingdom, the way has thus been opened more readily unto higher development.

The average being is not so fortunate as to pass beyond the thirty-third degree of the process of gestation. There are one hundred degrees, but the average foetus passes through only thirty-two degrees of the modus operandi known as the process of gestation, and more than sixty-six degrees are left for the blind forces in Nature to sway at will. There the operations become uncertain, and there the imprints upon the physical constitution, as well as upon the mental, the spiritual, the intellectual, and the finer nature which is the divine side, remain untouched, and therefore sixty-six per cent of the brain cells never come into action. No matter how studious you may be, or how much you may study, or how interested you may be in your studies, it will avail you nothing—you can do no more. You cannot command any more in your make-up than thirty-three per cent of the brain cells, and more than sixty-six per cent remain practically paralyzed or dead. Why? Because Nature cannot go beyond the line or the phase of the momentum. She has to confine herself to all the pre-

ceding processes up to the moment of the momentum.

You must understand this, because it is of the highest import for you who desire to pass through the processes of regeneration, reclaiming yourselves in order to be born again, as the Savior would say. If you wish to be born again, and therefore make up for Nature's deficiencies—make up for that which has been neglected on the part of our ancestors, our parents and instructors, our teachers, thinkers, counselors and leaders—if we wish to make up for it, we must acquaint and familiarize ourselves with the process of gestation in accordance with natural laws.

Dr. O. Z. Hanish.

(Continued next month)

Whatever The Way!

Whatever the Way that
My Lord shall direct me,
I'll follow His bidding,
I'll trust in His leading,
He leads me to regions
Of heavenly joy.

Our Master's Mantle

WHEN we learned to know our Master many years ago we called Him: *Master*, because the students of the Mazdaznan philosophy, science and religion recognized in Him not only a master of speech in different tongues and languages, but they also realized the fact that He was a Master of all the different expressions of human nature and a Master of life in matter through nature, surrounding and abounding man.

Consequently, when we learned to know Him personally, we could not help but acknowledge Him to be one of the greatest characters living upon this earthly globe.

While giving wonderful religious talks Sunday mornings in His Chicago Temple, He invariably wore an exquisite red silk robe, woven in intricate designs of various colors. When looking at the regal robe one was impressed with the symbolic designs and questioned their meaning and significance.

Around the top of the robe at the neckline were golden-yellow rays like sunbeams. In front, the rays extended downward like a ribbon to the foot of the robe. Light cream colored, the design appeared in olive-branch form, the branches encircling the sleeves.

A golden line formed a narrow girdle around the middle of the mantle. At the bottom woven upwards, were again branches of olive and branches with flowers and fruits.

We could easily comprehend that the entire robe was of great significance, and so one day we took the liberty to ask the Master about the meaning and significance of this robe. And He answered: "Yes, that is true! It is the king's mantle enveloping man. The top of man's body is the brain; it is the luminous part which radiates rays all around like unto the sun. The golden girdle line is to be likened unto the equator of the earth, the dividing line of two parts, the upper and the lower parts, signifying that the human being has a higher and a lower nature which he must constantly govern and control. In the higher or upper part are located the heart and lungs. These two organic factors connect with the brain to help and assist man to become a mental conscious being. Man should govern his lower nature so that these material powers will serve him as do a people serve their king. Thus, if man knows how to control and govern his entire nature, physically and mentally, he is a real king, and he also represents the bridegroom of nature and the universe. The earth, too, is at his command and delights to bring forth for his use her countless treasures and accomplishments."

The king's mantle is woven from the best quality of blood colored silk and the girdle is of pure gold thread. The meaning of this is: that man contains within himself the pure gold of the spirit and this spirit is enveloped by the material human nature sustained by the blood of life.—*Mother Frieda Ammann*

Reminders For March

ALL diverse greens appearing in early spring-time and what are ordinarily termed edible weeds, act upon the digestive organs in general and by increased assimilation the salts and acids will tone the blood, regulating its gravity and consistency.

According to the teachings of the medical school of Salernum our fare is to be slender during March as well as April. Foods should be first of an eliminating nature and then of a tonic effect.

Milk should be used in Spring, especially in batter preparations like farmers rice, rivulets, dumplings and noodles.

It is the simple, daily fare, wholesome, nutritious, assimilative, vitamin-creative, biochemic-salt-constructive that imparts to the cell-life a new impetus and animates us to greater force and power as well as resistance.

Eat radishes and young onions quite freely with your meals during March.

Use plenty of salads and less fired foods. A fresh combination salad, a doughnut or a hot biscuit ought to make a good meal.

A grated apple, one-half of shredded wheat and hot sweet cream assist peristaltic action and a raw egg added will increase vitalization; followed by a pony glass of orange juice, will help to overcome accumulations of uric acid as well as to reduce sugar in the system.

During Lent continue with one raw egg for the first meal and any desired fruit juice as a complete breakfast. Be satisfied with a light lunch: a hot herbal tea, with grated apple and matzos. Dinner may consist of a small combination salad, and entree dish of vegetable stew, or a combination roast made of barley, rice, pulses and cereals; or, of ground vegetables and pulses; or of vegetable tops, cereals and pulses; or of combined vegetables, crushed dextrinized toast and ground nuts, or a chestnut roast with pine nuts. The roast, croquettes or fritters should be followed by a plain pudding. Drink is optional; still it is well to adhere to herb teas of an eliminating nature. Alternate sassafras with dandelion, sarsaparilla, buchu, black haw, alfalfa, violet, elderflower, linden, clover or comanche, mate, or any tea appealing to your taste or demands, not to forget that flaxseed tea with a pinch of cayenne and ginger will fill any requirement and assure the best results.

Egyptian Religion

IT is a long step from the lofty ideas that these archaic systems suggest to the figures under which the gods were represented, and the symbols regarded as their living forms. Osiris has indeed a human shape, but Ra is usually hawk-headed, and Thoth, the god of wisdom, has the head of an ibis. Some goddesses are lioness-headed and cat-headed; others sometimes have the head of a cow. Osiris, despite his human character, was supposed to dwell in the sacred bull Apis; and each divinity had a living representative in a quadruped, bird, reptile, or fish, while sacred trees and mountains were held in reverence. How can so low a pedestal be reconciled with so high a superstructure? When it is remembered that the Egyptian worship is intensely local, that each town had its special divinity and sacred animal, we find the clue out of this labyrinthine question, in which some inquirers have lost themselves, while others, having reached as they thought the end, have given up the subject in despair, like the old visitor who entered a beautiful Egyptian temple, and after traversing its spacious chambers rich with painted sculptures, marveled to find in the innermost shrine a cat or crocodile or serpent. The clue is that at each settlement that worship of a local fetish which is a characteristic of the negroes, was a tradition derived from the orig-

inal population. Generally, when a race of superior belief has conquered one of inferior belief, it has endeavored to substitute its faith for the lower one, by connecting the two. Thus a taint has injured most religions, the higher never succeeding in effacing the lower. This theory accounts for much in Greek mythology. Why should the laurel have been sacred to Apollo, the tortoise to Aphrodite, save for this reason, that in their adopted country the Greeks found certain trees and animals worshiped by the earlier population whom they sought to conciliate by connecting the lower object of worship with the higher ideal they themselves revered? Similarly the old *agalмата* of barbarous form which their predecessors had received from Egypt or copied on Egyptian models were gradually superseded by more fit representations. In literature we may trace the transition when Homer uses epithets that cannot be doubted to be taken from old animal-headed forms for the divinities he describes with human characteristics. In art the transition is seen in the story of Onates, the sculptor, who, when charged to execute a statue of the horse-headed Demeter, whose *agalma* had been destroyed by fire, being perplexed how to do so in an age of growing art, saw the goddess in a dream, and no doubt then represented her in accordance with the higher ideas of his time. Another striking instance is seen in the nome-coins of Egypt struck under Roman Emperors, when Greek ideas were strong in

the country, on which the divinity of the province, though in some cases animal-headed, in others has a human form, and carries in his hand the sacred animal of the nome.

We can therefore scarcely doubt whence arose the combination of animal worship with sun-worship, and the union of the animal's head with the human body in the representations of the local divinities of the mixed system thus formed. Rarely can we find anything appropriate in the union. It is true that the sun-gods have the head of the hawk, a bird of the noble family which gazes at the sun; the sun-goddesses that of the luminous-eyed feline tribe, usually of its highest member the lioness; but for the most part the associations seem to be the effect of mere chance. It may be asked why any should be appropriate if they were the result of the adoption of existing beliefs by newcomers into Egypt; but it should be remembered that we cannot suppose all the towns of Egypt to have been growths from older Nigritian settlements. Memphis we know was not, and we may infer the same of Hermopolis Magna.

—*By Edward Ulback.*

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(Continued)

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