

TANGENTS...

BY THANE ... THE PROSPEROS... POST OFFICE BOX 190, EL MONTE, CALIFORNIA

VOLUME II, ISSUE 27

Copyright, 1963

Dear Friend,

As usual, my recent Potpourri asking for contributions brought varied responses. The actual amount of contributions will be published in the News Letter and all letters will be answered personally. However, several of the letters were rather well summed up in a sentence or two from a student with a sense of humor and an ax to grind. I think you'll enjoy a part of her letter and some of you may get vicarious satisfaction out of one portion, feeling she expressed your thoughts, too.

"Undoubtedly," she writes, "you are one of the finest teacher-lecturers I have had the pleasure to study with, and as you know, I'll sit so long my circulation stops and I'll hock my jewelry just to listen to you; but, when you take pen in hand, a transformation takes place; you become one of the haranguest, naggiest SOB'S I have encountered to date with the exception of my mother. . .in her heyday, that is! . . .YOU. . .infinitely more powerful and with one hell of a lot more to tell those millions, spend your time spanking a handful of people."

Another writes, "Why don't you give up 'groupitis' and go it alone? You'd soon be rich and then could do much for a lot of people."

Still another, "Why do you keep on? It must be heart-breaking."

So, I'll answer why I keep on:

*"Thou hast seized and overpowered me. . .
If I say: I will not mention Him,
Or speak any more in His name,
There is in my heart as it were a burning fire
Shut up in my bones.
And I am weary of holding it in,
And I cannot."*

— Jeremiah 20: 7, 9

Jeremiah seems to sum it all up for me though I'm sure there are questions in the minds of some students left unanswered. I will attempt to answer them.

It may seem presumptuous to relate myself to a prophet but I have been at this so long and so many events have conspired to establish the assumption of a relationship with the prophets of all time that I have no other

choice. I would rather not because most prophets have been rather awesome fellows and anything but companionable. A prophet is about the last person I'd want to be marooned on a desert island with because they always feel "a thunder in the world and a lightning in the soul", which isn't comfortable for them much less anyone else. This is because they had an encounter with God and God has entrusted a burden on them.

In the pure sense of the word I don't assume I am a prophet, because I believe as Heschel believes, "Prophecy ceased; the prophets endure and can only be ignored at the risk of mankind's despair." I cannot ignore the prophet within and no more should you. It's like a young student wrote recently, "The Taurian in me wants to balk but the Thane in me says 'heed'." I do get "weary" of holding it in, and I cannot."

I recently wrote that my way and the way of my students is one of the Pharaonic ritual. I have nothing new to teach but I have tried to infuse fresh imaginativeness, and because I have been enriched by entering the mysteries through little used and almost forgotten gateways, Exodus, Joseph and His Brothers, Ruth and Naomi, as archtype symbols, are gateways to freedom that the modern psychologists have missed. The prophets and the seers did know. They always knew and what they knew is as fresh today as it was centuries ago. At the age of eleven or twelve (I'm not sure and must ask my mother sometime) it was opened to me and while I've gone ever-which-way and twisted and turned to avoid it, it cannot be escaped. I finally made peace with the prophet within and have gone that way ever since.

Heschel writes it better than Thane: "The prophet is a man who feels fiercely. God has thrust a burden on his soul, and he is bowed and stunned at man's fierce greed. Frightful is the agony of man; no human voice can convey its full terror. Prophecy is the voice that God has lent to the silent agony, a voice to the plundered poor, to the profaned riches of the world. . . God is raging in the prophet's words."

Beautiful and truthful words, but my student states it more bluntly and just as truly with calling me the "haranguiest, naggiest SOB" she's ever met. . . excepting her mother, who was probably a Cancerian or Virgoan.

A prophet has never been an ordinary man. What they were (are) is as significant as what they said, or still say. They have eccentricities, foibles and personalities that never fail to arouse interest. They don't pretend these things; rather these things motivate them. And this is why they do interest men.

TAN II-27-2

It's like Hedda Hopper said in the lobby of the hotel today when asked about the decline of Hollywood: the trend is toward the prototype of the girl next door. You don't go downtown to see the girl next door, you go next door.

It's a long jump from Hedda to Reinhold Niebuhr, but in a recent article about the decline of Christianity, he says we don't go to church anymore because if we want to hear how to win friends and influence people we go to Dale Carnegie classes where we can smoke and have a drink. The truth of the matter is that man has viewed so many horror movies (should I say horrid?) on TV that old-fashioned evangelism no longer entertains him and the ministers in church make him feel *too* comfortable. He finds nothing in the pap of averaged watered-down Christianity to meet the desire of his Minimal Man. In fact, I sometimes get so bored with what I read and hear that I long to hear a good fiery Jesuit preaching during Lent. I may not agree with him but he stirs me, makes me feel guilty of omissions and I know the feeling is right. We're all just too conditioned by the empirical approach.

The lessons of the prophets are just as meaningful today as in their day because the world is little different in its greed, agony and terror than the world to which Jeremiah, Micah, Isaiah and Habakkuk spoke. The same lessons are to be learned. I guarantee you that when the Holy See deems fit to reveal the sealed prophecy of Our Lady of Fatima, which was to be opened in 1960, it will be "repent", which is to say turn your ways and thinking. I'm not sealed for 1960 or any other date. I take my pen in hand and harangue like a SOB.

The prophet in anyone, if let speak, will echo indignation, ire, emotion and fierceness. The most simple thing that they have to say, though said humbly and peacefully, has a "fire in the mouth" that seems to scorch no matter how much they will it to not. I know this only too well and my close associates can vouch for it. I can see everyone at the NSC shaking their heads in agreement as they read this, but as some of them say, "No one has a gun in our backs holding us here." The prophet in them must agree, and does. Heschel says ". . . the image of the prophet must not shine, it must burn." Besides, "you can't kill a rat with a feather duster." (1)

Quite contrary to the Pollyana metaphysics and bellhop-God of today's current crop of so-called teachers, possibly excepting Roy Eugene Davis, the true teacher is another Amos full of rebuke saying, "They drink wine in bowls and anoint themselves with the finest oils, but they are not grieved over the ruin of Joseph. He speaks in a shrill voice. Where others see serenity, they see chaos. Where others see virtue outweighing sin, they see only evil. They see the conscience of the world inflamed; *they cut through the solace of religion and institutions.*"

To put it succinctly, they are a different breed and I am with them, like it or not.

To be sure, as I wrote in *The Not So Secret Doctrine*, humaneness is one of their marks. They must teach humaneness and we must learn humaneness. But we learn most from that part of them which is God-saturated, God-intoxicated. And I'm high on that all the time. My fundamental experience has been a "fellowship with the feelings of God, a sympathy with the divine pathos," and I try to convey it to others. But to pursue our own course *without* learning how to *give* to those we will never meet, to those unborn, and to always see that an "escape hatch" is available to any and all when they are ready, is an abomination and no good teacher can condone it. I don't mean charity and the other forms of social giving. I mean just what I've written about many times that evokes shrill screams as I indicate at the beginning of this spate of words. I just don't do it often or consistently enough. I'm too humane in that regard. That's a sophistry; I should say I'm just too human and think too much of the problems of my students in giving rather than insisting consistently as I should.

Bluntly, I'm no longer ashamed to ask giving for I've seen too damned many among the students, and some very close to me, who are not grieved over the ruin of Joseph, which is, most certainly, their own ruin, and with all their striving to science-of-mind, thought-power, gimmick-self-hypnosis, and otherwise bull their way to a glowing image of themselves, they succeed only in painting a stinking picture as Dorian Gray achieved.

To be sure I, too, become much too engrossed in the more erudite issues of teaching and forget to vomit up intellectuality as Teddy (2) suggested. I intend, with patience and foresight, to help each student peel back the layers of thought and speculation on the nature of God and find themselves God. It takes everything we can find in the trends of Eastern and Western theology, Greek philosophy, modern psychology and the off-beat, queer ideas of a Master G or a Thane. We must, in finding The Way, explore the texture of intellectual history, the theology of pathos and justice, the ideas of anthropomorphism and anthropopathy, the religion of sympathy, the concepts of divine wrath, prophecy and ecstasy, the truth of sex, and even listen to fellows like Philip Wylie and the publisher of *Play Boy Magazine*.

There isn't any other way, kiddies, for modern man, and those who stick with me (though not of necessity) will gain a view of prophetic experience. At that point the "I and Thou" dialogue of a Buber becomes our own inner dialogue of the divine-human encounter, or crossing point with God, and life becomes witness as new and with profound meaning. You experience with friends and strangers the implications of the old Packard advertising, "Ask the man who owns one."

It used to be that faith, inexplicable faith was needed. It was on this rock that I founded and so have many others. But it isn't necessary now. Nor is conversion. All that is needed in this Nuclear Space Age of Communication is elucidation, and when we have achieved some degree of it we are exposed to a new dimension (pardon the use of the word) and the poetry of the universe wells up within us.

As I have recently been telling *Releasing The Hidden Splendour* students in closing the class that the true Knower must say *no to his society, condemning its habits and assumptions, its complacency, waywardness, and syncretism*. I warn them *they will often be compelled to proclaim the opposite of what their emotions expect*.

Our fundamental purpose in *The Prosperos* is to reconcile Man and God and do away with human man once and forever. In doing this we must produce men that are uncommon in thought, act and deed. The cliché-ridden common man has to go.

Why?

Because of man's false sense of sovereignty, his abuse of freedom, his aggressive, sprawling pride and his resentment of the true nature of God being involved in his history and his immediate present.

Possibly it was unwitting on her part, but my dear student presented me with an accolade when she called me an SOB and I shall do my best to live up to the concept of this new casting director.

Aloha blessings,

Thane

Thane

- (1) T.M. Storke, Publisher Santa Barbara News Press
- (2) Teddy in Nine Stories by J.D. Salinger

Indianapolis
May 1, 1963



All transformation is based on...

THE LAW OF ASSUMPTION

A unique and important lesson!

by *Thane*

GREATER FREEDOM TAPE TWO \$9.95

NATIONAL SERVERS' CENTER
410 - 32ND STREET
NEWPORT BEACH, CALIFORNIA