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COVERS THE WORLD

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THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

THE DIVINITY OF MAN

By THE IMPERATOR



E, AS human beings, should not develop—either consciously or unconsciously—that strange attitude and that strange mental idea that we are superior to all other beings on the face of the earth. There is nothing that will interfere with the progress in life of the average individual so much as a degree of the superiority complex, unless perhaps it is the development of a degree of the inferiority complex.

But there is no reason why we should not understand, frankly and honestly, the real facts. Man is the highest form and highest development of the creative forces of the universe. Man was gradually evolved and created to be "the living image of God." This does not mean the image of a personal God, and it does not mean having the form and figure and body of a God, but having the spiritual image, the spiritual qualities, the spiritual properties of the God Consciousness in our own physical organisms and in our minds and souls.

Man possesses by birth and by divine right and divine gift, more highly evolved abilities and powers than any other of God's creatures on earth. The fact that he can talk, think, and analyze, and that he can do things with his fingers and hands and with his body that other animal creatures cannot do, easily

demonstrates man's highest development. But there are so many other qualities that man possess that are just lying dormant, that are not fully awakened, and that are not often used, that the average individual is not more than forty-five per cent efficient as compared with what he could be if he wanted to be.

All of us are surprised at times with the strange abilities, powers and antics of my little pet dog. We casually remark, sometimes, that the things he does and the way in which he does them would indicate that he is "almost human". And yet, that is not a fair statement because that dog, with all of his wonderful abilities, and the best trained dog and the most developed dog or cat or horse or other animal that ever lived, could not begin to approach a human being in the special faculties and special abilities which human beings possess.

It is true that all animals, all living creatures, have some degree of an unevolved soul. Man is not the only living creature that has a soul, but he is the only living creature that has a fully developed soul, and with the utmost of divine wisdom and intelligence associated with that soul. My little dog has learned to do things which a child might do, with the same understanding and the same joy of doing them, and with the same good motives and purposes. And he has some faculties that the average human being has not even tried to develop. My little dog senses very quickly and very efficiently when anyone in the home is worried or deeply concerned about something or perplexed

or tired, and he can quickly show his sympathy and reveal that he senses a strange condition. I know that if anyone in my home were to be stricken with some illness and would be lying in bed, with transition very close at hand, that that little dog would quickly sense the approach of transition and would begin to cry and wail. He would sense a gradual reduction in the aura of the sick person and he would know instinctively and intuitively that a strange Cosmic and physical condition was manifesting. Very few human beings have developed that degree of sensitivity. And of course he can sense many other things which we might sense also if we had taken the time or the trouble to develop the faculties with which we were born. But with all of his intellect, and with all of his cooperation in being trained and developed by me, he still is far from possessing even the slightest degree of the divine intelligence and understanding that a human being possesses.

It is just as though every human being owned and possessed one of the largest libraries of knowledge and wisdom in the world but kept this library of books and information closed in a vault beneath the cellar of his home, and never entered it, never allowed anyone to look at it, never consulted it in any way. Each one of us is born with such a library, with such a storehouse of divine wisdom, and each one of us is born with certain abilities and powers that are like sparks waiting to be fanned into flames. But we go on our way through life without developing these abilities, or awakening these qualities, and without consulting the great storehouse of wisdom, until some day we find a necessity for doing so. Then we have to join with some movement or come under some instructor and start an intense campaign of serious study and practice. We try to do in eight or ten years what we should have been doing for twenty or twenty-five years previously. We try to crowd into a few years of life all of the development and study that should have been gradual, and which should have been helping us in our development.

It is this divine quality, this God Consciousness side of us, that distingu-

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ishes human beings from all other creatures of the animal kingdom. It is what God intended in the beginning, when, after He created all the other things in the universe and all the living creatures, He decided then that man should be created in His own divine image. Man was the last, the highest product of the creative consciousness of God, and throughout all the ages man has continued to be the special concern of God in His processes of evolution. No matter what else God may do, and what else He may create in the universe, whatever is good and helpful and powerful, He has reserved for man and continues to confer upon man His most beneficent and most bountiful blessings. That is why man has evolved and brought about what we call civilization. Man may attribute to himself and to his thinking and to his mental capacity many of the great improvements in his life, but back of his own ability lies the divine inspiration which God has placed there, and continues to place there.

Man today has attained only a small degree of what he will become through the passage of eons of time. But, right now, our highly evolved race of man represents the most learned, the most powerful, the most developed qualities of the God Consciousness. Yet, it requires man's cooperation, man's understanding, man's willingness, to complete what God has started.

As long as man continues to ignore the divine side of himself and the divine wisdom and highly specialized faculties and abilities he has, as long as he refuses to use them or exercise them, he remains in all of his mental and worldly affairs nothing more than a creature of the animal kingdom. Man can raise himself consciously to the degree of development that he has inwardly, but he must strive to do so, and he must understand and comprehend his own being. With all the worlds that man is trying to explore, in the heavens and throughout the universe, with all of the unknown lands of the sea that man seeks to explore and excavate, with all of the planets and starry clusters that man wants to investigate and become familiar with, he continues to ignore the greatest field, the greatest world of ex-



ploration that exists, and that is the inner self and the divine self.

Throughout the world today the changing conditions in the material world are forcing upon men and women the necessity of finding relief and protection, of finding salvation and strength and power in something that is not of the earthly element. More and more the advanced and evolved human being is turning his thoughts inwardly and as he develops his divine consciousness he becomes a better master of his own affairs and a better master of his life. For too many centuries man has pinned his faith in the material things of life. The religion of the churches says that man should put his faith in God, but we as

Rosicrucians say that man should put his faith in the God Consciousness and the God wisdom and the God-given powers that he possesses and which remain more or less undeveloped in all human beings. We have seen the worldly elements and the worldly qualities and worldly valuations depleted and ruined and destroyed and made of no value. But the one thing that survives and the one thing that comes to the rescue of man is his spiritual and mental powers and abilities. Until man comes to recognize this to a greater degree and makes himself in every sense "a living image of God" he will be a slave to the worldly elements and a victim of worldly circumstances.



Self-Made Time

By FRATER O. J. RANKIN



ANY things we ought to do are left undone because "we haven't time." Most of us are so busy "making a living" that we seldom find time to read a good book; yet some find it comparatively easy to *make* time to read a *bad* book.

Those who regard time as something to be found, and walk around looking for it, waste it in advance. The world's most successful men have never found a single tick of time — they have always made it. He who makes time *has* time, as well as the knowledge of its true value. When self-made time is invested in the Work and Worthwhile Bank, the interest accumulates at about the same rate as "time flies" in the ordinary sense.

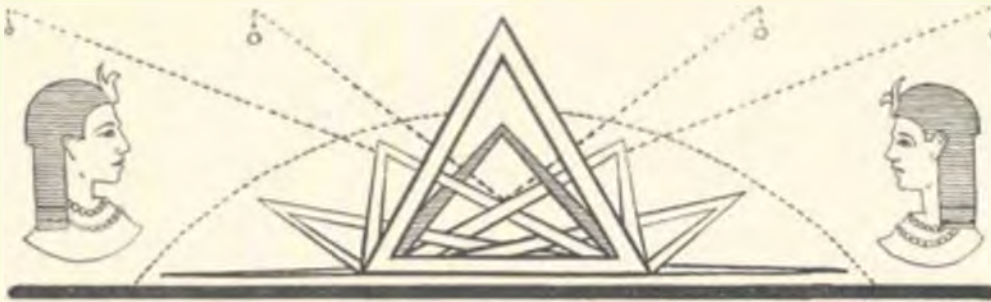
How can we make time? One way is to follow the example of a successful business man: get into bed an hour later and out of bed an hour earlier. At the end of the first year the interest on the

investment is 730 hours, or one month. This is time *made*. Theoretically, it places one a month ahead of the "haven't timers" per year, or in other words, where the "hasn't timer" completes a working year of twelve months net, the time-maker gets in a baker's dozen, plus compound interest, and gains a whole year every twelfth year.

Time is like worry and other false conditions; the more we give thought to it the more we bring it into our lives as an obstacle, as something contrary to harmonious living. In the present era of materialism-with-the-lid-off, time is a robber in retreat, man a policeman for ever in pursuit but never able to catch him. It is an aimless, hopeless chase.

Time can never be found ready made; it is what we make it. To no two persons has it the same duration. It is lengthened by indolence and impatience; shortened by diligence and enjoyment. It is not so much the minutes and hours that count as the way we use them.

Whether or not "Time heals all things" is questionable. It is certain, however, that "Time alone relieves the foolish from sorrow, but reason the wise."



The Chess Players

By FRATER H. J. HERSHENOW, F. R. C.



ABOUT a year ago there appeared in *The New Yorker* magazine a small uncaptioned cartoon which ingeniously, though probably unintentionally, presents some profound and involved distinctions between psychic sense and nonsense. Seated

at a small square table, facing each other, are two "Swamis" of the accepted cartoon type: white robes and neckpieces, towering jewelled turbans, fantastic eyebrows, great glittering eyes, fierce black beards and bird-beaked noses. Each "Swami" has before him a small crystal gazing-ball, and each concentrates on his crystal with an almost painfully intense absorption. For resting on the table between the two crystals is a chess board with a game in progress—the "Swamis" are deeply absorbed in foreseeing each other's moves!

I like to approach a skeptical friend—the sort of friend who gives you kindly but patronizing smiles at the mention of occult principles or studies—and show him this cartoon. We laugh simultaneously—but for somewhat different reasons. After a few moments my friend, noting that my amusement is as genuine as his, loses a bit of his assurance and enjoyment. Just who is laughing at whom?

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Perhaps he inquires: "Just what do the Rosicrucians classify as legitimate visions to be extracted from crystals?" I reply that though I have carefully gone through a seven year's stack of Rosicrucian monographs, employing a large magnifying glass to search between sentences and words, not yet have I found any instructions in crystal-gazing. I considerably refrain from inquiring what school of philosophy he belongs to, where they are taught to draw their conclusions about the occult from humorous cartoons. For though many intellectuals are plentifully supplied with sly jibes at mystics and mysticism, when interrogated they reveal an equally extensive supply of misconceptions as to modern mysticism's basic tenets. They have evolved their social and economic beliefs from first-hand experience and investigation, but their opinions of the psychic technique they have casually absorbed from the evaluations of professional wits.

"Well now," my friend demands, "does or does not this cartoon present a psychic possibility?" I assure him that these psychic chess players are unmatchably absurd. "But," he counters, "if crystal-gazers can foretell the marriages of movie stars and predict victory for the local baseball team, why couldn't they foresee a lost pawn or a captured knight?" I assume a troubled look and inquire solicitously what unfortunate affliction has driven him to reading the Sunday supplements of the newspapers.



"Am I to infer," he persists, "that the Rosicrucians discredit the phenomenon of prevision?"

Not the phenomenon, I explain, but certain methods and mediums, and the popular conception of unqualified and indiscriminate demonstration. The True Crystal is no sphere of quartz, but a certain psychic center within the human body. With much patient effort and sincerity of purpose its existence can be verified, but its power cannot be exercised to win chess games, horse races, or election bets.

Three types of inquiry the Cosmic consistently ignores: the trivial, the unethical, and the merely curious. It is this last factor which has baffled so many of the better class of investigators. They accept the first two conditions, but find it difficult to comprehend the necessity of high purpose—or, they insist that scientific curiosity is in itself sufficiently high purpose. They really conceive of the Cosmic as some sort of slot machine: if they put their nickel in, why shouldn't the wheels go round? They are fundamentally wrong here; they will not admit it; they make their "tests" in this frame of mind, and, getting negative results, denounce mystical claims as fraudulent!

The Cosmic will respond solely to the vital, and in making distinctions between the vital and the trivial its accuracy is infinitely superior to ours. The skeptic's reluctance to accept this fact does not alter the law; it merely bars him from mystical experience. The daily and yearly cycles of life explained in the Emperor's book on Self Mastery and Fate will prove themselves correct to your own satisfaction if you will apply them to those personal affairs of yours which are of real importance and lasting significance. But as the cartoonist makes prevision appear ridiculous by applying it to the trivial, so can you make the life cycles appear ridiculous if you apply them to such vital concerns as when to get a haircut, or trump your partner's ace.

To a dozen gamblers who have each wagered large sums on a different horse to win a race, it is overwhelmingly imperative that one horse run a tenth of a second faster than the other eleven. To the Cosmic it is of no importance what-

soever whether all twelve horses tie for first place, or lie down and refuse to run, or jump the fence and head for Mexico. The intent of all gamblers is to gain wealth without producing anything, *necessarily* at the expense of thousands of losers. The intent of the Cosmic is to make every man earn wealth by producing something, *never* at the expense of his fellow man. This being fundamental, shall the Divine, ineffable mystery of Time be put to work lining the pockets of spectators? Something of another phase of the Cosmic attitude must have been in the old Chinese philosopher who once declined an invitation to witness a horse race, saying politely that he already knew some horses could run faster than others.

The skeptic asks the mystic who will be the next President of our country. The question is vital and ethical, but merely curious. What the skeptic *really* wants to know is whether the mystic can demonstrate prevision. Probably he cannot. As one of the very highest of occult powers, it is not voluntarily exercisable except by the Masters. Yet to the sincere student the Cosmic occasionally demonstrates in some simple but convincing manner the actuality of this phenomenon. The fact that the student did not select the time or the subject and cannot duplicate the feat does not in any way lessen the import of the experience. In this psychic equation there is a qualitative factor of extreme delicacy and precision, not susceptible to immediate comprehension by the uninitiated or the merely intellectually advanced, and the Cosmic, *not* the student, is able to supply this factor. As the Emperor once said: "The Cosmic is not inclined to utilize its time and power in merely demonstrating for the sake of learning whether the law works or not." We are told, and at a certain stage of development convinced, that we will foresee in emergencies or at critical junctures—not when attempting to satisfy the skeptic. Of course this fragmentary explanation will not satisfy him either, but from a noted Theosophist I have borrowed the correct response to those who consider an inability to justify God's laws as a valid reason for their non-existence. This mystic, when

asked why certain life cycles he had verified *should* manifest, replied: "I am engaged not in excusing, but in investigating Nature." Later he was given the proper explanations, but his facts were facts *before* he could justify them to himself or others.

In a one-act play (*The Jest Of Ha-Ha-La-Ba*) Lord Dunsany has compactly dramatized the perversion of prevision. A wealthy Englishman bribes a dishonest sorcerer to summon up a certain Spirit who was said to have the power to grant any one wish. The Spirit appears and the Englishman fearlessly demands a file of *next year's* editions of the *London Times*. With a laugh the Spirit disappears, and there on the table are next year's newspapers. In a notebook the Englishman begins to jot down next year's stock market quotations! But suddenly he glimpses a news item which interrupts his visions of easy millions. In *tomorrow's newspaper* he has read an account of his own sudden transition by heart failure. He collapses on a couch; the papers disappear; a servant enters, and finding his master lifeless, telephones the news to the authorities!

This is rather fanciful, to be sure—symbolic of the actualities. Dunsany has employed the sorcerer and Spirit as intermediaries comprehensible to the audience, and makes cause produce effect, or compensation, immediately. Substitute for the Spirit man's own psychic vision; for the newspapers any selfish, mercenary, unethical desire; for the sudden death, ultimate frustration and reaction, and the story becomes less fanciful than many suppose. Had the Englishman *earned* his glimpse into the future, and requested knowledge for the benefit of all and to the detriment of none, we would have a less melodramatic curtain—and, probably, a very bored audience.

Now the chess-playing "Swamis" are not peering into their crystals for information ruinous to thousands, or harmful to each other, but the triviality of their concern is hardly conducive to psychic revelations. In another cartoon this same cartoonist, using the same subject, rose to even greater heights. He merely drew a solitary self-assured "Swami"—with the regulation jewelled turban and indispensable crystal ball—

and placed him in one of those small circular booths which, with a large clock, generally occupy the center of the waiting-room of large railway stations—one of those booths normally occupied by three or four worried and rushed clerks attempting to supply that which is proclaimed on a series of signs above their heads: Information.

Now which is most absurd: the assumed inquirer at this imaginary information booth who asks the "Swami" to look into his crystal and foretell whether the Silver Streak will have as passengers any crying babies, or the all-too-possible young student who, joining the Order, asks the high officers to probe the Cosmic as to the likelihood of his prospective bride developing a temper?

For failure to produce answers to questions intrinsically of this calibre has prevision been "exposed" by many skeptics.

For success in producing answers to questions intrinsically of this calibre have the crystal-gazers created many "believers."

The skeptic and the believer—what a pair! One believes nothing and the other believes everything—yet *neither* has correctly investigated. Nevertheless the skeptic patronizes the believer from a staggering assumed height, regarding him as a human being perhaps, but one obviously in a very low state of development, while the believer classifies the skeptic as a damned and banished soul, existing on some plane removed from, and far beneath, true humanity. While these two gentlemen accomplish the remarkable feat of looking down upon each other from astronomical elevations, the mystic observes the fact that they stand upon a level, and only misjudge their relative position because of the dense cloud of blind assertions which envelops both of them.

Consider—has any other school of philosophy you ever studied possessed the forthright courage to tell you—as Rosicrucianism does—that you should accept *only* those principles which you can demonstrate to your own satisfaction and conviction? If you think this has always been, and is now the attitude of orthodox science, you had better



stop, look, and listen, for you are believing something which will not stand the test of close investigation.

My skeptical friend, I am delighted to laugh *with* you at the cartoon of the chess players, and do you mind if I invite several thousand Rosicrucians to share our amusement? We know who is bound to have the last laugh in these matters, and we have an opinion as to

whose smile reflects the deeper knowledge now. We will not become indignant at your patronizing grin, for we feel that it is not likely to shame the Cosmic into altering its immutable principles. Neither will we be so impolite as to assume that you have no reasonable right to exist. Reason tells us that if the skeptic did not exist it would be necessary to invent him.

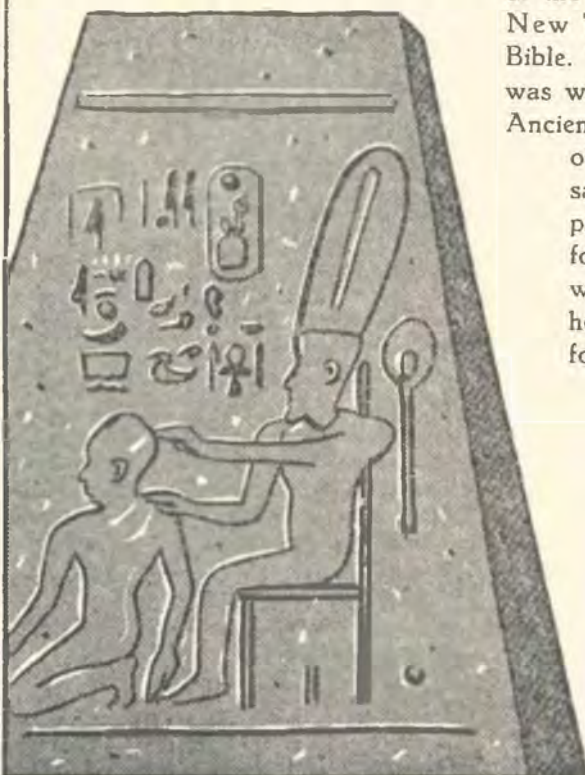


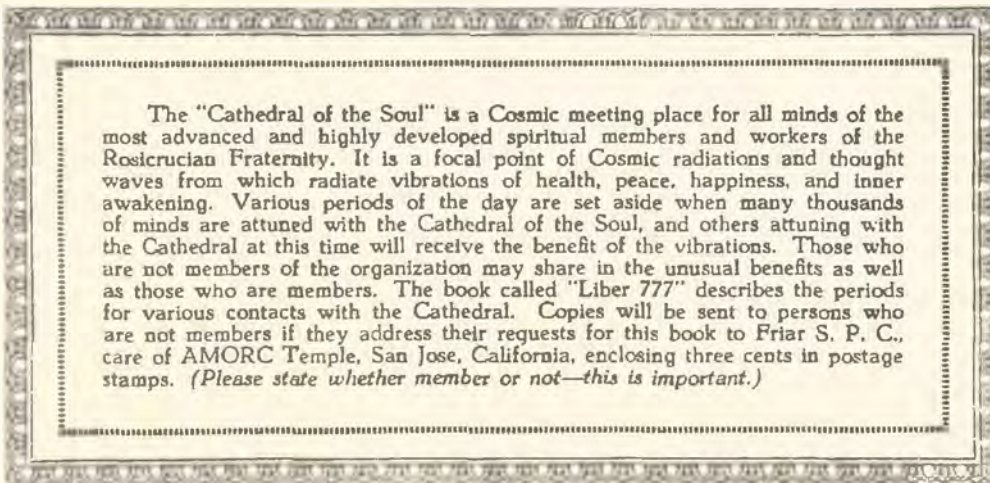
How It All Began . . .

LAYING ON OF HANDS

WE ARE apt to attribute the custom of the laying on of hands for healing purposes, to the beginning of the Christian period, because of the frequent mention of it in the New Testament of the Christian Bible. This practice and ceremony was well established, however, in Ancient Egypt. The Divine essence

of the gods known as Sa, was said to be imparted by high priests to those who knelt before them. This essence the gods were said to drink from the heavenly 'Lake of Sa.' The same form of laying on of hands was used in conferring kingship. The illustration here, a reproduction of an Egyptian stela, describes Maat-ka-ra (Hatshepsut) receiving from her father, 'the kingship of both banks of the river.'





REALIZATION OF GOD



AFTER all is said and done, and after considering all of the doctrinal and ritualistic and creedal interpretations of God and His laws and of religion generally, the fact remains that each of us has a realization of God only in accordance with our

own understanding, our own evolution, our own development and our own sincerity.

Not one of us can honestly accept and adopt another person's understanding or realization of God. It may be

that we will find some whose interpretation or understanding coincides or agrees with our own, and in such a case there is much benefit to be gained from mutual discussion and comparison of religious experiences. But it is absolutely wrong, and contrary to divine principles, for any one of us to ignore or modify or adjust our own individual realization and interpretation of God and His laws to make them conform to or include the realizations and interpretations of others.

Our realization of God is a distinctly personal and intimate matter. Unless it is personal and very intimate, we can have no real understanding of God. It is for this reason that the Rosicrucians of ancient times and of the present day refer to God as "the God of our



Hearts." This means the God of our emotional and religious interpretation or understanding. We may all agree upon certain fundamentals in regard to God and His existence, His nature, qualities and attributes. But we find as we go through life that there are those who limit God, and confine Him to a certain locality or condition, and who attribute to Him certain qualities that are typically human, because of human prejudices, enmity, jealousy, hatred, revenge and so forth. There are those who would limit the attributes and powers of God to scientific principles, and who claim that God cannot perform miracles, inasmuch as they would be inconsistent with human discoveries and understandings of scientific principles. Then there are those whose conception of God is so broad, so indefinite, so vague that God can never become an intimate companion, a sympathetic father, a real friend. The mystic likes to believe and does believe that God is so real and so close that he can "walk with God and talk with God." And of course there are those who conceive of God as being merely a principle or a law, or a divine process of some kind.

God is known throughout the world by many names, and identified with many qualities and powers. Typical of this widespread diversity of understanding of the nature of God is the following poem by William Herbert Carruth. It has been repeated and quoted very frequently by mystic philosophers and even by atheists and agnostics. The mystic, however, finds in this poem an attempt to understand God and to identify God with all of God's

processes and laws and qualities without in any way belittling the supreme, sublime majesty of the Father of all creatures.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in;
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.



If you have ten hours a day to spend as you please, you may perhaps afford to waste an hour of it—perhaps; but if you have only half an hour each day at your own free disposal that half-hour becomes a sacred opportunity of life, the chance to change the quality of your existence, to multiply the capital on which you are doing business in the vocation of living.—*Edward H. Griggs.*

SPECIAL COMMUNION PERIOD

This is to advise our members and friends that seven of the Supreme and Grand Lodge officers and department directors enter into a five-minute period of meditation daily, excepting Saturdays and Sundays, in the Supreme Temple at Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, at 1:05 p. m., Pacific Standard Time. Our readers are invited to Cosmically attune with them at the above hour.



Is There a Substitute for Capital Punishment?

By FRATER HERMAN N. HARCOURT, Ph. B., Llb.



SHUMAN beings evolve in the upward spiral toward perfection there awakens in the social consciousness the realization that possibly the proper method of dealing with crime and criminals is not by the ancient practice of punishment

for vengeance alone. The Mosaic system of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life is gradually being discarded. The modern ideal is humorously presented by W. S. Gilbert in the words of the Mikado:

"My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime:
And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment!
Of innocent merriment!"

In contemplating sentence upon a prisoner convicted for any crime, the Judge should bear in mind four questions as follows, in the order of their importance:

(1) Will the sentence benefit society at large, or will it constitute a burden upon the public?

(2) Will the sentence benefit the prisoner, by giving him an opportunity for rehabilitation, repentance and expiation, or will it harden him by its severity?

(3) Will the sentence have a deterrent effect upon others who may be tempted to commit similar crimes?

(4) Does the sentence permit of restitution, at least in part?

If these four questions can be answered satisfactorily, then the sentence is as nearly fair and just as a human judge can make it.

In considering the subject of capital punishment — the death penalty — we should not permit either sympathy or prejudice to sway our judgment. We should attempt to reach a frame of mind which is reasonable, logical, and practical.

First it must be admitted that the penalty of death is a survival of the ancient Mosaic Law—a life for a life (more properly perhaps, a death for a death) except for the highly infrequent crime of treason, and except in those few jurisdictions where forcible sex crimes are so punished. In most jurisdictions the death penalty is imposed only for two types of homicide — premeditated murder, wilful and unjustifiable, and a killing occurring during the commission of a felony, commonly called felony murder. A recent example of the evolution of the law in dealing with felony murders, is the proposed legisla-



tion in the State of New York permitting the jury to find the actual killer guilty of murder in the first degree while bringing in a less severe verdict against the killer's associates. Formerly this could not be done—the jury could but find all guilty, or none, and the natural revulsion against forfeiting several lives for one frequently resulted in the killer going scot free.

Let us test the sentence of death by our four questions. Does society gain anything by taking another life? Perhaps the prisoner has dependents who will become a burden upon the public. Could he not be compelled to engage in productive labor in prison and thus support his family? Perhaps his victim had dependents. Could not the felon's labor be utilized for their support, or at least to partially reimburse the public for their maintenance? Capital punishment does not afford a satisfactory answer to the first question.

The answer to the second question is obvious. The effect of execution upon the prisoner is extinguishment and this would hardly seem to be of any great benefit to him.

The third question might be answered in the affirmative if we were inclined to be hasty. As far as murders actuated by greed are concerned, the penalty may have some deterrent effect, but those murders arising out of malice, hatred and passion still continue with alarming frequency in spite of the death penalty. We have lately become a bit more sensible in our public attitude toward the gangster type of murderer. He represents the murderer for greed—the desire for easy money, or for pseudo-power. Formerly the moving pictures, the stage, the newspapers made of this gun-toting, swashbuckling individual a sort of Robin Hood hero, with the result that for a time many of our youths were blinded by the false glare of public regard which surrounded the gangster and were tempted to emulate him.

Within the past year or so we have realized that all that was attractive about the gangster were the newspaper stories about him and the colors in which he was painted by our imaginations. That he had a certain color is undeniable—but it was the color of mor-

bidity, the dubious color of the unusual. Now that we see him in his true colors, we know that he is a fear-ridden rat. He carries a gun for the same reason that he takes dope—to bolster up his courage, to give him a false sense of equality or temporary superiority. Deprived of his drugs and his "equalizer" he is a craven, cringing coward who arouses in his more respectable contemporaries only an emotion of sick disgust. To this individual the prospect of extinction by law does not constitute any particular deterrent, especially when he is fully armed and doped. He then is superior to the law and to everyone, and if detected in his criminal enterprise will murder without hesitation in an attempt to avoid imprisonment and being deprived of those things which he knows he must have to feel like a human being.

As to the murderer who kills through hatred, malice or passion, but not for greed, his planning will usually be most particular and precise up to the point of the actual killing—but further than that he plans not at all! At this point it is well to distinguish a killing actuated by passion from a killing in the heat of passion or anger. The latter is not held to be wilful and premeditated so as to be punishable by death. A killing through passion however may be coldly and calculatingly planned by the killer to remove the obstacle to the fulfillment of his unholy desires. Peculiarly, such a murderer does not plan beyond the death of his rival or the removal of the human obstacle to the satisfaction of his lusts. He does not contemplate any consequences except an increase of what he believes to be his own happiness. The Ruth Snyder-Judd Gray murder is an example of a murder through passion, primarily, although greed played its part therein. The murder by a mother of her small daughter and the attempted murder of her baby boy, and the murder of a mother by her adolescent daughter are other examples of more recent date. In each instance the victim innocently and unknowingly thwarted the murderer's desires, and was removed. But after the actual deed was done, the murderer's plan was completed. It had contained little or no

provision for escape, and the murder was easy of solution and the apprehension of the murderer quick and certain. Naturally, if the murderer does not look beyond the commission of his crime, he does not contemplate its punishment. He then is not deterred by the prospect of execution. So to question three our answer is negative.

Of course, the answer to the fourth question is also in the negative.

Therefore, capital punishment does not constitute a fair and just sentence according to our outline. Is there a substitute? I believe that there is, and that at present that substitute is unqualified life imprisonment without hope of pardon, escape or parole. It may be said that this imposes a burden upon the public to care for and maintain these criminals. This may be so, but such a statement does not invalidate the suggested substitute, but merely constitutes an indictment of the management of our prisons under a political system which encourages waste and inefficiency. There is absolutely no valid reason why our prisons cannot be made self-supporting and even profitable to the State. I am not in favor of the chain gang system with its greatly publicized cruelties and tortures, but I also am definitely not in favor of the mollycoddling attitude of modern penologists who treat the inmates of our prisons as honored guests who are more to be pitied than censured, and rather apologetically requested to work five hours a day, not because their labor is required, but because the exercise is beneficial!

The principal obstacle to the easy solution of the problem of making these prisoners profitable to the State lies in the fact that manufacturers of such merchandise as can also be produced under prison conditions object to the competition created by the production of these goods by convicts where the State uses a portion of the tax moneys which these manufacturers contribute for the purpose of subsidizing the production of such prison made goods, and objection is also fostered among the trade unions engaged in similar labor on the ground that such competition results in a lowering of the wage scale, by reason of the fact that such prison made

goods, the production of which is subsidized by the State, can be sold at prices which are ruinous to capital and labor engaged in private industry. In other words, these interested factions desire to eliminate competition. However, if by proper management, supervision and control the prisons could be changed from liabilities into actual assets as far as revenue is concerned, and the production of prison labor be placed upon the market in such a way and at such prices so as not to present any real menace to its free competitors of capital and labor, the validity of these objections would vanish.

The present ban on prison made goods should be lifted to the extent at least of permitting those goods to be distributed to charitable organizations such as the Salvation Army, the Red Cross and others, at a small profit and through these organizations dispensed to the poor and needy. To a poor man his new pair of sturdy, even though prison made, shoes are greater aids to his self respect than would be a pair of second hand, broken down, out at heel shoes even though custom made. And in addition, his realization that there are such places as prisons may deter him from some crime to which his necessity might otherwise impel him.

Let us test this suggested substitute according to our outline. As to question one, there should properly be no burden upon the public. As to question two, it does give the malefactor an opportunity for repentance and practical expiation, and is surely not too severe. As to question three the answer is emphatically in the affirmative. Due to the wide dissemination of Rosicrucian teachings, principally through AMORC, death is gradually losing its terrors to many men, and is greatly to be preferred to a lifetime of virtual slavery inside prison walls. Death House guards will testify that not every commutation of sentence to life imprisonment is received gratefully. As to question four, the answer is in the affirmative, for it does permit the prisoner to make restitution, partial of course, but to the full extent of his life's labor.

It may be suggested that capital punishment may be eliminated by providing



better living conditions, better education, less incentive to crime, and thus eventually eliminating murder.

The suggestion has frequently been advanced that all persons who commit murder are insane to some degree and can be helped and restored as useful citizens by proper medical and psychiatric treatment. This theory has many adherents, and in some particular instances is undoubtedly substantiated by the facts, but in the great majority of instances, murders are committed by persons who, although actuated by evil emotions, still are aware of the nature and quality of their acts, and of the difference between right and wrong. This being so, they are not actually insane in the eyes of the law, and should not be treated as hospital patients if they violate the Sixth Commandment.

Another suggestion which is at first alarming by its cold-blooded reasoning, is that all criminals showing a habitual disregard for the rights of others, and who have been repeatedly convicted of crimes of violence, shall be eliminated. This suggestion is based upon the theory that society has a right to preserve itself in peace and quiet, against which these individuals consistently war, and is, therefore, justified in taking their lives in order to maintain itself. This theory is usually advanced upon the basis of another theory which has to do with heredity, it being thought that the immediate elimination of these incorrigibles before they can beget offspring will eliminate from the body of society the evil strains which have descended to us from Cain, and which he in turn may have inherited from our original parents.

This theory has been partially put in practice on the Continent of Europe and an attempt was made to do so in

some of the United States by passing laws authorizing the sterilization of recidivists. This would be all very well, if we were fully confident as to our complete knowledge of the laws of heredity, and that those laws as applied to human beings were dependable, true and accurate. However, as we well know, environment and certain cosmic conditions play a great part in the molding of character, and it is not heredity alone, or even at all, which fixes the fact as to whether a certain child will eventually be a murderer, or not. To suggest the elimination of these incorrigibles for the purpose of saving the State the expense of their maintenance again brings us to the consideration of the fact that the inmates of prisons should be and can be made to be self-supporting under proper and efficient management. We have various statutes such as the Baumes Laws, with the author of which I am very well acquainted, which provide for the life imprisonment of fourth offenders. These incorrigibles can be made to be an asset to the State instead of a liability, and for the State to execute them is an admission by the State of its own inefficiency and ineptitude in dealing with them.

The true, eventual solution will be found in improvement from Within, in a strengthening of moral concepts, an emphasis upon moral values, and the elimination of selfishness, both individually and racially. As long as there are evil emotions, passions, envy, hatred, greed and malice in the world, these will continue to afflict mankind until that ideal and idyllic millenium to which we hopefully look forward with ardent joy, when One Law only shall bind all tongues, nations and kindred of this great Earth—and that Law will be the Law of Universal Brotherhood.

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*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
June
1938*

One hundred seventy-six



Each month a paramount question of the day which engages the thoughts of millions of intelligent people throughout the world will be considered in this department. Each question will be answered by two different Rosicrucian members. The answers to the questions are not to be regarded as official statements of opinion of the editor of this publication, or of the officers of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC.

"SHOULD NATIONS MAKE FOREIGN PACTS?"

Charles P. Krick is an attorney, and an official of a United States Federal Government Department; therefore his views are worthy of serious thought.

Col. C. F. Martin is an officer in the United States Army, and an author of note. He is most qualified to comment on this question of the day.

WARFARE, either offensive or defensive, is wasteful and destructive. National agreements to wage aggressive warfare are as sane and logical as the murder of infants by their parents. No person sanctions pacts for aggressive warfare.

Pacts for defensive warfare are less horrible, but very dangerous, and of no value. War breeds hate, envy and greed, and is nourished on international fear. It is logical therefore, that nations not parties to defensive war pacts will breed a national consciousness of fear, envy and hate against both nations, parties to such pacts. If defense pacts continue to be made it is very probable and possible that all parties to pacts will become involved in a network of entangling alliances breeding war and desolation and requiring only an incident to set off a world-wide conflagration. The world war has shown the futility of defensive agreements. In time of international stress, war pacts become scraps of paper.

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A VOLUNTARY pact, between nations, may relate to methods of procedure in adjustment of political or economic conflicts; to tariff or trade relationships; or to defensive or offensive alliances. Making such an agreement does not necessarily assure compliance; and either party may, because of changed conditions or interests, fail to keep faith. Such failure may lead to strained relationships or even to war. Moreover, a defensive or offensive alliance may increase the probability of war for a nation. In a broad sense, pacts promote contacts and exchanges of ideas which, while not always accomplishing the objectives envisioned, tend to result in a measure of understanding — a preliminary requisite to the development of cooperation and the attainment of harmony between individuals and nations.

Peace is the basis of progress and contentment. Yet in man exist certain basic instincts which may flare up in antagonism to peace. In his primitive periods of struggle for the basic necessities of life — food, shelter, security—

(Continued Page 183, Column 2)





PAGES from the PAST

WALT WHITMAN

Each month we will present excerpts from the writings of famous thinkers and teachers of the past. These will give our readers an opportunity of knowing their lives through the presentation of those writings which typify their thoughts. Occasionally such writings will be presented through the translation or interpretation of other eminent authors of the past. This month we present excerpts from the prose collection of Walt Whitman, America's foremost mystical poet.

Almost every student of mysticism is familiar with "Leaves of Grass" and with the outstanding points of its author's life—that he was born in 1819 in New York state; was printer, teacher, carpenter and journalist in turn while traveling over the United States and Canada; expended too much of his seemingly limitless energy in volunteer nursing during the Civil war and, as a result, battled paralysis during the remainder of his life; was forced to pay for the first publication of his poems; has been the recipient of more eulogies and vituperative attacks than any other major American poet; died at Camden in 1892—and yet many of these students have never read any of his prose work.

In 1883 Whitman published a book entitled "Specimen Days and Collect." The first half was composed of notes to commemorate specimen days spent in hospitals, on battle fields, in the country, or by the sea shore; while the "Collect" consisted of his two most famous essays ("Democratic Vistas" and "Poetry Today in America") a number of other essays, the prefaces to early editions of the "Leaves," reminiscences and memoranda, and a reprint of pieces written in early youth. (The last-named are important for the purposes of comparison, being definitely inferior to the later work, and bearing out Bucke's contention—published in "Cosmic Consciousness"—that Whitman did no outstanding work until after his illumination.)

This prose work is valuable chiefly as a supplement to the poems. One finds references to his friends and contemporaries, and to all the themes which later bore fruit in the poems—the Soul (most important of all), Nature, God, Immortality, night, crowds, individuals, the sea, rivers and ferries, the war, Lincoln, Democracy, etc. For example, reading of his hospital experiences one sees the germination of "Drum Taps," sees too the magnetism he must have possessed at that period—and expended so freely. Or, reading: "Law is the unshakable order of the universe forever; and the law over all, and law of laws, is the law of successions; that of the superior law, in time, gradually supplanting and overwhelming the inferior one," one recalls: "The great laws take and effuse without argument," or: "The law of promotion and transformation cannot be eluded."



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THIS is what you shall do: Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have pa-

tience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known

or unknown, or to any man or number of men—go freely with powerful uneducated persons, and with the young, and with the mothers of families—re-examine all you have been told in school or church or in any book, and dismiss whatever insults your own soul; and your very flesh shall be a great poem, and have the richest fluency, not only in its words, but in the silent lines of its lips and face, and between the lashes of your eyes, and in every motion and joint of your body."

Democracy and the People

"For after the rest is said—after the many time-honor'd and really true

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things for subordination, experience, rights of property etc, have been listen'd to and acquiesced in—after the valuable and well-settled statement of our duties and relations in society is thoroughly conn'd over and exhausted—it remains to bring forward and modify everything else with the idea of that Something a man is, (last precious consolation of the drudging poor,) standing apart from all else, divine in his own right, and a woman in hers, sole and untouchable by any canons of authority, or any rule derived from precedent, state-safety, the acts of legislatures, or even from what is called religion, modesty, or art. . . . This idea of perfect individualism it is indeed that deepest tinges and gives character to the idea of the aggregate. For it is mainly or altogether to serve independent separatism that we favor a strong generalization, consolidation."

"The People! Like our huge earth itself, which, to ordinary scansion, is full of vulgar contradictions and offence, man, viewed in the lump displeases, and is a constant puzzle and affront to the merely educated classes. The rare, cosmical, artist-mind, lit with the Infinite, alone confronts his manifold and oceanic qualities—but taste, intelligence and culture, (so-called,) have been against the masses, and remain so. There is plenty of glamour about the most damnable crimes and hoggish meannesses, special and general, of the feudal and dynastic world over there, with its *personnel* of lords and queens and courts, so well-dress'd and so handsome. But the People are ungrammatical, untidy, and their sins quant and ill-bred.

"Literature, strictly consider'd, has never recognized the People, and, whatever may be said, does not to-day. Speaking generally, the tendencies of literature, as hitherto pursued, have been to make mostly critical and querulous men. It seems as if, so far, there were some natural repugnance between a literary and professional life, and the rude rank spirit of the democracies. There is, in later literature, a treatment of benevolence, a charity business, rife enough it is true; but I know nothing more rare, even in this country, than a fit scientific estimate and reverent ap-

preciation of the People — of their measureless wealth of latent power and capacity, their vast, artistic contrasts of lights and shades — with, in America, their entire reliability in emergencies, and a certain breadth of historic grandeur, of peace or war, far surpassing all the vaunted samples of book-heroes, or any *haut ton* coteries, in all the records of the world."

"I say the mission of government, henceforth, in civilized lands, is not repression alone, and not authority alone, not even of law, nor by that favorite standard of the eminent writer, the rule of the best men, the born heroes and captains of the race, (as if such ever, or one time out of a hundred, get into the big places, elective or dynastic) — but higher than the highest arbitrary rule, to train communities through all their grades, beginning with individuals, and ending there again, to rule themselves. What Christ appear'd for in the moral-spiritual field for human-kind, namely, that in respect to the absolute soul, there is in the possession of such by each single individual, something so transcendent, so incapable of gradations, (like life,) that, to that extent, it places all beings on a common level, utterly regardless of the distinctions of intellect, virtue, station, or any height or lowliness whatever—is tallied in like manner, in this other field, by democracy's rule that men, the nation, as a common aggregate of living identities, affording in each a separate and complete subject for freedom, worldly thrift and happiness, and for a fair chance for growth, and for protection in citizenship, etc, must, to the political extent of the suffrage or vote, if no further, be placed, in each and in the whole, on one broad, primary, universal, common platform.

"The purpose is not altogether direct; perhaps it is more indirect. For it is not that democracy is of exhaustive account, in itself. Perhaps, indeed, it is, (like Nature,) of no account in itself. It is that, as we see, it is the best, perhaps only, fit and full means, formulator, general caller-forth, trainer, for the million, not for grand material personalities only, but for immortal souls. To be a voter with the rest is not so much; and



this, like every institute, will have its imperfections. But to become an enfranchised man, and now, impediments removed, to stand and start without humiliation, and equal with the rest; to commence, or have the road clear'd to commence, the grand experiment of development, whose end, (perhaps requiring several generations,) may be the forming of a full-grown man or woman—that is something."

"And, topping democracy, this most alluring record, that it alone can bind, and ever seeks to bind, all nations, all men, of however various and distant lands, into a brotherhood, a family. It is the old, yet ever-modern dream of earth, out of her eldest and her youngest, her fond philosophers and poets. Not that half only, individualism, which isolates. There is another half, which is adhesiveness or love, that fuses, ties and aggregates, making the races comrades, and fraternizing all. Both are to be vitalized by religion, (sole worthiest elevator of man or state,) breathing into the proud, material tissues, the breath of life. For I say at the core of democracy, finally, is the religious element. All the religions, old and new, are there. Nor may the scheme step forth, clothed in resplendent beauty and command, till these, bearing the best, the latest fruit, the spiritual, shall fully appear."

Lincoln

"I see the President almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes to or from his lodging out of town. . . . I see very plainly Abraham Lincoln's dark brown face, with the deep-cut lines, the eyes, always to me with a deep latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we exchange bows, and very cordial ones. Sometimes the President goes and comes in an open barouche. . . . The equipage is of the plainest kind, only two horses, and they nothing extra. They pass'd me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slowly, and his look, though abstracted, happen'd to be directed steadily in my eye. He bowed and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed well the expression I have alluded to. None of the artists or pictures has caught the deep,

though subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. There is something else there. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed."

(The Inauguration) "The President very quietly rode down to the capitol in his own carriage, by himself, on a sharp trot, about noon, either because he wish'd to be on hand to sign bills, or to get rid of marching in line with the absurd procession, the muslin temple of liberty, and pasteboard monitor. I saw him on his return, at three o'clock, after the performance was over. He was in his plain two-horse barouche, and looked very much worn and tired; the lines, indeed, of vast responsibilities, intricate questions, and demands of life and death, cut deeper than ever upon his dark brown face; yet all the old goodness, tenderness, sadness, and canny shrewdness, underneath the furrows. (I never see that man without feeling that he is one to become personally attach'd to, for his combination of purest, heartiest tenderness, and native western form of manliness.)"

Visiting the Wounded

"In my visits to the hospitals I found it was in the simple matter of personal presence, and emanating ordinary cheer and magnetism, that I succeeded and help'd more than by medical nursing, or delicacies, or gifts of money, or anything else. During the war I possess'd the perfection of physical health. My habit, when practicable, was to prepare for starting out on one of those daily or nightly tours of from a couple to four or five hours, by fortifying myself with previous rest, the bath, clean clothes, a good meal, and as cheerful an appearance as possible."

"Each case has its peculiarities, and needs some new adaptation. I have learnt to thus conform—learnt a good deal of hospital wisdom. Some of the poor young chaps, away from home for the first time in their lives, hunger and thirst for affection; this is sometimes the only thing that will reach their condition. The men like to have a pencil, and something to write in. I have given them cheap pocket-diaries, and almanacs

for 1864, interleav'd with blank paper. For reading I generally have some old pictorial magazines or story papers—they are always acceptable. Also the morning or evening papers of the day. The best books I do not give, but lend to read through the wards, and then take them to others, and so on; they are very punctual about returning the books. In these wards, or on the field, as I thus continue to go round, I have come to adapt myself to each emergency, after its kind or call, however trivial, however solemn, every one justified and made real under its circumstances — not only visits and cheering talk and little gifts—not only washing and dressing wounds, (I have some cases where the patient is unwilling any one should do this but me)—but passages from the Bible, expounding them, prayer at the bedside, explanations of doctrine, etc. (I think I see my friends smiling at this confession, but I was never more in earnest in my life.) In camp and everywhere, I was in the habit of reading or giving recitations to the men. They were very fond of it, and liked declamatory poetical pieces. We would gather in a large group by ourselves, after supper, and spend the time in such readings, or in talking, and occasionally by an amusing game called the game of twenty questions."

"During those three years in hospital, camp or field, I made over six hundred visits or tours, and went, as I estimate, counting all, among from eighty thousand to a hundred thousand of the wounded and sick, as sustainer of spirit and body in some degree, in time of need. These visits varied from an hour or two, to all day or night; for with dear or critical cases I generally watch'd all night. Sometimes I took up my quarters in the hospital, and slept or watch'd there several nights in succession. Those three years I consider the greatest privilege and satisfaction, (with all their feverish excitements and physical deprivations and lamentable sights,) and, of course, the most profound lesson of my life. I can say that in my ministrings I comprehended all, whoever came in my way, northern or southern, and slighted none. It arous'd and brought out and decided undream'd-of-depths of

emotion. It has given me my most fervent views of the true *ensemble* and extent of the States. . . . I was with many rebel officers and men among our wounded, and gave them always what I had, and tried to cheer them the same as any. I was among the army teamsters considerably, and, indeed, always found myself drawn to them. Among the black soldiers, wounded or sick, and in the contraband camps, I also took my way whenever in their neighborhood, and did what I could for them."

Inspiration and Intuition

"For really seizing a great picture or book, or piece of music, or architecture, or grand scenery — or perhaps for the first time even the common sunshine, or landscape, or may-be even the mystery of identity, most curious mystery of all — there comes some lucky five minutes of a man's life, set amid a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, and bringing in a brief flash the culmination of years of reading and travel and thought."

"The word prophecy is much misused; it seems narrow'd to prediction merely. That is not the main sense of the Hebrew word translated "prophet"; it means one whose mind bubbles up and pours forth as a fountain, from inner divine spontaneities revealing God. Prediction is a very minor part of prophecy. The great matter is to reveal and outpour the God-like suggestions pressing for birth in the soul. This is briefly the doctrine of the Friends or Quakers."

"There is, apart from mere intellect, in the make-up of every superior human identity, (in its moral completeness, considered as *ensemble*, not for that moral alone, but for the whole being, including physique,) a wondrous something that realizes without argument, frequently without what is called education, (though I think it the goal and apex of all education deserving the name) — an intuition of the absolute balance, in time and space, of the whole of this multifarious, mad chaos of fraud, frivolity, hoggishness — this revel of fools, and incredible make-believe and general unsettledness, we call *the world*;



a soul-sight of that divine clue and unseen thread which holds the whole congeries of things, all history and time, and all events, however trivial, however momentous, like a leash'd dog in the hand of the hunter."

"There is, in sanest hours, a consciousness, a thought that rises, independent, lifted out from all else, calm, like the stars, shining eternal. This is the thought of identity—yours for you, whoever you are, as mine for me.

Miracle of miracles, beyond statement, most spiritual and vaguest of earth's dreams, yet hardest basic fact, and only entrance to all facts. In such devout hours, in the midst of the significant wonders of heaven and earth, (significant only because of the Me in the centre,) creeds, conventions, fall away and become of no account before this simple idea. Under the luminousness of real vision, it alone takes possession, takes value."



"Here or Nowhere is Thy Ideal"

By SOROR IRENE HUDSON



WITH the dawning of the Uranian age, many people in all walks of life are experiencing a quickening within themselves, as never before, a yearning to stretch out their hands to help humanity. So it is with a young woman with great capacity of whom I write.

She was eager for growth and a fuller expression of her powers. At the moment she was occupied in keeping house in the country for two young people who were attending school in town. She felt that her household duties and isolation cut her off from a wider chance for spiritual development. The feeling grew until her work became absolute drudgery and she got up in the morning with a feeling of resentment.

"Why should it be the lot of a person of my brains and ability to wash dishes and sweep and clean when anyone without education or talents could do that?" She wanted to work at higher things, to accomplish something great for humanity.

At last she could bear it no longer. She felt she must go away and consult someone with a wide spiritual experience so she went to see a teacher in whose wisdom she had faith.

"I want to do something big for humanity, something that really matters," she told him.

"What are you doing now?" he asked with a smile.

"All I am doing is to wash dishes and keep house for a boy and girl who live with me and go to school," she replied with a tone of disgust and a deprecatory shrug.

His face lit up with enthusiasm. "How wonderful to be a *home-maker*, to give young people a chance to develop themselves!"

Like a flash of lightning, the light came to her.

"Home-maker!"

Inaudibly she said: "Oh God, forgive me for being so blind!"

The Master went on talking, telling of the spiritual experiences of his youth, of how he too had been impatient of circumstances and the slow growth of his soul, but she listened only with her outer mind. Her inner self already had

One hundred eighty-two

its answer, and was eager to get back home to the dish-washing.

That night she had a dream. In the dream there was a large mass of putrid, decomposed green vegetable matter near her. She picked it up and threw it away from her, thinking to herself: "This is that evil burden I have been carrying around; now I am freed of it."

She got out of bed joyously in the morning as if a great load had been lifted. She could hardly wait to get home to her work.

Arriving at home she went about her tasks with a new fervor, a new concentration. She was no longer isolated. She was part of the great plan of the Infinite. A Home-maker. And as she swept and dusted a greater vision came to her of a Supreme Home-maker, a World Mother encircling within her arms all God's children.

Thomas Carlyle tells the same story in that great book *SARTOR RESARTUS*, which has brought so many men to their spiritual maturity.

"Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the Impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere,' couldst thou only see!"



QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES (Continued from Page 177)

By Charles P. Krick

The security of America lies in freedom of action, freedom from all pacts and entangling alliances. We need have no fear of being without allies. Other nations will be fearing and hating each other as a result of their bungling alliances and diplomacy, and will be unable to wage war against us. We as a free people can render to the distressed souls of the world a beneficent and divine service in seeking peace and promoting good will by example, at a time when civilization is tottering close to the brink of destruction.

Pacts for *constructive* purposes such as promotion of trade, commerce, economic and social welfare, international health building, humanitarian and anti-narcotic programs, are a great stimulus to evolution and growth of nations and peoples. If individuals and nations put their war energy constantly into such pursuits of universal good, war will become disagreeable, as it shall be when the souls of men shall seek peace and harmony, and shall come to know divine love as the source of all life.

By Col. C. F. Martin

man acquired a combative instinct which, when aroused, impels him to action. This, with the associated basic urges of acquisitiveness and possessiveness, constitutes a triangular system of forces which may be thrown out of equilibrium by sufficiently stimulated desire or fear. We constantly see this fact exemplified in acts of aggression among individuals and nations. But all progress toward peace between individuals and peoples has been achieved through man's adaptation of his basic instincts to the common good—adjustments resulting from man's developed understanding of the needs, rights, and points of view of his fellowmen, and from his willingness to recognize and respect them. But these results had their origin in capacities, sometimes deeply hidden, of the soul of man—the capacities of understanding of loving his fellowmen.

Pacts, made in good faith, carefully considered and adapted to mutual interests and needs, may exert a wholesome influence in the direction of international understanding and good will. And the development of these capacities of man's spiritual nature will lead him upward, to the sun-lit heights of peace.





Along Civilization's Trail

By RALPH M. LEWIS, K. R. C.

Editor's Note:—This is the fourteenth episode of a narrative by the Supreme Secretary relating the experiences he and his party had in visiting mystic shrines and places in Europe and the ancient world.

AMID THE DUST OF THE AGES



THE pavement had ended nearly an hour ago. Bagdad was no longer in sight. Riding, even though in a modern car, was an exertion rather than a pleasure, and we were thrown violently from one side to another as the car attempted to ne-

gotiate the ruts that served as a road. The actual distance from Bagdad to the ancient site of Babylon is but sixty miles, but it requires nearly three hours to make the journey. Though it was only 10:00 A. M. the sun had already become uncomfortably warm, and the powder-like dust of the plain over which we traveled, churned by the wheels of the car, choked and irritated our throats and eyes. We had left the Tigris River and were heading westward toward its twin, the Euphrates, on whose banks the city of Babylon was originally located. With the waters of the Tigris we left behind us all vegetation, all vestiges of life, even color. Before us was a flat terraine covered everywhere with the whitish dust. It was, strange to say, not desert-like in appearance, not like a land that had always been

barren, but like a place that had been laid to waste. I thought of it as some vigorous being that had been trapped and, after life had ebbed from its form, had gradually crumbled until its impalpable parts, flung free, had settled down on all things around.

In my imagination I visualized that a deluge of water here would cause not only a cohesion of these dust particles, but a magical reassembly and restoration of the magnificent forms that once composed the civilization of this region.

The stillness, when we stopped for a few moments, was appalling and hung heavy about us. We felt as though we were shut within a glass sphere which the slightest sound might shatter, permitting the inrush of strange cries, freakish laughter, and the wails of the millions who had lived and died here centuries ago. Ominous as the quiet was, we contributed to it by not speaking, because the human voice sounded unnatural, even hideous, like a cry from the depths of a cavern.

I was not unmindful of the predictions of the Hebrew prophets taken into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar when he destroyed Jerusalem in 586, B. C. that the splendor and glory of Babylon would so crumble that future man, looking at its utter desolation and ruin, would marvel that such a place could have ever been a site of power and

beauty. It truly was as though the land had been visited by the wrath of a god. We were not alone in our feelings for our native porter and driver was strangely quiet as well. He seemed to have a reluctance to reach our destination quickly, and even when the roadway permitted he did not accelerate the car speed. Was there, I wondered, any connection between this combination of sentiments which we had about the land and the difficulty we had experienced in engaging a porter for the journey?

Rising suddenly into view about a mile to our right were a series of mounds. At this distance they never would have attracted the attention of tourists or casual travelers, but to us who knew of their existence they were the remains of Babylon which we sought. Babylon was of little importance before the Third Millennium B. C. In fact, its prominence came with Hammurabi's rise to power, and when it became the capital of Babylonia, it dominated this whole surrounding land.

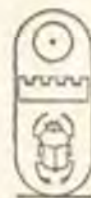
Babylon owed its importance to three conditions; namely, geographical, political, and spiritual. Preceding Babylon in importance was the city of Kish, not far distant, located on the banks of the Euphrates at that time. Later the river changed its course away from Kish to Babylon, and because of this Babylon acquired suzerainty of the entire land. At this point but a narrow stretch of land separates the two big rivers of the valley, the Tigris and the Euphrates. To the north originally was the great fertile area of the Tigris, and to the south, the wide plain that borders on the Persian Gulf. Travel centuries ago, as now, was best along the river edges in the valley proper. This forced all traffic through Babylon, in the middle, and gave Babylon her dominant political position.

The third factor, or the spiritual one, was the city religion of Babylon. The principal god of Babylon was Marduk. The people had personal pride in him, and desired that he be given priority over the other gods of the entire country, and its surrounding nations. Even kings and princes were forced to submit to the rites of respect to this god, which amounted nearly to their coronation by the priesthood. No ventures or activities

were permitted which were not done in the name of this god. For a great time this religious influence bound all contemporary life closely with Babylon, and made her a religious mecca, as well as a place of commercial importance. This religious supremacy was made possible mainly by fear. When any prominent person who had not recognized Marduk or his priesthood suffered a calamity, the priesthood attributed the misfortune to a punishment by the god. When the Assyrian king, Sennacherib, who leveled Babylon in his siege of that city in the Sixth Century B. C. died, his death was said by the priesthood to have been caused by his failure to pay homage to their god Marduk.

We had come to an abrupt stop at the foot of one of these mounds which were about twenty-five feet in height, and now that we were close to them we observed that they were about one hundred yards in length, and fifty yards across. Viewing them from where we stood, they seemed to be a natural formation — certainly not man-made. Actually these mounds, covered by debris and the dust of the centuries, were the remains of the palaces, walls, canals, temples, and towers of Babylon and later civilizations. We struggled up the steep sides of one, lugging our heavy camera equipment, and sneezing with the dust raised by our feet which broke through the surface crust baked by the sun. We perspired little, for the air, as in Egypt, was exceedingly dry and absorbed the moisture as it appeared. The sun's rays were now fierce; their burning effect on our exposed skin was like that of drawing a sharp blade across the flesh, smarting and stinging.

From our elevation the whole plain for miles around was revealed. To our west some distance from these ruins was a fringe of green grass and palms stretching in a straight line nearly north and south as far as the eye could see. This growth marked the banks of the Euphrates River. Its course in ancient times ran close to these mounds and fed the canals of the ancient city. The brilliance and varied shades of green of the vegetation caused us to realize how magnificent the gardens and surround-



ing terrain must have been during the glory of Babylon when she was queen of the ancient world.

After she was demolished by Sen-nacherib, Nebuchadnezzar in 604-561 B. C. returned from his destruction of Jerusalem to restore Babylon's splendor, and the temples of her revered gods. There before us, like a refuse heap lay part of his handiwork, the ruins of his great palace. It looked like a crater caused by the explosion of a great shell, for it was merely a large ugly hole. It must have been two hundred feet square. From where we stood it looked as though heaped high in the center was a mass of rock or chunks of dried soil. Adjoining this large crater were smaller ones, subdivided with partially-upright partitions or walls. These were the remains of the same structure and parts of others. Towering above all to the right, the largest structure still standing in Babylon was the Ishtar Gate. The remains are two square-like towers of mud-brick, once faced with splendidly glazed and colored tile and ornamented with figures of animals, a few of which are still visible. (See photograph, Feb. 1937, issue of *The Rosicrucian Digest*.)

Nebuchadnezzar had married a Median princess, so the legends tell us, of extreme beauty and culture, whom he greatly loved. He brought her from her mountainous and beautiful home country of Persia to the flat, dusty, and ugly land of Babylonia. He set about rebuilding Babylon, and he constructed great walls of defense, one within the other, making it the greatest fortified city of antiquity. Meanwhile, his beautiful bride pined for the beauty of the mountains of her homeland with their fragrant shrubs, flowers, and refreshing verdure. Learning of her loneliness, it is recounted that he decided to build her an artificial mountain on which she could dwell. Thus was begun his great palace which became one of the seven wonders of the world which we refer to as The Hanging Gardens of Babylon. The structure, as most of them in Babylon and Assyria, was built of mud-brick and then fired to compose a tile or faience. It was built in tiers each slightly recessed so that the whole composed an enormous terraced tower, and along each terrace were planted magnificent

trees and tropical plants and vines which hung low on the sides, causing it to be known as The Hanging Gardens. At the top of the tower was the palace and living quarters of Nebuchadnezzar and his bride. He had the waters of the Euphrates diverted into great canals around the palace base, and on either side of them were magnificent tiled walks, and in them artistic boats leisurely floated carrying musicians and men and women of his court.

The great Ishtar Gate was built to commemorate the Babylonian goddess Ishtar, a composite of all the female Babylonian goddesses. She was a deity of nature and beauty, also known as the weeping mother because it was thought that she interceded in behalf of man whenever he was to be punished severely for his sins against Marduk. A planet was named after her, and it is thought it was the same one which the Greeks later called Venus. In fact, authorities believe Venus was the Grecian counterpart of Ishtar. From this gateway to his palace, Nebuchadnezzar built a roadway which became known as the sacred way. Along it at the new year festival in March a processional carried an image of Marduk. After homage was paid to him at the numerous temples, he was then placed on the river barge and conveyed to the northern section of the city. Through this gateway, which we carefully photographed, had marched the conquering army of the Xerxes and later Cyrus, who successfully in the Sixth Century B. C. routed the combined Lydian, Babylonian and Egyptian forces which opposed him. Also through this gateway tramped the legions of Darius, Cyrus' successor. Darius, admiring the beauty and culture of the city, attempted to preserve it.

We endeavored to persuade our porter to climb among these ruins with us. We offered him an additional fee to carry the camera equipment. He refused. Fearing that if we insisted too strongly, he might leave entirely, we desisted and slid with an avalanche of dust and hard particles following us down into the center of the demolished Nebuchadnezzar's palace. The surface blocks in the piles about us were just mud bricks, several of them still adhering to each other, and slowly return-

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ing to the dust from which they were made, and they received little attention from us. Slowly we began the laborious business of digging deeper in the thousands of years old rubbish about us for what might have been left or overlooked by the German archaeological expeditions of 1914 and earlier which had worked here. Since the World War, no real attempt had been made to continue the great excavation work in Babylon begun by the Germans. The Iraqi government, which controls the ruins, discouraged further excavations, not by its attitude or by actual prohibition, but because of the instability of the government. An expedition might obtain a permit from the present government to excavate extensively and establish a research base at the site of the ruins, with thousands of dollars' worth of equipment, work diligently for several years and recover much valuable material, and then suddenly a government upset occur, and the succeeding authorities prohibit the excavators from continuing or from removing the fruits of their labors, or might even, as has been done elsewhere, give the materials which they recovered to some other institution or country.

We worked diligently, our thoughts occupied not with what we now saw before us, but with a mental picture of this site in ancient days, the days of its magnificence. We thought of the great engineering skill of these people, how they had driven into the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers piles to enlarge their land, how they had built beautiful parks laid out in geometrical designs. We thought of the splendid gold work which they accomplished, of the gorgeous jewelry and furnishings with which the palaces were amply supplied, of swimming pools, race courses, fields of grain and vegetables, herds of cattle and sheep. We also thought of the Hammurabi code of laws, with its excellent system for courts and judges, its protection of the person and of property rights, with its sound provisions for divorce, its regulation of taxes, and of the stern punishment it meted out. We thought of the temple liturgies, the chanting and singing, the wailing and prayers.

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A cry from Frater Brower brought me to his side. He had found the first of what we had hoped to find, a large mud brick, a building block about a foot square inscribed in cuneiform, the peculiar wedge-like writing of the Babylonians and Assyrians. As we held it in our hands we diligently and reverently examined it. Nearly four thousand years ago, some human like ourselves, a craftsman, had carefully written this inscription with his reed stylus in preparation for including this block with thousands of others in the walls of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. What was he like, this ancient craftsman? What was his life, and what did he think of the future, four thousand years hence? Could he have imagined a people from a very distant land, like ourselves, examining his handiwork centuries after his death? From the time the workman cemented this block in place, using the natural soil, until now, when we lifted it from the dust into which it fell, it is very probable that no other hand had ever touched it. We were at this moment living in another world, seeing and feeling things which represented life and power to another people, that seemed as much a part of a continuous existence to them as the things of our world do to us. Around the ancient maker of this block, the writer of this inscription, had been such activity, such examples of strength—that is, buildings, temples, troops, broad avenues, teeming thousands of humans—that although he could have imagined changes, a state of such utter desolation, oblivion, nothingness into which his civilization eventually fell, would have been beyond his thought—as far beyond it as is a similar thought to the mind of the average resident of cities like New York, London and Paris. Time had made the impossible possible; it had vanquished all, and we very forcefully realized that it could do so again with the powerful civilizations now in existence.

It is surges of thought such as we now experienced, stirring emotions such as those we now felt, that have led archaeologists to the far corners of the earth to wrest from the past the story of men of other times. Here, then, was another example of universal brother-



hood, but universal in time as well as extent. In archaeology we find a love of not only those who work, play and pray today throughout the world, but a sympathetic understanding of the human race since it began, and a desire to bind the past fast to the present. The archaeologist has a pride in all human achievement. He believes, and rightly so, that we have as much right to share the experiences of our fellow men of thousands of years ago as we do those of today who are thousands of miles distant from us. After all, no experience is personal unless we participate in it. Thus, what others have done before us can be as interesting and as intimate to us as those experiences of our foreign contemporaries which we seek to know through our news channels.

In the broader sense, humanity has no periods. It is a continuous flow from its beginning to its ultimate end. Only when we confine ourselves to a consid-

eration of the things of our individual lives do we get that narrow concept of humanity as having periods or eras and assign them a relative importance to our own day. If we think the Egyptian and Babylonian vain and lacking in forethought because he concerned himself so fully with only the things of his own period, then, in light of what time has since done to his civilization, let us not make the same mistake of occupying ourselves solely with the things of the present time. To us belongs a consciousness of thousands of years of human endeavor, not just of the meager span of the few years that compose our individual lives. If we live in the past as well as in the present, we can live ten thousand years in one lifetime. In other words, life begins not with our infancy, but with the earliest birth of humanity of which we have record.

(To be continued)

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SANCTUM MUSINGS

STEPS TO SPIRITUAL REALIZATION

By SOROR LENA C. CORKEN, F. R. C.



HOW may one know whether he is spiritual or not? This would seem to be an easy question to answer, or a condition which would not be difficult to recognize, but the fact that it is asked so frequently implies that it is not.

Spirituality is something one has to grow into, although every human being must have an essence of spirit in him, or he would not be human. But there are many different states of spirituality, and it is not possible for one to reach a high plane of this consciousness in one incarnation, but rather it comes through slow evolutionary progress. One may add impetus to one's spiritual growth by conscious effort, and the knowledge one has gained in one incarnation is not lost, but carried over to the next, therefore, one who understands this has an urge to grow which his ignorant brother lacks.

The first step to spiritual realization is an intense desire for it, and the next is the courage and strength to gain it. It does not come quickly, as an emotion, for if it did, it would go as quickly; and yet there is feeling in being spiritual,

because it is through feeling that we are conscious of things. As spirituality calls for perfection, one must set about weeding out all imperfection in his character. If one cannot be honest in this, then there is no use in striving for spiritual growth, for honesty is one of the fundamental laws which we have to observe. There is one characteristic every individual has, and that is to bluff himself into thinking he is just about as perfect as it is necessary for anyone to be, and to find an excuse for every imperfection he has. If anyone is perfectly satisfied with himself, there is no hope for growth, and unless he can come to a realization of his condition before it is too late, he is already dead as far as spiritual progression in this incarnation is concerned. There is no such thing as standing still, one either goes forward or backward. After the individual has used the X-ray of self analysis on himself, the next step is for him to make a positive assertion that he will set about making himself over into a being that will be worthy for the spirit to dwell in.

If one is concerned only with material affairs, and catering to the physical appetites and senses, it is not logical to expect that spiritual growth can take place. The idea seems to be prevalent with many, that if one seeks the spiritual life, all pleasure on the physical plane is gone, and they reason that so



long as one has to live on the earth, why worry about anything else. Never having experienced anything but the material existence, one is not easily convinced that by acquiring spiritual understanding, all material and physical values are enhanced and one's capacity for enjoyment has increased beyond his previous narrow mental vision. Even with the promise that by seeking first the Kingdom of Heaven, and His righteousness, all these material things will come of their own volition, the materially minded man is still skeptical. It is only when man has followed his own inclination, his own will, until all his affairs have become hopelessly chaotic, that he will acknowledge that he isn't as wise as he thought he was, and is willing to give God a chance in his life. So by trial and error man finally learns that he must obey the fundamental laws of life, must maintain law and order, must apply spiritual understanding in all his material affairs, if he expects any measure of peace, contentment and happiness.

It is not possible for a person to learn how to become spiritual without constant study; seeking knowledge from the great philosophers; reading the Bible until one has the proper understanding of the mystical teachings in the Bible — for it cannot be read literally. One has to seek for the "secret or hidden" things that Christ spoke of.

When one first starts on the Path of Spirituality, there will come experiences which seem to be a persistent effort to make it impossible to walk The Path, until one has to fight to keep from becoming completely discouraged. One reasons that an effort to gain this high attainment should have all the encouragement possible and that The Way should be smoothed out, so that progress can be made rapidly. But progress is not made that way. If everything were made easy for the traveler, he would cease to make any effort at all, and soon the goal would be lost sight of. The tree that puts down the strongest and deepest roots, is the tree that is subjected to the hardest blasts. One has to be tested and tried all along life's journey; it never was intended that life should be easy. There will be one temptation after another to overcome,

irritations to ruffle the disposition, people who are unsympathetic or critical; and when one comes to a period where he thinks he is becoming stronger or really gaining an understanding, along comes some really big problem that knocks his faith into a cocked hat, and he feels left alone and deserted. These are really "initiations," testing one to see if he is ready for more responsibility, if he is really worthy to be trusted with more knowledge. There is a saying: "When a man thinketh he stand, let him take heed lest he fall," and all through life one does not dare to feel secure, to feel that he need no longer make an effort, for as surely as he does, along comes the biggest test of all.

To measure progress, at the close of the day, or when you have retired, go over the day's activities, review your part in them, carefully judge your every action, thought and word, see where you made a mistake, also note what you did that is worthy of commendation, and judge yourself fairly, as you would a stranger. Where you have erred, forgive yourself, and make a note that you must not repeat the error; and if you find yourself repeating the same mistake too often, concentrate on that and in its place seek to put some constructive thought or action. If you willfully do something you know to be negative, then be willing to suffer the Karma it will set up, for you will not be able to avoid it. You cannot forgive yourself for something your innermost self knows to be against God's laws, when you do it deliberately; and don't try to alibi yourself out of it, for the law is stronger than you are and you cannot run away from it, as there is no place to flee.

To raise your vibrations, and cleanse yourself from bad habits, use an affirmation, and concentrate on all that it means. You can take just the word "love," and seek to understand all that it stands for, not in an emotional, sentimental way, but in a Universal, humanitarian, unselfish, Christlike meaning. If you can feel "love" in all its spiritual significance, you will have come far in your seeking. Love is selfless, love is tolerant, understanding, generous and forgiving. Think how you can build

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character just by trying to acquire the attributes of love alone.

If you want something good to come into your life, make a place for it, for it cannot come if your life is all cluttered up with petty, inconsequential things. As a man reaps what he sows, so man gets out of life exactly what he puts into it. People love to go to a fortune teller, to see if they will hear of some great good fortune that is to come to them, never stopping to reason that a thing can come to them only as they have attracted it, be it either good or bad. If people could realize that they set in motion their "fortune" in many past incarnations, they might be more careful of what they do in their present incarnation.

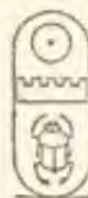
Start the day with a prayer that you may be conscious every minute that you are the individual vehicle for the manifestation of the spirit, that God can only be manifested through you, as one of His creations, that your every thought, word and action will be worthy of Him whom you represent. *Don't* try to pray, other than a meditation which should be in your every conscious thought, that you may be worthy to receive His blessings. You do not have to ask God for "things," for he has provided you with everything that you could possibly need, and if you do not have all, it isn't God's fault, but yours, for you have broken some law and shut yourself off from the flow of God's bounties, and only through your own efforts, can you pay your Karmic debts, and be worthy to receive them again. If you give to money power that rightfully belongs to God, then money will be taken away from you until you learn its rightful use. Be thankful for every little blessing as well as the larger ones. You hear people brag about their possessions, about how successful they are, as though they themselves did it all, and then you hear others bemoan their "bad luck," that they have done nothing to deserve it, and that God is not just. More than likely the fellow who does the bragging in this incarnation, is the one who will cry bad luck in the next. Thus does the law work.

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Oh, this goal of perfection which is set for all of us, whether we want it or not, calls for all the courage, back-bone, will power and strength that we have, and if we are weak to begin with, we have to build power in ourselves. Yet, we have the assurance that, if we will honestly make the effort, we have back of us this great God Power to aid us, and with this Power, all things are possible. Not in a minute, an hour, a year or a life time, but eventually, and the reward is worth all the effort, and the thought of doing the very best we can is greater happiness than all the material wealth of the world, for material things cannot be taken with us, only those things of the spirit can go with us lastingly.

As one struggles to correct all that is negative and unlovely in one's character, gradually there is growing a spiritual consciousness, until one finally realizes that the process of being "reborn" is taking place and one looks over the years before the effort began, and realizes how far he has come. Old thoughts have been replaced by new, all inhibitions and repressions have faded away, and if there was any feeling of inferiority, it has been replaced by one of sureness, for one cannot walk with the realization of this God Power by his side, and not feel sure. There must be no self-righteous feeling, but rather one of true humility; no feeling of superiority, for we are no better than any other of God's children; all have the same opportunity, and all will in time be on as high a plane of consciousness as we are striving for, for all are in a state of "becoming." Instead of saying "I did this," we have to learn to say, "not I, but the Spirit manifesting through me." We are channels, and when we fully recognize this, it takes away all feeling of self-aggrandizement. When one raises his vibrations above the low elemental plane, all that is good is attracted to him, he begins to realize his ambitions, the creative urge is released from physical chains, and all the latent

(Concluded on Page 196)





The Mysteries of Oriental Nations

AN OUTLINE OF THE MYSTICAL BELIEFS AND PRACTICES
OF THE PEOPLES OF TAHITI AND EASTER ISLAND

By PRINCE PAORA'I HANETI TU'AHORO, of Tahiti



AS HAS been told by investigators and by itinerant authors, among them Gauguin in "No'ano'a" and O'Brien in "Mystic Isles of the South Seas," the Society of the 'Ari-Oi of Tahiti practiced infanticide, perhaps, for economic reasons,

and the souls of the slain infants entered into a heaven and became grasshoppers.

Grasshoppers, without reference to the seven year locust, are a conceded menace to agriculture, therefore a menace to a vital source of human existence and without which economic insecurity is certain. Agriculture marks the first step in human progress. There was a time when the wilds of Nature supplied man with all that he required for his existence but man was wild, too. Those were the nomadic days when man lived entirely by hunting.

A universal belief prevails in *animism*, to the effect that the soul is the vital principle. This is not denied by the 'Ari-Oi, but we discourage, in a large measure, one of the beliefs in animism, that the soul exists in inanimate objects, in order to reduce, where ever possible,

the worship of idols. The Society permitted crude idols to be used in rituals but placed a tabu on elaborate idolatry. This is one phase of the 'Ari-Oi that has never been told, although it is conceded that Tahiti's form of idol worship and idol making was very crude, as compared with Melanesia and Micronesia. The huge stone idols of Easter Island are crude but seeing them creates a profound impression.

We have it upon good authority that the Aztecs of Mexico also practiced infanticide. The ritual was held under a beautiful bird, the Quetzal, the holy bird of cruelest rites, whose yard-long plumes bedecked the baby victims, and their practice of infanticide helped destroy the empire of Montezuma four centuries ago. The Aztecs are among the most cruel ritualists in the world and in a degree never dreamed of by the 'Ari-Oi. Of course, we offered human sacrifice but the edict of the Society to the priesthood was that animal and human sacrifice must be stunned by a blow on the forehead for animals and back of the neck for human beings before offering is made. "We are in life, the ritual is to the dead."

Infanticide was also practiced by the ancient Semites, who offered their first-born to Moloch and it was burned alive in the offering. With this widespread practice of killing babies with ritual rites the scholars can only tell us that it

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was undoubtedly for economic reasons. But we are mindful that the Semitic offering of their firstborn to fire has a deep symbolic significance, for fire, sacred to Orion, is the symbol of conquest, the flame that can never be conquered in mankind, of which the emblem is the Crowing Cock and associated with the great divinity Tane, and *tane* is man.

War is a scarecrow, but the birds become used to it when allowed to stand in one position too long. War is a certainty because it is one phase of conquest. There has been war through the ages, building up or destroying nations and empires. Perhaps, war will go on through ages to come and no one seems to know how it can be stopped save by increasing appropriations for national defense, nor of how it can be prevented except by the same means. Perhaps there is a deeper cause underlying the purpose of war but on the surface of it all, does it not seem that the whole propaganda of warfare is rather adolescent? Or, is warfare a manifestation of adolescent precocity that springs up overnight like a bed of mushrooms and toadstools? One is useful, the other is deadly.

Learned scholars, who have discredited the fabled cherry-tree of Washington, do not seem to be aware that the cutting down of the tree with a tool acquired of precursory symbolizes greater national privileges, the dream of King Nebuchadnezzar, who gave beauty and glory to Babylon. And for this America became the recipient of the statute of Liberty from France.

And there we have for Democracy the Tertiary of Three Golden Apples of goddess Aphrodite, 1. The Crowing Cock, the symbol of conquest; 2. The Unicorn, the symbol of a doctrine for the greatest number of mankind and, 3. The Tree (circum) cut for greater national privileges. Between The Lion and The Unicorn of Sumaria is seen a tree being circumcut by two animals resembling what we know of the lemur, sometimes used as the symbol of fraternalism. The precursory correlation of the symbols seems to be unmistakable.

As the 'Ari-Oi is a royal secret order of startling antiquity, we realize that

One hundred ninety-three

Monarchism is in great disfavor among the Occidentals but, nevertheless, we have a duty to perform. From the War Council of the Society a somewhat clear and comprehensive insight into Occidental life is obtained. To be sure, it is a turbulent one. Waikare, or Turbulent Waters, as they call it in New Zealand. If a canoe capsized in the river so named its owner was dispossessed of all belongings. It is from New Zealand, which we call Te Ao Tea Roa, or The Land of the Long White Cloud, that we can draw from the Maori some invaluable material applicable to the status of a free democracy. It is a revelation of adolescent mentality that existed in the division of the tree that has been cut down, the depiction of which made Easter Island the realm of the dead. The tree, after being cut, was fashioned into a double-canoe, symbolizing the unity of Democracy and Imperialism. The name of this pioneer canoe to New Zealand was *Arava*, or Chaos. When the great canoe reached New Zealand from Tahiti it was set afire and its ashes flung to South Wind. Northwest of Tahiti, the division of *Taramanini*, or The Unicorn, and "the home of the ruling Chiefs," is Hawai'i, the division of The Crowing-Cock, inviting the great divinities of Tahiti, "Kane & Company." Due west of Tahiti is Samoa, the Germania of the South Seas, and its proud but disavowed Tertiary of Manu'a, or Manuka.

Symbolism is a great and fascinating study and somewhere in this world correlations can be found and we wonder where and how they originated. To be sure, we do not seem to have many of these symbols among our people, which is, perhaps, a very unfortunate thing, but we have an abundance of folklores extending from the Hawai'ian Islands to New Zealand. The folklores of Polynesia, a lot of which has never been published, furnish us with about all the information we need through the symbolism of words, as governed by the customs of *Pi'i*, or The Herald. The customs of *Pi'i* changes the meaning of many words familiar to us in Tahiti, such as *Aloha*, for *aroha*, or love, in in Hawai'i; *Talofa* for *taroha*, or fide-



ty, in Samoa, and Keora for 'e ora, or live, in New Zealand, while in Tahiti the official greeting is *la-ora-na*, which can be translated as, Go on and live, live and let live, and various other translations. Wherever the *k* and *ng* appears in the Maori dialect it is because they do not use the full accented vowel. Let us take the word *kangaru*, or kangaroo. This is from the word 'a'aru, which means leaping or loping. It also means something that is incomprehensible. In Tahiti we can use the words *aro'ha* and 'e ora, but we cannot use the word *taro'ha*. This is a warning that a feudal state exists between Tahiti and Samoa and we act according to the customs of strict royalty, which must be respected by all.

But, alas! what was live in New Zealand and used mostly as a parting word lost its meaning. Each great canoe that reached The Land of the Long White Cloud to share its more generous grounds also brought a new clan that lived apart from the previous migrations and established their own villages. Community life was quite unknown, as only a few clans survived long enough to build communities. Feudalism and tribal warfare was the rule and cannibalism was restored to in primitive revenge for the vanquished and this grew until it degenerated into the eating of human flesh for the love of it. But today The Land of the long White Cloud, with its agricultural and grazing lands and the development of many industries, is a land of beauty and charm under British rule. Many of the Chiefs and members of the old royal lines, all of them of kindred genealogies, are among the doctors and the scholars of our Polynesian race. And Hawai'i, a territory of the United States of America, has been turned into a paradise of pleasure seekers.

But in mystic Tahiti simmering away in the intense heat of the tropical sun the War Council of the 'Ari-Oi is still in session. However, the meeting chamber is the attic of adolescent mentality, as the French authorities not only prosecute but also persecute as *quelque chose sauvage*. The main purpose of the Council this time, however, is to

make a nondescript survey of human intelligence, which work, though inconceivable to the Occidental mind for a primitive people to perform, has been going on for more than nine thousand generations of the cycled system of our Royal Genealogy, eighty-five generations to the Cycle. For untold ages this work has been carried on abroad mainly by a lone prince dispatched from the Motherland now referred to as "The Lost Continent of Mu." The princes of this office are born not less than three, six or nine Cycles, or from six to eighteen thousand years apart. There are now sixteen of these princes recorded in the sixteen cords with which Maui, the demi-god, is holding The Sun.

By the reading of the signs from abroad, the 'Ari-Oi is aware that the last three of the Futurity-Ordonnance-Supremacy, or Three-Star belted princes, extending over a period of not less than thirty thousand years, as they read the signs of Persia and the Cro-Magnons, succeeded in penetrating the North, always in quest of a people of superior mentality and each prince carrying with him, symbolically, the two Swine "reserved for a later purpose," quoting Paul Gauguin in "No'ano'a." One of the Swine, or The Boar, known by the name 'Apia, or Kapia, symbolizing the edict to nationalize, is presented to whoever is favored by the prince and the other he reserves for purposes associated with the Holy Grail. It is in the first Swine that The Creation is recorded, with Castor and Pollux of the sign *Gemini* as the principals. 'Apia is now better known as the capital of Samoa, formerly under German rule.

In the navigation chant of Tahiti, as recited to the Reverend John M. Orsmond and released for publication by his late granddaughter, Miss Teuira Henry, *Urumeremere*, or The Enchantment of the Forest, better known as The Belt of Orion, is the compass from the Equator to Hawai'i, or *Vaihi* by which we call the Hawai'ian Islands group.

King Midas of Phrygia, the Motherland of Greek culture, a Monarch of doubtful wisdom, learned in his time

that gold did not solve his economic problems, as conveyed by "everything he touched." Gold actually became a scourge and he asked the none too certain god Dionysus of the Dionysian tyrants to take back the favor. In a musical contest between Pan and Apollo, King Midas decided in favor of Pan, and Apollo, the god of perfect symmetry, turned the King's ears into an ass's ears.

So much for Long-Ears, or Democracy. But about the ass, as the animal itself, wiser but less attractive than a horse, is a slow and balky creature. There is nothing in an ass to suggest the winning in his race with Atalanta, mater of the Calydonian Boar Hunt, and Argonautic Expedition. Argo is our *Arava*, or Chaos. The star is Canopus of Sirius-Canopus-Arcturus, with Canopus in the zone of Ordinance, a system of laws known in France. The youth who won the race with Atalanta, aided by Three Golden Apples, was Hippomenes, the favored of goddess Aphrodite. There is no confusion between Canopus and *TURA*, the middle star of The Belt, as the reading is done in the transmigration of the soul, Buddha's revelation of Nirvana, as he rested under the sacred banyan-tree.

Reading Tahiti as, The Brink of Today, the irony of it all is that, the never-ending agitation of war, of the possible collapse of economic security, the menace of racial and class hate and the bigotry of creeds, imagination of an Asiatic conquest of the Occident, of the destruction of civilization and loss of white supremacy are fish-hooks of propaganda, stories that are as ye fairy tales of adolescence, yelpings of incompetent would-be bureaucrats masquerading as politicians and their allies.

Among Teutonic legends, the Motherhood of Pagan German learning, we read of the Erl-King of the Black Forest, whose face is seen in a brook. The Erl-King demon entices children into the forest and to their doom. But when we look down in the brook, whose face do we see?

There is a narcotic sweetness about propaganda. But we also recall that beautiful Echo died from unrequited love of Narcissus, whom Nemesis van-

quished by causing the youth to fall in love with his own image reflected in a fountain, and self-esteem became a narcotic flower known as narcissus.

No'ano'a, or *nokanoka*, means fragrance. It is narcotic and paganistically enticing. But the sweetest tale that the 'Ari-Oi is capable of conveying to the Occidental senses is that, in the long ago, we placed Occidental intelligence far in advance of all others. With this knowledge, it is deemed a certain bulwark against any possible total collapse of economic security in a collective structure, such as is possible in a Democracy. The Occidental race possesses the highest rating of creative mentality, as well as contributive mentality not confined within the boundary lines of a single nation. But the rating of adolescent mentality is still very high. The probable menace to adolescent mentality probably lies in the possibility of its being more pliable to the wiles of barter, the inferiority complex of diplomacy. Adolescent mentality is lowest among the Jews, which has, no doubt, made of this division of a white race the foremost industrialists, although not the greatest. Without resort to be funny, we of the Polynesian race are at the bottom of the scale as industrialists.

The predicament of Judaism is a matter of no small concern to the 'Ari-Oi. Their Hebraicism under Southern Cross over Easter Island, the Realm of the Dead, has given The Creation of The Boar that harassed the Kingdom of Calydonia, the time of release, and to become wild in order to bring The Hunt into relief, six thousand years ago. The Swine is tabu to Judaism. This, of course, occurred at a time subsequent to The Deluge, which symbolizes the culmination of the formulations and calculations made by the Emissary Prince. This takes place on the media or thereabouts of six thousand years, long after he has gone from this element. With the tabu of the Swine also went the Septuagint. This had to be done in order to bring the Epiphany into effect, as we already know that The Boar barassed Calydonia.

Speaking of the division of The Holy Grail, the Emissary of our ancient *Irihia*, or Motherland, is not prejudiced,



but like the employer of a large institution he is in quest of the best Executive talent that he can find for the big institution of *Rata*, or Civilization, symbolized as the kidneys on the back of the idols of Eastern Island. The Emissary is simply performing his duty, that of carrying out the edict of the 'Ari-Oi.

Under The Unicorn, the British Mandate of Palestine is in proper order, and what was of precursory in America is an eventuality in Palestine. There is no reason for the continuance of the tabu on Swine, save for reasons in the Apocrypha, awarding saints and martyrs. This is the division of *TURA*, as The Dove, in which it is of revelation that through *Rei Tara Tia*, or The Piercing Crown of Thorn, symbolizing the Motherland's Deity of The Sun, the burden of bearing The Cross was placed upon Christianity, and from the House of King David came a Prince to fulfill that Office. Paganism irrevocably obeyed the edict of the Emissary,

by its Judiciary washing hands in a basin of water. Through Christianity, the Aryans became the indisputable precursors of civilization, not as Pagans, but as humane Christians.

In the division of *TURA*, as The Turtle, the eventuality of Palestine involves the question of warriorship, as was in America, for it is conveyed to us from Eden that we must "toil with sweat on the brow." Charity is not a consideration here and, to be sure, Arabia, as well as the Mohammedan World, know too well the Imperial code of *Hao*, or "The Thief," and *hao* also is iron, according to the Hawai'ians.

In concluding, it must be borne in mind that Democracy and Imperialism are established institutions. There is no reason to believe that the two institutions cannot be unified. Go on and live and, perhaps, someday we shall know the meaning of "Live the creature, do the human, and vest The Serpent," the great enigma of The Sphinx.



SANCTUM MUSINGS

(Continued from Page 191)

talents are developed, and man really comes into his rightful heritage.

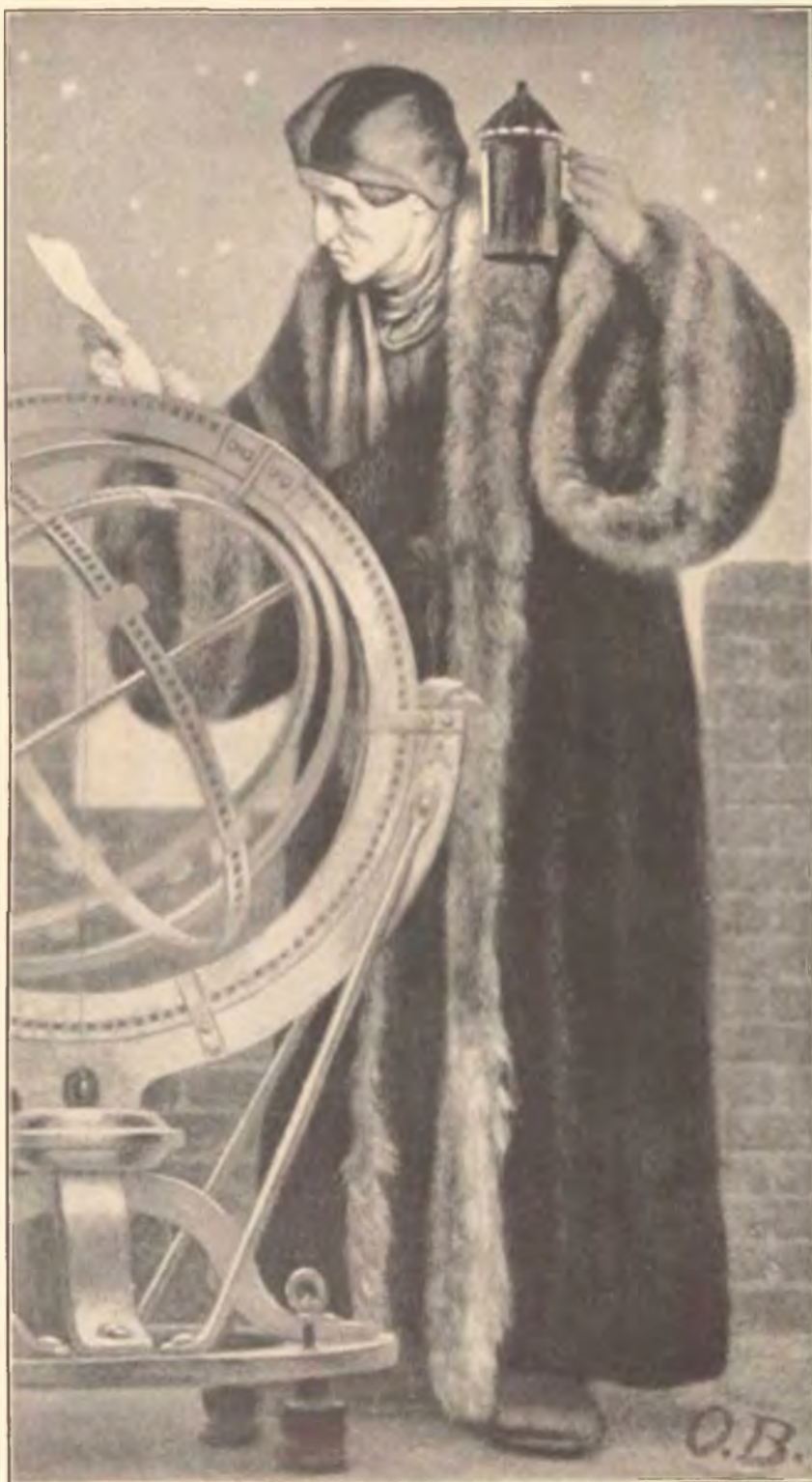
There will be moments of great exaltation, and moments of despair, moments of great happiness, and others of sorrow, but through it all, if we are con-

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