ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

1960
JULY
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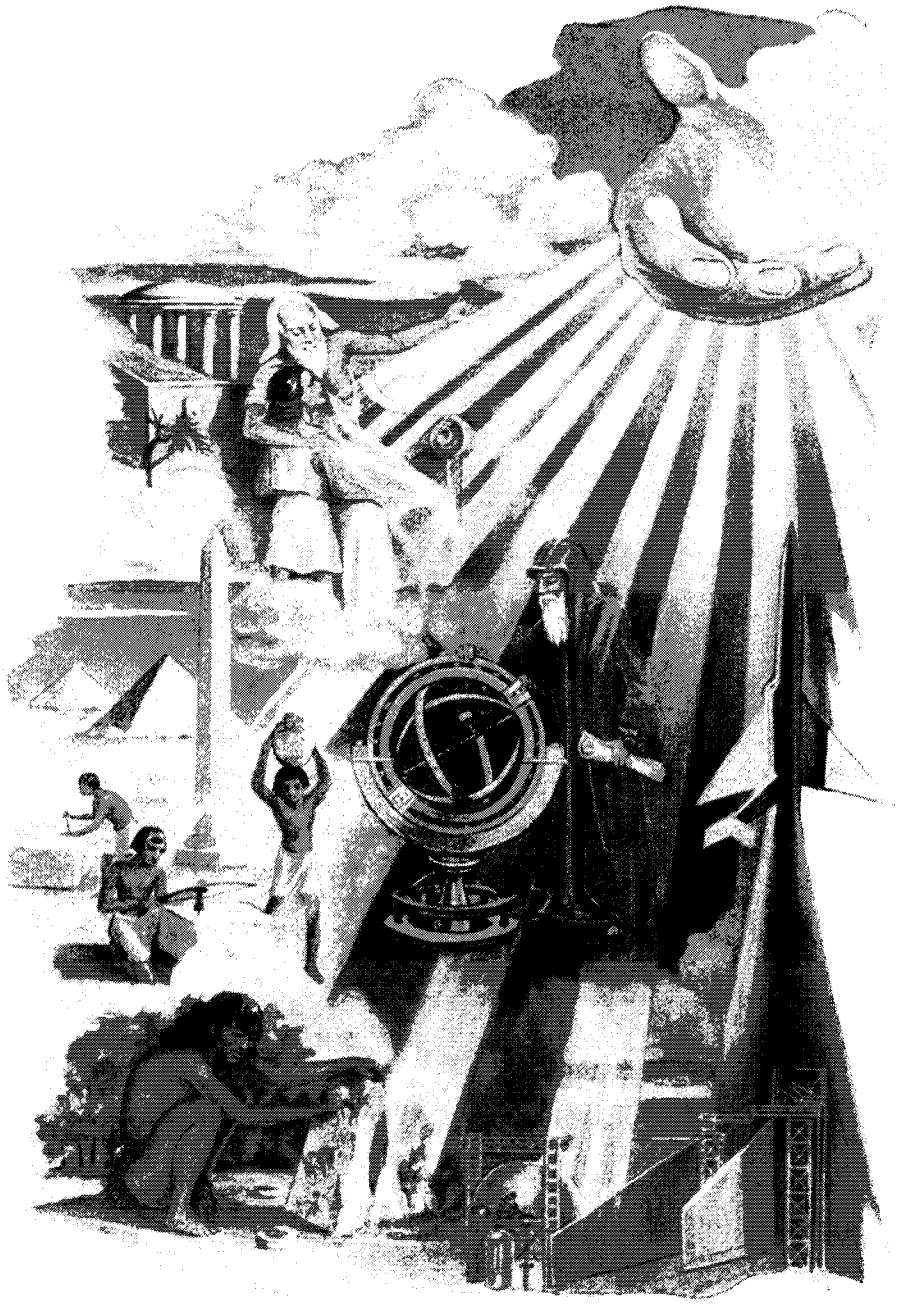
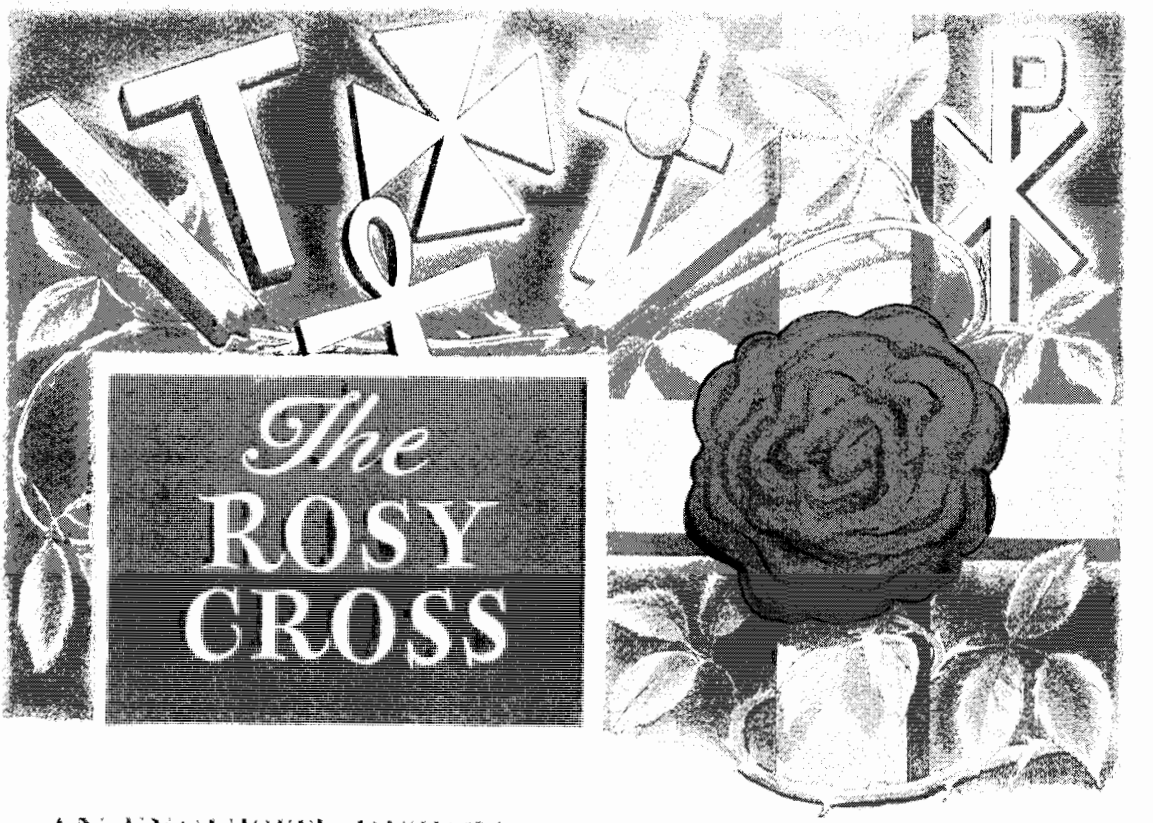
Knowing God

Cover:
Advance of Man





AN EXQUISITE DESIGN

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THE simple cross consisting of a vertical half intersected by a horizontal one is the oldest symbol in which man expresses his knowledge of a divine principle of nature. The first great natural law discovered by man was the *law of duality*, that is, that all living things were in pairs or eventually divided into phases in respect of the same thing. Closer observation determined that the unity of these phases of phenomena produced a third or new entity. The mind soon concluded the divine formula that 1 plus 1 equals not just two but three, for the two opposite aspects in unity did not lose their identity and become one, but in reality produced a third in which were incorporated their characteristics. The cross became then the symbol of this formula. Each of its bars represented a different polarity of this universal duality and the place of their unity, where the manifestation occurred, was usually indicated by a beautiful gem or, later, a red rose. To wear such a significant symbol today is not only indicative of Rosicrucian membership, but reveals the wearer's appreciation of this inspiring mystical law.

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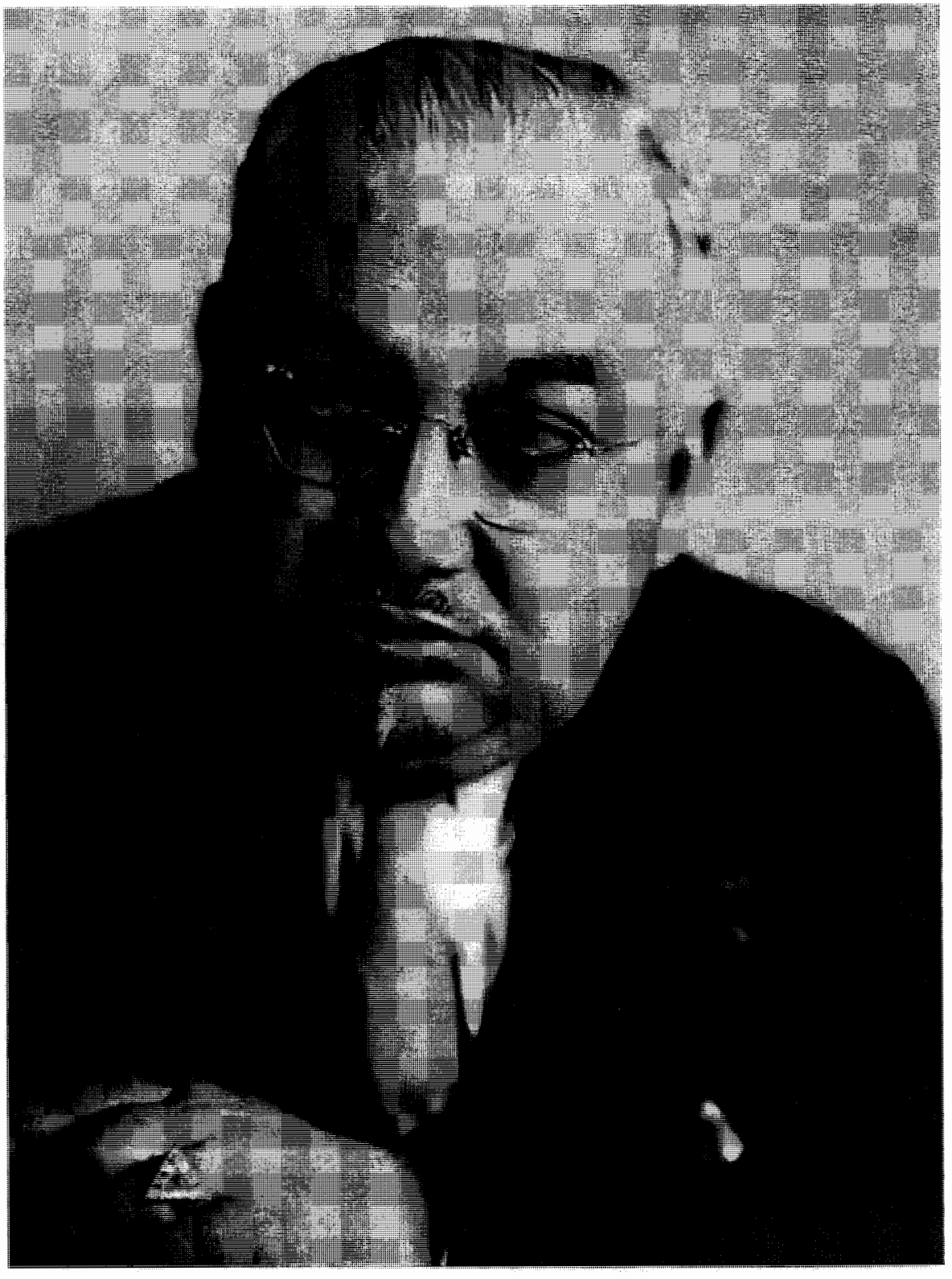

DR. H. SPENCER LEWIS

Above is shown the first Imperator of the present Rosicrucian cycle of activity. It was Dr. Lewis who made possible the Order's expanded activity throughout the world. August 2nd commemorates his Great Initiation, which occurred in 1939.

(For further reference see page 252)

IS MAN A SMALL UNIVERSE?

IT HAS BEEN SAID that everything in the universe has its counterpart in man. What of your solar plexus? Does it link you with the world beyond . . . the vast cosmos of which earth is but a speck? Centuries ago, man observed that something in the center of his torso responded to his emotional excitements—joy, fear, elation, fright, sudden experiences. A search for an explanation resulted in many more *amazing* discoveries. What did these ancient seekers for truth uncover? Did they learn how to draw energy to their emotional centers—for performing miracles and accomplishing feats that seemed impossible to the uninitiated?

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

Are you perfectly satisfied with your position in life? Are you enjoying life to its fullest extent?—truly abundantly? If obstacles seem to prevent you from attaining the heights and enjoying the better things in life, you are not using the powers that reside *within you.*

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Let the Rosicrucians (NOT a religious organization), a progressive, practical brotherhood, explain to you the simple, *demonstrable* laws governing your inner powers. Write for your FREE copy of *The Mastery of Life,* which tells how easily you can come to possess tested methods for understanding the powers of personal accomplishment. Send coupon today!

Scribe S. P. C.
The Rosicrucians (AMORC)
San Jose, California

I am a sincere seeker. Please send me a copy of *The Mastery of Life,* which I shall read carefully.

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The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC) San Jose, California

ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

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The Purpose of the Rosicrucian Order

The Rosicrucian Order, existing in all civilized lands, is a nonsectarian fraternal body of men and women devoted to the investigation, study, and practical application of natural and spiritual laws. The purpose of the organization is to enable all to live in harmony with the creative, constructive Cosmic forces for the attainment of health, happiness, and peace. The Order is internationally known as "AMORC" (an abbreviation), and the A.M.O.R.C. in America and all other lands constitutes the only form of Rosicrucian activities united in one body. The A.M.O.R.C. does not sell its teachings. It gives them freely to affiliated members together with many other benefits. For complete information about the benefits and advantages of Rosicrucian association, write a letter to the address below, and ask for the free book, **The Mastery of Life**. Address Scribe S. P. C., **Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, San Jose, California, U. S. A. (Cable Address: "AMORCO")**

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THE THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

IS RELIGION A SOCIAL STATUS?

By THE IMPERATOR

THERE are two ways in which an individual gains distinction in the society of which he is a part. The first is by his personal effort and enterprise. It is the consequence of the expression of his own personality by which he stands out and directs attention to himself. A person's being a point of interest does not necessarily mean that his distinction is meritorious. One can likewise be prominently hated, despised, and ridiculed. For example, the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation publishes each year a list of the currently most wanted *criminals*. Their personal activity has gained for them a public distinction, but not one to be envied.

There are millions of persons who have not the ability, qualifications, or opportunity to stand out from the multitude by direct effort. They accomplish vicariously the recognition the human ego craves. They distinguish themselves by belonging to groups, clubs, societies, and fraternities that have a highly accepted social status in the community. Thus by their affiliation these people acquire a dignity, a reflected prominence, to which they could not separately attain. They can thus state that "my" group or "my" club did thus and thus or received this or that signal honor. Fortunately, all who so affiliate with local or national organizations are not of this type. A large majority, however, as indicated by their lack of attendance except on special occasions of entertainment or by compulsion, are of this class.

Psychologists, perhaps, call this inclination to join for prestige, or to join just because other persons do, the "flock instinct." The fact is that self, the ego, finds it equally necessary to preserve itself as does the physical organism. The submerged self becomes a nonexistent self. It then only survives as an animate being. A highly developed self-conscious being, such as man, needs to have that self, the "I," recognized and accepted. Men may flock together, they may be gregarious in their habits, but they are not content to become personally lost as an individual ego.

Motivation

The motivation for religion is said to be man's moral sense. However, morals are not inherent in man. There is, in fact, no innate universal moral code. Principally, the religious impulse is man's consciousness of a transcendent power which he either *reverences* or *fears*. The religious expression is man's desire to conform to what he conceives to be the right. This right he interprets in the terms of his social unit, the religious dogma of his faith which recognizes a supreme being, and, as well, the traditional customs and beliefs.

The average man experiences a feeling of helplessness when he is confronted by the forces of nature and the phenomena of the universe which directly affect his life. It is a realization of his dependence upon powers that are beyond his immediate knowledge and control. Religion, as a traditional bridge between the natural and the so-called supernatural world, provides man with a sense of security. The church, the

clergy, it is believed, could intercede for man or provide suggestions as to how the supernatural powers could be invoked in time of personal crisis. It is this faith, though often a blind dependence, which has given man the moral uplift, the psychological stimulus, to carry on in his severe ordeals in life. Simply put, it has made man feel not alone when, in fact, he had no mortal or temporal support.

A large majority of educated persons no longer have that emotional or psychic dependence upon religion. They do not look to it for an intangible something to fill in the gap in a practical life. Rightly or wrongly, they do not think of organized religion as providing any supernatural influence or as personally bringing to bear in the individual's life any powers which he doesn't already possess.

Possibly this attitude of mind has been brought about unwittingly by the contributions to mankind by science. Science has brought improvement into the life of the individual through greater longevity, better health and more comfort, as well as greater understanding and direction of the natural forces. These are things which religious dogma has promised but has not been able to provide in the same material and practical way. It is true that science has not given man peace of mind nor has it sufficiently disciplined his animal aggression. To these persons it appears that religion, in its years of endeavoring to direct man's emotional and psychic impulses, has accomplished no more than science, if as much.

Attitude and Necessity

To this increasing number of persons religion is a respected *social institution*, a very much needed one, as is a university or court of law. Established religion is looked upon as a necessary means for the promotion of moral idealism and influence for behavior essential to a civilized society. It is not the religious spirit of a sect or church that is particularly admired by this growing class of moderns but rather the historical prestige of religion as an established institution in the community. In other words, formal religious institutions are accepted as a well-knit form of social status to which one should belong to give eminence to his own integrity.

This type of individual, who "belongs" to one of the large formal religious denominations, is not capable of analyzing the doctrines of the sect. He no longer finds its hagiography and dogma applicable to the immediate affairs of his life—except as a social status. The sons and daughters of such persons must be baptized in this religion, married and buried by it. To do otherwise would constitute nonconformity and the loss of social status.

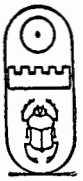
The respect of these people for religion is equivalent to what they show any large institution, no matter how temporal, which equally touches their social status. It is not religion which they regard with reverence or even fear, it is the importance which its institutions have in the community. To be unrelated to such institution detracts from the distinction which the individual believes he needs.

Loss of Prestige

This attitude is alarmingly noticeable in the increasing number of persons who reveal in their casual comments anything from mild disdain to contempt for religion in itself. In fact, aside from their own well-established and socially recognized sect, they will make a remark about other less prominent religions in a diffident manner.

If asked about some group or organization which deviates from an orthodox institution of prestige, they will most likely retort, "Oh, it is some religious group or church." In not visiting or attending some cultural activity which is not known or understood by them, they explain their lack of interest by sincerely saying, "I thought it was a religion of some kind." This implies that in such, they would have no interest whatsoever, since it had nothing in the nature of prestige to add to their status socially.

Many men prominent in business, the professions and technical fields, look upon religion today as the preservation of obsolescent ideas. They think of it as an archive for ancient mythology now out of pace with our day and age. Frankly, they tolerate religion as a necessary gratifying factor for the emotionally sensitive. They look upon



religion as providing ritualistic glamor and framework into which certain human relationships must be put so as to be accepted.

One may ask himself, What will happen to the staid prestige of religious denominations when men come to think that they are no longer necessary for distinction, or that they can no longer add anything to the well-established citizen? When religion has lost its place in society as a means of cultivating the religious spirit in man, it will become but an empty shell.

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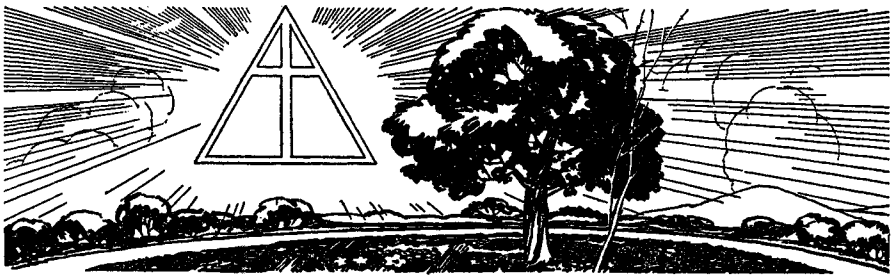
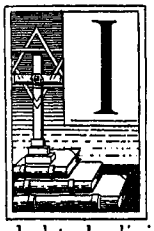


An Hour's Journey

By WILLIAM B. PLATT



I was in New York State driving to Ithaca. While reveling in the beauty of the September morning, I became distracted by a sturdy, well-knit figure swinging along with ease and a spring to his step. Here too is one who is glad to be living and be out walking on such a morning, was my thought. As we passed I waved at the "white-bearded patriarch." He returned the salute with his stick as if his hand had known the feel and use of a saber.

Two hours later, I caught up with him again. He had retained his swinging stride and paid no attention to cars going either way—no anticipating looks over the shoulder, no thumb-jerking for him.

This time I slowed up and asked if he would like a lift. "Yes—surely," he replied. He crossed the road and settled himself beside me. I took a close look, and his appraisal was as frank as mine—clear blue eyes looked out from crinkles at the corners, with a level gaze.

He was dressed in blue overalls, and a black leather windbreaker over a blue flannel shirt. He carried a stout cane with a crooked handle. There was no bundle or grip, so I concluded that he was out for a short jaunt.

"Going far?" I asked, as he slammed the door. "Not very—Indiana." His reply was matter of fact. My astonishment must have shown in my voice, as I commented, "Traveling light for such a trip, aren't you?" "It's enough," said he, dismissing the subject. "It's a great morning, isn't it?"

This introduction gave me a peek into a life that was, apparently, completely at peace with the world and its people. He talked freely enough now and revealed a well-trained mind that keenly appraised people and events. He expressed himself with a dry humor

that sometimes had a sharp edge. For forty years he had worked at his trade of bookbinding. Eighteen had been spent at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, D.C. His age was now 67.

He had thought himself to be under Civil Service and eligible for retirement on a pension. However, three years ago a new ruling in his classification was made effective. Any layoff of more than thirty days called for a new civil service examination before reinstatement, and no one over 50 could take the examination. Hence, he said, fifty-two employees were dropped.

I could catch no trace of bitterness in his voice as he told this; he was simply relating cold facts. Jobless then, he took to the road to see the country, and at the same time look for work at his trade. He stopped at all of the large towns and at cities on his way, but there was no work for a man of his age. He had been married once—at 25—but became a widower in six hours. An epidemic of black diphtheria took his wife, and also his sister and brother-in-law—all within eighteen hours.

There was a pause in his story. Then he related that for the past two years he had had a grand job—on a stock farm in Indiana. He was now on his way back. Two months ago he spent all his savings to come East for the wedding of his niece; hence, this hiking trip back to Indiana. He had left Manchester, New Hampshire, two weeks before and so far had walked every foot of the way until now. There was no complaint in his voice. He told of the beauties of the mountain ranges he had crossed, and exclaimed over the lovely hills of Ithaca, and the Cornell campus, which he had visited the previous day.

To him, New York was the most beautiful of the states that he had seen. Such a variety of beauty: mountains and river valleys, orchards and farm lands. Full of history too, he commented. This Finger Lakes region, we were passing through, had been the seat of the Long House. He recalled the part the Indians had played during the Revolution and how it had climaxed in the Sullivan Raid.

I was moved to ask how he happened to be working on a stock farm; cattle raising seemed so far removed from his trade.

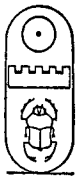
"Now, that's a funny thing," he said. "I was walking along through Indiana, when I came to this farm. I didn't know anything about farming or farm animals, but this place just sort of reached out and laid hold of me, so that I had to stop and take off my hat and look at it. It was so sort of homey. The buildings were nicely painted and it all had a well-kept appearance. The fields were fenced off into pens with sleek cattle in them. The house was painted white—set in a grove of fine trees and surrounded by a nice green lawn. There was a feeling of contentment about the place, and I decided that nice people must live there.

"I walked on, still thinking about that farm. About five minutes later a car, with a man and a lady, drove up and stopped beside me. The lady asked if I was looking for work. I told her I was—and what kind of work did she have? She said that they owned the farm back there—the one I had admired. It was a stock farm, with blooded Hereford cattle. They needed another man, and would I come back with them and go to work? I said 'Lord bless you, Ma'am, I don't know a thing in the world about cattle.' She said, 'You're a man with a trade, aren't you?' When I told her that for forty years, I'd been a bookbinder, she turned to her husband and said, 'There—didn't I tell you?'

"The man hadn't said a word—just let her do all the talking, and she kept right on doing it. 'Now,' she said to me again, 'You're a tradesman; your mind and hands are trained; you're used to picking up ideas. It wouldn't take any time for you to catch on to cattle. Come on back with us and try it for a week. If you don't like it, you can go back on the road again.' So I went with them and have been there ever since.

"Like she said, I soon caught on, and after two weeks the two men that had been there left, and I carried on alone. The third week, the boss came down with pneumonia. Well, I just couldn't leave them then—and besides, I didn't want to.

"There was lots of work with eighty-two head of cattle, four silos full of



ensilage, and two hay barns—one with alfalfa and the other with clover hay. Being beef cattle, the cows didn't have to be milked; but they needed food and water, and their stables kept clean.

"During the three months that the boss was laid up, I was plenty worried at first. But I just used what good sense I had. One day, after the boss was up and around again, the lady said that he wanted to see me, and I thought, 'Here's where I catch it!'

"But the first thing he said was, 'I thought you claimed that you didn't know anything about cattle.' 'I didn't when I came here,' I replied. 'Well,' said he, 'for a man who didn't know anything about cattle, you have done mighty well. You have done the work it used to take two men to do; you have been nursemaid to forty-two new calves and have taken such good care of them and their mothers that you haven't had to call the veterinary. We are not only pleased about this—we greatly appreciate it. Especially the way you stood by and carried on while I was laid up. So we want you to know that you have a job and a home with us as long as you live.'

"So—you see, that's what I'm going back to. They're expecting me and I'll get there in time for Thanksgiving."

By this time we were in Rochester. As I put him on the bus to Buffalo, I thanked him for a glimpse into a land of contentment—too seldom found in these hectic days.

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Fragment from an Ancient Race

By TED E. HARTWIG, F.R.C.

THE Maya Indian always believed that he had to apologize to the gods of the earth whenever he cut trees to clear land for planting, or when he burned the brush in a clearing. He thought that it disfigured the landscape. He had prayers for these labors. A part of one of these prayers was found in southern British Honduras, and reads thus:

"O God, my mother, my father, Lord of the Hills and Valleys, Spirit of the Forests, be patient with me for I am about to do as I always have done. Now I make my offering to you that you may know that I am troubling your good will, but suffer it, I pray. I am going to dirty you (destroy your beauty), and I am going to work you that I may live."

A portion of another prayer found asks forgiveness for "disfiguring the face of the earth god."

What beauty there is in such prayers. I have cut many trees, but after reading such prayers, I wonder if I could ever cut another one without asking God to forgive me. I often wonder if those people were closer to God than we are today.

The Artist - Doctor

By BRENDA ANDERSEN

MANY centuries ago, an unknown Egyptian physician carved on the wall of a pyramid a picture of an operation. Today motion pictures of operations can be seen on T.V. screens. Throughout the ages, Art and Medicine have been inseparable.

Medicine is known as the healing art. Art, on the other hand, has been referred to as natural science. It is interesting to know that in medieval times, the artist belonged to the same guild (union) as the physician and the apothecary. *Arte* meant *craft* and there was no distinction between them. Perhaps it was the fraternity and equality between the two that encouraged the tremendous interest that artists began to show in anatomy and in the illustrated manuscripts which the doctors began to use in their treatises during the Renaissance.

The medical textbooks of the great Vesalius were illustrated by Stephan van Calcar, a pupil of Titian. Leonardo da Vinci made more than 1,000 anatomical sketches for an encyclopedia planned by his young medical friend, Marco Antonio della Torre. Albrecht Dürer, after his intensive study of the human body, drew a self-portrait showing exactly where the illness, that later killed him, was located. And it is to the immortal Leonardo da Vinci that we owe the still popular phrase, "A man is only as old as his arteries."

The medical profession is certainly a combination of medicine and art, and the old Chinese saying "One picture is worth a thousand words" proves that it would be almost impossible to teach medicine without pictures.

The first portrait of a doctor (and probably the first record of an unpaid medical bill) was a monument erected by Pharaoh Sahura in 2550 B.C. Its purpose was to honor his chief physician for "curing his nostrils."

A Babylonian piece of artistic statuary to Baal-Zebub, the god of flies, reveals in its cryptographs the ancient belief that insects spread disease. Two thousand years later it was proved that flies do spread sleeping-sickness, that mosquitoes do carry yellow fever, and that ticks and lice do, indeed, cause many ills. This statue didn't lie!

Five hundred years before Christ, one of Greece's greatest physicians, Cassiodorus, recommended the use of pictures in the study of medicine. He advocated the principles of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, and the herbals of Dioscorides, one of our earliest botanists. Both left *illustrated* texts for their followers to use in their medical pursuits, but while his advice was employed for the learning of medicinal plants, it was not until the 12th century A.D. that anatomical charts were used for visual instruction. By the end of the 15th century, artists and doctors worked together to increase their mutual knowledge of anatomy. Plastic surgery had its beginnings at this time too, but until modern psychologists were able to prove its effects on personality and general health. it remained a costly and painful remedy for lost beauty.

Artists have both immortalized and lampooned the medical profession. Rembrandt's *The Anatomy Lesson* shows young medical students intent upon their subject. Jan Steen painted more than twenty pictures of doctors. And Holbein did both Art and History a favor when he painted Henry VIII handing the charter to the master of

the first English Barber-Surgeon's Union

In contrast, at the same time that François Rabelais was writing his satires on medicine, Hans Weiditz was caricaturing their practices. The benighted doctor, trying to collect just payment, was the inspiration for a famous poem and an equally famous cartoon illustrating it.

Three faces wears the doctor:
when first sought
An Angel's; and a God's, the
cure half wrought.
But when the cure complete,
he seeks his fee,
The Devil looks less terrible
than he.

The local drugstore was also portrayed in great paintings. The best-known picture of the artist-apothecary, Carl Spitzweg, is *The Love-Sick Dispenser.* His doting druggist is shown making up a prescription in the street outside his shop—a Renaissance necessity when the noxious smell of some of his brews became too overwhelming. Johannes Stradanus, another 16th century painter, takes us inside a shop where the apothecary is "transforming exotic substances into medicine."

In those days, apothecary jars were labeled with pictures instead of the names of the ingredients, but later these became merely candy containers. Now, once again, druggists are dispensing modern pharmaceuticals, such as vitamins, in quaint apothecary jars.

While artists were painting pictures of doctors, illustrating texts on anatomy and botany, and revealing life from a medical standpoint, many doctors were displaying artistic and creative talent too.

In the 11th century, the Arabian doctor, Albucasis, invented new instruments for treating wounds, removing tonsils, and extracting barbs. He made forceps for use in childbirth and also became one of the first-known oral surgeons; he performed operations on ugly, irregular teeth. Robert Fludd, in the 17th century, made mechanical toys, such as a self-playing lyre and a wooden bull that bellowed. An anatomist, Fredrik Ruysch, discovered a method for solidifying parts of the body using colored injections, although Leonardo had already done the same with wax. Ambrose Paré, 100 years earlier, introduced artificial limbs and trusses for ruptures; later, William Smellie constructed a little leather manikin in order to demonstrate various parts of his lectures on midwifery.

One of the founders of the first medical college in this country, William Shippen, used life-sized drawings and gypsum cast models for his classes; and Stromayr painted water colors to illustrate a hernia operation from the display of instruments down to showing the doctor and patient drinking a toast together afterwards.

However, it was Sir Charles Bell who attained the highest achievement of an artist-doctor. Through his art studies in anatomy, he was prompted to write a treatise on the relation between the emotions (joy, fear, etc.) and muscular action. Proceeding further in those studies, and obtaining a medical degree, he discovered and classified the motor and the sensory nerves. His researches led the way to our modern knowledge of Neurology and Neurosurgery.

It is easy to see how a surgeon can develop an operation until it becomes a work of flawless art, and how an artist can depict the body so perfectly; one cannot tell where Science leaves off and Art begins.

Perhaps that is why the so-called impressionist art is such a puzzle to the average viewer today. The misplacement of natural parts of the body is like the symbolical picturing of a floating kidney. Nature herself is being caricatured while Science and Art appear to have come to a parting of the ways. Yet, their separation, while apparent, is not actual. Victor Hugo made many drawings from ink blots and coffee smears. Today our doctors delve into the subconscious by analyzing the mental pictures we form from just such splotches. They call it the Rorschach test.

Leonardo said that damp-stained walls and uneven colored stone could "inspire grander images," and Goya did just that in his deeply significant paintings.

Goethe, one of the world's greatest philosophers, wrote: "Color is the voice of God speaking through Nature"—and

today the psychology of color has become an important factor in the decoration of hospitals, schools, and all public institutions. Here, once again, the artist and the doctor are working together —to soothe, heal, instruct or please the public eye.

Doctors have found they can stimulate, depress, excite, or calm their patients through the use of color. And one of the most successful forms of treatment for mental distress is the encouragement of all types of creative art. It is the basic ingredient in occupational therapy.

In Industry too, they have discovered how to reduce eye strain and fatigue and even certain types of accidents through the scientific application of coordinated colors.

Today, the camera has replaced the artist in the illustration of medical texts, but the application of art as a healing aid is receiving even greater attention. The doctor who once used Art to help his study is now advising his patients to study Art.

Modern science, rather than widening the gulf between them is, instead, drawing the two mediums closer together. The study of nature and man—Art and Medicine—will always remain inseparable parts of a homogeneous whole. And someday, the picture of health will be recognized by all as the finest expression of beauty on earth.

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In Memoriam

FORTY-FIVE years ago, a man with about a dozen other men and women met in a small hall in New York City. This man was inspired by an ideal and a very conscious solemn promise that he had made but a few years before. For a number of years he had been a student of the history of the Rosicrucians. The information available to him had been scanty—gathered from general literary sources. And also such information was shrouded in ambiguity and mystery. However, something about the name "Rosicrucians," and their traditional dedication to a fearless exposition of the whole constitution of man, challenged inquiry.

The young man's imagination was fired and he was determined to know more of the Rosicrucians. As to how this was to be accomplished he had not been certain. In America the Rosicrucians were little more than a myth, a legend of the remote past. The young man was eventually given the opportunity to journey to Europe where throughout ages the Rosicrucians had alternately thrived and declined with the changing fortunes of the nations in which they had existed.

The young man's fervor and sincerity brought him to the threshold of the Rosicrucian Order in France. After trial, test, and initiation he was assigned the mission to re-establish the noble Rosicrucian teachings in the New World. His mandate required that he present these teachings in modern vernacular, and that he use analogies and examples from the contemporary arts and sciences where necessary. But he likewise was instructed that the basic principles and centuries-old doctrines of the Order were to be expounded and preserved, for they were of Cosmic root.

The young man was finally admonished that his sacrifices would be great in the years ahead; he would need to give of himself and of his resources. He was told that every satisfaction which he might gain from his mission would be mitigated by the humiliation, persecution and vilification, he would suffer at the hands of those with opposing motives. He would be maligned as an impostor, accused of seeking personal aggrandizement and of striving for personal, mercenary gain. At his transition he would have little worldly gain to show for long and arduous labor. He was further told that he could count his only reward as a realization that he had been faithful to a trust and that he had thousands more devoted friends than enemies.

So it was forty-five years ago in that small hall, with a little band of supporters, that this young man took his first step in a long struggling ascent. That night he conducted the first official conclave in America for the second cycle of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC. That which these masters of the Order in Europe had prophesied, time was to fulfill. Abuse upon abuse, calumny upon calumny, was heaped upon him with the passing years. The ignorant derided him. The prejudiced maligned him. The envious conspired by defamation to disqualify and possibly usurp his position.

His family shared his labors for years when there was nought to be had in return but consolation for a work well done. Likewise, they became the recipients of the vituperation of his enemies.

The prophecy of reward also came to be fulfilled. The Rosicrucian Order grew. Its growth was not alone in number of members throughout the world. It grew as a force for good and truth in the hearts and minds of thousands of splendid men and women in nearly every land.

(Continued on next page)

This man who stood in that little hall in New York City, facing an uncertain future with undaunted courage, was H. Spencer Lewis. He became the first Imperator of AMORC for the second cycle of the Order's existence. He lived to see the fruits of his labor ripen.

Dr. H. Spencer Lewis passed through transition on Wednesday, August 2, 1939. The ashes of his earthly remains were interred in Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California. Each year, a brief, informal ceremony is held in Rosicrucian Park on August 2 at 4:15 p.m., Pacific Daylight Saving Time, to commemorate his HIGHER INITIATION, which Rosicrucians consider the transition from this life. Members and officers participate in this ceremony. Those Rosicrucians unable to attend are asked to devote a minute of silent tribute to Dr. H. Spencer Lewis at a time corresponding to that in their locality, if at all convenient.

The Kingdom of Matter

WE HAVE learned at last that the moral world is a world wherein man is alone; a world contained in ourselves, that bears no relation to matter, upon which its influence is only of the most hazardous and exceptional kind. But none the less real, therefore, is this world, or less finite: and if words break down when they try to tell of it, the reason is only that words, after all, are mere fragments of matter, seeking to enter a sphere where matter holds no dominion.

Words are forever betraying the thought that they stand for, by the images which they evoke. When we try to express perfect joy, a noble, spiritual ecstasy, a profound, everlasting love, our words can only compare them with animal passion, drunkenness, brutal and coarse desire. And not only do they thus degrade the noblest triumphs of the soul of man by likening them to primitive instincts, but they incite us to believe, in spite of ourselves, that the object or feeling compared is less real, less true or substantial, than the type to which it is referred. Herein lies the injustice and weakness of every attempt that is made to give voice to the secrets of men. And yet, be words never so faulty, let us still pay careful heed to the events of this inner world. For of all the events it has lain in our power to meet hitherto, they alone truly are human.

—From *The Buried Temple*, by Maurice Maeterlinck.
Translated by Alfred Sutro.

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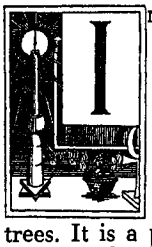
REMEMBER THE INTERNATIONAL ROSICRUCIAN CONVENTION
July 10 through 15

New Life for All

By DR. H. SPENCER LEWIS, F.R.C.

(From *Rosicrucian Digest*, June 1931)

Since thousands of readers of the *Rosicrucian Digest* have not read many of the articles by Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, first Imperator of the present Rosicrucian cycle, we adopted the editorial policy of publishing each month one of his outstanding articles, so that his thoughts would continue to reside within the pages of this publication.



IN THE greater part of the world the winter months have passed and the spring and summer months are at hand, and there is general rejoicing in the hearts of man and beast, and even in the hearts of the flowers and trees. It is a period of new life for all, and we should rejoice in this annual period of regeneration and attune ourselves with the Cosmic vibrations that bring life and reconstruction. It is truly a period of reincarnation for everything that grows on the face of the earth and of regeneration for all human beings.

Most of you are looking forward to some sort of vacation this summer or to some period of recreation with outings, short journeys, a change of scenery, a change of climate, and an opportunity to do many things that you have wanted to do all through the winter months. Truly, the great outdoors, in all its beauty and mildness of climate, offers an exceptional opportunity to millions of persons to make new contacts, to do different things, and to find a new life.

In making your plans, therefore, keep in mind the fact that the greatest enjoyment possible is that which is food to the mind and to the soul. After all, the pleasures of the flesh are but temporary and often wholly unsatisfactory.

Having lived in New York I have had the opportunity to witness, as one of the seekers for a change of environment, the multitudes who would jam into the trains and cross the Brooklyn Bridge to take a long and uncomfortable ride to Coney Island or some of the beaches along the shore. After investing in every purely physical or material form of amusement, crowded on all sides by the pleasure-seeking multitudes and suffering the heat and close atmosphere of crowded places, I have returned home late in the day to find that after all was said and done, I had neither enjoyed the day nor benefited in any possible way.

I have been with those who have crowded across the ferry boats at Fort Lee to go up high on the Palisades to an amusement park, and found there the same rush and jostle of men and women seeking pleasure and happiness of an artificial kind, and I have returned home disappointed and less rested than when I started.

For years, I tried every avenue of pleasure that a great city like New York could offer. And, as I look back now upon thirty-five or forty years of

such experiences, I recall only a few means of real pleasure that came into my life in those years. Outstanding are hours I spent in the great libraries at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue, sitting comfortably at a table with rare and interesting books spread out before me and sufficient time to enjoy them to their fullest. Second, to these hours, are the hours I spent in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in other museums of the city, often alone, except for the multitude of impressions and inspiring thoughts that crowded in on me from the things I saw.

Then, there are the hours that I spent in journeying to a farm many miles from a railroad, south of Flemington, New Jersey. Here, nature in all of its rustic beauty and unpainted by modern artificiality offered complete rest, relaxation, and the opportunity to read and study. The good air, good food, plenty of fruit in season, and the fields and hills to ramble through, with shady trees under which to rest, and read, and a night of perfect sleep and recuperation, constituted rare treats, indeed.

Outdoor Values

No matter what city you live in, there are suburban places easily reached that have an opportunity for rest and seclusion. All the money in the world cannot buy any pleasure equal to a comfortable position under a great, big protecting tree, with a good book, or a lesson, or a lecture, or even one's own thoughts to picture new scenes and new ideas in the consciousness.

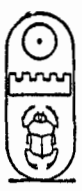
And do not forget that the young ones who do not have an opportunity to ramble in the fields and to get under trees, or wade in brooks, or play on the grass are deserving of this rare treat, not only because of the effect it has upon the imagination and the education of a child, but the effect it has upon his health. If you have no children of your own to take with you, even for a day or perhaps a week, try and take the child of someone else who might otherwise miss such an opportunity to be reborn and to start a new life. If you can find no child among your relatives, you can find a child somewhere in your city, whose life may be changed or whose life may be saved by such an act on your part. And certainly such a time of glorious living will never be forgotten by the child.

Remember, too, when you are in the country, that there are certain natural laws which you can use to help your health and to benefit yourself in many ways. Remember that while there is vitality and life in the air you breathe, this vitality is only a complement to the other vitality necessary for perfect health. This other vitality comes from the earth itself.

We are living upon a material earth that is like a huge magnet, and the magnetism of this earth is as essential to our health as is the air we breathe. We have been gradually isolating ourselves from a full enjoyment of this earthly magnetism through the development of different ways of clothing our bodies, and especially in wearing shoes and other things that separate us or isolate us from the earth's magnetism. Very few persons seem to realize that the wearing of shoes is one of the greatest detriments to the maintenance of perfect health.

The German natural scientist who propagated the removal of shoes and the taking of a walk barefooted for an hour a day was revealing only an ancient fundamental truth. He advocated walking in the dew of early morning in order that this rich, magnetic water might come in contact with the flesh of the body. Most certainly dew water has a magnetism in it that the stale water of reservoirs never contains. There is a good reason why the children of past times found so much pleasure in the old swimming hole. The vitality of that water charged with the earth's magnetism was a stimulation for them and filled them with more pep and more life than anything that could have been given to them in the form of food or nourishment.

So while you are in the country, try to be where you can easily and conveniently take off your shoes and stockings and walk barefooted some hours of the day, even if in the sunshine on the dry grass. If you can wade in the brook or running water that is fresh, be sure and do so at least once a day, and if there is dew in the morning, take advantage of it for one hour each morning. If you can bathe in some running



stream, take along a bathing suit and get the utmost benefit from the wonderful treat of nature. Drink plenty of water that comes through living wells instead of reservoir water, and drink it as often each day as you possibly can. Eat plenty of fruit and after each meal, lie down on the grass or the ground in the shade and sleep. Bask in the sunlight for an hour each day while lying on the ground so that your body absorbs the magnetic conditions of both of the great polarities, the earth and the sun.

Choosing the Simple

Do not overlook the fresh, green vegetables. Try to eat as many of these raw as you possibly can. Remember that cooked or boiled vegetables extract the important juices and these are often cast away with the water. Hunt for some fresh dandelion and water cress, and eat some of these before each meal, after properly washing them. Eat plenty of asparagus, celery, lettuce, spinach, turnips, and carrots. Green peas, lima beans, and many other vegetables, such as carrots, can be eaten raw with great benefit.

Do not spend your vacation where you have to dress many times a day in order to meet the competition of others who may be there solely for that purpose. Get back to nature in every sense of the word and have your clothing as simple and loose about the body as is possible. Do not mind how much dirt you get upon your body, and if you get some of it into your system. Go to sleep clean each night with plenty of fresh air, lying flat on your back in bed if possible, and never mind how soiled or disheveled you may become during the day. Take along some books, the reading of which will constitute the basis of new thoughts, new ideas, and new principles in your life. . . . But whatever you do this summer, go away with the intention of making this vacation period a time for regeneration physically, mentally, and spiritually. . . .

Remember also to share what you have, if you can, with some unfortunate one and if you can cut down your two weeks' vacation to only one week and take someone else with you for that week, who would otherwise have no vacation, some elderly woman or man, or some child, you will find that you are also creating in the Cosmic for yourself more life and more blessings.

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The dandelion, a most persistent plant, has leaves so arranged that rain easily finds its way to the center and down to the roots.

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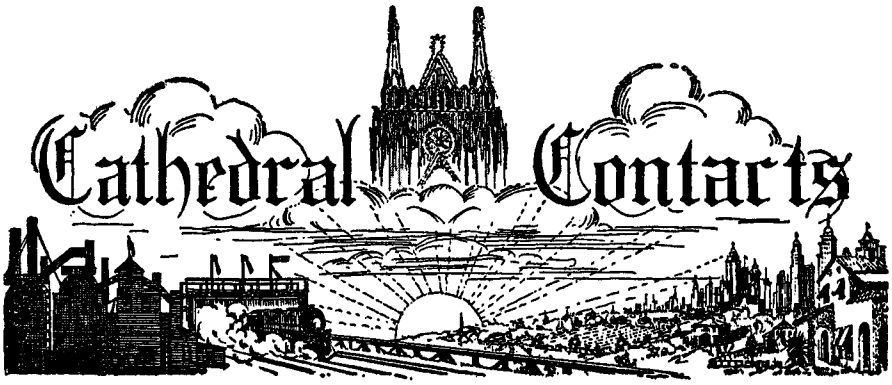
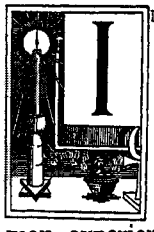


The "Cathedral of the Soul" is a Cosmic meeting place for all minds of the most highly developed and spiritually advanced members and workers of the Rosicrucian fraternity. It is the focal point of Cosmic radiations and thought waves from which radiate vibrations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. Various periods of the day are set aside when many thousands of minds are attuned with the Cathedral of the Soul, and others attuning with the Cathedral at the time will receive the benefit of the vibrations. Those who are not members of the organization may share in the unusual benefits as well as those who are members. The book called *Liber 777* describes the periods for various contacts with the Cathedral. Copies will be sent to persons who are not members if they address their requests for this book to Scribe S. P. C., care of AMORC Temple, San Jose, California, enclosing five cents in postage stamps. (*Please state whether member or not—this is important.*)

HOPE OF FREEDOM

By CECIL A. POOLE, *Supreme Secretary*



IN nature there are many examples of opposites. These are easily found in the comparison of black and white, of night and day, of large and small, in reference to many parts of the world's physical components. In human experience there are fewer contrasts that are more revealing of the condition of opposites than is the comparison of the states in terms of individual experience of *freedom* and *restraint.*

Any individual who is restrained in any regard, particularly when that restraint causes him inconvenience or discomfort, looks forward to the day of freedom from that restraint. Restriction from any source promotes man's desire for freedom. There was a time when some psychologists believed that freedom is an instinct. They attempted to prove their belief on the basis that the young of all species of living things try to avoid restraint and attain a position where they may have freedom of movement and expression. The individual who is restrained against his will can think of little else than the attainment of freedom.

Human history has been a series of recording the means by which man has freed himself from certain restraints and as a result attempted to establish a type of freedom in which he could live and exist without the restraints from

which he had gained a degree of freedom. But freedom, as odd as it may seem, frequently produces further restraints, in that the individual in being a part of a free society finds that he has to exert certain restraints upon himself and upon other individuals if the good of all is to be of more value or have more influence than the desire of the individual to express himself freely.

Among human societies, it has been found necessary to enact legislation, to establish laws, to fix rules, in order to avoid the condition of having individuals overdo their freedom to the point that what they did would become a restraint to someone else.

The desire to attain freedom and not be restrained has led many individuals to believe that freedom is one of the highest values that can be obtained in human society. Nations have established their laws upon freedom and have subscribed themselves to the purpose of protecting the freedom of the individuals who constitute the particular society of which they are a part. Many of the patriotic songs of nations have to do with the value of freedom; and, in the repetition of these songs and other means of preserving the idea, freedom has been an outstanding factor in society's attempt to reiterate the value of the freedom an individual may have.

What is forgotten is frequently the realization which comes to individuals that freedom is truly an individual value. While freedom can be expressed in general terms on the part of governments and societies, actually the experience of freedom is closely associated to the experience of an emotion. Only the individual can thoroughly enjoy and be benefited by its expression.

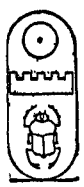
In the world of politics and human society, freedom is, therefore, stressed as a value to be preserved by the group for the benefit of the individual. But it might be possible for this concept to be reversed to contribute to the realization that freedom is an individual possession which should be preserved by the individual for the benefit of society as a whole. If a society is to be completely free, then it must be composed of free components; that is, the individuals who compose the society must have not only the concept of freedom as a part of their possession in common with other individuals, but they must also have the realization of the freedom that comes within the individual.

In other words, there are two types of freedom, external and internal. External freedom has to do with our physical movement and our relationship to society, while internal freedom has to do with our ability to use our knowledge and our God-given equipment as living beings to function to the maximum capacity which is possible for any individual.

One of the greatest freedoms that can be enjoyed by man is the freedom to think, the freedom to utilize our mind processes as individuals for the benefit of ourselves and, in turn, for the benefit of those about us. The term *freethinkers* has been used to apply even to those who have presented what seemed to be original ideas and new concepts of man. Many times the individuals composing the society expected to uphold freedom in many areas have scorned the individual who has stood out with the newest and most radical, or at least most effective, ideas that might change the course of the individual and the society.

It is, of course, to be considered that the individual not only is given the ability to think creatively, he is also given judgment to direct the application of his thinking. He who works for his own evolvement and that of society must temper his decisions with judgment so that the ideas created or propagated may be properly applied and used without the necessity of a radical upset in the affairs of other humans by any change made too quickly.

The hope of freedom lies in the opportunity for men to express themselves, to think and consider tolerantly the thoughts of others in relation to their own. There is little hope in the world unless we can look forward to a hope for a time when we will be freer—freer of the restrictions that now bind us, which are not necessarily those of man's making. We are not restricted entirely by what other men do, but we are restricted by the limitations of our own environment and by its complications, such as accidents, disease, social and economic conditions. These conditions constantly have a tendency to en-



slave men because when the individual is handicapped by any physical circumstance that limits his expression and his activity, he is no longer free to think or free to use the experience that is his in which to gain a fuller understanding and more complete opportunity to relate himself to the fundamental forces and causes of all being.

The hope of freedom, then, is the extension of the ordinary concepts of freedom. It is the hope that man will find himself free at some future time of any limitative circumstance, that he will no longer be confined by the physical world or the vicissitudes that affect his physical body. In other words, the hope of freedom is synonymous with the hope of immortality, the hope of achieving a state or place where man is no longer a part of a limiting environment.

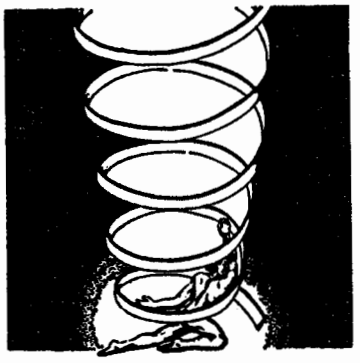
Man is placed in the world under certain limiting circumstances made natural, as it were, by the very nature of material itself. If man is to really value freedom to the extent that he proclaims, insofar as his social experience is concerned, he should raise his sights so that his aim might constitute a freedom from all restriction, including this world itself.

Man will have to earn such a form of freedom. He will earn it by placing the important values where they belong, outside the realm of the material universe, which, as long as it exists, and man exists in it, will be a restrictive influence. Just as man has learned to institute societies and states on the basis of freedom because of prior restraint, so under the restraints of the physical universe and the pressures put upon him, man can learn to aspire, to hope for a freedom such as will leave him completely free to exist as an intelligent entity in a universe where there are no restrictions to his fullest and most godlike expression.

Man's Highest Achievement

By WAH WING YEE, F.R.C.

LIFE and consciousness in the human form are an extension of God's essence by way of the soul in man. The soul, being eternally of God and possessing the Divine attributes of that of which it is an extension, has the natural power to expand and elevate the human consciousness on to an ultimate union with the Source. Just as the five organic senses enable man's intellect to develop the material side of life on earth, the Soul as a Divine faculty in man enables him to reach into the celestial heights and receive knowledge of the Divine, with its universal laws and omniscience.



Since it is through the Soul expansion that man eventually attains Cosmic consciousness, the existence of one universal God must be given credence at the very beginning of spiritual development, and the reality of the Soul as of God within the human body must be humanly recognized and given the freedom to unfold. In order to stimulate Soul unfoldment, one must establish a spiritual living ideal, and support it by steadfast faith and continuous mental effort.

The ideal that is most conducive to spiritual attainment is one that possesses the Mystical magnetic power to levitate man's Soul, Mind, and Body simultaneously upward to an ultimate merger with God. Since God is the highest plane in the universal order, which is ever seeking to express more of its Light and Life through man, then, the first point of the spiritual ideal is the endeavor to unite with God and to serve Him in accordance with the original plan.

The second point is to acknowledge the Divinity of the Soul, and to permit it the full freedom to evolve unobstructed by voluntarily purging the mind of erroneous beliefs and ideologies as the Light of the evolving Soul within reveals them to the intellect. The third point of the ideal entails the intellectual responsibility of putting the 'physical house' in order by cultivating proper living, thinking, and eating habits—to maintain a clear mind and sound physical health.

The Sublimation Process

However, the achievement of physical health is only part of the task. To develop the spiritual or psychic side of the human organism is equally important. In doing so, the sympathetic nervous system and the psychic centers within the body which serve as the natural channels for the expression of the Soul into the intellect, would be brought to greater activity and higher rates of vibrations. When such development has reached a point where the nervous system and the psychic centers are able to pulsate to the vibratory rates of the Soul, the intellect becomes fully conscious of the actual spiritual force, the complementary body, within the form of flesh.

And, eventually, after one has conscientiously adhered to the practice of his ideal, and has continuously followed the monitoring of the higher wisdom pertinent to nobler ways of living and thinking, a union of the Soul and intellect is consummated. In the merger of the two consciousnesses, the individual is ever aware of being enfolded by an invisible living intelligence. In all aspects, he is actually immersed in the Divinity's wisdom and creative thinking which enables him to perceive the Truth and thereby to differentiate

between right and wrong. In that, he is always cognizant of principles, and is protected from being misled by misrepresentations and false statements.

It is in this immersion of the worldly intellect into the embracement of the natural intelligent Divine life force within the body that the individual attains the status of a Soul-personality; that is, the intellectual personality is absorbed by the Soul consciousness and the personality now functions within the higher vibrations of the Soul within.

Also, illumined by the Light of the Soul, the individual lives in a keener awareness of the nutritional needs of the body. Since all the cells composing the various organic tissues serve as the housing of the Divine life essence, the material part of the cells must be in a healthy state in order to support the Divine essence that radiates its Light from the nuclear center of every cell. In this phase, the intellect is prompted by intuition from within to eat specific foods at certain periods so as to correct various mineral and vitamin deficiencies affecting the proper functions of some organic structure of the moment. At other times, there is a distinct call for some food supplements in addition to the normal diet, and when the inner needs are satisfied, the food therapy is discontinued until some other combination of foods and supplements is made known.

In following such a course of feeding, the body is gradually rejuvenated both internally and externally. In being rejuvenated, there is a return of muscular flexibility and vitality along with a stamina that supports longer working endurance. It is only natural that in regaining youthfulness to a very large degree, along with mental development, the mind also becomes more expansive and keener in outlook, coupled with more logical and creative thinking.

However, the harmonizing of the Soul, Mind, and Body is only the initial step in the ascent into the highest plane of God's consciousness. In the Mystical process, the organic system is gradually conditioned to receive and to withstand the higher and finer rates of Cosmic vibrations yet to come. Also, the intellect is spiritualized by the Soul essence so that it may be able to translate correctly the Cosmic impulses into the actual words that it is accustomed to use. Just as the neophyte at the Portal of the Soul had to develop himself to gain attunement with the Soul and to learn how to transpose its higher impulses into everyday words, this ascending into progressive planes of higher and higher rates of Cosmic vibrations requires much time and practice and entering into a continuous state of contemplation.

Here, at the Cosmic Portal, the aspirant to Cosmic consciousness is faced with the important task of readjusting values in the universal scale from God down to the material earth plane. The speed and extent of subsequent Soul unfoldment into the Cosmic depends on the order in which a person places those values. It becomes highly necessary that God and the Soul be given top position, and that nonattachment to worldly things be developed. All the ancient Mystics had taught the principle of renunciation of the world in favor of God as the highest and most desirable value in the whole creation. When God is given the natural highest position, and is established as the Ideal to have and to hold, that same ideal eliminates mental and emotional inhibitions. The Soul is then released to continue unfolding toward its natural Divine affinity.

On the other hand, the principle of renouncing the world is far from the popular belief that it consists of living in seclusion from the world and eschewing the owning and enjoyment of material things for more comfortable living or refraining from finding pleasure and relaxation in various public entertainments or indulging in personal hobbies. Renunciation in the truest Mystical sense is the refusal to harbor and be swayed by the base values of greed, selfishness, hate, jealousy, cruelty, dishonesty, deceit, conceit, and vanity. And materially speaking, it is to own and use the great array of material aids to better living for the sake of comfort and expediency rather than making fetishes of them or to use them as status symbols to impress people or to gain prestige and adulation.

The principle also applies to the popular tendency of the intellectual self toward hero worship, or of making celeb-

rities into demigods. There is a world of difference between enjoying and giving credit for a well-done performance and the enshrining of images of personalities in one's mind as perfect superbeings to be worshipped and adored the whole day long. In Truth, the aspirant on the Path cannot afford to allow such mental and emotional obsessions to become masters of his life. To fall prey to such decadent practices is to place expendable false idols above God, and also to disrupt the union of the Soul and intellect by lowering the mental vibrations. The Soul's thrust is eternally upward to the highest purity, and it cannot be pulled downward to imitations of that which created all that is in the nether world without experiencing very unpleasant repercussions.

Awareness of Guidance

When the aspirant has successfully risen above the taint of decadent mortal failings to make deities of mortals and inanimate things, his consciousness of the Cosmic reality enlarges in step with the Soul ascent. Eventually, in keeping with the natural course of his spiritual unfoldment, he comes into attunement with the plane of the high Intelligences, the Cosmic Masters, the evolved mentalities of the Great White Brotherhood. Because of his ideal to unite with God and to serve God for the spiritual betterment of the human race, that ideal and mutuality in purpose places him within the Psychic bonds of the Brotherhood.

It is here that the postulant's extent of education, worldly knowledge, worldly contacts, and potentialities are appraised. In accordance with Cosmic classification, he is psychically placed within a class of disciples whose temperament, potentials, and initiatives are approximately similar, and who may naturally come within the tutorship of a specific Cosmic Master. However, when a strong leaning toward some accomplishment begins to manifest, another Master or a highly advanced disciple supplements the teachings of the Head Master of that class.

When circumstances prevent the disciple from acquiring higher schooling in that line, he is guided into a course

(Continued on next page)

By MARTHA PINGEL, Ph. D.

▼

TIME

. . . The moving finger writes,
and having writ moves on . . .
—Omar Khayyám

In our studies we frequently wonder at the strength of an illusion such as *time.* We perceive change and are struck by our observation of "past-present-future" as reflected in the growth of a plant—from seedling to tree. We examine fossils and read the "words" of the rocks regarding prehistoric times, and say that surely these indicate the presence of time. We look through our photograph albums and discover Uncle John and Aunt Mary as children. Surely their life spans represent the passage of time. Then, while thinking about time in a positive sense, groping for a clear definition of its reality, we feel only abstract emptiness or confusion.

We agree, with the philosopher Henri Bergson, that things *endure.* Yet enduring is not time. We follow his discussion of duration as change, the life principle manifesting itself to us in many forms. Yet change is not time. Our old notion of time as an existing category, as "something to know," binds our minds and hampers our ability to solve problems. The conception of time as an actuality conditions us to thinking *backward* instead of *forward,* and presents us with a command to juggle past, present, and future as separate elements of our lives.

Our clocks and other measurements mock the seeming insignificance of man in the time-scale of evolution. How futile it would be if we had to "measure out our lives in coffee spoons," as the poet T. S. Eliot put it! How wasteful to measure ourselves in trivial personal aspects and to forget the major, the eternal goals of life.

As we mature, we must learn to ignore clocks in measuring our achievements. In the words of Omar Khayyám, we must learn to move ahead and not look back too often. We are always *our whole past,* regardless of the number of lives we have led. What we do in the present, and in the present alone, affects our future evolvement. The record we leave behind us is a totality; to be read as we read the trees, the mountains, the earth, and the stars—inseparable from the eternity out of which they sprang and to which they inevitably return.

of selected basic reading by being caused to acquire specific books on the subject written by eminent authors for the benefit of the laymen. The acquisition of such a comprehensible basic knowledge serves as a pattern for the inner faculty of creative thinking to evolve into a practical technique which could be applied to the solution of problems in the social and economic phases of life.

The Cosmic Masters teach the nature of existing universal laws or principles and their application to human living. Aside from serving the Cosmic in whatever requirements are asked of the disciple, his foremost responsibility is to prove the actuality and Truth of such Divine laws, and how they govern every aspect of human activity on earth. The accumulation of worldly knowledge in juxtaposition to the inculcation of a set of universal principles serves as tools with which the disciple must prove to himself what is right and what is wrong in the course of human affairs.

However, exoteric knowledge by itself does not prove itself. Underlying the worldly knowledge there must be a relative immutable universal principle by which to prove whether such knowledge is true or false. Today, a great majority of humanity is living in moral darkness because it cannot differentiate between right and wrong. This is so because people have never been taught what Truth is, and what Right is. In such circumstances it may be said that a majority of adults are mentally and emotionally immature; that is, they have no more ability to discriminate between right and wrong than a ten-year-old child who behaves exclusively under the domination of his emotions.

The earthly responsibility of the disciple in exchange for Cosmic illumination and counsel is his advancment into mental and emotional maturity through constant application of his analytical powers to know what is Right in accordance with Divine universal principles. Through learning the Truth by his own experiences, he also must assume the task of pointing out what is right or wrong to those people who contact him. Such a task of attaining self-maturity and helping others to start on the road engenders never-ending mental activity and intellectual alertness in the effort to pin down every notable situation for an analysis as to whether it is in line or in opposition to basic principles. Yet, the reward for such painstaking efforts is the gradual growth into mental adulthood wherein the emotions are mastered and prevented from interfering with reason.

It is only natural that the higher maturity one attains, the closer to the Godhead is his spiral into the Cosmic planes. As a flower shows all of its inherent form and beautiful colors at maturity, the human mind does likewise. Only in this state of maturity is the illumination of Cosmic consciousness able to flow into the human mind that is now able to hold the beautiful indescribable Heavenly Light. And Cosmic consciousness, the peak of human attainment while on earth, is the most worthy reward in the personal achievement of mental and emotional maturity.

▽ △ ▽

John Adams once said to Thomas Jefferson, "You and I ought not to die before we have explained ourselves to each other."

This desire assumes interest when it is recalled that these two men died on the same day, July 4, 1826—the 50th anniversary of U.S.A. Each had served as president of the United States of America and both had signed the Declaration of Independence.

Edgar Allan Poe

By Raymund Andrea, Grand Master, AMORC of Great Britain

(Abridged from a longer manuscript by the author.)

Oftentimes it appears to be the karma of the genius to be born out of time, his work to be neglected or discredited during his life, and to be recognised and acclaimed after he has departed from a thankless and undeserving world. In Poe there was the marked independence and supreme self-confidence which genius always has, but every step of the way was fraught with pain, disappointment, and discouragement. It is impossible to read his life without feeling a personal and profound sympathy for this child of poetry and literary art wrestling with fate in the brazen face of a mocking world.

Grievous circumstances biased the life of Poe. He was born at Boston in 1809. His father was of Irish descent and educated for the bar; but at an early age because of his attraction to the stage, he left home, married an actress, and was subsequently disinherited. When Poe was a year old, his father died, and a few months later a public appeal was made for the assistance of the dying mother and her children. His mother had been a talented artist, and Poe honored her memory and her art, but that she died in charity branded his soul for life.

The wife of a prosperous Scottish merchant, Mrs. John Allan, decided to adopt the boy and bring him up as the son of a gentleman. He was sent to a good school (the University of Virginia), but it was not long before his school fellows took particular note that his parents had been "players," and that he was dependent upon the generosity of strangers.

This was the twofold wrong that fate inflicted upon the sensitive soul of Poe: his mother had died in poverty, and his schoolmates derided him because his parents had been players. This gave a wound to Poe's high-born nature that never healed; however, many a work of his drew inspiration from it. Perhaps genius gives its best upon these terms alone. It is put to the torture, and the suffering wrings from it the secret of great art and accomplishment. As if the wound were not yet deep enough, the days were to come when Poe had to beg charity for himself and his starving wife.

Poe had proved a brilliant scholar, but his companions were too coarse and brutal to recognise a rare soul, and his brief residence was turned into one of extreme unhappiness and regret. He left the university with sundry debts hanging over him; and Mr. Allan, disgruntled at his adopted son's failure to become a good aristocrat, put him to humble work in his counting house. This was a further humiliation to which he refused to submit, and after a quarrel with his benefactor over debts of honour at the university, Poe left home and enlisted in the U. S. Army in Boston. He was then 18 years of age.

There is little doubt that Poe took this step through the deep disappointment and suffering arising from his university experience and his foster father's hostility to him. In 1830, evidently with the hope of getting his charge off his hands for good, Allan secured a transfer for him to a cadetship at West Point. There was good reason why Allan wanted to terminate this troublesome relationship: his wife, who had been responsible for Poe's adoption, had died in the previous years, and Allan had remarried. Later children came to the Allan family, and there ended Poe's hope of an inheritance.

Omitting a good deal of detail at this juncture, we find Poe making his resignation from West Point inevitable. There was neither poetry nor art there, nor appreciation of it. In 1833, a news-

paper offered prizes for the best story and poem. Poe was adjudged the best competitor for both, although the smaller prize was given to another. He began writing regularly for the *Southern Literary Messenger* in Richmond in 1835, and later became its editor.

Flames of a High Vision

It is often wondered where Poe got his style. He was born in America, but his work has none of the characteristic traits of the national type. His father was Irish, his mother English, and his foster father Scottish. Moreover, he was educated in English schools and, although he entered an American university, he was in residence for only eight months, for the University of Virginia then was a playground for aristocrats. Certain it is that Poe never got his style there. It came from within himself and was matured in English schools and through an acquaintance with the best foreign classics.

Poe was now domiciled with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and between him and her beautiful daughter, Virginia, there grew a deep attachment. She had a great admiration for her handsome and clever cousin, and there has been much speculation as to the reason he sought marriage with a mere child of 13 years of age. All we really know is that Virginia possessed a kind of ideal beauty for Poe, and around that beauty he wove most of his inspired themes.

One of the worst things biography has done with Poe is to attempt to fasten upon him the character of a "reckless libertine and confirmed inebriate." The charge is an ill founded and malicious one. Those who knew him intimately roundly confuted it. The testimony of the editor of the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor* may stand for many. "I do not recognise him by this description, although I was intimately acquainted with the man and had every opportunity to study his character. I have been in company with him every day for months together; and within a period of twelve years I did not see him intoxicated; no, not in a single instance. And, with respect to the charge of 'libertinism,' of all men that I ever knew, he was the most passionless; his writings are a confirmation of this. The female creations of his fancy are all either statues or angels. His conversation at all times was chaste and his conduct was correspondingly blameless."

Poe suffered all his life from inherited nerve exhaustion, and it may well have been that at times of deep depression he may have resorted to stimulants for alleviation. There is no need to point to the difference between a besotted medium and a psychic genius. His critics could not be expected to discriminate between them. These brief lapses have been seized upon with a devilish malignancy to blacken the man's whole life and brand his work as the distorted effusions of reeling insanity. The truth is too plain. The tone of this inspired poet made the literary America of his day look cheap, and those whom he so infinitely outclassed never forgave him for it.

During the period of his editorship of the *Messenger*, the circulation of that journal rose from 700 to 5,000 and became a foremost feature in American journalism. His extraordinary stories and reviews compelled attention. He was a daring critic and a supreme master of the technique of his art. He was the first to give the American public a true idea of literary values.

But genius never runs well in harness. While working on the *Messenger* and noting its success under the influence of his own work, Poe grew dissatisfied with his position, and after two years of conscientious labour, quitted office. He continued as a free-lance journalist, contributing to various magazines and annuals, to which he had ready entrance. In 1839 he was for a year associate editor of the *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*. It was sold to G. R. Graham and became *Graham's Magazine*, and Poe was its editor in 1841. Some of his most famous work appeared in this journal, but he became disgusted with the general character of the magazine and resigned the following year. "Our success," he wrote, "is astonishing; we shall print twenty thousand shortly." When it first appeared its circulation was 5,000.

Although once more adrift, his reputation was established and his work was widely sought after. But he was poorly paid and could barely eke out a living. What a comment it is upon the

times and the fate of genius that Poe, the most brilliant literary spirit in America, vainly sought an appointment in the customhouse at Philadelphia to secure a home and comfort for his sick wife and a refuge for himself.

In 1844 he was in New York. There he endeavoured to interest men of finance and influence in his project for a magazine of great aims, but to no purpose. He assisted on the *Evening Mirror* and became co-editor in 1845 of the *Broadway Journal*. But not for long. He was trying to do too many things at once to secure an independence. His health was failing, and his mind was distracted under exacting labours and the sight of his cherished wife slowly dying. Their destitution was relieved by public subscription. In 1847, in her twenty-sixth year, Virginia died, and Poe lost the one holy influence that had anchored him in this world.

After his wife's death, he passed steadily on to his own tragic end. He was a broken man, physically and mentally. He still lectured on poetry and formed fugitive friendships with several women writers of name. He had a faint hope of reviving in them some touch of the love and sympathy he had lost. But no intimate association followed.

In September 1849, on his way to New York, he was taken ill and brought back to the hospital in Baltimore. What precisely happened to him remains a mystery. It is said that he fell into the hands of unscrupulous politicians on voting day, October 3, was drugged by them, compelled to vote at several booths, and left helpless in the street. At the hospital, he lay in a state of delirium for three days. On Saturday morning, October 7, the fit passed, he became quiet, and died in his fortieth year with these words on his lips: "Lord help my poor soul!"

PART II

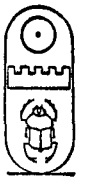
Solitary Genius

We have read much of the wonders that are disclosed to those of higher dimensional vision, things wondrously strange, beautiful and almost unbelievable; but we have no ground for affirming they do not exist simply because we may not be able to travel in that enchanted realm.

We note briefly from Krutch, one of Poe's biographers: "Not even nature had for him any charm unless it had some aspect of nightmare strangeness. His stories are dreamlike in their power to make fantastic unrealities seem real. . . . It is remembered also that the characters in his stories and poems are frequently suffering from disorders of the mind . . . that his works are replete with the subject of obsessions, perversions, and manias . . . and that he gave in the mysterious wreck of his own life proof of intimate relationship to the characters which he created. It is impossible not to see that instead of being deliberately invented, his stories and poems invented themselves." And finally, "Poe invented the detective story in order that he might not go mad."

However, it was beyond Krutch's comprehension that Poe's realm of nature was not "completely cut off from the rest of the world," but one step beyond and invisible to it; nor was it one in which "all law is suspended," but having laws of its own which were *madness* to Krutch. It is time for Poe himself to give us a glimpse of the particular kind of "madness" that afflicted him. He writes: "I remember the mental condition which gave rise to *Ligeia*. I regard these visions with an awe which in some measure moderates or tranquilises the ecstasy: this ecstasy in itself is supernal to human nature—is a glimpse of the spirit's outer world." It evokes a smile to read of the "morbid imagination that mastered Poe." It was his *vision* that mastered him; and the possession of the faculties of creative imagination and mental analysis in a superlative degree enabled him to translate that vision into unique specimens of literary art.

The conception of *The Fall of the House of Usher* is striking and exceptional. Its form and technique are perfect, the conclusion no less remarkable than the opening as it fades away like a succession of dissonant chords of music into the silence. That indeed is what it is: a piece of unearthly music portraying the affliction of a distraught mortal, gathering momentum in its progress of disturbing elements until the climax is reached and the dread secret disclosed, ending in a juxtaposi-



tion of opposing harmonies of despair and ruin.

There is a good deal of truth in the statement that Poe's works are largely autobiographical. But they leave upon the reader an unforgettable impression of a lonely seer, with mind often trembling on the balance at what he sees, peering beyond the curtain that hides a forbidden world from ordinary mortals, and drawing forth at will for his own magic pen an ideal beauty, strange and ethereal, and beings of superhuman, and some of subhuman quality, that cast a new light upon the unknown and perplexed psychologies of human life around us.

In that remarkable series of writings called the *Marginalia,* he comments: "I have sometimes amused myself by endeavouring to fancy what would be the fate of an individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect *very* far superior to that of his race. Of course he would be conscious of his superiority, nor could he . . . help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make himself enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would differ widely from those of all mankind, that he would be considered a madman is evident. How horribly painful such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong."

Just as Poe stands in solitary and elevated isolation in his prose writings, so in his verse, though small in bulk, few have excelled his fine craftsmanship. "With me," he wrote, "poetry has been not a purpose but a passion." *The Raven* was published in 1845. The manuscript of this poem, for which Poe received a remuneration of ten dollars, has recently been purchased for twenty thousand pounds. Almost as much quoted is *The Bells*—one of Poe's best-known sound pictures. In his essay on *The Poetic Principle*: "Mere repetition of form is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm . . . he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. . . . It is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above."

On rising from a review of Poe's life and work, there is a thought which somehow compensates. It is this: The act of creation of such ideal forms of beauty must have given him a rare delight. There is a self-sufficing joy in artistic creation which only genius knows. In Poe's life and writings, there is abundant testimony to the fact that he lived as much, if not more, in a visionary world as in this one. He was a man obsessed with vision. His labour was to fashion what he saw into superb literary art forms—forms perfect in construction and beauty.

It was the unique and revolutionary in Poe and his work that angered and baffled his contemporaries and many of his biographers. They recognised his superiority and hated him for it, and, having no hint of the supernatural in themselves judged him after the canons of their own standard of correctness and taste, clothing their patent ignorance with the opprobrium of aberration and madness.

A self-revealing and sombre note is touched and the secret of the mystery of his life is told simply and truly in his "Alone."

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were; I have not seen
As others saw; I could not bring
My passions from a common spring,
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone;
And all I loved, I loved alone. . . .

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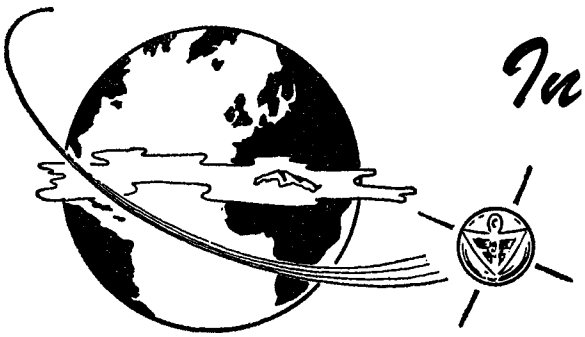
All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

—ARISTOTLE



In Orbit

Rosicrucian Activities Around the World

THE April 16 issue of *The Illustrated London News* carried a photograph of the model of King Zoser's Step Pyramid, now a permanent exhibit of the Rosicrucian Egyptian, Oriental Museum (See page 201 of June *Digest*). Opened to the public in March, the model, exact in scale and represented in its natural Sakkarah setting, is the result of thorough research, including photographic evidence, consultation with leading Egyptologists, and preliminary sketches made as far back as 1956. Constructed by Museum Staff Artist, Frater Ronald Skolmen, the model is displayed in a specially lighted area on the Museum's second floor. A placard describes the various features of the structure, and by pressing a button, one may hear a brief recording of the salient events which took place within the temple area.

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Bombay Pronaos, on the occasion of the Imperator's first visit there earlier this year, presented him with a small sandalwood chest inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Delicately carved representations of historic structures in Delhi, Agra, and Bombay ornament the top and sides. The chest occasioned much appreciative comment when it was on display in the Temple Recreation Room.

* * *

Dr. Sutomo Tjokronegoro, Professor of Pathology, University of Indonesia, and his wife were in San Jose during early May. A member of the Grand Lodge of Indonesia, Frater Dr. Tjokronegoro was introduced to local members by the Imperator at a Supreme Temple convocation.

* * *

The Rosicrucian Museum's Modern Gallery was concerned with Americana during May. On display were the lithographs and drawings of Charles Fenderich, 19th century portrait lithographer—a portrait gallery of American statesmen drawn from the Library of Congress collection. It was sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution.

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Some weeks ago, AMORC Sound Studio, Frater Peter Falcone in charge, was an extremely busy place. Being recorded was a discussion panel composed of Dr. James McCort, Director of the Department of Radiology, Santa Clara County Hospital; Mr. Thomas McCraney, legal counsel for Food Machinery and Chemical Corporation, San Jose; and Mr. Joseph Tassi, Manager, Manufacturing Division, General Electric Corporation, San Jose. Ruth Farrer, president-elect of Blossom Valley Chapter of National Secretaries Association and secretary to AMORC Imperator, Ralph M. Lewis, was moderator.

The discussion was part of Blossom Valley's Chapter celebration of Secretaries Week, April 24-30, and was arranged for by Mrs. Mary Banks, local chairman of the Secretaries Week program. Radio KLOK carried the discussion on its "Valley Digest" feature.

* * *

A similar discussion was taped about the same time by Frater Falcone, this one to honor Law Day, May 1. Participating here were the president of the Santa Clara Bar Association, Robert Morgan; the Vice-president, Francis Zingheim; and the Secretary, James Wright. Don Richardson was the fourth member of the discussion group.

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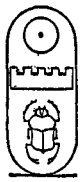

Remember the Biblical Parable of the Talents? Last Christmas, Frater Fred Titsch, director of the Sunshine Circle of Elbert Hubbard Chapter, Dayton, Ohio, gave each member one dollar as a new talent. The year's project is to discover the productiveness of these new talents.

* * *

On May 3, The Veterans Administration Hospital at Sepulveda held its fifth annual Volunteer Recognition ceremony—a reserved-seat affair for representatives of organizations rendering outstanding service to the Hospital during 1959. Among those present and receiving a certificate of Recognition from Dr. T. J. Hardgrove, hospital manager, was Van Nuys Rosicrucian Sunshine Circle's representative.

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Newcastle-on-Tyne Pronaos has fathered a unique volume: *A Year Book.* Its editor writes, "If, in this small contribution, we have germinated just one tiny seed that, with time, will grow and flower into a golden harvest, then we are well pleased to have been the soil wherein it was planted." This "one tiny seed" is indeed beautiful both in cover and content and will surely grow and flower. A copy fortunately has found its way to the Rosicrucian Research Library—and if you don't chance on it elsewhere, ask for it when you come to Rosicrucian Park.

* * *

Moria El Chapter Bulletin of Flint, Michigan, has blossomed out in a new cover, designed by Soror Patricia Stahl. Symbolizing the rise of consciousness as it grows in service, the design is that of an ascending dove on whose back appears the chapter's emblem.

* * *

The October-December Bulletin of Yaba Chapter in Nigeria reached this department late but it was outstanding, especially the Master's Message of Frater A. Oguntade and the article "Are You Really a Rosicrucian?" by Frater O. Ogunsalu. Yaba Chapter is to be commended on its very fine effort.

* * *

On June 11, Hamilton, Ontario, Chapter held its third annual rally at the Royal Connaught Hotel. This year's theme was "The Unfolding Rose" and a fine roster of speakers brought it signal success. The speakers were Inspector General Ed Livingstone; Grand Councilors Harold Stevens and Joseph J. Weed; Past Masters Edythe Dakin of Toronto and Mervyn Staynor of Hamilton.

* * *

Marianao Cuba's Nefertiti Chapter has for the past few months been enjoying a class on Rosicrucian Egyptology under the direction of Soror Isis Piedra Martínez, Doctora en Derecho, Civil, Diplomatico y Filosofia y Letras. Ancient Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon framed the background against which studies of hieroglyphics, temple architecture, literature, music, art, and recreation were made. The course was open without charge not only to members but also to their families and friends.

* * *

Pythagoras Chapter in Liverpool mixed fact with a great deal of fiction and hilariously treated its Master E. Rosa Hards to a "This Is Your Life" program. The event was climaxed by the presentation of the Book of Honor by Billy the Goat who was somewhat at odds with himself as to which of two ways to take. The two halves, played effectively by lodge youngsters, finally harmonized happily in a single purpose.

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Composers Recordings, Inc., in what it calls "a unique American series" lists *Symphony No. 5—Cosmos*, by Frater Johan Franco; also *Meditation on Orpheus*, by Frater Alan Hovhaness.—Some time *Digest* contributor, Ben Finger, Jr. has sent a copy of his new book *Concise World History* (Philosophical Library) to the Rosicrucian Research Library.—Helios Chapter's (Columbus, Ohio) Master, Grace Ghent Dean, was given fine recognition by *Columbus Dispatch* Columnist Johnny Jones around Easter time. Her collection of crosses is newsworthy any time. —Ebullient Soror Jill Jackson informs us that "Let There Be Peace On Earth and Let It Begin With Me" is still going great guns! and that it is catching on, too, as a reminder on envelopes.—Soror Hazelle R. Paus sent us her prize-winning couplet:

Truth, needing no flowery speech
Is forever with-in your reach.

About Style In Writing

Reprinted from *The Royal Bank of Canada Monthly Letter*,
a public service, Montreal, March 1959

N obvious striving after style, whether of the rough, tough sort or the polished, brittle kind, is ridiculous. Writing should be simple and natural, not insipid but sinewy, not brief for the sake of brevity, but compressed for the sake of intelligibility, not dainty but definite and brisk. The writer must sit firmly in the saddle, guiding his mount.

It is not enough, if a writer wishes to stir people's minds, to put down facts as he would note on a blueprint the particulars about an engineering project. . . .

A certain unaffected neatness and grace of diction are required of any writer merely as a matter of courtesy. But a genuine style is the living body of thought, not a costume put on for a special occasion. One doesn't need the verbal music of Shakespeare, but one must be able to make a pattern out of a muddle and build up a certain unity of matter and manner.

A genuine style is the expression of the writer's mind. Great writers do not aim at style for its own sake. They are inspired by their subject, and this inspiration shows itself in their words. They do not leave us in doubt about their topic: Macbeth is about ambition, Othello is about jealousy, Timon of Athens is about money, and King Lear is about renunciation. The style fits the subject, and it is only by being wilfully blind that one can fail to understand what Shakespeare is saying.

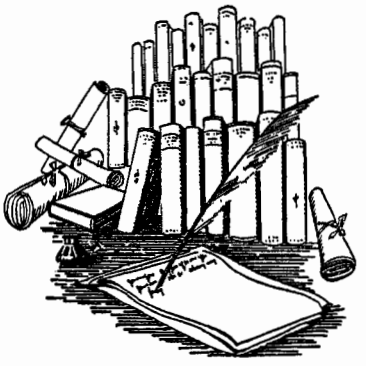
What is the nature of your subject? What impression do you wish to convey about it? Is your writing designed to entertain, inform, teach, sell or condole? Is it designed to be appreciated universally, by a certain class, by your superiors or subordinates, by your family?

The personality of the writer's style will reflect itself through the way in which he handles his subject with the purpose he has in mind. The resulting letter or article or book will show the writer's personal sense of the facts he sets down.

An individual style is impossible to the writer who takes his material from books straight to his finger tips without undergoing examination in his head. Such a product has no more individuality than a plaster cast of a cast, and not nearly the same perfection.

Style should be used to brighten the intelligibility of a subject which is obscure. It joins the instructive with the agreeable. It avoids monotony, and uses ornament where ornament will be effective.

If one is to say something significant he must rise above the sheer enumeration of first order facts. Writing is wearisome without contrast and without development of a thought. A white canvas cannot produce an effect of sunshine; the painter must darken it in some places before he can make it look luminous in others. . . .



What is the application of this principle of art to writing a letter? It lies in this: we need to set off our facts by feelings and our feelings by facts; we

need to introduce an occasional irrelevancy, perhaps, to lighten the letter, to add artistic piquancy.

When we follow this course we make our writing easy to read. The force of all verbal forms and arrangements is great in proportion as the mental effort they demand from the reader is small.

Some people confuse economy of language with abruptness, and simplicity of expression with the fatuous. We need to use the fewest number of words and the simplest form of composition to secure the full effect we desire, but this purpose also requires that we use enough words and give sufficiently detailed explanations to enable our readers to grasp our ideas. It is the needlessness of words and superfluous complexity that ruin style.

The audience must be considered. Some ideas cannot be conveyed in a way that would be intelligible to all persons who can read, but the writing should be simple enough for the rank of intelligence expected of the probable readers. Many authors believe that if they express themselves in such a way as to be simple enough for ordinary minds they are also appealing to a more astute or specialized reader because he will recognize the reason for simplicity and will admire the clarity of expression.

Simplicity, paradoxically, is the outward sign of depth of thought. The writer who presents his ideas in the form of parable and symbol, using commonplace words, is avoiding more showy qualities in an effort to make his meanings clear. He has made a disciplined selection and ordering of his material in advance of composition.

The nature of the subject-matter must be given more than a passing glance. We speak of various types of style, like narrative style, or an argumentative style. In all these, the style is the expression of a kind of thought, level with the subject and adequate to it. When a writer's power is fully developed in keeping with his expanded intellect, he may write in all styles, changing with the character of his subject, detecting the fitness of certain verbal arrangements for certain kinds of thought, achieving harmony between matter and expression.

No one expects to write rainbows into a business letter, but if the manager of a complaints department is writing to a distressed woman about her dissatisfaction with goods or services, he will not fob her off with the foggy-formal diction of a rubber-stamp letter, nor will he use the icy-sharp sentences of an inter-office memo.

Sincerity

Many essayists have written about style, and most of them agree in placing sincerity first in importance. "If you wish me to weep, you yourself must feel grief," said Horace in his *Art of Poetry*.

There are certain elements of composition which need to be mastered as a dancer learns her steps, but the style of the writer, like the grace of the dancer, springs from a deeper source. Style must be genuine: the expression of the author's mind.

Out of sincerity, out of being brave enough to express himself in his own way, following the moods of his mind: out of these come simplicity, sequence, and variety, and style becomes the dress of the writer's thoughts.

Nothing is so forcible as truth plainly told. On the other hand, we might write a poem made up of lines that sound prettily on the tongue, but are so insipid as not to linger a moment in memory.

Developing Style

Prose does not wish to compete with poetry. Prose will not turn away from rhythm if rhythm is necessary to its purpose, but it will seek rather a modulated utterance, a medium between prose and poetry. It will seek to be lucid and easy, but when opportunity offers it will also be graceful, witty, pathetic, or imaginative. It may attain these qualities by being casual, colloquial and personal, by avoiding blaring trumpets and the mouthings of actors striving to make points.

The elements of prose style can be developed, as everyone can testify of his own experience. We can learn to use proper words in proper places. We can learn to use right phrases in the right way.

Let us repeat, in different words, a definition of style, so as to assure our-

selves that style may be developed. Style is exactness, saying what one believes and means. Surely this can be learned. Style is related to fitting what is written to the apprehension and need of the reader. Undoubtedly, this can be developed. Style is the expression of the writer's personality. Who will deny that this can be improved?

A. J. Cronin, author of *Keys of the Kingdom*, *The Citadel*, and many other works, had no knowledge of style or form, no idea of technique, when he started his first novel. He found it difficult to express himself. He struggled for hours over a paragraph. "A sudden desolation struck me like an avalanche," he writes of this period. "I decided to abandon the whole thing." Cronin threw away his manuscript, and then, shamed by a Scottish crofter, he dug his papers out of the ash can, dried them in the oven, and went doggedly to work. In three months of what he calls "ferocious effort" he finished his novel *Hatter's Castle*, of which millions of copies were sold.

Some things, like the dates in history, can be learned by repeating them, but style is not like that. It has to be appraised with sensibility and then practised.

This is a painstaking quest, no matter how accomplished we are. We will pause, rewrite, and amend before we are satisfied that our language has done justice to what we have in our minds to express. Genius takes pains, improves by practice, suffers failures, succeeds often on a second or third try. Plato, it is said, wrote the introduction to his *Republic* seven times over in different ways.

Waiting upon inspiration is a snare. The crests of great composition rise only upon the back of constant work and effort.

This work consists not alone in pounding typewriter keys or scratching with a pen. It entails reading and rereading what one has written—reading it aloud to get the ear-feeling of it. It means a continuing course of self-criticism: have I said what I am trying to say? have I used words that really express it? are my images, parables or metaphors the best possible? have I said anything that is unavoidably ugly or too long?

The writer will, in his re-reading, harden his heart to his felicitous phrases and his smoothly-flowing paragraphs. He will be alert to censure spiritless sentences, condemn what is rugged and misshapen, draw a line through what is incorrect factually, lop off redundant words and phrases while preserving the virtues of repetition, remove distracting ornament, rearrange what is expressed ambiguously, and throw light upon the parts that are difficult to understand. One needs the sort of hard-hearted determination voiced by Ovid when he said "When I re-read I blush, for even I perceive enough that ought to be erased, though it was I who wrote the stuff."

Words and Sentences

The person seeking to develop style in writing doubtless knows enough about the elements of grammar so that he need not become wrapped up in the grammatical niceties of his manuscript. He will not become so immersed in words that he is like the laboratory worker who comes to love the guinea pigs for themselves, not for the knowledge they give.

If a writer pauses to wrestle with the choosing of a handful of words he dams up the flow of his ideas. When he lets himself go he will find his mind calling upon his total life experience, spindrifting back into past ages for an illuminating incident, calling upon everyday events for a parallel, and rocketing into space where all art lines converge to provide an angle. No person more than a writer needs so much to see things as a little child, exciting because looked at as new, wonderful because of what imagination can do with them.

Diction is the choice of words, and its problems are not the exclusive preserve of inexperienced writers. These problems are quite normal, and their solution is part of the process of all careful writing. The expert writer, however confidently he may dash off sentences and paragraphs, is always acutely conscious of selecting and rejecting words a hundred times in the course of writing a letter or a report.

No hard and fast rule demands that we use short words exclusively. One

good reason for short words is their greater impact. "Stop" is much more emphatic than "desist." But there are times when the short word does not convey the strength of a longer word: for example, "nasty" is not so effective as "disgusting."

The emphasis of a sentence lies not in its length but in its shortness. There is a narcotic effect in long-spun sentences. They demand an effort of memory, because we have to hold on to the statement in the first phrase until we reach the point in the final phrase.

However, we must not conclude that simple sentences are always best. The reader's pleasure must be catered to, and he will not be pleased by a style which always leaps and never flows. A judicious mixture is called for, so that the drowsy monotony of long sentences is broken by the occasional use of a short, sharp sentence which revives drooping attention.

True brevity of expression consists in saying only what is worth saying, and in avoiding tedious detail about things. We are indulging in the meanest sort of style when we spin out thoughts to the greatest possible length. Brevity does not mean saying less than the occasion demands, but not saying more.

The limit to be placed on a piece of writing is not necessarily an arbitrary restriction of the number of words. The answers to these questions are the real determinants of length: is it all necessary to my purpose? does it sustain interest throughout? A style that takes note of these criteria has common sense as well as art on its side.

Writing Letters

Business mail is often depressing, needlessly so. People do not write as they think, but as they think business expects them to write.

Good style in business letters follows in general the suggestions for effective style in other sorts of writing. A beneficial approach would be this: banish the fear of appearing too simple. It is merely a stodgy fear of being different that holds many men back from following their quite sensible impulse to write clearly, colourfully and even dramatically when the occasion warrants it.

The letter which gives us greatest pleasure in the reading is one that seems to be part of a talk between intimates. The writer is not trying to dazzle us, but is paying us such attention that we know the occasion of the letter is important to him and to us. He has thought through the subject before starting to dictate, so that he does not waste our time with nonessentials, but he is colloquial enough to be friendly. He has seasoned his message with the salt of his personality.

If the writer of a letter has knowledge, intelligence and discernment he can make the most commonplace things interesting. He does not use a pompous introduction, but hastens on to the event. He visualizes situations so that they interest the reader. He uses active verbs to attain a lively style: instead of "it is believed" he says "I believe"; instead of "it appears to be desirable" he says "we want." He closes vigorously, not with an artificial paragraph of friendly expression, as if it were tagged on like an afterthought.

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ROSICRUCIAN DIRECTORY

A complete directory of all chartered Rosicrucian Lodges, Chapters, and Pronaoi throughout the world appears in this publication quarterly. See the *May* issue for a complete listing—the next listing will be in *August*.

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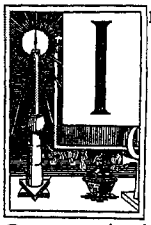
(International Jurisdiction of North, Central, and South America, British Commonwealth and Empire, France, Switzerland, Sweden, and Africa.)

Curative Power of the Ganges Baffles Scientists

By MOHAN C. ANDREWS

(From *The Sunday Standard*—February 21, 1960, Bombay, India)



N so diverse a country as India there are many legends, but the strangest of them relates to the turbid waters of the river Ganges.

India's sacred river Ganges derives its name from the Hindu term Ganga, signifying a celestial origin. Called affectionately 'Mother Ganges,' no other river can compare with it in point of sanctity. Immortalised in story and song, from school textbooks to the National Anthem, Ganges has become a household name.

In Mythology

Many legends are related about the river. Personified as a goddess, Ganga the eldest, fairest, and most beautiful daughter of King Himavat (Himalaya) and Menaka the air-nymph and celestial dancer, after many pleas, was persuaded to come down to earth at a point called Gaumukhi.

The legends continue: according to Hindu mythology, Sagara, a mighty monarch, was in the habit of offering many Asvamedhas (horse-sacrifices). Once Indra stole his sacrificial horse and concealed it in 'Nagaloka.'

Sagara's sons finding it near the place where the saintly hermit Kapila was in meditation, accused him of the theft. The disturbed sage's gaze reduced Sagara's sons to ashes.

Later Amsuman, Sagara's grandson, found Kapila amid the ash heaps and worshipped him. Kapila, pleased with Amsuman, gave him the horse, and disclosed that his ancestors would reach heaven if their ashes were purified by sprinkling over them the heavenly Ganges water, poured over Vishnu's feet by Brahma.

Both Amsuman and his son Dalipa failed to fulfill this behest. However, the penance of Sagara's great-grandson, Bhagiratha, propitiated the gods, and the Ganga flowed through Siva's matted hair, on to the ashes to ensure the salvation of his forefathers. The river is called, at its source, Bhagirathi in honour of the devotee.

At the Source

Bhagirathi issues from a cavern at the mouth of the Gangotri glacier, 14,000 feet above sea level, in the Himalayan range of the Kedarnath-Badrinath group of mountains.

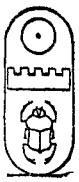
At Allahabad, receiving the Jumna, a sister stream which also rises in the Himalayas, west to the source of Bhagirathi, the river thereafter flows as Ganga. Here is the true 'Prayag,' where the Kumbh Mela festival is celebrated regularly every twelve years, and scores of pilgrims bathe in the spiritually purifying waters at the confluence.

It is the pious wish of every Hindu to die on the river bank or to be cremated there.

Many will undertake pradashina, the pilgrimage from the source to the mouth and back again. Pilgrims to the sacred river carry back Ganges water in bottles to their relatives and friends. It is also sold at high prices.

Modern medical research is inclined to admit that there is more than a grain of truth in the Hindu belief that Ganges water is pure, uncontaminated, and can be safely used for drinking and bathing.

It was first pointed out by Dr. C. Nelson, a British physician, that "ships leaving Calcutta for England take their water from the Hoogly river which is one of the mouths of the Ganges, and



this Ganges water remains fresh all the way to England.

"On the other hand, ships leaving England for India find that the water they take on in London will not stay fresh till they reach Bombay, the nearest Indian port which is a week closer to England than Calcutta. They must replenish their water supply at Port Said, Suez, or at Aden on the Red Sea."

Curative Effect

A French physician, Dr. D. Herelle, found that Ganges water killed cholera and dysentery microbes. In the Ganges contaminated by sewage and dead bodies, of perhaps people who suffered from infectious diseases, Dr. Herelle observed that only a few feet below the bodies where one would expect to find millions of germs, he was unable to find any at all.

He then grew germs from patients having the disease, and to these cultures added water from the river. When he incubated the mixture for a period, much to his surprise the germs were completely destroyed.

Experiments have also proved that Ganges water when boiled loses its antiseptic power.

The antiseptic nature of Ganges water is claimed to be largely due to the direct action of air and sunlight on it. It is known that the action of sunlight on water containing salts forms deposits of hydrogen peroxide, a powerful oxidising agent.

Probably the peroxide in turn acts on the microbes reaching the water. This explains the mysterious power of Ganges water.

It is held that Hindus seldom get ill from drinking the polluted water of the holy Ganges because the stream is sterilised by a natural viruslike germ killer. The virus, which is called *bacteriophage*, is said to grow in the presence of germ-laden sewage.

These, however, are only plausible suggestions. It is for scientists and the medical profession to throw further light on the matter which may lead to a better understanding of virus.

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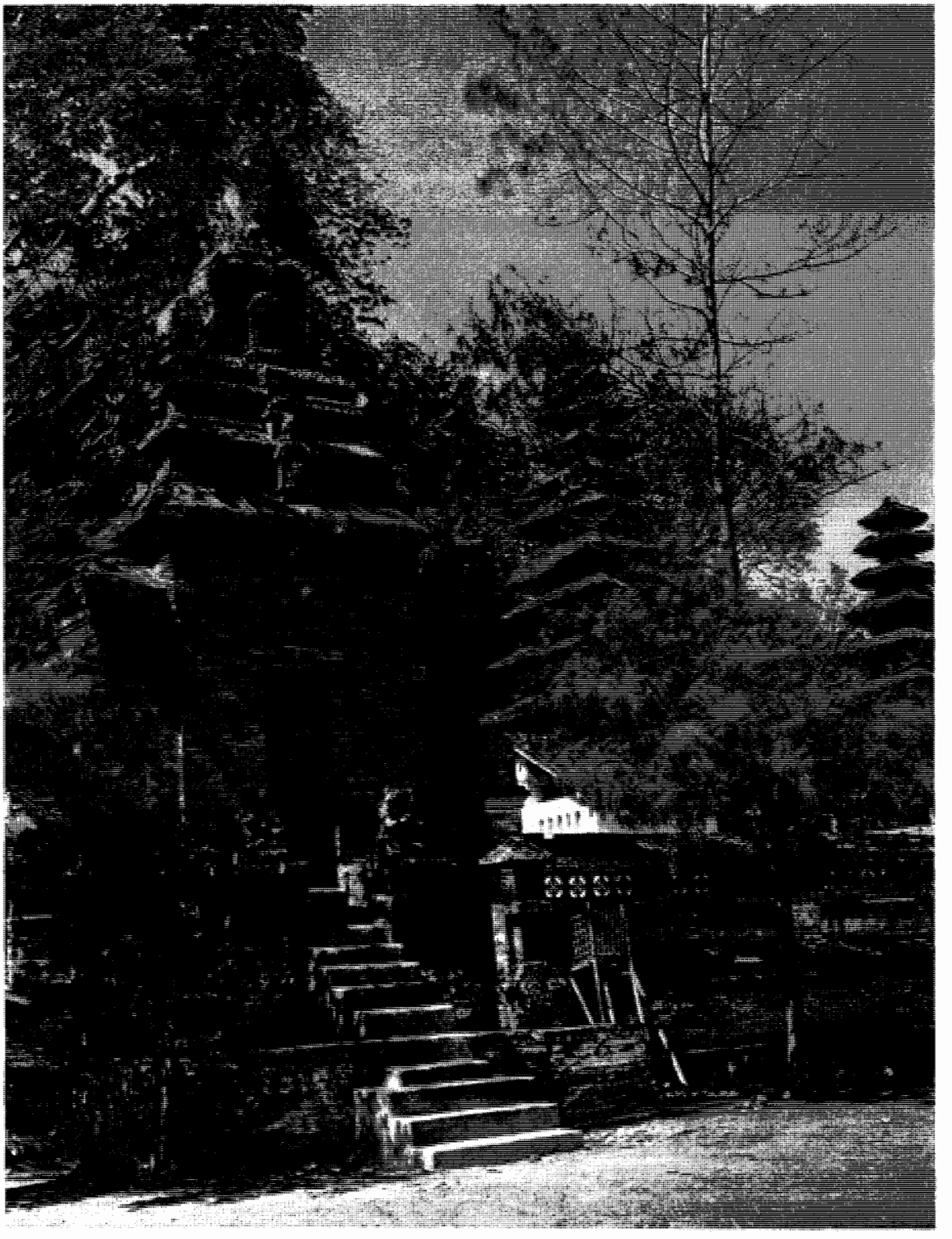


BALINESE TEMPLE

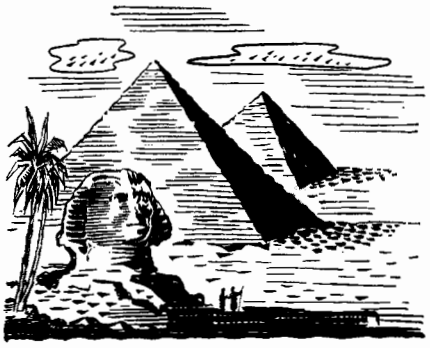
The Balinese religion is an admixture of indigenous religions and those of India. Beautiful little temples and shrines of red brick and terra-cotta roof tile, framed against deep-green tropical foliage and an azure sky, are scattered throughout the mystic isle of Bali. Every little family compound, whose members have the means, will erect its own little temple, conforming to traditional design.

(Photo by AMORC)

ANCIENT THRONE

In the subterranean chambers of the great temple at Gnossus on the Island of Crete is this throne of the legendary King Minos. Gnossus was the principal center of the once great Minoan civilization. It was the bridge between the early culture of Egypt and the beginning of Western civilization in Greece. The walls behind the throne are covered with brilliantly colored murals preserved for over 3,000 years.

(Photo by AMORC)



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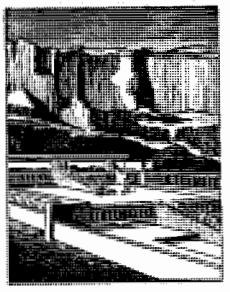

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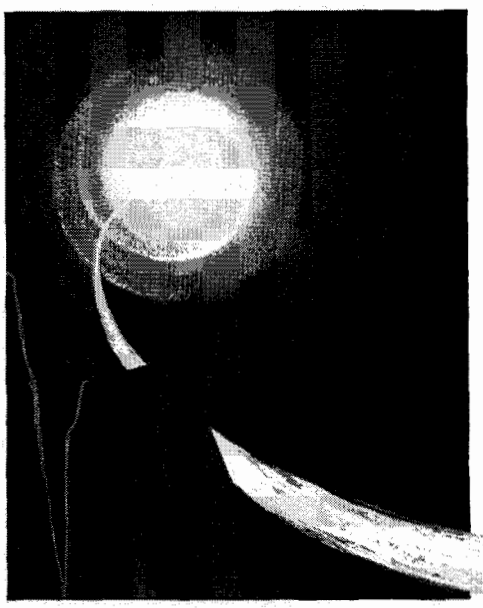

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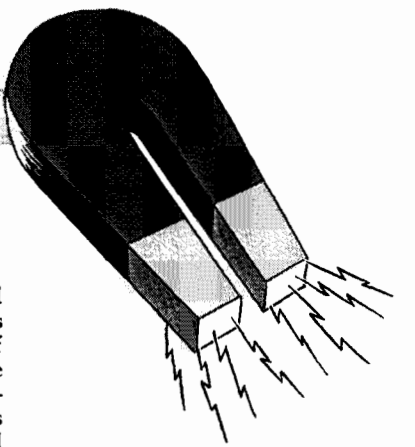

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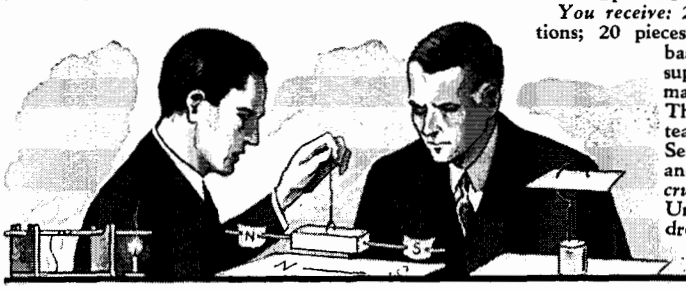

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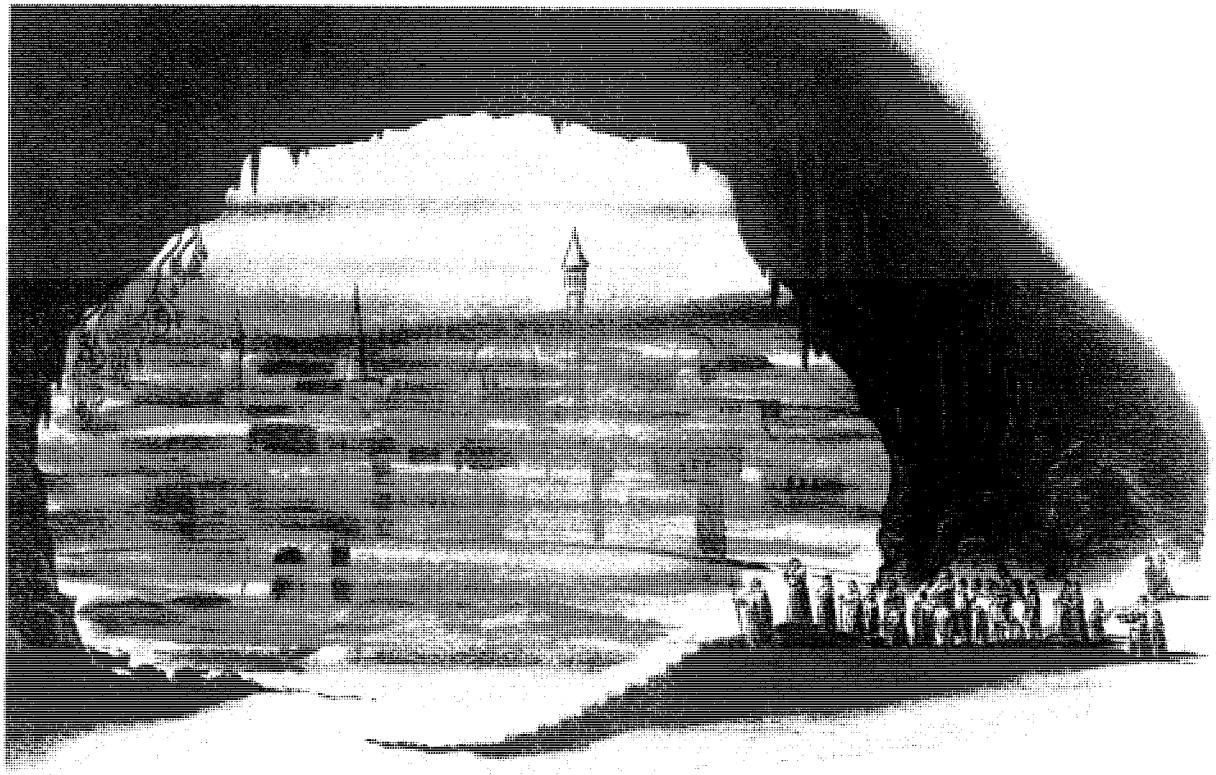

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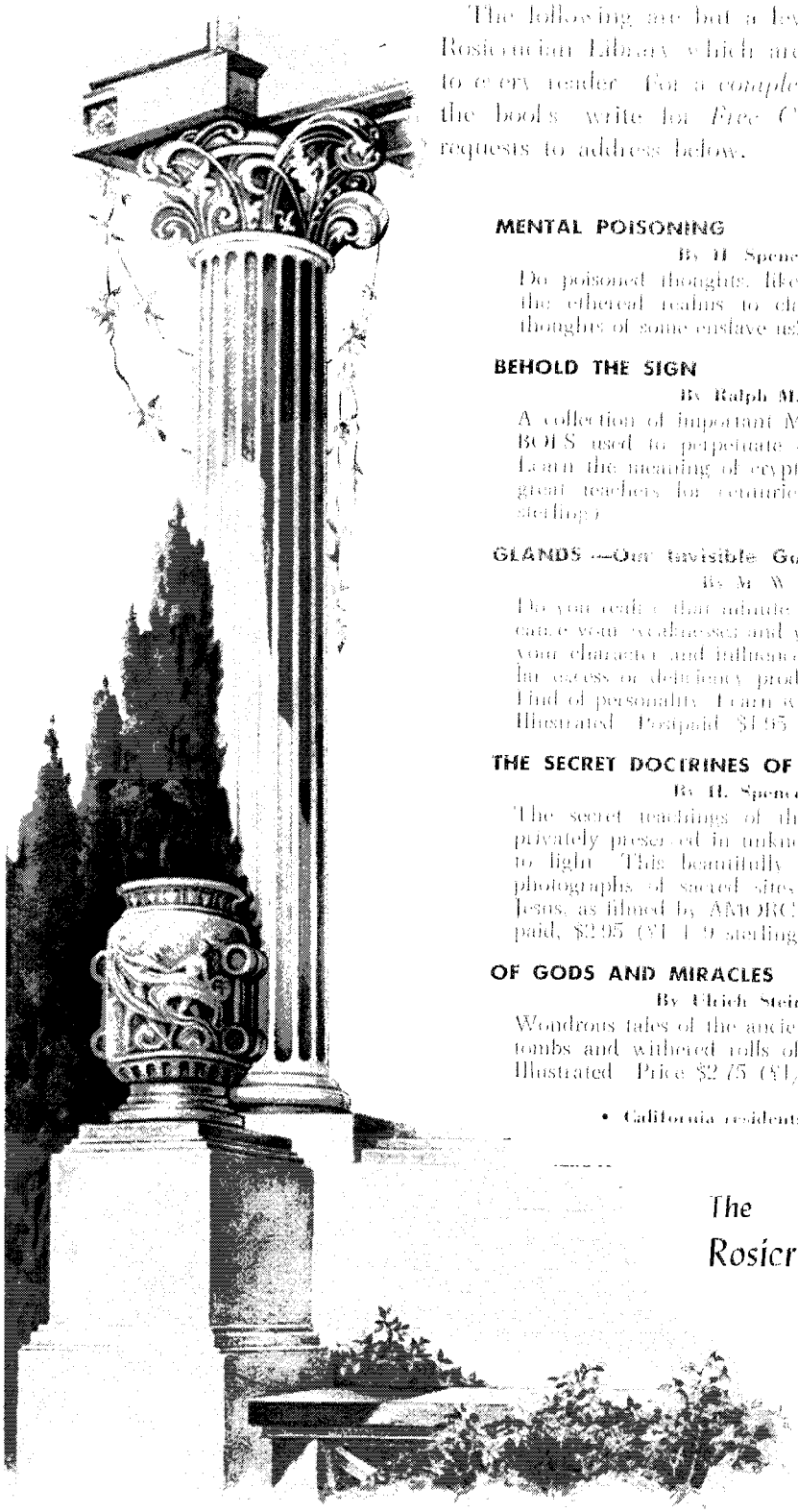

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