

ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

DECEMBER
1961

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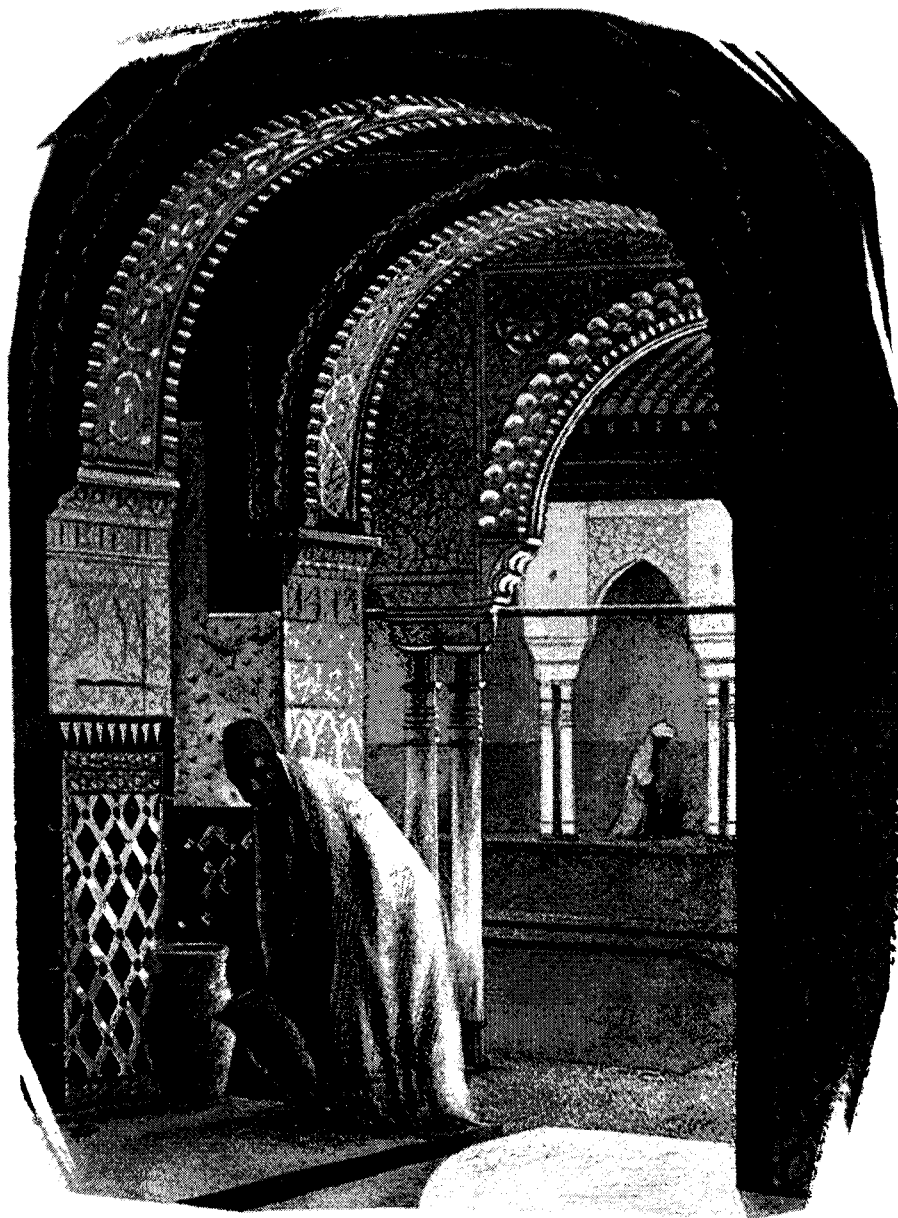
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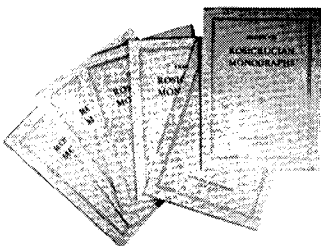
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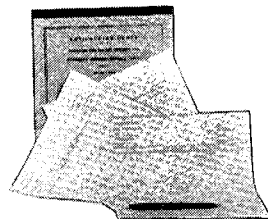
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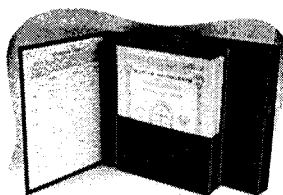


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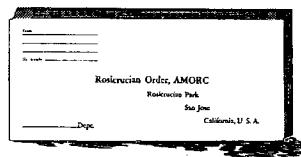
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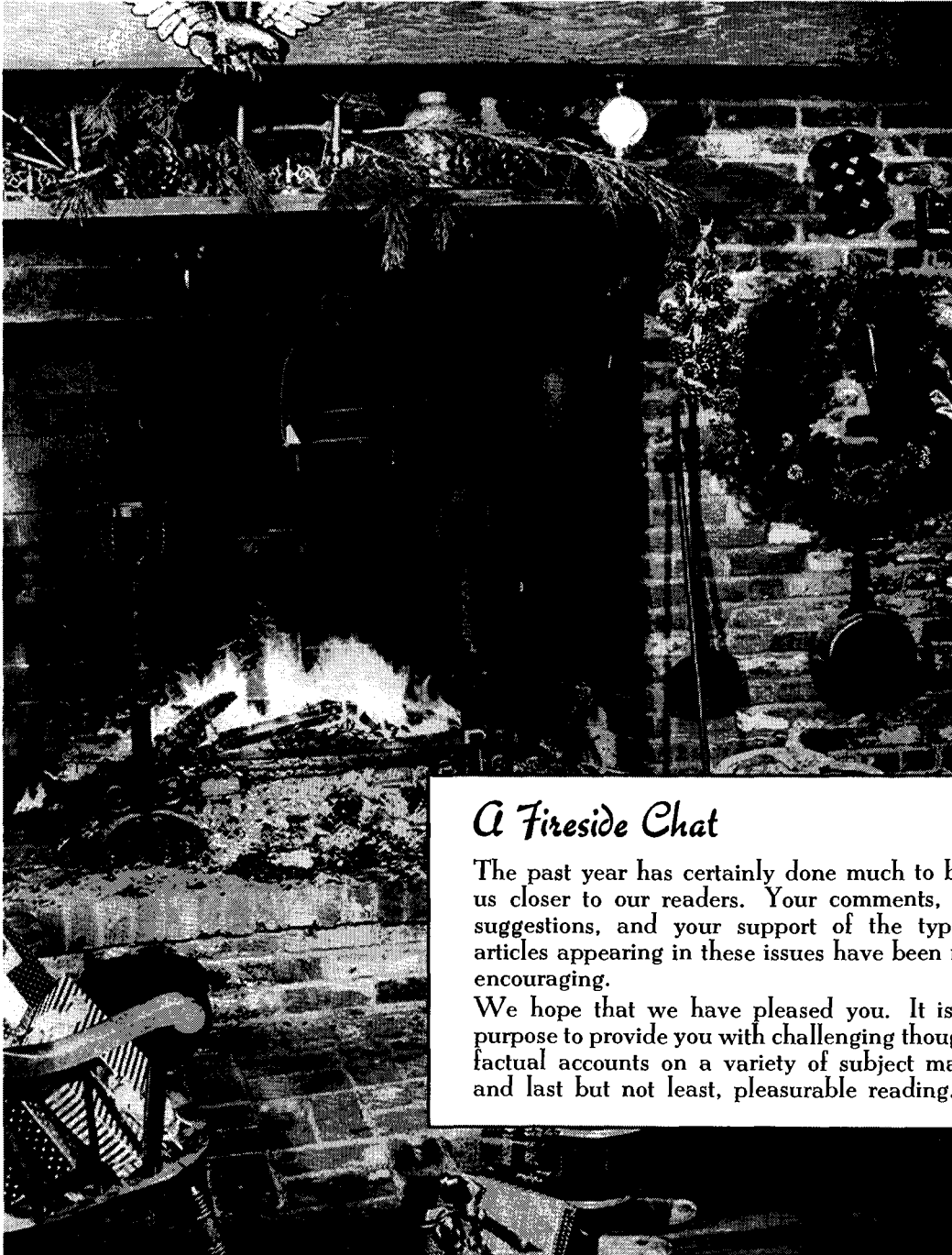
ROSIKRUCIAN Rosicrucian
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SHIPS OF THE DESERT

For centuries camels provided the main form of transportation in the great deserts of Africa and Asia. Slowly camels are giving way to modern mechanized forms of transportation. The visitor to the great pyramids of Egypt is still enchanted by the romantic appearance of the camel-mounted dragomen; but his enthusiasm often is short-lived if he is induced to emulate them. The seesaw rolling motion experienced when mounted on these not-too-friendly ships of the desert is a trifle less than enchanting.

(Photo by AMORC)



A Fireside Chat

The past year has certainly done much to bring us closer to our readers. Your comments, your suggestions, and your support of the type of articles appearing in these issues have been most encouraging.

We hope that we have pleased you. It is our purpose to provide you with challenging thoughts, factual accounts on a variety of subject matter, and last but not least, pleasurable reading.

Merry Christmas

The AMORC Staff



ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

Vol. XXXIX

DECEMBER, 1961

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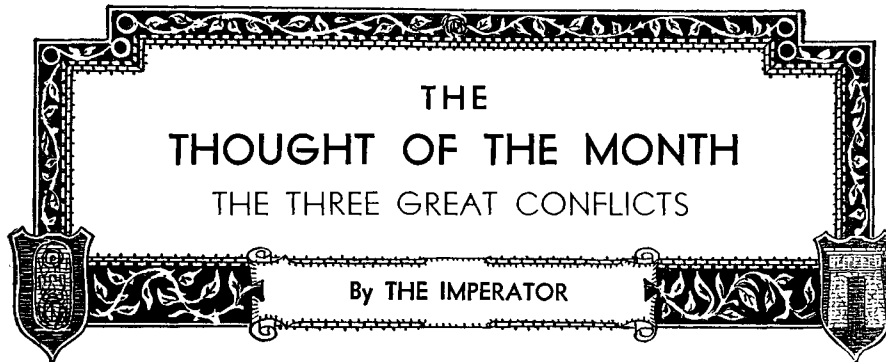
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Rosicrucian Park THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER—AMORC San Jose, California
EDITOR: Joel Disher

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
THE THREE GREAT CONFLICTS

By THE IMPERATOR

MAN is not assured of peace. It is a state that has to be won. It is an award to the victorious. Peace in life is not had by the evasion of all conflict, but rather by engaging in certain struggles and surmounting the obstacles which they present. In fact, peace as a state of tranquillity is realized only by contrast with that which is an aggravation. The more irritation imposed upon us, the more idealistic and realistic becomes the desire for peace. The enjoyment of peace is had in the measurement of freedom from strife.

There are three conflicts in which every mortal must participate. The period of each varies with the individual and the circumstances of his life. The first of these conflicts is with *nature*. Nature is not unctuous; it is not benevolent in the manner that our poets sing. Nature manifests as a series of basic phenomena in a persistent manner that we call *law*.

Things and conditions follow from what nature *is* by necessity. Life which has come out of the processes of these phenomena must conform to their requirements. One either swims with the current and makes progress or he drowns. Nature neither smiles nor frowns as men are wont to think. Such values lie entirely in the human consciousness.

Happiness, a sensation of pleasure experienced on various levels, is the measuring rod of nature. If nature appeases man's appetites, fulfills his desires, and seems for the moment to secure his existence, she figuratively smiles. She is considered benevolent.

Conversely, if nature discards man's welfare, buffets him about, and in her course threatens his very being, she is adjudged to be frowning upon him and hostile. Nature, then, can be either friend or foe. She is entirely indifferent as to how man looks upon her.

The Conflict With Nature

The conflict with nature is not that the natural forces intentionally oppose or are designed to oppose man who, physically, at least, is one of their creations. The struggle consists in man's needing to wrest from this infinite reserve of forces and energies the elements, the ingredients, he needs to survive and to objectify his ideals of satisfaction.

Nature spawns man but can be equally prolific in casting him aside for other offspring more in accord with her prevailing mood. Health is the first awareness that man has of his conflict with nature. Of what does his body consist? How does he function organically? What is essential to his physical existence?

Pain is a signal of deficiency and in-harmony. It alerts man to the fact that he is in conflict with the working of nature in some aspect. His personal war with nature is to pry into her secrets, to reveal that aspect of her substance upon which he depends for survival. It is useless to presume that nature cherishes and conceals a special purpose for man and that mere life itself in time will reveal it.

Man must be an alchemist and bring about a transmutation of the powers of

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1961*

nature that will serve the ends which he sets for himself. Herein lies a great danger. The power of nature can be, in terms of human value, both positive and negative. Misapplied forces, by which man intends to serve a self-conceived purpose, can actually destroy him.

What man extracts from nature must be carefully analyzed as to whether it is consistent with his own composition. Success, ambition, love, knowledge, achievement! Nature knows none of these. No such category exists in her archives of forces. These are ideals set up by man.

When he erects them in his consciousness, he expects them to provide certain salutary circumstances. If he misjudges the ingredients of nature that he draws upon, he may instead endure great disappointment and suffering. His very ideals may become instruments of torture. There is no passivity where nature is concerned. Her ponderous forces keep her ever active.

Man cannot hope just to move through life synchronously with nature without a vigorous effort to comprehend her ways. One of the French Encyclopedists, Holbach, though a materialist, at least did emphasize man's need to struggle with nature for all that he values, not just for life itself:

Nature has man consult his reason and take it for his guide; nature tells man to seek light, to search for truth; nature says to man: "Cherish glory, labor to win esteem, be active, be courageous, industrious"; nature says to man: "Thou art free, and no power on earth can lawfully strip thee of thy rights."

Nature does not communicate these things directly to man. These values man conceives, but in nature lies the possibility of attaining them if he will search out her qualities.

The Conflict With Mankind

The second great conflict man must experience in life is with *mankind*. All men have the same primitive motivations. Their urges and impulses fashion themselves into similar ideations; that is, general notions. Humans A and B may thus find themselves in pursuit of objective C. Objective C may be abun-

dant enough or sufficiently diversified so that both A and B can be satisfied.

At other times both may converge upon the same objective simultaneously. This results in conflict for supremacy. However, for there to be an absolute avoidance of man's conflict with his fellows, he would need to be devoid of self-interest. If he were so constituted, he would always sacrifice or subordinate his own welfare to that of others.

This, regardless of the virtues expounded for it, is a psychological and physical impossibility for mankind. If man continually negates his own desires, which serve himself, he ultimately ceases to be. Let us, for the moment, consider the clash of ideologies which in the past have plunged man into war and today threaten a nuclear holocaust.

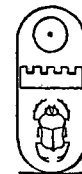
All mankind knows the necessity of society. In theory, society is a unified or collective control and director of human behavior so as to secure the individual and provide him with advantages which he cannot attain by his single effort. No man, if he is normal in his reasoning, wants to be an outcast of society. To be such, he would need to forfeit many obvious advantages.

Men are no longer self-sufficient but mutually dependent upon one another. What, however, is the ideal society—the one which provides the most benefits or advantages, or achieves most closely those aims which men conceive for it?

The ends which society is to accomplish are pragmatic, but the methods by which they are to be realized are often speculative and theoretical.

For an analogy: All men may see the need for economic stability of society but have divergent ideas as to how this economy is to be established. In early times men were brought individually into direct conflict in the personal pursuit of immediate necessities such as food, shelter, and objects of comfort.

Now the society of which they are a part formulates political systems which purport to provide or to guarantee the opportunity for men to satisfy their needs. The systems of different societies clash and involve men in mass conflict. In personal conflict, men are not only victorious in defeating their opponents, but also in satisfying their own demands. (Continued Overleaf)



Such is incidental to that which initially provoked the struggle. The victor, to be such, must also be able to gain his ends—or his conquest is a lost cause. As for political ideologies, none as yet has proved its claims. None has yet demonstrated a universal state of euphoria for mankind. So, conflicts of political systems involve mankind in wars of speculation and theory without a satisfying end.

Would it be progress for society to suppress the competitive spirit of the individual in the attempt to prevent men from conflicting with each other? Certain existing ideologies are, in effect, attempting this by assuring every individual equal benefits in life through the state. Such a system seeks to equalize the native intelligence, faculties, and talents of the individual. If successful, it would destroy the very human incentive and initiative society needs for its propulsion.

A society needs, instead, to turn men's conflicts with their fellow men into a contest of personal abilities and powers, each individual freely expressing his innate potentialities to wrest from life what he requires for his well-being.

But like a contest in sportsmanship, the state must impose upon the citizen rules of self-discipline so that each may be assured an equal opportunity to try for the prize of happiness in life—to reach as high on the tree of life for its fruits as lies within his personal power.

The state's restrictions in this contest should be only to prevent one participant from taking undue advantage of another. Further, it must guarantee a minimum standard of living for those not qualified or endowed by nature to enter the more stringent competition with their fellows.

The Conflict With Self

The third conflict is the one which man has with *self*. Is man all animal or is he truly potential with godlike virtues? What are the relationships between reason, emotions, and the appetites? Is man a dual being of two different selves or one whole self, which expresses itself in various ways? Further, which aspect of self—if man

consists of an integration of self-expressions—should be the dominant one?

We have said that man is motivated to set certain ends for himself in life. But the motives do not all spring from the same source. An appetite and a moral impulse are both compelling. The society which man fashions reflects his motivations. Are they primitive, animalistic, or do they reflect the dignity of an intellectual and psychic entity?

Bertrand Russell, the celebrated English philosopher, has said: "Outside human desire there is no moral standard." This is true in itself. The form that a moral standard assumes, that is, its content, is a product of human emotion and reasoning. It is not couched in divine words, nor is it a mantle that has descended upon man from a cosmic realm. We are the ones to ascertain what shall be the *summum bonum*, the highest good, to which we shall aspire in this life.

It is only by a consciousness of the more sublime and refined aspects of self that we can feel the need for all-inclusive moral standards. A moral standard that serves the individual alone actually is no moral standard at all. A moral standard must express what we have come to term the noble sentiments of justice, mercy, and compassion. It must include a sympathy for others than ourselves: The self must feel gratified by that enlargement which includes the welfare of others with its own nature.

It is only by this mystical approach to our being, by introverting our consciousness to experience our latent aspects of self, that we can come forth with ideas of moral standards that will lessen man's conflict with his fellows. However, our expressions of self may oppose each other; therein lies the greatest of all human conflicts. It is the struggle with what man ordinarily defines as *conscience*. Man has in the final end to determine the necessary hierarchal order of the selves of his being—*which* self-expression shall be the supreme one, *which* shall compel his reason and give him motivation and direction in life.

The Legends of Prague

Central Feature News

PRAGUE has long been a crossroads of cultural and religious history. Ten centuries ago, an Arab visitor wrote that this Bohemian land was "the best of all the northern countries and the richest in food." He might have said, too, that Prague was a city of legends.

One of the best-known is that of St. Wenceslaus—"Good King Wenceslaus," Prince Vaclav—a popular fellow in the Czech State around A. D. 921. Considered the national Czech patron, he was portrayed on coins, official seals, and battle standards.

A later figure in Prague's feudal age—the "Gold and Iron King"—was Otto- kar II, actually named King Premysl II, who ruled the Czech State in 1253. With an economically strong monarchy to support his every whim, this tyrant forcibly annexed the dukedoms of Austria, Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola—extending his sovereignty to the Adriatic Sea.

Trying to gain the crown of the Roman Empire, the "Gold and Iron King" met his match in young Rudolf Hapsburg, who forced Premysl II to forfeit his conquests. Thus, celebrated by German poets as a hero, Rudolf figures even in Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

Most fanciful and popular of all the legends is the story of Rabbi Jehuda Löw ben Bezalel, and the *Golem*. Rabbi Löw supposedly fashioned a figure of clay, endowing it with life by placing a holy parchment in its mouth. This golem then acted as a good and faithful servant in the rabbi's home.

One Friday, legend says, the good rabbi forgot to remove the golem's parchment in order to allow his servant a Sabbath rest. The creature escaped, roamed the streets of Prague, and terrorized people. When Rabbi Löw finally caught his golem, tore the parchment from its mouth, it crumbled to dust.



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Jewish Cemetery in Prague

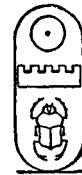
At the 350th anniversary of Rabbi Löw's death recently, delegations from all over the world came to his grave in Prague's Jewish cemetery to honor his memory. This unique cemetery, attracting visitors for centuries, has about 20,000 gravestones scattered over its surface.

No legend, though, adheres to Abigdor Karo, whose place in history was earned merely by his being the first man buried in this hallowed ground in 1439; but his monument receives individual acclaim because of this distinction. No one has been buried here since 1768, but a conspicuously *new* memorial inside the gates, is inscribed with the names of 77,292 Jewish men and women, natives of Bohemia and Moravia, who were victims of the Nazis. Adjoining the cemetery is the Klaus Synagogue, now a national museum.

Perhaps Prague is the only capital city in the world where the statue of a rabbi decorates the town hall portals and where a six-pointed star is emblazoned on its coat of arms.

Even Prague's town hall clock reflects the moods and tempos of antiquity: It has two dials. One with Arabic numerals, the other with Hebrew letters. And the hands revolve *anticlockwise!*

Finally, and perhaps most surprising of all, legend tells that the gilded Hebrew letters on a crucifix at the much-photographed Charles Bridge in Prague were paid for by a Jew. They read "Kadosh, Kadosh, Kadosh": *Holy, Holy, Holy.*



A Wreck and A Rescue

By MRS. RAGNHILDUR GUTTORMSSON, Gimli, Manitoba

(This story originally appeared in the 1961 Spring issue of *The Icelandic Canadian* under the title, "The Wreck of the Trawler *Dhoon*." It is reprinted here with the permission of that publication.)

*And I have seen the ambitious ocean
swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening
clouds.*

THUS sang Shakespeare, and we are awed by the mental picture. On December 12th, 1947, the crew of the trawler *Dhoon* from Fleetwood in England found themselves the centre of just such a picture. During the night their ship was driven on the rocks below Latrabjarg (Litterberg), on the north-western coast of Iceland, by a beserk, rain-whipped gale.

Fortunately, the ship became wedged between huge rocks on an even keel, with the stem pointed towards land, so the waves broke upon the ship, instead of hitting it broadside, which would have ground it into matchwood in a very short time. As it was, the stern was partly submerged, while the sailors found shelter under the "whale-back" of the vessel.

The whole of the long near-arctic night, the sailors huddled together on the deck of the creaking vessel, and felt it shudder beneath their feet. When the day broke at last, reluctantly, through the rain-dimmed gloom, it did not bring much hope to the ship-wrecked crew. True, they were not far from land, maybe only two hundred feet, but all they could see were towering ice-clad cliffs, hundreds of feet in height, against which the huge breakers dashed themselves into foam.

The day before, while drifting helplessly towards the rocks, the *Dhoon* had sent out an appeal for help, which was picked up by the Association for Prevention of Accidents in Reykjavik. They immediately sent out the coast guard vessel *Finnbjorn* to aid the crippled ship.

Two English trawlers also picked up the message, and all three ships steamed towards the *Dhoon*. But the high seas, and maybe the presence of a

powerful sea current at that point made any attempt at rescue by sea impossible. Hence the *Finnbjorn* sent the following message by means of light signals to the *Dhoon*; "Land if possible. Rescue impossible by sea." These signals were dimly visible from the heaving deck of the *Dhoon*, through the driving rain and the reeking seas. . . .

To the crew the position appeared hopeless. In front the unfriendly cliffs seemed to reach up to the very heavens, sealing off any possible succour from land while behind mocked the sea, the hungry roar of the waves drowning out hope itself. . . .

Not so many years ago this story would have ended here, and none would have been the wiser. In the spring the people of the district when coming down to the rocks to hunt the sea-birds, would have seen the wreck on the rocks, and said a silent prayer in their hearts for the sailors who must have perished there. But this was 1947, and the men of Iceland were beginning to challenge the power of the sea, who through the ages had dealt them many a cruel blow. And so our story continues.

Finnbjorn, the coast guard vessel, broadcast a message to Reykjavik telling of its inability to aid the *Dhoon*, also the possible location where it might be driven ashore. At once an appeal was broadcast to the people of the district to locate the wreck, and aid the ship-wrecked sailors.

The appeal was not in vain. Every man dropped what he was doing, and turned all his energies to the rescue. Volunteer scouting parties were sent out to locate the ship, which was no easy task, through the driving, sleety rain. The shore-line at that point is uninhabited, wild rocky lava terrain. There are no roads, and the going was heavy owing to ice and wet snow. Therefore, it was Friday evening before the ship was finally sighted on the rocks below Latrabjarg. . . .

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Long before daylight on Saturday, a group of fifteen men from the three farms closest to Latrabjarg trudged through the slushy snow, and stumbled over the ice-coated lava terrain towards a cleft in Latrabjarg, the only possible route down to the sea. They had with them life-saving equipment, rocket, shot-line, hawser and life-car. Some of this was loaded on a horse and some they carried. . . .

The Descent Precarious

The only way to descend the 450-foot drop was by sliding down a strong rope made fast to an iron post at the top of the ravine, and bracing one's feet against the side of the hill, wherever it was possible to get foothold. Two men were left at the post to guard the cable, while twelve made their way in this manner down to a grassy promontory at the bottom of the cleft.

This spur is about 130 feet long, and is called Flaugarnef, which means literally *Flutternose*, a name which explains itself. From there was a sheer drop of three hundred feet, on all three sides of the spur, down to the seaboard; and could be made only when the tide was out.

In the grey gloom of the early day, four hardy men were lowered down to the seaboard and the immense cauldron of foaming waves at the bottom of the cliff. They found foothold on the narrow seaboard, and after the life-saving equipment had also been lowered, they set off along the cliffs towards the wreck, which was located almost a mile down the beach.

It was still raining, and they were drenched with spray; the going was difficult over slithery rocks, but the greatest danger came from the cliffs overhead. The shelves on which the sea-birds laid their eggs in the summer were now festooned with giant icicles; loosened by the rain, they were an ever-present hazard.

One man had his head cut by a falling icicle, while another was knocked down by a flying stone which landed on top of the box of equipment he was carrying. Such incidents repeated themselves all through the rescue operation, and had to be guarded against.

When the four had ascertained that there were survivors on the wreck, they

lost no time in setting up the life-saving apparatus. The first attempt at firing the rocket failed, but the second time the sailors caught the shot-line and made it fast to the wreck. Then the hawser was hauled to the ship and made fast, the rescuers drawing it taut on shore.

The life-car was sent out on the hawser and by means of that, the seamen were evacuated from the wrecked ship. In less than an hour the survivors were on dry land. They were faint from hunger and exposure, but luckily their rescuers had brought food and hot coffee. . . .

Making their way quickly as possible over the slippery rocks they finally reached Flaugarnef, where the life-saving cable was waiting for them. Every minute was precious, as darkness set in by four o'clock. By that time also the tide would be in, which made further work impossible because at high tide there was no beach at the bottom of Flaugarnef. . . .

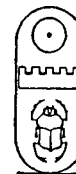
Another Night of Exposure

Only seven of the ship-wrecked sailors had been pulled up when the tide came in and operations had to be suspended. The men on the beach below had to seek higher levels to protect themselves from the sea. For seventeen hours they huddled together under shelves of rock for protection from falling ice and stones, but still exposed to wind; the rain abated during the night, but the gale continued. . . .

All night long, groups of men had been arriving at the top of Latrabjarg, bringing food, clothing, and horses, as well as warmed tents. As soon as daylight permitted, food, and dry clothing was sent down to the sailors on Flaugarnef. Simultaneously, the work of bringing them to the top of the cliffs began.

It was a difficult and hazardous task, owing to the steepness, and icy condition of the slope, the physical exhaustion of the sailors, and the menace of falling ice and rocks. But by now there were many able and willing hands ready to assist the spent seamen, and by noon all seven had been brought to the top of Latrabjarg, and into the warmed tents, where hot food and drink helped to revive their strength.

(Continued Overleaf)



By then the tide had fallen out, so it was possible to reach the men still on the beach. At five o'clock, Sunday, the last of the ship-wrecked sailors had been assisted to the top of Latrabjarg, in semi-darkness.

Those who were able to travel were by then on their way to nearby farms, where they were warmly received, and given every possible aid. Those too weak to be moved spent the night in the tents, and were moved to homes in the district the next day.

A week later the ship-wrecked seamen were flown to England, in time to spend Christmas with their families.

This dramatic rescue of the British crew of the Trawler Dhoon by the Icelanders was so impressive an event that it was decided to re-enact it in a documentary film.

When all was in readiness, another storm blew up and wrecked another British trawler. The Icelandic Accident Prevention Society sprang into action a second time—and the whole film became unrehearsed and completely authentic!—EDITOR



The Self Is An Oasis

By THEA BRITON, F. R. C.

THE future of the world lies with the individual. The day of the mass may not be over, but it is waning. There are still dictators; but they are finding it increasingly difficult to keep the masses in subjection. Everywhere there is a trend toward independence.

The greatest achievement of anyone's life, actually, is to succeed in being—just himself. That *self* includes so much—all the qualities distilled from pain and effort in the long, patient climb from primeval slime toward the stars. It also includes the integrity to preserve what has been gained and to build on from that into the future.

Everything in nature is built up of tiny, even microscopic units. Why should not harmonious relations among humans also be built up out of tiny complete units—individuals radiating harmony? This need not mean isolating the self, giving out nothing or refusing to take in anything, but rather keeping the self inviolate and whole.

The self can give out love hugely and continuously without being diminished. Also, it can take in anything which it can assimilate into its own peculiar rate of vibration without disturbing its wholeness. It must *be* whole; in that

lies its integrity. Only in that way can the self help rather than hinder the eternal movement of creation toward perfection.

If every unit of matter did not maintain its integrity at every state of its being, then there would be chaos throughout the universe. If a unit of hydrogen, or gold, or if the cells of any species of life did not retain their integrity as such, the result would soon be confusion. If a bunch of oxygen atoms decided overnight to turn into silver, or those of a piece of steel to turn into water, think of what would follow—the structure of the world would be shattered! Therefore, the greatest contribution of the self toward world evolution is to be its own self.

Like an oasis in a desert, each self can become a sort of center, a little spot of harmony from which peace and love can go out and around. An oasis keeps the desert at bay simply by being an oasis, and each self can keep strife and disharmony at bay by being a small unit of love.

A sufficient number of such units could transfigure the world, just as a sufficient number of oases could transform a desert.

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Sapphire Cloth for Outer Space

By GASTON BURRIDGE

Did you ever let sand sift through your fingers and wonder whether cloth could be made from it? It can. But how about cloth made of sapphire? Is that fantastic? No. Perhaps not eye-delicious blue or a scintillating star pattern, but basically of the same hard ingredients. Commercially speaking, there isn't much of this material yet, but in Cleveland, Ohio, Horizons, Inc., already has the know-how to make the stuff. Sapphire cloth! Think of it.

There are a few drawbacks: The new cloth will probably never wear out; nor can you burn it when you tire of it. This fabric, if it can be called a fabric, is practically indestructible and like sapphires themselves will be expensive for a long time to come.

Its advantages are tremendous strength and toughness. No snagging on door latches or on barb-wire fence. Its glittering folds are waterproof, dust proof, stain proof: Sapphire cloth is like something a genie whisked in, shining like polished metal.

In the man-made scale of hard substances, ranging from one through ten, the diamond, the most firmly arranged crystal, most difficult of things known on earth to displace, is gauged as No. 10. It is pure carbon and will cut any other substance. Carbon is one component of "life," the fuel which keeps it fired and going. The next hardest crystal (No. 9), corundum, includes sapphires.

Corundum will cut everything except diamonds. It is a compound, a form of aluminum oxide, the oxide itself a combination of aluminum and oxygen, both soft. Small amounts of other materials are sometimes found in corundum, the salts of metals like chromium, titanium, and iron; and these impurities often give sapphires their color.

Aluminum is known to be a weak metal, but nature is tricky, and diamonds and corundum are two of her puzzlers. But man is solving nature's puzzles faster now than ever. Sapphire

cloth is among his most recent successes.

When we think of fibers, we naturally associate them with something organic like cotton (plant), wool (animal); the synthetics (rayon, nylon, etc.)—coming from cellulose, a stuff taken from the inner walls of tree and plant cells. Making a fiber strictly from a mineral or ore, an inorganic part of our world, is rather new even though we have had metal window screens of wire for decades.

The inorganic fibers first introduced were glass, rock wool—and perhaps even before them, asbestos. None of these is tough and strong as we think of these terms generally. The great strength and hardness of the new sapphire cloth are what makes it so potentially exciting, so *out of this world*.

Horizons, Inc., has developed several varieties of sapphire cloth, one to withstand a pull of three million pounds per square inch. Ordinary fiber cloth of the best quality will withstand only a few thousand pounds, some but a few hundred. This gives new meaning to the word "strong."

But to cut such cloth? How to do it? One would need diamond shears—or better still, a vibrating knife, edged with a diamond. A shirt made of such material would withstand the flame of a welding torch. One might be knocked down by a lion, but his claws could never get through a garment of sapphire cloth.

The question of how to sew on buttons is easy. You don't. You *glue* them—and the seams, too. New glues are tremendously tenacious. The impact of a forty-five caliber bullet could stop the heart beat, but through this kind of cloth no one would ever bleed. A bullet-proof vest with sleeves!

Wrapped in a sheet of sapphire cloth one could fall through a burning floor without even being scorched—although the danger of fracturing an arm or a leg would still remain. Thus, we see a



beginning toward the indestructibility of life—a wrapping against outer space or another planet's heat or atmosphere.

A movie some years ago wove a story around a mysterious "white suit," impervious to everything—until a sharp lead pencil and some paper disintegrated the creation into a little pile of powder.

A Space Adjunct

But surely, you say, Horizons, Inc., did not go to all that research, time, and expense just to learn how to replace ordinary fabrics with sapphire cloth. Correct. So great a research expense would hardly be warranted by any immediate prospects of use. Why then, was it undertaken? Because its creators hope this new material will be a space adjunct—a covering for the bodies of space *craft*, mostly the *nose-cone* parts.

Earth's gravitational field—that seemingly innate attraction earth has for all lesser-sized substances—reaches far out into space, the power decreasing as the distance lengthens. Science calls gravitation a *weak* force; nevertheless, when an object gets tangled in this web, it speeds toward the earth's surface at an increasing rate.

Our atmosphere grows thicker and creates friction as the objects hurry through it. This friction generates heat—in the air, and in the object plummeting through it. If this heat so generated cannot be dispersed quickly enough, it begins to build up *within* the object and burns it to a cinder.

Most always the object turns to a gas and burns out before ever reaching the earth's surface. Millions of meteorites are sucked into our atmosphere each year by our web of gravitational force, but only a few ever reach the ground intact, for they are burned to gas on the way.

It would be the same with a spaceship or satellite. We can get them into space; but bringing them back without their burning is the problem. Because this new sapphire cloth is so strong, tough, and heat resistant, Horizons, Inc., hopes coverings made of it will help future spaceships and satellites to return more easily and more safely.

It was this which prompted the original research and developed the material.

A better idea of how strong and heat resistant this new sapphire fabric is, is shown by figures—however uninteresting figures usually are. 3,750 degrees Fahrenheit is a temperature some 25 percent higher than needed to turn the toughest steel into a white-hot, water-thin liquid.

Raise this temperature a thousand degrees to 4,750 and most metals become liquid or mushy. Yet even at that temperature, the new sapphire cloth will show a strength of from 300,000 to 400,000 pounds per square inch. Such performance is exciting space scientists and engineers. It should: If Venus is as hot as some astronomers think it is, sapphire cloth may be Earthman's first Venus-suit.

As exciting as these space uses are for sapphire fabrics, the real possibilities of higher blood pressure and faster pulse lie in man's extensive applications of them to earth use. Here a whole new field looms—with an ever-expanding horizon for Horizons, Inc.!

The Process Is Relatively Simple

The Horizons, Inc., people are not saying *how* they produce their sapphire cloth—nor exactly from what. Mr. John Cameron, Horizons' sales manager, merely admits that the process is relatively simple, estimating the fiber price at "\$10 to \$12 a pound." This compares with the cost of several high-temperature glass fibers now available.

The basic material used is probably of the earth—not a synthetic or man-made product. The basic stuffs are metallic oxides. There are many. Some are innately very hard. Emery is one. Emery is the essence of several high-speed grinding wheels and a top-grade sandpaper.

Compounding these strange but quite common materials is really a branch of ceramics. So, the next time your eye plays fondly over the lines of a vase, bowl, or figurine, remember that someday in the not-too-far-away future you may be wearing its *kissing* cousin!

General Electric has been more than "just dabbling" in ceramics and new kinds of fibers. So has National Carbon

Company. Part of these firms' research covers a fiber made of graphite—another form of carbon in still another form essential to life.

So far, black is the only color for these carbon fabrics, but hope for other colors is in the offing. These graphite materials—dare they be called “diamond cloths”?—conduct electricity. With the right sort of battery hidden in sash, hem, or collar, a dress might be lighted up. With the tiny heat switches already commercially available today, one could even make a dress wink! Even an iridescent effect is not all too far out in these days of transistors.

One can understand how varied color-patterns could be worked out, or printed on, which would make them glow when the current passed through them. We already have luminescent building panels which cause a complete wall or ceiling to glow in one or more colors. These, too, have to do with a branch of ceramics; so, perhaps the day of the human “lightning bug” is not far off.

Oddly enough—though diamond is carbon and the hardest known substance—the new carbon-derived fabrics are neither very hard nor very strong when compared with the sapphire cloth. Why are some things hard, others soft? Why do some bend readily, others snap off quickly? Why are some things liquid, some gas, others of various conditions of solid? Why, in the case of carbon, do we find the hardest of substances, the diamond, on the one hand, and one of the softest, lampblack, on another?

Solid-State Physics

These questions belong to “solid-state physics” and are by no means settled at the scientific level to the complete satisfaction of all scientists. Does it finally rest with the *arrangement* and *composition* of the particles making up the material? Are the particles of matter our smallest entities, or is there something yet smaller, yet undiscovered—perhaps as ether, so long the bone of contention? Someday, we will know. Perhaps that knowledge will come wrapped in some other kind of cloth!

As science learns more of how matter is put together naturally, the more will

it be able to improve upon its own “putting together.” The probability looms that some day, relatively soon, we will be able to take some specific matter apart; then, by adding or subtracting the parts, put together a new substance not now known!

This may sound millennial, but Mr. Carl Frederick Krafft, a U. S. Patent Office physicist, has already proposed a method for doing it to a limited extent. These new fabrics seem a short step in this same direction.

Mr. Krafft has proposed what he calls *supermatter*—a “proton material”—made mostly of atomic protons taken from the inert gas, argon. The difference between the like-sounding words, *proton* and *protein* should be distinguished. Protons are basic atomic parts; proteins, special groups of entire atoms known as molecules.

At present, Krafft's *supermatter* remains mostly in the theory stage, due to lack of research funds and equipment. This material is not nearly so fully advanced or developed as Horizons' sapphire cloth or the carbon fabric of General Electric and National Carbon. While *supermatter* will hardly be classed or used as a cloth—though that stage may develop—it will be a strange material because even in thin cloth-like sections it could well possess properties of antigravity. Some physicists believe gravitational force is a proton activity. Others do not.

Mr. Krafft promulgates *supermatter* as extremely dense—a stuff containing few electrons—the protons in it being in much closer proximity than in ordinary matter. Any basis in nature for such a thought? Yes, certain stars (from all astronomers can learn about them) are tremendously dense and heavy. They are called “white dwarfs.” They are dying stars, no longer reacting like our sun.

Someday, in a billions-of-years future, our own sun may become a white dwarf—if it does not explode before. Astronomers calculate some white dwarfs' material is so heavy, so dense, that a cubic inch of it would weigh 20,000 pounds on earth! Astrophysicists think white dwarfs' electrons have all—or nearly all—been blown away or



used up in the atomic or nuclear reactions which make stars glow. All that now remains of them is a proton residue, along with heat enough to make them glow.

There may be even cooler remains of stars or suns—so cool and dark we cannot see them anymore. If so, we have no way of knowing where they are. They may be near or far; hence super-matter *does* have some natural basis. If something has a natural basis, its application cannot be too impossible in reality. It may only be that we have not yet discovered how to apply it.

Any one seriously proposing anything like the sapphire cloth a few years

ago, would have been branded a visionary—even insane. But, as our knowledge grows, so does our need for more knowledge. There can be no stopping place. We shall always be reaching out for more.

While space activities, research, and thinking seem to hold the spotlight today, many of the results will have significant applications to man's everyday life later. These new fabrics are but one facet of an already brilliant gem. Perhaps by the time we are able to travel to another planet, things here will be so good—as a result of these preparations—that many of us will not want to go!



Medifocus

Medifocus is a special humanitarian monthly membership activity, with which each Rosicrucian is acquainted. The significance of the personalities shown each month is explained to Rosicrucians as is the wording accompanying them.

January: The personality for the month of January is John F. Kennedy, President of the United States of America.

The code word is: POLL

The following advance date is given for the benefit of those members living outside the United States.



**NIKITA
KHRUSHCHEV**
Premier of the
U. S. S. R.

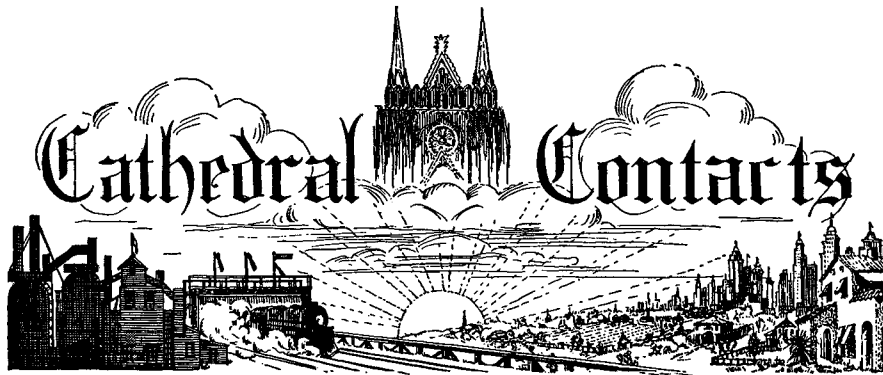
March: The personality for the month of March will be Nikita Khrushchev, Premier of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The code word will be: NAT



JOHN F. KENNEDY
President of the
United States of America

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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.*)

THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE

By CECIL A. POOLE, *Supreme Secretary*

LIGHT is normally thought of as applying to physical illumination. It is what makes possible perception to the human eye, as well as to other forms of life, and even to such inanimate objects as the camera and the photoelectric cell.

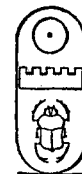
Light, as understood scientifically, might be more correctly defined to the layman as a series of vibrations. We are conscious of the *effect* of light rather than light itself, except when we observe a source of the illumination of which we may be aware at any particular time.

Like so many words in modern languages, light has meaning beyond that of a physical energy or force. We think

of light in terms of physical illumination, and also in terms of mental illumination: We use the colloquial expression of *light dawning on the mind*, or refer to perception becoming clearer in our thinking.

The word *light*, in at least one other modern-day language is used as a proper name, usually given to girls. It would seem with our free use of the word that man acknowledges his dependence on light as an energy and as an abstract condition by which he is affected.

In Thomas B. Costain's historical novel, *The Silver Chalice*, he describes an incident where three people view the chalice or cup out of which the Master



Jesus was supposed to have drunk on the occasion of the Last Supper. The viewing took place in a dark enclosure, and of the individuals who saw it, two stated that it was self-illuminating, that it gave forth a light easily perceptible. The third was not conscious of even the existence of the cup until illumination from another source was provided.

The idea presented in the story was that the two who could perceive the cup in the dark were sympathetic to the principles of early Christianity and were able to perceive an aura which clung to the cup even after the hands that had held it were stilled.

This, of course, is only a story, but it illustrates the idea that light is conveyed to those who have the ability to perceive. Just as the physically blinded individual cannot perceive light from a source of physical illumination, neither can the mentally blinded, intolerant, or prejudiced perceive the light of knowledge.

It is the function of the light, insofar as it is considered an abstract term, to be the force which tempers knowledge into wisdom. Our physical perceptive abilities give us the opportunity of learning, of gaining knowledge through both experience and through information available to us, but man does not live either by bread or by knowledge alone. Bread alone does not sustain the physical body; neither does knowledge sustain the mental self or the soul.

Wisdom is in a sense the tempering of knowledge, illuminating the inner perception or ability of the mind to relate fragments of knowledge to each

other and to the life of the individual. In this process of tempering that knowledge, we are able to put together in logical and usable form all bits of information which we perceive, just as reason modifies the isolated events that come to us through perception.

Light, then, in the abstract sense, is a unifying force, which is, in my conception, as truly worthy of being designated an actuality as is the light which comes from a source of illumination. Light and sight as physical conditions may be said to be like their source, the sun, for example, and yet they are not the sun.

In like manner, knowledge and truth may be deemed to be like the good, but they are not the good. They only contribute by being tempered within with other bits of knowledge to be a part of a wisdom which makes possible the realization of good.

Light in the abstract sense, then, is that energy, force, or condition that illuminates the mind, causing it to perceive from all the external and internal impressions that which is good and, therefore, worthy and valuable for man to cultivate.

That which imparts truth to knowledge and the power of knowing to the knower is that which comes through the channel of the inner self. Through the dawning of the inner light, man is able to throw illumination upon his entire existence, his entire lifetime, which should be a process of evolvement, illuminated by the inner light that is related to the life force and its source.



OUR NEW COVER

Edifices in the Near East and North Africa embody in their design art elements drawn from the ancient civilizations of Assyria, Byzantium, Egypt, Greece, and Rome. Construction costs today prohibit the lavish embellishments which make Near Eastern architecture of the past so enchanting. Our artist has suggested in the architecture, exquisite craftsmanship and color, the beauty and appeal of the *Splendors of the East*.

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The Laughing Lily

By CYRIL C. TRUBEY

MOVEMENT is caused by energy. Energy has many forms: light, heat, molecular motion, capillary action, osmosis. There is the energy of sound, too, though I suppose if a tree falls in an uninhabited forest with no ears to hear, there would be commotion but no sound.

Undoubtedly, there are sounds we do not hear, such as those of growing things. In the art of floriculture many new "creations" have been developed, hybrids appealing to the eye, nose, the tongue. That suggests to me that plant breeders are extraordinary people. They must live exciting lives: I dreamed up Ed Berry—*who lives nowhere outside my imagination*—just to illustrate *how* exciting.

I imagine him bursting into his kitchen and dropping into a chair before his wife's astonished eyes.

"What's the matter with you?" she would naturally say. "Did you see a ghost in broad daylight?"

"I've done it," he would gasp, hardly above a whisper. "I've heard a lily laugh!" And what would she answer to that? Understand, that since I'm making this up as I go along—for Ed Berry doesn't exist and therefore can't possibly have a wife—I have to answer for them both. But I made her up, too; so I make her say:

"You couldn't have been that funny—or could you?"

"I'll show you," says Ed, putting a budded lily in a vase of water and setting it on the table in full sunlight.

A sound like silvery laughter surrounds the lily, and as it opens, the merriment becomes more pronounced. There is a look of rapture on Ed's face—and blank unbelief on that of his wife. And that is how I imagined a laughing lily was born: a hybrid shaped like an Easter lily, but red in color, the yellow pollen on its anthers a striking contrast in its open throat.

As each new bud opened, the lily emitted a joyous sound; but whether it

was laughing in an exuberance of heady perfume as it greeted a new day was anybody's guess. My guess was that it went on laughing even after it was cut. So much so that signs in florists' windows began to read: "Bring laughter into your home with a laughing lily."

And shut-ins and the bed-ridden were amazed to find pain swallowed up in tinkling laughter. "If a flower can laugh, why can't I?" they would be forced to say. But, somehow, *not* the horticulturist's wife. My imagination pictured her a stranger to her husband's experiments.

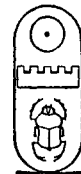
She was becoming jealous of the flower. To her, the lily was a cheap hoyden that brought a happiness to her husband which she herself could not. Ever and anon the musical laughter of the lily mocked her, its tinkle of glee lingered in her mind. She longed to uproot the hybrid intruder and feed it to the hogs! She declared her husband a naughty man to listen to its pristine mirth.

She may even have instigated the barrage of articles, scientific and otherwise, which sought to prove that plants *cannot* make sounds—and if they can, it is sound, NOT laughter. But there were equally earnest reporters to point out that if a robin can hear the movement of an earthworm, surely the "pop" of a crocus breaking the ground can be heard.

Two Schools of Thought

Even in my imagination it was all becoming confused. Two schools of thought belaboring the issue: the rightists declaring that laughter was perfectly natural to the lily and that floricultural work along such lines was quite as constitutional as the pursuit of happiness; and the leftists contending that a laughing lily would endow the herb with human attributes, clearly *not* the Creator's intent.

The best my imagination could manage was to see Mrs. Ed operating on the supposition that while it is possible that



men are equal, women are superior. By their very nature, the sole right to create was theirs—neither the province nor the providence of men. And hers, certainly, the right to deny even a lily a few hours of giddy happiness.

Ed couldn't see it that way. He had just made a great scientific discovery, hadn't he (or we, or I)? He didn't expect a medal for achievement, but somewhere there must be kindred souls with similar aspirations—and a little more sympathy. My imagination suggested an advertisement to be placed in the local newspaper:

Biochemists and Geneticists
Please correspond with a man who has
developed a
Laughing Lily
Subject: What makes a lily laugh?

Then my imagination had to come up with Dr. Black, woman scientist, who could reply in person to congratulate Ed and enthuse to the sound of his laughing lily. That meant more difficulty: Mrs. Ed would not enthuse over Dr. Black any more than over the lily. Probably less. It seemed better to let Ed conduct a symposium by mail: What Makes A Lily Laugh?

Theory and Counter-Theories

Dr. Black had remarked (from purely a scientific point of view) that somehow sound waves were produced—the cause, of course, vibration. But this laughter—more appealing than any mechanically produced—suggested that the lily laughed *because it was happy!*

"Happiness," said a psychologist, "is a state of mind. As the lily has no mind, its alleged laughter cannot be due to happiness."

"And if it should groan," asked a professor, "would there be pain?" And answering his own question, he added, "Growing pains, perhaps."

"It has been said," an ornithologist observed, "that a bereaved cock robin will sing himself to death. Perhaps the lily experiences pain when its newly exposed interior is stimulated by light."

"I believe," observed a doctor of philosophy, "that the sound produced is of physical derivation rather than mental."

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"Are you suggesting that something is tickling the lily?" asked Dr. Black.

"Many things defy scientific explanation," averred the professor. "Even when we don't know how or why, we can be astute enough to accept a fact. Only the untutored mind flatly rejects what it does not understand." He continued, "We know that a flower is moved by light. I quote:

*As the sunflower turns on her God,
when he sets,
The same face which she turned
when he rose.*

"I still think the lily laughs because it feels like it," observed Dr. Black.

"One may say to the lily," said the psychologist, "it's no laughing matter, but it's no matter if you laugh." At this mild assertion they decided on a coffee break, which lasted into the next day. I took one, too, but not Mrs. Ed. She seemed to work on in spite of my imagination. She surrounded the lily with bright lights, smothered it with their radiation.

"Now laugh, you idiot," she gloated. "Laugh until your insides ache." In the artificial glare, the lily drooped, and returning from the coffee break, Ed found the lily languishing. Dr. Black administered first aid, sprinkling it with cold water. She arranged two electric fans to cool it, and dissolved some plant tabs for intravenous feeding.

To such earnest solicitude, the lily rallied and once more became alert and happy. It was not difficult to imagine Mrs. Ed's shock when she entered the conservatory as the lily broke into its first merry laughter.

"Not even the decency to faint," she sniffed, but Dr. Black did not hear her, for she was listening to the lily's renewed laughter. She was identifying herself with its discovery. She even wrote a long treatise: "When Nature Smiles, the Lily Laughs."

Making Horticultural History

The lily was making horticultural history, but still the scientific world was not making any headway in analyzing the laughing mechanism of the flower. Its histology offered no clues.

It had the same number of chromosomes as its sister plants; yet it had to be a *mutation*, for it was unique. Nobody had ever heard Jack-in-the-pulpit preach a sermon or bluebells ring. The trumpet flower did not sound "taps" nor the willow weep aloud.

Ed was convinced that a scientific breakthrough had been made—some kind of sound barrier penetrated. But whether it was inherent in the flower or the result of environment and pro-

cedure, was more than an academic question.

Dr. Black considered it an act of God; Mrs. Ed called it black magic and the work of the devil.

"Here we are, temporarily," observed the professor. "Our sojourn will soon be over. We shall pass beyond, but the lily will remain. It will have the last laugh."

And in my imagination, I, too, saw that as a possibility.



Watch the Label

read the fine print

By ANN STANSUN

SUPER MARKETS are a glorious idea—quite fabulous, but Super Market shoppers are constantly subjected to **NEW** (indicating *better*) things. I like new things; but I also like the old standbys that need no remodeling! I find very few old reliable items anymore, and those I do seem to be growing scarcer every day.

Somebody has shanghied most of them, or changed them so much they can't be recognized in new packages. They sometimes *appear* to be the same, but they have been subtly altered.

New and *better* seems to mean chemicals *not* food, for the labels are filled with tongue-twister chemical names. Maybe I'm a crank; but I like food that tastes and smells like food—not chemicals!

Chemicals play a vital role in industry and manufacture, I know, but it is not possible to assimilate plastic and inorganic substances mixed with food!

I like fresh fruits and vegetables, not "watered down" products grown on artificially and chemically prepared ground; and sprayed with such toxins that make masks necessary for the sprayer.

Take an hour at your favorite Super Market and make your own scientific test. Read the labels on everything you consume—packaged meats, breads, canned foods (even cleaning agents, for

they occasionally find their way to the stomach). See for yourself why foods "taste and smell different than they used to." You may be surprised at what you've been eating. (Even frozen foods are often prepared with formaldehyde or other substances which cause paralysis or other discomfort.)

After you have read the labels, ask yourself what all those chemicals may be doing to people who eat them. They could be contributory causes of various diseases that have become doctor puzzlers. It takes years before some chemicals are proved "toxic," "non-assimilable," "carcogenic," etc., and taken off the market. They *do not* have to be proved that before being put into food: Coumarin was on the market 75 years before it was removed from public purchase because of its many chemicals. And that only recently.

I do not want medicated food; and I question whether a reputable doctor would prescribe as medication what modern "factories" put into foods.

I should like to see these "has-beens" restocked. That's why I'm campaigning now. Processors and manufacturers have to be told what we want, and we have to refuse to buy chemically adulterated products. We must watch the label and *read the fine print*. We still live under the regime of *caveat emptor*, "Let the buyer beware."



Creative Living

By RODMAN R. CLAYSON, Grand Master

THE advent of Christmas is the one time of the year when peace and good will toward our fellow men are manifested more than at any other. It is the time when gratefulness is expressed for blessings received; and it is universally a time for joyous giving. Long before the time of the Nativity, festivals were held in many lands on the occasion of the winter solstice, which occurs about December 22. This is the time when, according to astronomers, the sun in its apparent journey reaches the point farthest south and again starts moving toward the north.

To early peoples, the sun seemed to turn back in answer to their prayers; and this was occasion for a celebration. For many centuries after the passing of Jesus, the date of his birth was celebrated early in January. Eventually, the leaders of the Church in those early days moved the date of the Nativity to the approximate date of the winter solstice so there would be thanksgiving and rejoicing for the two occasions on the newly established date. This eventually became December 25, which we celebrate as Christmas.

The very thought of Christmas is like magic. It causes the mind to paint vivid pictures of the most joyous occasion of the entire year. Aside from the gleaming colored lights, gaily decorated, forest-scented fir trees, and food lavishly spread upon the holiday dinner table, what is it that makes Christmas mean so much? Is it the spirit of giving, laughter, and song in the home, with loved ones gathering around the warm, crackling fire on the hearth?

It may very well be; and yet is there not possibly something else that is more personal, coming just as it does before the beginning of the new calendar year? An opportunity is afforded every individual to pause in thought. This is an excellent time for retrospection, and contemplation, for dwelling upon that which has real and eternal value.

The spiritual side of our consciousness gives us a true perspective of life and lifts us to the heights of inspiration.

The true mystic is a spiritual person. A mystic knows that it is not sufficient simply to *know* about virtues, creeds, codes of life, or a magnificent philosophy.

These must be *lived* and become a part of his life. Regardless of religious belief, *spirituality is dependent upon what one does*; the way he lives, how he utilizes the virtues—including truth, justice, modesty, mercy and tolerance, fairness and compassion—with the divine touch of conscience doing away with selfishness and cultivating consideration for others.

To the mystic, spirituality is a state of adjustment to his divine consciousness in the world in which he lives. This is especially effective when the physical body is kept in good health, when moderation is used in all of one's affairs and activities to contribute to a well-balanced personality and to bring harmony to mind and body. This is living to the utmost.

Man is divine, inasmuch as he draws the Breath of Life, but this does not necessarily make him spiritual. Spirituality advances from the inner self to the outer self. It is the reflection of the Infinite Intelligence residing within each and every one of us. It comes about through self-awareness and realization, by our being in resonance with the source of Infinite Wisdom, by the raising of our consciousness to higher and greater horizons. Each of us is an expression of life—of the divinity of life. We live to enjoy and manifest the utmost from life and to uncover our divinity or spirituality.

Creative living is to live in the present and to make the moment as perfect as we can. Inharmony exists among men because they have not raised their consciousness and have chosen to live apart from the whole. They do not express their divinity. They consider their own interest to the exclusion of the welfare of others.

To those who try to live an independent and separate existence come the effects therefrom—inharmony, chaos,

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and disappointment. If we, ourselves, are living unhappily in this kind of existence, we are not contributing to the upliftment of the world nor to the knowledge, light, and understanding which reveal the reason for life itself.

Manifesting Our Spirituality

What is the oil with which we feed our lamps? It is manifesting our spirituality as the result of conscious awareness of the Divine from time to time. The Infinite eternally lights and warms our life. That is why life has meaning. Nothing can have full dignity that has only transitory meaning. Physical life is transitory.

What we have learned and experienced in the past makes possible our expression of life now; and what we do now has a bearing upon our future. Ever-present is the opportunity to build and create our destiny. We should know that as we have built and as we are building now—as we have created and are still creating—even so shall it be. For today is the result of yesterday's making, and the future is in the making now.

We must cultivate our potentialities individually. As individuals we should stand upon our own feet, think for ourselves, and express ourselves accordingly. Because life is a trust given to us to use to the best possible advantage, we must be concerned with the present moment, and so live that we shall preserve that life and hold it as a trust, insofar as will and voluntary actions are concerned.

The very nature of man partakes to some degree of the Ultimate. A realization of this is necessary for success and happiness. With the life that has been given us, we should express and manifest the glorious stature of our spiritual unfoldment. Divinity and spirituality must be expressed in the living of life to reveal our true selves. True spirituality is revealed in everything we do.

A law of nature deserving the mystical student's consideration reminds us that nothing can permanently deny its own nature. Emerson said, "What you are shouts so loudly that I cannot hear what you say." What we are is reflected in our thoughts and actions. The expression of our lives is the outer expression of our inner thoughts.

We can choose how we shall think; therefore, our lives are the result of the kind of thoughts we have chosen. We might say, "As within, so without." We cannot think one thing and produce another. If we want to control our circumstances to bring harmony and happiness, we must first control our thoughts by thinking in terms of harmony and happiness; then the other things will follow. If we want spiritual unfoldment, we must work at it with spiritual thoughts. This is another way of saying, "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

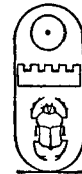
We should not dwell upon our mistakes of the past nor upon the seeming slowness of our progress. Instead, we should take mental stock of ourselves and see if we are thinking wrongly or following the wrong line of conduct. Shakespeare wrote, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." It is not important what people, things, or conditions seem to be; but what is important is our thoughts concerning them. It is not the conduct of others, but our own conduct and thoughts that color all that we are and the world in which we live.

We make our own conditions; we make our own health. We attract to ourselves riches or poverty, peace of mind or fear, entirely in accordance with the way we think and act. The kind of thoughts we hold in our consciousness will presently be expressed in our outer lives, in our bodies, and in our affairs. This is a kind of cause and effect from within to without.

There are those who would change the world, who would make it conform to their ideas. But little do they realize that necessary and needed changes in mankind must first of all come about in the consciousness of the individual before there can be a change in group consciousness.

Today's Potentialities

The most futile thing in the world is to live upon memory of the past. We are living now, today, and working toward tomorrow. Today's realization, no matter how feeble and poor it may seem, has a hundred times more potentialities in it to help us than the most vivid recollection of our yesterdays. To prepare for tomorrow is to make today



all that it should be. We must be thankful for today's experience as well as that of yesterday, for it provides necessary elements for the change of consciousness that is taking place within.

In living creatively, it is necessary that we be aware that we are living honorably and doing the very best we can, having others in consideration in everything that we do. We must never be among those who consider their own interests to the exclusion of the welfare of others. It is not our desire to contribute to further misfortune of others; therefore, in living our lives, we should do our utmost to dismiss resentment and condemnation of our fellow man.

We must do away with thoughtlessness, selfishness, and self-aggrandizement. We must exert patience, kindness, tolerance, and understanding. We must be aware of our own shortcomings and, at the same time, expand this into something far greater and more positive.

In speaking of positive or negative, we may not like the actions of others, we may disagree with their ideas, but we are not obligated to accept their negative attitudes. There must ever be the effort to cultivate personal good will, understanding, and subsequent helpfulness in a positive way.

If man did not possess many talents and potentialities, if he did not possess creative power, he would be merely a machine. But man is not a machine; he is an individualized consciousness. With the development of a more refined

personality, however, we must never allow ourselves to assume attitudes of superiority or self-righteousness.

Let us be thankful that we have been given the Breath of Life, that we do not simply exist but that we live creatively and with purpose. Let us be thankful for the opportunity which the occasion of Christmas provides to fulfill our purpose and manifest the highest of spiritual precepts and concepts.

The distinctive opportunity provided for all of us at this time of the year is for self-analysis and reflection. As we sincerely and conscientiously contemplate, so shall we be stirred from within; so shall we be inspired. The very best and noblest within us will be manifested outwardly. Others will benefit from their association with us, and will be inspired and uplifted.

This is a particularly appropriate time of the year to entertain solemn and profound thoughts. There is the tendency for us to be extremely serious in all our endeavors, and a tendency among all people to manifest a certain amount of spirituality and help to bring peace and understanding to others.

It is little realized that the influence of the individual can be far-reaching. Wherever we are and in whatever field of endeavor we may be, we can bring new understanding, comfort, and inspiration to others, helping them to live creatively, with overtones of mystical and spiritual objectives and a warm glowing feeling of well-being.



ROSICRUCIAN DIRECTORY

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



(International Jurisdiction of the Americas, British Commonwealth, France, Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, and Africa.)

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Habib Gorgi: Revolutionary in Art

By ELAINE S. MICHELSEN

Professor of Art, Westminster College, Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Michelsen, currently exhibiting a collection of her own paintings in the Rosicrucian Art Gallery, attempts to capture in contemporary semi-abstract terms, the motivating factors in each culture from paleolithic man onward. The exhibit is entitled "The Golden Ages in Art."

Chairman of Art at Westminster College, Mrs. Michelsen has studied at the University of Paris, the International Academy of Art, Salzburg, under the German impressionist, Oskar Kokoschka, and was United States delegate to the International Congress for Education Through Art at The Hague in 1957. Last spring she gave a series of television lectures on "Creativity in the Arts."

"MAKE something," Habib Gorgi, artist-philosopher, said to a group of seven-year-old children. Each child had a big lump of clay before him. For a long time nothing happened; then one said, "I think I'll make a lion."

"But a lion eats people," responded another.



"I'LL MAKE A LION"

This "lion" suggests the geologic architecture along the Nile and recalls the post-and-lintel system of earliest prehistoric architecture.

That day, 20 years ago, a new life started for Habib Gorgi, now Chief Inspector of Art under the Ministry of Culture for Egypt. The children had never seen a lion, but they began making marvelous, imaginative ones that strangely resembled prehistoric monsters. They went on to model half-human sculptures: The lion turned into a man; then into a man subduing a lion. They next modeled a hut to pro-

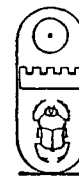
tect man from lions, and lastly, villages to protect everyone. Through some collective unconscious and latent knowledge, these children had traced history from primitive creatures to man subduing animals, and up to the early stages of Egyptian civilization.

Habib Gorgi was astounded; it started him on his now world-famous research project, which has become his philosophy of art, and which he states somewhat as follows:

In the soul of each man is found the cosmic order which governs the universe. External factors cannot influence the soul unless there already exists within it a corresponding order. Every human self bears the ineffaceable impress of an abiding order which has influenced man since the first creation.

Only such impressions leave their mark on the consciousness; external, casual happenings pass and leave no trace. When plastic expression issues from this inner order of the soul, then Art is born. The authenticity and freedom of the artist are established when the desire for expression springs from this original source, working intuitively through the layers that primordial laws have deposited within the self of man.

Mindful of these beliefs, Mr. Gorgi has gathered together a group of children and supplied them with the means of spontaneous self-expression. They are allowed to give free rein to their imagination. Without conventional



training of any kind, they are left to find themselves and to follow their own creative self-expression.



"A LION EATS PEOPLE"

Today's sophisticated artist could not emphasize more effectively the idea of tooth and claw.

These children live with him or with an ardent supporter of his ideas, Dr. Remses Wissa Wasef. Their world is an inducement to creativity. It is a total way of life. They love and are loved; they live with beauty, new and ancient. There is always a loom or a slab of clay available. There is music, dance, and spontaneous poetry.

Habib Gorgi's revolutionary principles have determined the system of art education in Egypt. The natural creativity in the child is emphasized; art taught in the adult manner discouraged. Mr. Gorgi believes that the creative process should be started at the early age of three or four. He believes that by seven years a child has been encrusted by unrelated facts and information which crowd out his own work.

Art for most adults is a representation or imitation of people, places, and things. But this is not the child's natural view. Being a subjective creature, the child is concerned with the self. If allowed to create freely, he can portray a most astonishing world of ideas, ethnic background, and collective thinking.

These children of Egypt without having been farther than the Pyramids, in whose shadow they live, have found the history of civilization there. In their works appear the ancient and the prehistoric, from the primitive huts of

Aswan to the forms of Old, Middle, and Empire kingdoms of Egypt.

Some of the discoveries made by Habib Gorgi are: There should be no verbal illustration or demonstration of materials, no conditioning or smothering. The work should be carried on out of doors when possible, for closeness to nature sets up a reflectivity. Acquisition of information is not necessary; it stifles the creative attitude.

Wet clay seems to lend itself to the natural, three-dimensional expressive form, and like the human body, is malleable and easily worked. Two-dimensional creations (painting, drawing), conventional in most schools, start with an illusion and make for problems in technique, for we live in a three-dimensional world.

Looking back on the history of art, one can see how effective this idea is. No one gave a "demonstration" of how to build a pyramid. The material was available and the process of building invented. This is found in all great art. Originality and uniqueness always spring from new, untried, unused ideas—sometimes restated—but always fresh. Man must go within himself to find this personal originality. Humans vary immensely and must, therefore, be educated individually, not collectively.



MAN IS AN ANIMAL.

He is stronger than a lion—able to master Nature.

If children can so clearly see into Egyptian, Coptic, and Arabic cultures, one is overwhelmed with the possibilities extended in a heterogeneous society: A wealth of undiscovered ideas and creativity would spring up if

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stultifying methods of teaching were eliminated.

Habib Gorgi has carried on his experimental work under controlled conditions for twenty years and believes his faith verified. The fame of his work is world wide, spreading to progressive schools, with the possibilities of developing child artists in England, France, and Italy being recognized.

Maurice Collis, after seeing an exhibit of Gorgi's pupils' work, wrote (*Time and Tide*): "Professor Gorgi's idea, however, is not that the ancient art should be directly taught in schools but that the subconscious race memories of the children should be tapped. They produce works that startle us by their inner content and variety. Many of the terra-cottas shown are delightful things, full of feeling and a gentle observation of rustic life. . . ."

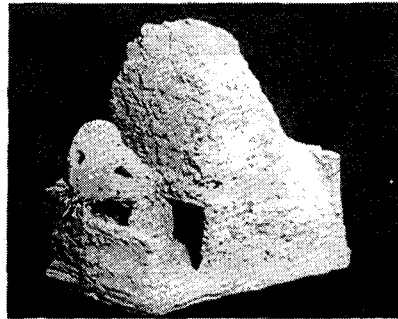
"Besides the terra-cottas are to be seen tapestries woven by teams of children between the ages of ten and fourteen. These, in my opinion, are the most interesting objects in the exhibition. They have a most charming color, original design of great fancy, and without exaggeration may be termed works of art of the most pleasing kind. I myself would much prefer to possess one of them than any of the modern tapestries which I have seen done to the designs of well-known contemporary artists in France and England."

The day I visited the studio workshop in Harrania Village, a display of spontaneity in creation was evident. Looms carried tapestries worked on by many children, but in completion there was unity of design, free, challenging, and beautiful. The weaving is across, up and down, sideways, back to front, or in angles. The textures are provocative and stimulating in their lack of conformity. The potter's wheel whirred with a ten-year-old creating new forms. Sculpture and paintings were in evidence everywhere.

As I was leaving, one fifteen-year-old wanted to compose a parting song for me. She called, "Bring me my drum. I want to sing for Madame!" The unself-conscious spontaneity was a revelation. Her song was created on the spot. After one singing to the accompaniment of her drum, the other children joined

in the chorus, singing, "Good-bye, good-bye, our hearts are praying for you." A touching testimony to the power of Habib Gorgi's beliefs.

After returning home, I began experimental work at Westminster College in what I call a "reverse procedure." Since my students come conditioned by years of applied external knowledge and art habits related to the environment, I have to start there. Each subject is first visual and environmental: it is regressed to a simplification, a rearrangement, and finally to an abstraction.

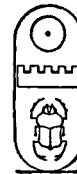


A HOUSE IS A REFUGE

It is a place to hide, and it will frighten lions because it looks like an animal, too. This one recalls the mound house of antiquity, predating the mastaba—the forerunner of the pyramid.

Many of these abstractions are successful in uncovering the true self—in the mandala forms of the inner creative person. Habib Gorgi's children start at this point and work out to include the environment in a finished and mature expressive form. The central factor remains the same; the individual must find himself and know who he is. From this point, creativity may move in multiple directions in unique form.

When a work of art is absolute, it is charged with power. We stand in awe at the foot of the Acropolis, the Taj Mahal, the Sphinx, Michelangelo's *Pieta* in St. Peter's—all powerful odes to the creative man. The charge must be in the artist, however, before he can objectify it. Art materializes historical existence. The artist adds life to his

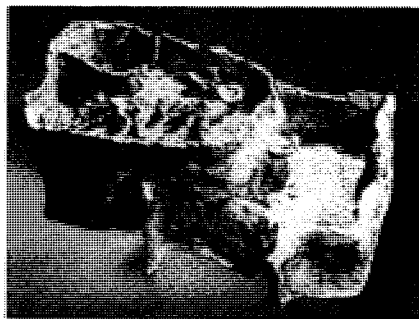


medium with no blockades if he becomes penetrating.

The late Dr. Carl Jung wrote enthusiastically of the creative ideas of Habib Gorgi. To Dr. Jung, the ultimate end of art is not imitation of the outward form but expression of the artist's own feelings: The untapped collective unconscious is a complete source of supply, once it is found.

To Habib Gorgi, the question, "What is Man?" results in an hypothesis: He is not fragmentary, not an animal, not material alone. He is a result of synthesis, causative action, and incubation. Man is animation, total motion, all existence.

Present man is encrusted within a shell of his own forgetting. The aware and conscious is born complete within him—pure and total. The Self is transparent until encrusted by outside influences; it is approachable until tampered with. The true Self has no guile; it is free flowing as long as it is unobstructed. It is uniquely individual and collective at the same time. The current of all time and motion become the ultimate present. All knowledge is within the Self and can be drawn upon.



A HOUSE IS A FORTRESS

A prehistoric house of the Aswan district recreated in all its archaic detail by a Cairo boy who had no knowledge of the structure. In these works by the pupils of Habib Gorgi, the history of man and of Egypt unfolds.

The well, deep and silent, is dimensional and rich in possibilities; infinite in pure essence. The wealth of knowledge is not measurable any more than one might calculate the stars in the universe or grains of sand in a cubicle. Richness is within richness, motion

within motion, a cosmic order of absolute that is knowable.

The needs of man are to resolve what he knows; he is to touch and tap the order he finds within himself, and to objectify his knowledgeable self through expressive forms. The Arts are extensions of the knowledgeable self and truths when unadulterated. Man knows he is a builder, just as the ancient Egyptians knew how to build. This is an existent motion toward God. The rhythm of the wind and seasons, the stars, the sun, and moon, the earth in orbit belong to the knowable self.

The evolution of existence begins with the unknown, the unknown becomes known and man becomes aware of it. Awareness is consciousness; it is adaptability to existence. Art should objectify the existence. Science is simplification or a short cut to explanation of existence. Both are needed.

Science in its truest form must draw on the creative principle to search for an answer to the unknown. Religion is the multiplication of life since it deals with life and afterlife, or extension of life forces. Acquisition is the arm of modern education. This can only produce oneness, or totality, if coupled with awareness of the three ideas—art, creative science, and religion.

As Artist and Art Director, at Westminster College, I am employing Mr. Gorgi's methods in my work. Because of my belief in his methods, I was invited to Cairo to share in his research findings and to bring them back.

Three Groups in Egypt

There have been three working groups in Egypt in addition to the public schools over which Habib Gorgi has supervision. The first, is his three-story home in Cairo, called Koubbeh Gardens. It is filled to capacity with creative work; sometimes twenty sit down to meals, with Mrs. Gorgi mothering them all.

There is a second group in Aswan, and also a present one in Harrania Village for Arab children near the Pyramids. A group of Coptic (Egyptian) children will be organized in Luxor this year. Remses Wissa Wasef, one of Egypt's leading architects, with extensive influence in educational ideas, is

the supervising head of the experiments in the Harrania Village.

As a result of my acquaintance with Habib Gorgi and his methods, I find my own creative work—not just my teaching method alone—striking a new and deeper note. I could, in fact, make Oskar Kokoschka's words (used in a letter to Habib Gorgi) my very own. After seeing the exhibition of work organized by Habib Gorgi in London,

Oskar Kokoschka wrote: "This is as Art should be, this is how Art was born in the great epochs of the past.

"So shall the genii accompany this flight of the butterfly after this delicate being has freed itself from its cocoon in which it slumbered so long. Let us hope Egyptian Youth has thus lighted a torch which will be carried far. I thank you, dear Mr. Gorgi, most sincerely for the work for the Young."



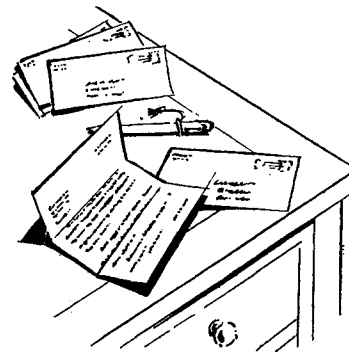
“DEAR EDITOR”

Hope Ahead in Europe

IN West Berlin late one night, I walked along Potsdamer Strasse until at Potsdamer Platz I was checked by the Communist Wall splitting the city.

While looking at that wall and up at the electric sign on the West side flashing the news of the free world across into East Berlin, it came to me that when Berlin is studied from an esoteric point of view, many cosmic principles can be seen in operation.

In Berlin, we have only to read our daily newspapers to see the logical consequences of cause and effect producing either catastrophe or success wherever there is life. We are watching the principles of karma at work daily: whether in the life of East Berlin as a metropolis whose soul is dying; or in the struggle of churches on both sides of the stone wall to keep their bells ringing and their parishioners positive minded; or in the fate of families whose attempts to flee across the stone wall end either in success and freedom—or in failure and prison.



East and West Berlin can be considered as two organisms which incorporate opposing principles. Just as an amoeba divides, continuing its life in two cells which have separate lives but a single past, so now East and West Berlin has each a common past but a separate life. Each today has its own aims, terminology, methods, and moral values.

The streets, railways, and canals of the city are much as before. As a material structure, Berlin has not changed fundamentally; yet through it runs the stone wall. It is twenty-four miles long, and represents a basic polarization of moral values.

East Berlin is a society under strict control. The flow of thought and power influencing all details of daily life is directed downwards from above. West Berlin is a democracy wherein ideas are more freely exchanged and accepted, or rejected on the basis of their moral value.

(Continued Overleaf)



The Mayor of West Berlin has said that its strength is limited to the moral values symbolized—but these are enormous. They represent the ideas of the free individual in a free society. When they are contrasted with the values of East Berlin, symbolized by a stone wall, barbed wire, soldiers and bayonets, the process of polarization becomes clear.

Another viewpoint is that of West Berlin as a microcosm, itself reflecting the problems of the macrocosm—Europe and the free world. As Europeans, we live in a period when national states are no longer self-sufficient organisms. For the positive national elements in these states to achieve new dynamism, they must recombine on a new level: the European level.

Out of the old national elements will be formed new European combinations, with new and unforeseeable properties. But Europe as an organic consciousness is today split into two halves, dedicated to opposing principles, with neither half having as yet achieved its own appropriate form or level of consciousness.

We are encouraged not only to analyze problems into their component elements, but also to search for those new elements which, when combined with the old, will produce the necessary solutions. But where are the new elements needed to solve the problems dramatized publicly in Berlin and also latent in Europe as a continent?

A United States of Europe

One element already at work is the European idea. This is the centuries-old ideal vividly portrayed in the writings of Dante, of Sully and Henry IV of France, of Mazzini, and many others. It is the idea that Europe's *nation states* must be transformed into a *United States of Europe*.

West Germany, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, and Italy have combined economically to create the European Common Market. We would expect such a union to exert a stronger magnetic influence than the mere sum of its parts. This is already happening. Britain, Ireland, Switzerland, Austria, and other states are thinking of joining the Common Market. Its magnetic pull is even influencing events in the Middle

East. There at least one state with its eyes on the future is already considering associating herself with the Common Market. Surprisingly, but logically, it is the new State of Israel.

West Berlin is itself part of the Common Market. Since the study of magnetism teaches us that the greater always attracts the lesser, we would expect the influence of the Common Market already to be reaching across the Soviet Zone of Germany, even to this tiny democratic island near the Polish frontier where two million free-thinking people in West Berlin live, surrounded by Communist armies. And this is what we do find.

"Europ," A Word With Meaning

West Berlin, for example, has received its first atomic power plant—not from any national state, but from the European Atomic Energy Commission. A second example: When West Berliners look at the goods trains traveling into West Berlin from the West, they see painted in large white letters on more than half the wagons the designation "EUROP"—a short word with a large meaning.

The wagons are financed and controlled by a European organization dominated by *no single national state*. Instead, it is a combining of a proportion of the rolling stock of the national states to form a European pool of rolling stock. No longer do these goods wagons accomplish their journey and return empty to their national railway systems.

Today they always travel full, from one country to another wherever they are needed, irrespective of national frontiers. As an example of the rational use of the means available, this is not exactly revolutionary. What is revolutionary here in Europe is that at last it has been done. Every day, these goods wagons roll through the Communist Zone into West Berlin. The message implicit in the word "EUROP" is not lost on the Communists.

It is possible to think of Berlin in terms of yet another principle: that of the lever. It is true that a little energy applied at the right point can exert enormous force. Energy, fulcrum, and lever: All three are necessary. When

decisions in Washington or Moscow are thought of as the energy, and political power as the lever, and the fulcrum Berlin, then the leverage exerted is considerable.

But why is Berlin such a critically placed fulcrum? Perhaps because Europe is not yet a world power, and relatively speaking is still a power vacuum. Europe has neither the united political strength to employ as a lever, nor the united will to direct its employment. As a sovereign political force, Europe is today in the embryo stage, and very vulnerable.

If West Berlin is held, it is possible that the United States of Europe will grow to maturity. If West Berlin is abandoned, the moral defeat for the West could be so disastrous that the creation of a free, democratic United States of Europe will no longer be possible in this generation. It is a platitude to say that the fate of Berlin will determine the fate of Europe. Better, perhaps, to say that on the fate of Berlin today depends the fate of the United States of Europe of the future.

Or to return to the stone wall. It is interesting that on the East side stand soldiers guarding the wall, while on the West side stand individual people, either in groups or alone, staring at the wall. It is a truism that where Cosmic guidance is not permitted to act through receptive and dedicated individuals, the antithesis of it is evidenced in collective brutality acting through a tyranny.

Here in Berlin these two principles stand face to face. Each is polarized to an extreme. We would therefore hope to find in West Berlin some few examples at least of spontaneous individual action. And since Berlin is in Europe, we would hope to find these actions gaining momentum from the current of our times, and attempting to combine traditional national elements into new European combinations.

Significant Examples

This is precisely what we do find. Two small but significant examples: On the first of October, the Berlin Branch of the European Movement moved its offices from Kurfurstendamm into the new Europahaus on Stresemann Strasse. There it will not only

have better organized facilities, but will also be face to face with the Sector Frontier—that is to say, the stone wall, barbed wire, and bayonets.

The second example: It is proposed this coming winter to bring a European group of speakers to campaign for the European idea in West Berlin. "A European group of speakers" means a team of five or seven speakers, each from a different European state. International teams of speakers have been formed before.

What is revolutionary is that this group will be not merely international *but European*. That is to say, it will not only exploit to the maximum the individual talents of its members, but will combine these talents to create a group acting with a single will, speaking with a single voice, and radiating a single idea: *the European idea*.

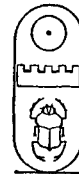
West Berlin is a microcosm where so many problems come into daily collision that in other cities the words "West Berlin" provoke the understandable fear that such an explosive mixture of forces might spark a world explosion. This danger is real. Yet it is also true that where there are problems there are opportunities.

Problems are solved by considering not only the facts of today, but also the possible facts of tomorrow. Today's facts in Berlin are symbolized by the stone wall. Should we be hypnotized by the photographs of this wall printed in newspapers throughout the free world? Surely not.

The wall as a phenomenon is negative. It exists, it fascinates the eye, but its characteristics are to limit action, strangle individual energies, and provoke fear. Fear paralyzes thought. The value of the wall is that it makes visible what is normally invisible: *the challenge and methods of Communism*.

One of the strengths of Communism is that its thought is focused steadily on the future. For the sake of that future it will inflict unspeakable sacrifices on millions of people in the present. The strength of the West is that its individuals are free to act together in the light of conscience.

Its weakness is, perhaps, a fear to look far enough ahead into the future. If again we consider Berlin, Europe,



and the world, where are the new elements needed to be brought into action to influence this future? This is where creative thought begins.

The thousands of readers of the *Digest* round the world will doubtless find their own thoughts moving spontaneously from this starting point. There

are many directions in which such thoughts could move. As a single example: The recent proposal to make Berlin the seat of the United Nations is perhaps sufficient by itself to attract the critical but creative attention of any serious student of cause and effect.

—A Berliner



Suffering Is Necessary

By MARGARET JOY MOREY, F. R. C.

MANY who become students of some form of metaphysical study feel that their advancement toward illumination should bring release from pain and sorrow. To some extent this is true since the things which upset and cause trouble in the beginning are diminished as one learns to rise above the many hurts which are a part of life. But to expect to be freed from all that is unpleasant is, I think, to err.

There are two kinds of suffering: One is necessary, the other not, and a number of our present problems fall into the latter category. It is because we do not understand the principles involved in universal law and human behavior that we cause ourselves so much unhappiness.

If, for example, we had a thorough knowledge of the law of compensation, we would be extremely cautious about thinking, doing, or saying anything which would bring us into debt. We would realize that to free ourselves from past evil action, or to work out our karma more speedily, we must become spontaneously generous, impulsively kind, tolerant, and loving.

The more Christ-like the nature, the more redemptive the action. We would not sit in judgment on others because we would realize that everyone must work out of his own evil. It is not for us to judge a man's behavior; that is a matter between him and his God—and

who knows the real motives which inspired the act?

The law of compensation (karma) is an impersonal one, working effectively to bring good from good; but we must act in harmony with it or we create trouble. Understanding this limited aspect of only one law would free us from the desire for revenge and increase our capacity for easy forgiveness.

As the realization of additional Cosmic laws broadens our horizons and we learn to control and govern ourselves in relation to them, we will eliminate most of our unnecessary suffering. We live in a moral universe and not an impersonal one.

While many of its laws (Cosmic) are impersonal, there is an underlying trend towards purity and perfection. By recognizing this, we can appreciate that the highest good is to discover its purpose (the Will of God) and attempt to adhere to it.

When we cut ourselves, why do we heal? A doctor will say he only tries to rid the patient of his impediments to good health. When the surgeon removes the diseased organ, God's positive forces of healing can begin. This is God's love in action.

We cannot but marvel at the great constructive powers at work in the human body. Although we fill it with poisons, disregard the basic rules of health, it performs remarkably well

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under adverse conditions and is constantly trying to restore balance and harmony.

This struggle to overcome evil with good goes on continually in the universe as it does in the body. One may ask, then, if good is the inherent law of the universe, why is suffering necessary?

To answer this, let us follow the mystic for a little way. When we meet him, he has spent many years learning new truths and has sincerely attempted to apply them to every situation. At last, through prayer, aspiration, the dedication of his life, and plain effort, he is graduated from much unnecessary suffering, and life has become reasonably tranquil.

When he reads of the saints and mystics who prayed for trouble that their natures might become more God-like, he smiles and feels a bit superior, for he has not yet learned that some pain is absolutely essential to growth.

After the student has come to the point in progress where he realizes that the Christhood is a higher consciousness within (which can save him from the destruction of himself by himself), he begins to live more and more in the Soul.

He becomes aware that he has only to attune his conscious mind with this higher self to feel its guidance and power. The resulting Soul experiences convince him that he must fully transfer control of his life from the conscious to the superconscious mind.

Three Minds

We may assume that we have three minds—the conscious, the subconscious, and the superconscious. In reality, there is only one which operates in three different areas, but the above will serve for purposes of clarity. The conscious mind is where deliberate thought takes place, the subconscious is the area of habitual thought—a middle field which receives impressions from the conscious and superconscious.

If we visualize two funnels welded together at their narrowest parts, we can get a picture of the activity of these three. At one side, impressions from the world flow into the wide mouth of the funnel (the conscious mind). Through desire and will, we select that

which we will keep, and ignore the rest. What we keep becomes a part of us and gradually sifts down into the subconscious or the narrow part of the funnel.

At the same time, the wide mouth of the other funnel has impressions from God or the Cosmic flowing into it. Through the activity of the Soul and its faculties, our spiritual needs are impressed on the subconscious or they also sift down to the narrow section; and here is where a great struggle takes place. The more we try to escape making good decisions, the more trouble we have.

Our *student* is now striving for *discipleship*. He is becoming more sensitive to Soul impulses and tries to obey them. He is satisfied that he is at last trying to live up to the highest and best within—and may think there is no further need for pain and suffering. But everything seems to rise up against him as though he were waging a war single-handedly against a whole army.

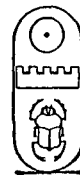
Doubt, temptations, criticism, and mental anguish are just the beginning of a great mass of soul-trying experiences. The period varies greatly; for some it is a matter of months, while others refer to it as lasting for years.

This much is certain, it lasts until the disciple has been completely weaned from the world and walks alone with God! This experience is of the greatest importance, for it is a purifying process which brings divine understanding, true perception, compassion, and love.

Having once come through this period, the student is freed from many situations which entangle the ordinary mortal. All superfluity is stripped from his life, and he becomes a man with a real purpose—to manifest and express God. This does not mean forsaking the world for a monastic life.

On the contrary, the student may be a successful businessman, taking part in community affairs and actively engaged in family and commercial life. The difference is that he now lives in a more constant attunement with the Christ within. He has transferred control of his life from the sense mind to the Soul mind.

We do not make progress in the spiritual life in a long, steady, upward
(Continued Overleaf, col. 2)



Minute Thoughts

By MARTHA PINGEL, Ph.D.



WEEP NOT, O MAN

Weep not, O man, that you cross a threshold, for you are a part of the eternal world of Life, Light, and Love!

Once, long ago, I heard the sea, steady and rhythmical, washing over the rocks, keeping time with the movement of life and death in all of nature. As the waters ebbed and flowed, they told of all creation, everlasting and beautiful, and their message was deep and unforgettable, for it spoke to the soul.

Now, in the still, sad quiet of the mountains, I hear the same soft message in the whispering of the wind in the pines. Here, the ebb and flow come with the mists, which come gently, and slowly, over the snow-capped peaks and down into the valleys. Or in the hot desert wind that moves steadily toward the plains, never ceasing its faint humming as it travels over the land.

Trees in the forest may fall; summer birds may come and go; friends may vanish; and all things change before our eyes. But always there is the steady sound of eternity, whispered in the wind or shouted in the waves; the message of the flowers, the birds, the trees, the rocks, the rivers: Life and death are but two sides of the same coin. They are expressions of the eternal, spoken in brief lessons so that we may hear and understand, and not lose faith or hope in the daily struggle with ourselves and the world.

For man who reads the Book of Nature reads of all nations and peoples. He comes to know the God of his heart and the God of all hearts as the same, and to accept Life, Light, and Love everlasting.

climb. First, we search for divine understanding, love, wisdom, or whatever the present lacks spiritually. A light dawns in our consciousness one day, and we glimpse a new truth, which, when fully realized, will bring us a step closer to illumination. As we grow into this unprecedented realization, we fill out our level by letting this new awareness work in the daily round of experience.

New Lessons Created

Each level brings its own suffering because new lessons are created by the expansion of consciousness. This is not the work of a perverse and vengeful Being, but the operation of Cosmic law.

Spiritual growth changes our vibratory rate. As we increase its frequency, we attract to ourselves conditions and circumstances necessary for progress. Resistance is necessary, otherwise stagnation or devolution occurs. We cannot grow unless we experience suffering more severe than we have ever had because we have become a stronger and more stable being. Through struggle we become purified enough to have the spiritual qualities integrated into our natures.

One might ask, Why go through all this if we are just going to get in deeper? It is a law of evolution. Our mystic friend has, all this time, been adding attributes which are invaluable aids in dealing with his problems—inner confidence, strong faith, and deep love.

As he proceeds through the various steps of development, it becomes increasingly clear that suffering is necessarily a part of the pattern—but not suffering in the old sense of the word. He recognizes that every problem has within it a seed for growth, and a lesson learned holds no need to repeat it.

Kahlil Gibran says, "I would not exchange the sorrows of my heart for the joys of the multitude. A tear to purify my heart and give me understanding of Life's secret and hidden things."

There is something to admire about the person who has suffered much and learned therefrom: his quick sympathy for others, the depth of his character, maturity, and wisdom. They are the results of walking bravely through the purifying fires of suffering.

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“God Spoke!”

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

First printed in 1916, this article by Dr. Lewis has appeared many times in the *Digest*. It is reprinted again in response to continued requests.

IN our mad ambition to conquer the formidable and attain the very pinnacle of material heights, we lose sight of the little, sweet essentials; and it is often in the twilight of life that we realize we have wandered far away from that narrow road which, after all, leads to the only goal of contentment and peace.

More especially do we wander from the natural elements of religion. We enter those modern, recently constructed, and as yet untrammelled paths of “interpreted” religion where the true and real God is little or not at all considered or understood. We lose sight of the simple laws and words of God and our worship of Him becomes so involved, so complex, so profound, that God actually becomes a stranger to our hearts and consciousness.

Yet God is so close, so near to us, so intimate and so easily understood that we may hear the Divine Voice, feel the Divine Presence, and realize the Divine Mind every hour in the day.

I make plea for a return to the simple worship of God. I urge that we unite in an endeavor to realize God, consciously, as a living presence, and to hearken unto the Voice and observe His handiwork.

“God spoke!”

You have thought that exclamation to be a doctrinal reply from the overzealous Bible student. You have, perhaps, thought it to be the blind belief of the religious fanatic; or you may have thought it to be the metaphorical reply of the religious idealist.

But, my beloved friends, I have heard God speak; and I say it, declare it, in the coolness of careful thought, without undue fervor or zeal. To me it is beautifully true, wonderful, inspiring; but it is not phenomenal, supernatural, or mystic in any sense.

“God spoke!”

I have wandered idly through a field of daisies, in a peaceful valley, with

the great blue heaven above me, the sun shining brightly, birds light-heartedly passing from bough to bough, all nature gay, sweet and glorious; strife, turmoil and evil far away; nothing near but goodness and godliness.

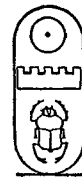
And I have felt the oneness of all nature, all God’s manifestations: I have forgotten personality of self and individuality of ego; I have lost myself in the simplicity and grandeur—not the complexity and marvels—of all about me.

And, I have sat in the midst of the daisies to try to attune my consciousness with their simplicity. And I have reached out and drawn close to my cheek one of these daisies that I might feel its soft, innocent face against mine, and I have looked into its eyes, its soul.

Then—the occasion will ever be remembered—I saw the harmony of its form; the grace of its design, the symmetry of its yellow head, the regularity of its petals, the method of its unfolding, the simplicity of its anatomy and—God spoke! Through the daisy God revealed to me in unmistakable language, the infinite wisdom of His mind, the superiority of His ways and His laws.

God spoke! Truly, and I heard, and understood; God spoke as only God can speak. Could man but speak as God speaks—Ah! the vanity of the thought. Yet man demands that, to be heard and understood, God must speak in his limited, self-made, finite language, and man, therefore, hears not the voice of God.

The organist, rambling over the keys while his soul expands and vibrates to greater areas, hears sweet chords, beautiful notes, harmonious, and euphonious arias peal forth, while he is still unconscious of the mechanical features of his playing. And when he has completed one passage of divine music he



knows that God spoke—and in a manner as only God can speak.

The artist, the writer, the sculptor, each has heard the Voice of God and has understood while others seek the Voice in place and manner demanded by doubt, skepticism, and “higher criticism.”

Watch the little imprisoned goldfish in the crystal aquariums. Let a beam of sunlight strike the silvery surface of the water and refract its rays through the world in which they live and you will soon see the revived activity. Drop some crumbs upon the water and note the instinct of preservation; tap the aquarium suddenly and see the instinctive action of fright, basic law of self-protection manifested. Study the periodicity of breathing of water, then air; analyze the perfect mechanics of motion in swimming, diving, rising, and immobility. And, as you do these things, God will speak to you, and you will learn a lesson that only God can teach.

Look into the eyes of the heart-hungry, poverty-stricken child as it gazes into the windows of the stores at this holiday time. Note its pathetic, quiet, philosophical acceptance of conditions which in truth are making the young heart and mind bleed and ache. And as you look, smile! Take the child into the store and buy for it simple—not complex or luxurious—things which it longs for and which our children in this advanced age would spurn; and when those deep-set, longing eyes silently say “thank you,” you will know that God spoke—spoke as only God can speak.

And turn your way to the desolate home where the father has not heard the Voice of God but has sought the voice of evil; where the young-old

mother is striving to make the widely separated ends meet; where sickness has stricken one child and medicine is unobtainable, and food is required for the baby that brought God’s voice once to the mother; where all is sad at the time of greatest rejoicing elsewhere.

Go there, not to Temple, Church, or Cathedral, to hear God speak, and give that which you would give with less appreciation to yourself. And the poor mother’s prayers of thankfulness will come to you in the silence of the night; and your soul, your consciousness, will know, if you do not, that God spoke!

And, pass the corner of the busy thoroughfare where stands the ragged boy urging all to buy his wares: his hands are cold, his face is wan. He is hungry, too, yet he must not spend one single penny of the fund his mother needs for food; his thoughts are of the family and “sister,” his chum and friend; he would gladly sacrifice almost anything for her.

Stop there and speak to him as you pass by, and then go on and return again; this time give him just a big red rose and say: “for ‘sister,’ lad, as friend to friend”; then watch the eyes enlarge with pride; and see the sorrows flee; you’ll find the boy is a man at once, with God-light in his soul. And then, you’ll know that somewhere in the aura of your life, God spoke, as only God can speak.

Yes, God speaks, and He has spoken to me. God waits and waits to speak to you and if in this life you give no chance for interview, a time will come, when life is done, that through the sorrows, pains and lessons of the past, your soul will feel, your heart will know, your mind will hear, and you shall find that God did speak at last as Father to His child.



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Rosicrucian Activities

*Around the
World*

FALL and Winter activities of Rose-Croix University were initiated in late October with the first of a series of Friday evening Review Classes. Various staff members will cover the subject matter of the different degrees from the Neophyte studies through the Ninth Temple Degree. The classes are open to all members of the Order, the only requirement being that one must have completed any particular degree in order to be eligible for the review. Each degree will be allotted four evenings and the sessions will begin at 8:00 p.m. Credentials will be examined prior to each Class.



It may not occur to the average reader that Rally activity almost anywhere means an equal activity at Rosicrucian Park. In fact, Fall Rally activity draws so many of the staff away that it is easier to name the ones who remain in the Park than to mention those who leave to attend rallies and special convocations. But not so interesting! Chronologically told, this is the story:

Grand Treasurer, James R. Whitcomb, and the Grand Regional Administrator, Arthur C. Piepenbrink, were in Canada: Frater Whitcomb to attend the Tenth Eastern Canada Rally in Toronto, a special convocation in Montreal, and on to New York City for its rally; Frater Piepenbrink to the Pacific Northwest Rally in Vancouver, the First Central Canada Rally in Winnipeg, and special convocations in Edmonton and Calgary. Their wives accompanied them.

Supreme Secretary, Cecil A. Poole, and Soror Poole were in Dallas, Texas,

for the annual Southwest Rally, with a special convocation in Las Vegas Pro-naos on the return trip.

The Southern California Rally drew the largest contingent of speakers from the Park. This included Soror Marty Lewis, widow of AMORC's First Imperator, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis; Frater J. Duane Freeman, member of the Board of Directors of the Supreme Grand Lodge, and Soror Freeman; Frater Erwin W. E. Watermeyer, Director of the Technical Department; Soror Adelina Graham, Director of the Latin-American Division; and Frater Chris Warnken of the Grand Lodge Staff and Soror Josephine Warnken, Colombe Counselor.

Grand Master, Rodman R. Clayson, and Soror Clayson were the honored guests at a special convocation at Clement B. Le Brun Chapter in Sacramento.

And finally, early in November, the Imperator, Ralph M. Lewis, together with Soror Lewis, visited Peninsula Chapter in Belmont, Abdiel Lodge in Long Beach, Whittier, and Van Nuys Chapters.



In 1921, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis wrote a letter to Raymund Andrea that changed the whole course of his life. He referred to it last July when accepting congratulations on his 79th anniversary. *The London Rosicrucian* paid tribute to Grand Master Andrea and his many years of devoted service to the Order. Fittingly the tribute closed with these meaningful words: "To this great Rosicrucian, friend and brother, go the loving thoughts and heartfelt best wishes on his birthday, from all



fratres and sorores, not only in Britain —but throughout the world.”



Frater Mario Salas of the International Lecture Board, who was at Rosicrucian Park during the summer, is once again in South America, continuing his public lectures for the Order.

Frater Gerald Bailey, who left more than a year ago for a lecture tour in Australia, after a successful campaign in New Zealand went on to Melbourne. According to Harmony Chapter Bulletin, he began a second series of lectures in Melbourne in September.



The Guiding Light, official bulletin of Kansas City, Missouri, Chapter

AMORC, recently gave notice that the Chapter quarters after October 1 would be 1409 Walnut Street. The same harmony and hospitality will be found in the new location, however, according to Master Erma Ammon.

The same bulletin mentioned the August meeting of the Kansas City Sunshine Circle, when Miss Florence Smith of Woodland School was the speaker. Typical of too many schools, Woodland has a large percentage of underprivileged children. One of these, Sheila, has been the recipient of Sunshine Circle interest and aid for some time. Incidentally, Woodland's situation was given national publicity a few weeks back in *Look Magazine*.



The Seven Steps to Attainment

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What we do with our lives is largely up to us. Happiness and achievement—peace of mind—are never dropped into our laps from the skies. They must be *attained*. But how? What is the formula? What are the steps that must be taken?

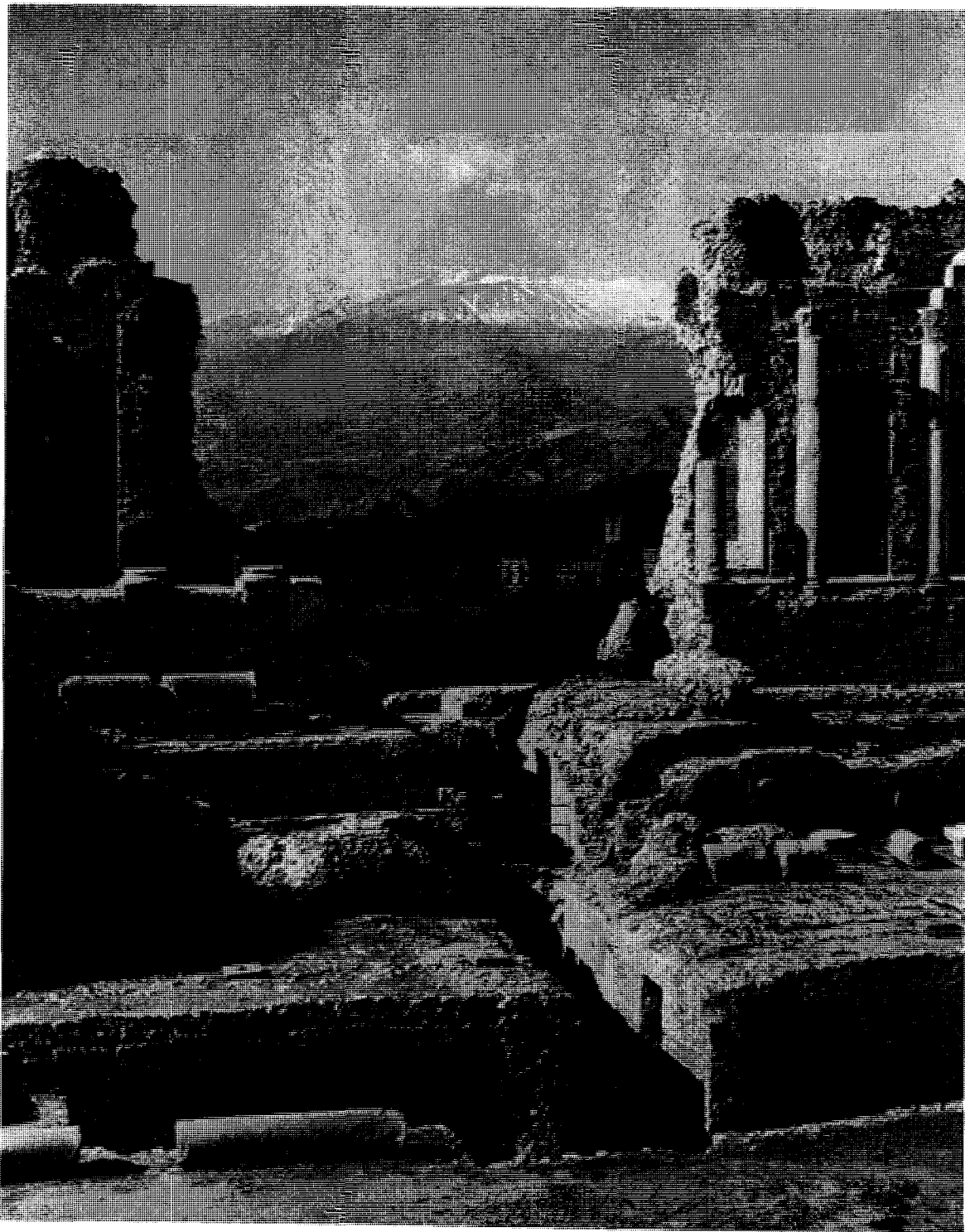
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REMNANTS OF THE PAST

In Taormina, Sicily, in the shadow of towering Mt. Etna, are these skeletal ruins of an ancient theater. The original foundations were erected during the Greek colonization of Sicily—one of the westernmost outposts of ancient Greek culture. Subsequently, the Romans built a stately edifice upon the Greek ruins, the long, thin bricks peculiar to their architecture being plainly visible. The ruins, which now have only an historical existence, are thus a monument to two civilizations.

(Photo by AMORC)



CITY OF THE DEAD

The partially restored wall and entrance of Sakkara, Egypt. The stone wall enclosed the tomb city consisting of chapels and the first pyramid erected by King Zoser which is partially shown at right. The city, constructed over five thousand years ago, was the first built of stone and was designed by the celebrated Imhotep, vizier, architect, and physician. The tomb city was adjacent to Memphis, site of the most famous of the ancient mystery schools.

(Photo by AMORC)



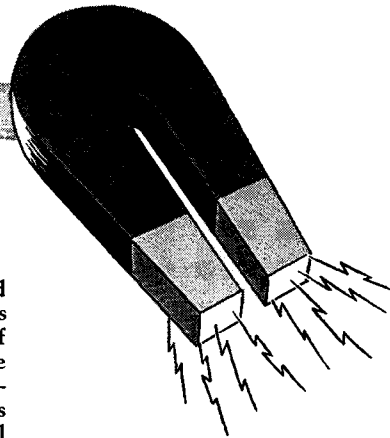
The PASSION of MATTER!

The Cosmic Influence of Magnetism

AS ABOVE SO BELOW. Like repels like and attracts unlike. Myriads of minute particles dance in frenzy about each other on the point of a pin. Overhead, whirling stars race through the infinite reaches of space to find their affinity—drawn by an irresistible attraction. What is this invisible field—this aura—which surrounds all things, causing them to embrace one moment and perhaps repel each other the next? It is a passion which grips the atom and the star alike—but to serve what Cosmic purpose?

In the study of this energy—*magnetic force*—we learn the secret of polarity. We come to understand the orderly procession within the universe. Moreover, we find that the same laws account for our mutual attraction and the subtle influence which things have upon us. Just as the course of ships depends upon terrestrial magnetism, so, too, does the path of our lives depend upon *mystical magnetism*.

By means of *simple home experiments*, you can explore this fascinating phenomenon of magnetism. You can learn the useful fundamental laws



of this realm of nature which has intrigued scientists and philosophers for centuries.

Demonstrate to yourself how magnetism is introduced into objects—and the ways it can be destroyed. Make your own compass; investigate the relationship of polarity to the magnetic poles of the earth.

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You receive: 25 pages of instructions; 20 pieces of equipment; 16 basic experiments; and supplementary electromagnetic experiments. There is no greater teacher than nature. Send your remittance and order for the *Rosicrucian Laboratory, Unit One*, to the address below.

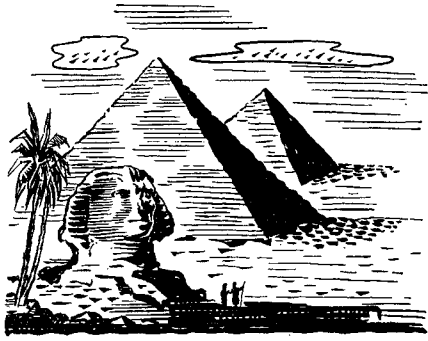
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The PYRAMID SPEAKS

From the pages of one of the most fascinating and accurate accounts of the Great Pyramid, comes a revelation of super minds whose impact upon society has been felt for centuries. What wonders lie hidden in this vast monument of stone? What does it tell us of the future?

This account contains references to Science's latest discovery, the hidden subterranean passageways of the Pyramid; it explains their secret purpose.

RELIVE THE GLORY OF ANCIENT EGYPT

in

The Symbolic Prophecy of the GREAT PYRAMID

By Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, F. R. C.

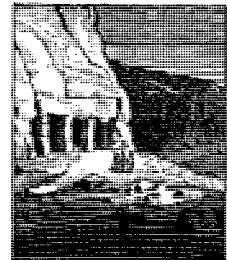
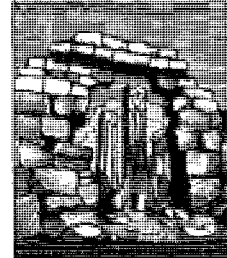
Here is a concise and most enlightening story of the mysterious race of people who built the Great Pyramid. It tells of the mystical purpose behind its construction—of the great initiations that were held in its chambers and underground passageways.

To the early initiates, the King's Chamber was the culmination of their mystical rites. According to modern interpreters of the pyramid's measurements and prophecies, civilization symbolically has now entered into the King's Chamber. Does this mean the culmination of civilization's existence—of its progress and advancement? Where do we go from here?

No reader of this book can fail to grasp the great knowledge possessed by the Egyptians, not only as it was applied to the Great Pyramid, but to many other magnificent structures as well. Treat yourself to the best—obtain a copy at once.

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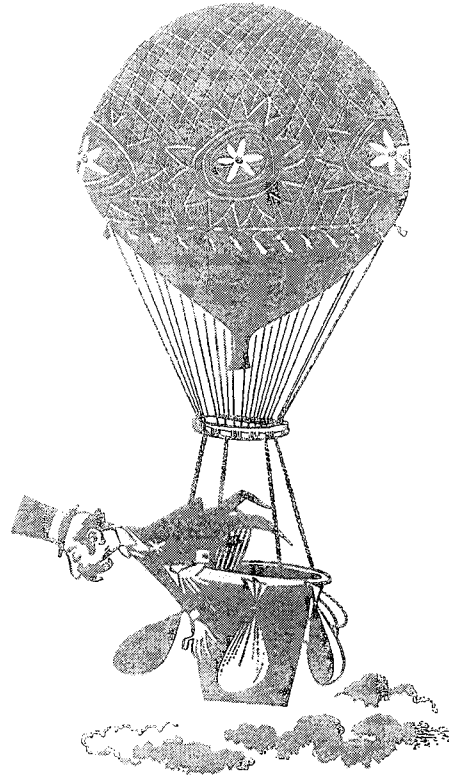


Along Civilization's Trail

WASTE OF BEAUTY—As a traveler gazes upon the ruins of ancient civilizations, he cannot help but reflect on man's abuse and waste of beauty. For something that everybody wants, and of which there's plenty to be had, *beauty* proves to be an elusive, hard-to-preserve element of daily life. Take any eight-hour day, for example. It abounds with things of beauty; sights and sounds and feelings pleasant to see and experience, yet countless persons pass them by, lost in the depressing gloom of avarice, indolence, worry, pride, bad memories, and negative thinking.

It is a soul-satisfying experience—exhilarating—to get out on a summer lawn and drink in the beauty of nature; the aroma of flowers, the songs of birds, the spectacle of clouds, the coolness of grass. Why pass this by to sleep, to watch TV, or to lie around the house? Music flavors life; yet it stands available, at no extra cost, to millions who plod along without it. And love, there's a tender thing; the pleasant way of life, the look of cheer and gladness that radiates from people's faces, the acts of affection between one and another—all this, available without cost, yet avoided by and large for dour demeanors and self-interested acts.

Why this tremendous waste of the *good life*? Some will say that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," and waste is a relative



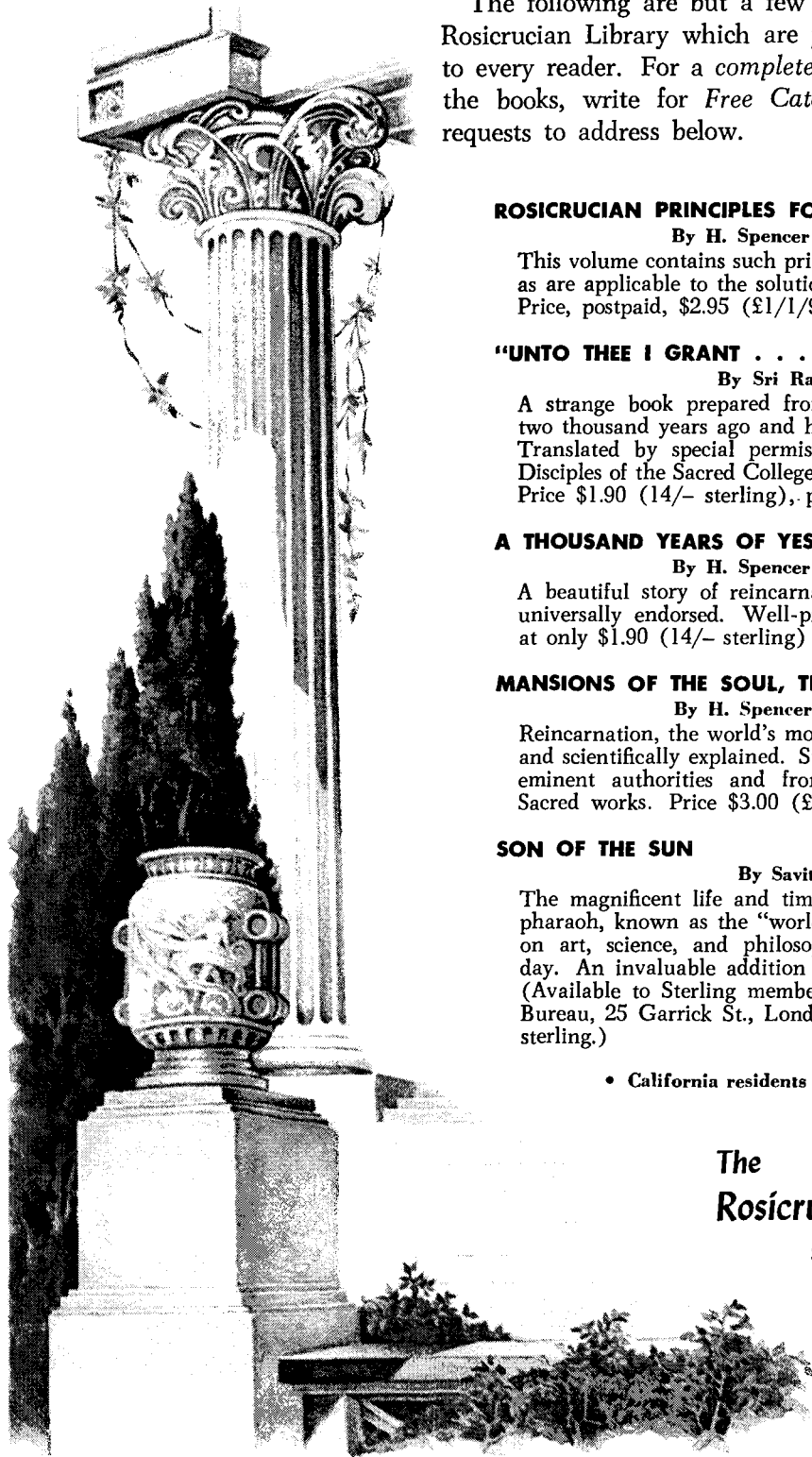
thing. What might be considered waste to one may not be considered so by another. While some may like to smile and be cheerful all day, others would rather have it the other way. Well, maybe that's true, and I recall one concurring opinion in this vein from *Unto Thee I Grant*: "Feeble and insufficient as thou art, O man! in good; frail and inconsistent as thou art in pleasure; yet there is a thing in which thou art strong and unshaken. Its name is Misery."

Then again, the theological concepts of many religious denominations have for so many hundreds of years painted the picture of life here on earth—this vale of tears—so black, that man's consciousness has not adapted yet to the clear light of true appreciation.

Maybe these are some of the reasons why we as a society waste beauty; but because we find reasons for the things we do is no excuse for what still remains a waste.

Adventures In Reading

The following are but a few of the many books of the Rosicrucian Library which are *fascinating* and *instructive* to every reader. For a *complete* list and description of all the books, write for *Free Catalogue*. Send orders, and requests to address below.



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