

ROSIKRUUCIAN DIGEST

JULY
1962

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A Better World?

Human nature
has not changed.

▽ △ ▽

J. O. Kinnaman: Digger for Facts

A "curse's"
last victim.

▽ △ ▽

The Esthetic Emotion

Art expresses
a soul urge.

▽ △ ▽

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- *Mysticism*
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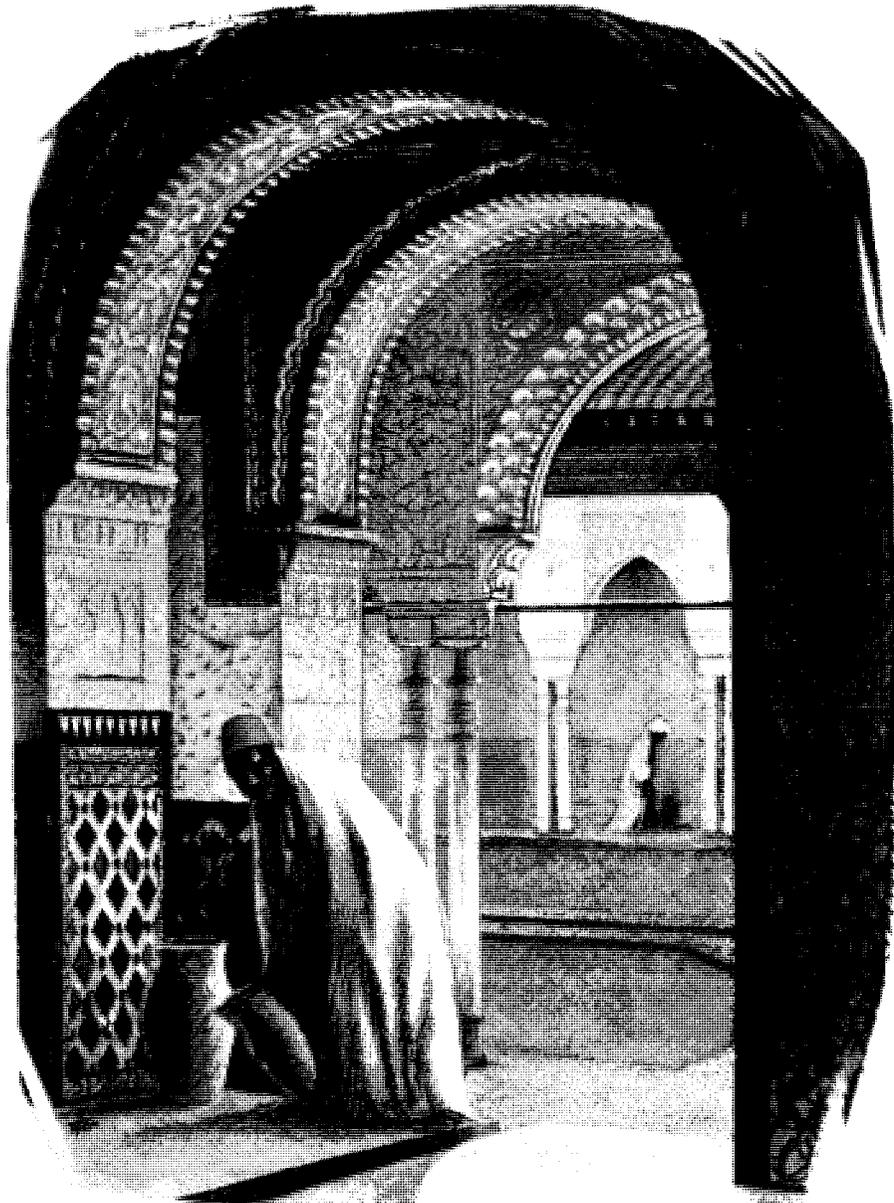
Next Month:

The Treasure
of Venus

▽ △ ▽

Cover:

*Splendors
of the East*



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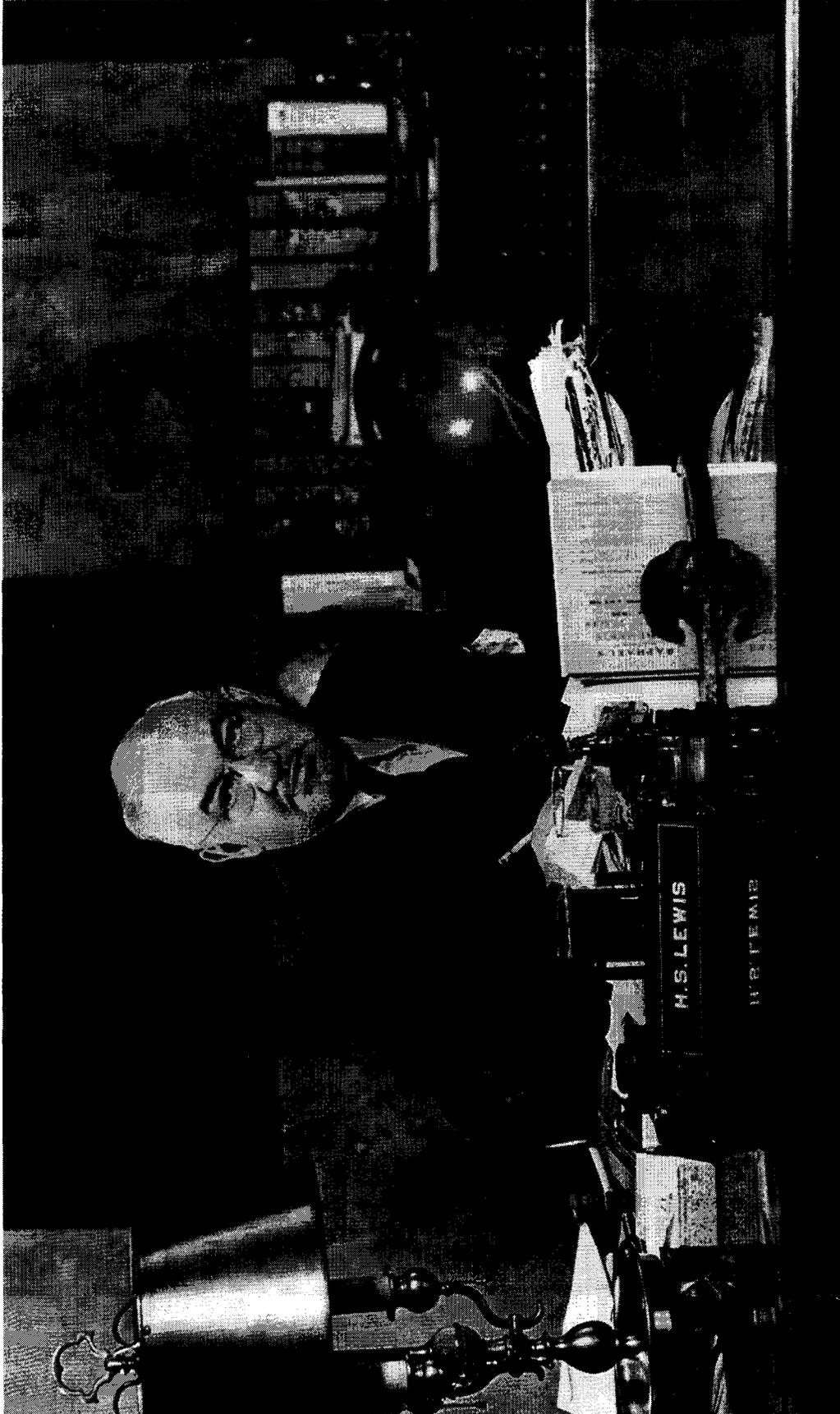
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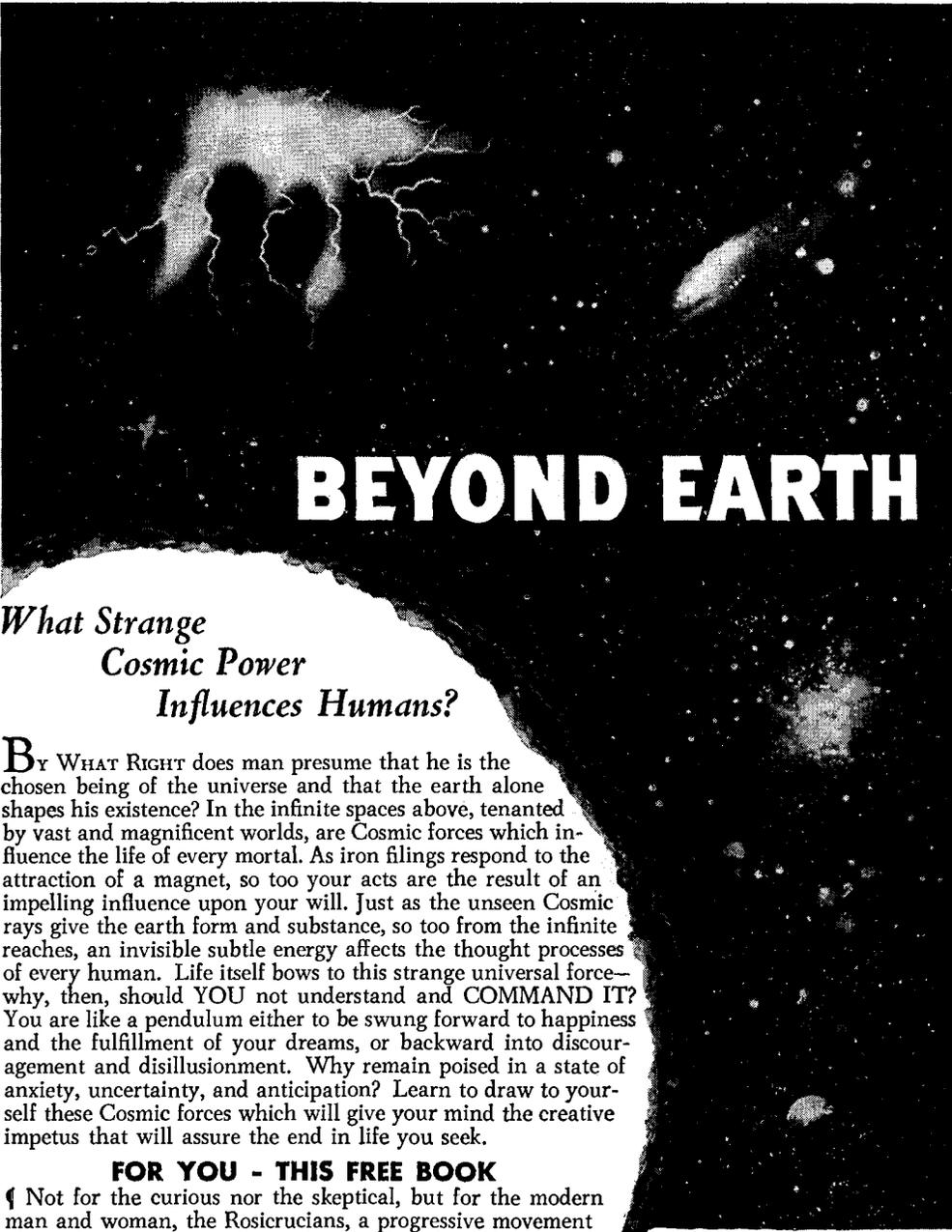
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DR. H. SPENCER LEWIS

The first Emperor of the AMORC for its second cycle in America is shown in his office where he directed the world-wide affairs of the Rosicrucian Order. August 2nd is the anniversary of his transition. See "In Memoriam" on page 250.

PHOTO BY L. ARNDT



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ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

COVERS THE WORLD

THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER

Vol. XL

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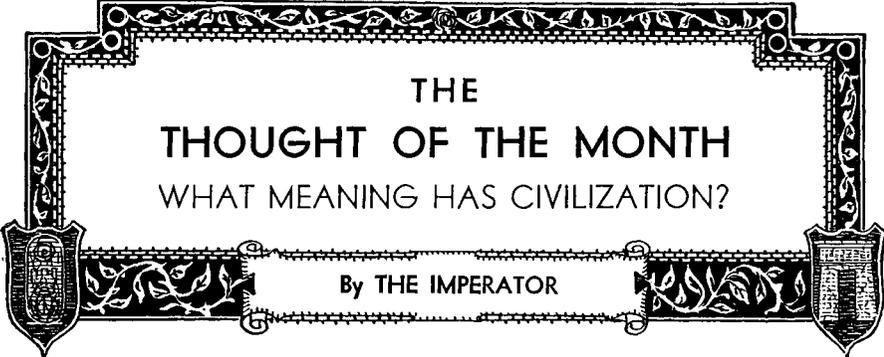
EDITOR: Joel Disher

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
WHAT MEANING HAS CIVILIZATION?
By THE IMPERATOR

THE world is rife with revolution, insurrection, and rebellion. It is significant that there is a lack of agreement upon what the state, organized society, should provide the individual. But what does the individual really want? Perhaps there would be less conflict between the methods of attainment if there could be established some generally accepted ideals.

The clashes in ideology can be caused by a lack of understanding of the very word *civilization*. To most, civilization is but a term, a framework, into which they inject their personal objectives and the means by which they think such could be realized.

Civilization is more than a matter of collective living. It is more than a unity of gregarious peoples forming a society. Civilization should depict a society which in its expression and practice conforms to a particular idealism. Consequently, either a society by its customs and behavior meets those requirements and is civilized, or it definitely is not.

Human Dignity

In his philosophies and religions, man has often referred to *human dignity*. He has defined this dignity as certain human characteristics and qualifications which transcend those of what he refers to as *lower animals*. Loss of human dignity is held to be any deviation from those standards attributed to *Homo sapiens*, or rational man. A civilized society, therefore, is one that promotes those cultures, activities, and functions which have become associated with human dignity and with moral idealism.

Civilization is thus a process of *dual refinement*. It is difficult to determine which aspect of this refinement began first; that is, the refinement of self, the individual, or the refinement of his environment. Both anthropology and archaeology give much evidence that would seem to indicate that the first objective signs of refinement were of man's environment.

We have been able to trace the making of implements back to crude, hand-held flint tools; for example, those made by the Aurignacian and Magdalenian man of many thousands of years ago. In fact, late anthropological research has brought forth implements found with the fossilized remains of a primate said to have preceded the species *Man*. It is speculated that this ape-like creature of a million years ago represented a transition from one branch of primate to a homonoid or man-like creature.

When an intelligent being such as man began to exert his mind to alter his environment so as to make it serve him better, he was exhibiting *one* fundamental phase of civilization. Insofar as acquiring shelter, sustenance, and raiment is concerned, when man no longer accepted all that he found in its natural state but began to change it to conform to his needs, he was refining the elements of his surroundings.

This, in itself, however, does not seem a sufficient qualification for civilization. Animals have lairs; birds have nests; chimpanzees in their natural state are known to use sticks to probe out edible substances. The human being, of course, can build more complex shelters and provide more extensively for his food and clothing than can any

other animal. But basically if he does *no more* than this, his society is no more civilized than that accomplished by some lesser animals.

It is this fact that causes a misconception of civilization. It is the emphasis which is being placed on man's mastery of his environment alone. Man distinguishes himself not just by an elaboration or greater refinement of some of the qualities possessed by certain other living things. Rather, man has certain immanent qualities which are intangible and psychical.

He exhibits such abstract qualities as moral discernment, conscience, and reason, or greater intelligence. With these, he has believed it necessary to control and direct the primitive desires and appetites of his being. He has reasoned that human purpose and dignity are served by establishing certain ends for these psychic qualities.

All the primitive functions, the necessary biological ones, should be made to achieve these transcendent ends. In other words, man should exercise compassion and mercy; he should exhibit love and tolerance, and display justice. He should learn of his relationship to life and to all other phenomena. Ignorance is to be looked upon as a functional sin against the special or exceptional faculties which exalt man above all other earthly creatures.

The Refinement of Self

Consequently, the important aspect of civilization is the *refinement of self*. It is the evolution of consciousness, of sensitivity or awareness of the nature of one's indwelling powers. Can we call a people truly civilized—no matter how complex and advanced their technology or even their pure science—if its self remains as brutal or savage as that of a wild beast?

How civilized is a man, no matter what his handicraft, who fails to exhibit those characteristics by which man has claimed preëminence for himself in the hierarchy of living things? Would we accept an anthropoid ape as civilized just because he had been taught to drive a car, to count, or to operate some complex mechanism?

Materialism is being very definitely associated with the mark of civilization, and particularly so today. A nation or

people prosperous enough to surround themselves with mechanical devices which remove much labor from their living, or lessen the rigors of the impact of environment upon themselves, is accepted as an advanced civilization by millions.

The End and the Means

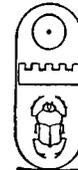
As long as such a standard is thought to be (or is generally accepted as) civilization, the other essential aspect of civilization will be neglected. This, then, results in the lowering of moral restraints and of ethics. It is thought that the end justifies the means. A man is a product of civilization (from this premise) if he surrounds himself with the habiliments of a progressive materialism. Vices and corruption in business appear less and less malevolent to many if luxury and the power of acquisition are prominently displayed as a result of them. In fact, these latter become symbols of the age of civilization.

The decline of personal refinement, of the cultural development of self, eventually brings on a degeneration of material civilization. There is no better example of this than the history of the mighty empire of Rome.

Tremendous advance in the material aspect of civilization, the refinement of environment, with no corresponding self-discipline and cultivation of the higher sentiments and emotions, finally resulted in an inner coarseness. Then man actually retrogressed. As history has shown, his beastly passions and appetites were accelerated by the wealth at his disposal which made it possible to indulge them freely.

It is not that wealth in itself is destructive to society and civilization. It is purposeless in itself. It represents power to which man applies purpose. This purpose can be constructive if it arises from the truly civilized man.

The higher aspects of the human personality are also those of imagination and the invoking of the Cosmic forces of mind wherein aesthetic and psychic impulses are given objective expression. It is these activities that contribute to the arts, to philosophy, to literature, and to spiritual concepts. When these psychic functions fail, when they are



corrupted in any way, art and invention vanish, and their products—beautiful architecture, music, and drama, as well as true statesmanship—likewise disappear. When the civilization of the personal self was dissipated, it was not long before the luxury and refinement of Rome's environment declined.

There are current signs of the lessening of that *personal refinement*, the other leg upon which a sound civiliza-

tion must stand. There is too much evaluation of progress in terms of diminishing labor and the acquiring of further hours of leisure. There is too much judging of the value of life as being the satisfaction of the gross appetites. There is too little concern about any goals, new creations, which will represent or express those very qualities which have given man his distinction as a human being.



THE Emperor will speak in London, on Tuesday evening, August 28. On his way to the International Convention in Paris, Frater Ralph M. Lewis and Soror Gladys Lewis will be the guests of Francis Bacon Chapter. All active members of AMORC are invited to attend this convocation. Address the Master of Francis Bacon Chapter, L. K. Fell-Gordon, % London Administrative Office, 25 Garrick St., London, W.C. 2, England, for additional information.

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.

August: The personality for the month of August is General Charles de Gaulle, President of France.

The code word is: **GRANT**

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

October:

The personality for the month of October will be Mao Tse-tung, China's Communist Party Chairman.

The code word will be: **VICT**



MAO TSE-TUNG
China's Communist
Party Chairman



GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE
President of France

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
July
1962*

A Better World?

By HAROLD P. STEVENS, F. R. C., Grand Councilor of A. M. O. R. C.

ONE of the most generally accepted ideas is that the world is gradually getting *better*. Most people say—if willing to offer an opinion—that the world in spite of certain temporary or local circumstances, conditions, or situations is now better than it was at any time in the past. The validity of such a conclusion must obviously rest not only on the evaluation of the evidence cited but also on a basic criterion of the quality of change in general. Granted that a great many changes have occurred in the world over any given period of time, how can we evaluate or qualify them?

Two of the more widely accepted (but not necessarily valid) criteria are man's pride in his accomplishments and his physical comfort. Man is egotistical to a high degree. Any speaker can win a foothold of acceptance by calling the audience's attention to the fact that it is composed of *men* in the broader sense. We love to be told that by divine sanction and our accomplishments we are *higher* than the animals. Most would agree that man in general has improved upon the world given to him by God.

It is, therefore, never popular to suggest that the world may not be as "good a place" as it used to be or that it has merely changed in apparent form—is neither better nor worse than it was. Man is proud of what he has accomplished—even proud to have devised means for mass self-destruction and not to have used it to any great degree.

That the world is a good deal more comfortable than it used to be is, of course, a moot question. We are not really good judges of how comfortable the world used to be—or even of how comfortable it is now. What is comfort? Leaving out of consideration for the moment the great portions of the world's population still in primitive want and presently aware of better things where that *awareness* did not previously exist, is life—even in North America—more comfortable than it used to be?

Comfort is a state or condition of consciousness. If we *realize* comfort, then we are comfortable, regardless of the physical conditions which we are experiencing. Such realization is brought about by our inner evaluation of the reports of our senses *at the moment* as compared with our memory of previous experiences and possibly our imagining contrasting ones.

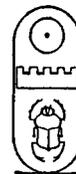
For example, a man used to resting on rocky ground might realize extreme comfort in reclining on smooth grass. On the other hand, a man used to resting in a hammock or a bed might consider the grass to be uncomfortable. Either man, imagining himself on a much advertised modern mattress, could realize discomfort in his accustomed resting place.

The True Criterion

Based on our standards, the world may be more comfortable than it used to be, but the true criterion must be the *realization*, and it is impossible to prove that we are more comfortable than men 10,000 or 100,000 years ago realized themselves to be. It is, in fact, possible that many are actually less comfortable today than they should be because their realization—conditioned by all sorts of advertised available "comforts" which they do not yet possess—is of lack.

Another widely used argument that the world is better is the advance in therapeutic systems for treating man's diseases, infirmities, and miseries. Current literature rings with the praise of miracle drugs, new and astounding surgical techniques, "scientific" diets, and other new discoveries. There can be little doubt that the average life span of humans in some parts of the world has been lengthened. Many diseases which used to scourge and decimate mankind are now rare and of minor importance in the problems of personal and public health.

Any treatment which contributes to the health and happiness of men and women is worthy of praise, but a great many of the highly praised therapeu-



tical agents do little or nothing to correct the causes of ill health.

The present state of affairs might be described as follows: "People become sick, infirm, and miserable just as often as they ever did, but modern techniques have mitigated and changed the results of such experiences." Many formerly potent causes of transition have been relegated by discoveries of physicians to minor status. However, men, women, and children still pass through transition, and always as the result of some active cause. *It is incumbent on nature to provide the cause of transition—if not the old; then a new.*

Arguments as to the relative merits of the causes of transition are of doubtful pertinence: Is death by cancer better or worse than death by bubonic plague? Is being killed by an automobile better or worse than being killed by a wild animal or poisonous snake? Is it better to be rendered infirm or miserable by radioactive poisoning than by malnutrition?

True, the average life span in North America, at least, has been extended. Whether this is significant or of no consequence depends entirely on what occurs in each and every life during its period of extension. Have the added months or years made the person wiser, kinder, happier? Has his longer life helped to make others wiser, kinder, and happier?

These must be the criteria of life regardless of its length. History is replete with instances of men who accomplished much—for good or ill—with in a relatively short life span. It also records the thousands of men who accomplished much in a longer life span. It has little to say of the billions whose longer or shorter lives were of little importance to the world at large however much they may have contributed within a smaller sphere.

It is frequently pointed out that the world and its inhabitants are less cruel than they used to be; that men are no longer fed to the beasts, burned at the stake, broken on the rack, or sold into slavery. It is undoubtedly true that physical cruelty has decreased in some degree in certain parts of the world, but there is abundant evidence that it continues unabated in other parts.

Even where physical cruelty has been reduced in incidence, there is little to indicate that this is due to any fundamental change in the human capacity to act cruelly. Rather, public morals and the ethics of society have decreed against the public display of cruelty—but man (in the mass) remains as cruel-minded as ever.

Mental Cruelty Still Common

Mental cruelty, surely as common as it ever was, is seldom the subject of public display; but its results are at least as crippling and painful to the mind as physical cruelty is to the body. A reduction in physical cruelty from without by law or social pressure is merely a change in aspect; not an amelioration. Until and unless cruelty of all kinds is reduced from within each individual by the pressure of spiritual understanding, it can hardly be said that the world is better in that regard.

Improved communications are often cited as proof of progress, and it is certainly true that reports get around, generally speaking, much, much faster than they used to do. But at the same time, wherever the subject has been studied, experts report that languages are failing in their ability to express meaning.

Semantic values are deteriorating through both carelessness and pressure from those who would distort meaning. The so-called *advance* evidenced by rapid communication must be qualified in large part by its value, not just to the communicator, but by the contents of its message, and more significantly by its approximation to truth.

A lie, which can be spread through the whole world in a few minutes, is worse and more dangerous in direct ratio to the speed of its transmission: Criminals as well as peace officers are using improved communications.

Many other *improvements* in the world could be similarly analyzed. Perhaps the most prominent is the magic word *Science*. Science, we are told, has illuminated the world by shedding light on so much that was heretofore unknown about our environment.

We are also told that technology based on that science will tomorrow usher in the Golden Age. Yet all scientists of real stature admit that every

Have You A Birthmark?

IF you are a woman, you will probably find you have about 14; fewer if you are a man. There are several different kinds: The *strawberry*; the *mole*; the *port-wine*; or the *freckle*. Freckling occurs to most of us in some degree.

In 15th and 16th century France and Germany, a birthmark—even if no larger than a dark freckle—was often considered a “witch” or “devil” mark—evidence (acceptable in court!) that the birthmarked person had made a pact with the devil. The accused was automatically considered guilty of heresy, and usually put to death.

In 18th century France, an artificial mark or “patch” on the face was thought to enhance beauty. Patches of all shapes were part of every lady’s toilette. The “beauty mark” somewhat resembling a mole is probably a hold-over from these times.

Today, people accept science’s explanations of birthmarks and minimize

their importance. *Covermark*, an opaque cream created by Lydia O’Leary, Inc., is one way. It covers birthmarks so as to defy detection. Before such scientific preparations, women, for beauty’s sake, used concoctions that would terrify a modern doctor.

Princess Louisa Colonna had her own secret for removing skin discolorations—a formula given her by a Neapolitan gentleman who had learned of it in Turkey: Equal parts of wild cucumber and narcissus roots, dried in the shade, reduced to a powder and put into a good brandy were used to wash the face until it itched!

As late as the end of the 19th century, cosmetic books advised such “spot removers” as acetic acid, “lunar caustic,” chloride of lime, sulphuric acid, vinegar—even good Jamaica rum to clear the skin.

If you have a birthmark, don’t let it bother you. Just keep it “under cover.”

—Central Feature News

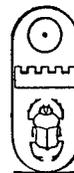


A BETTER WORLD?

new discovery poses more questions than it answers. This is inevitable: As we turn our backs on the luminous *center* and explore our way outward toward the periphery of creation, the arc we have to explore and evaluate grows by a factor of 2^r times the square of the distance travelled, and we actually get farther and farther from the true answer to all of our questions which *is in the light of the center*. The truth which seems to glow from the infinity of separate objects on the peripheric horizon is merely a dim reflection of that light of truth which streams from the center.

Technology based on such science must then be but a dimly reflected counterpart of the technique of the soul, which alone can usher in the Golden Age—but not for mankind in the mass. Only for each living soul, one by one, as the use of that technique is learned.

If the world is better than it was, it is so only for those individual expressions of *Soul* who have learned and use that technique to make it better by realization of the improved quality. The actuality of the world remains unchanged.



IN MEMORIAM

Education requires a basis of intelligence to be effective. Specialized training is not alone sufficient to meet the situations of our complex mode of living. It is intelligence that provides the depth of reasoning and the imagination to evaluate properly the knowledge which education provides. Profound insight and judgment make it possible for the individual often to *think beyond* the limitation that a formal education more often establishes. Intelligence and intuition frequently temper empirical knowledge and provide the justice and understanding of human nature. In other words, education must be the tool that a developed mentality uses. It can never be a substitute for the lack of the latter.

Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, first Emperor of the second cycle of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, exhibited these exceptional qualities of mind. He seemed to be able to anticipate new channels of knowledge and investigation. His mind was able to reach out beyond the formalities of specialized training, and he was able and ready to grasp and adjust to new situations. He was thus not at a loss to cope with the problems of Rosicrucian members who came to him even though such may have been outside the scope of his particular personal experience. His personality marked him as a true humanitarian and philosopher. His ability to anticipate and see merging causes and the events that would follow gave his mind a prophetic quality.

These qualities of mind are very evident in the writings of Dr. Lewis, in his books, discourses, and lectures. He lived in the present, in the physical, but those who knew him were aware that his mind dwelt in the future, in the germinating of new ideas, eventually to be brought into reality.

Dr. H. Spencer Lewis experienced the great initiation, passing through transition, at 3:15 p.m., Wednesday, August 2, 1939. His earthly remains are interred in the Akhnaton Shrine in Rosicrucian Park, in accordance with his wishes. On the anniversary of his transition each year, a brief, informal ceremony is conducted in his memory in the Akhnaton Shrine at Rosicrucian Park. All offices are closed for the day, and activities of Rosicrucian Park, with the exception of this ceremony, cease. This ceremony will again be observed on Thursday, August 2 at 4:15 p.m., *Pacific Daylight Saving Time*.

*The
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Rosicrucians in the vicinity are invited to attend. Rosicrucians elsewhere are asked to observe a minute of *silent tribute* to the memory of Dr. Lewis, if they possibly can at an hour in their locality corresponding to this Pacific Time.

JOAN CAMPBELL, F. R. C.

The
Esthetic
Emotion

To feel the urges of the Soul but not to understand or be able to express them harmoniously is today our greatest frustration; especially when we consciously deny the very existence of such a thing as a Soul and the validity of its demands.

Science leaves us little respect for or credence in the existence of a Soul and the potency of its activity even though *frontier* science is rediscovering many human activities that correspond closely to the definition of the Soul in ancient times. Between the extremes of popular belief and new findings, the old fallacy persists that the Soul is a superstition.

Francis Bacon's prophetic aphorism that a little knowledge tendeth man to atheism but that the deepening of knowledge must inevitably bring him back to a recognition of a Creator of all things, is more true today and more appropriate than it has ever been.

Art has always given man the best medium for the Soul's expression, and it continues to offer a palpable mystery enjoyed by an increasing number of human beings. *Pure* art is always undergoing analysis and definition, but the more it is defined the more it defies definition.

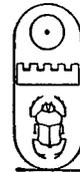
Euphrosyne. Modern treatment in "lost-wax" bronze of a classic theme, by Montana-born GORDON DIPPLE. Maintaining a studio in the mountains above Los Gatos, California, since his return from Italy, 34-year-old Frater Dipple (Master of Arts of California College of Arts and Crafts) has taught and exhibited on the West Coast of the United States.



Nearly everyone believes there is a real distinction between works of art and other objects—and most agree that there is a peculiar *emotion* evoked by works of art, whether these are painting, sculpture, music, or drama. If this "peculiar emotion" can be accepted as communication, we have moved a step forward, for every work produces an emotion of some kind even though it may be slightly different for each form.

This feeling, *the esthetic emotion*, is a quality common and peculiar to all objects which evoke it. It is the foundation of esthetics and the essential quality of a work of art, distinguishing it from all other things.

The controversial Clive Bell states that he considers pure art to be that which communicates the esthetic experience. He describes this experience



as an emotional and psychic movement, which not only determines a work of art but finds its validity in stimulating definite *states of mind*.

This does not necessarily depend upon an imitation of Nature, for nonrepresentational works can as often as not be the greatest expressions of it. One must look deeper into the question and see behind all the myriad forms of expression a quite mysterious *combination of elements* that produces an emotional response—a combination called collectively *Significant Form*.

In pure esthetics we have only to consider our emotion and its object. We do not have to consider why we are profoundly moved in a particular way. If certain forms, arranged and combined according to unknown laws, *do* move us in a particular way, it is the business of the artist to use them to so move us.

Any system of esthetics must be subjective, for we have no means of recognizing a work of art other than through our *feeling* for it—and objects that provoke esthetic emotion vary with every individual. Our personal tastes in works of art are an individual matter beyond dispute.

The Viewer Must Be Moved

It is useless for one person to tell another than a certain object is a work of art unless he can make him *feel* for himself that it is so. He must be moved to see so that he can see to be moved. Unless this can be done, he will not comprehend the work as a work of art. Through the fundamental quality of the work, though, it is possible for this comprehension to come as a revelation.

We may describe this significant form as “combinations of lines and colors that evoke esthetic emotion,” even though many will prefer to describe *esthetic emotion* as a feeling of *beauty*. Whether we say “combinations of lines and colors” or “significant relations of elements” or “rhythms”—so long as we mean that these things *move us in a particular way*, we are coming to the same understanding.

Beauty has too often been used to describe forms which do not evoke esthetic emotion. Most feel differently towards natural beauty than towards man-made creations.

When an ordinary man speaks of a beautiful woman, he does not mean that she moves him esthetically. But an artist who calls a withered old hag beautiful means the same as when he calls a battered torso beautiful. The ordinary man may call the battered torso beautiful but not the withered old hag because in women it is not the esthetic quality that he calls beautiful—more often than not, it is that which he considers “desirable.” Esthetic and sensual beauty cannot be defined by someone who has not experienced the former.

We are all familiar with objects that interest and excite our admiration but do not move us as works of art. To this class belong descriptive painting, pictures used to convey information, or portraits of psychological or historical value. Such works suggest emotions although in themselves they are not *objects of emotion*.

Objects of emotion—good art—do a specific thing. They evoke good states of mind. Anything that warms us, moves us ecstatically, or fills us with a joyful feeling, evokes a good state of mind and as such takes on a universal appeal, eventually bringing about a unity in appreciation as the experience spreads.

Once, therefore, we have judged a thing to be a work of art, we have judged it ethically of the first importance, thus putting it beyond the reach of the moralist. Descriptive pictures, not necessarily works of art or means to good states of mind, are therefore the proper objects of the ethical philosopher’s attention.

Futurist pictures can be considered *descriptive* because they aim at presenting in line and color the chaos of the mind at a particular moment; their forms are not intended to evoke esthetic emotion for good states of mind. The information they convey may evoke some kind of emotion, but it would not be considered esthetic. A good futurist picture may succeed psychologically in revealing through line and color an interesting state of mind.

Primitive Art

Those who care about art find that the works that move them most are those called *Primitive Art*. There, not

accurate representation but significant form moves us profoundly. The absence of technical swagger leads to a sublimely impressive simplicity.

Formal significance is often lost in preoccupation with exact representation and ostentatious cunning. Although the quality of representation is in itself indifferent and need not destroy the significance of form, it very often leads it into another direction. In a literary appreciation of a picture, our esthetic emotions remain unstirred.

If a "realistic" form is significant, it is the form that is significant, not the realism. The representative element should be irrelevant, for we need bring no foreknowledge to appreciate a work of art. A real work of art will transport us directly from the mundane world into a world of esthetic exaltation.

Good states of mind are alone good as ends: The goal of one's effort, whether in art, religion, or mysticism, and for that matter any cultural activity. Art is a potent and direct means to these ends: The Soul has unlimited territory in which to express itself.

A study of the history of art, while it will give us a greater knowledge of historical periods and the individual lives of painters and their works, will not of itself give us the esthetic experience of art, which alone can bring us to the true ends of pure art. We must learn to see, feel, and experience directly for ourselves without preconceived opinions and mental concepts what a work of art has to give. We must awaken our receptor faculties and allow the object to work within us a strange alchemy.

We should go to see pictures without a catalogue and look at them without knowing who painted them or when. We should spend our time with those we like the best, returning again and again to these favorites. It is more important to be moved than to know why we are moved; thus we will discover what art is, and what the true role of the artist in society is.

A mechanistic view of science, like a mechanistic view of art, will never satisfy the Soul. The scientific method has been used for art as it has been employed in all departments of our existence, leading to a greater understanding of life. However, Francis Bacon warned posterity of the dangers of knowledge revealed through the scientific method: He said the scientist would need to grow into a philosopher, for the facts of knowledge are not in themselves an end but means to an end. The greatest error of all, he reiterated, is in mistaking the true ends of knowledge. The true ends of knowledge must surely be the *Summum Bonum*—perhaps the greatest state of mind.

Opposite Approaches

Like art, science seeks the ultimate reality. Both seem to approach from opposite directions; but by whatever road, the greater the distance traveled, the greater the unity achieved.

Some seem to come to this reality by sheer force of imagination; others along traditional lines. The lives of many of our greatest men only rarely reveal especially favored conditions in life; yet a number have found success of a worldly kind during their lifetimes.

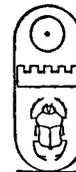
They all sought a glimpse, no matter how fleeting, of Eternity behind and beneath the surface manifestations of their study; the Universal behind the Particular; Noumena behind Phenomena; the Soul behind the Reflection; and the *thing in itself* behind its effect.

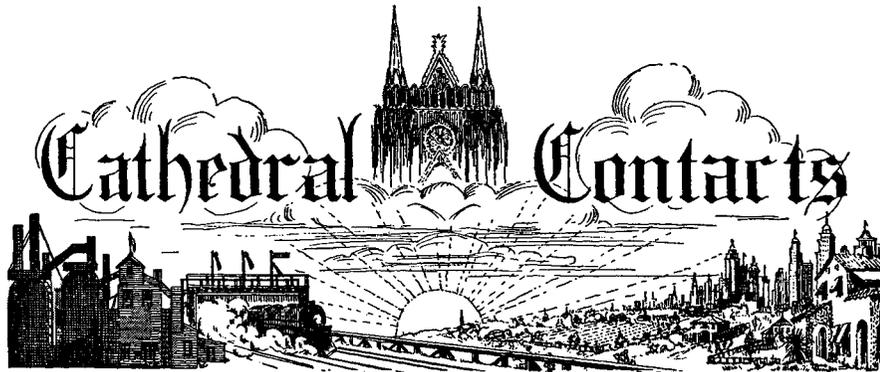
For the artist this end is not an intellectual one. His goal is what the Religionists would call his Salvation. He makes the discovery that "a sense of reality is the essence of spiritual health," and that art is a twin manifestation of the One Source and an equal brother of religion: Equal in status and in intent, to heighten the experience of reality, to penetrate the Mysteries of Nature, and to attain the Oneness with life that makes it more vivid, more beautiful, more inspiring, and above all, more dynamic and creative.



It is to him who masters our minds by the force of truth, not to those who enslave men by violence; it is to him who understands the universe, not to those who disfigure it, that we owe our reverence.

—VOLTAIRE





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.*)

METAPHYSICAL PRINCIPLES AND HEALTH

By CECIL A. POOLE, *Supreme Secretary*

FOR some individuals the word *metaphysics* conveys only a vague meaning, despite the fact that it has been defined many times. These people seem to have the idea that metaphysics is simply a name for miracles; others believe that it is an uninteresting, speculative part of philosophy. Neither idea is correct. To understand and use metaphysical principles, however, it is first necessary to have definitions and meanings clearly in mind.

As the study of being—that is, fundamental causes and processes—metaphysics is based on the belief that regardless of the apparent multiplicity of expression which we see in the universe about us, there is somewhere and in some condition one thing which underlies all others, which has value

above all other things, and which is the fundamental expression of the force that causes the universe to exist. This final or ultimate reality is the concern of metaphysics.

There is an underlying relationship between the ultimate purpose of the universe, the ultimate values of creation, and the health or well-being of each individual who makes up a part of that universe and creation. To understand this, we must determine the position of the individual in relation to the universe.

The individual is sometimes described in occult literature, and, as far as that is concerned, in orthodox and scientific literature, as being a microcosm as compared with the macrocosm, which is the universe as a whole. In certain ways,

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depending upon the point of view, he is a minute copy or representation of the entire universe of which he is a part. The individual duplicates on a much smaller scale the forces, elements, and energy that pervade all the universe. Therefore, it would seem logical to conclude, if we accept these statements as facts, that what affects the universe as a whole would affect the individual, and logically, the reverse would also be true.

There are individuals who claim to be able to demonstrate the truth of this statement through their own experiences. Some people seem to be much more closely in attunement with conditions external to their bodies. For example, there are those who seem to be able to anticipate changes in the weather; others are able to anticipate manifestations of other forms of material phenomena.

This attunement between ourselves and the rest of the universe is capable of improvement. We should all be able to adjust ourselves better to the factors around us. If a complete and satisfactory adjustment could be made, the result would be a state of harmony between ourselves and the rest of the universe.

It would include the physical world and the creative mind of God in all forces manifested by Him. Should this condition be brought into existence, we would have, as referred to in the Rosicrucian teachings, absolute harmony; and if such a state prevailed in, through, and about us, surely well-being, health, and happiness would be a part of our thinking and actions.

In view of these considerations regarding the universe and our place in it, we are able to understand more clearly the connection between metaphysical principles and the health or well-being of the individual. The connection is the manifestation of a relationship between the forces that exist in us and throughout the universe.

These forces, which from the standpoint of Rosicrucian philosophy are considered idealistic and therefore of a nonmaterial nature, are manifestations of the ultimate reality sought by those who study metaphysical principles. The life force and the forces in the universe related to it, if not manifestations of the ultimate reality itself, are at least

results of it and pervade all things whether living or not.

Mere knowledge of the existence of these forces does not produce well-being or change a person who is ill into a healthy individual. Many factors enter into the question of why an unhealthy condition or state of illness should come to be—so many factors, in fact, that we cannot here attempt to consider them all. It is obvious, however, that the physical condition of an individual deteriorates when harmony no longer exists. This can be due to wrong thinking, wrong living, or, to sum it up, lack of conformance to the law and order of nature.

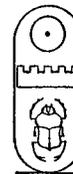
Three Basic Classifications

Knowledge alone cannot save us, not even the knowledge that re-establishing a condition of harmony will do away with ill-health. Man must cope with these conditions through the various methods of healing that have been devised and discovered. Today, therapeutical systems fall into three basic classifications: Some concern the chemistry of the body, others the structure of the body, and finally, the systems concerned with the content of the mind. All have some bearing upon the re-establishment of harmony with its resultant individual well-being.

Whether we resort to healing by manipulation—that is, by changing the position of the body or parts of the body by pressure, movement, or surgery—or whether we resort to chemical treatment by introducing certain chemicals into the blood stream for the purpose of varying the chemical content of the body, or whether mental healing is the process followed, each can do its part. No particular one is the final or absolute method of adjusting all human ills.

All are important, and mental healing is certainly not the least, but rather, should be considered the most fundamental because once the proper mental attitude is formulated by the individual seeking well-being, he is in a better position to avail himself of the advantages of other systems.

In skilled hands, each system has its place, and once a condition of inharmony has come into existence, the most useful of these processes—as may be



determined by a competent physician—will aid in re-establishing the desired harmonious state. It is important to realize that in certain cases any or all of these therapeutical processes have value and that one alone may not be sufficient.

Therefore, to apply mental or metaphysical principles, although they are of value, to a condition or disease, is not always sufficient, especially in cases of long standing. If man maintained a proper balance between the psychic and physical parts of his being, metaphysics and mental forms of therapeutics would be enough. Unfortunately, in our lifetimes, we have deviated from that plan, and must now return to it step by step through the same means by which we lost a state of harmony and balance.

The part that metaphysical principles can play in the lives of each of us is to learn through teachings such as the Rosicrucians offer the proper ways to direct the physical and mental forces of our bodies so that they may be the most conducive to health and well-being. The knowledge and practical ap-

plication of these laws are important even if their success is only slight.

Such success is a small miracle in itself because it causes us to return to our natural position in relation to the rest of the universe. The proper study of metaphysical principles gives an individual a comprehension not only of the ultimate reality in the universe but also of an ultimate value and purpose in his own life, which, if in accord with the universal purpose, establishes a closer tie with the creative force of the universe as a whole.

Such a concept will contribute to the totality of individual health and well-being. A philosophy of life which gives a *value* to stand on and a purpose to work toward is sometimes far more important than the immediate physical condition in which we find ourselves.

The understanding of self, of the peace of self, and the relationship of self to the rest of creation is the foundation upon which not only *health* is established, but it is also the foundation for all activities of the individual, social and otherwise.



ROSICRUCIAN INITIATION AT OAKLAND LODGE, AMORC

Ninth Temple Degree, Saturday, July 14, at 8:00 p. m.
263 - 12th Street, Oakland, California

ROSICRUCIAN DIRECTORY

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



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

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Dollmaking Today in Japan

A HOBBY is accepted as an antidote for many ills. Spare-time creating for fun is a Western concept. "How-to" and "do-it-yourself" ideas keep hands busy and minds active, relieving the pressures of swift-paced modern living.

It is perhaps natural, then, that a country like Japan, which in little more than two decades has emerged from tradition-bound isolation into full-fledged participation in world industry, should seize upon the hobby as a release from new tensions and stresses.

Probably no other country has a longer background of dollmaking than Japan. Treasured for generations within families, dolls represent every class and period, depicting with minute exactness the complexities of an age-old culture. The traditional art, once the exclusive province of the professional, today has invaded the home: Women throughout Japan are making dolls. What is more, their enthusiasm has resulted in the formation of groups which vie with each other with the same competitive spirit typical of hobby clubs in other countries.

Today's dolls, however, can be different. Imagination need no longer be expressed within the limits of custom-dictated rules. It is not too surprising to see a Japanese doll clothed in the latest Parisian fashion.

This emphasis upon beauty has modified the doll's traditional role. Whereas formerly its function was occult and symbolic, it is now to express life in terms of everyday living.

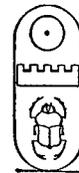
In keeping with modern trends, dollmaking is made easier by the availability of prefabricated parts and materials. This is not to say, however, that assembling dolls is not a painstaking and laborious process. It is. Yet it is the finishing that provides the challenge. Here imagination and originality are given full play; here craftsmanship becomes art.



Visitors to the Art Gallery of the Rosicrucian Egyptian, Oriental Museum last year were privileged to see an exquisite display of Japanese dolls, the work of native-born Mrs. Sadako Yamamoto, who studied dollmaking while on a visit to Japan several years ago. The fragile beauty of her creations exemplifies the combining of old forms with new concepts.

Once wholly allied to the past, dollmaking now finds itself joined to the present and to the future. Individuality is emerging as a standard while conformity is becoming outmoded. Whether realistic or idealistic, of the past or of the present, the dolls of Japan today testify to emancipation from timeworn custom. With accent upon beauty, amateur dollmakers have contributed to the elevation of dollmaking to the status of true art.

"Lion Dance"—This Doll was created by Mrs. Sadako Yamamoto and exhibited in the Rosicrucian Egyptian, Oriental Museum.



WILLI WEICHEL SEMPLE, F. R. C.

Dr. Kinnaman: Digger for Facts

*An intimate account of a chance
meeting and a long friendship
with a world-renowned
archeologist.*

ON September 7, 1961, the last survivor of the ill-fated King Tut-Ankh-Amen Expedition, embarked on his final "Dig."

Dr. J. O. Kinnaman, Biblical Archeologist and "Digger for Facts," was dead at the age of 84, his forty-year battle with a debilitating heart condition (induced by poison dust in the Egyptian Pharaoh's tomb, and not by any so-called *curse*) was over. He was my friend and one of the greatest souls I have ever known.

I first met him in Stockton, California, in 1955, and to Lowell Thomas must go my thanks for a friendship that generously provided food for my soul, light for my mind, and a golden goad to spur me on to new discoveries in my own little "dig." Not that Mr. Thomas personally made the introduction, but on one of his broadcasts I first heard of Dr. Kinnaman and his participation in the King "Tut" Expedition.

As long as I can remember, I have had a great love for Egypt, a burning curiosity about the Great Pyramid at Gizeh. It can be imagined then, how excited I became when two or three nights after the Lowell Thomas broadcast, I spotted an article in the *Stockton Record* stating that the same Dr. J. O. Kinnaman was to lecture there that very night!

I will never forget the electric current that went through me when that tall, white-haired, bushy-browed man, his back straight as a stele, walked to the podium and said: "Everything in the Bible is absolutely true." He paused, then fairly boomed: "But which Bible?"

Following the lecture, I met Dr. Kinnaman, and to my great delight he accepted an invitation to visit the next day. That visit was the first of many which continued up to the time of his death.

During that initial visit, he subtly laid the ground rules we were to follow in all our discussions. I shall never forget his saying: "I will answer your questions but only on the level on which you ask them." A college dissertation, he explained, could be confusing and definitely detrimental to a kindergartner.

From the very beginning, Dr. Kinnaman prodded me to think independently. He would lead, yes, but I must follow on my own feet. He would not carry me; and when he had led me halfway up a mountain, so to speak, I was expected to go the rest of the way alone.

Travel via Dr. Kinnaman's Chair

As I look back on our many discussions, it is as though Dr. Kinnaman had taken me on a personally conducted tour. He would sit in what came to be called *Dr. Kinnaman's chair* and begin to talk. The walls of the room would fade, and the past would become the present.

When he and Sir William Flinders Petrie, noted British Egyptologist, were at the Great Pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt in search of solutions to its many mysteries, I was completely with them in spirit.

"Just how old do you think the Great Pyramid is?" Dr. Kinnaman once asked.

I shook my head. "It was built in 46,000 B.C. Yes Siree, that's what I said . . . 46,000 B.C. And what would you think, eh, if I told you it was not built by Khufu but by Atlantians? Oh, yes, Atlantis actually did exist. Furthermore, the Great Pyramid was never built for a tomb."

"But how did you and Dr. Petrie discover all this?" I asked.

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"By accident," he replied. "We discovered a secret room containing things you'd never believe, and in that secret room among other items we found proof of the date of the building of the Pyramid. We found manuscripts that told us for what purpose it was built, and we found a lot more, too."

"But how is it that we have never heard of this secret room?"

"Because Dr. Petrie and I swore an oath to highest government officials in Egypt and Great Britain never to divulge this knowledge during our lifetimes."

"Why not?"

"Well, it was the consensus at that time that the world in general was not yet ready to understand and cope with this knowledge, much less really believe that it actually exists."

Space precludes retelling all that Dr. Kinnaman related. It was as fascinating as any piece of science-fiction—but it was a true story. How do I know? Chiefly because it was impossible to know Dr. Kinnaman very long without being convinced that he would never lie, rationalize, imagine, or even theorize about what might or might not be so. As he so often said of himself, he was a "digger for facts," not a theorist.

Vicariously, I "journeyed" with Dr. Kinnaman in his meetings with the late Kings Fuad of Egypt and Menelik II of Ethiopia. I watched young Haile Selassie's face glow with excitement as he listened to Dr. Kinnaman's tales of Buffalo Bill and the great Wild West of America.

I trudged with him through white-hot desert sands to Engedi on the Dead Sea where he told of the Essenes and explained from whence they had come and what their real mission was. I took ship with him to India where we visited the great University of the Rock at Jagannath, now Puri.

Other times, I wandered with Dr. Kinnaman through the highways and byways of the Holy Land to the top of the Mount Carmel where he pointed out the site where the School of the Prophets had stood.

Around the world a full seven times, I journeyed in thought with this intrepid student—held captive with him by Jivaro head hunters in South America, living on blubber with the Eskimos,

witnessing the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and in Ethiopia peeking at the document which proves the legal marriage between the great King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

I traveled to Glastonbury, England, examined the Well of the Chalice, and saw the coffin with the initials J. of A., believed to be that of Joseph of Arimathea, who arrived in Glastonbury around 63 A.D.

The "Guided Tours" End

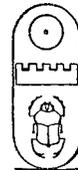
Finally, however, the "guided tours" came to an end. Dr. Kinnaman was slowly dying. Years of diabetes and anemia on top of an already weakened heart began to take their toll. He knew it and was reconciled: In one sense, I think, he was looking forward to satisfying his curiosity concerning the hereafter.

He was in my home when the necessity for immediate surgery sent him to the hospital for several weeks before his final bout with Death. I shall never forget the three weeks before this happened. His frame had shrunk and his skin had taken on the parchment-like quality one sees in so many approaching the end. He liked best to doze in *his chair*, listening to bagpipe records, and he slept much better if I turned the music up until the very rafters shook with the skirl of pipes and the beat of drums. He loved the pipes, and was as proud of his Scots ancestry as he was of his American heritage.

Just a few days before he died, while in a rest home, Dr. Kinnaman came to see me although unable to get out of the car. This was the last time I saw him; yet not a day goes by that I don't find myself attempting to piece together the varying lights and shadows to make the composite of his life.

Dr. Kinnaman was born on February 23, 1877, on a farm near Bryan, Ohio, the only child of wealthy parents. With his father he went to Egypt where he first met Dr. Petrie. It was there his life interest in archeology was born. To prepare himself for his chosen field, he studied Latin and Greek, and mastered Hebrew, Koiné Greek, and Aramaic.

He received his Doctor of Divinity Degree as a basis for the explorations he wanted to make in the field of Biblical Archeology. He also earned a de-



gree in medicine so as to be of medical assistance to his co-workers in the field. He held a Ph.D. as well as a Doctorate in Archeology from the University of Rome. For twenty years he worked with Dr. Petrie on the Great Pyramid, and spent another thirty in Biblical Exploration.

Dr. Kinnaman was the author of four books and numerous articles on the subject of Archeology and the Bible, and he interspersed his explorations with lecture tours. He was a Fellow and former Vice-President of the Victoria Institute and the Palestinian Ex-

ploration Fund of Great Britain; a member of the Society of Archeologists; former Editor and Publisher of five magazines and a Biblical and Archeological Digest. At his father's death, he had inherited more than a million dollars, but the Stock Market Crash of 1929 had wiped it out and he died absolutely penniless.

Dr. Kinnaman was a man whose gifts to others were gifts of himself. He gave something to all who asked and never stinted in the giving. I know because I was often the recipient. He led me to the doorway of my own mind.



WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN RALLIES

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA: The Southern Cross Chapter of AMORC will sponsor a Rally for all members in South Africa on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, September 28 to 30. Members in Africa are particularly invited to this Rally to meet and hear the Imperator, Frater Ralph M. Lewis, who will be the principal speaker and guest at the Rally. The program will also include addresses by the Grand Councilor, Frater Roland Ehrmann and the Grand Lodge representative and lecturer, Frater Gerald A. Bailey. For further information regarding the time and place, direct your inquiries to Mrs. R. Felix, Master, Southern Cross Chapter, P.O. Box 2417, Johannesburg, Transvaal.

SALISBURY, SOUTHERN RHODESIA: The Salisbury Chapter will sponsor a Rally Friday and Saturday, October 12 and 13. As a part of the program planned, the Imperator, Frater Ralph M. Lewis, will be the principal speaker and guest at this Rally. Frater Gerald A. Bailey, field representative and lecturer of the Grand Lodge, will also be present. For further information, direct your requests to Mr. H. Taylor, Master, Salisbury Chapter, P.O. Box 3409, Salisbury.

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND: The 1962 New Zealand Rally sponsored by the Wellington Chapter of AMORC will be held on Saturday and Sunday, October 20 and 21, in the Savage Club Rooms, 1 Kent Terrace, Wellington, beginning at 9:30 a.m. Further information may be obtained by writing Mrs. Winifred S. Crump, 18A Montague Street, Lower Hutt.

LONDON, ENGLAND: The Eleventh United Kingdom Rosicrucian Rally is scheduled for Saturday and Sunday, September 15 and 16, at the Victoria Halls, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C. 1, sponsored by the Francis Bacon Chapter. For information, write to the Rally Secretary, Mrs. J. S. Rolph, 36 Penberth Road, Catford, London, S. E. 6, or the Rally Chairman, Mr. R. Jeffery, 38 Beltran Road, Fulham, London, S.W. 6.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: Lodges and Chapters in the Pacific Northwest are sponsoring the Northwest Rally on August 25 and 26 at the Michael Maier Lodge, 1431 Minor Avenue, Seattle. The Grand Master, Frater Rodman R. Clayson, will be the principal speaker. Members are invited to make inquiry of the Lodge Secretary, Mrs. Rose Anne Larson, 7275 - 29th N.E., Seattle 15, for further information about the Rally and visiting the Seattle World's Fair.

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The Family of Man

By Félix Martí-Ibáñez, M. D.

Professor and Chairman of the Department of The History of Medicine, New York Medical College, Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals; Editor-in-Chief of MD, the Medical Newsmagazine, New York, N. Y.

IN a recent trip around the world, I had the opportunity of meeting, under the distant stars of remote skies, the family of man.

There is no better way of gaining a panoramic view of the family of man than a swift flight around the world, carried by the angels of the winds and the hands of the pilots. The earth and its inhabitants then become a whirling kaleidoscope of races and places, as diverse in appearance as they are alike in essence, as distant from one another in the horizontal dimension of geographical space as they are close to each other in the vertical dimension of historical time.

Perhaps nothing reveals the essential unity that exists in the family of man throughout the world as well as the dinner hour does, when men and women, joined by blood or spirit, gather to break bread and share salt under the same roof. This moment I have shared with diverse peoples of many nations.

Around the Globe

I have dined with a Japanese family in Kamakura in the shade of the colossal *Daibutsu*, the ancient bronze statue of Buddha, its huge melancholy head wreathed in shimmering starlight.

Squatting on *tatamis* around doll-size tables, I marveled at the swift ballet of my hosts' chopsticks, gracefully picking rice from small snow-white porcelain bowls or a green tendril from the miniature vegetable garden at the bottom of golden broth in red lacquered bowls.

I watched their chopsticks selecting savory morsels of *unagi no kabayaki*, which is broiled eel bedded on rice, served in tiny black japanned boxes reminiscent of those used to hold water-color paints.

But then, what is a Japanese dinner but a delightful water color, often served in graceful, serene private rooms opening onto those Japanese gardens—rocks, sand, dwarf trees, miniature waterfalls

singing in the magic silence—that more than gardens are a shorthand of nature.

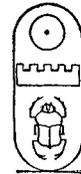
I have dined on the shore of Hong Kong's Aberdeen Bay, its waters carpeted with junks and sampans, whose huge mainsails look like the membranous wings of a bat. In this floating village, thousands of Chinese fishermen day after day eat their fare of noodles, abalone, and garrupa in their junks—where they are born, live, and die—by the light of a candle that shines softly, as in heaven a child's soul must shine.

With a Portuguese of Macao I have shared *pomba rostida* and white rice in the dingy taverns of the Rua de Felicidade, amid the clamor of fan-tan players, facing the tiny shops selling gold jewelry, which are dark and dismal cubbyholes in the daytime but become gold-refulgent grottoes like Aladdin's cave at night. Not far from here is Red China's frontier at Portas de Cerco, on the other side of which Chinese soldiers, gun on shoulder and eyes alert, stand waiting.

I have dined with the Siamese in their *klungs*, or canals, the floating markets of Bangkok, a Venice with sampans, where in huts mounted on stilts dwell the forever-smiling native families, who come down in the morning to pyramid their sampans with golden, amethyst, and coral-toned tropical fruits, meat, and fish.

With dainty porcelain spoons we ate tongue-searing hot curries, hotter than the contortions of a Latin rhumba dancer, while nearby, in dazzling ceramic and marble temples, emerald and gold-leafed Buddhas smiled down with milenary wisdom on the Buddhist monks clad in bright saffron-yellow robes.

In the steaming jungle of Cambodia, beneath palm trees throbbing with leaping monkeys, facing what long ago was the center of the fabulous Khmer culture of Angkor Vat, but which today lies almost razed to the ground by the ruthless green invasion of the jungle, I ate with a native family the produce



of their swampy rice fields, where little naked boys like tropical fauns, their torsos polished by sweat, piped away on bamboo flutes.

In Beirut, close to the legendary cedars of Lebanon, whose timbers were fashioned into the Queen of Sheba's jewel caskets and with which Solomon's temple was built, I had a meal of *kebbeh* with an Arab family in the shade of the ruins of a medieval castle, overlooking the azure *mare nostrum*, where a thousand years ago out of the horizon came forth the vessels of the Crusaders, their swords gleaming in the sun like restless silver needles.

Peoples of the World

After seeing the peoples of the world in their native surroundings—Indians, impassive as centuries-old statues; Japanese, diminutive and efficient as a shorthand symbol, whose women are more bird or flower than women; Chinese, with their timeless dignity; Siamese, with their wheatstalk slimmness and their eternal smile; Arabs, with their champagne effervescence—after seeing them all, I had the impression that the family of man is one and the same the world over, not only in its biological structure but also in its rituals and customs.

The difference between the Parisian drinking his Pernod, the Spaniard his *manzanilla*, the American his *cocktail*, the Japanese his *sake*, the Lebanese his *arrack*, or the Quechua his *pisco* is purely a matter of form. For the main thing is not what people eat and drink; the main thing is their desire to dignify this purely biological ritual and raise it above the mere instinctive feeding of beasts.

Eating is culture, and culture is eating. Animals *feed*; human beings *eat*. Man tries, with his family or his friends, to provide with his meals not only nourishment for the body but also recreation for the soul.

Whatever happens in any home, whether it be a neat little unpainted wooden domino-box of a house with straw mats and rice-paper windows in Kyoto, a solemn British mansion on Victoria Peak, a bungalow on stilts in Bangkok, or a mud hut on the banks of the Nile, whatever happens—being born, loving, eating, working, resting,

dying—is the same the whole world over and reflects the basic unity of mankind. This unity is so well understood by men as individuals, but too often forgotten by nations and their rulers.

It is significant that in times of individual or collective crisis, man turns to his family, seeking there that moral and spiritual support that in normal circumstances is unwittingly taken for granted. At such moments of drama in life, the family suddenly acquires singular worth and prestige, power and dignity.

It seems as though on such occasions the family reverts to the original mission it had in its historical beginning. I refer not to the biological mission of the family, but to its social purpose and function. For the family originated as a human and social unit that dwelled among many other such units but was completely autonomous and existed independently of the whole.

This family unit did not, by the simple addition of other similar units, give rise to the great complex national unit that is the state. Indeed, the state originally was born as an organism inimical to the family unit, a sort of private club of warriors and hunters who set themselves apart from their families to muster their daring and armed strength for hunting wild beasts, waging war, or abducting women.

In such a sense, the original state was the enemy of any family that tried to resist it, and vice versa. For the family, in its biological essence, is an isolated conservative unit, dedicated to surviving, just as the state is an organism created for aggression and offense. In every nation in history, the state eventually has ruled over the family, though luckily nowadays in some nations, like the Swiss cantons, the family, through family-type political organizations, rules the government.

The Unconscious Memory

The states of the world today still preserve the unconscious memory of their historical origin as a club for sporting, military, or amatory adventures. That is why totalitarian states, aware that the family is their social and spiritual enemy, seek before everything else to destroy it.

To this end, the totalitarian state begins by eradicating the three great spiritual forces that preserve the stability of the family: religion, the home considered as a miniature motherland, and the family regard for the father-image, replacing them respectively with the cult of the omnipotent state, acceptance of the nationalistic motherland as man's true home, and the creation of a mythical figure combining the images of God, ruler, and patriarch, usually incarnated in the person of the leader, dictator, or demagogue, who thus replaces the father-image in the home.

Nowadays, moreover, the symbolic flame in the hearth that kept the family spirit warm has been displaced by the television screen, through which the aggressive eyes and voice of the political leader penetrate the home and become engraved on the mind of the family.

A Pleasant Surprise

It is a pleasant surprise to observe the stability of the family in Oriental countries like Japan. In that venerable patriarchy, it is a joy to be a child or an old man, for both enjoy all the privileges and have few duties. To childhood and old age they grant the right to the chrysanthemum of family love; to maturity is entrusted the duty to wield the sword, the pen, the hammer, or the plow.

What a contrast this is to the disrupted family life that exists in so many Western countries, as reflected in that serious psychological crisis through which many of our adolescents are passing. The introversion and emotional estrangement that are usually part of this crisis—manifested by the way the adolescent isolates himself with his books, records, and television in his own room, by his slovenliness in dress, and by his rebuffs to family affection—denote a phase of antifamily “schizo-

phrenia,” from which fortunately the majority recover.

It is of vast importance nowadays that we physicians do all we can as home counselors to strengthen the family of man, so vital in these critical times. In every human family—from the Holy Family, depicted by Murillo (as shown on the cover of the December, 1960, issue of *MD*, the medical newsmagazine) as an industrious carpenter, a loving mother, and a healthy golden-fleshed Child, to any other family in the world—there are powerful spiritual forces that are stronger and more enduring than all the atomic energy that man is now harnessing for his own destruction. To strengthen the family is to strengthen the spirit of nations and to make them still stronger by exercising not the sword but the soul.

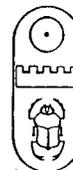
In Byblos (with Damascus, the oldest town in the world to have been continually inhabited), near the time-darkened ruins of a medieval castle that was conquered during the Crusades by Raymond de Saint-Gilles, Count of Toulouse, I saw a Lebanese family pass by, their humble Arab robes dripping sunshine. The mother, with a child in her arms, rode a plum-colored mule that placidly chewed sun-burnished straws. The father carried a basket of figs and dates and a jug of milk.

This living Biblical scene reminded me that down the ages, even mightier than the sword of the Crusaders, whose only remains are the ruins of their castles, has been the example of love left by that other family who, nearly two thousand years ago, at the slow pace of a mule, like the family I was then watching, passed through honey-colored Biblical lands.

Reprinted from *MD*, Vol IV, December, 1960.
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LAST YEAR'S CARDS . . .

Christmas cards are rarely dated, and over the years the Rosicrucian Supply Bureau has accumulated quantities of surplus cards which are now being offered in assortments at *half price*. The assortments include the unusual and distinctive cards issued in past years. They are of the same high quality as when they were new. The supply is of course limited, and we urge you to order early on these. Box of 12 assorted cards, \$1 50 (11/- sterling). Send your order and remittance to the ROSICRUCIAN SUPPLY BUREAU, San Jose, California, U S. A.



JOHN FIX

Dream Away Your Fears

*A nighttime safety valve
for daytime frustrations*

IF you are normal, the chances are that you have committed crimes ranging from petty thievery to murder. You've been guilty of adultery, incest, and rape. You've deceived your friends and tortured your enemies.

Happily for you and the society in which you live, *these crimes were committed during the dreams that invaded your sleep!*

Science is now convinced that such dreams are not the chance product of a digestive disturbance or an overwrought imagination: They are a psychological safety-valve which serves to release pent-up frustrations and desires, and enables us to make our waking behavior patterns socially acceptable.

Dreams, these scientists agree, are the distorted images of past occurrences: We transpose them to compensate for unsatisfied needs in the present. The need may be for prestige, for affection, for money, or for power. It may even be for revenge. Whatever our lack, we find a measure of fulfillment in the dream world.

Since we are capable of dreaming only in patterns familiar to us, the dream may take the form of symbolism: A plate glass window through which we hurl a stone, for example, may for the moment be a very satisfactory substitute for the Boss. The Little Men with Hatchets—who have given us such a fiendish time and whom we have

relegated to their Limbo of Little Men with Hatchets by the simple act of waking up—may symbolize the petty annoyances which have oppressed our waking hours.

In the effort to learn more about dreams and the patterns of sleep, people have been studied in all phases of interrupted and uninterrupted slumber. Delicate instruments attached to various parts of the sleeper's body actuated sensitive meters and gauges. When an erratic change was registered, the sleeper was awakened and questioned concerning his dreams.

A general restlessness was found to possess the sleeper at the time of a dream. Accompanying this was an increased pulse and breathing rate. Sometimes during a dream the sleeper's face would assume expressions of hate or rage; at others, of elation or distress. Occasionally, the dreamer would cry out, clench and unclench his fists. Often he would tremble or sweat profusely.

Some were annoyed at being awakened from dreams of a pleasant nature. Others were grateful for being rescued from nightmares. College students were able to drop off to sleep again; a few to resume their dreaming, but rarely as a continuation of the interrupted one. Scientists were skeptical of those who claimed to resume an interrupted dream. It was more likely, they said, that such people were confusing a vague image occurring during a second sleep with a more vivid one that had occurred during the first.

From such studies it has been possible to arrive at some interesting conclusions concerning what happens during the highly important period we dedicate to sleep. And here are a few of them: People sleep most soundly during the first half hour; from then on the intensity of sleep fluctuates, the periods of light sleep increasing in duration toward the normal hour of awakening.

Contrary to popular belief, talking in one's sleep does not indicate that the talker is dreaming, for seldom if ever does talking occur during a period of dreaming. A dreamless sleep is not the most healthful, for during dreams we clear out fears and frustrations—in *direct proportion to the intensity of the dream.*

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Teenagers Look at Money

Teenagers, always asking for an advance on their allowance, are going to earn nearly a quarter of a million dollars each during their lifetime—a lot of money for anyone with no training in handling it properly.

PARENTS, educators, and businessmen in the consumer credit field believe that youngsters should be spared having to learn money-and-credit management by the "trial-and-error" method.

Paul L. Selby, executive vice-president of the National Consumer Finance Association, says that tomorrow's wives and chief purchasing agents for their families should learn the fundamentals



Your Balance Sheet

of family financial management before marriage. Hence the NCFA's public service program to bring financial fundamentals to the high school classroom.

Its Educational Services Division at 1000-Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., is sending out publications, audio-visual materials, and other free teaching aids to progressive high schools in all 50 states of the United States.

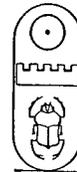
Youngsters who haven't the foggiest notion of such terms as "equity" and "collateral," are now being made familiar with money management procedures and the importance of maintaining a good credit rating. They're also learning the difference between planned spending for worth-while family goals and a pointless effort to "keep up with the Joneses."

In the last analysis, the consumer picks up the check for the whole economy. If today's teenagers are to enjoy a financially sound family life in a prosperous economy, they must be prepared to manage their money and credit effectively.—*Central Feature News*

Photos courtesy of National Consumer Finance Association.



Your Wants and Needs



Individuality Is Impossible

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

Since thousands of readers of the *Rosicrucian Digest* have not read many of the earlier articles of Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, first Imperator of the present Rosicrucian cycle, each month one of his outstanding articles is reprinted, so that his thoughts will continue to be represented within the pages of this publication.

INDIVIDUALITY as a condition of human existence Rosicrucian philosophy declares is impossible. This jars so upon the sensitive natures of those who have been building "castles in the air" on the foundation of a superior individuality that it seems well to explain to them and others why individuality as commonly expressed is impossible.

"Individuality," says the dictionary, "is a separate nature or existence." It most naturally presupposes isolation; potential as well as corporeal distinctiveness in existence. Certainly, it means definite separation from all other realities of the same class, kind, form, and expression.

Let us ask, therefore, what a person means when he says: "I am, and I will be what I will to be because I am an individual God, an individual infused with the spirit, love, and power of God."

I cite the above because it is most typical of what one hears on all sides; even some so-called advanced thought magazines of the day cater to this self-aggrandizement of the individual. We see on covers and pages such deifying phrases as: "I am"; "I am God, individualized"; "I am Goodness, Love, Peace."

Always the "first person"! Always the individual I!

In answer to your question, you will hear an outline of a philosophy which is as convenient and self-satisfying as the pronouncements of a creed, and as flattering to one's vanity as the average pink-tea palm reading.

But what is meant by "I" in the phrases "I am God," or "I will be what I will to be"?

Is it the body? Most certainly not! None is concerned with individualizing the body, nor could the body be called

God individualized. No, it is the self, the inner self, the ego, which is meant by "I." It is the Soul, the so-called Spirit of man, which may be made individually perfect, superior, almost omnipotent by will power.

At once the absurdity of the philosophy becomes apparent. It is the *real* in man, the true inner man, which is to be beautified, made more wondrous, and permitted to express in and through the body all that it can and should be. It must be achieved by strengthening the ties of the soul to the cosmic or universal Mind, not by striking out for independence and isolation by proclaiming individuality.

I do not say that it is possible to attain such independence, for Rosicrucians know that individuality in that sense and in the sense meant by those who use the terms previously quoted, is impossible. It is the philosophy and the attempt to apply such philosophy which works the harm.

Light Bulbs As An Example

I may imagine the electric light bulbs in the lamp on my desk to be human beings. Four of them, very similar in corporeal form, are joined by a slender wire through which they receive in common the soul of their expression. Suppose that one of those bulbs should proclaim its individuality and say, "I will be what I will to be!"

Suppose it should decide to be an individualized light of some more alluring or superior hue. It might reason thusly to itself: "I have power within me which I know is used to run mighty machinery; I know that the force which courses through my nerves (wires) is a mighty force, that it can reduce cities to ashes or rebuild a nation.

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"I have seen smaller lights using the same force, and I have seen larger, almost blinding, whose expression and existence on earth depended upon the same force as I have within my body. Here I am situated among others who have the same body as mine, whose light is the same; but I shall be different henceforth. I will *will* myself to be greater, more powerful; I will be the great power individualized; I cannot continue to be one of a group—just a unit of the unity, a part of the whole."

Vain lamp! Once you have really succeeded in attaining that individuality, once you have succeeded in isolating yourself from all other lamps, your light will be gone, your power no longer available, and your practical use on earth ended. I look on the closet shelf at a number of burned-out lamps. They are useless; their light gone, the silver threads which united them with the great force are broken, severed. Each lamp as it lies there is now an individual lamp, unconnected with any other lamp—isolated, absolutely free to call itself what it pleases.

One thing is sure, the purpose for which it was intended by its maker is no longer being served. It is not fulfilling its mission in life!

Suppose, on the other hand, that the lamp, seeking to do greater work for others, should say: "My mission in life is to give light, to dispel darkness, to bring joy, to aid industries, to assist weak eyes, to bring forth the glory of colors by illuminating them, to help the physician to make sure of what he is doing, to guide the wayfarer.

"My maker decreed for me this form of body, this size, this place among the illuminating ones. The material dimensions and qualities of my body are the result of my maker's wise knowledge and wonderful laws. Some of my companions he has made smaller—one-twentieth of my size. While they may cast their light only occasionally and in small places—for instance, at the end of a surgeon's instrument—still they may do more beneficial work than this large body of mine may do.

"Others of my companions are much larger than I; some so large that I seem a pygmy in comparison; yet I am not jealous, for they show forth their great-

er glory and splendor only occasionally while I serve often and long.

"Our missions are to give light—each after his own form and kind. If I would serve my purpose in life better, I should not concern myself with my limitations or my seeming commonness, but glory in the fact that I have within me the same power as all others. That power unites me with all other lights; whereas my body is separated from other lamps, my soul, my real self—that which gives expression to my body—is a part of the unity of all, inseparable, without individuality!"

"Therefore," the lamp reasons, "I will concern myself only with keeping my body clean that the maximum of light may shine about me like an aura. I will keep other neutralizing, impure, poisonous forces out that the pure vacuum, the rarefied gases, which my maker charged into my body at birth may not become contaminated and weaken the expression of my light.

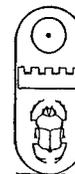
No Individual Distinctions

"I will prevent injury to my body. I will not become overheated through sudden spurts of useless energy and destroy my nerves. I will not seek to expand my material form to imitate the larger lights, defy my maker's judgment, and bring disruption to the shell that cloaks my illuminated soul. No! I will not seek such individual distinctions as are not purposed for me. I will, however, give forth light—the light that is within me.

"I shall not forget my unity with that wondrous power of which I may be but a small unit, but I shall ever keep in mind that as long as I remain humble, retain my infinite attunement, forget my personal body, and shine clearly and cleanly with the light my maker has instilled within me, I shall be fulfilling my master's law. Naught else can I do and retain the power that is within me!"

That is what the lamp would reason were it a *good* lamp, serving the master well. And that is what every human being should do if he would serve *his* master well.

"What," some ask, "would you have us do away with all methods making



for perfection? Would you have us give up our ambitions, end all personality?"

Not at all. Is there any greater ambition than to serve? Is there any greater ambition than to do those things which God has given us the ability to do? Can greater perfection be attained than that which enables us to shine forth clearly and cleanly in our own sphere? Is not he most nearly perfect who at the close of life has maintained and retained the perfect qualities instilled by his Maker at birth? Can God's work be perfected by man? Or is the attempt an indication of vanity and presumption?

Personality is one's expression in life; not one's form of body, features, quality of clothes, or earthly possessions, but one's character, one's light as it shines and manifests in and through the body. Personality, then, is not something which can be individualized although it can be permitted to

manifest at its maximum. The power and divinity within it should be allowed to show forth in splendor, not as an isolated, separate individuality, but as an illumination of the Divine Mind.

Rejoice, all ye humble, that so far as your bodies are concerned, individual characteristics count for naught. Rejoice, too, in the fact that what you have to do and have to give is a part of the whole—an inseparable part, small, temporarily passing through your body, not belonging to your body or you, but using you as a means, an instrument for a purpose. All you can do is to preserve that instrument and keep it attuned with the Infinite Power that is indivisible. Remember the separated lamps upon the shelf: They are individualized *nonentities*. They ceased to be *lamps* when they severed their attunement with the Great Power.

(From *American Rosae Crucis*,
September, 1916)



**To All of Our Members in the
British Isles:**

Unrestricted Imports

From recent information we have received, we are pleased to announce that certain additional Supply Bureau items can now be imported into the United Kingdom without an Import License under the new Open General License.

Included in the list are the new long-playing, 33 1/3 rpm records, "The Science of Mysticism," "Attaining Cosmic Consciousness," and "The Children's Record," each selling for £1/1/9 sterling. Laboratory kits on Magnetism, Alchemy, and Mental Phenomena are on the list, selling for £1/11/-, £4/-/-, and £2/14/9 sterling respectively.

You will be pleased to know that incense, herbs, records, tape recordings, 35-mm. slide sets, brass sanctum lamps, statuettes of Nefertiti and Akhnaton, monograph and *Digest* binders, and music are also included.

All these are listed in the new Rosicrucian Supply Bureau catalogue which is available on request. Payment for all these items which are free of entry license can be remitted for through AMORC FUNDS ACCOUNT with Barclay's Bank.

NOTE: *Customs Duty*. The fact that the above items can be imported without restrictions in no way affects duty chargeable upon entry.

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Keeping An Open Mind

By W. J. ALBERSHEIM, F. R. C.

AN OPEN MIND implies uncertainty; hence, this discussion is not meant for those who are sure of their convictions. Certainty and assurance belong to complete knowledge—or to complete ignorance. Those who are certain from personal illumination do not need these words.

On the other hand, those who are sure from ignorance, who blindly follow an authoritarian creed, may not listen because their superiors might disapprove or because they secretly fear that their own assurance may be shaken.

For the uncertain ones, though, the safest principle is: Keep an open mind. When in doubt, make the assumption that seems most plausible and most fruitful; then proceed as if it were true. As you go along, observe the consequences of your assumption and correct it as the need arises.

Imagine that you are following a wilderness trail, trying to find your way to human habitation. Late in the afternoon, you arrive at an unmarked fork in the road. You study the landmarks and the terrain as best you can; then you choose the most likely branch and go on without hesitation as if you were certain of being on the right way to your destination.

Meanwhile, keep your eyes open. Does the trail broaden? Do you see recent footprints? Do you smell the smoke of a distant campfire? If so, proceed with growing confidence. Does the trail peter out? Does it lead to a steep ravine, to an impassable ledge? In such cases, heed the warning signs; return to the crossroads and try the other fork.

The experimental attitude indispensable to the wilderness scout has brought about the great advance of western science. This may be illustrated by the evolution of astronomy:

In the nocturnal sky, all stars describe circular arcs around one polar star, which in the northern hemisphere is located in the Little Dipper. The stars

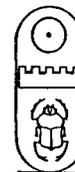
seem fixed to a rigid sphere that rotates daily around the polar axis. Ancient astronomers were justified in assuming the reality of such a revolving firmament. Unfortunately, this belief became dogma, a religious tenet that only circular motion is perfect and worthy of the heavenly realms. The ancients knew, of course, that not all the stars are fixed. The Sun, the Moon, and five other wandering stars or planets deviated periodically from the dominant daily cycle: The Sun completed one turn around the Zodiac in a year, the Moon, in a month; and the other planets in less regular paths and periods.

Divinities and Astronomy

Since the planets were regarded as divinities or as manifestations of divine qualities, astronomy was bound to ascribe circular motion to them. It was, therefore, declared that each planet was fixed to a separate crystal sphere, and that the spheres revolved within each other, generating celestial harmony by their friction. In order to account for the different inclinations and irregularities of the planetary orbits, astronomy had to invent circles within circles and loops within loops.

Finally, some open-minded philosopher-scientists broke with the dogma. Triangulation indicated that the distance of the stars was vastly greater than all earthly distance; hence, it was more likely that the firmament remains steady and the Earth revolves within it. To those scientists, the Earth appeared to be a spherical body like the Sun and Moon. This assumption was confirmed much later when Magellan sailed around the globe.

We could follow the progress of astronomy to Copernicus' assumption that the Sun rather than the Earth is the center of our planetary system. We might as well mention Kepler's assumption of elliptical planetary orbits; Newton's postulation of universal gravitation, and Einstein's theory that all



planets follow the straightest possible path through a space curved by gravity.

There is no need to elaborate, however, once the point is understood that science advances by open-mindedness and stagnates by dogmatism. Progress consists in the continuous re-evaluation and reshaping of beliefs and theories. And the same open-minded attitude so vital to material science applies to one's mystical search for his own personal philosophy.

Each must blaze his own trail, find his own way, even when others join him in the search. One's individual beliefs must be put to the test in living as if they were true—and heeding the results. It would be a slow process in one lifetime to explore experimentally every conceivable philosophy or religious practice. Fortunately, highways of religious and mystical belief have been mapped and are being followed by millions. One may thus observe progress without having to read each individual path himself.

In the western world, the attitude now prevalent is cynical materialism. In spite of all protestations by clergy, teachers, and politicians, society behaves as if it no longer believes in a God or a Spirit. Not only physical effects, but also pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, are explained by material laws. Human actions are regarded as chemical reactions. Accordingly, a large fraction of the population acts as if moral law were an exploded fiction and nothing but sensual pleasures and the means to procure them mattered.

Where does such a road lead? To drug addiction, divorce, neurotic children; to muggings and gang fights; to strikes and inefficiency; to armament races and cold wars with our international relations: the path of selfishness and the danger of race suicide. All this in the face of material inventions that could provide comfort for all human beings now on earth.

It may be time to give the Spirit its due—to live as if the Spirit were the *Prime Mover*, as if *It* shaped the all-pervading energy into material bodies and living patterns.

If an Eternal Spirit is the Creator of life, why do all living things die? If Spirit is perfection, why all the disharmony, the cruelty and suffering, the

need to kill for sustenance? One explanation is that such benevolence is opposed by a destructive evil.

The tempter, the snake, the destroyer plays an important role in religions based on belief in personal gods. Followers of these religions strive to align themselves with the forces of creation and of harmony. They choose to love their Creator and their fellow creatures; but the path is forked.

A Simple Choice

Yet the choice is simple. Who is the happier and more useful man: A Francis of Assisi who loves even the fire that burns his flesh, or a Genghis Khan who despises those who serve him, even the food that nourishes?

Act as if we were aligned with the forces of good, but keep an open mind concerning the nature of it. When belief turns into dogmatic certainty, monks meek and loving turn into inquisitors and torturers. Both forks of this road lead to dilemmas and impasses: one-sided worship of matter or of Spirit, of evil or of presumed good.

There is a more mystical path, unknown to the masses although pointed out by the wise. Those that tread it regard life and death, joy and sorrow, good and evil as related polarities, as crests and troughs in the eternally pulsating ocean of existence. The same Spirit remains unmoved in its Oneness; yet partakes of division, suffering, and death by entering its own creation.

Many religions teach the Incarnation and Passion of their gods. In Egyptian lore, Osiris was treacherously slain and dismembered. In Greek myths, Dionysos Zagreos and Orpheus were torn to shreds and devoured. In Christianity, God the Son is crucified and his flesh and blood transformed into the sacramental Host are to be consumed by the faithful.

Those who understand the dual meaning of these symbols may accept life wholeheartedly, being grateful for its pleasures, beauty, and harmony; and submitting without bitterness to its cruel sufferings. In the midst of individual passion, they strive to be aware of the Spirit which quickens and sustains and is the eternal essence of their consciousness.

(Continued on page 272)



Rosicrucian Activities

*Around the
World*

OF particular interest to parents and teachers, paintings by Indiana school children were featured by the Rosicrucian Egyptian, Oriental Museum's Art Gallery in late May and early June. Sponsored by the Junior Group of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, these selections from the Young People's Art Contest for grades four through eight are being shown under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution. Colorful and imaginative, the paintings represent the children's artistic response to five pieces of program music: Dvorak's *Carnival Overture*, Haydn's Symphony No. 103 *Drum Roll, Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy* by Tchaikovsky, McBride's *Pumpkin Eaters Little Fugue*, and Strauss' *Vienna Life*.

One of the places to be visited by the Emperor and Soror Lewis this fall is Casablanca, Morocco. There Nova Atlantis Lodge is building a new temple, which will be dedicated at the time of its scheduled Rally. Since Nova Atlantis Lodge operates under the French jurisdiction of the Order, both Grand Master Raymond Bernard and Soror Bernard will also attend.

In Bodensee, West Germany, the Grand Lodge quarters at 777 Ueberlingen are being enlarged. Dr. Wilhelm Mueller, Grand Master, writes that recent growth of the Order has made it necessary to provide more space for Grand Lodge activity.

Recently the Rosicrucian Research Library has received a new history of the Order in French: *Histoire des Rose-Croix* by Dr. és L. Serge Hutin. Frater

Hutin, it may be recalled, was the author of the very fine article "Lost Civilizations" appearing in the *Rosicrucian Digest* (April, 1961).

Francis Bacon Chapter of London has issued its May-June Bulletin in vest-pocket size. And in a rose cover—just so it may be easily recognized. It is really neat and sets a new high in bulletins. There's a center spread, too, which gives exciting information regarding the Eleventh United Kingdom Rally to be held September 15 and 16.

John Dalton Chapter of Manchester has always been noted for its extra-curricular activity; so it's natural to learn that it has now taken up cricket. Not that it's organized a team and joined a league, really; but it has added a very fine all-round cricketer to its roster of members—Ralph Legall from the West Indies where cricket is as expertly played as anywhere.

Frater Legall has played previously in the Bolton and Huddersfield Leagues. This year he will be with the Lancashire & Cheshire League Club.

A gala event in San Diego's beautiful Balboa Park every year is the Table Topic Tea staged as a Salvation Army activity (Aurora Unit). It is a competition in table decor, open to all organizations in the area.

The event this year was witnessed by 1500 persons whose paid admission swelled the fund for a library in the Salvation Army's new hospital to be constructed on Kearney Mesa.

News writers and television cameras were on hand to record the thirty-one entries, among which was the "Easter"

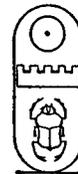


table of the San Diego Sunshine Circle. Designed and made by Soror Carol Musser, this entry was awarded a cup in the competition.

Francis Bacon Lodge of San Francisco has a shiny new 55-cup percolator. No, they didn't get it with cigarette coupons. It came from the stars—750 of them, all contributed by Folger Coffee fans. Who says coffee doesn't serve a purpose?

Salt Lake City Chapter, Utah, at last has a name for its Bulletin, chosen by vote in a contest which ended in May. We haven't heard what the name is, but we know it will be worthy of this fast-growing and enterprising group.

In March, Toronto Lodge began what it calls Orientation Assemblies. Scheduled to meet once a month, they are designed to instruct newly affiliated members in the working of AMORC's subordinate bodies. The first Assembly was conducted by Inspector General Bruce Quan. The Grand Lodge, according to the Toronto Bulletin, supplies the instruction material.

Frater Peter Gorme, coordinator of the People-to-People Program, devoted an evening recently to New York City Lodge members. Designed to encourage an exchange of visits of tourist groups between Central and South America and the United States, the activity is carried on through the cooperation not only of the several governments but also of philanthropic, professional, and private groups. If you had read your

New York Rosae Crucis regularly, you would know that already.

Soror Katherine Cooper of South Sea, England, writes that she's still in Egypt although she's been home from the 1962 Rosicrucian Egyptian tour for many weeks. She really rhapsodizes. Imagine her, if you can, diminutive and bird-like, chirping under her pink parasol: "This is the Nile, longest river in the world—3500 miles—and older than history. I'm gliding along in a felucca, trailing my hand in its cool waters (I can't believe it). The felucca is winding among the basalt rocks at the second cataract. Over there was once Cleopatra's bath, and here am I in the midst of it. Timeless magic."

Digest readers evidently believe what they read—even when it's contrary to what they know to be true. German troops never occupied the Isle of Wight in World War II. We slipped when we said they did; and we're sorry. It was the Channel Islands Ingeborg Neubauer referred to in her "Enemies Are Human Beings, Too" (April, 1962).

If you want a thing, you want it—and if you're like the little girl who came to the Rosicrucian Egyptian, Oriental Museum, you get it.

It was the ceramic cross of the Rosicrucian sanctum set that she wanted. Her mother said, "No," but she said, "I'll save my own money and buy it."

A week or so ago, so Curator Frater French reports, the little girl returned with her savings and went home with her ceramic cross!

KEEPING AN OPEN MIND

(Continued from page 270)

Acknowledging this same Spirit in every living being, grain of sand, and beam of light, they love their fellow creatures as themselves in other garbs. But they refrain from imposing their convictions on others.

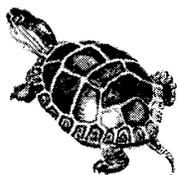
We cannot stay life's journey, nor avoid perplexity at its forks and crossroads. Some follow the highroads

of established religions and mystery schools; some feel impelled to blaze their own trails. Whichever be our path, let us march firmly as if it were the right one for us. Let us keep an open mind and have the courage to retrace our steps when we find we have gone astray. Above all, let us respect the rights of others to follow their own ways to their own ideal of salvation.

*The
Rosicrucian
Digest
July
1962*

If A Turtle Could Talk

By BEATRICE E. TREAT, F. R. C.



As pronounced as the markings on a turtle's shell is the routine pattern of our days, and as soft and comfortable as that shell's inside is our refuge in everyday habit-formed living.

If a turtle could talk, it might complain about the weight it carries on its back and to which it is inseparably bound. But sound an alarm, and withdrawal into itself is instantaneous. Just so, we find our security in the commonplace.

The long-lived turtle may be inarticulate, but in the inscrutable depths of his eyes is reflected an age-old wisdom. He hies him forth in ponderous fashion, secure in the knowledge that at any time he can retreat to safety. Rewarded by his adventures into a strange and alien world, he absorbs the essence of his experiences and transmutes it into a formula for daily living.

In like manner, we venture into the unknown and in similar fashion, we gain wisdom. Our venturings, however stimulating, are assimilated in the reassuring environs of every day. Unlike the turtle, however, the gift of speech has made it possible for us to formulate the truths we learn. Processed and refined, they become the tidy capsules which we call *platitudes*.

They may be decried by the intellectual, scoffed at by the rebel; yet they represent the concentrated gleanings of centuries of experience. To fall back upon a platitude in a moment of crisis is not ineffectiveness or weakness; it is rather a show of strength in commanding a basic truth that relates to the circumstance.

Psychologists consider repetition essential for learning. We have repeated these capsular sayings until they have become part of our mental fabric—familiar and comfortable now, but reminiscent of times when venturing too far brought hurts and retreat for assimilation and recovery.

The efficacy of a platitude, of course,

depends upon the furnishings in our individual retreats, the mental homes which we have built. Experience alone engenders the emotional response necessary for realization. As Nietzsche said, "No man can draw more out of things, books included, than he already knows. A man has no ears for that to which experience has given him no access." Truth has no sting for one who has learned a lesson well. Realization must of necessity be followed by application before dimly perceived truth can become wisdom.

We may view platitudes condescendingly; yet analysis shows them to be reductions of larger truths, as compact and infallible as mathematical equations. They may even be springboards for excursions into mental and spiritual realms whose dimensions are infinite.

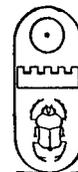
"Peppercorn Informations"

Emerson called them "peppercorn informations." "The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter as face to face in a glass," he said. "The world is emblematic. Parts of speech are metaphors because the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind."

As links in our protective armor, platitudes gird us for life's challenges; and if, perhaps, as restrictive as the turtle's shell, they nevertheless provide a welcome shelter.

True, when we are precipitated into unknown and somewhat terrifying experiences, we flounder as helplessly as a turtle on its back and as clumsily right ourselves and withdraw again into the safety of our commonplace existences. Here such experiences can be seen in true perspective, dissected, analyzed, their fortifying essence finally absorbed into our own mental structures.

We may protest the humdrum routine of everyday—and if a turtle could talk, it might agree—but the familiar represents a safe retreat, a haven buttressed and strengthened by our own experiences synthesized and formulated. We term the product *platitudes* but, as truthfully, it is reflected wisdom.



"Dear Reader":

Just Like the Postcards

THERE are as many ways of looking at travel as there are people. Chaucer considered it an occasion of pilgrimage. Later, travel became a part of the young gentleman's education; and in more recent times, it has become a means of escape from the familiar—perhaps from boredom.

I confess myself to be more of Chaucer's opinion, especially when it comes to England. Stephen Graham is in a way responsible for that. He wrote a novel in 1917—not a very good one, I'm now convinced—called *Priest of the Ideal*. In a ferment of adolescent idealism common enough in the unsophisticated society characteristic of those years, I ranged myself on the side of the noble young hero, Richard Hampden, who made a spiritual tour of the English countryside, evaluating the worth of its historical remnants.

Almost half a century later, I found myself still looking through Hampden's eyes—but only in the environs of London. There was this difference: Most of the Elizabethan England which I had grown to love was gone in Hampden's day, and much more that was familiar to him was wiped out in World War II's bombing. In 1962, London presents a gap-toothed sight: New buildings and old, separated by large areas of rubble and wreckage.

Westminster Abbey is a vast medieval shelter where conglomerate relics for over a thousand years have been elbowing one another in apparent confusion, each intent on recalling some situation of English history. The visitor picks his way among the sarcophagi of kings and queens and the monuments of lesser folk, baffled by the extent of it all and too stunned by its impact to register anything.

The organ swells over the noise of repair going on, a service concludes, and the altar screen is moved to another position; while everywhere visitors throng. The long dead and the bustling living try to reach hands across the intervening years.



Poe's Raven on Tower Green

At the Tower of London it is the same except that *there* there seems more room for the unreality of it all to take possession. By Anne Boleyn's grave slab, a giant raven jabbing at a piece of bread while the guide recounted the ghostly tales of the past gave the scene a properly ominous note.

I was startled by that raven and made decidedly uncomfortable. I couldn't imagine Elijah's being friendly with ravens or of their being interested enough in humans to feed him. Noah early discovered the raven to be unreliable. I had a genuine shiver when I thought again of Poe's poem. That raven on Tower green was the epitome of the sinister *Nevermore* although I am still puzzled as to where Poe saw a raven. I doubt very much that he did: It was my first one in sixty years in all parts of the United States.

The day I shall always treasure, though, was that of a snowstorm, when great flakes blurred the whole countryside and a chill wind cut through you every time you ventured out. Even London was strangely quiet, and old Canonbury Tower in Islington stood out in its surroundings quaintly anomalous and yet assured.

It was hard to visualize the Elizabethan setting to which it belonged. Interestingly enough, a troupe of modern players still uses an upper floor for storing stage properties. This was one of the purposes it was said to serve earlier—for the Curtain Theater "props." I climbed the shallow stairs from floor to floor and finally out onto a small square roof. The fleecy snow was falling like a lacy curtain. I noted

the Tudor roses on the drain heads and tried to recapture the feelings of a look-out as he tensely scanned the Elizabethan countryside to the City.

I was not too successful; the present was too beautiful. My gaze was caught by the delicate filigree of giant snowflakes on the purple velvet hat and jacket of the white-haired figure near me. Blue eyes dancing, she kept brushing the tickling flakes away with a charming and childlike impatience. The color in her cheeks, the white hair, transparent skin, and the soft flakes against the velvet brought a fanciful and romantic note to Canonbury Tower—but a note altogether too modern, for no Elizabethan ladies, to my knowledge, ever found their way up to this roof. Even if they had, I doubt whether the scene could have been more beautiful.

"Bishops" Hatfield

That was the day, too, when I met Tudor England head-on—at *Hatfield House* some twenty miles north of London. I was unprepared for the experience. There at the end of the fifteenth century, the Bishop of Ely built a palace which with the dissolution of the monasteries came into the possession of Henry VIII. It was closely associated not only with Henry but also with Mary and Elizabeth.

When James I came to the throne, he evidently found it none too comfortable to be reminded of his immediate predecessors; so he gave it to his minister, Robert Cecil, in exchange for *Theobalds*, the Cecil home a few miles away. Thus tangibly Tudor England virtually as well as symbolically came into the possession of Robert Cecil.

In 1607, he began to build a new residence in the Italian renaissance style out of the bricks of the old Bishops Palace there. Although he died before it was completed five years later, it is filled with Tudor treasures which succeeding Marquesses of Salisbury carefully preserved.

It is slightly ironic that although the *Gorhambury* at nearby St. Albans which Francis Bacon so dearly loved is gone, the home of his chief traducer flourishes like the green bay tree. Still one is grateful that so much of Tudor England still remains.

That day stirred memories which will need years to arrange. Almost like the whirring record which is said to pass before the vision of a drowning man, the succession of sights, sounds, feelings of Hatfield House assaulted my dazed consciousness.

I saw the originals of long-familiar portraits of Elizabeth: the Hilliard "Ermine" one and Zuccaro's "Rainbow"—ears, eyes, serpent, with the motto "no rainbow without the sun." I saw, too, the statue of himself *in plaster* which the canny Jaimie considered a royal gift in its special niche above a drawing room mantel.

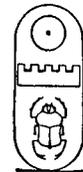
And of lesser lights two puzzled me: a portrait of the German printer Frobenius and one of the French monomaniac assassin of Henry IV, François Ravallac. I couldn't figure that one although I could understand the oaken carving said to be John Tradescant, gardener to both King James and Robert Cecil. Tradescant, naturalist and traveler, left a collection which became the basis for the Ashmolean Museum.

At this point, history got a little out of hand, for in the residence of an important family for 300 years things can hardly be confined to one era. I came upon the cradle of Charles I. It pulled me ahead to the latter years of James' reign: Raleigh's execution, Buckingham's ill-advised trip to Spain with the young Charles to sue for the hand of the Infanta, and finally to Charles' fateful marriage to Henriette-Marie of France, opening the door to the re-entry of Catholicism into England.

In the Long Gallery, I recovered somewhat. Its 180 feet gave one a chance, especially in midwinter, to recapture something of Elizabethan times when the gallery provided an inside promenade. It defeated winter to a certain extent, for the atmosphere was slightly less frigid. It kept Elizabethan ladies nicely balanced between chilblains and the ague.

Remembering Robert Cecil and the pattern of his antipathy for his cousin, neighbor, life-time associate Francis Bacon, I came most unwillingly to *Hatfield House*. Seeing its treasures and breathing its air, I was equally unwilling to leave.

At St. Michael's Church, a stone's throw from Gorhambury—and only one



roundabout farther from Hatfield House—Francis Bacon sits serene and contemplative in pure marble behind the chancel rail. Beneath his chair, the admonition, "Let Compounds be dissolved." And on the oaken panel under the pulpit canopy is the Tudor rose, emblem of the Royal House. The enigmatic almost made my brainpan burst.

It was a day when I was more vibrantly alive than I can ever remember to have been before—and a glass of dark old English ale contributed to it.

Stonehenge and March Hares

As far as I know, Emerson is the only other visitor to England who found Stonehenge small and disappointing. I think the Druids or whoever built it should have thought twice before desecrating a peaceful and charming countryside with such an incongruous attempt at improvement. They must have been as desperate as E. C. Peake imagined them to be (*Digest*, December

1960) or as mad as the March hares we saw cavorting over the frosted fields.

There was another day when I went by the English railway from London to Exeter. Memory should have put beside this ride for comparison the harrowing experience on the trip from Aswan to Luxor in Egypt, which surpassed for excitement anything that any amusement park can offer. Instead, oddly enough, I relived childhood excursions in old two-horse cabs which used to carry us with so much grandeur and mystery through city streets; the clinking wheels suggesting the trotting horses' feet.

Four days in London are too scant to permit one to say that he has even seen it at all. I do so, though, because I had lived so much of it before I saw it. It's all just like the postcards—except that the postcards can't bring you the people. And without *them*, the postcards tell you nothing of England.

—THE EDITOR

**WILL SPACE
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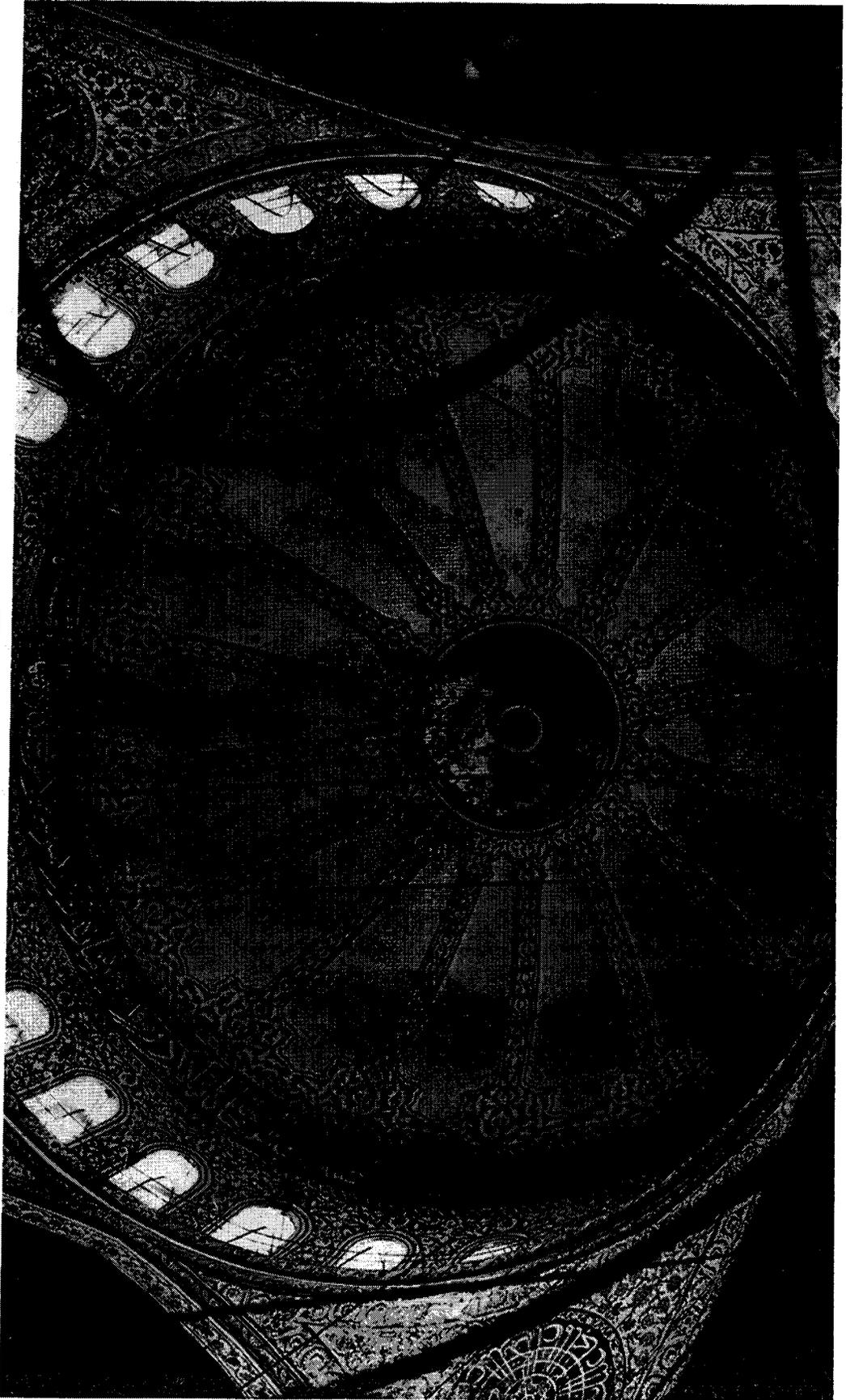
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AWAITING THE SEA GODDESS

On the romantic island of Bali, in the Indonesian archipelago, there is an annual pilgrimage from certain temples to the sea. Sacred objects are brought to the sea by a specially selected devotee to be blessed by the sea goddess. Here the priest and his acolytes wait with the relics for the propitious moment to immerse them.

(Photo by AMORC)



CELESTIAL DOME

The interior of the famed magnificent dome of the Blue Mosque in Istanbul. The Blue Mosque is the popular name given to the Mosque of Sulhan Ahmed I of the 17th century. The beautiful ornamentation and mosaics give off a soft blue irradiance that suggests an ethereal or celestial atmosphere that inspires awe in the visitor.



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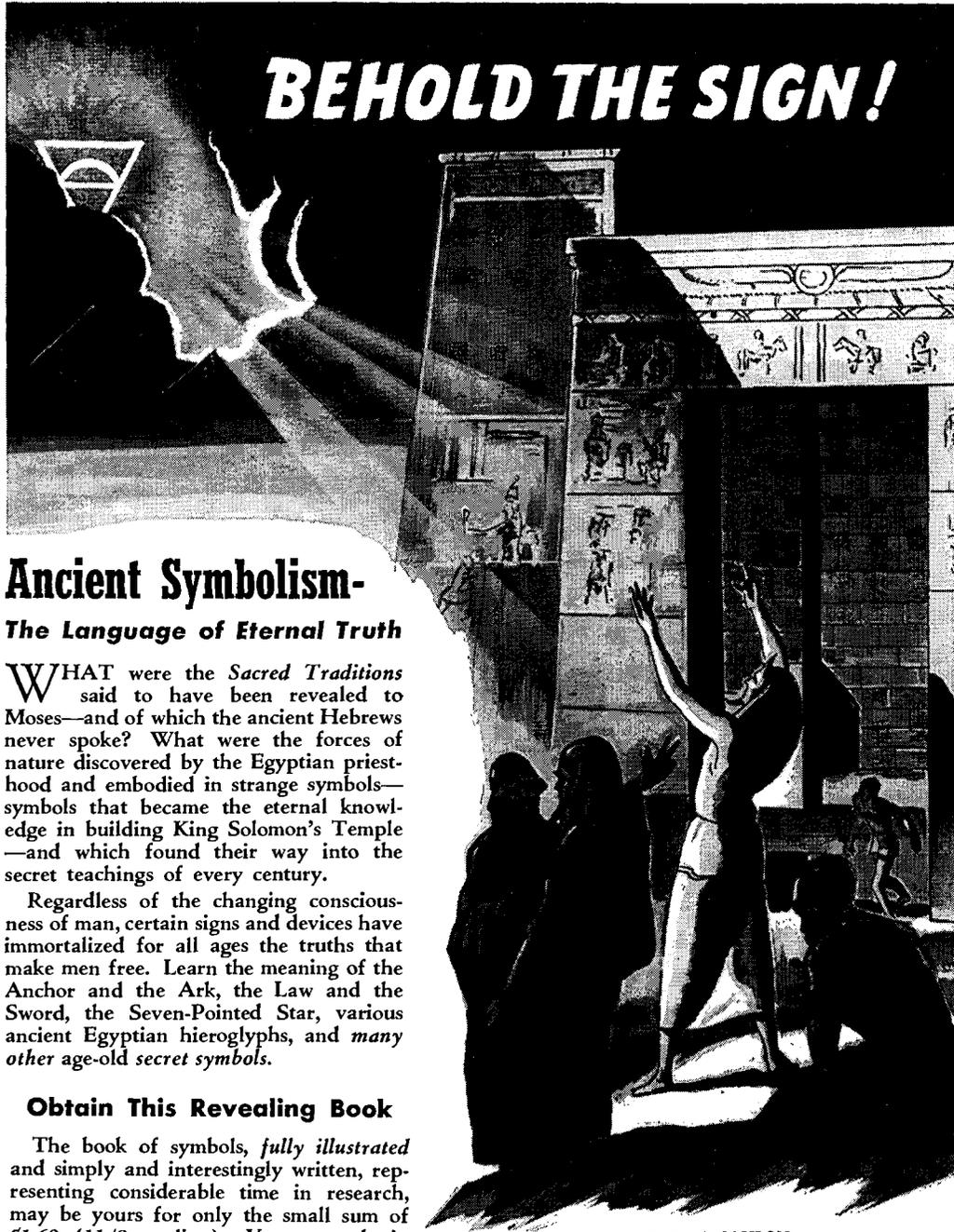
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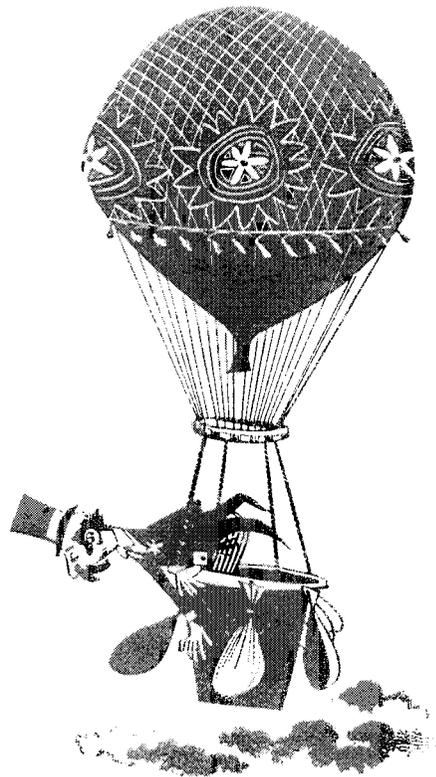
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Along Civilization's Trail

GOOD OLD DAYS—The increase of psychosomatic ailments, mental aberrations and neuroses is causing understandable concern in medical and law-enforcement circles today. There is probably nothing more difficult to deal with than cases of mental disturbance. The causes are not obvious; the symptoms come and go; the side effects are usually not serious enough to warrant intrusion upon a person's privacy, but are nevertheless warnings to a specialist of something more serious to come.

It is this state of affairs that causes many persons to cry out for the *good old days*—years gone by when mental disturbances were a more rare commodity. But what is it about today that makes the *good old days* so much different? There are some obvious, though superficial answers such as the move to urban centers, the quickening pace of living, the tensions brought on by world affairs, or that life is more complex, thus making it more difficult to cope with.

These are, of course, all factors which contribute perhaps to a more basic answer—an answer which paradoxically is also considered to be man's most treasured birthright—the freedom of choice. Men and women today not only have greater freedom to choose between alternatives, but have also more and more alternatives from which to choose. This necessity to exercise judgment in the face of more and more alternatives has



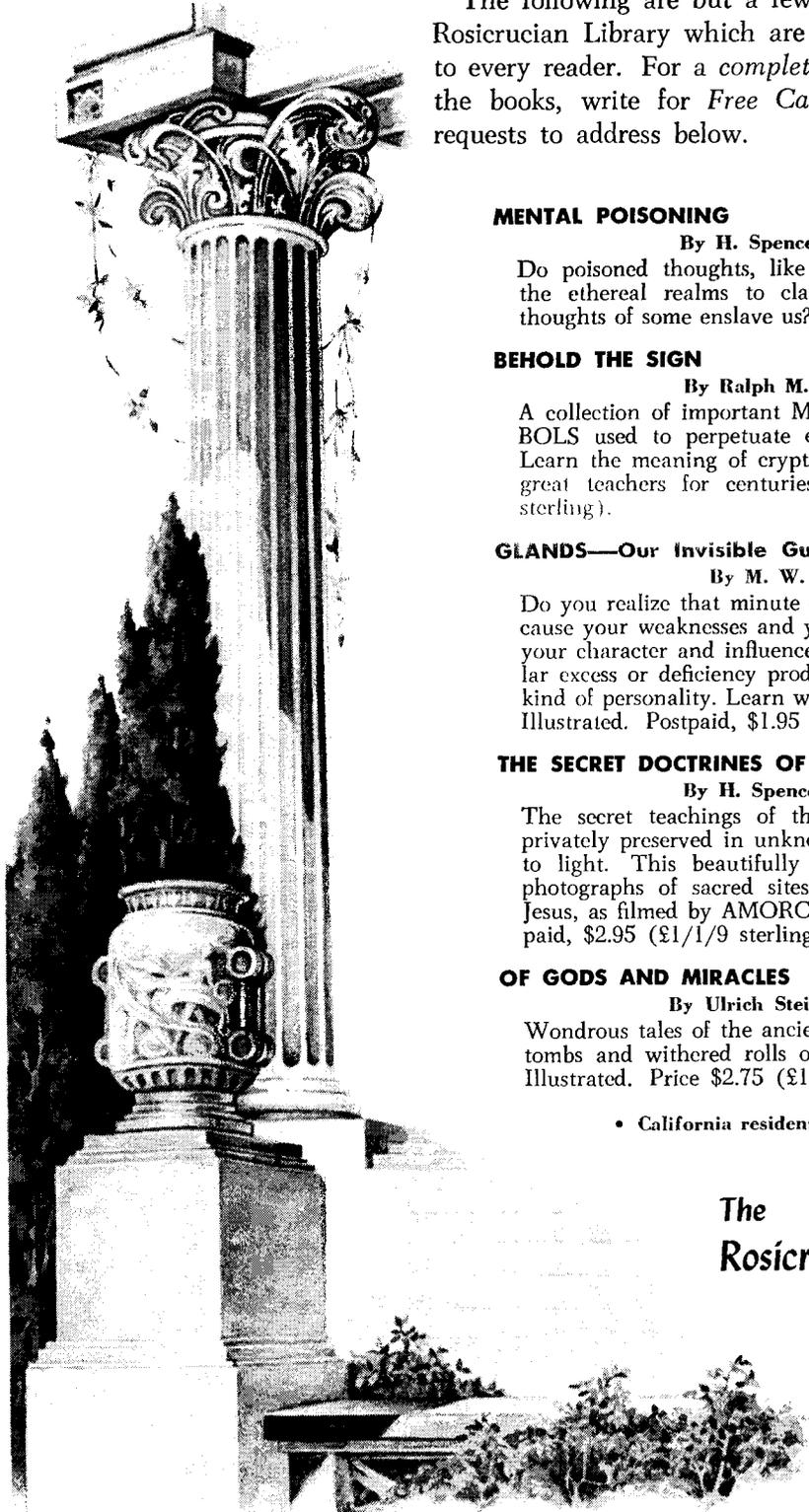
taxed the average mind to the breaking point in many cases. It takes a mature and seasoned mind to walk along today's thoroughfares, unaffected by the hawkers who clamor for attention; discarding this, choosing that, weighing and deciding.

The average mind has all it can do to keep from screaming out at the pressures brought to bear on it from all sides: "Buy this—buy that! Believe this—believe that! Go here—go there! Eat this—eat that!" All this, a far cry from the simplicity of yesteryears when often there were few things to choose between and little freedom in which to choose.

To catalogue these as good or bad days is not in order either. Abundance is certainly a blessing, and greater freedom of choice is an exaltation of man's birthright. What men and women must do is to pause, choose not simply to exercise a freedom of choice, but rather because there is a real need for what is being selected.

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