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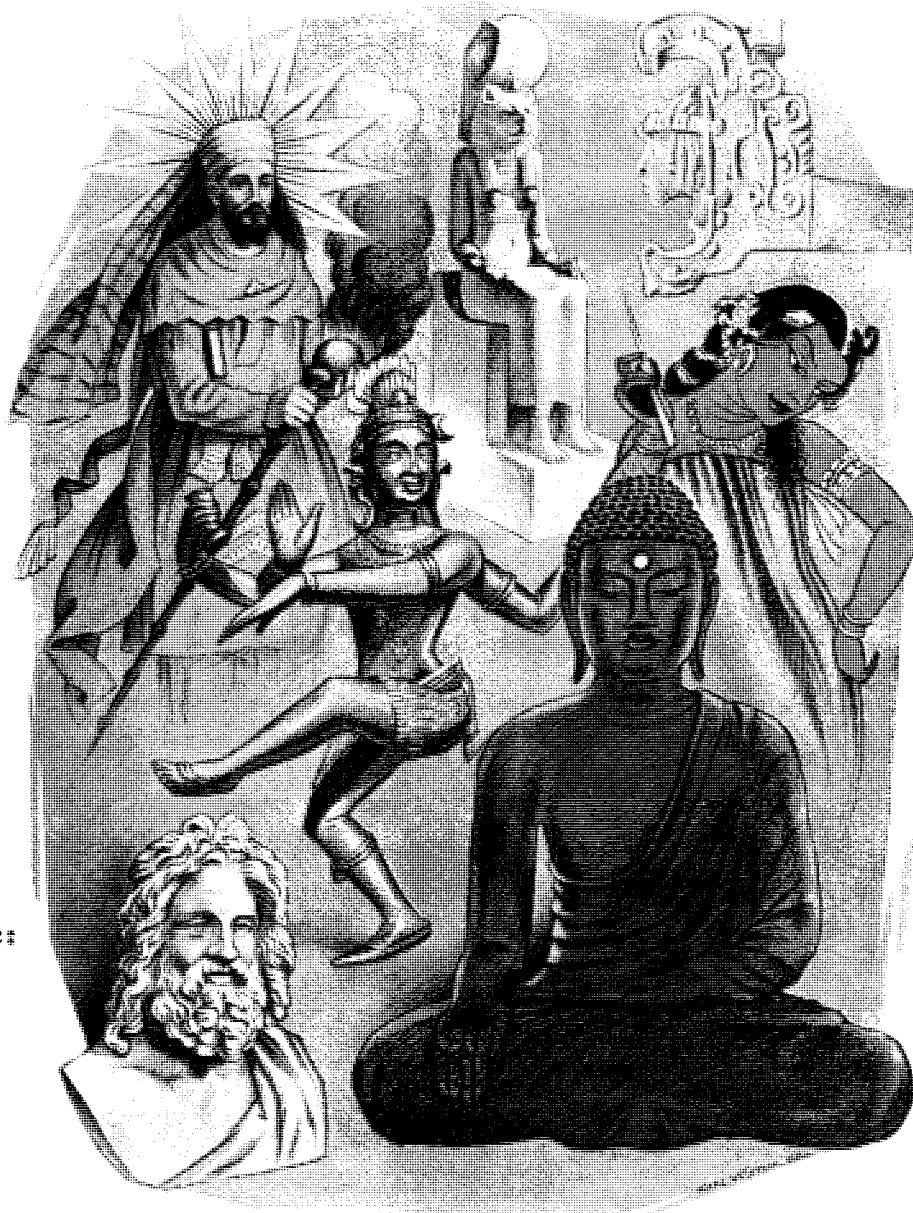
**The Mystic
in the Kitchen**

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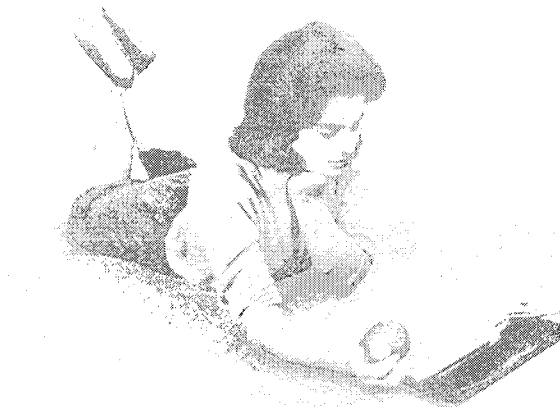


**Honoré de Balzac:
Recreator**

He identified
himself with life.



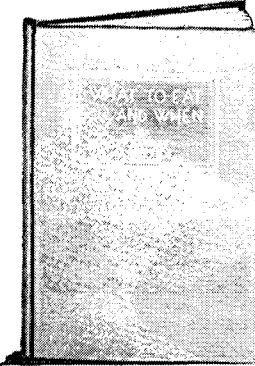
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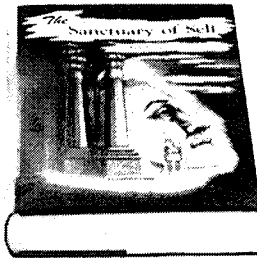
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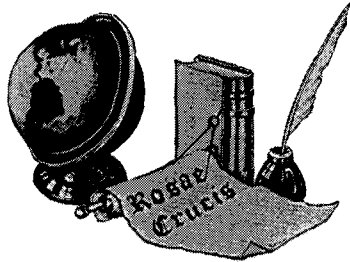
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COVERS THE WORLD



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**OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE
WORLD-WIDE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER**

Joel Disher, Editor

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**.

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June, 1963

No. 6

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Do You Laugh Your Greatest Powers Away?



THOSE STRANGE INNER URGES

You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry, and try to reason my way out of difficulties—all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power, and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

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SUPREME COLOMBE

(Photo by AMORC)

The new Supreme Colombe, Miss Judy Hille, was installed by the Emperor in the Supreme Temple, Rosicrucian Park, in April. Daughters of members, Colombes are young, intelligent girls of chaste character who are selected to perform traditional symbolic rites in the Rosicrucian fraternal ceremonies. They remain unmarried during the period of their office.

THOUGHT OF THE MONTH

By THE EMPEROR

HYPNOSIS AND THE INNER SELF

THE THEORY and practice of hypnosis were held in bad repute for a long period of time. They were placed in the category of superstition and charlatanism. From historical accounts, however, there is evidence that the ancients were familiar with the principles of hypnotism and actually employed them.

As to how much they knew of the subject, we cannot be certain; but that they practiced hypnotism in some form, we can have little doubt. In relatively modern times, the practice came into prominence under the title of *Mesmerism*. This name derived from Franz Mesmer (1734-1815), an Austrian physician and sincere mystic.

He was convinced that the planets exerted a force which in some manner influenced the human organism. The probability is that Mesmer's interest in this theory was engendered by his study of astrology although he approached the subject from the analytical and scientific point of view, as well. He speculated that the force exerted by the planets was comparable to electricity; he conceived it to be a radiant, vibratory energy.

These speculations of Mesmer led him to ponder upon the possibility that all diseases were of a vibratory nature—a disturbing force or inharmony with the natural energies of the body. He theorized that disease could perhaps be treated by subjecting the body or diseased part thereof to a flow of magnetism.

The man was a *thinker*; a true experimenter, no matter how fantastic from our standpoint his ideas may seem. As a part of his experiments and treatment process, he rubbed strong magnets over the affected area. We may presume that he hoped that the flow of magnetism would harmonize the body by countering or expelling the intruding and unwanted force of the disease.

His metaphysical outlook is indicated by his postulation that a *creative force* permeates the entire universe as a vibratory energy of some kind. This creative force is received in some manner by the human nervous system as a super-electrical impulse. If properly directed and not impeded, it results in health.

He further observed and sought to *demonstrate* that humans possess what he called *animal magnetism*. This, he declared, consists of a radiance from the human of the universal energy received by the nervous system. He sought to prove that this energy can be transmitted from one person to another to accomplish curative work. He believed that as a magnetic field it could react upon material, inanimate substances and be observed in what it accomplished.

Mesmer Ahead of His Time

Mesmer was far in advance of his time. Much of what he proclaimed, and for which he was then ridiculed, constitutes a serious inquiry by various branches of modern science. Committees of physicians at the time were formed to investigate his claims. Of course, they did not wholly agree with him, but they did admit that they could not repudiate some of his contentions and *cures*.

One biographer has frankly written: "Mesmer, himself, was undoubtedly a mystic . . . he was honest in his belief." Nevertheless, he was compelled to leave several European cities, being stigmatized as a charlatan and ordered out by the police.

In his practices, he found that in trying to induce magnetism into the human body by passing magnets over it, he produced a passive and abnormal sleep in the patient. In speaking to the patient at such a time, the latter would react to his suggestions without being conscious of doing so. Undoubtedly,

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Mesmer himself was not fully aware of just what occurred.

Ancient Practice Rediscovered

He had *rediscovered* the practice of the ancients, the method which we now call *hypnotism*. For decades, it was not seriously investigated by medical science, but was associated entirely with quackery or as simulated entertainment.

Today, medical science and psychology recognize the hypnotic state, but they are not agreed on the details of the phenomenon which occurs. Hypnosis is used as a therapeutic method for treating certain kinds of nervous and mental disorders. It is also a field of experimentation in psychology.

Hypnosis is the inducing of a *passive* and sleeplike state in the subject. The sleep may be deep or shallow. During this state, the subject is quite submissive to suggestions from the operator. The cooperation of the subject is needed in the majority of instances if the hypnotic state is to be entered into.

In itself, this is a very significant fact. Before hypnosis became a subject of scientific inquiry, there were fantastic tales associated with the theory. It was presumed that an individual could be *mesmerized*, that is, hypnotized, against his will, that it could be done even at a distance.

People said to have a *hypnotic stare* were feared as being able to gain control of the minds and personalities of others and force them to do their bidding. Fiction dealing with this theory became popular and, of course, spread additional misconceptions about hypnosis, actually serving to prevent a serious investigation of the natural laws involved.

There are several ways in which the hypnotic state can be induced. The commonest is to arrest the attention of the subject, causing him to subordinate his own will and thoughts to those of the operator. This may be accomplished with some subjects by having them concentrate upon a bright light which glitters or varies slightly in its intensity.

The entire consciousness is thus focused upon the visual impression of the bright light. The consciousness becomes sensitive to just those impulses.

The monotony of the impressions, their sameness, results in lessening the stimulation of the reason and the imagination. Eventually, they suggest no idea at all.

Whenever we concentrate on the impressions of one sense alone, the other faculties become relatively dormant by comparison. Consciousness is drawn away from them. Gradually, by this suppression of the receptor senses, the individual becomes more *subconscious* than conscious. At this point, the operator begins to suggest to him, to give him a complete idea which needs no analysis. Perhaps such simple commands as: "You are going to sleep! You are going to sleep! You are in a deep relaxing sleep!"

The will of the subject becomes dormant. He no longer formulates ideas of his own. There is no expressed mental desire, of which *will* consists. As a result, the will of the operator is substituted for his own through the suggestions given.

Finally, in the hypnotic state, especially the deeper state, the subject acts upon the suggestion as if it were a desire of his own conscious mind. To use an analogy, it is the equivalent of the operator's entering the subject's mind and speaking there in place of the subject's own reason and will. Just as we do not question our own desires and the commands of our own wills, so the person under hypnosis does not question the commands or the suggestions made to him.

"Brown Study" State

In this subconscious state, none of the impressions of the subject's receptor senses is as strong as the suggestions of the operator. For further analogy, when one is in what is called a "brown study"—that is, in deep contemplation upon something—the eyes may be open, yet one neither sees nor hears what is going on around him. It is because his thoughts are *more dominant* than other impressions coming to him objectively.

So it is with the hypnotized individual. In deep hypnosis, a bottle of ammonia may be handed to the subject, and he may be told that it is a beautiful and fragrant rose which he should smell. He will take a deep whiff of the ammonia with evident enjoyment.



The subject is not forming his own ideas. They are given to him in a prepared form as suggestions from the operator.

Not everyone, even when he desires to be, can be hypnotized. Some cannot easily subordinate their will to another. Further, only those who are thoroughly familiar with the principles of hypnosis should undertake the practice of it.

Useful Effects of Hypnosis

One of the interesting and useful effects of hypnosis is known as the *post hypnotic reaction*. A suggestion can be made to the subject while in hypnotic sleep that *whenever* he sees a certain act occur, he will react to it in a specific way. Later, when awake, the patient remembers nothing of the suggestion.

However, when the act suggested is perceived by him, he will almost involuntarily respond to it although he may be confused as to *why* he does so. For example, while in hypnosis the subject may be told that at three o'clock in the afternoon he will become exceedingly hungry and need an additional meal at that time.

When that hour arrives, the subject will follow the suggestion even though in a fully conscious state. He will not understand that he reacts as he does because of the suggestion planted in his mind. When, therefore, he becomes conscious of the hour—three o'clock—the original thought planted in his mind by association of ideas comes forth, and he is hungry.

Still another principle that has been proved many times is that the subject when in a hypnotic sleep will not upon suggestion violate his own moral convictions and standards. Of course, these *must be his own* convictions, ones that he has personally accepted, not merely a code to which he has given lip service. While in a hypnotic sleep, he will not upon suggestion abuse a dog or a cat if

ordinarily he would feel compunction for such conduct. Likewise, he will not strike a child upon such a command, shoot a revolver at another, or take money out of a purse that is not his own.

Moral Convictions Fixed

There is no mystery to such reactions. Our moral convictions are very definite. They are conclusions of our own, based upon our inner experiences and our outer ones, as well. They become ideas firmly fixed in our subconscious and subjective mind. We would not oppose such ideas with our own will; so, consequently, no one *else* can cause us to do so, even in hypnosis.

At times, a person may *seem* to oppose his moral convictions while in a hypnotic state, but, if he does, it is only because a suggestion has *misled* him. Thus, if one is told that a knife is a feather and that he should pierce someone's hat with it, and he does so, it is because he has been deceived. It is not an indication of the violation of his inner convictions.

This example indicates that the spiritual consciousness which we have attained and the concepts which represent it cannot be violated by hypnotic practice. If the morals we exhibit in our conscious state are a sham or a hypocrisy, then, obviously, the real self will be manifest in the hypnotic state. We will respond, then, to immoral suggestions only because inherently in our own unexpressed thoughts *we are immoral*.

This use of the subconscious by suggestion is most important. It consists of the use of cosmic principles and cosmic laws. There is no distinction between the laws used in the practice of hypnosis and those that deal with our spiritual consciousness. After all, hypnosis is a method of using the consciousness and mental processes which are likewise used for our spiritual evolution.



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What are the sciences but maps of universal laws; and universal laws but the channels of universal power; and universal power but the outgoings of a supreme universal mind?

—EDWARD THOMSON

IN 1957, Thelma Whalen of the Family Service Agency, Dallas, Texas, put drinkers' wives into four main categories: Catherine the Controller; Susan the Sufferer; Winifred the Waverer; and Punitive Polly. Most often they were married to alcoholics, cripples, blind men, males older than themselves or who were socially, emotionally, or educationally inferior.

Painful as the admission was, I could not deny the truth of much she had written. The characteristics mentioned were recognizable in myself and numerous other women, not all of them married to drinkers. I was a controller and would manage just about anything. My own ability increased, but only at the expense of others.

Like my mother and father before me, I was born and reared in a home where the father was a heavy drinker. Dad had a younger brother for whom he did what he could to help him become established. When I was about seven, he had turned on dad with many painful accusations, and dad had cried. Today, that uncle is an alcoholic.

My sister appeared to be favored by mother and was seldom required to perform any of the home chores the rest of us did. On many occasions, she took unfair advantage and sometimes made my mother cry, but mother always had an excuse for her behavior: "She is just like her dad." Today, she is an alcoholic.

The violent arguments that raged between my sister and dad when he was drinking remain with me. The unkind things said were remembered by wife and daughter and forgotten by dad when he sobered up. Although my sister's troubles were often of her own making, mother always sided with her.

Of the children, a brother was my favorite. For him I lied, both at home and at school; I accepted his responsibilities and, whenever possible, provided for him a shield against life's disappointments. It was my idea of the way to treat a cherished brother. Today, he is an alcoholic.

My parents seemed to accept the treatment they received, without fighting back; but I knew if anyone ever treated me as unfairly, I would not be able to let it pass unchallenged. Somewhere along the way, I became firmly

A Mental Block Removed

*LSD answered
my questions*

convinced that men had the easier and more enjoyable life, and in searching for it I became the local "tomboy."

A Wrong Definition

In this environment, I formed my definition of love. Love was mother and dad. It was also pain, protectiveness, and control by decency. When I chose a mate, it was only possible for me to love someone who fitted my definition of the word: I chose an alcoholic.

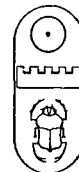
Today, we have children of our own. With my twisted definition of love, what kind of a mess will I make of them? We had been married almost a year when one day I realized with considerable shock and disgust that I was reacting to my husband's drinking in exactly the same manner I had once thought so foolish in my mother and sister.

When the pain of his addiction became greater than the pain of facing up to it, my husband went dry and accepted treatment. It was then I realized that I was completely incapacitating him by my own behavior, and I knew I would have to mend my ways. If anything happened to me, who would care for my children? I made an honest effort, but from that day forward, our marriage would not "jell."

Questions

There were counselling—hours of it—personality tests, intelligence tests, and an endless number of questions. Months became years, and nothing changed. Our personalities were just a little further torn apart while we tried to change them at the intellectual level with no real understanding of the emotions that drove us.

I had read of LSD, and I decided to try it. Arrangements for treatment were made with a psychiatrist and



practicing LSD therapist. Questions for which I desired answers were, Why the controlling, the protectiveness, and the suffering?

If I continued to reject our son, what would his definition of love become? If love for him could only be associated with his father or a brother, or members of his own sex, what type of mate would he choose later? What chance for success would such a marriage have if he married to conform with our social standards, contrary to instincts he did not understand?

If I had been replaced by a sister who accepted him, and our social standards caused him to reject his feelings of love for her; then could love for him still be only his father or a brother? For a child neglected, rejected, or without a father, could love be only a mother? Rejected by parents, brothers, and sisters, could love be only a child or beast?

The treatment room was simply furnished, a comfortable couch for me and a chair each for the doctor and his assistant, symbolic of the male and female image. A low table held a single rosebud, which opens during the course of the ten to twelve hour treatment, symbolic of the flowering of the personality. There was also a record player.

Answers

When completely under the influence of the drug, the first image which flashed into consciousness was one of mother and dad standing between my husband and me, keeping us apart. Then I saw the faces of dad and his brother. Dad's face broke, and he cried.

Next came an image of an apron and a couple of rats with faces which belonged to dad and his brother. They would scurry out only long enough to take nourishment from a hand beneath the table, then run back to hide behind

the apron. They gave nothing; they only took. My impression was that they were being encouraged to stay around.

There followed an image of the entrails of a fowl wrapped in newspaper, being shoved vehemently into an open coal and wood stove. Two portions escaped from the wrapping. That picture was for me. Hurt because my parents were hurt; disappointed and disgusted with those I loved most for what I believed to be their lack of "guts"; angered because the entire situation was beyond my control, I shoved the whole sorry mess into the flames.

The escaping portions, identical except for size, had fallen into the dark and dirt of the ash container. They became my husband and a son.

Then I knew the trouble: When I had ceased to control and protect my husband, he no longer fitted my definition of love supplied by mother and dad, and rejection had followed. An innocent child, whom I had protected too much and seemed to be favoring, was, in fact, being rejected because he was "just like his dad." With my altered behavior pattern, I no longer fitted my husband's definition of love, and he in turn rejected me and yet another child just like me.

The music of *I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen* seemed to lead me home to my husband. With the playing of *Ave Maria*, my family dropped one by one into a purple cloud, to be replaced each time by a shining white cross framed in luminous light. The rose fairly burst with beauty, framed in an aura of its own—and I knew freedom from the past. I learned in a matter of hours what years of searching had not brought to light.

—DAISY GERLICH



YOUR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS

As a member of AMORC are you familiar with the contents of the Constitution and Statutes of the Grand Lodge? The rights and privileges of membership are clearly set forth in the Constitution; it is contained in a convenient booklet. To save yourself correspondence and asking questions, secure a copy from the ROSICRUCIAN SUPPLY BUREAU for only 25 cents (1/9 sterling).

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JUSTIN CLAUDE

Honoré de Balzac *Recreator*

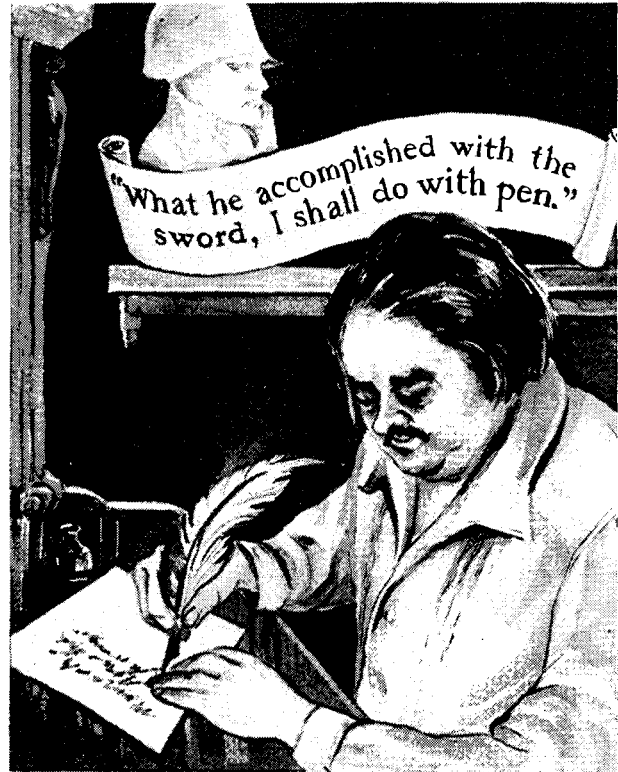
*He identified himself
with life*

THERE IS STILL magic in the word *genius*—magic that somehow turns aside ordinary attempts at criticism or evaluation and leaves the average inquirer baffled. Does genius denote a mad man or a saint—a congenital sport of nature or a messenger of the gods? A little of both, perhaps, and yet that judgment is inexact—especially when one comes to specific cases: Honoré de Balzac, certainly, was neither.

He may be called a contradiction or even the exception which proves the rule. What he was to others as well as to himself, though, becomes more difficult to say the farther one moves from his century.

It may even strike some that he is already too much of the past to have anything at all to say to the present. This would be as extreme as it would be untrue. His life was furiously lived as though impending chaos could only be stayed if his messages reached the people in time; yet he was no Jeremiah crying doom.

He was more human and earthy. He loved life and identified himself as completely as he could with every aspect of it—living and feeling a thousand lives and filled with a thousand hopes and sorrows. All this he poured forth in novel after novel until, having exhausted himself by his efforts, he died. But not before he had recorded a story of mankind that embraced an almost incredible variety of men and women. He was like Kipling's vision of man himself "splashing at a ten league canvas with brushes of comet's hair," and he was equally like an entranced visionary who wrestles unseen hosts while others see only an epileptic's struggles.



To many, Balzac was merely a 19th century novelist, the Walter Scott of France, of any one of whose works the following might be written:

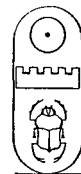
*If there should be another flood,
For safety hither fly.
Though all the world should be
Submerged,
This book would still be dry.*

Such judgment would be unthinking and would reflect more upon present reading tastes than upon Balzac as a creative artist.

A more discerning judgment is that he was the historian of nineteenth century manners in France. This also misses the genuine significance of the man—it would be nearer the truth to call him the century's Rabelais or Hogarth, for he was no routine reporter of his times.

The few who go beyond these viewpoints and call him genius do him perhaps the greatest injustice in according him the greatest praise, for they regard him as nature's anomaly, not to be accounted for by the forces shaping other men—his vision holding nothing for the world's practical good.

There is a middle ground, fortunately, from which he may be seen as an



erring and human individual, with an idealistic and visionary outlook capable of being put into an acceptable frame of reference: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp," Browning rightly makes Andrea del Sarto say, "or what's a heaven for?" (*Andrea del Sarto*)

Ninety-Six Novels Plus

Some 96 novels, to say nothing of short stories, dramas, and apprenticeship hack work, all attest to his prodigious effort if nothing more, and their themes range so widely over the course of human affairs as to give evidence of a genuine reaching heavenward.

"I have no wish to describe episodes that have their springs in the imagination. My theme is that which actually happens everywhere," he wrote in outlining his desire to deal with men as Cuvier had done with animals, reconstructing living beings from their fossilized fragments.

Stefan Zweig recognized this when he remarked that Balzac "discovered that the contemporary scene if observed from the right angle teemed with an equally vivid and abundant life, and that what mattered was not the theme or the setting, but the inner dynamic."

This developed into the ambitious undertaking of presenting the comedy of human life—an undertaking that became an obsession which in the end all but drove him mad with its increasingly accelerated tempo.

The seed inherent in the make-up of the man germinated early in life, but its maturing took thirty years of arduous cultivation—a cultivation, to paraphrase Zweig, which led to the discovery of his purpose. Finding that, he found himself.

There was little in Balzac's origin to proclaim the original writer he became except the outward circumstances which early made him a stranger to normal childhood and thrust him all too quickly into situations where only a retreat into imagination or unreality could save him.

In psychiatric terminology, he was subjected to countless childhood traumatic experiences, and his writing was his own desperate therapy to achieve a sense of normality.

There was rejection, to be sure, for Balzac was virtually an orphan while

both parents were living, and his home he was permitted to know only briefly at any time during his life. This fact alone would adequately account for his pathetic attempts to find in other and older women the love denied him at home.

His school days were equally cruel, and although made so by stupidity more than by malice, nevertheless molded him into at least a quasi ascetic, with occasional outbursts of peasant-like exuberance and vulgarity.

Bumbling and awkward, unwanted at home and cast in the role of a dullard at school, he escaped being more marked than he was by the natural amiability of his disposition, his rugged constitution, and his soaring and extravagant imagination.

These circumstances led naturally to a certain rejection on his part: He would stand alone and be himself in spite of the family into which he was born. He would renounce the bourgeoisie on every level. His father's name was Balssa; he would make his own Balzac and later put *de* before it as a further distinction. He would not be little in anything, certainly not be a petty *avocat* or *rentier*, but something big, big, big—even if he starved and it took every waking hour to accomplish it.

The Paris Garret

He would write. He literally bought from his father the freedom to live on his own in a Paris garret to do so. This scheme touched his mother's vanity. She acquiesced to it, one feels, only that she might thereby teach him the lesson of respectability. She gave him a few sticks of unwanted furniture, chose the bleakest garret available (also the cheapest), and saw the boy to the threshold of what she hoped would be a decisive fiasco.

Sous les toits de Paris was no musical-comedy experience in those days, and young Balzac—scratching with a quill pen at a rickety table by candlelight, wrapped in his bedding to keep himself warm—cut a sorry figure, however romantic and picturesque the experience may seem in retrospect. But he did not complain, and he did not give up. "In every period of my life,"

he wrote, "my courage triumphed over my misfortune."

Those misfortunes were real enough, and the fact that he himself was mainly responsible for them made them none the easier to live through. In the summing up of one life or another, however, the mistakes made are not to be undervalued! They may count for more than any successes.

After Balzac's first grandiose poetic failure with the life of Cromwell—which led to the advice to go into shop-keeping—he "turned to" in earnest to learn his trade of writing by any means that offered compensation. His determination never afterward flagged although the compensation often did.

Balzac's real talent lay not alone in his willingness to write without interruption and for unconscionably long periods; but also in his ability to identify with those who were to become his characters. It is in this sense that he recreated his century with living types. He breathed his own life breath into them, and they became flesh and blood beings, full of hopes, fears, loves, and hates.

His writing was in a sense compulsive and compensatory, too—actual life experiences relived in novel form in order that the inevitability of cause and effect might be shown or that real life errors might somehow be transmuted in the retelling.

Re-evaluation the Aim

It seems clear that re-evaluation was Balzac's aim—it was prompted by his own inner urge to know. Finding a hint of purpose in even the smallest event of life was like finding a bit of raveled thread, which in the rewinding could bring one into a realization of the order of the whole.

Detailing and illustrating such things in print not only allowed Balzac to discover his own protean self, but also allowed him to proclaim that self to be *the self of every man*. He wanted to spread the human species out in classification so that the pattern of life—its departures as well as its conformities—might be made as plain in the case of man as in plants and animals.

He wrote: "The great lessons which speak to us from the open book of history must nowadays be depicted in a way that everybody can understand."

Consequently, as clearly as he was able, he read history's open book and retold its story as it applied to France, grouping his comments under these headings: The Revolution 1789-99; The Consulate 1799-1804; The Empire 1804-1814; The Restoration 1814-1830; and The "July" Dynasty 1830 and after.

In this lies Balzac's greatness. His breadth of vision encompassed the history of his own times—physical, moral, spiritual.

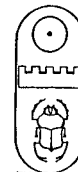
The Map of Life

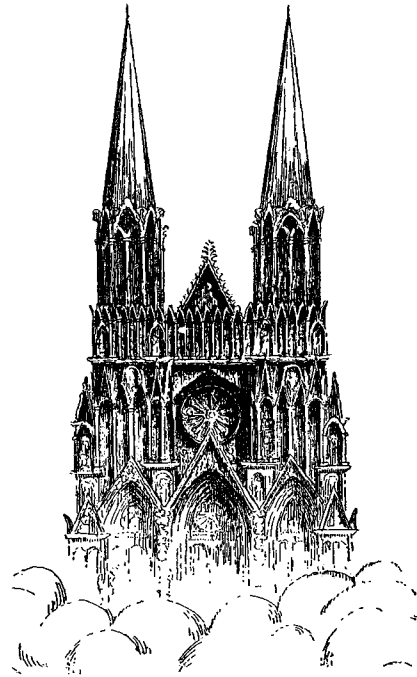
He spread out before his reader the map of life and with dramatic finger traced the crisscrossed threads of countless lives. With Shakespeare, he said: "This is the state of man: today he puts forth the tender leaves of hope; tomorrow blossoms, and bears his blushing honours thick upon him; the third day comes a frost, a killing frost; and, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely his greatness is a-ripening, nips his root, and then he falls. . . ."

If one remembers this in reading Balzac's novels, he will more readily understand the lesson of history and at the same time come to a fairer judgment of what the man was trying to do. However erratic he may have seemed in his approach to life in his own experiences and in those of his characters, his purpose was always the understanding of the invisible laws back of things as they appear to be—and the demonstration as well of how they apply in the everyday world of reality.

That was his intent. If it exceeded his grasp, it still remains the "heaven" for which he reached—the "heaven" which he struggled almost superhumanly to attain.

It was his heaven—but also ours, for it burns in every bush where there's a Moses to pay it heed. Though ordinary men pass by, those who *see the vision* and point it out are deserving of our recognition—and our gratitude. Honoré de Balzac was one who saw.





Cathedral Contacts

CREATIVE THINKING

By CECIL A. POOLE,
Supreme Secretary

DOES CREATIVE THOUGHT differ from any other kind of thinking? Most of us are impressed by the fact that mental creating is an actual process; that thoughts do have power in themselves. Anyone who has experienced the effectiveness of thinking, either as a creative process or as a means of bringing about conditions which may not have existed otherwise, is well aware that there is an effective force behind the process of thinking. In other words, he believes that the phenomenon known as mental telepathy actually exists and that thoughts can be conveyed other than by speech or writing.

We who believe that thought is a function of the universe, having a relationship to fundamental values and forces, sometimes forget there is a difference between ordinary thinking and creative thinking. The thoughts that

pass through our minds in the course of the day are substantially no more than the ideas with which we are dealing in our daily lives. What we think about most is simply the putting into words of the ideas with which we are concerned. To put it simply, most of our thoughts are no more than subvocal speech; that is, we are talking to ourselves about the things which concern us at any particular time.

Creative thinking is more than silent conversation with ourselves. It causes us to direct our mental powers toward that which we are trying to create. There is a difference between merely thinking of an idea and concentrating upon it. To concentrate upon it directs our vital forces, as it were, to the thing we have in mind. Equally important is the attitude behind the process of concentration.

I am convinced, and I believe almost any thoughtful person will agree, that a human being is as much a feeling entity as he is a reasoning one. We have feelings whether we like them or not. Almost everything we do concerns a series of facts and ideas which we can put into words either vocally or in thought. However, the same ideas and facts leave a certain emotional residue in our consciousness as a result of or because of our thinking.

Should someone come into my office while I am dictating this article and state a fact, I would react differently than if I were sitting at my desk doing nothing in particular. Whether the statement were true or false or had anything to do with any situation with which I am concerned, I would be annoyed because of the interruption.

Since I had directed my thoughts to this article over a period of time, to be interrupted in the process of putting them into words should not from a standpoint of analytical reasoning have anything to do with the discourse itself.

In other words, if my preparation has been adequate, there is no reason why I cannot pick up where I left off and complete the discourse after the interruption. But I know from experience and my own nature, from my own ideas and inner thinking, that an interruption before completing this dictation would be annoying. The annoyance

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would be due not to my reasoning but to my feelings. It would be a completely emotional reaction and would probably be similar to that of almost any person interrupted during deep concentration.

Now, everything with which we come in contact in life is dealt with in terms of reason and feeling. Whether or not my reaction to being interrupted is proper, whether it is polite or even reasonable, is not the most important question. The fact that I will be annoyed is a part of my total behavior pattern, which is based partly upon reason but principally upon emotion.

Approaching A Problem

Regardless of the right or wrong in the matter and the arguments anyone may present, we are influenced by our feelings. This important fact may be used constructively. Anything we attempt to do in the field of mental creating, of directing our thoughts for a purpose, must be done with the full realization that *how we feel about it* is as important as how we do it. To approach a problem or any activity with the proper mental attitude is as important as to approach it with the proper mental thoughts and knowledge.

The following quotation from an editorial written some years ago by the late B. C. Forbes, well-known writer in the field of business, illustrates this point: "I recall reading about a young woman in an organization, who had something to do with sending out letters and who reaped substantially more satisfactory responses than others similarly engaged. A superior complimented her, and asked her if she could account for her better showing. She replied, 'I enclose prayerful thoughts in every letter.'

"We don't know everything. May it not be that goods produced by loyal workers carry with them an aura or something which somehow conveys a favorable impression, which sometimes

induces consumers to choose them in preference to products manufactured by coldly disinterested workers?"

To me, this is a remarkable statement, and it was made by a man who was a student of business as well as of human nature. He realized that there is a factor which can enter into a cold, business process and influence its ultimate outcome. In other words, Mr. Forbes was familiar with what I have been saying—that it is not only the knowledge and efficiency with which a thing is done but the attitude underlying the process that will affect the results.

If creative thinking is approached with the idea that both knowledge and feeling are involved, then proper feelings and proper awareness of our emotions allow thoughts to function more vitally. In other words, in creative thinking, properly directed feelings and emotions are the lubricants oiling the thoughts and permitting them to be expressed with great power.

We should never underestimate the power of thought. Thoughts can be more powerful when their intent is based upon feelings that can assure an acceptable outcome. It is through the effect, after all, that the difference between ordinary thinking and creative thinking is revealed.



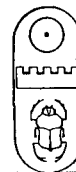
The Cathedral of the Soul

is a Cosmic meeting place for advanced and spiritually developed members of the Rosicrucian Order. It is the focal point of Cosmic radiations of health, peace, happiness, and inner awakening. During every day, periods for special attainments are designated when cosmic benefits of a specific nature may be received. Nonmembers as well as Rosicrucian students may participate in the Cathedral Contacts. Liber 777, a booklet describing the Cathedral and its several periods, will be sent to nonmembers requesting it. Address Scribe S. P. C., AMORC Temple, San Jose 14, California, enclosing 5 cents to cover mailing, and stating that you are not a member of the Order.



The highest possible stage in moral culture is when we recognize that we ought to control our thoughts.

—CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN



HENRY J. BUSS, F. R. C.

Laboratory Babies

*Science considers
the matter of a
more perfect man*

MAN ALONE of all the intelligent elements in nature has the capability of overcoming any condition which may adversely affect his enjoyment of life. He also has the choice of controlling his instincts and developing his ideals, either to achieve progress or retrogression.

Tempering his choice is conscience or intuition. Misinterpretation or flagrant violation of this tempering leads to some form of suffering, side effect, or negative karma, whatever one wishes to call it. One of the fundamental objectives of several societies, such as AMORC, is to obviate misinterpretations and violations of cosmic law by placing the ideals and instincts of man into their proper perspective to the law.

Science recognizes that a number of human, functional organs have either atrophied or are in the process of wasting away. The reason is that man's ideals, which generate changing conditions, have eliminated the necessity for their maintenance as functions. Atrophy or death of an organ is an automatic function of the body, implemented by the basic generator, *intuition*. It is intuition which generates the means to satisfy one's ideals.

The appendix is an atrophied organ. The thymus is a vestigial one, considered to be in a stage of retrogression which will finally lead to its disappearance. It is presumed, as well, that the increasing difficulties man is experiencing with his teeth are a prelude to their elimination—caused by his preference for a soft diet which has become an ideal.

Have we indications, also, that the present method of reproduction will in the end be dispensed with; that man has made his choice, established the

ideal; and that childbirth performed clinically will ultimately replace the present reproductive function of man? There is more than a probability that this is the case.

Within the past year or so, the public has been made aware of experiments to mate the male and female reproductive elements and to develop the resulting embryo under controlled laboratory conditions. Such experiments express the hope of successfully developing the human fetus *outside the human body*.

Many obstacles remain to be overcome, such as supplying the proper environmental conditions, nutrients, etc., to support such an operation. Because of their intricacies, these obstacles, including the matter of maturation of the fetus, may require several centuries of further research.

It must be demonstrated conclusively whether the physical and psychological influences of a mother physically connected to a developing child are of vital consequence. It is, of course, possible that no problems will be encountered in this aspect since other forms of life reproduce without the embryo or the fetus being connected with the mother during development.

Varying degrees of human discomfort and pain (psychological and physical) affect the mother during pregnancy—not to mention those affecting the father. Man will not tolerate these conditions forever; anymore than he has tolerated in the past the effects of various diseases and other problems without researching their causes and developing cures that ultimately resolved them.

Negative Effects Publicized

Today, more than ever, the negative effects of childbirth upon the mother are being publicized. Women are becoming increasingly resentful of the pains, discomforts, physical changes, and psychological effects which accompany it. This has developed an instinctive hostility toward the function in not a few women and has set up the desire, the *ideal*, to reduce the effects or even to eliminate the function.

The instinct and the ideal have established the necessary intuitive agents to reduce the effects initially and at last to dispense with the function. To re-

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duce the effects, man has developed drugs and instruments to remove the dangers of childbirth; massages, diets, exercises, and supporting garments to alleviate the physical effects.

To dispense with the function altogether, the subconscious has begun the operation for its removal through forms of surgery and disease—in this case, gynecological. Through modern medical and surgical practices, gynecological diseases can be therapeutically dealt with and organs surgically repaired or removed to prevent potentially dangerous conditions resulting from the subconscious operation.

Surgical removal of the reproductive organs, either partial or entire, has caused wide dispute because of ignorance regarding the subconscious mind. Nevertheless, the psychological and psychiatric sciences are steadily learning how to cope with the psychological effects.

A Subconscious Ideal

In all this, it may be observed how an *ideal* has sparked the subconscious mind into action to remove an undesirable function and to establish sciences to cope with ensuing developments, which will eventually replace the function with a more humane method.

Consider for a moment the plight of women in those days when medical, surgical, and psychological assistance was either unknown or not allowed to be practiced. Tradition itself caused

untold suffering, being the direct enemy of God's work.

Concurrent with the gradual lessening of the human reproductive function has been the development of methods of artificial insemination and the more recent research into the matter of clinical nativities—all designed to reach the end *ideal*.

If clinical development of children comes to be accepted by mankind, it will mean that *for the first time in history* man will be able to match the reproductive elements perfectly. This will bring human beings into existence without the mental and physical deformity prevalent in past and present-day societies, which until now have clung haplessly to a method of "chance reproduction," considering it the only way to faithfully reproduce the "image of God."

Even today, man has the knowledge available to prevent the occurrence of all but a minor residual of the deformities believed in traditional circles to be the will of God. By reproductive laboratory test, it can be determined whether elements, male and female, are compatible, incompatible, or mutated, and what will be the probable results when mated.

It is time, it would seem, for man to reconsider the Biblical statement that "Man is created in the image of God," and promote those methods which will insure an image in a form more befitting God.



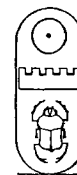
ATTENTION, HIERARCHY MEMBERS

Those who have attained to the Hierarchy and understand the purpose and importance of these special Contact Periods are invited to participate in, and report on, the following occasions.

First, *mark the dates* given below on your calendar. Arrange in advance for a few uninterrupted minutes at the given hour. While benefiting yourself, you may also aid the Hierarchy. In reporting to the Emperor, please indicate your key number and the *last monograph*, as well as your degree. The Emperor appreciates your thoughtfulness in not including other subject material as a part of your Hierarchy report.

Thursday, August 22, 1963
8:00 p. m. (your time)

Thursday, November 21, 1963
8:00 p. m. (your time)





Courtesy McCann-Marschalk Co., Inc

Typical Footpath in Roquefort, France

AMERICANS ALONE will consume over two million pounds of Roquefort cheese this year.

This blue-veined delicacy, as French as the Eiffel Tower, is intriguingly "different" because first of all it is made from sheep's milk, not cows'. Second, because it is cultivated in limestone caves underlining the Southern French countryside near Roquefort village.

Two legends explain its invention: One, the townsfolk fervently believe. The way they tell it, a shepherd boy of Roquefort, tending his flock one sunny day, sought relief in the shadows of an underground cave when the heat on the quiet hillside grew unbearable.

The fairytale cavern stirred his imagination and, with a little boy's love for a "hideout" all his own, he left half his lunch on a rocky shelf, resolving to return the next day. Months passed before he came back, and he found his cheese delicately veined with fine green

Cheese With A History

mold. Hunger and curiosity told him to eat it in spite of its strange appearance, and it tasted delicious! Far better than the fresh cheese he'd known all his life.

He brought some to his mother, and she told the neighbors. Before long, the entire village of Roquefort was storing its homemade cheese in the deep underground ravines peculiar to the area.

That is legend, but *the fact is* that nowhere in the world can true Roquefort cheese be made except in the natural limestone caves of this mountain village. The moist air sweeping past an underground stream maintains a year 'round temperature of about 40° Fahrenheit, resulting in rare biological conditions which produce the natural blue-green mold known as "penicillium roqueforti."

Have you ever known a cheese to go down in history? This one did.

In the first century A.D., Pliny referred to the sale of Roquefort cheese in Rome.

French Kings, Charles VI and Francis I, granted Roquefort village the exclusive right to apply the name of Roquefort *only* to its sheep's cheese cured in the limestone caves of its village. In 1785, the Parliament of Toulouse levied a stiff fine against anyone's selling another cheese under that name.

Not much has changed in this medieval town since those times. The tile-roofed cottages still cling precariously to their steep, rocky cliffs. The villagers, all 2,000 of them, entrust their livelihood to their sheep—and their caverns.

When you see on a cheese the red sheep seal reading "Roquefort," you can be sure you're getting this genuine French king of cheeses, says food-industry "sleuth" Frank O. Fredericks, head of the Roquefort Association in New York.

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PAUL, THE APOSTLE, wrote the Romans that if they would not let this world squeeze them into its mold but would let their minds be remade, they might then discern the good, the acceptable, and the perfect—but to be perfect in this world would be much more difficult. The world, unless they took care, would squeeze them to fit its mold.

Much in our lives today suggests the conformity against which the Apostle warned the Romans. Modern machinery does much that was formerly done by hand, but the materials with which the machines work must conform to a pattern.

So much emphasis leads us to equate conformity with perfection: Just follow the pattern, and we will be perfect. Yet the Creator seemed to enjoy varying the pattern, for of men, trees, or snowflakes, no two are identical.

Nor was perfection made a common quality: The perfect leaf, the perfect flower, the perfect tree—how many are to be found? Indeed, there are so many imperfect things, including man, that we speak of it as an imperfect world.

Imperfection must have something in its favor. “How many of us could qualify,” someone has asked, “if this were a perfect world, and there were room in it only for people who had no faults?”

A speaker recently told a group of businessmen that he would never promote to a top-level job a man who was not making mistakes—and big ones at that. Obviously, he did not have habitual bunglers in mind. But he did admit that business does not look for the man with no faults. It wants the man who makes *creative* mistakes.

Surely the Apostle meant reaching out toward perfection when he spoke of having our whole nature transformed.

C. T. RYAN

On Being Less Than Perfect

Knowing that “the good, acceptable, and perfect” were part of throwing off the old and taking on the new, we would know where to direct our lives. We could head toward perfection.

A monument on the campus of an English University, I have been told, has this inscription, “Right Up To Death.” It is in memory of a student who tried to make the first team in athletics through all his years of attendance. Instead, he just made the first team possible. After University, he went to Africa as a missionary. There his immediate superior became fatally ill. He nursed him until he himself became ill and died. All his life, then, he had worked toward perfection “Right Up To Death.”

Most of the world’s activities can be—and are—carried on by men far from perfect. Maybe we should be thankful for a world that does not expect absolute perfection of us.

The greatest calamity that can befall man, the *Ancient of Days* is reported as saying, is “that he should forget he is the son of the King.” It is not so important that one be the best dressed or that he be the first ever to be shot into space and returned; not even that he be in the public eye—just that he remember that he is the son of the King!

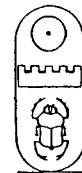
Remembering that, he can continue to grow toward perfection.

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.)



MERLE A. ALLISON, F. R. C.

The Mystic in the Kitchen

Gasteria,
tenth Muse

HOW AND WHERE did the art of cuisine begin? It may have started with the discovery of fire and then advanced with man's realization of the difference salt made in the taste of his food. Marco Polo's travels must have contributed much to the art of cuisine in the way of spices and exotic dishes he encountered in distant countries.

Or we might peek into the mental make-up of the many great chefs whose lifetimes have been devoted to transmuting the dreary chore of cooking into a fascinating hobby, each in his own turn attempting to create *le beau idéal* of culinary art. But man himself is the place to begin, for the art of cuisine is the result of his desire to pamper his palate in his quest for the unusual.

That is where the Winsome Witch in the Kitchen, *Gasteria*, comes in, waves her magic wand in true fairy-like style, and transforms the ordinary into a fabulous masterpiece of cookery. She is the Tenth Muse, so Brillat-Savarin said—and in such wisdom the French seem to possess a keen sixth sense.

In spite of Romeo's query, "What's in a name?"—of course, his mind wasn't on his stomach when he asked the question—one wonders if a simple test might prove the strange power of the spoken or written *word*.

Would Romeo not have rather pictured himself and Juliet by soft candlelight, tantalizing music filling the air, sharing the delicate delights of a Neapolitan salad, *la tourtière*, and *crème brûlée*, than in the hard light of reality sitting down together to a vegetable salad (with spinach) in lemon jello, Canadian pork pie, and a custard?

Our little Winsome Kitchen Witch, *Gasteria*, might here give a bewitching Mona Lisa smile and with the true wisdom of the "Muse" declare: "Ah, man! How he manifests the eternal mystery. No matter how practical he may claim to be, his esthetic nature *will* betray him even through his appetite! It demands that the ordinary be tinsel to encourage his imagination and make magic with his senses."

La bisque de homard is much more intriguing—no doubt about it—than mere cream of lobster; and who would want mashed potatoes when *les pommes de terre en purée* are available? Nor would one ever ask for "the wine list" if he were able to say "*Garçon, la carte des vins.*" would he now?

Appetite vs. Moderation

So because of his own exaggerated demands, from the moment he can tell the difference between spinach and candy, man creates his own caloric karma and enters the fray of the greatest battle of any century: Appetite vs. Moderation.

Famous chefs *de cuisine* (whether French, Italian, Chinese, Spanish or, the most famous of all, dear, sweet, unselfish, and patient Mom) have in strange ways made many contributions to man's development. Through their own forms of artistry, they have given glamor and beauty to the table, thus catering to man's tendency toward the esthetic with their culinary masterpieces.

Great moments of peacefulness are to be achieved by dining in beautiful surroundings. In such an atmosphere there are mystical qualities that affect the inner nature—and eliminate ulcers.

Food, its preparation and serving, with harmony as the keynote, is important whether it be Auguste Escoffier's *Pêche Melba* or Heinz's carrot juice.

However, in glamorizing the lowly potato into a foreign delight or in creating a candlelighted cuisine colorama, the problem is not in the glamorizing but in the temptation to eat highly spiced and at times chemically incompatible concoctions until "one touches." Since he has encouraged these gastronomic temptations by his own demands, man must either increase his will pow-

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er to resist or be resigned to the consequences of overindulgence.

Brillat-Savarin in his *Physiologie du Goût (Physiology of Taste)* states: "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are. Man's true superiority lies in his palate." The public has admitted that Brillat-Savarin was at least half right, for his book, which took him most of his life to write, has put him among the gastronomic immortals while leaving his accomplishments as a magistrate scarcely remembered.

Such is man's evaluation of his appetite that chefs the world over through their culinary comestibles have done more to establish international friendships than most political conferences. Like any other subject, this one is two-sided. There are those contrary-minded ones who will also claim overeating, indigestion, and international arguments are close companions. Be that as it may, each side has its positive and negative points.

The Middle Road

Brillat-Savarin, Escoffier, and many of the greats of the past and present would probably face death rather than have their culinary arts tempered to the palate of the health-wise or the mystic. And what of the bewitching *Gasteria*—no longer able to tempt man with her magic cooking talents, nor to muse over his enigmatic nature—would she be forced to return to the mount of the gods, forsaking the world and man forever?

Such a fate she could never endure. The gourmet could not live without her either, for she has slyly tempted him into preferring to eat his way into heaven. The fanatic, who attempts to send himself there in what he considers a better physical condition, she completely ignores.

The mystic, on the other hand, in his evaluation of his senses, should have

learned the value of moderation and the middle road. He should know that he cannot sit down either to an Epicurean Delight or to a Vegetarian Blue Plate without the tantalizing *Gasteria* close at his elbow. Whatever his choice, the question is not so much "what kind?" but "how highly spiced—and how much?"

Contrary to the opinion, the mystic is no ascetic sitting cross-legged on nails or chopped glass and being fed Elijah-wise by the birds. Such a grotesque picture is completely false. The mystic, though he does refrain from overindulgence, never loses his sense of perspective and is moderate in all things.

He appreciates both the lavish repast and the esthetic qualities of a table set with an eye to beauty. He can appreciate a culinary delight of beautiful and breath-taking aromas. His senses are far from dead. In fact, they are keener than ever, for they have been schooled in sensitivity; consequently, his will power has had to be developed to a keener degree.

After a gourmet's delight, the mystic is able to return to the moderate diet of everyday living. Experience has taught him that too many meals of excessively rich food in time lead to obesity, ill health, mental sluggishness, and a collection of physical ailments that would frighten even the beloved *Gasteria* herself.

The mystic prefers simplicity, not because he believes it can create a spiritual attitude where one does not exist but because he knows moderation to be an aid to health and that health is an asset to anyone, including the aspirant to spiritual heights.

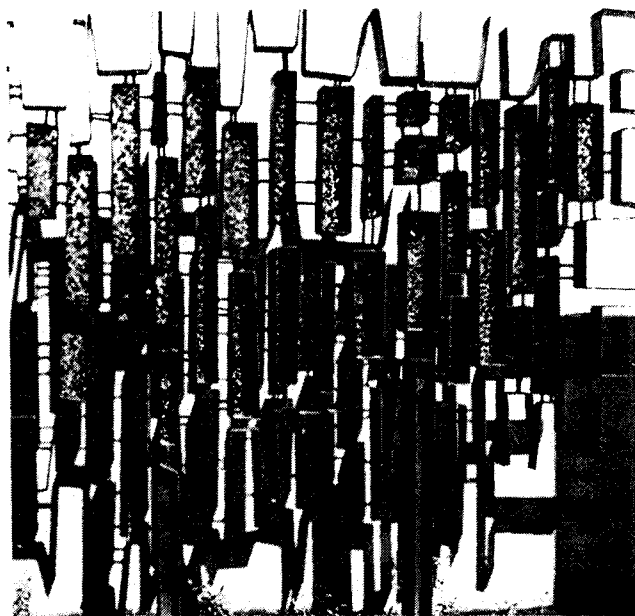
The mystic eats to live. The gourmet lives to eat. The mystic believes that the Kingdom of Heaven is within—and so does the gourmet. The issue depends wholly upon the kind of heaven preferred.



Moderation is the center wherein all philosophies, both human and divine, meet.

—JOSEPH HALL





"Electrocardiogram" in iron and glass.
Entrance to Campbell Community Hospital.

Editor's Opinion

Hospitals Define Hospitality

Such a statement is purely personal and is uninfluenced by television or comic-strip presentation. It grows out of my individual experience only and is not in any way intended to mar the almost universally fostered "image" of the hospital as a place of tense drama, or love and hate uniformed in white.

"Image" to the contrary, I met with no occasions electric with pride, passion, or pugnacity. Having waited some sixty years, however, to be a part of such a *mise en scène*, I could be somewhat biased in my minority report.

My reasons for making it are personal: to report the most unusual happening of my otherwise wholly humdrum planetary routine, and to make some return to the many who have surprised me by their unexpected concern.

It was a decidedly shocking matter, naturally, to find myself one moment a more or less self-contained individual and the next merely a human bundle carried to an ambulance like a product from a factory on its way to market or a heap of rubbish on its way to the dustbin. To be unloaded at the deliv-

ery entrance in the rear of a hospital only heightened the effect!

The journey through polished corridors lined with a variety of eager and querulent faces enforced the impression that I was slipping down a giant telescope, leaving the known and familiar, to come out at the little end into *nowhere*. To put it briefly, I judged myself to be a prime example of *planned obsolescence*, coming not to a junction but to a terminus.

And so it was, in a sense. I was lifted into bed, stripped of all individualizing paraphernalia, inserted deftly into a hospital gown, and banded like a captive bird with a hieroglyphic which, so far as I know, may or may not have carried opinions or judgments with which I concurred.

I resembled, I imagine, one of those anonymous individuals in white so often seen on television who endorse mouth wash—but, of course, with plastic oxygen tubing stuffed in my nose, that would have been rather ludicrous.

The doctor gravely looked me over, took some blood for analysis, and turned away with the unvoiced verdict that I could have been far more exciting and challenging. He inwardly regretted, I gathered, that I would not materially advance his reputation as a specialist. In reply, my wordless comment was that he wasn't exactly a Dr. Kildare himself and that both of us would be a little out of place on either *Ben Casey* or *The Nurses!*

A sedative was administered, my somewhat distraught family advised to go home, and the curtains drawn around my little world. Faces and figures began to merge into shadows, and I drifted toward sleep.

It was then that my criblike comfort enforced itself upon my waning consciousness, and I was content to leave to others concerns which were mine no longer. The experience which an hour before had left me as shocked and bewildered as if I had caught Icelandic fever without ever having been outside tropic latitudes, now had no meaning. It was only part and parcel of the total unreality.

Morning's When the Orderly Comes

Browning's *Pippa*, who discovered "Morning's at seven; The hill-side's

dew-pearled;" would have been surprised (although hardly delighted) to find that in a hospital it is different. Morning's when the Orderly emerges in the darkness to take one's pulse and initiate the daily routine—usually at six but on busy days as much as half an hour earlier.

In time, I accepted, almost welcomed, the procedure: It meant breakfast, bath, morning paper, mail, flowers, the doctor, nurses—and friends from the *strange, strange world outside*. My bed became an observation post. It was a focal point for others, but for me the center from which I was equidistant from every point on the circumference: I could analyze, classify, evaluate as well as they.

One Orderly, whose hobby was skin diving, really was swimming underwater with sure, even strokes as he massaged my back; another, a student-policeman in his spare time, brought a catch-as-catch-can technique to bear on all his duties; and a third, just discovering a new world in literature, brought me Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale* to read.

The nurses, too, were equally different: One worked with the businesslike air of a veteran. She flipped me from one side of the bed to the other as she made it as easily as I could turn a pancake. Another, as childlike and winsome as a campus queen, was all sympathy as she gave me a pill to swallow dry while she drank the water, handing over only the empty glass.

But duties rotated. The nurse who one day dispensed sedatives, laxatives, emetics, and such, the next might be on hand the moment I rang or appear unannounced to check me against any infractions of the doctor's orders.

The housekeepers, too, were party to this delightful conspiracy to keep me from doing anything for myself. They were a precious comic relief and in time even quietly helped me back when I tottered out of bed, instead of turning me in to the authorities. They also kept my plants watered and helped dispose of goodies sent, which, of course, they insisted I could not eat.

My companions in the other beds were their own centers of attention, and shared with me incidents which I failed to note. The near panic, for in-

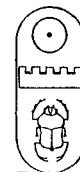
stance, when an impatient patient—tired of waiting while the nurse searched the corridors for his slippers (how could she have hoped to find them there)—walked off to the bathroom alone *in his bare feet*. All thought of scolding forgotten, she was all joy when he finally came out, and a tremendously relieved mama bird when she got him cosily tucked back into his nest again.

I could slow my narrative to a standstill with detailed observations, but they would all lead to the same end: A hospital is a hospitable place because of the human beings in it. Not perfect on that account, but enough so to be worthy of commendation. And in this case, that includes everybody—even those whom I had no expectation of meeting. The surgical staff, the X-ray technician, the clerks, the dietician, and the chef. They all had a daily look at me and a word of encouragement.

Suspecting perhaps that I was becoming too enthusiastic or developing into a real malingerer, my doctor ordered my release. Thus persuaded, I reluctantly gave up my hospital gown, left my bed of happiness, donned my worldly vestments, and came out again into the workaday world.

On leaving, I could think only of continuing the ridiculous punning game called *Tom Swifty*, which had entertained us for days on end: As Tom said wholeheartedly, "I'm glad I passed my electrocardiogram."

Official check out.



ANNA STAIR, F. R. C.

Human Beings Are Symbols

*They are
relationships personified*

RELATIVES are more than relations. Friends and business acquaintances who so casually enter and depart from our lives are more than people. Human beings are the tangible *symbols* of less easily discerned relationships; they are *problems* and *circumstances*, clothed in flesh.

Each life is the result of day-after-day brushing of shoulders with one's fellow men. Each individual *becomes* the personification of his reaction to that shoulder-brushing as he makes the daily choices and decisions that determine his future relationships—as he indulges or restrains his resentments, his loves, his hates. For all of us, the results of these daily choices determine our joys and miseries throughout life; they color our private earthly hells or heavens.

This is true for those who can choose their relationships, as well as for those who cannot. "Misfortune" merely provides other relationships through which the bitter-sweetness of their own souls may grow inwardly to surmount disaster and achieve enlightenment. Eternity views with unconcern the apparent tragedies by which the soul evolves. It measures not the cost and heartbreak; only the soul's progress matters.

The soul expands or contracts as it shoulder-brushes through life, accepting or refusing challenges. It may shrink or grow with the acquisition or loss of wealth, the amputation of a limb, disease, the death of a loved one. War, the cruelest hurt of all, sows fear and suffering, and harvests from intolerable bitterness and despair the richly matured flower of illumination. The individual reactions—the tempering and deepening of character—that accompany life's changes are the criteria by which to judge the soul's evolution, not whether the changes themselves have the appearance of well-being or evil.

The self-meaningfulness of each life is determined by its reaction to personal experiences, problems, and circumstances. And as often as not these circumstances are people: *circumstances clothed in flesh*.

There are times when all must rise above close personal relationships to make decisions that are impersonal and objective. To become emotionally involved in problems that are not ours to solve is to inhibit the growth of those close to us. Right relationships mean accepting only those problems that are rightfully ours and insisting that others accept theirs. This calls for perception to evaluate and regulate personal and business relationships with impersonal wisdom.

In this way, we grow—by the constant brushing of shoulders, by the constant self-reminder that people are merely the outer, flesh-and-blood symbols of our own inner problems which we view through the mirror of the mind's reflections. We give neither too much nor too little, accepting what is ours and no more! We keep a right balance and achieve at last a right relationship with all of life.



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Said Octavia Maria Cleopatra Donham, "The only people I haven't loved are the ones I haven't met." Meet her and love her in the July issue: "Everyone Called Her Cleo."

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.

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



IN THESE DAYS, when we hear so much about personal rights, personal liberties, and the constitutional guarantee of freedom in the exercise of them, we often wonder whether man realizes to what extent these rights and liberties are actualities and to what extent they are merely theoretical.

We hear the vociferous comments of those who think that prohibition of any kind is a devilish attack upon our liberties and is designed by scheming politicians and reformers to make us unhappy. They probably complain also because the sun shines only ten or twelve hours out of the twenty-four, because buses do not run every minute instead of every ten, and because money is not more soundly based.

These persons are dyed-in-the-wool objectors to restrictions and limitations of any kind. They believe they should have the freedom of the seas, of the air, and of the earth, but they will not concede such unlimited freedom to everyone else.

They claim that they should have unlimited privileges in eating, drinking, going anywhere, or doing anything that comes to their minds. They want to be free souls (whatever that is) and just run amuck in the universe.

They want to be like comets that cut across the sky and seem to have the entire heavens for their unbridled course. If they knew the principles of the universe, they would realize that a comet has a well-defined course upon which it must stay or else there would be a catastrophe more serious than anything that has ever happened in the past.

Even meteors that seem to drop to the earth unexpectedly, apparently unlimited by any principle or law, manifest some constraining influence that has kept them from falling into the

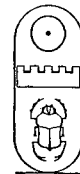
Our Brother's Keeper

hearts of great cities and doing untold damage.

No Free Souls

The important thing to keep in mind is that no one can be an unbridled, uncontrolled, *free* being, doing precisely as he pleases, for each one of us is his brother's keeper to a certain extent. Not one of us can live and think and act without having some influence or effect upon others. One's liberties are the liberties of everyone; his power is a part of the united power of all beings.

I think this point was excellently illustrated when someone said: "As long as Crusoe was living alone on the island, he could take his gun and stand on any point and shoot in any direction as often and as carelessly as he pleased; but the moment he discovered Friday and knew that there was another person on the island, he had to be careful about shooting. Every time he raised his gun to fire, he had to stop and think a moment and ask himself where Friday was."
(continued overleaf)



Certainly, all of us are in the position that Crusoe occupied after he discovered the man Friday. The only difference is that we are surrounded by thousands of Fridays, and we have more than one gun. We have not only material firearms in the form of pistols, rifles, revolvers, machine guns, or cannons, but we have bombs and other explosive things of a chemical nature. We have automobiles, buses, howling radios, and many other man-made inventions, along with diseased bodies, contaminated auras, objectionable personalities, and—the most dangerous of all—the power of our minds.

Certainly, we must bridle and control some of these personal assets and dangerous weapons, regardless of our individual rights and liberties which man-made constitutions guarantee us but which the Cosmic does not classify as belonging to us in any personal sense at all.

In other words, all of the cosmic and spiritual laws take into consideration the utmost good, the utmost benefit of all living beings; and until we place ourselves in attunement with this thought and guide ourselves accordingly, we are out of harmony with universal law.

The person who wants to be entirely free and calls himself a *free soul* is like unto a drop of water trying to rise up out of the ocean and float off into space as an individual entity. Since it no longer is a part of the ocean and no longer is useful or even beneficial to itself, the bright sun will soon evaporate it and let it float off into nothingness in heavenly space.

Our Responsibilities

It is not necessary for us to lose our individual identities or to lose our individual power by being attuned to the mass consciousness and cooperating with it. But each thought in our minds, radiating its energy into space to contact the minds of others, should be censored by our conscious understanding of our responsibilities to others. Just as we would guard and guide ourselves in the handling of a firearm in the center of a crowded street, so we should guide and guard our thoughts, words, and actions.

Unless the thing we contemplate doing will be beneficial to others as well as to ourselves, it is selfish and therefore dangerous. Not one of us can hope to be happy, successful, and prosperous if our efforts and achievements represent sacrifice or loss on the part of others.

Gambling

I have often thought about this as I watched people at horse races making bets and accepting winnings. I have questioned whether they realized the responsibility they were assuming. Watching a horse race is extremely thrilling. It is a pleasure to see what understanding the horse has of principles of racing, to admire the beauty of its movements and witness the test of skill.

But when men can find a real thrill in investing a few dollars on the selection of a number or name of a horse, and then go away with a multiple of that amount of money—perhaps a hundredfold—there is something wrong in their reasoning processes.

Every dollar that anyone wins at a race track or at any form of gambling represents a dollar lost by someone else. Gambling is only a matter of bookkeeping, of debit and credit. What some win, others must lose. The two amounts must balance, with some bookmaker or schemer standing in the middle taking a percentage from both.

The happiness that men find in walking off with money thus secured is inconsistent with cosmic principles because it represents a loss, a grievance, or perhaps a serious predicament to someone else. Too many in the world today are enjoying great benefits as a result of the suffering of others.

Such happiness cannot last and it cannot contribute either to the benefit of the winner or to the ultimate benefit of humanity at large. The only happiness that anyone can really experience, aside from spiritual happiness, is that physical, material joy that comes as a result of the accumulated mass-happiness of those around him. To enjoy life in its fullness, we must share such blessings as we have.

We must be mindful of our weaknesses and their effect upon others. We could not enjoy beautiful homes, health, and happiness if on all sides of us there

were disease and poverty. No one can continue to enjoy what is rightfully his as well as another's if he is sending forth or producing that which is destructive, unkind, inconsiderate, and out of harmony with the universe.

Keep all these principles in mind and limit your personal ambitions if they would bring sadness, want, or suffering to others. Be your brother's keeper in so far as you are a guardian of his interest as well as guardian of your own, and in this way fulfill the spirit of cosmic law as well as the letter of human conscientiousness.

▽ △ ▽

Reading . . . Can Be Fun

ON SUNDAY afternoons, my entire family naps—wife, kids, turtles, dog, cat, guinea pig, love birds, cockatiels, and canaries. Even the neighbor's kids, after giving me popoplexy with their bubble gum, go home. While they are napping, I listen to some soft music and relax with a book; this Sunday I have the telephone directory. Why? I don't know. It just landed there, so I thumb through it until I come across some unusual names. Then the fun begins.

Munching my durian, I come across Apple, Pietsch, Mellen, and Pare; further on appear Butcher, Baker, and Kendell, Stickle, Maka; Young and Old, Frost and Heath are between the Backus and Frontis covers, and also Clay, Pigeon, and Moon, Green, Chees; Shipp, Au Hoy, and Lander; Bacon and Hamm and Ege; Fee, Fay, Fo but no Fum; Ma, Pa, I, You, and Wee; Look, Schmehl, See, Heard, Say, and Phelan; Winne, Drew, Loos; Go, Fly, Kaito; and Knutz, Tu Yu.

Every one of these names is there—and Moore, too. Even mine—ALBERT GRAIN.

As Rosicrucians See It



SUCCESS

IN THE WESTERN world of today, the word *success* has gathered shades of meaning which may be related only distantly to the true meaning of the word.

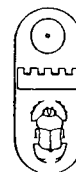
An atmosphere has been generated in which one must "become a success," or suffer frustration and self-condemnation as an inferior person. Such success is measured usually in terms of power, fortune, fame, or rank. It is implied that one must be the best and reach "the top" in some physical endeavor. Many, who do so, quickly forget that others have made their climb possible.

A dangerous aspect of this understanding of success is that many of our youth are beginning to admire and emulate the methods of those who have reached these ambiguous heights through ruthlessness and lawlessness. Their evolving sense of responsibility is being misdirected. The glamor of such pseudo-success as an end is blinding them to a full realization of the consequences of the means used to attain it.

As Rosicrucians see it, success is the fulfillment of one's personal efforts to apply the constructive, natural laws of mental creating. It requires cooperation with the natural forces which surround us. It is manifest when we contribute something positive to the world.

Those who gain success of this kind may never become powerful, famous, rich, or important. They will have enjoyed, however, a sense of achievement as co-creators in the evolution of our promising but imperfect world.

The truly successful are those who help their fellow men to overcome fear and superstition, while they seek their own inner peace and tranquillity. The masters of success are those who share their attainments with others.—W



ADAM GERONTES

What Makes Men Great?

*Man's endocrine glands
may hold the answer*

IN THE OPENING paragraphs of his novel, *Louis Lambert*, Balzac says of greatness: "To us, indeed, who do not see below the surface of human things, such vicissitudes, of which we find many examples in the lives of great men, appear to be merely the result of physical phenomena; to most biographers the head of a man of genius rises . . . as some noble plant in the fields attracts the eye of the botanist by its splendor."

We see the head of genius upraised above the lot of common men, and our interest is somehow excited. We even see fluctuations in such lives not evident in our own; but living as we do on the surface, and seldom seeing below it, we have no knowledge of the causes which make men great.

In fact, we seem scarcely aware of them. If we are, we say: "God wills it," "Chance brings it about," "Fate determines it." Yet, these are no answers; they are merely subterfuges to escape thought about that which neither concerns our own lives nor seems too important.

Since cause and effect are in everything, however, there must be a cause underlying what men call greatness. To find it may well be to answer other questions which trouble us; at least, it may give us a measure of understanding of ourselves and so provide an intelligent line of procedure should self-improvement be our aim.

Religion, philosophy, and science may have been deterrents in former times, for they were limited, restrictive, or selective and undeveloped—since Aristotle's time breaking apart to pursue paths of separation rather than to maintain a unity.

It may still be that they are not even approaching unity; but at least their separatist tendencies have been checked and in some cases reversed. The light they individually shed is beginning to be shared by all. In this day of science, an attitude of open-minded inquiry is more common, and that in itself is a better approach to finding more truth. Again, science is forming a more solid frame of reference within which both philosophy and religion must express themselves in order to have meaning.

It is a paradox to some (although it appears to be self-evident) that a surer knowledge of physical man leads to a more complete understanding of philosophic and religious man. In this regard, and especially as it concerns the cause of greatness in man, the study of the system of ductless glands in the human organism may serve as a prime example.

As yet no conclusions can be drawn without allowing a generous margin of error. Not to envisage a few worthy and quite possible conclusions, however, is to deter any accomplishment. Without the spur of desirable ends, the examination and analysis become routine and somewhat pointless. We must foresee some practical application, or what we do loses a useful significance.

Individuals Classified

Books both for the scientist and for the layman have set forth in a fairly thorough manner the nature of the various ductless or endocrine glands and have described their functions. So much so that individuals have already been classified as thyroid-, pituitary-, pineal-centered, and so on. Mainly, these have been cases where abnormality or malfunctioning has made necessary special consideration or treatment.

What has been incontrovertibly established, however, is that the endocrine glands play a tremendously important part in the growth and development of the individual, governing his attitudes, abilities, and emotions, as well as contributing to his physical normality and determining the rate at which he lives.

Further, it is the action of these glands in concert which accounts for the various results, for the fluid each secretes must be balanced and perhaps mingled with that of every other to be

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effective in the system. This action has been so subtle as to elude physiologists of the past—although repeated references to Descartes' *seat of the soul* and to mystic concern with the *Third Eye* have raised the question whether the endocrines might not have once been recognizable factors in accounting for man's behavior.

It is possible that some medical papyrus yet undeciphered among the thousands in various Egyptian collections may reveal that the endocrines were known and reckoned with in ancient Egypt. It may even be that Greek philosophic speculation aimed at describing the nature and function of those glands, for the nature of the soul and the manner of its descent into the body received constant and serious consideration. The Greeks were neither so naive nor so childlike in their understanding of life as we have imagined.

The Ancients May Have Known

Their myths (still relegated to the lower classrooms and discussed by children as material written especially for them) have been seen by a few to yield matter of serious import to both the philosopher and scientist: particularly those stories concerned with the incarnating soul and the conditions or stages through which it passes in preparation for manifestation in the dense atmosphere of earth.

Picturesquely, this descent represents the soul as dwelling in the several realms of the gods wherein each endows it with something of his own nature as a gift, thereby adding to its strength in the life about to be experienced. The circumstance has been variously described, the intent quite clearly being to suggest that each incarnating soul is provided through its gifts with a channel of communication with each of the gods. And likewise the gods with the soul.

The Greeks differentiated the gods, expressing their varying characters in personal terminology. The characterizations may have come to them from Egypt and certainly were passed along by them to the Romans. The myth of the soul's incarnation was immediately related to astronomy, for the Greeks were concerned with man's pre-existence in the heavens, with the galactic

center as the point of origin. The soul symbolically entered the sphere of earth through the constellation *Cancer* and left through the opposite constellation *Capricorn*.

The path to earthly life was the *Via Lactea* or Milky Way, and along this spiral of descent the several gods performed their roles as hosts or benefactors. These gods were the planets. The whole, therefore, was a speculation on the beginning and end of life, drawn from observation of the heavens. Related intimately to man on earth, this was astronomy in its first sense.

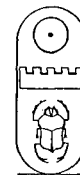
Acquaintance with the heavenly bodies, it would seem, was based on sound knowledge, for the characters assigned to the gods (the planets) accorded very well with their natures as we have come to know them—if one translates into spectrum analysis personalized description.

Such knowledge was scientific although it could hardly have been so understood in that sense by everyone. Without doubt, the average individual accepted the myths only in their literal and surface meanings, believing implicitly in the personalities of Zeus, Kronos, Helios, Selene, and the rest.

Those who were students must have seen the matter quite differently, for knowledge included scientific instruction as well as philosophic. It is not to be questioned that the Greeks were convinced of a certain order in the world—order manifesting in accordance with a pattern established in the heavens.

They accounted for differences prevailing among men—and did so acceptably, to themselves, at least—by attributing them to the variety of gifts presented by the gods during the stages of prenatal development. In this context, every soul was gifted, having successively visited (or been visited by) the gods on its journey into the earthly life. Since the gods were eternally active and concerned in contests and countless other undertakings with one another, their own fortunes were unstable and so the exact quality of their gifts was uncertain—except, of course, that they always reflected the essential nature of the giver.

Whatever the soul's endowment, it was a mingling of godly gifts, and the



individual's success or failure in life was dependent upon whether or not the gifts were equal to the demands made by the vicissitudes of living. The logic of such a theory, especially its practical application in earthly affairs, prevailed only as long as Plato's influence remained paramount.

Aristotle or Plato

When Aristotle turned inquiry from heaven to earth, a new system for arriving at truth—that of classification by categories—superseded the former practice. Man then took what he found on the earth and began the slow and tedious process of examination, analysis, and categorizing, with no general postulations to guide him.

Whereas Plato, with a few postulations as a center, developed radii which permitted everything to be drawn into a harmonious circle, Aristotle developed a new relationship for every subject. This resulted in a divided field of knowledge with no circumference and no center. Today, these lines continue to be drawn, Platonists on one side and Aristotelians on the other.

A slight advantage may lie with the Platonists, who usually can explain the universe acceptably to themselves while still understanding the Aristotelian peregrinations. This is somewhat offset by their being written off as idealists and philosophers, their propositions passed over as naive and unscientific oversimplifications. They are forced to bide their time until science gets around at its snail's pace to a consideration of their suggestions.

Suggesting a relationship between the endowments of the gods and the balance of the endocrine glands may thus be brushed aside as farfetched, ridiculous, and unscientific. Yet it remains that men are different even within the same families, and that *that* difference has a cause.

Those who follow the older astronomy—now called astrology—have continued the theory of the gifts of the gods in considering individual differences on the basis of the strength or weakness of planetary influences apparent at birth. However much the value of such a procedure has been diminished by those unqualified to make proper use of it, there is sufficient

merit remaining to justify its serious study.

Whatever may be said against astrology because of some of its practitioners, the case is established that birth charts exhibit evidence of planetary influences which characterize and differentiate individuals—evidence that can be checked out in the experiences that befall.

If greatness has a cause, it must be within the individual himself. Shakespeare made Cassius say: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Nevertheless, the fault, as *cause*, is in the individual structure, physical and mental. It is not in heredity nor in the environment but in the self—the self as an individual pattern of receptivity to certain planetary contributions.

The birth charts of musicians, criminals, military leaders, and statesmen reveal greatly dissimilar planetary configurations, and any one chart, when properly erected, will be the same whether the investigator erecting it is favorable to the practice of astrology or not.

The evaluation of its specialized pattern is unfortunately a different matter, for that rests upon the integrity and ability of the investigator. The diagnosis of physical symptoms by any two physicians, likewise, may be different, especially if their methods of schooling are dissimilar.

Planetary Influences

The cause of greatness, perhaps, is to be discovered in the planetary influences present at birth as *prima facie* evidence tending to be substantiated in the later life. If so, such planetary influences evident could be compared with medical charts of the basic relationships of the endocrine glands.

Some medical practitioners, especially those trained in psychiatry or working with the mentally and emotionally disturbed, have studied this relationship between planetary influence and aberrational behavior and have thereby often increased the effectiveness of their treatment.

If there is a measurable relationship existing between planetary activity and disease, should it not be equally evident in regard to health? And if these are

both included, could not the proposition be theoretically extended to embrace the whole man, of which greatness must be a part?

In advancing the theory of relationship, no radical or extreme ends are being proposed: Endocrinologists are not ready to pronounce the final word as to the exact nature of these several organs or as to their definite purpose in the human system, either singly or together. No more can astrologers state with finality the particular planet influencing any one gland.

They ascribe to certain celestial bodies an influence, little suspected and sometimes disputed, on the structure and nature of the mental and physical man. Endocrinologists, as well, ascribe to certain little-known physical organs a hitherto unsuspected importance in the functioning of the mental and physical man.

If both were to join forces in their study of the endocrine glands, it is possible that not only the cause of greatness might be found but also the cause of many other things.



In estimating the greatness of great men, the inverted law of the physical stands for the intellectual and spiritual nature—the former is lessened by distance, the latter increased.

—ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER



The 1963 Convention

Just a few reasons why you should attend the all-new, delightfully paced International Rosicrucian Convention. . . . There is nothing in the world to compare to this event for time spent in useful, instructive, and inspiring hours. The whole world of mystical study, the traditions of the Order, and the yearning for and satisfaction of fraternal ties with members everywhere crowd in on the consciousness of the participant.

The scope of the program can best be illustrated by listing some of the outstanding events in the daily round of activities:

- Classes in Rosicrucian degrees, presided over by Class Master.
- Addresses by all Rosicrucian officers.
- Special mystical demonstration by the Imperator.
- A Rosicrucian Forum with the Supreme Secretary.
- A display of rare books and documents.
- Tours through the administrative facilities.
- Demonstrations of Rosicrucian principles with special equipment.
- Mystical Convocations in the Supreme Temple.
- An honorary initiation for Temple Builders.
- Exploring children's programs.

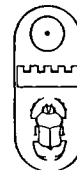
And on the lighter side . . .

- A piano recital by noted concertist, Margita de Regeczy.
- The magnificent traditions of the American Puye Indians in a new color film by James Morgan.
- Demonstrations of Japanese Brush painting by noted artist, Takahiko Mikami.

Combine all this with a relaxing vacation in central California—magnificent San Francisco, the redwoods, and the high Sierras.

Registration begins Sunday, July 14, at 9:00 a.m., and continues throughout the Convention week. Registration fees are \$9.00, including banquet; or \$7.00 for registration only, and \$4.00 for banquet only. We hope you can come and take in everything.

ROSICRUCIAN PARK San Jose 14, California July 14 - 19



PRAKASH C. JAIN

Unhappy Humans

*Ancient Hindu classic
suggests the reasons*

IN INDIA, so many people are unhappy—and it can be understood, for India is so poor and underdeveloped. But why should so many people be unhappy in America—a land overflowing with milk and honey, and full of every kind of facility that human ingenuity can command?

Psychologists and sociologists will know the reasons. But the other day, my surprise knew no bounds when I found the reasons neatly listed at one place in an ancient Hindu classic—the *Mahabharata*. . . .

Once a wise Brahmin was wandering in a lonely forest, when suddenly he was pounced upon by a cannibal. The Brahmin viewed the situation calmly. . . .

Accordingly, addressing the wildman, the Brahmin said, "Ze! What a nice face you have! And what strong muscles!" But he slyly added, "Honestly, if you weren't so pale, you surely would have been the handsomest man alive."

The wildman, who had perhaps never beheld his face in a mirror, easily took in the bait and anxiously asked, "Tell me, why do I look so pale? If you give the correct reason, I shall certainly spare your life." . . .

Reasons Enumerated

The Brahmin, addressing the wildman, said: "Perhaps the reason for your unhappiness is that you have no proper or regular means of earning a living and thus remain under a constant handicap.

"Or perhaps in pursuit of your livelihood, you have to work far away from your near and dear ones, and this keeps

you ceaselessly worried about their welfare.

"Or perhaps the work allotted to you is not congenial to your nature, and you think you should better be doing something else. It seems that, in your opinion, your present job is much beneath your dignity, but you are unable to give it up either because you can't get the type of work you will like to do, or because such work doesn't bring adequate rewards (for example, educational or artistic jobs).

"Also, it could be that in your opinion your boss is an incompetent, overbearing braggart, who keeps on nagging you, but despite your dislike for him you have no alternative but to continue serving him. . . .

"Maybe you remain worried because you are too old for your wife. . . .

"Or possibly your son is a good-for-nothing fellow. Your brothers and sons-in-law refuse to work for themselves and keep on pestering you for their needs. . . .

"It could also be that your relatives and friends are so mean that despite your best efforts to help and please them, they always remain cross and ungrateful. Perhaps they keep on wrangling among themselves over trifles, and, with all your efforts, you are unable to reconcile them—and this makes you thoroughly disgusted. . . .

"Perhaps your ambitions far surpass your limitations. Though slow-witted, you perhaps wish to be known as a philosopher, author, artist, and orator. Though indecisive, you perhaps wish to be recognized as the leader of men. Lacking courage, you perhaps wish to be reckoned as an intrepid warrior. Lacking wealth, you perhaps wish to be remembered as a philanthropist. Or perhaps relying solely on your physical strength, you wish to be counted as one of the great personalities of the age. . . .

"But it could also be that you have acquired your social position and intellectual reputation on false pretenses, and you are all the time afraid of being found out. . . .

"Or maybe you are just afraid—afraid of your enemies—real or imaginary, of catching some disease, of old age with its accompanying wrinkles and debility, or your dear one's death;

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or perhaps you are too much concerned with what may happen to you and the world in the near future.

"It could also be that being bored with life and unable to see any meaning in human existence, you wish to devote yourself exclusively to a life of contemplation and piety, but you are unable to do so because of your family obligations.

"Or perhaps you are sick of all-round moral deterioration: Philosophers pursuing carnal pleasures. Holy men running after material goods. Soldiers behaving like cowards. Politicians working to serve their own private ends rather than those of the nation. Young men without opportunities. The old without security. Good men suffering and living in need. Evil men prospering with enough to spare. . . ."

Choosing Between Evils

The above just about exhausts the list of reasons which the Brahmin offered for the wildman's unhappiness. And, of course, he earned his well-deserved reprieve. But I will be less than just to this ancient Hindu scripture if I fail to mention at least one more reason which its illustrious author gives in another context.

According to Sage Vyas, the worst moment for man is that utter state of confusion, indecision, and puzzlement when, faced with two equally evil and disastrous possibilities, he has to choose one without escape. Indeed, the *Mahabharata* reaches its climax when its hero Arjuna has the alternative either to slaughter his own kith and kin

in a fratricidal war, or lose his rightful kingdom and be dubbed a coward forever.

Even today, each one of us (especially the American) has to decide between two equally evil and disastrous possibilities: either see the destruction of all our civilization in a nuclear holocaust, or see the destruction of all our values by an advancing, atheistic creed.

Such a choice will make any human unhappy, as it did Arjuna—the *Mahabharata* hero. But has there been a time when man didn't face an equally hard choice—a choice between moral precepts and pleasures of flesh; between obligations to our family and duty to the nation; between duty to the nation and obligations to larger humanity; between speaking a truth which hurts materially and telling a lie which hurts spiritually; between spanking the children and inhibiting them for life, or letting them grow into brats and hoodlums; between seeing a patient consumed and tortured by an incurable disease, or killing him outright and being guilty of homicide; between slaughtering so many birds, beasts, and fish daily for human food, or starving so many humans for lack of food?

Almost always it seems to be a choice between Scylla and Charybdis, between two edges of a precipice. But such has ever been the tale of unhappy humans—particularly, if they happen to be intelligent and conscientious ones.

Originally published in extended form, under the title "The Unhappy Human." Copyright *Christian Herald*, used by special permission.



UNITED KINGDOM—ROSICRUCIAN CONVENTION

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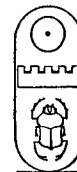
The Francis Bacon Chapter, AMORC, London, England, will sponsor a Rosicrucian Convention on Saturday and Sunday, September 7 and 8.

To be held at the St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, W.C. 1.

The Grand Master of France, Frater Raymond Bernard, and other Rosicrucian dignitaries will be present.

A warm fraternal welcome awaits you in London.

Write now to: Convention Secretary, Miss M. A. Iles, 29 Bycroft Road, Southall, Middlesex, England.



Rosicrucian Activities

Around the World

MUNICH-BORN Peter Bloss, whose portraits and other paintings have been exhibited widely in the United States and abroad, presented an "Exhibition of Paintings" in the Modern Art Gallery of the Rosicrucian Egyptian, Oriental Museum during April. Now a teacher of figure and portrait painting at the Valley Art Center in Lafayette, California, and well known in professional artists' circles on the West Coast, Mr. Bloss is acclaimed for versatility as well as forceful execution.

From the striking *Selfportrait With Hand* and *Negress With Red Head Cloth* to the muted tones of *Desert Morning*, an Arizona landscape, the suggestive pathos of *Old Man Sit in the Bush* and other Navajo and Hopi Indian reservation paintings, this exhibit offered interesting contrasts. Representative of his Indian portraits is *Three Hopi*, reproduced below.



(Photo by AMORC)

Three Hopi

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Neighborliness exemplifies the Rosicrucian spirit, and thus it is that, like good neighbors, lodges, chapters, and pronaoi exchange visits and services, working hand in hand toward a common goal. For example, in March, when John O'Donnell Lodge, Baltimore, Maryland, conferred the Second Temple Degree initiation upon eligible members, the Ritualistic Officers of the Atlantis Chapter, Washington, D. C., conducted the convocation that followed. Again, on the weekend of May 5 and 6, Toronto Lodge's Initiation Team (Toronto, Canada), traveled to the Rama Chapter Rally in Buffalo, New York, and there conferred the Seventh Temple Degree Initiation.

▽ △ ▽

Guest speakers at the Third Northern Ohio Rally held at the Cleveland Chapter, May 4 and 5, were Grand Councilors Harold P. Stevens, George E. Meeker, Joseph J. Weed; Inspector General for Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, Lydia F. Wilkes, and Dr. A. A. Taliaferro of Dallas, Texas.

▽ △ ▽

In March, when Reita Shelley, daughter of Soror Leita Shelley, was installed as a Colombe the day after her twelfth birthday, Van Nuys, California, Lodge could boast an important *First*. That same day, Colombe Reita's father, Cecil Shelley, and Reita's maternal great grandmother, Ethel Cooper Harmon, were initiated into the lodge. With her mother and her grandmother, Soror Alliene Russell, already members, Colombe Reita's installation makes four generations of one family active members in the lodge.

▽ △ ▽

Fratr J. D. Beswick, enthusiastic and hardworking Extension Volunteer from Springs, Transvaal, South Africa, writes that in February capacity audiences attended showings of AMORC's films, *Domain of Destiny*, *Egypt the Eternal*, and *Isle of Legend*. The cordial reception of these films by interested well-wishers in Springs assures the success there of similar occasions in the future.

▽ △ ▽

Everyone, in a sense, writes his own epitaph—not always consciously, however, or in the poet's measure. Soror Agnes C. Tucker, who passed through

transition in April in Bermuda, where for many years she had made her home, might well be said to have done so in the following sonnet. It appears as the final one in her *Sonnets to the Sun*, published in 1959:

*At least I shall go out in Thy space
With a few items, slowly, ruthfully learned.
It was my doing and not Thine which
turned
The knife back on my flesh. I know the
place
I found too narrow, and the job too base
To suit me were selected when I spurned
The rugged, selfless path to Thee and turned
Narcissus-like to dote on my own face.
So I will clutch my knowledge and advance,
Companioned by Thy hosts, into the night,
There—or elsewhere—to find another chance
To take exams and put the ledger right.
Then foolishness, like dandelion hair,
Will fall away and vanish in the air.*

▽ △ ▽

Spanish-speaking members will know that *alcaldesa* means mayoress, or woman mayor, in English. But how many mayors who are women do you know? We have heard of one. She is the

charming alcaldesa of San Juan, Puerto Rico—Doña Felisa Rincon de Gautier. For fourteen years, she has handled municipal problems of traffic, housing, sanitation, public health, finances, welfare, and expansion. In that time, her city's population has more than tripled and her administrative duties have multiplied accordingly.

All this, though, however praiseworthy, is not the reason why Doña Felisa recently was presented an AMORC Humanist Award. In addition to being a competent administrator, she is a humanitarian. Two days a week are devoted to holding open house for her city's people—sessions which may number as many as a thousand. All are received and interviewed, for no individual's problem is too big or too small for a sympathetic hearing.

San Juaneros know they have only to talk over their troubles with Doña Felisa and, if possible, solutions will be found.

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.

July: The personality for the month of July is Cheddi Jagan, Prime Minister of British Guiana.

The code word is: NAT

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

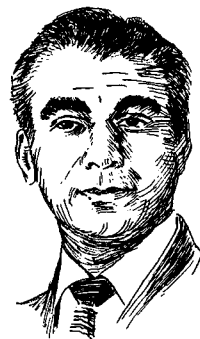


**ROMULO
BETANCOURT**
President of
Venezuela

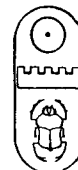
September:

Romulo Betancourt, President of Venezuela, will be the personality for the month of September.

The code word will be: ANKH



CHEDDI JAGAN
Prime Minister of
British Guiana





Courtesy Madison Hotel, Washington, D C

M. Georges Adrien Fanjas

ROYALTY IS HIS DISH

CHEF EXTRAORDINARY, Georges Adrien Fanjas prepared his *Sau-mon de Gaspé au Champagne* for Queen Elizabeth, in 1959, when she was in Montreal for the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

His recipes have also pleased the palates of two of the world's well-known princes: Chicken Fricassee *Volaille d'Auge* for the late Aly Khan; Poached Eggs *Bernadotte* for Prince Bertil of Sweden.

To Chef Fanjas, if you are royalty, you eat royally.

Since 1929, this 50-year-old king of the French kitchen has fed the famous in more than 20 cities—from Nice to New York and from Stockholm to San Juan.

Now in Washington's luxury hotel, The Madison, M. Fanjas hopes to get Democrats and Republicans to agree—at least about the high quality of his art.

"For a long time," he says, "I have wanted to work in the capital of the United States. It is the meeting place of the world's princes and statesmen, persons who know and appreciate the finest in cuisine."

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ELISABETH VAN OLST COOPS, F.R.C.

THE LOST TEMPLE

THE beautiful Temple at Semarang on a high hill near the Java Sea was one of the oldest of the present Rosicrucian cycle. In the grounds were dormitories where fratres and sorores from afar could pass the night when they came about Eastertime to partake of the New Year's feast and again at Christmas to celebrate Peace on Earth and Goodwill toward Men.

When—after Pearl Harbor—the Japanese invaded the Archipelago, it was decided that three fratres would take the responsibility of preserving a complete set of monographs of all the degrees. The Grand Secretary hid the first set in Semarang; the Grand Master concealed the second set near his home in Java's interior; and Frater Van Olst, one of the oldest members, took the third set to his sugar plantation in East Java.

The first two sets were discovered and confiscated by the Japanese. The Grand Master, a venerable old doctor and missionary, was severely chastised; the highly esteemed and beloved Grand Secretary perished in one of the Japanese starvation camps.

The only monographs that were saved were those that Frater Van Olst packed tightly into a large can on which he soldered the lid securely. Around this can he cast a big block of cement, similar to those of the foundation of his sugar factory. In the dark of night, Frater Van Olst and I buried this cement block deep in the earth where it rested for almost four years while all men, women, and children of European origin were imprisoned and maltreated in the concentration camps where thousands starved to death.

When at last—after Hiroshima—the Dutch East Indies were liberated, we could unearth the monographs. We found that the annual torrential rains had moistened the paper, notwithstanding our painstaking precautions. All sheets had to be carefully separated and dried, but they were legible and new monographs could be printed.

The beautiful Temple on the hill near the Java Sea, alas! was to be lost forever.—*Vancouver Lodge Bulletin*.

MYSTICISM as a metaphysical doctrine considers the spiritual world of more consequence than its physical counterpart. A true mystic searches for truth, and in that search discovers God within himself. His aim, then, is to realize God in every act of life and thus bestow upon matter a purity and dignity worthy of reintegration with the divine.

The mystical life is achieved by a long process of spiritual refinement: One lifetime is only a beginning. Many have sought the mystical life. The ascetic forsakes the world and seeks only the divine. The person caught in the maelstrom of human responsibilities, who cannot—or does not wish to—retire from the physical world, also seeks the divine in periods of solitude from daily affairs. Both consider the crucible of life an opportunity to temper the metal of the soul.

The mystic seeks that for which man has always sought—that which he hopes will bring about a union with God and a reintegration of the warring forces within himself.

The mystic yearns for truth: He searches for it through meditation and feels an inexpressible happiness when he discovers or realizes the God within. It is then for him a light, dispelling the darkness of doubt and confusion. He is able to see and love all of life everywhere. Fortified with an inner serenity, he is able to meet adversity and suffering and to accept them as a part of the total human experience—to use them as stepping-stones in his ascent toward perfection.

Humility is indispensable, being invariably the sweetest flower in the inward garden—and of the most value. Genuine humility implies a profound knowledge of human psychology: It is a cloak that protects and defends true wisdom.

Humility is not ignorance—the mystic is alert and perceptive—it is rather an introspective consciousness, a progressive realization of divine unity. It prevents him from arousing envy and keeps him aware of the consequences of his own thought. Thus freed from lower-level thinking, he is protected from his own pride and vanity and realizes the inner peace of tolerance and love.

DELIA WEBER, F. R. C.

Reflections of a Mystic

*The sublimity of the human
personality is the goal*

The teacher, the sage, and the saint alike have sought wisdom within the silence. Likewise, the disciple of mysticism.

Mysticism is not a dazzling light that blinds; neither is it a flickering, perishable flame that confuses the aspirant. It is a permanent, dependable light, dissolving the errors of darkness.

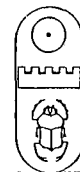
Mysticism Must Be Lived

The greatest mystics of history could not limit themselves by writing their *real* message: That was their life—*thought, word, and deed*. Unlike the artist who leaves a masterpiece to enlighten and inspire posterity, the mystic finds it impossible to sever a part of the total consciousness and make of it a message.

It is well for the mystical aspirant to remember among other lessons the teachings of Jesus the Christ, that “except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.” To understand this parable is to understand a profound mystical truth.

The mystic never feels impelled to say *consumatum est*. Although humanity appears to be spinning toward annihilation, he understands that the race is yet in its infancy and that men are still playing with life, like children pursuing fantasies. Intangibles, sacred and permanent values, are ignored, and men occupy themselves with the trivial and transitory. In a turbulent and disquieting world, only God is *real* but many, unfortunately, are not yet conscious of this.

The ancient mystics sought perfection through the practice of moral vir-



tues, and so, too, the mystic of today. St. Francis of Assisi, St. John of the Cross, eminent Christian mystics, the seventeenth century German mystic, Jacob Boehme, and many others have been fountains of human inspiration.


Time must be allotted for retreat, for meditation; there must be self-discipline in the study and application of the basic principles of life and constant practice of moral and virtuous habits. These are necessary to awaken and develop the psychic and spiritual elements of the aspirant. "Mysticism is exalted grace," said Plato. St. Teresa, in de-

scribing the inner ecstasy, spoke of "a going within to experience the feelings of the soul . . . a closing of eyes, ears, and mind, and realizing life as pure soul. . . ."

These heights are gained by progressive discipline, and the mystic discovers that wisdom thus gained strengthens him in divine light. It girds him with spiritual power and reveals the real treasure of life—the sublimity of the human personality.

(Translated from *El Rosacruz*, Jan. 1962, by Alice Williams.)





Will Man
Create
Life?

Can man become a creator, peopling the world with creatures of his own fancy? He has revealed the secret of organic functions and measured the forces of mind—now, breathlessly, he tears at the veil which conceals the nature of life itself. Will this be his crowning achievement—or his utter annihilation? It is one of the greatest controversies of the day, but metaphysicians startlingly announce . . .

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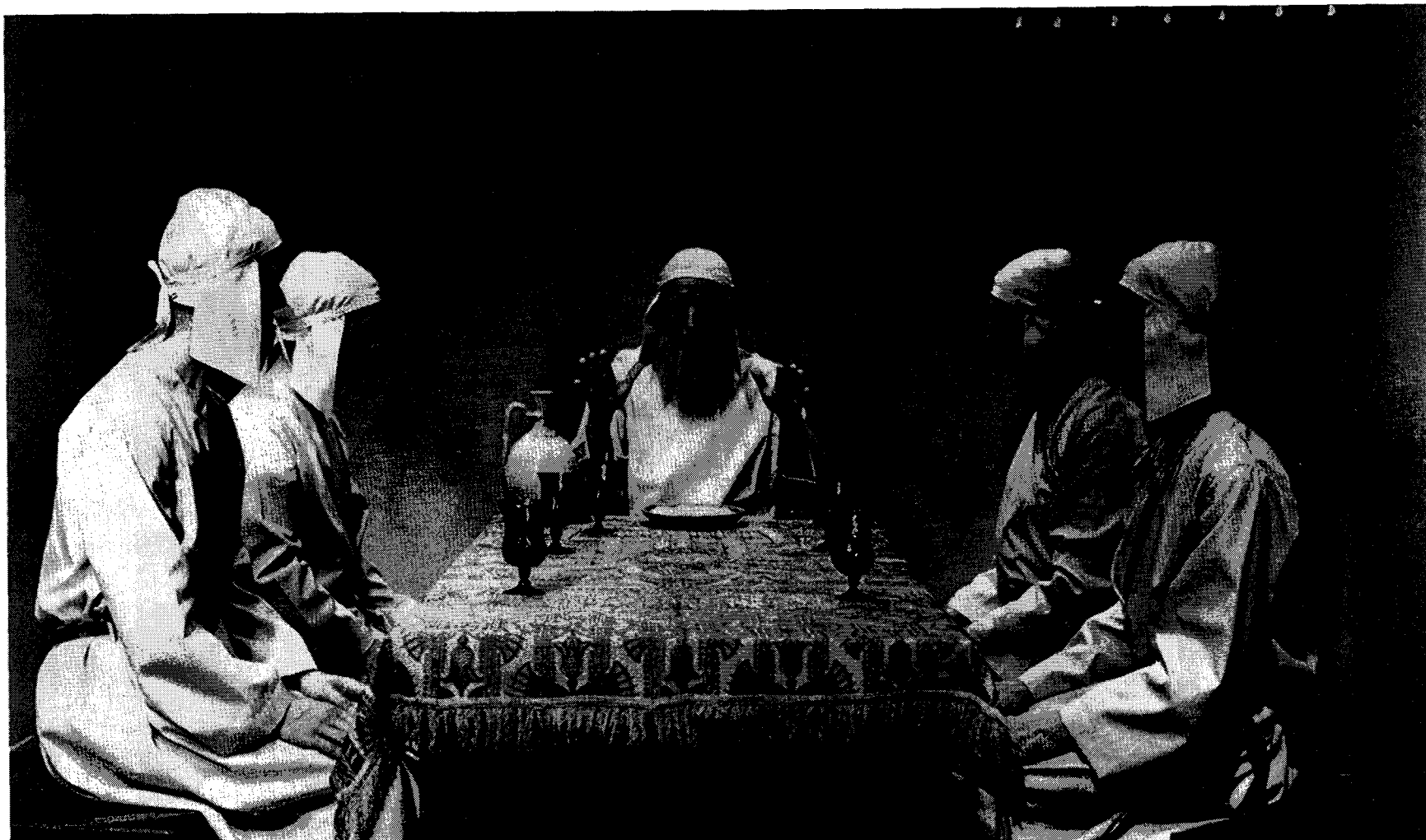
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ROSICRUCIAN GRAND COUNCILORS CONFER

(Photo by AMORC)

Conference of Grand Councilors and other administrative officers of the Eastern and Midwestern States of the United States and Canada at the recently concluded Rosicrucian rally in Chicago. Seated, left to right: Grand Councilor George E. Meeker; Inspector General Olive L. Asher; Master of Nefertiti Lodge, Chicago, Dr. Lonnie C. Edwards; Grand Councilor

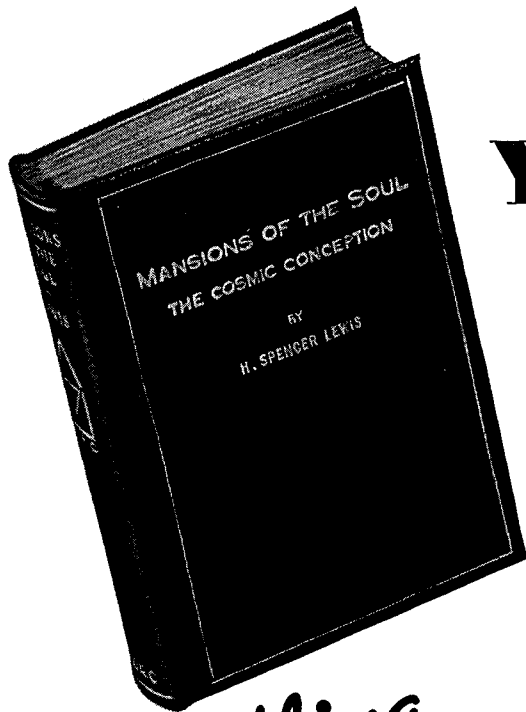


ESSENE BENEDICTION

(Photo by AMORC)

A scene from *The Well of Faith*, AMORC's soon-to-be released color and sound production about the Holy Land.

The Teacher of Righteousness performs an ancient rite practiced by the Essenes, who, before the destruction of one of their colonies on the shores of the Dead Sea, hid their sacred scrolls in caves in nearby cliffs. These scrolls were not discovered until 19 centuries later.



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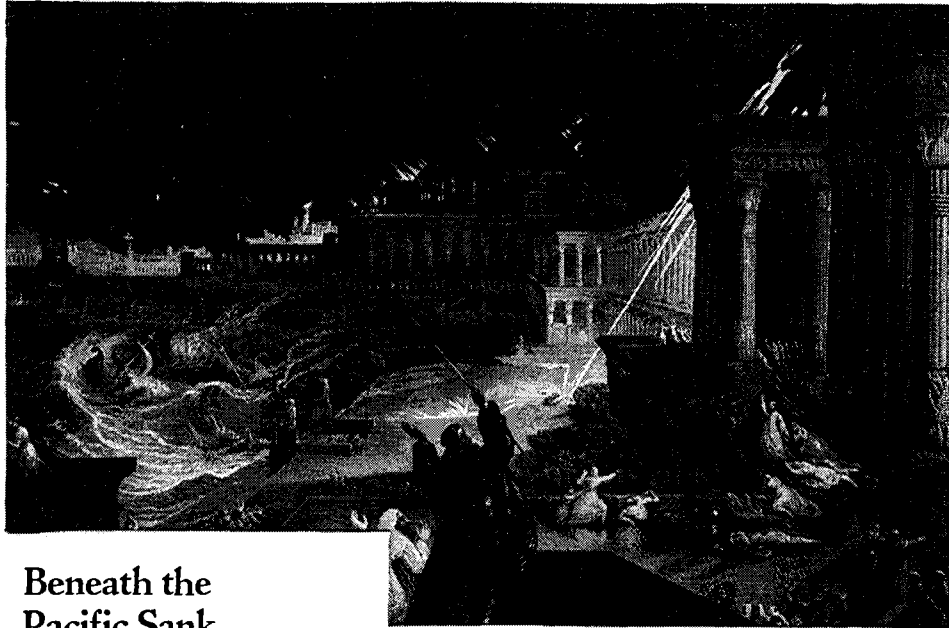
It tells you in plain and understandable language where the Mansions of the Soul are, why the soul has these Mansions, and what is accomplished by them. It reveals to you that Jesus and his disciples were aware of reincarnation and referred to it in their teachings. Indisputable quotations from the Bible prove all this beyond a doubt. There are many chapters and many pages in this book dealing with the intimate problems of the spiritual life—and the problems you have to contend with daily while here on earth. You will become acquainted with your inner self and your real power of mind and soul while reading this book.

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Beneath the
Pacific Sank . . .

Lemuria, the Lost Continent!

In the depths of the Pacific shrouded in darkness, lies a vast continent. Where once great edifices reached skyward and multitudes went their way is now naught but the ceaseless motion of the sea. Centuries before the early men of Europe or Africa found the glorious spark of fire or shaped stones into crude implements, the Lemurians had attained an exalted culture. They had wrested from nature her proudest secrets. Then nature reclaimed her power. With a tremendous convulsion she plunged the civilizations of demigods beneath the leveling waters. Again she reigned supreme, the victor over man's greatest efforts. Has the learning of this early civilization been completely lost? Was their strange knowledge submerged with the land upon which they dwelt? Whence came these people? And were they all destroyed? Science today is proving the physical existence of the continent, and down through the ages there has come the tale of a strange people who live today and have preserved the mystical knowledge of Lemuria.

Alive Today?

Majestic Mount Shasta, crowned with eternal snow and surveying the great Pacific, harbors strange clues of an unknown people. Tradition and fact unite to tell a weird saga of a tribe reputed to be the descendants of lost Lemuria, who fled to safety, and who dwelt in the mountain fastness of Mount Shasta. What were their mystical practices? Did they account for the eerie lights seen far upward toward the summit? Did they practice rituals which had their inception centuries ago? Why were they cloistered from the world? Were they masters of nature's laws not yet known to men of today? No other book so thoroughly explains the scientific, mystical, and spiritual achievements of the ancient Lemurians and the remnant of their descendants existing today as does this one. This book is a gift supreme, either to another or to yourself. It is complete with all necessary maps, tables, charts, and strange symbols.

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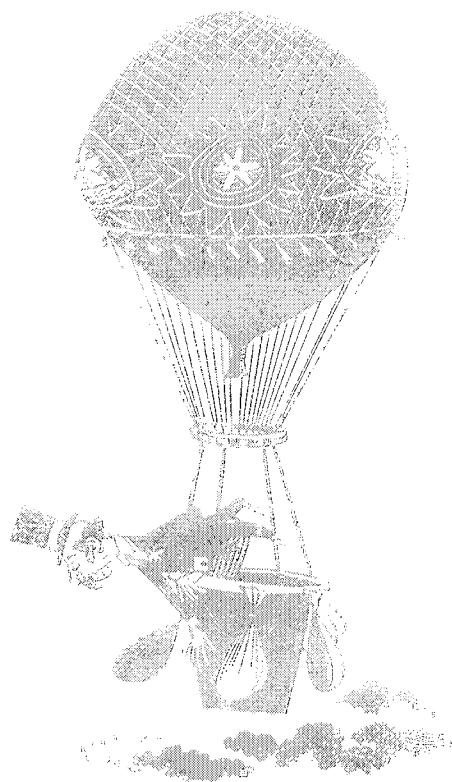
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Along Civilization's Trail

CLEAR VIEWING—It isn't too soon to think about the consequences of clairvoyance in a day and age when such a feat will be more commonplace than now. Clairvoyance involves mind reading, thought projection, and extrasensory perception. The possibility that such a day may at one time be upon us is sometimes awesome, if not frightening. Who now would like to have their every thought perceived by others? Who would like to see each future event happening now, and then again in the future; each sickness, sorrow, death, and failure?

Yet there is in the air an urgency on the part of scientists to invade the field of *parapsychology*; to wrest new secrets from nature's bowels by way of clairvoyance. A subject once pursued only by the mystic and philosopher, it has today come under investigation in schools and governments. Latest information is that research groups in Britain and Russia will soon settle down at agreed times to carry out experiments jointly aimed at proving that telepathy works.

In Britain, the details are being worked out by Mr. Anthony Cornell, an official of Cambridge University Society for Research into Parapsychology. The Russian research team will be led by Professor Leonid Vasilyev, head of Leningrad University's Physiology Department, and Professor P. Terentjev, a zoologist. The Russians are known to be especially enthusiastic, convinced that telepathy is a genuine faculty of the mind.

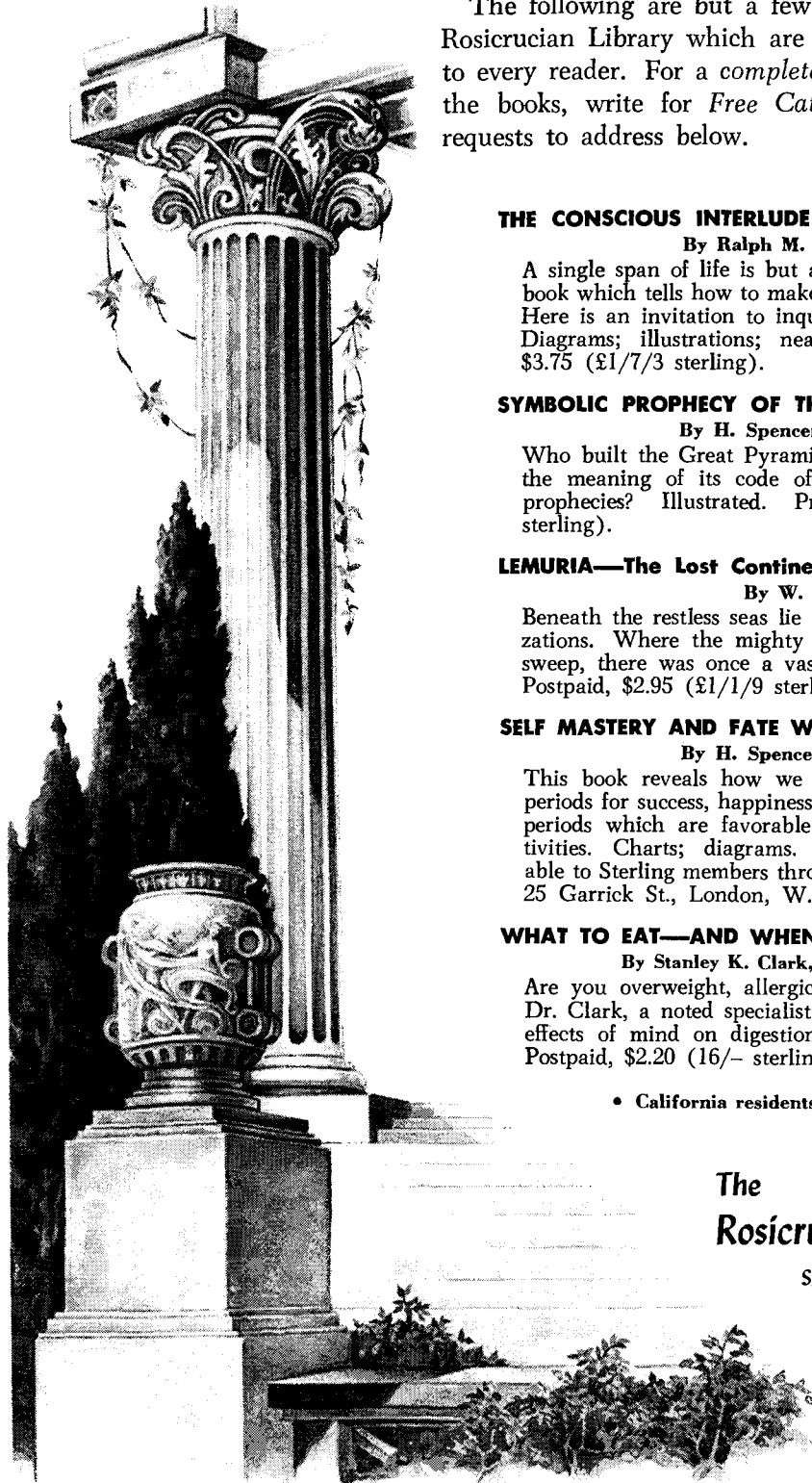


In an opinion expressed in this column some months ago, it was also stated that "thought patterns *must* transmit on a characteristic frequency, and it should be only a matter of time before this frequency is identified and modulated."

Like most developments of our day, clairvoyance will come gradually; gradual enough so that society can adapt to the strange and new way of life it will bring. Like members of a nudist colony, people will accommodate to a world of disrobed minds. And just as nudism brings about a change in perspective on physique and sex, so clairvoyance will bring about a change in perspective on mentality and sincerity. It will mark the end of deceit and hypocrisy. It will herald an era of clean and healthy thinking. It will be a day of TRUTH. And what unnerving the awareness of future events might bring will be mitigated by the opportunity to alter the thinking and behavior which would normally lead to these events.

Adventures In Reading

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



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By **Ralph M. Lewis, F. R. C.**

A single span of life is but a *conscious interlude*. Here is a book which tells how to make the most of this interval of life. Here is an invitation to inquire into startling new concepts. Diagrams; illustrations; nearly 400 pages. Price, postpaid, \$3.75 (£1/7/3 sterling).

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By **H. Spencer Lewis, Ph. D.**

This book reveals how we may take advantage of certain periods for success, happiness, and health. It points out those periods which are favorable or unfavorable for certain activities. Charts; diagrams. Price, postpaid, \$2.85. (Available to Sterling members through Rosicrucian Supply Bureau, 25 Garrick St., London, W. C. 2, England; 16/6 sterling.)

WHAT TO EAT—AND WHEN

By **Stanley K. Clark, M. D., C. M., F. R. C.**

Are you overweight, allergic, or suffering from indigestion? Dr. Clark, a noted specialist on stomach disorders, gives the effects of mind on digestion. Food charts; sample menus. Postpaid, \$2.20 (16/- sterling).

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