

HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Paris in the spring is a favorite vacation spot for members of international high society, but my visit was motivated by a desire to meet M. Lionel Hauser. He was for many years Ancien Membre du Conseil de Direction de la Société Théosophique de France; and he had assembled an important library of esoteric material which had been sold at auction by Sotheby's of London. I was represented at that sale and bought a number of items, including the triangular manuscript attributed to the Comte de St. Germain. M. Hauser was a genial gentleman with graying hair and a neat Vandyke. He lived on the third floor of a typical French apartment house. He spoke excellent English; and we spent an afternoon discussing alchemy, cabalism, Rosicrucianism, and St. Germain. He described the Masonic Lodge to which St. Germain belonged and said that he had seen the Lodge register with the signatures of St. Germain and Lafayette on the same page. At that time Lodge members had symbolic coins which enabled them to enter the Lodge without examination. He had St. Germain's lodge coin and also a shoe buckle set with precious stones. He possessed, as well, an alchemical manuscript which interested me but with which he did not wish to part, arranging, however, to later send me a typewritten copy.

Much was said in those days of French pastry, but it was practically impossible to find any in Paris. Seasoned travelers knew a bakery in Rouen which made the best pastry in France. As I had friends living near there, I took a bus ride through the French countryside and can testify to the fine quality of the bakery goods. Walking across a public square in Rouen, I stood in the presence of a life-size statue of Joan of Arc, which marked the place where she was burned at the stake. To see France, however, the serious traveler should take a boat trip on the canals which spread out like an arterial system through much of the country. The boats pass along the main

streets of little villages and waterways bordering cultivated fields, providing the opportunity to stop and wander through picturesque hamlets.

One of my friends had a car—not especially elegant, but practical. One day it was quite sunny; and, driving through a farming district, we saw a little house with a large well. It seemed a good time to ask for a glass of water. One of our party who spoke French like a native attracted the attention of the farmer and his wife. Obviously, both were extremely suspicious. Some evil motive must have impelled the request for a drink from their well. Finally, the farmer's wife brought a cup, through the handle of which she had attached a heavy cord, the other end tightly wound around her arm. She filled the cup two or three times but never let go of the cord. The good woman was certain we would probably start the car and drive away with her cup. The situation improved considerably when we paid rather generously for the drink.

As long as anyone can remember, and probably longer, the French art colony was entrenched in Montmartre. Quite suddenly it was decided that a new cathedral should be built there; and the art colony took refuge in Montparnasse, the mythological abode of the muses. The new cathedral, built between 1876 and 1919, came to be known as La Sacré Coeur, the Sacred Heart, and architecturally it was on the modern side, although it was inspired by the Romanesque Church of Saint-Front in Perigueux. To my mind, Notre Dame Cathedral was by far the more impressive. Its rose window is one of the most beautiful in the world and is an appropriate symbol for the rising of the spiritual sun. Naturally, I remembered the old account that the great doors of Notre Dame set forth in symbolism the complete process for the transmutation of metals. Unfortunately, however, the original doors have not survived. The whole area is rich with symbolism.

The Louvre is worthy of extensive visiting. In one of the rooms is the great stone zodiac of Dendera, which was originally the ceiling of an Egyptian temple built probably about the beginning of the Christian Era. I did not measure it but would guess that the stone was a foot and a half in thickness and some twelve feet square. One

writer on the subject suggested that the zodiac shows the positions of the planets at the time of the birth of Cleopatra's younger brother, Ptolemy XIII, who might normally have ascended the throne but perished when the Romans took over the country.

The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris is one of the world's great libraries. When I was there nearly fifty years ago, however, it was best to visit between ten in the morning and three in the afternoon. In those days there were no lights in the stacks; and, if you asked for an unusual volume or a rare manuscript, it was explained to you in French that you should return another day. I had heard that the Library had a rare copy of the most famous of all alchemical manuscripts, *The Book of Abraham the Jew*; and I explained as best I could that I did not live in France and that this was my only chance to see the precious work. It continued to be obvious that the attendant had no intention of going into the stacks with a candle or pocket flashlight. Near the back of the room a young priest was sitting quietly reading; but, as the conversation progressed, he got up and walked over to me. He spoke excellent English and with a wry smile remarked, "There is only one light that will get you the book you want to see. It is a shining 100 franc note. This opens the eyes of the blind, and the book will appear miraculously." Needless to say, it was handed to me about three minutes later. With this success and an English speaking Frenchman, I made arrangements to have the complete alchemical manuscript copied in photostat. The next morning a stout French lady appeared with a massive camera, but she could only work in front of a window from 10:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. In due course, however, she copied the five hundred page work; and it now rests securely in the vault of our Society.

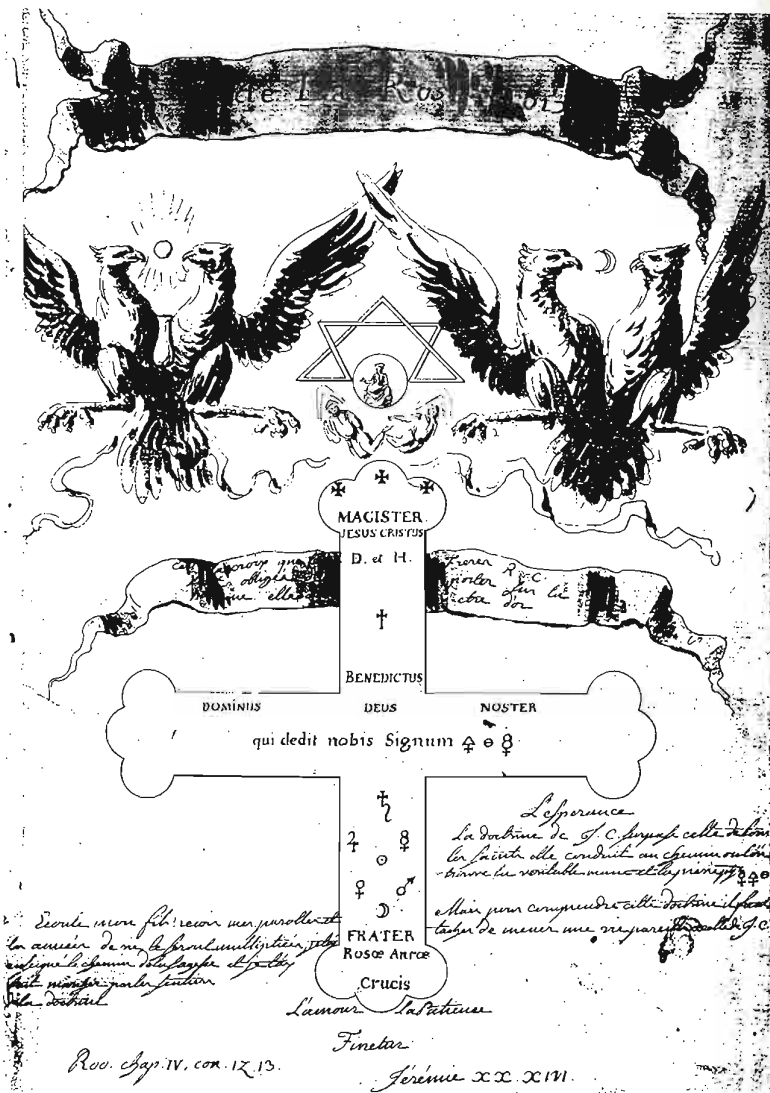
Paris was an exceptionally good source for books on esoteric matters. Two dealers functioning there in the 1930s were especially helpful. One was Dorbonne-Aine, and the other was Chacornac. I have not heard about either of them since World War II, but there is some possibility Chacornac has survived. The frontispiece of Dorbonne-Aine's catalog was from a Rosicrucian manuscript. This I purchased, together with an astrological manuscript with moveable volvelles and a hand-written work rather crudely drawn and



The great vision of the Apocalypse representing the Lord walking among the candlesticks. From a manuscript copy of *The Book of Abraham the Jew* in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

containing a list of good and bad years over a period of several centuries. Dorbonne-Aine had a large accumulation of early Masonic material, including a certificate beautifully engraved and issued by the Lodge of the Nine Muses (Sisters), which included among its membership many illustrious names. It was on the floor of this Lodge that Benjamin Franklin shook hands with Voltaire after initiating him into Masonry. Voltaire died a few months later.

It is not generally known that some of the best works on Rosi-

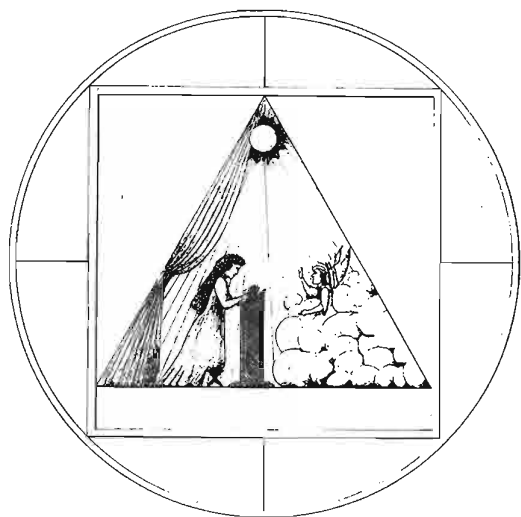


This title page of a Rosicrucian manuscript was the frontispiece in Dorbonne-Aine's catalog and was later reprinted with numerous changes by a German esoteric society.

crucianism, alchemy, the cabala, and Freemasonry were first issued in French. The catalog published by Dorbonne-Aine is not dated, but I secured it in Paris in 1934. The catalog itself is actually a major contribution to the bibliography of the esoteric arts and sciences. The book contains five hundred and fifty-six pages and lists with descriptions six thousand, seven hundred and seven books, manuscripts, medals, and certificates. Actually, this dealer's stock was incredible, and he could provide almost anything that a customer desired. Whereas English dealers borrowed from each other, Dorbonne-Aine's stock was actually held within his own premises. Occasionally, interesting items in English could be found in Dorbonne-Aine's collection.

In Paris there was also the Bibliothèque Chacornac, which specialized in publications new and old of French metaphysical societies. While there I found a number of items that had been in the Hauser sale in London. From Chacornac I secured several manuscripts associated with the teachings and writings of the Abbé Louis Constant, who wrote under the name Eliphas Levi. He had received a Roman Catholic education; but, after differing from the Church on metaphysical matters, he was censured for his unorthodox opinions. He then gave his life to transcendental magic, but was reconciled with Roman Catholicism before his death and was buried with the rites of the Latin Church. (See my "Masonic Orders of Fraternity" for a brief summary of his life.)

Levi was a talented draftsman, and many of his private instructions were illustrated with curious and remarkable diagrams. Unfortunately, many of his original manuscripts have not become available in printed form; but certain of his followers were privileged to make private copies of his writings. I secured a manuscript copy of Eliphas Levi's *Prophetic Vision of Ezekiel* in two massive volumes in folio and containing one thousand, one hundred and eight pages with numerous diagrams and drawings in the text. This unpublished and most curious work was a labor of love undertaken by the Baron de Spedalieri. The Chacornac establishment had then recently published a strange collection of esoteric symbols, hand-painted in full color. The printed version reproduced the symbols in one color



The Annunciation of the Incarnation of the Son of God. From *L'Évangile Kabbalistique, Vol. II*, a thirteen volume manuscript of Eliphas Levi copied by a disciple, Baron de Spedalieri.

only, and I purchased the original manuscript in the autograph of Nowakowski. Another of Levi's disciples made a transcript in thirteen volumes of a course of study in the cabala. These and other items are now available to specialists in the PRS Library.

It is only a short trip across the English Channel from France to England. My principal interest at that time was a search for reference books. Shortly after I arrived, it was rumored, but no proof was available, that a copy of the Gutenberg Bible had shown up in Cheapside; and it is probably still true that many treasures of art and literature can yet be found in odd corners of this old and venerable city.

I had heard that the publications of a famous English astrologer, Alan Leo, were for sale in his London shop. The first time I tried to find the store I was misdirected, and the second time it was closed. The third effort, however, was successful. A pleasant English lady, a bit on the portly side, managed the establishment. I picked out

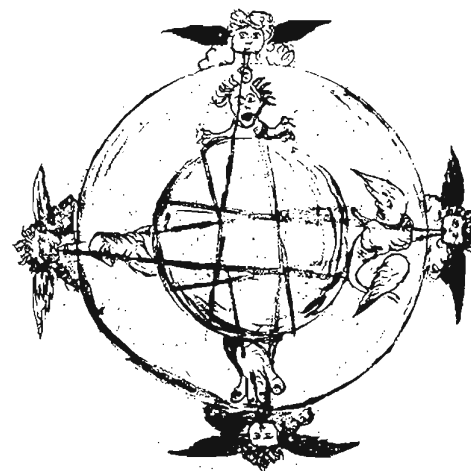


Diagram of the Vision of Daniel from a unique manuscript entitled *Les Mystères de la Kabbale contenus dans la Prophétie d'Ézékiel et l'Apocalypse de St. Jean* by Eliphas Levi copied by one of his disciples, Nowakowski, in 1867.

some books and laid a fifty pound note on the counter. This resulted in a number of complications. The saleslady could not change the fifty pound note. I suggested that I would go out and get it changed, but she responded that I might never come back. As a counter suggestion, I said that I would stay in the shop while she went out to change it; but it was obvious that she was afraid that if she left the premises I would take the books and depart without paying for them. The only solution was that the lady would keep the books and also the fifty pound note, arrange matters at her leisure, and deliver the books to me at my hotel. This seemed to make sense and averted some danger, but there was always the possibility that I might end up without the books and without the fifty pound note. This very thought offended her. I certainly should have trusted anyone working for Mr. Alan Leo. Late in the afternoon, as I was returning to my hotel, I saw the stout lady from the bookshop pedaling down the street on a bicycle. There was a little rack on the handle bars, and there neatly wrapped were my books. With a cheery smile she



The entrance to the Temple of Ezekiel with symbols found in documents of Freemasonry. From *Les Mystères de la Kabbale contenus dans la Prophétie d'Ezèkiel et l'Apocalypse de St. Jean* by Eliphaz Levi and copied by his disciple Nowakowski in 1867.

turned over the correct change in pennies, and with a “cheery-o” continued her way on her trusty bicycle.

Feeling it a moral duty to pay my respects to Lord Bacon, I made a leisurely trip to St. Albans. My London hotel had arranged a reservation for me with a genteel lady in St. Albans who accepted paying guests. When I reached her rather elegant looking home, I was met by a house maid who ushered me into the living room. The proprietress was lying on the floor in front of the fireplace assembling an elaborate jigsaw puzzle. It looked as though it was a scene showing Windsor Castle with appropriate trees and bushes. The lady looked up smiling and remarked, “I’ll be with you as soon as I can get this crazy thing put together.” These were not quite her words because she was addicted to stronger language.

The next day I went to the little church at St. Albans and had a chat with the custodian. When I asked him to show me His Lord-

ship’s grave, I first met with dead silence. The life-size figure of Bacon sitting in a chair occupied a niche in the wall, but there was nothing to indicate the actual location of his tomb. The sexton admitted that it was unlikely that His Lordship was buried under the floor without a visible marker. He explained that some had thought that the tomb was outside the church, perhaps as close as possible to the statue inside the building. Tentative explorations had been made, but it proved that the area was on the top of the old Roman wall where no tombs were likely. He did remark, however, that one of his predecessors entering the church on a bright morning found that the statue had been torn from the niche and lay face down on the floor of the church. There was an opening of considerable size in the back of the statue, but nothing was found in it.

Old Gorhambury, the ancestral home of the Bacon family, is a ruined structure surrounded by densely foliaged trees that cast shadows on the ground. A short distance away is a modern building, the present home (at least at that time) of Lord Verulam. He is not related to Bacon, who died without issue; and the estates returned to the Crown. It is known, however, that the present Lord has many items in his collection bearing upon Francis Bacon; and the Bacon Society of England and other research groups are exploring the long continuing rumors. When I was there, however, the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was not popular in that part of England.

Nearly everyone has visited the famous sights of London, and it is scarcely necessary to mention them here. There are occasional incidents, however, that will linger on in memory. I decided to buy a tailor-made suit at Burberry’s in Picadilly. It was quite an experience, especially since I wanted the suit in a hurry.

I was met at the front door under the sign “by appointment to His Majesty” by a dapper little proprietor about five feet tall. I first checked appropriate materials and narrowed the selection to a dark blue cheviot, the same as that recently chosen by His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury. I felt the fabric carefully and was assured that it was all new Scotch wool. To prove this point the bolt of material was taken out to the sidewalk, where I could see exactly how it would reflect sunlight. When I asked the tailor “Are you sure that this will

wear well?," he threw the end of the bolt over his shoulder and replied with a dignified smile: "It will see you out, sir." The suit did not actually last that long but did prove serviceable.

The next step was to be measured for the suit. The establishment's best tailor was about the same height as the proprietor, and it was necessary to find an appropriate stepladder for the upper part of the shoulders and collar. It also required both the tailor and his assistant to get an accurate reading for the waistline. Obviously, everyone was exhausted by the time the necessary measurements had been made; so, in a spirit appropriate of brothers from across the sea, we all sat down to tea.

At about this time a bit of British humor was associated with the great auction house of Sotheby's. A pompous man ambled into Sotheby's one day and said to an attendant, "I am the Grand Duke;" and, with an appropriate bow, the member of the staff replied, "Have a chair, Your Highness." The Grand Duke stood very straight; and, looking directly in the eye of the clerk, repeated in very lofty tones, "I am the Grand Duke." The baffled and confused clerk managed to stammer, "Yes, Your Highness, have two chairs."

In 1934 I received an invitation to participate in The World Fellowship of Faiths being held in London. It seemed a good idea, so I attended. Looking for a quiet hotel, I found one in Picadilly that served my purposes admirably. It was an old, but impressive, building; and, according to the advertisement, there was a bathroom on each floor. Incidentally, this same hotel was convenient for those attending the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. The ads at that time still stated that there was a bathroom on every floor.

It was while I was in London on this occasion that I met another delegate to the Religious Conference, Sir Francis Younghusband. He was a British officer knighted for his successful handling of a delicate situation which arose in Tibet. The so-called conquest was not actually a military achievement, but it was an outstanding accomplishment to lead a punitive expedition over the Himalayas to Lhasa without a gunshot or the loss of a single man. We had lunch at the Officer's Club; and, when we looked at the menu, I asked what he would recommend. "You should order scrod; it is always

delicious." After lunch I noted that one of the chairs in the lounge had a cord and tassel across the arms to prevent anyone from sitting in it. When I asked Sir Francis why the cord, he said with a large smile and a note of justifiable pride, "That is the chair that His Grace, the Duke of Wellington sat in when he returned from his victory at the Battle of Waterloo."

A few days later I asked at my hotel how to secure cards to the reader's section of the British Museum. They told me that hotels were not accepted as an endorsement or reference, and I would have to apply directly to the Library. They treated me very courteously there but said that the card to the manuscript department required special processing which would take at least two weeks. As I could not stay that long, I was disappointed and mentioned the circumstance to Sir Francis. He immediately ushered me into a cab, which deposited us at the entrance to the British Museum. He walked in with me to a room of considerable size which had shelving on all the walls except the entrance. He nodded to an attendant, and a few seconds later one of the walls opened and I was ushered into the sanctuary of a major librarian. Sir Francis introduced me to the librarian and explained the difficulty and the delay required for the processing of a reader's cards. The librarian smiled and said briskly, "Will you sit down for a moment?" He almost immediately reappeared with the necessary cards remarking, "It is always a pleasure to serve you, Sir Francis." This reveals something of the British way of life. A man who had been honored by the country received special consideration when need arose. Money was not a factor in such transactions. As might be expected, I spent the next few days in the Library.

Item 364 in the Hauser sale at Sotheby's was a manuscript in French of Michael Maier's *Atalanta Fugiens*. It was bought by Marks, a London dealer from whom I later acquired it. It was an excellent alchemical manuscript, being illustrated with fifty emblems in full color and a hand-painted portrait of Maier. The volume contained a number of other works, including a curious fragment of eight pages written in a most complicated cypher. According to Sotheby's, the manuscript was produced in Lyon in 1676. Immediately after the sale

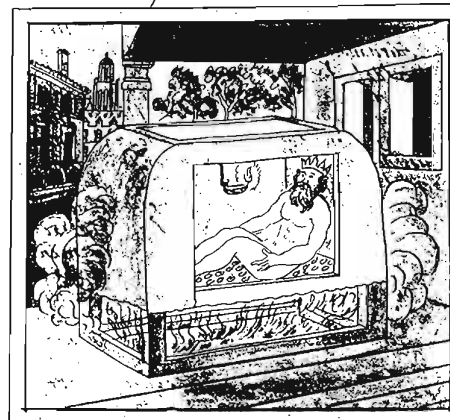
in London in April, 1934 an illustrated London newspaper reproduced one leaf with the editorial comment that it was probably one of the earliest representations of a sweat cabinet. A figure, apparently a king completely unclothed, seemed to be enjoying his ordeal. Actually, the illustration was one of a series of pictures setting forth the transmutation of metals; and this symbol represented the purification of gold. We reproduce the page here.

It was at Marks in London that I found one of the most curious and remarkable of alchemical manuscripts generally listed as "The Scrowle of George Ripley." At that time the store had two copies, one of the sixteenth century and one of the late seventeenth century. The scrolls were about fourteen inches wide and something over twenty feet in length. The early scroll was in black and white only and on vellum, a line drawing and rather faint. The other one was handsomely painted in full color with the text which always accompanies the scroll written in English. I decided on the latter one as being more interesting symbolically, and the earlier version reposes in the Mellon Collection at Yale.

Up to the present time the Ripley Scroll has been neglected, probably because of its shape and size. Intrigued by this rather fantastic document, I visited the manuscript department of the British Museum and saw three other variants of the scroll. They are somewhat smaller and fully colored, but there are many differences in the designs. Because of the fragile condition of the paintings, each of these scrolls was protected with a covering of semi-transparent silk. The Museum later sent me photostats of these three examples, and a section of one is reproduced herewith. While the covering disfigures the manuscript, this protective measure was necessary for its preservation.

At Marks I also located a very scarce book, *The Way to Bliss* by Elias Ashmole. He was a substantial scholar and highly regarded among the learned lights of English archaeology, astrology, and alchemy. When my belongings went through customs on my return to the United States, the inspector suddenly became interested and held up the little volume, exclaiming: "We do not permit erotica to come into the country." It took me the best part of an hour to

Embleme .28.
Le Roy assis en Vne Chaise se baigne, c'est d'Alure d'ens' arabilis,
ou Indrice par Pharus.



Version de l'Epigramme .28.
Le Roy Dumech laug. trille des armes du Roy Verd' l'ual entle de
bil' noir, etoit fort melancolig. Lors il appelle a son Pharus yre de vin
Il luy prouue la sante et luy dic. les laues aricuis par les
la fontaine. Et le l'ane, et d'au. Tous ont fournaie de d'ormi. Inq' la ce q'
meille de nos d'la lepr' qui chassee.

Discours .28.

Tousi q' ya 3. coctions en l'hoë. La 1. au ventericid; ou Estomac. la 2. au foie
la 3. dans le creux d'uni il y a auant d'uaiaons. en uentericid; des excreme-
q' l'hoë correspond. et j'en' hon' to' les p'oles. Superfluites. Seant la 1. par le Ventre,
la 2. est pprie a la 1. coction. l'auel par l'emin; ala 2. la 3. par l'expiraon. l'auel
par d' tout le corps, ou par l'ueur q' couueit a la 3. Au. Le Chyl est elaboré
ensuit l'hoë en dir. la 2. auel ou subit. no' i'auit. et est ap'port' a l'uer. l'auel
corps. l'auel excreme. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.
par les Indrins en bas, et si q' s'oi elles s'oi arriees par les purgatif, ou
ment. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.
excreme. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.
coel. la 2. auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.
Superfluites. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.
l'auel, ou p'ort' p' d'iez. et s'ouuent fois s'oi l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.
coel. la 2. auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.
De la 2. auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.
des excreme. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.
Le l'auel a coups d' p'ping. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel. l'auel l'auel.

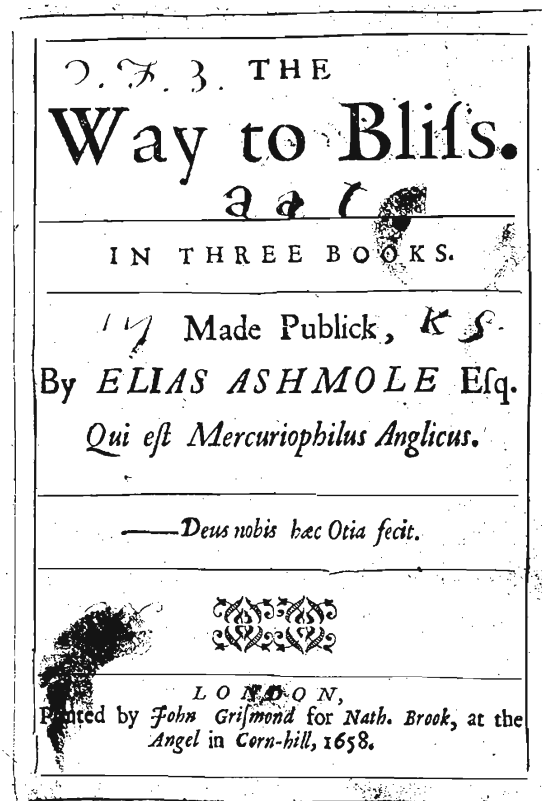
The purification of gold from the illustration in Maier's manuscript. All alchemical symbolism has moral values, and some day gold may be cleansed of the corruption with which it is now associated.



The concluding section of the Ripley scroll sent by the British Museum. No explanation is given for most writings on this subject, but it is the symbol of a messenger delivering a copy of the scroll twisted around his spear handle. The lower end of his spear has the traditional symbol of a messenger, that is, a horseshoe.

convince the skeptical inspector that the work was concerned with the sacred arts of chemistry and the transmutation of metals.

Watkins' was the coziest bookstore in London. It was not pretentious, but it was a meeting place for a select group of esoteric thinkers. The back room was dedicated to the British version of the tea ceremony. On a tall kerosine stove a teapot was always steaming, and an assortment of genuine British cookies (biscuits) was



Title page of the first edition of *The Way to Bliss* by Elias Ashmole, Esq., London, 1658. The Ashmolean Museum at Oxford is dedicated to the memory of this outstanding scholar. The text is devoted to an interpretation of the laws and processes for the purification of the spiritual life of a dedicated truth seeker.

placed temptingly nearby. Mr. Watkins had a special fondness for nineteenth century authors; and from him I secured the three volumes of the first edition of Lord Bulwer-Lytton's *Zanoni*.

On a wall of this sanctum was an intriguing photograph of one of Madame Blavatsky's teachers. I have never seen another copy of this picture. I tried to talk Mr. Watkins out of it, but with no success. Apparently, this dedicated bookman was involved in nineteenth century theosophy. At least this fitted into the dominant authors

whose works most intrigued him. Evidently, at one time he collected a group of membership papers of the Theosophical Society signed by H. P. Blavatsky as corresponding secretary. Mr. Watkins had carefully cut off H.P.B.'s signatures and thrown away the rest of the sheets. As a valued customer, I was duly presented with one of these autographs.

At that time I was very interested in securing the large printed work on Rosicrucianism, *Geheime Figuren der Rosenkreuzer*, the first edition of which is very difficult to find. He was able to produce two single leaves from the book. They were in terrible condition and did not tempt me. He later tried to get me a copy through London book dealers, but never succeeded. Mr. Watkins was indeed a gentleman and a scholar.

[To Be Continued]



Confucius was asked by his disciple Tsekung, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice all one's life?" And Confucius answered, saying, "Is not Reciprocity such a word? What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others."

"Many people have been plunged into real poverty by winning or inheriting a fortune."

—Chinese Saying

"Prejudice springs up from a dislike for the unlike."

—Confucius

"Simplicity is often the result of very long and complex effort."

—Chinese Saying

PSYCHIC PERSECUTION

Problems involving cases of psychic persecution are rare, and most such metaphysical persecutions are due to mental or emotional disturbances. It is usually difficult, if not impossible, to convince the victim of such phenomena that he is in desperate need of a mental house-cleaning. Such disturbances are most likely to occur to persons with neurotic tendencies, and there are common complexes that can lead to possessional susceptibility and to self-delusion.

The majority of those afflicted with hallucinational phenomena are women whose lives have been embittered by various types of frustration. Men live in a world of intense competitive activity and have little time to develop long-term phobias or grievances. The pressure of economic survival is not so intense as with women who are inclined to nurse their griefs and grievances over spans of years.

Of course, the individual who has no belief in psychic phenomena is not likely to be troubled. In some cases, however, bruised souls seek consolation in religion. The old orthodoxies seldom mention witchcraft, although there are references to it in the Bible. Supported by the congregational allegiances, the distressed ones accept the burdens which the Lord casts upon them with as much dignity as possible. If lured into the clouded atmosphere of negative mysticism, the sufferer is introduced to ghosts and goblins inhabiting the invisible realms and troubles begin.

Most people assume that they were intended to suffer to a moderate degree, and they will accept responsibility for the mistakes they have made along the road of life. Others find sufficient consolation in their religious beliefs but avoid entirely the type of melancholy which leads to an inordinate fear of trivia magnified to great proportions.

A lady whom I knew lived alone for many years after the pass-

humanity over uncounted centuries has learned that it is only by the cultivation of integrities that mankind can survive. This fragment of insight is not generally accepted in the world of today, which is falling apart through failure to unite spiritual and temporal codes of conduct.

There is another salient point; and here science has a considerable advantage. Scientists have been taught to respect the research projects of their confreres. This happy fraternity is not accepted in the religious world. Here we have a conglomerate of infallibilities in which every possible effort has been made to emphasize differences. A little work in this area would not only contribute to the dignity and utility of theological systems but would also provide an emotional support for scientific intellectualism.

The more we study the original writings and teachings of the world's religious founders, the more we realize that they were all teaching the same system of ethics; and the only differences are historical and linguistic. We have come to assume that names require unconditional approbation. When the Decalogue tells us to honor our parents, we find this statement completely compatible with the words of Mohammed that the mothers open the gates of heaven. We are always desperately struggling about jots and tittles. The moral codes are virtually identical in all of the world's advanced religions. If the 147,000,000 church-goers in the United States would unite and devote their time and energy to strengthening their moral and ethical teachings, rather than defending their sectarianism, they would embolden science to proclaim the importance of spiritual convictions. The scientists know that we should all overcome our prejudices and put principles above personalities. It might be possible to enforce just laws, because for the religionist they come from a divine source of life and for the scientist because such rules are good common sense which has been subjected to the test of ages and remains unchangeable regardless of variations in customs and policies.



A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds.

HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Part II

Beginning about my second year for one reason or another I traveled extensively. One reason was that my esteemed Grandmother was a seasoned globe-trotter and seldom, if ever, remained in any one locality for more than six months. My earliest memories include riding in what was then called a "go cart," which was actually a sophisticated baby buggy. In due time Grandmother and I landed in Chicago and established headquarters in the Auditorium Hotel, a massive structure facing the lake. The memory of the dining room of this hostelry remains clear after all these years. The maître d'hôtel was a turbaned Hindu in flowing robes who bowed almost incessantly. In the middle of the room was a fountain with rocks, plants, and a flowing stream. We were seated with a grand flourish, and it seemed generally accepted that Grandmother was a lady of distinction. She was more distinct than might first have been imagined, because she was directly related to the Potter Palmers who are remembered in Chicago for having snubbed the Prince of Wales.

Grandmother had a strong impulse to visit some relatives in Massachusetts, others in Connecticut, and a strong family contingency on Long Island. Having done the proper things for everyone, Grandmother moved on to Pennsylvania, where she considered it appropriate to attend a Quaker Church meeting. We selected a Friends meeting house near the hotel and sat quietly in the back. There was no minister or music, and ladies sat on one side of the church and gentlemen on the other. Small children were seated with the nearest adult relative. After about a half hour of silence, Grandmother became somewhat restive. At that very moment a woman near the front of the church rose and delivered a short sermon on the dangers of corruption and the joys of redemption. She then sat down and nothing else happened. Finally, Grandmother and I joined

the departing group and she whispered to me, "This was a useful experience."

In Germantown every year there was an enactment of an important battle of the American Revolution. It centered around an old mansion called the "Chew House," where a celebrated battle raged. There was a large section of reserved seats, and Grandmother was ready for another experience. The redcoats came in with fixed bayonets, and the Colonial forces met them in the middle field. There was a violent outbreak of musketry, and some of the soldiers gained a special vantage point on the roof of the old house. Mounted officers were shot from their horses; and there was much bugle calling and flag waving and, of course, the British troops were defeated. I seem to remember that this performance was inspired by a book called *Cleveden*.

Having completed this circuit, Grandmother headed westward; and we arrived in San Francisco a few months after the great earthquake. Traveling by water to San Diego, we reached our destination in the worst storm in the history of the city. It rained without stopping for some thirty days; and, in spite of the bad weather, Grandmother decided to settle down for a while, at least until the sky cleared, so we moved into a little cottage overlooking Point Loma. Our next door neighbor was the son of Ulysses S. Grant. Grandmother regarded him as socially acceptable.

At the back of our house was a small semi-detached room which Grandmother and I decided to transform into a miniature theater. The stage was about two and a half feet wide and two and a quarter feet high. Grandmother's artistic talents resulted in some splendid scenery. Small candles were footlights, and the front curtain rolled up in the best approved style. Among our important productions were "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Battle of the Merrimac and the Monitor." To produce the necessary smoke for the latter scene we blew talcum powder through soda straws.

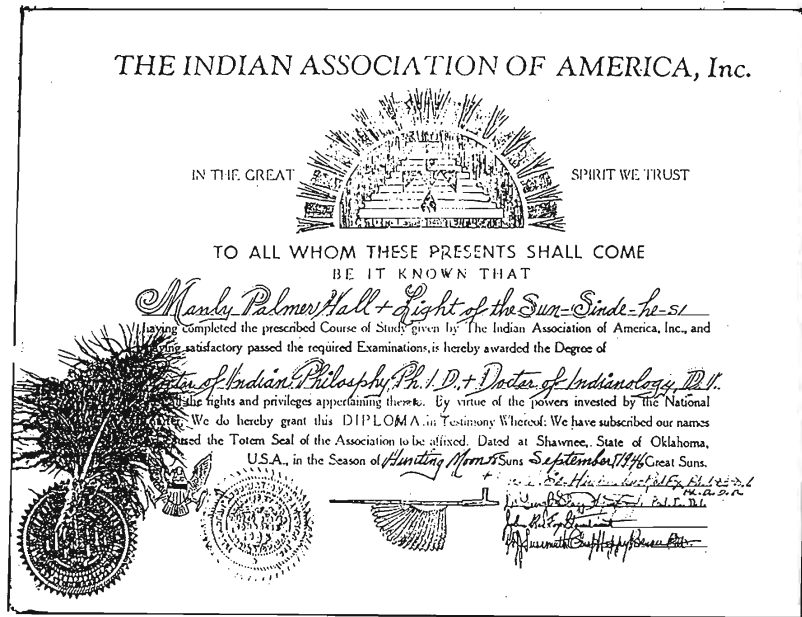
Amerindian cultures always fascinated me. I first met the Plains Indians when Grandmother decided to make a brief sojourn in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Incidentally, we were there for the celebration in honor of the first trolley line. Most of the rail was single, but



A rare photograph of Sitting Bull, the Indian medicine priest, with one of his wives. At this time he was living on an American army post.

about the middle of the run there was a bypass. Whichever car got there first waited for the other. Of course, Grandmother made certain that we were included among those who took the first ride. This transportation system suffered from uncertain timing because both conductors were elderly men with kindly dispositions. It was not uncommon to make various stops along the way to pick up eggs, take letters for mailing, or pass a private note to a person at the far end of the route, which was all in all about two miles long.

It was in Sioux Falls that I saw the annual encampment of the Veterans of the Civil War. There were not too many of them left even then; and only a few marched, but General Howard always led the procession riding on a spirited horse. He had lost one arm on the battlefield and was regarded as a truly great patriot. It was also in Sioux Falls that I had my first contact with the Sioux nation and developed a deep fondness for the American Indians. It was here that the South Dakota Indians gathered annually to make their peace with the "Great White Father" in Washington, D.C. There was a well-kept lawn in front of the courthouse; and while the Indians were visiting many of them pitched their teepees on the courthouse grounds and certain aristocratic Sioux families enjoyed the dignity of the loca-



The Indian Association of America, Inc. made me an honorary doctor of Indian Philosophy in September, 1946. At this time also I received my Indian name "Light of the Sun—Sinde-he-si."

tion. The Indians were a friendly, good-natured lot; but boys will be boys. The teenagers bought all the aniline dyes available in the city, colored themselves and their horses in every imaginable shade, and rode down some of the less popular streets shooting out the street lights. Grandmother was not amused.

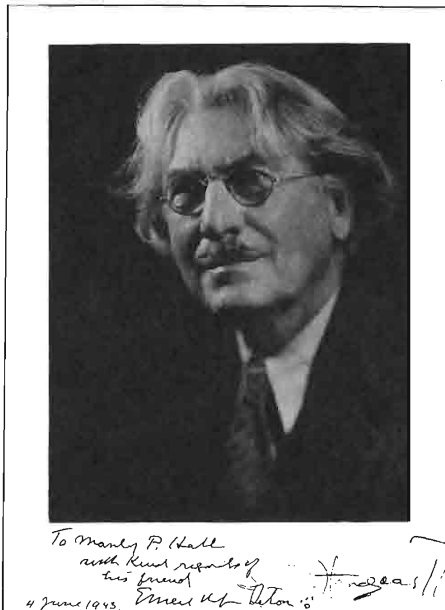
An extended period was to pass before I had a further opportunity to spend time among American Indians. For many years I have been a member of the Author's Club here in Los Angeles and attended regularly. I no longer attend regularly but still retain my membership. There were always luncheon meetings. The chairman was a distinguished author with a dry sense of humor who wore a hearing aid, and immediately after introducing a speaker he sat down and ceremoniously turned it off.

It was at one of the luncheons that I met Ernest Thompson Seton.

It was friendship at first sight; and later I was invited to visit the Seton family on their property, which was known as Seton Village in the suburbs of Santa Fe, New Mexico. At that time an elaborate research project on atomic weaponry was secretly going on in nearby Los Alamos. In Santa Fe the Fonda was the main hotel; and the large lobby was a gathering place for an assemblage of celebrities whose names, titles, and preoccupations were carefully recorded by Brian Boru Dunn, a direct descendant of Brian Boru, the last King of Ireland (1002-14). This descendant of Irish royalty wore a buckskin coat with fringe and a rather dilapidated cap with a reporter's card tucked in the front. Dropping in at the Fonda on a busy day, one was always faced by a motley crowd sitting around in the lounge. In the front row were the atomic physicists, sometimes presided over by Albert Einstein. In the second row were specialists in many fields gathered from far and near. In the third row was the press, and in the fourth row spies and espionage agents from a number of countries. Lounging around the walls were an inconspicuous group of FBI agents with occasional security officers from other branches of the government.

One summer I was staying at Seton Village and "the chief," as he was affectionately called, and his wife Julie went off on a lecture tour leaving a rank amateur (me) in charge of the property. My only assistant was an old Mexican gardener. One day he came in and remarked mournfully that rustlers were rustling cattle across Seton's land. The only thing I could think of was to phone the sheriff. When I told him about the rustlers, he did not seem much impressed; but, when I asked him what to do about it, he replied with a slow drawl, "Shoot'em and we'll come for the bodies."

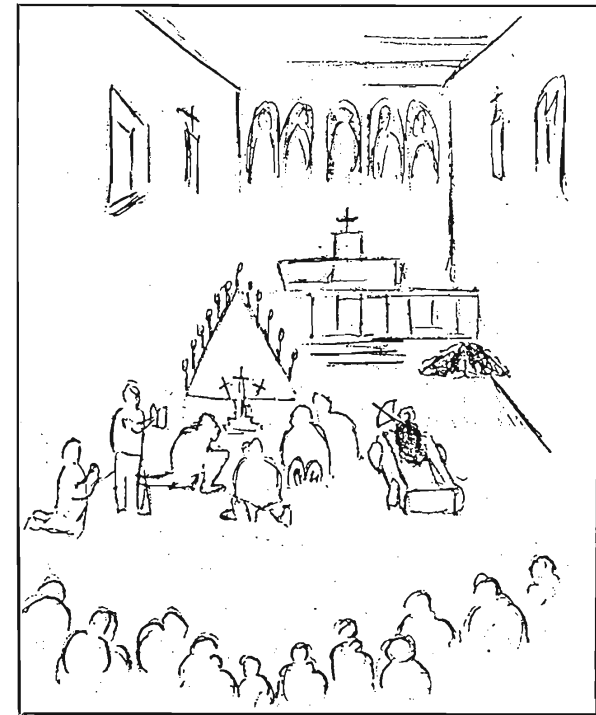
Back in those days I became a close friend of Beulah, the little adopted daughter of the Setons. She was five or six years old and there was seldom another child in her age group she could play with. We devised all kinds of games, exchanged confidences, and wandered about the ranch. The Setons had a good library, and I read a number of books to the little girl. One day while Seton and his wife were sitting on a bench in front of their castle, Beulah, holding my hand and rushing up to them grinning from ear to ear and shouting loud



Ernest Thompson Seton, distinguished naturalist and co-founder of the Boy Scout organization. Mr. Hall was a close friend of the Seton family through the closing years of Ernest Thompson Seton's life.

enough to be heard in Albuquerque, exclaimed, "He's just as good as a child."

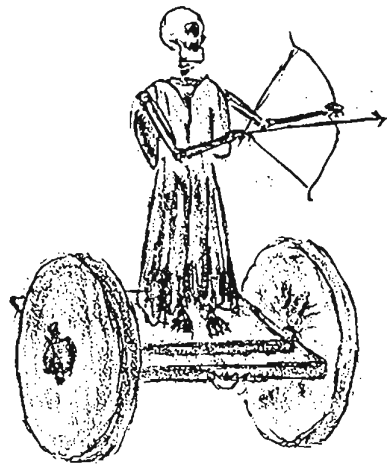
Santa Fe was in the midst of an area long associated with the Penitentes. Shortly after I left Santa Fe the public rituals of the cult were discontinued, and the sect was reincorporated as a benevolent association. They were violently patriotic and interpreted all of the Anglo laws in terms of Penitente procedure. In the mountain villages the proprietor of the main store regulated the morality and ethics of his community. Seated in the back room of his store, the proprietor, who was the "Hermano Mayor" of the Penitentes, measured out justice with simple directness. One man accused his neighbor of having stolen one of his watermelons. The Hermano Mayor said to the man who had lost the watermelon, "How many children have you?" —and he replied: "Three." Then the acting mayor turned to



Interior of a mission church during a Penitente ceremony. The tall triangular candlestick supported twelve candles which were slowly extinguished to indicate the parting of the disciples from Christ before the crucifixion. The death cart is shown, and the kind of mound at the right near the altar rail is a Penitente who has been flagellated.

the thief and asked the same question—and the man replied: "I have six children." The acting mayor then decided the case with irrefutable logic. The man who had stolen one of his watermelons should be given five more because he had six children.

In older days the Penitentes in New Mexico and Southern Colorado had their own Passion Play. One of the group carried a massive cross up a steep hill while he was being flagellated by two or three strong men. He was then actually crucified, except that he was bound to the cross by ropes around his wrists and ankles. He often fainted, and it is reported that a few actually died. The church was unable



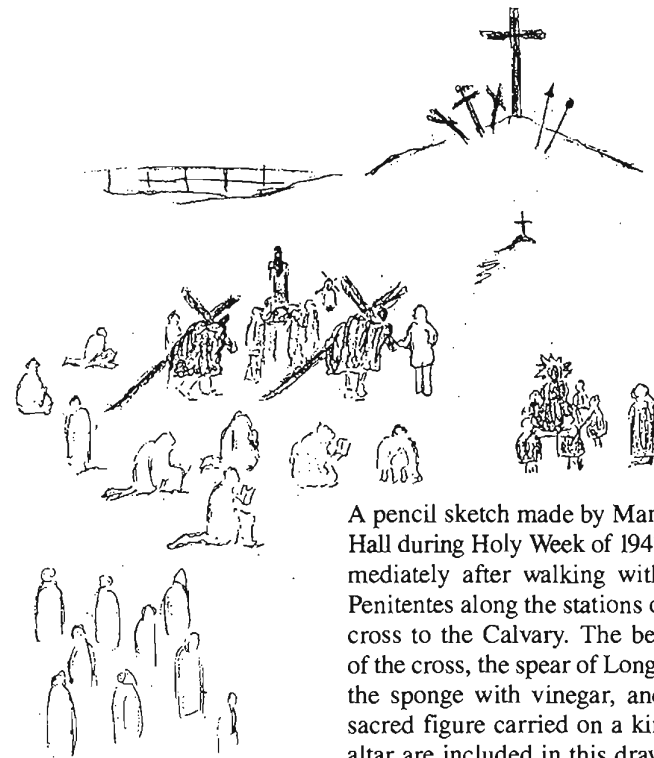
The Penitente death cart with two large wooden wheels and the figure of Death standing on a platform between them. Sketch by Manly P. Hall.

to control the situation. The meeting places of the Penitentes were called "moradas." In one town two moradas faced each other across the highway. The sign on one read "Morada Republica," and the other "Morada Democratica." Because of a friend who was accepted by the group, I was able to watch most of the Penitente rituals; but in my day the actual crucifixion was no longer performed.

The Penitentes were a flagellant group, and a similar sect existed for a number of years in the Philippine Islands. It was considered indelicate for a Spanish-American to slap one of his close friends on the back on Easter Sunday. The chances were he had practiced flagellation in payment of his sins. Penitentes did not trust the courts when need for justice arose. They settled all of their own differences and in many ways punished themselves more severely than Anglo law would ever have required. At the time of World War II a number of Spanish-Americans either volunteered for military service or were drafted.

It was in 1943 that I walked with the Penitentes on the lonely path to the Calvary. Thirty-seven years later I attended the Oberammergau Passion Play; and I realized that, while both are deeply religious, they are essentially different.

Oberammergau is a theatrical production founded on a powerful spiritual conviction, but it is still a play. The actors rehearse their



A pencil sketch made by Manly P. Hall during Holy Week of 1943 immediately after walking with the Penitentes along the stations of the cross to the Calvary. The bearers of the cross, the spear of Longinus, the sponge with vinegar, and the sacred figure carried on a kind of altar are included in this drawing.

lines, the theater was created to accommodate a large audience, and stagecraft is everywhere obvious. The Penitente rites are actually a reenactment of the original tragedy of the crucifixion of Jesus. There is no formal pattern with a proper cast of characters. In the earlier days the crucifixion came as near to the account in the Gospels as a human being could pass through and survive.

When I was in New Mexico during World War II, I saw the parents of young men in the army performing rites of atonement asking heaven to protect their children. The Penitentes were called brothers of sorrow. It all happened on Good Friday, and in the communities of Penitentes there was no Easter Sunday celebration. The resurrection of Christ was not dramatized.



The Holy Child of Atocha, a concept of the Christ child popular in Spain and brought to the United States in the early nineteenth century. This bulto (three-dimensional image) was made of clay, nicely colored, and seated in a chair of natural wood which had been varnished to an off-black. It was believed in the Penitente community that the Nino could unfasten the cords and walk about the neighborhood performing small miracles.

While in the Santa Fe area I acquired a number of religious artifacts, most of which had belonged to Penitente families. I also secured a typewritten copy of the words of most of their sacred songs. So far as I know, these hymns have never been translated into English.

Having become interested in Mayan archaeology, I met in New York a personal friend of Augustus Le Plongeon who recommended that I should visit some of the ruins of Yucatán before the modern archaeologists wrecked them completely. I had a little time, so I took a boat to Progreso; and I was warned that I would not be allowed to land unless I had vaccinations for prevailing ailments. This was a source of anxiety, especially when I noticed the doctor who had come down to meet the boat. He was in his shirtsleeves and wiped

the end of his hypodermic needle on the front of his shirt. It was obvious he had only one needle for all his patients. I told the doctor I was allergic to shots. He sympathized but remained adamant. I asked him if there was an epidemic raging on the peninsula of Yucatán. He replied, "Not at the moment, Señor, but it might break out any day." At last I found a vulnerable spot in his determination. For twenty dollars he decided I could land in peace and, if an epidemic set in, die in peace.

The waters of Progreso are so shallow that a vessel of almost any size cannot reach the docks. A small flat-bottomed boat, therefore, took me ashore, accompanied by a cargo of fighting cocks for the entertainment of the local population. The trip up to Mérida was uneventful and ended at the entrance of the Itza Hotel. This was an old hacienda with ornamentations in the style of Spanish folk art with lengthy inscriptions in pure, or impure, Arabic. It was a meeting place for explorers who "siestaed" there most of the time. Near the hotel was a kind of plaza with a bandstand at one end and stores facing the square. The fronts of most of these establishments were ornamented with fluttering lottery tickets. I especially liked the coconut ice cream but was warned never to touch cow's milk. I am reasonably sure that by now there are pleasant ways to visit the ruins, but in the 1930s the roads were exactly in the condition which dated back to the official visit of the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress Carlota.

At Chichen Itza I stayed for a few days in the hacienda of Theodore A. Willard, proprietor of the company which produced and distributed Willard storage batteries. We had many pleasant chats together, and I remember especially his summary of the archaeological researchers who were mutilating a number of ancient remains. According to the Mexican archaeologists, many of the monuments were at least three thousand years old. The German archaeologists favored a more conservative figure and more or less agreed on two thousand years. The Americans, who always have a tendency to doubt antiquity, chose to consider the structures as about one thousand years old. Willard, who had spent much time in the area, favored the Mexican archaeologists.

Recounting all of this traveling reminds me of my trip up the inland passage from Victoria to Skagway. Feeling a vacation to be in order, I took one of the simple tours which made summer cruises through this picturesque region. Vancouver is generously decorated with totem poles. These are the Indian equivalent of European heraldry. In some cases a bit of cosmogony may be included. The symbolism intrigued me considerably, and I purchased two poles about six feet high and with considerable inconvenience brought them home. Somewhere along the line they have disappeared; but I photographed outstanding examples, and they are described in early volumes of the *PRS Journal*.

By circumstances never fully explained I discovered that on my Alaskan cruise I was traveling with a large contingency of morticians and their families. Considering the seriousness of their profession, they were a happy and exuberant group. On the way up we stopped off briefly at Prince Rupert in Western Canada. The flora of the region was exceptionally beautiful, and I noticed that throughout my Alaskan trip the flowers were large and brilliantly colored. They told me that the summer only lasted for a few months, but as long as the sun was above the horizon the vegetation grew by night and day.

In Skagway I found myself in the happy hunting ground of Soapy Smith. Indeed, they had two skulls of him there; one when he was a small boy and the other after his unfortunate decease. About that time they dug up a frozen mastodon, thawed out part of it, and were the first humans in modern times to eat mastodon steaks. My stepfather was in Fairbanks at the time, and he guaranteed the veracity of the story. Soapy was probably the outstanding swindler of his day; and he owed his fame to the fact that he set up business in Denver with a large basket of soap, each bar wrapped separately in colored paper. He would take one bar from his basket, wrap a hundred dollar bill around it, put back the wrapper, and then drop it back into the basket, which he shook violently. If you were gullible, you could buy one of the cakes for ten dollars; but in the memory of the living no one ever found the one with the hundred dollar bill. He left Denver rather suddenly. In fact, he was run out of town on a rail with a strong invitation not to come back. Soapy was a good-natured fellow.



Display of a totem pole in Vancouver. There was quite an interest in these carvings, and miniatures of various sizes were purchased by visitors. This is the most unusual one that the author found.

However, he was simply born dishonest and never recovered. He had a devout side to his nature; and, when some citizens of Skagway could not raise the funds to pay for their church, the minister in desperation appealed to Soapy for help. The next Sunday morning Soapy walked up to the pulpit and laid a pair of six guns in clear view announcing with deep sincerity, "I think this is a good time to pay for the church." Needless to say, the necessary funds were immediately available.

Soapy had another way to raise finances. When the miners came in from the snowy wilderness, they were not an attractive lot. Most of them had not taken off their clothes for six months, and the temperature was from fifty to eighty below zero. Immediately upon entering town the first stop was at the barber shop. In Skagway the tonsorial parlor also provided a large tub of hot water and the approved routine never varied. First there was the bath, then the haircut and shave. Most of the sourdoughs, as the miners were called, talked about the gold they had found in the remote hinterland. Some made the fatal mistake of telling the barber that they had struck it rich and were bringing in a considerable poke. The barber, who was

in cahoots with Soapy Smith, while finishing the haircut made a little nick in the hairline at the back of the head which revealed to everyone that a wealthy miner was in town. It was not long before the miner had to return to his claim to replenish his gold dust, if possible.

Soapy was not always subtle in his financial operations. At the back of the barroom there was a door decorated with a sign to the effect that the largest nugget ever found in the North was on exhibition for a limited time. The admission was one dollar. After generously patronizing the bar, some trusting soul would decide to see this curiosity. He found a rock weighing over a hundred pounds covered with gold paint. While the truth was dawning on him, he was tapped lightly and carried out the back door of Soapy's museum.

Another prime attraction of Skagway was an eccentric old man, who was generally referred to as "a fishwhistler." For a reasonable donation you could go out with him to a pool, and the fellow would start whistling. In five or ten minutes there were hundreds of fish. He did not even feed them anything, but they evidently appreciated the tunes he whistled.

Skagway was a socially conscious community. They had a club for "the midnight sons;" and when President Taft visited they initiated him and, as a token of admiration, provided a huge chair for his convenience. At the summer solstice it was customary to play a baseball game at midnight, and many outsiders staying there had difficulty sleeping because the sun never went down.

As a stamp collector, I should mention the dogsled postal service. Mail was delivered by dog teams, and the letters were properly canceled with a variety of appropriate devices. Actually, the dog team posts were more profitable to stamp dealers in the states than postal delivery in Alaska. It sounds rather strange to say that in Alaska they panned the sawdust on the barroom floor, and no respectable saloon was without a goodly amount of sawdust. As the hilarity increased, it followed that many of the "guests" who were paying with gold dust would spill some of it on the floor. After everyone had left or been carried out, a group who had bought the rights panned the sawdust and did very well for themselves.

At the turn of the century the Hawaiian Islands were still a quiet



The Rainbow Falls, one of the most beautiful in the Hawaiian Islands. Manly P. Hall photographed this scene with his trusty Graflex and considers it one of his better pictures taken in the Islands.

and gentle fragment of the earth's surface which had not been ruined by tourism. When I was first there, there were few visitors, hotels were small, and prices were low. The Islands were annexed to the United States in 1898, and the last native ruler was Queen Liliuokalani.

As might be expected, I found my way immediately to the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum Bookstore, which was presided over by an elderly lady who was related to the Hawaiian nobility. The museum itself was named for Bernice Pauahi Bishop, a direct descendant of Kamehameha the Great. I obtained several scarce texts on the history and traditions of the Islands, which the lady graciously autographed for me. I also visited the old palace where the royal crown of Hawaii was on exhibition.

In those days the aquarium was an outstanding institution, but when in later years I visited it several times it seemed less remarkable. Actually, the fish were of amazing colors, shapes, and sizes and were displayed against examples of the aquatic vegetation of the Islands. For those who wanted to appreciate the true spirit of the Islands

Honolulu was becoming too modernized. The little city of Hilo on the big island was the most delightful and was reminiscent of a New England village. Every year they celebrated the manners and customs of the old kingdom, and its own high society played the principal roles.

In the early 1920s I had an opportunity to attend a special festival commemorating the life of Queen Liliuokalani, the last royal ruler of the Hawaiian Islands. A prominent member of the Hawaiian aristocracy impersonated the Queen, and surviving members of the old royal court participated in the pageantry. Many of the priceless feather capes preserved in the Honolulu Museum were loaned for this occasion, and the various costumes and elaborate helmet-like headdresses lent authenticity to the event. A number of outstanding native dances were presented by students studying with a young lady who was not an Hawaiian but the very talented daughter of a Christian missionary. The young lady had been studying for years the sacred literature of the islanders and was familiar with the ancient legends upon which the local customs were based.

Among the great sights on the island of Hawaii are its volcanoes. Most travelers visit Kilauea, which is very much alive, and the crater covers a large area. In the center is the fire pit in which the level of molten lava rises and falls as the result of internal pressure. On occasion the lava rises above the level of the fire pit and overflows into the crater. The goddess of the volcano plays an important part in Hawaiian mythology, and even in modern times there have been a number of suicides.

In connection with recent trips to the Islands I should mention that Japanese Buddhism is represented by a beautiful temple with its gardens, and there are also monuments to Buddhism on the other islands. The old leper colony on Molokai has disappeared, and gradually Hawaii will come to be included among the overpopulated areas of the earth.

When I was in Honolulu after World War II, I learned that a plan was afoot to build a duplicate of the Byodo-in Temple located in Uji, a suburb of Kyoto. The Phoenix Hall, or the Ho-o-do, is an outstanding example of the architecture of the Heian Period built in 1073 A.D. during the dominance of the Fujiwara family. The

building is in the shape of a phoenix bird with its wings spread, and the sanctuary is located where the heart of the bird would be.

I happened to mention the rumor about a possible reconstruction of the famous building to my friend Mr. Yokoyama, one of the outstanding dealers in Japanese antiquities. Incidentally, he was the premier Rotarian of the Japanese Empire. When I further mentioned the building of a replica of the Phoenix Hall in Hawaii, Mr. Yokoyama looked very humble and told me that he had received the order to fashion the figure of Buddha for the sanctuary of the new structure. The old temple was wood, but the one in Honolulu would be ferrous concrete so skillfully painted that it would appear to be wood. A few years later when I again stopped in Honolulu I saw the Phoenix Hall in all its splendor. People had come from all over the world to view and examine the amazing structure. Mr. Yokoyama collected many of the items that are now in the Oriental section of our Library, and it was with his assistance that I was able to visit the Shingon Monastery at Koyasan.

CHALLENGE OF CHANGE *(continued from page 5)*

elderly people have discovered ways to enjoy themselves. In the early years of the present century Grandmother might have sat in a rocking chair on the veranda and watched the world go by. The view usually included two or three neighbors, a dog, and the postman. The grandmother of today is enjoying herself in the Bermudas or taking a tour around the world. She has discovered that she is still capable of adventure and self-improvement. Many of the present reformers are struggling desperately to bring back the "good old days." Actually, they should be out adjusting to the "good new days" in which dreams can come true. There is no security in this world—it is within ourselves; and nothing contributes more to create what Bacon calls "a full person" than the challenge of new opportunities to release the potential for fulfillment through change, for there is nothing even in the extremities of the galaxy that is not constantly changing. Truly, the only thing in all the world that is changeless is change itself.

make it possible for him to enter the University. I am sure that if the patron saint of your great institution knew of the heart-broken son of Mr. Moto his enrollment might be possible. Of course, this is a completely ethical suggestion. It has nothing to do with our transaction over the rhinoceros horn drinking cup. An appropriate prayer picture has been placed in Michizane's garden of young souls seeking wisdom." The Dean smiled, murmuring, "We will look into the matter." With much bowing and many inhalations of breath the Dean departed, and Mr. Nakamura had high hopes for a small miracle.

Two days later, when we were exploring an old shop which specialized in early Japanese prints, we noticed a woodcut of Michizane riding on his black bullock which had been designed by Hiroshige. My friend suddenly looked up with an expression of great satisfaction. "O Harusan, I should mention to you that I got a phone call this morning from Moto San. His son went to the rack of votive pictures at the shrine early this morning, and today the eyes were not crying and were somewhat more open. It would seem that our prayers to Tenjin-Sama have been answered."



Character is a man's best capital.

Plato, hearing that some asserted that he was a very bad man, said, "I shall take care so to live that nobody will believe them."

Every man is his own ancestor, and every man is his own heir. He devises his own future, and he inherits his own past.

—H. F. Hedge

When I examine myself and my methods of thought, I come close to the conclusion that the gift of fantasy has meant more to me than my talent for absorbing positive knowledge.

—Albert Einstein

HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

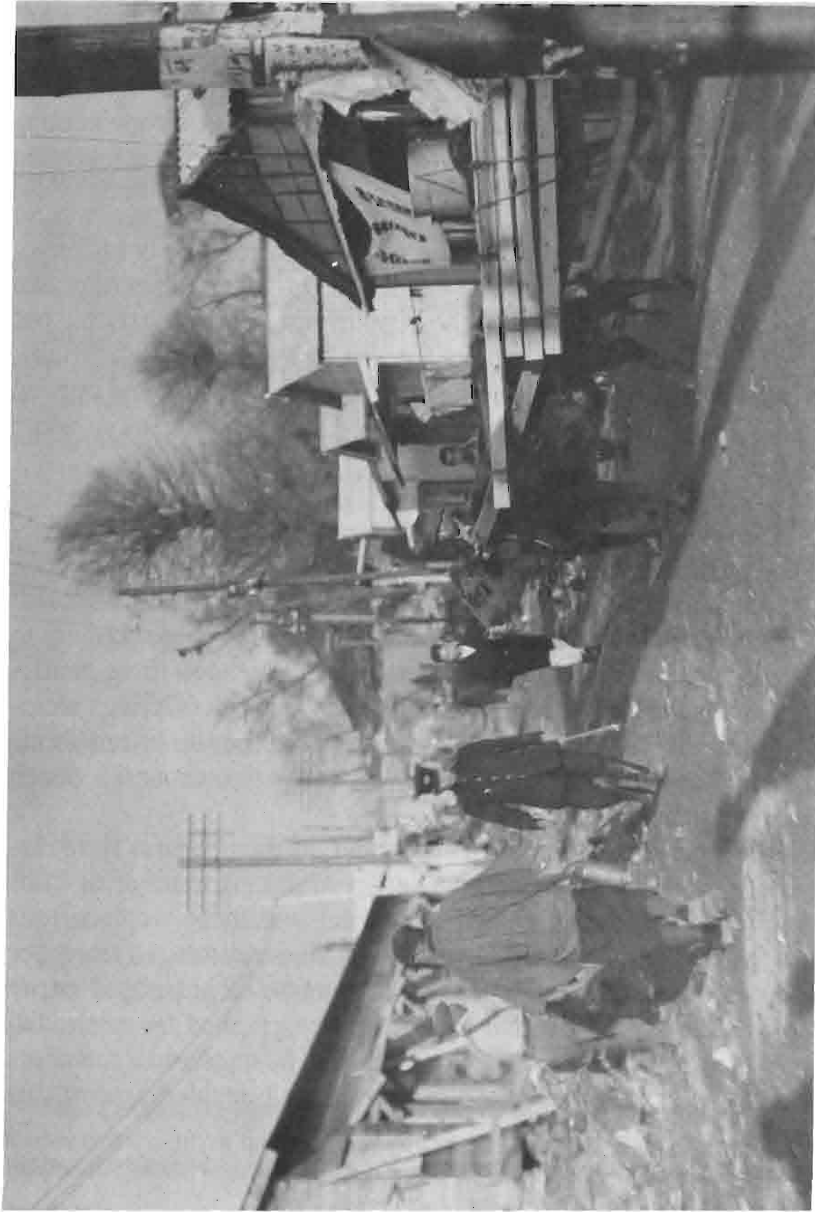
Part III

I was on the high seas when word came of the devastating Japanese earthquake of 1923. Our vessel had difficulty in finding a way to land its passengers; and means were provided to go directly to Tokyo, as Yokohama was almost utterly destroyed. In Tokyo the earthquake cut through a large section of the city leveling entire districts; but the Imperial Hotel, which had been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, was in an area that was not damaged. The hotel was built and opened the year I was there; and, incidentally, I was also in Tokyo some fifty years later when it was torn down.

My second trip to Japan was in 1964. Although the scars of World War II were not entirely erased, a general atmosphere of constructive endeavor was noticeable everywhere. As I have a special interest in Japanese religious art, it was not difficult for me to establish friendly relations with a number of dealers. It was not even necessary to go to the various stores. On one memorable afternoon three gentlemen with a slight knowledge of English arrived with offerings wrapped together in Fukusa cloths. These were about the size of bed sheets and served as wrapping cloths, and each was tied around a dozen or more boxes of choice curios.

Nearly everything was fascinating; and, as the treasures were displayed, I had to use considerable self-restraint. A number of Buddhist ritual instruments were irresistible; and there were curious books, some with handsome woodblock illustrations. I remember one dealer who brought with him a number of gilt-edged paper samples and assured me that they were autographed by celebrated Japanese personalities, including politicians, businessmen, members of the court, and Kabuki actors. Regretfully, I decided against this group.

Taxis were reasonably available, for at that time a compassionate



A street in Yokohama after the great earthquake of 1923. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



One of the docks that collapsed in Yokohama as a result of the earthquake. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

legislature permitted young men to buy cars and pay for them by operating them temporarily as taxicabs. When not occupied, the cab was parked in some possible spot—of which there were very few—and the young driver was out dusting off his cab with an elaborate whisk broom. One day I hired one of these temporary cabs to take me around the edge of Tokyo Bay. Our destination was a promontory where the huge Tokyo Bay Kannon stood majestically to a height of nearly two hundred feet. It was known there as Japan's Statue of Liberty. It was quite a trip, and the young cabman got lost on several occasions. Many of the streets terminated in the bay; but, when we asked directions, they were usually wrong—and finally the cabdriver asked me to wait a minute while he entered a small restaurant for a bottle of Kirin beer.



The Tokyo Bay Kannon. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

Needless to say, we finally found the huge figure—and the trip was well worthwhile. We also learned that it could be reached from downtown Tokyo by a water taxi in about fifteen minutes. The enterprising young cabdriver later had a card made to put on the front of his car saying that he specialized in trips to see the Tokyo Bay Kannon.

We stopped at the Palace Hotel, which was across the moat from the Imperial residence. The hotel had an extensive group of shops in the basement. Here you could find almost anything, and my wife discovered some delightful short coats. They were overprinted in red and black on a white silklike material. She was so pleased that she bought one and a few minutes later wore it in the lobby. We both noticed that busy Japanese businessmen all paused, took a second look, and smiled broadly. We found out that the jackets were inscribed “No. 1 Fireman.”

On a later trip these jackets were no longer available in the hotel—

so I explained that I wished to secure a second jacket. A member of the staff of the hotel interpreted my problem in Japanese to a cabdriver, who smiled and bowed repeatedly. We were immediately off on a trip which took about half an hour, and I was ushered into a store which supplied firemen’s jackets—the real ones that the firemen themselves wore. I then discovered that they weighed about twenty-five pounds, were three inches thick, and quite expensive. They are still in use by the fire department. The wearers pour water on each other until the jackets are soaking wet. They wear leggings, hats, and gloves to match and can walk through a considerable fire without serious discomfort.

The only Chinese cultural center that I found in Tokyo was an old temple presided over by a stout Chinese lady. In her establishment she gave courses on athletics for elderly gentlemen, served Chinese dinners, held Confucian meetings, and had a kind of thrift shop where you could buy almost anything. I patronized this shop considerably and found many curiosities. On one of her walls was a glowering portrait of Daruma, the patriarch of the Zen sect. The painting was about five by seven feet, and I reluctantly gave up the idea of carrying it home on Japan Air Lines.

A number of signs carefully lettered on white cards appeared on doors or public buildings. They usually indicated rather deferential requests not to enter. A slightly different one at the entrance to the main dining room of the Palace Hotel was posted every evening with the words, “Gentlemen are cordially invited to wear tuxedos.” There were many curious signs. An elevator might be labeled “Out of running,” and a restaurant advised its customers that certain items listed on the menu were “Out of serving.”

One of the principal department stores in Tokyo is built around a large central lobby which is open through several floors. On one wall is a standing image that rises some fifty or sixty feet and is labeled “The Goddess of Sincerity.” This is the symbol in all transactions of the business, and that entire establishment was scrupulously honest. For no particular reason this reminds me of a story in which a Japanese maid retired from the service of an American lady whose husband was employed in an industrial organization. She

had just bought a Frigidaire and said she could no longer work for a family that did not have one.

I remember definitely my trip across the straits between Shimomoseki and Puson, which separated Japan from Korea. Incidentally, Prince Hirohito, later Emperor and recently deceased, was on the same boat. We were both born in 1901. I recently saw a newsreel picture of Seoul, and it now has a striking resemblance to metropolitan Los Angeles. There are tall concrete buildings, heavy traffic, and very expensive hotels. In the 1920s you could look down the main street and see the old Royal Palace in the distance. Koreans were not especially happy under Japanese domination. While I was there, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Sing Song, who was antique art buyer for a multimillionaire American. He explained to me why Koreans of early times wore very high shoes with thick felt soles. It was because they heated the important buildings by fires under the floors. In the Seoul Museum the royal armor of an old Korean king was on display. It was so heavy that on state occasions when he sat on his throne the robes were supported by a framework on the chair. He was apparently wearing them but not carrying the whole weight—such is the fate of kings.

After I left Korea, conditions became a little more complicated. There was a Japanese railroad which ran between Seoul and Mukden. It was not exactly deluxe, but in the severe winter months small stoves were burned in the cars. It was bitterly cold while I was on that trip, and there was considerable loud complaining in Spanish. In the same coach was Don Vicente Blasco-Ibanez, the celebrated Spanish novelist, who could not speak a word of English but was accompanied by an aristocratic lady who could speak English. Blasco-Ibanez was screaming at the top of his voice in Spanish, "Everybody gets tea, but I don't get any tea." By the way, on the roof of our car was a mounted machine gun and a group of soldiers to make sure we arrived at our destination without being held up by bandits. Looking back, it might be added that when Blasco-Ibanez got back to Spain he described queues on the Japanese instead of the Chinese.

One of the great sights along the way were the Imperial tombs



Mr. Sing Song, a prominent agent for European and American collectors of Korean art. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

in Mukden. The area was being guarded by a patrol, and our interpreter was unable to get permission to enter the area of the tombs. In this emergency one of the Americans took out his wallet and held up an old-fashioned tobacco coupon, which looked quite official but did no more than give you a few cents off on the next box of cigars. He showed this coupon to the military officer, who immediately bowed, accepted the coupon as a gift, and permitted us to enter the sacred precinct and remain as long as we wished; but we did not remain long for fear someone might tell him the facts about the coupon and, if this did happen, we would be frozen to death.

It was bitterly cold when I shivered my way into Peking. At that time Sun Yat-sen was President of China, and conditions there were regarded as stable. The best hotel was the Wagon Lits, well-located and equipped to develop and print Kodak film. This hotel included a magical performance whenever there was sufficient patronage. The

production was put on in the dining room after dinner. An elderly Chinese robed to the ankles and wearing a hat with a splendid tassel made an immediate impression. He entered the room empty-handed and, in spite of his feeble appearance, turned a forward somersault and came up with a glass bowl with no cover and full of water with goldfish swimming around. When the performance was over, he was richly rewarded by an amazed audience.

I took some film to be developed and asked the English-speaking manager how things were in China at that time. He replied it was not too bad, but they were having trouble with the missionaries who held picnics in the precincts of the Temple of Heaven and broke their beer bottles on the altar.

I will never forget the wonderful thieves' market in Peking. While I was there, I saw one excited customer departing—at a cost of only a few dollars—with a piece of jade almost as large as a football and completely covered with intricate carvings. About the time democracy was being declared an ambitious Chinese politician and militarist, Yang Shi Ki, made a strenuous effort to have himself elected emperor. He had electric lights installed in the Temple of Heaven; but for some reason he more or less vanished from the political scene, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen ruled the country until his death in 1925.

While in Peking, I photographed a building of the Rockefeller Foundation. They told me there that a program was being developed on the treatment of leprosy. It was believed, at least by local traditions, that the type of leprosy in China was partly due to the eating of spoiled fish. A few days later I visited the Court of the Lepers. It was an extremely depressing experience. There was an open square bordered on all sides by a kind of fence. Against this fence was a row of open-fronted sheds about twelve to twenty feet wide and about the same depth. All the rooms opened into the court, and in each of them was a representation of the punishment of souls in the afterlife. The scenes were made up of life-sized wood carvings, variously colored and all depicting extreme suffering.

In the open square was a large group of lepers. Most of them were in the last stages of the ailment and showed the terrible ravages

of the disease. It was sad to think that these dying people should be surrounded by symbols of eternal punishment. My guide was a young Chinese who spoke English; and, when he noticed that some of the lepers were holding out their hands begging for money, he told me not to hand them anything. If I did, I would be practically torn to pieces and be exposed to the dangers of the disease. If I wanted to make a donation, I should go with him to the entrance of the court, take the money and throw it back into the square, and then run away as quickly as possible. I strongly suspect that what I saw that day no longer exists in China.

No one has the right to say that they have been to China unless they have gone out for a look at the Great Wall. It is certainly the longest construction ever attempted by man, and there was a saying that its length was one tenth of the diameter of the earth. This great stone dragon was intended as a defense against the ambitious rulers of Mongolia and Tartary. An emperor who objected zealously to all forms of learning exiled the available intelligentsia of China and sent them into the desert to build the wall, and when they died their bodies were incorporated into the masonry.

From the train station at Fuchow I transferred to a sedan chair consisting of a contraption resembling a dining-room chair and which, to the anguish of the porters, broke down. Their optimism returned, however, when I paid extra for the broken chair. I heard that an enterprising young Chinese had a small monoplane and would drive tourists on a tour over the wall. It was recommended that I should not take the ride, for on one occasion—having overimbibed in alcoholic refreshments—he tried to fly under the wall, which was a serious mistake.

According to the guidebooks, once upon a time long ago a battle was fought outside the Great Wall of China near the Fuchow Pass. An army of more than a million soldiers were in combat on a battle-front one hundred miles long. There are many amazing things about China that are worthy of notice. To mention one, we can call attention to the dragon mines—a graveyard of prehistoric animals which has provided Chinese with ancient bones to become a prime source of calcium.



The Great Wall of China. A photograph from a vantage point in the Fuchow Pass. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

When the time came to continue my wanderings, I took a train from Peking to Shanghai. This train ran through the edge of The Gobi (desert), and it is a fact that the sands of The Gobi are almost black. All thoughtful visitors to Shanghai were expected to walk across the devil's bridge. It was a curious construction with sharp angles every few feet. If you walked across quickly enough, the devil could not keep up with you because he could not go around corners. If he tried, he would fall in the river below and drown. I do not know whether this bridge survived under Chairman Mao, but it was very popular in the old days.

Particularly attracting the attention of the visitor to Canton is that part of its population living on boats that are packed together so tightly it is practically impossible to move them. A large number of the citizens of Canton are born, live, and die on their boats. They fish off the front and throw the garbage off the back. Generally speaking, they appear happy and in reasonably good health. That was in



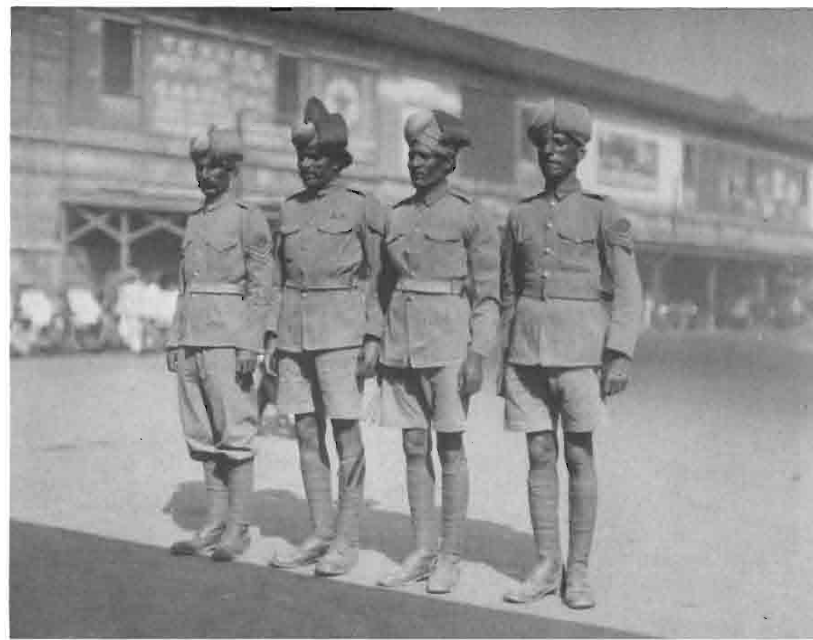
The Devil's Bridge at Shanghai. There were always troubled people seeking to escape evil spirits. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



The Queen Victoria memorial in Hong Kong, symbolizing the economic influence of British trade in Asia. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

the good old days when I was able to make such an observation, and conditions may have changed. In all these communities no one seemed to be in a hurry. Most of the population was smiling and appeared to have what they needed when problems arose.

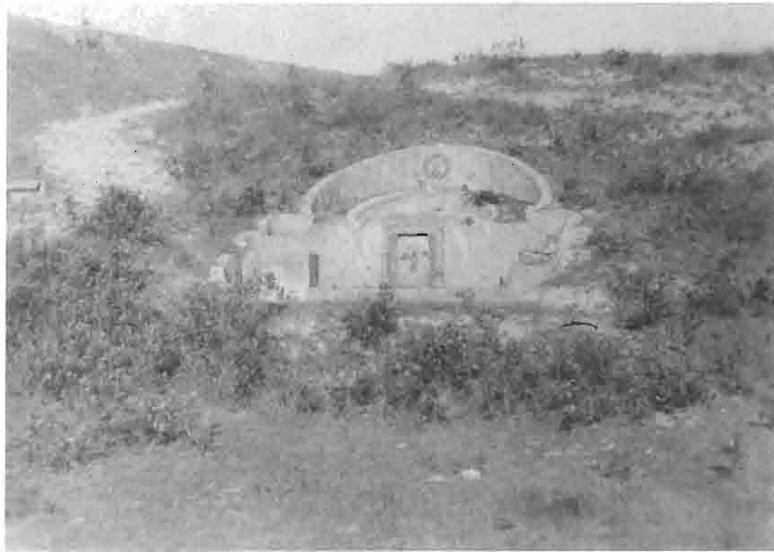
My farewell to China was in Hong Kong. In that city there were two important monuments. One was a beautiful memorial to Queen Victoria. This was centered in the banking district; and Hong Kong was the only city which I found in China with impressive Western buildings, including banks, insurance companies, and investment brokerage firms. The second unforgettable sight was the Tiger Balm Gardens. A wealthy Chinese family had developed an ointment somewhat similar to our Ben Gay's balm, and it is still to be purchased in stores in the Los Angeles Chinatown. The Hong Kong gardens



The Indian constabulary maintained by the British in Hong Kong. Photo taken at Kowloon. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

are without doubt the worst collection of crockery in existence and devoid of meaning and of no actual use, but tourists always included the gardens in their itinerary if they wished to see China in one of its coarsest expressions. I believe, however, that the product has been so successful that a branch has been opened in Singapore. In my day visitors to Hong Kong usually had to cross the Bay from the docks in Kowloon. The water trip is not spectacular itself, but the phosphorescent light in the water is strong and so bright that you can read your newspaper by it at night.

Shopping in Hong Kong is usually brisk, and products from all over the world can be found there. Looking around, I discovered in a bazaar the three large curtains that had been used in a Jagannath car in India. We have exhibited them in our Library on several occasions. Outside of Hong Kong, when I was there sixty years ago,

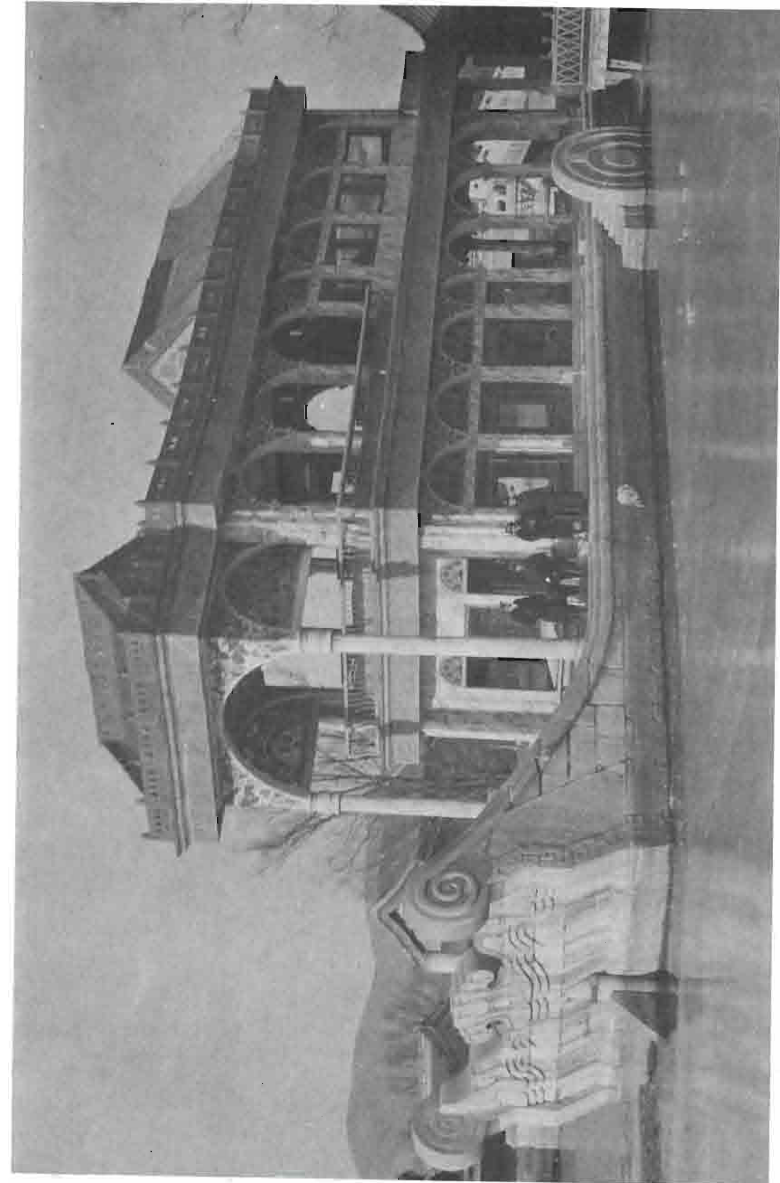


An old Chinese grave in Hong Kong. Miniature models of these tombs were popular souvenirs. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

was a small area where Chinese graves were set into the side of low hillocks with only the front of the grave visible above the earth. Merchants were doing very well selling miniatures of these hillside graves. In the miniature model the memorial stone front of the grave lifts up and a small scale casket comes out on a spring.

In those days China could be visited without trouble or discomfort by the citizens of any nation who desired to enjoy the natural wonders of the country and the breathtaking architecture of the Forbidden City. While I was in Peking I spent a day in the Forbidden City with its walls and moats; and the last inmate, Henry Pu-yi, the Emperor of China (1908-12), was a political prisoner who in 1934 as Kang Te became the Emperor of Manchukuo.

The boat trip up the Irrawaddy River to Rangoon must be experienced in order to be appreciated. The City of Rangoon is the capital of Burma and located directly on the Irrawaddy River. Large vessels cannot navigate in the Irrawaddy, so we went on a smaller



The Chinese navy. The marble boat in the Summer Palace of the Empress Dowager was built by the funds set aside for national defense. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



One of the four colossi in Pegu, Burma. This view shows clearly that one of the figures was destroyed, apparently by an earthquake. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

craft and had lunch *en route*. This was the only time I saw lunch for travelers in large dishes with tight fitting glass bells. It was immediately evident that flies or other small insects were clustered inside of these lids striving desperately to escape.

The religion of Burma is basically Buddhist of the Hinayana school, and there are numerous Buddhist monuments scattered about the country. For years now the region has been closed to the outside world, and we can ponder if some of the splendid religious remains have survived the political confusion. I wonder what happened to the Colossus of Pegu. This small community in the jungle is a short rail trip from Rangoon. My first impression was of an incongruous combination of the new and the old. Under a huge roof of galvanized iron was an image representing the nirvana of the Buddha reclining on a jewel-ornamented couchlike base. The figure is over one hundred and fifty feet in length. The eyes are open, and there is a slight smile on the face.



The Nirvana of the Buddha. This gigantic figure was protected by the British with a huge galvanized iron shed. The couch on which the head and shoulders rest is inlaid with brightly colored stones and other decorations. The reclining figure is over one hundred and fifty feet in length. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



Buddhist shrine enclosed by an ancient tree on the platform of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

When the British took control of Burma, this fantastic figure was without any protection and in a sad state of deterioration. They partially enclosed the image with a huge shed that had no resemblance whatever to Burmese architecture. I have heard nothing of this figure for many years, and I would like to know if it perished in the political disturbances.

Also at Pegu is a curious monument of four Buddhas represented on the faces of a cube. The monument is about eighty feet high and, according to traditional practice, only one of the four images was completely restored. It is said that a storm destroyed one of the great Buddhist figures, but the others remain in all their majesty. For some reason these colossi are seldom, if ever, pictured and should be fully represented—if only in guidebooks.

Though more frequently described, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda is a transcendent monument to the Buddhist faith. In recent years electric lighting has been provided, and the golden spire can be seen for miles. A stairway leads up to the platform upon which this fantastic structure stands. As usual, the shoes must be left behind if the central stupa is to be circumambulated. Around it is a grouping of smaller towers with many types of Eastern architecture to commemorate various Buddhist cultural groups.

It is good to learn that the Burmese people are returning to their faiths and protecting their national treasures. Very little Burmese painting or sculpturing is to be found in the museums of Western countries. Actually, the old Burmese sages illuminated magnificent collections of their scriptures on lacquered strips of cardboard or wood. They greatly resemble the sacred texts prepared in Thailand.

[To Be Continued]

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I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

—Shakespeare

Before you decide
Hear the other side.

home that there is no happiness in the misuse of authority or the accumulation of great wealth. This should be taught before school begins; but, if for some reason children are slow of learning, it should be continued right into the school system. Reading, writing, and arithmetic are good; but no child should be permitted to graduate from grammar school who cannot prove, at least, that dishonesty never pays. With a good sound background the young person is equipped to become a parent and to take on the challenge of a life enriched by integrities and compassion.

Reading would help us if we read the right books. It is nice to give children the privilege of improving themselves in their own way, but in the early years of life it must be clearly established that license is not liberty. We cannot permit people to do just as they please, but through education they can learn to do just as they should. With a fair start and honesty and common sense the young people of today can be the benefactors of ages still unborn.



On Homer's Birthplace

Seven cities warr'd for Homer, being dead,
Who, living, had no roof to shroud his head.

—Thomas Heywood (about 1596-1640)

[From *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells* (1635).]

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

—Thomas Seward (d. 1790)

Out of silence,
Out of tranquility,
All things evolve.
Noise, confusion, and hurry
Are the distractors—
The enemies of knowing.
But also they have been the friends
Who build into our consciousness
The meaning of silence
And the strength of tranquility.

—Anonymous

HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Part IV

In traveling around the world it often is advantageous to join small tours arranged by hotel managements. On several occasions in India I came into more or less direct contact with a certain lady. She was getting along in years, dressed in tweed suits on all occasions, and wore shoes appropriate to golf or cross-country walking. Her specialty was watercolor, and she always carried a small case containing paper and colored pigments and a portable easel. There was also a folding chair which she hung over her shoulder.

My specialty was photography, and in photographing during this visit to India it was almost impossible to get a picture of some famous locality without her in dead center. I remember the day when I decided to photograph a beautiful mausoleum built in memory of a maharajah's favorite elephant. I selected what appeared to be the best vantage point and started focusing my ever-dependable Graflex. Looking down to the scene as it would appear in the final picture, there she was—the inevitable painter with her hat veil waving in the breeze. She would remain there until the party left and would be the last to go.

Under these conditions I really gave up hope and began to enjoy the beauty of the rajah's gardens. Chancing to look up, I was astonished to note that the lady watercolor artist was not in sight. This was my supreme moment to photograph the tomb of the royal elephant. Quickly focusing the camera, I took the picture. Later, when the film was developed, it was a fine view; but peeking out from behind one of the granite columns was the artist. She was genteely posed and, no doubt, believed I would greatly enjoy her presence.

A number of important monuments recorded in my photographs are so close that only the detail can be seen, or so far away that the

lady with the watercolor equipment is only a dot in the foreground. After all, she was a very nice person; but her painting was a real achievement, and for her a photograph was something from a mechanical device without aesthetic appeal.

The Maharajas of Jaipur have been the subjects of numerous strange legends. The capital city of their state is one of the most interesting in India. The rulers have been progressive and democratic in their attitudes. The temperature is on the warm side, and nearly all the shopping streets have awnings of sheet iron or tin over their sidewalks. Even so, the heat is difficult to bear. The city of Jaipur is on the edge of heavy junglelike growth, and every night regiments of monkeys attack the city from all sides and jump up and down on the tin roofs. The din can be heard for miles, and the situation is further complicated by the fact that tourists are expected to treat the monkeys with deep respect. As soon as the dawn comes, the monkeys disappear; but by that time it is so warm that very few travelers can sleep.

Another attraction is the Palace of the Winds, which is the guest house of the Maharajah. From the street it appears to be a vast and colorful structure, but it is mostly facade. However, the accommodations are adequate. The entire city seems to be of one color—a kind of reddish sandstone. The old capital of the state was called Amber and was on the crest of a high hill. Everyone who visits Jaipur is more or less expected to visit Amber, and the only way to do so with appropriate dignity is to ride on an elephant. Elephant rides have been discussed before in my writings, so mention will simply be made of the outstanding building in Amber which has an interior resembling a grand salon. The inner walls are all inlaid with fragments of mirrors arranged into exquisite designs. If you go into the room at night with a candle or lamp, the light is reflected from all the decorations on the walls until you seem to be standing somewhere in space surrounded by an infinite number of constellations. It might be well to mention that the Maharajahs of Jaipur were interested in the sciences and built extraordinary observatories.

To visit Baroda is to get an entirely new impression of Indian culture. The city is well laid out with ample streets and parks. It



The hotel limousine meets the daily train in Amber, Jaipur, India. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

has fine schools and universities; and the maharajah, a successor of the powerful Gaekwar rulers, was dedicated to progress in every field of human endeavor. The imaginary Indian Prince in my story of *The Guru* is based upon the ruler of Baroda. It has been said that this most enlightened prince returned ninety percent of his income to the advancement of his people. There was a little art gallery in Baroda, which, if I remember correctly, had an excellent showing of the paintings of Abanindro Nāth Tagore. This, however, was not what fascinated me the most. In one of the galleries there was a vertical painting which seemed to be about eight feet in height and which was entirely devoted to a representation of the human body, especially the nervous system, while at the terminal of each nerve was a miniature painting of one of the Hindu deities. It was an incredible combination of anatomy and theology. In fact, I was so interested

that I nearly acquired the picture. The curator favored Tagore and said that if I would contribute to the purchase of another painting by this artist I could have the wonderful chart. He further told me that the work required the labor of two generations of religious artists.

Hotel accommodations in the bustling Indian city of Calcutta were few and inadequate, but I managed to secure what passed for a penthouse. It was fully equipped, including a teenage boy to run errands and act as interpreter. In many parts of India accommodations do not include bedding. One must carry his own mattress, sheets, pillows, towels, etc. This almost inevitably requires an attendant for the duration of a sojourn in the country. Incidentally, I am told that all attendants expect to return with you to the United States on life assignment.

The name Calcutta is from Kali and a word meaning “place of pilgrimage.” In this city there is a remarkable group of temples, many of which have large statues of the sacred bull Nandi. They are often painted red and may be expected in temple precincts set aside for the worship of the god Shiva.

My old friend, Talbot Mundy, in his delightful book, *Om—The Mystery of Ahbor Valley*, devotes the opening section to how a religious riot begins in India. In some areas Brahmany bulls or zebus wander about unattended and comparatively ignored. If, however, one of these amiable animals decides to go to sleep on the trolley rails, there is no one qualified to remove him. If the animal ignores the bell on the trolley and cannot be coaxed, a hopeless delay usually results. When some heroic individual pushes or pulls the sacred bull from the trolley track, an international dilemma results—which can cause consternation in London in both the Commons and the Lords.

In the old days there were wonderful shops and bazaars in Calcutta. An art collector could spend a fortune without half trying. I remember a beautiful book, all the leaves of which were ivory, and the text was inlaid in gold. There were wonderful embroideries on silk, fantastic jewelry, and the full regalia of the nautch dancer. Soon after I arrived in Calcutta there was a major procession to honor Mohandas Gandhi for his release from a hunger strike. For some reason the sacred tooth of Buddha was brought from Ceylon (now



The great banyan tree in Calcutta. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



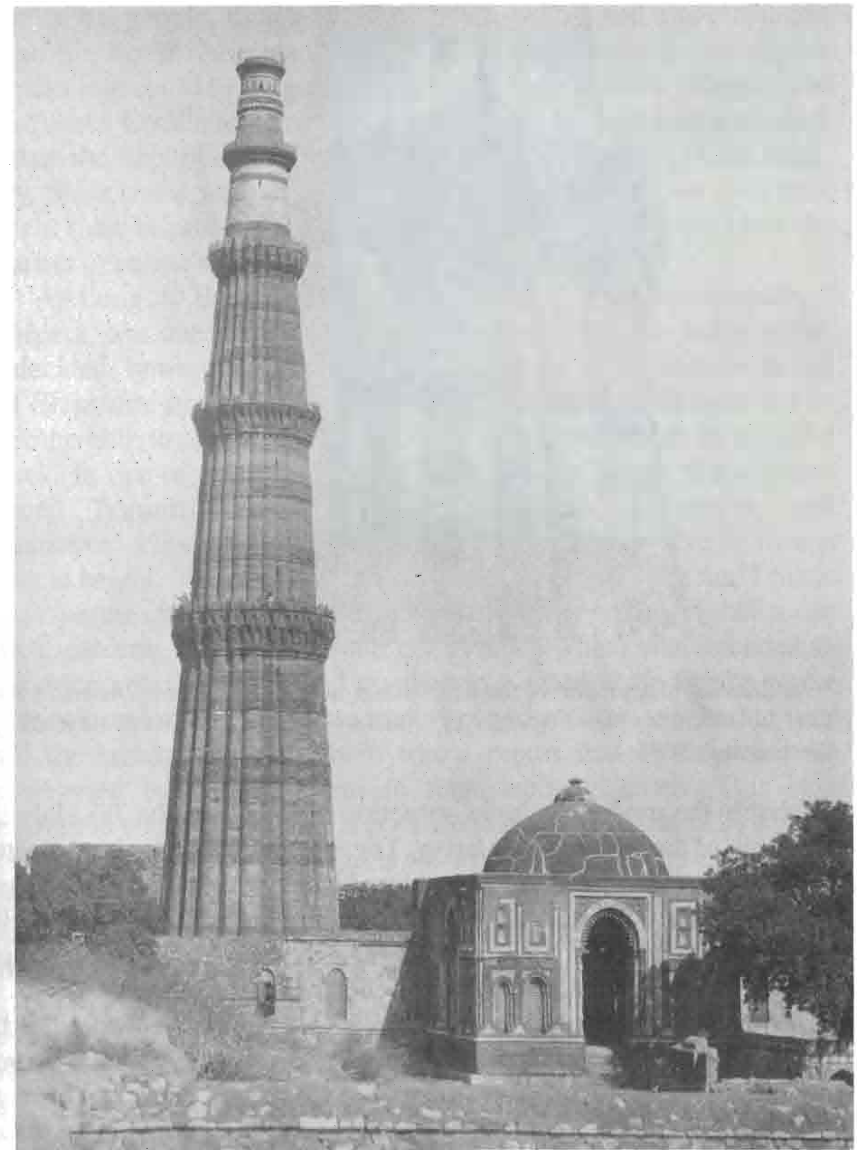
Sweeping under the great banyan tree, Calcutta. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

Sri Lanka) and carried through the streets in an elaborate and massive reliquary. As I had given a lecture in Calcutta, I was invited to walk in the parade and the story was well-publicized in the local press.

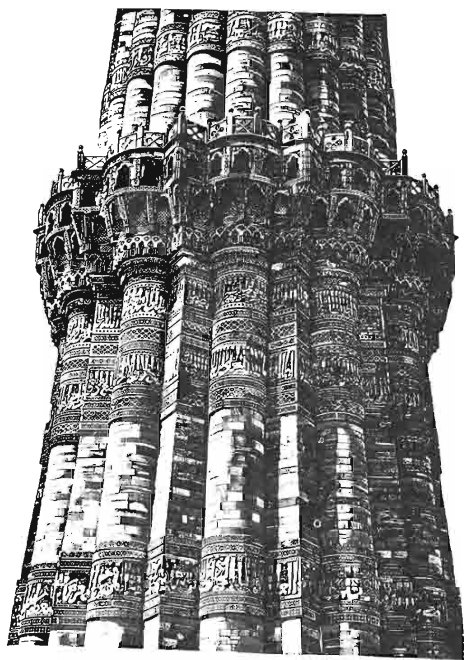
Because of the physical and moral boycotts on British goods and articles of dress, most of the patriotic Hindus favored the dhoti—or man's long loincloth—and the sacred thread worn around the neck as a kind of charm. I met the editor of the principal newspaper. He was seated behind a fine and expensive desk with an electric fan, telephone, and all the paraphernalia of the traditional newspaper executive. He was wearing, however, merely a dhoti and a white cap of homespun cloth in the shape of that which is part of the fatigue uniform of the American soldier. Incidentally, I was presented with a similar hat which was a little small, so it had to be opened at the back.

Only a few weeks ago in a Santa Barbara bookstore I made an interesting discovery, which I have added to the PRS Library collection. It is a set of two volumes in elephant folio describing the tour of Asia and Africa by the late Czar Nicholas II, when he was still heir apparent to the Imperial Russian throne. The work is magnificently illustrated, and on one of the pages is a picture of a section of the Kutb Minar in Delhi, capital of India. The red sandstone tower is an outstanding example of Moslem architecture. I had resolved to climb the tower by its internal staircase of three hundred and seventy-eight steps but compromised with the first balcony, where I am shown on the viewer's left waving my arm vigorously.

The Indian feudal system was a thing of wonder and a confusion forever. Before the establishment of the Republic, India consisted of over five hundred feudatory states ruled by hereditary Hindu or Moslem potentates. Some of these feudatory states were not much larger than Los Angeles County, whereas others covered large areas and their populations ran into millions. In addition, there were conventional states which were more closely allied with the British Raj. There was a somewhat similar situation in Europe, where a considerable group of principalities, republics, and free cities were embroiled in more or less continuous conflicts. Each of these independent countries had unusual attractions and profited well from tourism.



The Tower of Victory at Delhi with Mr. Hall on the first balcony, viewer's left, waving.



A drawing of a section of the Kutub Minar near Delhi. From: *Travels in the East of Nicholas II—Emperor of Russia—When Cesaewitch—1890-1891*, Westminster, 1896.

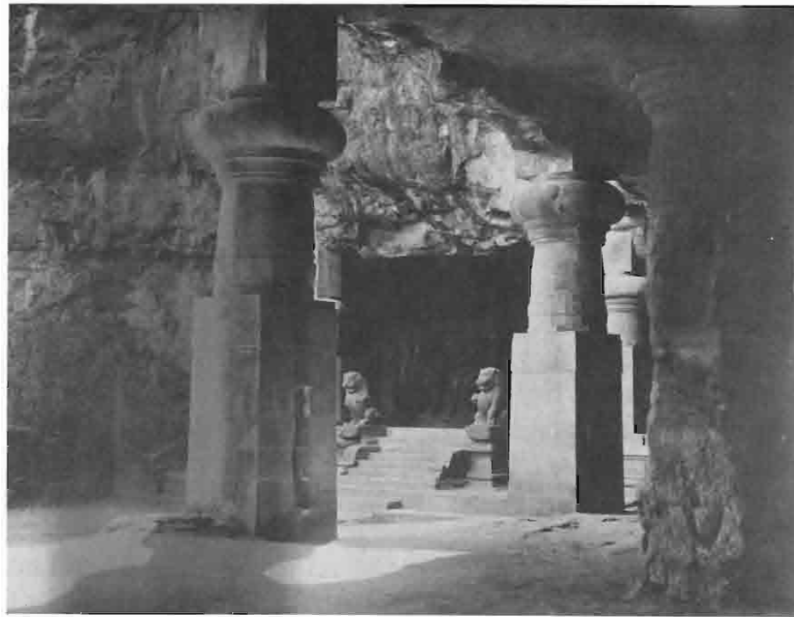
Probably the most prominent attraction in India was the Taj Mahal, the tomb of the wife of Shah Jahan. The emperor's love for his favorite wife, Mumtāz Mahal, is considered the greatest of all Indian romances. He had intended to build a similar mausoleum for himself on the opposite side of the Jumna River but was imprisoned by his own son. He is now buried beside his beloved companion.

Some of the native rulers remained more or less independent and, on occasion, arbitrary until their temporal powers were taken from them. Others, however, were among the most liberal and benevolent of the rulers of the world. As already mentioned in part, the state of Baroda was governed by a very intelligent and philanthropic man who had been born to humble estate but was selected by the court astrologer to create a new dynasty. He believed in equal education

for all his people, male and female, and established a medical college for women. He also set up a system of traveling libraries on trucks that could bring good books to the most remote villages. The two states Cochin and Travancore were also very well-managed; and, when the Republic of India took over the postal system of the country, these states were allowed to continue to handle their own mail for a time because their procedures were more efficient than the earlier republic's facilities.

Arriving at Bombay, I had a short spell of illness—which, I suspect, was due to some mysterious foodstuff that was indigestible. I decided, however, that it was positively necessary to visit the Island of Elephanta in the harbor of Bombay. Elephanta is famous for its great eighth to ninth century A.D. cave temples hewn out of the solid rock. In one of these vast rooms is the famous image of the three-faced Trimurti—depicting Shiva as creator, preserver, and destroyer—carved into the wall and approximately twelve or fifteen feet in height. The image is the heads and shoulders only, and I made a desperate effort to photograph it. In those days a flashlight for use with cameras was an uncertain contrivance which was intended to produce a flash of light and resulted in a smothering smoke worse than a London fog. If you wanted a second picture, you had to wait till the smoke cleared. There was a report that Pythagoras was welcomed by the Brahmans to the Elephanta caves. This is a debatable point, however. It is possible that on the island there existed older caverns where sacred rites were performed. In my enthusiasm for such possibilities, however, I nearly missed my boat and made a flying trip to the launch and just managed to get on the vessel while it was on its way to the Suez Canal.

Incredible as it may seem, my travels in the Near East and North Africa were completely peaceful and undisturbed. There was no danger of having your boat sunk under you or languishing for an incredible length of time as a hostage. Everything was serene when I checked into Shepherds Hotel in Cairo. There was a little unusual excitement in the air because an exhibition of the treasures of the tomb of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen had just opened in the Cairo Museum. It was certainly a fascinating display, and rumors of the



Entrance to the caves of Elephanta in the harbor of Bombay. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

famous curse were already in the air. Shepherds Hotel was the principal Cairo hostelry in those days, and part of its facade was decorated with forepaws derived from those of the sphinx. There were pleasant porches extending on each side of the entrance; and, while quietly seated, one could look down on a sea of red fezes. On each side of the main entrance of the hotel was an elaborate statue of a Nubian dancer, which I understand has vanished along with the hotel.

Across from Shepherds was a very fine store handling Egyptian antiquities. I was assured that most of the items were genuine and of very high quality. The proprietor spoke excellent English and was much interested in the secret religious rituals of the ancient Egyptians. Assuring me that secret societies still existed and that there were continuing efforts to discover the scientific, medical, and philosophical remnants of the ancient culture, he said that if I would

stay in Egypt for a reasonable length of time I could meet some of the members of these secret groups.

It was absolutely necessary to visit the little town of Giza and contemplate the pyramids. While standing in front of the great pyramid, I noticed a young European couple; and in a few minutes I was in conversation with them. He was a French architect, well-informed on Egypt and archaeology; and he said very simply, "If I could not see this building with my own eyes, no one could ever have convinced me that it exists."

There is a ritual for those visiting the pyramids. It is the one occasion for a camel ride, the objective being to see the sphinx. Camels are objectionable animals. They have long necks which enable them to nip at the feet of their riders. Finally, however, I got up on a camel; and with a few ugly grunts it got to its feet and accompanied by an Egyptian guide started off in search of the sphinx.

The trip was something over two hundred feet. The sphinx was around the corner, slightly behind the pyramid. I came across two European scholars, who explained that efforts were being made to find out if there were any passageways between the sphinx and the pyramid. Steel rods had been driven into nearly all parts of the image, but no signs of internal cavities had been discovered. It is said that the sphinx was originally the male form of an Egyptian deity, but this is not certain. The beard had been broken away and was found between the paws. This does not prove conclusively, however, that a male visage was intended. Some Egyptian queens wore artificial beards in formal ceremonies. Be that as it may, the image was probably carved from an outcropping of stone with the paws added. There was a chapel between the front legs, but nothing remarkable was discovered relating to it.

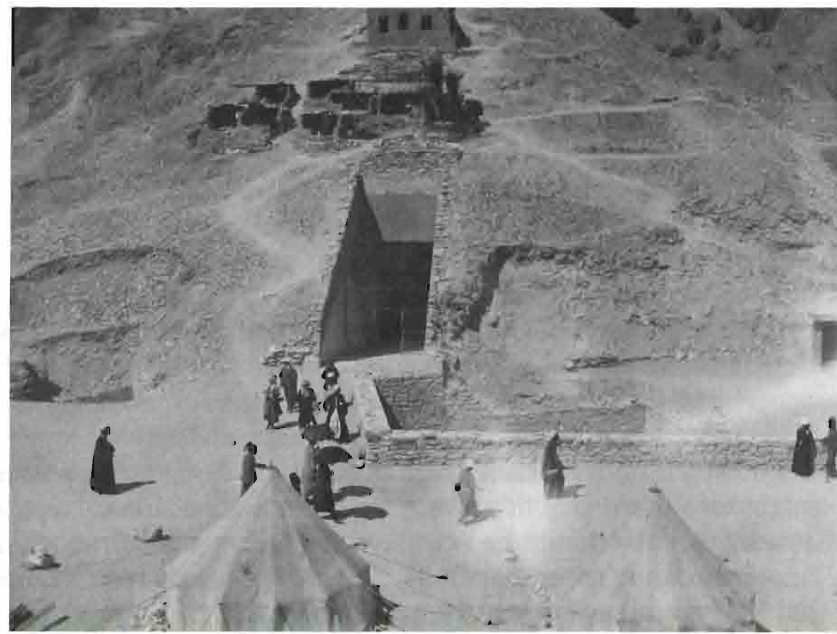
After the arduous journey back to the pyramid, a major decision was necessary. Would I climb the outside or examine the inside? Following careful consideration, I decided to explore the interior of the great monument. Even this, however, was not easy. To reach the breach made by the Caliph Al Mamoun you have to be helped over rows of rock about three feet high. This is usually accomplished by one dragoman pulling from above and two pushing from below.



Climbing the great pyramid. This is a lithograph of a group which has reached the summit. The ascent is extremely difficult and usually requires two native helpers for each visiting climber. From: *Travels in the East of Nicholas II—Emperor of Russia—When Cesarewitch—1890-1891*, Westminster, 1896.

It is then necessary to crawl up the main gallery to reach the King's Chamber, or first make a detour on hands and knees for a considerable distance to see the Queen's Chamber. The sarcophagus in the King's Chamber has been considerably mutilated by souvenir hunters and seems very small. It is not large enough to contain an elaborate mummified pharaoh, and the usual secret room to contain the mortuary paraphernalia has never been found. Many tourists come out of the pyramid with a severe cold. The desert heat is intense, but the chilly inside chambers of the pyramid feel like refrigerators; and the traveler emerges from the sepulchral cold of the interior chambers into the heat of the desert.

In years gone by guides lifted ambitious travelers to the flat summit of the great pyramid. When the time came to descend, there was often



A royal tomb in the Valley of the Kings. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

further financial involvement—and you found that in the ascent you had purchased only a one-way trip.

Around the pyramid and every other likely spot one could buy Egyptian antiquities that were attractive but were nearly all made in Italy. Almost anything an infatuated tourist might like, including handsome scarabs, necklaces of ancient glass beads, small statuettes, and fragments of mummy cases, appeared irresistible to the unwary traveler. It is customary to ship in these antiques by the carload, bury them for a few weeks or months in convenient spots, and excavate them again as demand requires. There were, however, reliable dealers from whom authentic items with government endorsement were securable; but the prices were very high and were almost prohibitive even when I was there.

Everyone should also have a short ride on a donkey. These little animals are about the size of a Great Dane. They are mangy and

the targets of numerous flies. The saddles are rather primitive, and while you ride along you may be astonished to discover that the donkey is gone. It has walked out from under the saddle and left you standing in some unexpected place. All in all, however, Egypt is fascinating.

On the way to Jerusalem one of the other occupants of my compartment was a gentleman of the cloth. He was a youngish man with a very gentle expression and was obviously making his first journey to the birthplace of his faith. The night was dark and cold and the trip rather long, so before it was over we drifted into a discussion of philosophy. It was obvious that this clergyman had certain doubts concerning the doctrines of his faith, and the conversation drifted into Oriental philosophy and the law of reincarnation. He was not offended and seemed rather comforted at the thought that persons might have a second or third chance to earn salvation. Having reached a meeting of the minds, he was silent for a time and then shook his head murmuring rather plaintively, "I think I believe in reincarnation; but, if I mention it, I will be excommunicated."

Soon after this discussion the train slowed down and we had arrived in Jerusalem. It was bitterly cold, and a heavy sleet showered through the air. Fastening our coats and gathering up our luggage, we headed for the railroad station. From a side window I looked in and saw a pleasant fire burning in the grate. At least we would be warm until the arranged for transportation arrived. Reaching the doorway, we made the discovery that the station was securely locked for the night. There was no way in, and we shivered for nearly half an hour. An open vehicle came at last, and a roundabout trip to the hotel was a dismal experience.

In the old days guest accommodations in Jerusalem were rough. I was warned that in a certain inn the proprietor had several trick chairs scattered through his rooms. They looked substantial and even a little valuable; but when you sat down in them they would immediately collapse. The owner, overcome by grief, felt it his moral duty to charge you for the broken chair. The moment you left he put it together again and awaited the next victim.

There has always been a difference of opinion as to the location

of Mount Calvary. One contingency affirms that there is an elaborate design set in the floor of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher to mark the place where the Saviour died. Every traveler to Jerusalem visits this church, and within its holy precincts Eastern and Western Christianity observe their respective traditions. It is here that visitors are shown where the true cross stood. The sacred spot is marked with a circular gold tablet, and the places where the crosses of the thieves stood are commemorated by inlays of black marble. Another group is equally certain that Golgotha, which means the place of the skull, was an outcropping of rock actually outside the walls of Jerusalem.

Here for hundreds of years the prayers of Israel have sounded day and night from the wailing wall. The massive stones have been worn smooth by the hands of pilgrims reaching to touch the foundations of Herod's Temple. I was able to secure several good photographs of this wall—which, strangely enough, forms an embankment for the Mosque of Omar. There is a spirit of intense believing in this ancient city.

The night I arrived in Jerusalem the temperature was around zero. It was very cold with virtually no heating facilities. The next morning I rode down to the shores of Galilee and found orchards with fresh oranges. Here we came to the River Jordan. While I was there, it was not much of a stream; but an actual baptism was taking place. A friend in the States who had a small congregation asked me to bring him a little bottle of the Jordan water to be used in his church. I faithfully remembered my promise and with some difficulty filled a bottle with a pint of fluid heavily laden with miniature plant organisms. Unfortunately, it never reached home—for it exploded a few days later in my suitcase.

There is also a breach in the wall of Jerusalem made by command of Kaiser Wilhelm II, in order that he could make a ceremonial entrance. Not far distant is the entrance to the quarry of King Solomon beneath Mt. Moriah. The stone there is very soft and can be cut with a saw, but after it is exposed to the air for a time it hardens. Young businessmen in the vicinity sell small cubes of this stone as souvenirs. Since those days, unfortunately, there have also been extremes of political temperature.



The wailing wall of Jerusalem. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

The rock Moriah, by the way, according to biblical recording, was the site of Solomon's Temple. It had been the threshing floor of the Jebusites. After the destruction of the first Temple and the leveling of Herod's restoration, it came to be associated with the life of Mohammed. On the rocky crest of Mt. Moriah stands the Mosque of Omar, one of the most revered shrines of the Moslem world. Directly under the center of the rock is a small cavern, where it is believed that Mohammed prayed and meditated. There is a concavity in the ceiling of the underside of the rock Moriah. When Mohammed was praying, he stood up—the stone retreating so that he would not hit his head against the ceiling of the cavern. It was from this same rock that the Prophet made his night journey to heaven. It is unlikely that Mohammed was ever actually in Jerusalem; but the legends persist that he made a magical journey to Jerusalem riding on a wonderful creature called "El-borak," which means a flash of lightning.



The ancient olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

The Mount of Olives across the valley from Jerusalem is still a place of pilgrimage. There is an ancient olive tree there in an advanced state of decrepitude. No effort is made to prove that this is the original tree, but it is believed to be a direct descendant and has been venerated for centuries. Within that small area which we call the Holy Land there are a number of sacred places. While some actual localities are uncertain, the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem is probably authentic. The doorway leading into this church has a heavy stone lintel placed so low that no one can enter the building without kneeling. Worshipers of many nations have entered this church bearing gifts, and there are elaborate ornaments surrounding the space where the manger first stood. While on this trip, I also passed by the tomb of Lazarus—entering the burial room by descending a flight of steep stone steps.

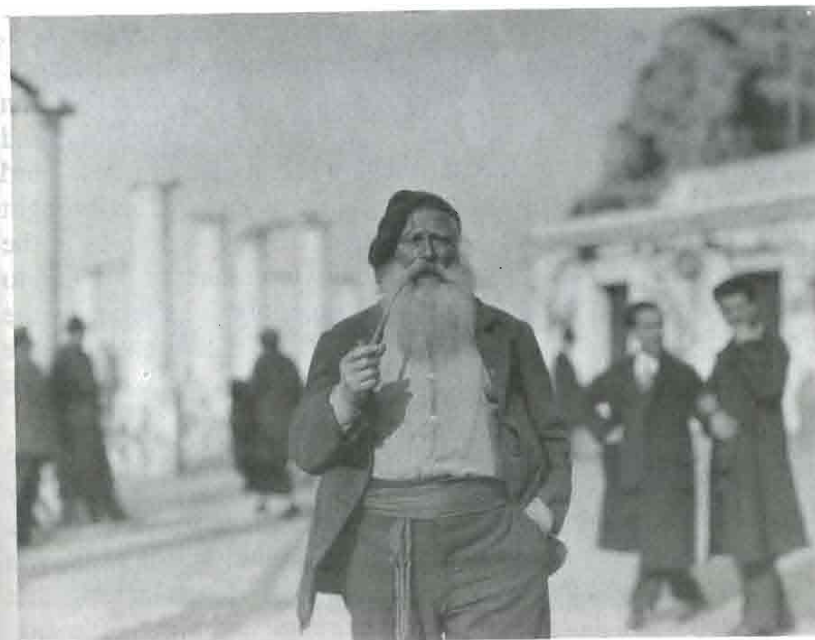
When I arrived in Naples, I was met by a sad-faced young man

in the costume of the local constabulary—including a three-cornered hat and a short cape. Obviously seeking consolation, he explained that he had been raised in the United States and had decided to make a short trip to Naples to see his parents. Without his consent and with strenuous protestations, he was inducted into the police force with little hope of release for several years. Regulations were not too strict, and he appointed himself as my personal guardian. At that time, Mussolini was very popular because he was improving the sanitary conditions of the city. Passing the opera house, I decided to attend the performance of *Carmen* which was booked that evening. When I was seated, I found myself between two old friends who liked to chat. The one on my right had eaten considerable garlic, and the one on my left had imbibed generously of sour wine. After several minutes of mixed fragrances, I offered to change seats with one of them and was immediately accepted as a benefactor.

It so happened, however, that the performance of *Carmen* was unbelievably bad. Music loving Italians are not patient under such conditions; and the poor soprano was the object of booing, howling, yelling, and a bombardment of small objects plus several chairs thrown from the front row. It must have been an off-night, as this opera company later toured the United States and gave many performances in Los Angeles. One season they did a *Carmen* in Southern California—and the soprano sang very well, but the tenor was barely acceptable.

A visit to the Isle of Capri proved to be reasonably pleasant. I managed to get in and out of the Blue Grotto in a rowboat, even though the bay was a bit choppy. Up above, in my day, the island had an art colony dominated by a bewhiskered Italian with a beret and carrying a pipe nearly a foot in length. He said he was the most photographed, drawn, and painted model in the entire world; and, incidentally, he made a comfortable living.

The Roman Emperor Tiberius owned a summer palace on Capri and sometimes disposed of those who displeased him by tossing them over the edge of a cliff. Having a slight dissatisfaction with his professional astrologer, Tiberius contemplated dropping him into the Bay of Naples. He asked the astrologer if he could read his own



The photogenic model on the Island of Capri. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

horoscope; and, when the soothsayer said yes, the Emperor inquired, "How are your stars today?" With a look of terror on his face, the astrologer answered that he was in the gravest mortal danger and that only the gods or the Emperor could save him. Tiberius, who already considered himself as a divine being, was so flattered that he spared the old man.

In the middle 1920s Benito Mussolini was very popular in Italy and had already done considerable work in excavating Pompeii and Herculaneum. There were a number of restorations of splendid villas where Roman aristocrats had spent their vacations. It was not difficult to restore many beautiful structures, and even humble shops, because the city had been buried in ashes—and most of those who perished had died of suffocation. There was comparatively little damage, except from later flooding. Evidently, the citizens of Pompeii were liberal-minded; and here and there the modern government had

placed curtains in front of indelicate paintings and mosaic inlays, which appeared to embarrass the politicians and the local clergy.

Herculaneum was actually under part of the city of Naples on the side facing Vesuvius. Herculaneum was destroyed by lava, and everything was incinerated. After the lava had cooled, it was as hard as rock and restoration was limited. Most of the articles brought to light by excavation were on permanent display in Naples in the Museo Archeologico Nazionale. To visit Herculaneum one had to go down some thirty or forty feet and wander about galleries by the light of a few vents which reached the surface. Gradually, the site had been further cleared; and parts of Herculaneum can be seen in the suburbs of Naples.

In the small town of Pozzuoli outside of Naples there is a volcanic area with steam coming through the ground in many places. My trusted guide told me that the crust of the earth in some spots was only three to six feet thick. If you hit the ground with a cane, you could hear hollow sounds beneath your feet. I was among that courageous few who walked around among bubbling little hot springs in safety. If you followed directly behind your guide and never strayed to right or left, the guide assured visitors that the ground was "very accomodash."

Gibraltar, often referred to as "the rock," was one of the Pillars of Hercules described in ancient writings and was for some time a bastion of the British Empire. When I visited it in my younger days, it was regarded as a mighty fortress; and many of the gun placements were carved out of the solid stone. Today its military significance is negligible, but it has become a controversial issue.

The most famous tourist attractions of Gibraltar are the monkeys. They are everywhere and extremely precocious. While you are sitting in a street cafe, a monkey may neatly remove your hat and carry it to some rocky crag beyond hope of rescue. Fountain pens are also favorites, and occasionally a watch is spirited out of a vest pocket. Elaborate flowered and feathered ladies' headgear are most attractive to these simian thieves. They have a certain sense of honor, however, for they will return stolen articles several days later to the wrong people.



My trusty guide at Pozzuoli. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

It so happened that I had a note to an automobile agent who had a store in Gibraltar. When I dropped by his place, it was completely locked up. Returning the next day, there was still no sign of life—so I visited a nearby shop. The obliging proprietor explained with a smile that no one knew when the manager of the automobile agency would return. It might be weeks or even months. When I asked how he took care of his business, it was explained that he always closed shop after selling a car. There was no sense in waiting for another customer. Business was only important when you ran out of money. A good car salesman, after he had accumulated the funds for a vacation on the Riviera or a summer in Sicily, gathered up his family and faded away.

[To Be Continued]



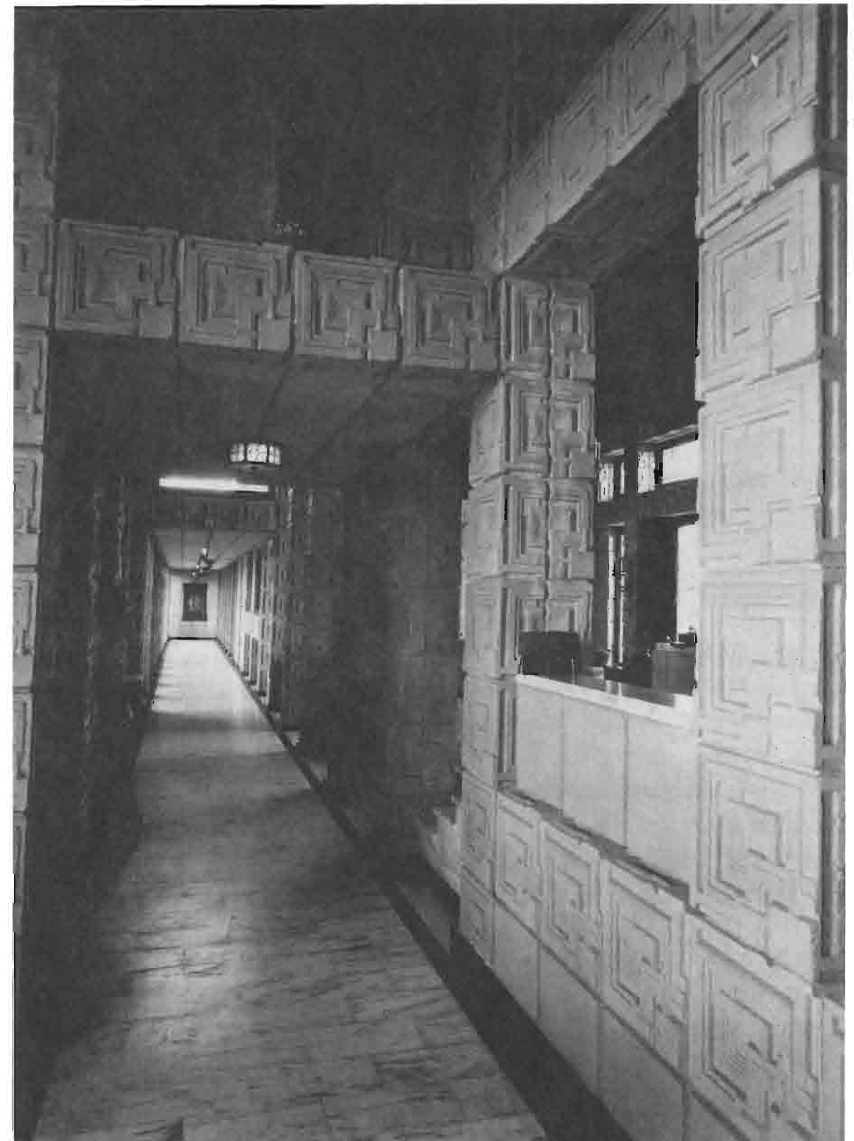
HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

Part V

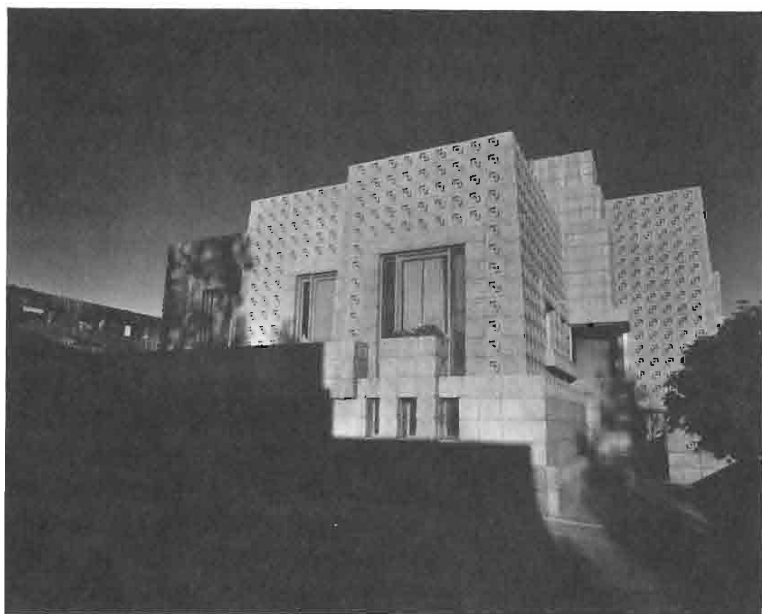
Having mentioned curious incidents and strange places in this series of reminiscences, it is only proper that we include a few remembrances involving the United States. At the north end of Vermont Avenue in Los Angeles the hills rise, and along the crest is an unusual looking house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. By a curious circumstance I lived in this house for some time rent free because it overwhelmed the new owner. It was an unusual two bedroom bungalow. The fireplace in the living room was decorated with a Tiffany mosaic; but, unfortunately, there was no flue. At one side of this decorative embellishment was a closet, very narrow and shallow and about eight feet high with one shelf nearly six feet above ground. The grand entrance was under the kitchen, and the two bedrooms were separated by a long hall with transparent glass panels on both sides. The bathrooms were outstanding. The ceilings were gold leaf, but the steam from bathing did not improve their lustre. There were two major bathrooms with transparent glass doors, which obviously had never been curtained. There was a fine hardwood ceiling with a coping around it, but there was also very poor drainage. In the case of a heavy rain two feet of water accumulated on the roof.

One day, while I was sitting quietly, the doorbell rang; and I ushered in Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright himself. He wore a black velvet jacket and large black neckwear—such as that favored by French artists. He came in, walked up the steps inside the house, and approached the long gallery which ran nearly the full length of the structure. As he did so, he appeared aghast, staggered a little, and—when he regained his equilibrium—announced that someone had taken up his beautiful red floor tiles and put brown and white marble in their place.

The building was made of openwork tiles with three dimensional



In the Frank Lloyd Wright house this corridor separates the two bedrooms. The marble floor caused Frank Lloyd a serious shock.



Exterior view of Frank Lloyd Wright bungalow where I lived for several years.

designs. The back wall of each tile was solid, but the fronts were open in a zigzag pattern. Whenever it rained, the water gathered in the zigzags; and in fair weather bees took up their residence there. One year we consulted Frank Lloyd, Jr.; and he said that the only cure was to remove each tile separately (there were hundreds of them) and waterproof the inside surfaces.

While I was in that house, a Japanese friend of mine suggested that it would be part of a good neighbor policy if we invited the new Japanese consul to a little supper. I agreed and left everything to my friend. It started with four guests and ended with about forty. The ladies came in advance and made flower arrangements everywhere. It happened at that time that a Japanese musical group, featuring the koto, were in the city and performed at the party. I was told that no Japanese consul in Los Angeles up to that time had ever been invited to a non-Japanese home. When the party was over and every-

thing faded away, there was not a speck of dust, a drop of water, or an unwashed dish in the place.

On a somewhat later occasion—after I had moved into more modest quarters—I received another unexpected visitor. He introduced himself as Leopold Stokowski, a famous musical conductor, who had been retained by Mr. Disney for the production of the score and its visualization in a motion picture called *Fantasia*. The picture included considerable magic and mystery, and he wanted to discuss with me the authentic ways in which the various situations should be photographed. We had a very pleasant evening, and there are vague incidents in the film as I had suggested them to Stokowski.

Another interesting evening in New York was spent in the apartment of Wanda Landowska, presumably the world's greatest authority on Bach. We listened in rapture to the *Goldberg Variations* played on the harpsichord. She had owned Chopin's harpsichord, but Adolf Hitler would not permit her to take it out of the country. There was a tenuous connection between Wanda Landowska and Leopold Stokowski. He asked her assistance in playing what were called "grace notes," which had been used by Bach but without explanation. She told us that Bach's music, especially certain intervals, was based upon the songs of the dragomen working along the banks of the Nile.

One year I was invited to come to New York for a series of lectures at the Roerich Museum. It was a most interesting experience, and for several weeks I lived at the Roerich Institute. Part of the building provided apartments for selected persons. Madame and Nicholas Roerich were in India, but through the courtesy of one of the sons we had a number of delightful evenings in the Roerich penthouse. These upstairs gatherings included Claude Bragdon, Talbot Mundy, and George Roerich. There were several fine pieces of Oriental art, and downstairs was a permanent exhibit of Roerich's paintings.

Two interesting things occurred at the Roerich Institute. First, I met a lady who had been a very close friend of the Le Plongeons and knew all the details of the tragedies which rewarded Le Plongeon for years of faithful archaeological research. Incidentally, she had a Satsuma incense burner that intrigued me to such an extent that

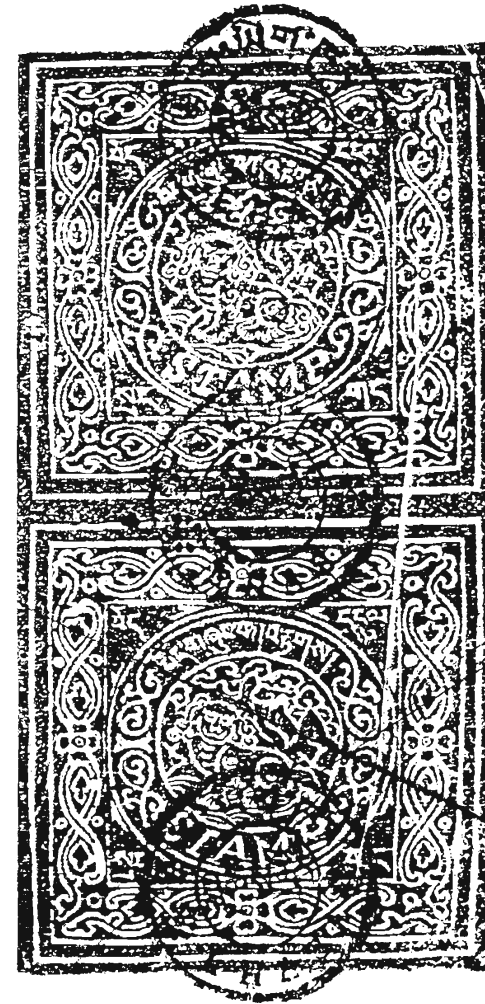
it has never been entirely forgotten. The second outstanding circumstance was when I took an art course in dynamic symmetry with a group of instructors whose studios were at the Institute. We worked from plaster casts, photographs, anatomical structural drawings, and from life.

Years ago there were many interesting shops in the Chicago loop. I found some fascinating books and one day drifted into a shop catering to stamp collectors. Nothing especially unusual caught my eye; but the dealer, with a note of apology, asked me if I happened to be interested in Tibet. He then laid on his counter five sheets of Tibetan postage stamps. Each sheet consisted of fifteen stamps in three horizontal rows of five. The sheets themselves had been cancelled with the large and interesting word "Lhasa" in a circle.

Seeing that I was a likely customer, the dealer explained to me that he had secured these sheets some time before—and no one seemed to take to them, so he would make me a special price. As an added inducement, he pointed out that on each of the sheets was a rubber stamp guarantee which stated that the sheets were from the personal collection of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and had been presented to him by Lord Mountbatten, the last viceroy of India. It so happens that on one of the sheets of stamps there is an error in the inscription, which is most difficult to find and has rapidly increased its value.

When the British punitive expedition under Sir Francis Younghusband was camped at Lhasa, the British soldiers sent their mail home through an India field post office; and the current issue showed a profile of King Edward VII. The Dalai Lama liked the design and decided that his country should also have an attractive postage label. He sent a sample of the composition he desired, which was one of the Edward VII one anna stamps. The price was prohibitive, so the Dalai Lama engaged native woodblock cutters to produce the stamps locally. They were crude and centered a figure of the Tibetan lion. The Roosevelt sheets of Tibetan stamps now command a considerable premium.

On the outskirts of Chicago in the general direction of the old stockyards was a typical dilapidated house in the style of the nine-



Official postage stamp of Tibet for 1945 with cancellation of Lhasa hand-printed from a woodblock.

ties with all kinds of gingerbread adornments and a slightly sagging veranda. It was the abode of Mr. George Wiggs, who was sometimes referred to by his friends as Mr. Wiggs of the cabbage patch. On sunny days, when a light breeze carried the aroma of the stockyards in his direction, Mr. Wiggs sat on his veranda nibbling a sandwich or enjoying a dish of ice cream. Most of the time he was in his pajamas, oblivious to the world around him.

Having heard of his collection of rare books, I arrived on a particularly sultry day; and, after some conversation, Mr. Wiggs invited me into his house. From floor to garret every room was full of books. They were on the floor, an old mantelpiece, shelves under windows, the kitchen table, and the top of the old iron oven. They were books of importance. Mr. Wiggs was quite a scholar, and he was fond of first editions and volumes on esoteric subjects. It was through him that I secured some of the rare works of Thomas Taylor, the English Platonist.

After Mr. Wiggs accepted me as a book collector, he permitted me to ascend to the second floor. Here was the sanctum sanctorum. Nearly every book on this higher level was a famous rarity or an extraordinary copy of some scarce work. Even then I was not prepared for the sanctuary—it was the bathroom, and the tub was loaded with three enormous rows of rare books. Some of these were so important that he would not think of selling them. His establishment was an unforgettable experience.

It is probable that the New York City Public Library hopes that I will never darken its majestic entrance again. I was told that its it had a collection of the personal papers of Isaac Myer, whose book on the cabala is one of the most significant texts on this difficult subject. I asked at the desk where I should look for these papers and was told that they would be listed in the manuscript department. The librarian in that room must have known I was coming, for she had locked up and left—presumably for lunch. In due time, however, she returned; and I asked if I could see the Isaac Myer papers. An actual look of consternation animated her features, and with a strained voice she half groaned, “Not the Myer papers!” After attempting to discourage me, she gave in and told one of the attendants to bring



Mr. George Wiggs, a book dealer of good parts.

the Myer papers. A few minutes later library trucks began to appear, each of them carrying two large black boxes covered with library cotton bindings. When several of them were piled up, I was entitled to sit down and go through the confusion of papers that looked as though they had not been touched since Myer had died.

I found an odd volume from the library of Harry Houdini and notes from classical works of the sixteenth century mixed in with personal memoirs, which will probably never see the light of day. In the first general overhaul I calculated that it would take several weeks just to glance through the contents, and I am sure that by that



Crossing "the line" Neptune and his entourage come aboard to initiate "landlubbers" crossing the equator for the first time.

time the manuscript department would decide that the Isaac Myer papers would be permanently removed from circulation.

By a curious circumstance, I had an experience as a young man which will be difficult to come upon in the years that lie ahead. I was on a Cunard Line vessel sailing south when it was called to my attention that the following morning we would cross "the line." Judicious inquiry revealed that the line was the equator and the occasion included an initiation into the realms of Neptune, Lord of the Deep. Such ceremonies would hardly be possible in an airplane; and I suspect that it is no longer popular in the Navy, although it was there that the tradition started. A person was a "landlubber" if he had not crossed the line. It was only necessary for it to occur once, for by this happening alone you became an "old salt."

True enough, early the next day Poseidon hove aboard. He was

dressed in seaweed, kelp, and miscellaneous fragments of fishnets, and was attended by his entire court—a majestic retinue. The first problem was to weed out those who had never crossed the line. A few young fellows cooperated with the program by being willing to be tossed into a small swimming pool on the front deck. Some were able to escape by having a pail of water poured over them, and the ladies permitted their faces to be washed. When it was all completed, Neptune, or Poseidon, handed out diplomas with the names of the participants signed and countersigned by the Lord of the Deep and decorated with several reproductions of seahorses. I have been told that this actual rite, much elaborated, was in vogue long before the voyages of Columbus.

His name was Marks, not Marks the lawyer but Marks the little ragged miner from the Klondike. He had retired into an old folks' home in east Los Angeles. He bought his way in and was safe for life but could never forget panning gold in the Yukon Territory. He told me that one day his pan was filled with a white powder which he threw away before he found out it was platinum.

In a weak moment I agreed to go on a short prospecting trip with my friend Marks. We traveled in an old model T Ford, and the temperature was running around a hundred and ten—that is, in the shade, but there was no shade. The trip out seemed to restore the youth of my old friend, and he could hardly wait in his examination of an old mine beside which was a ruin originally a sluice box. We were fortunate in finding some water. There was a kind of pond at the bottom of the mine shaft, and we kept cool by throwing buckets of cold water at each other. The moment it touched us it turned into steam. I had a feeling that we should not wander too far into the old mine, but one morning I agreed to go down to the first level of the earlier excavation. As I started down, I put my hand on a stone ledge to brace myself and heard a buzzing sound. A coiled-up rattlesnake was sitting on the ledge. Later, we found he had a number of relatives. Marks decided that a good deal of gold could be recovered by panning the remains around the sluice box, but we never carried the project through. A few days later we got back into Needles.

Not long after, I got a phone call from Marks. He was very excited, exclaiming, "They made a new gold strike in the Klondike." I immediately got the impression that the old miner had something on his mind, so I said to him, "Marks, don't forget you are nearly eighty." The answer was direct, "Eighty or nothing, I'm on my way." "But, Marks, you have paid for life tenure in this comfortable home," and Marks replied, "Let 'em keep it, I'm on my way." And he was, and I never heard from him again—but he probably died happy.

While in Chicago one year, I made the acquaintance of a very fine Greek gentleman of substantial means who was concerned with the philosophies and ceremonies of the ancient Greeks. One evening he invited me to go with him to a Greek restaurant, and this was my introduction to Little Greece in Chicago. The walls of the restaurant were painted with scenes from Grecian monuments, and the food was authentic in every sense of the word. Another evening he invited me to a very special event in which an aged Greek woman was to sing the folk songs of ancient Greece. The meeting was in a moderate sized room with some twenty or thirty chairs and benches, most of which were filled when we got there. A few moments later the star of the occasion came into the room and was welcomed by substantial applause. It is hard to describe her songs. They were in the spirit of the flamenco, a kind of wailing cadence that rose and fell in harmonic chords. Sometimes it sounded as though she was crying, and in other songs there was great strength and dignity in the tone. The concert lasted about an hour, and every few minutes members of the audience threw coins or bills onto the floor in front of her. Before the session was over there was quite a sum of money. Afterwards, there were many felicitations; but the music was a strange experience in the folklore of ancient Greece.

For many years I lectured in Chicago at the auditorium which had been built on the site of the old Iroquois Theater, which had been destroyed by fire. My lectures were usually late in the fall, and the wind off Lake Michigan kept temperatures close to zero. The folks that came to the lectures wore heavy coats, and at the entrance of the auditorium was a spacious coat closet with rows of hooks. After about my second lecture, coats began to disappear

mysteriously; and the losses threatened the success of my campaign.

One evening a jaunty young man, handsomely dressed, came up to me and shook hands violently. He kept repeating the phrase, "You have saved my soul. If there is ever anything I can do for you. . . !" He paused for a moment and then added in a low voice, "I am one of the Capone boys." I explained to him that there might be something he could do for me and that was to find out who was stealing the coats in the coat room. With a knowing smile, he replied, "I'll take care of it." We never lost another coat, and some of the ones that had disappeared mysteriously returned. At my last meeting the dapper young man appeared again, wrung my hand warmly, and exclaimed, "You will never know what you've done for me."

Some of our friends may remember that I gave many of my Los Angeles lectures at the Denishawn Auditorium, an old frame building next to Solomon's Penny Dance Hall. The Denishawn Auditorium was a dancing school presided over by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn. Ruth was one of the outstanding dancers of her generation. She specialized entirely in beautiful and inspiring performances and productions. Perhaps her best remembered one was a lovely interpretation of the Buddhist divinity, Kannon, Bodhisattva of Mercy and Compassion. She was also an interpreter of Viennese waltzes and the classical dances of Greece.

One day, when I was walking out of the lobby, a little old lady came up to me and began dancing to the beat of the song she was singing. Suddenly, she stopped, looked at me rather sternly and announced, "I'm Ruth's mother, and I taught her to dance." On this occasion I also learned that Ruth auditioned for Oliver Morosco; and, when she told him that her name was Ruth Denis, he announced firmly, "Put a Saint into that name or you'll never get anywhere"—so she became Ruth St. Denis and was famous not only in the United States but in Japan as well. By the way, no one knew it, but Ruth was lame most of her life; and she concealed it so perfectly that it was never noticeable.

While I was associated with the Church of the People, we had a singer as part of our formal service. It was as soloist for our church that Lawrence Tibbett made his first public appearance. Another



Ruth St. Denis from an essay on aesthetics of the contemporary dance by Elizabeth Selden.

singer was Chief Yolachi of the Yakima Indian tribe. It was from him that I learned about a number of the beliefs of the American Indians of the Northwest. One of the interesting legends was that periodically there was an alternation—animals became humans and humans became animals. This seemed to exonerate the Indian who killed deer and bear for food. After the kill there was a little religious ceremony in which the hunter promised that when his turn came to be an animal he would willingly sacrifice his life to provide food for those who had become humans. Chief Yolachi also described for me the water Indians. They were small human creatures about the size of a two-year-old child. They lived in the ocean along the shores and only came out of the water after dark. He said that when he was a boy his father showed him the little footprints of the water Indians in the wet sand at the edge of the sea. A few humans had seen these water Indians, but this was very unlucky. Human Indian children stayed away from places where there were groups of the baby footprints. The chief particularly noted having seen the prints himself when he was a small boy.

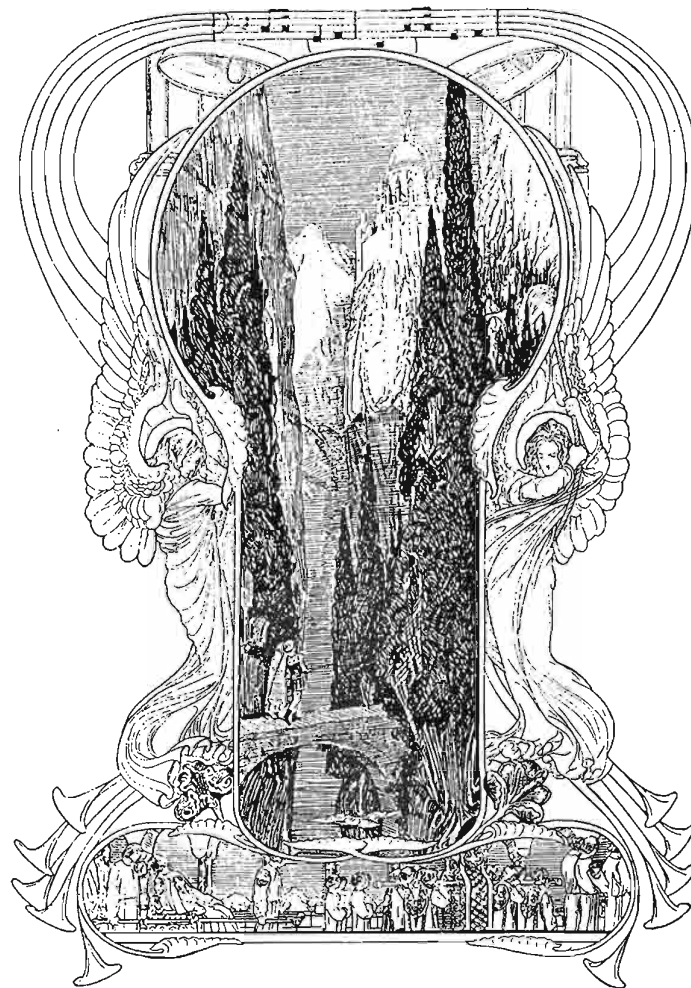
On several occasions while I was lecturing in New York City, I was able to attend the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. During the years of World War II, it was often difficult to stage a major production. It was a tradition that Wagner's opera *Parsifal* should be included in the Easter season with a special benefit performance for a worthy charity. Lauritz Melchior was available to portray the hero; and, as usual, the Met was crowded to the doors. At that time the best seats were ten dollars with an extra five added for the charity. It seemed that the performance I attended was jinxed. All kinds of things went wrong or lost the overtones of sublimity associated with the music. In the first scene, Parsifal (Melchior) appeared rather eccentrically dressed. He had a kind of tunic that hit him about the knees, and his wig was reminiscent of a Dutch bob. In one hand he carried a bow about the size of a coathanger; and at the appropriate moment an arrow, presumably from the bow, killed the sacred swan that lived in the forest of Monsalvat. The bird dropped in stage center and bounced with a dull thud. It also happened that Melchior believed in the conservation of energy. When

he was not singing, he never made a grand exit but usually seated himself on a folding chair just off stage and visible to some sections of the audience.

In the play of *Parsifal* Amfortas, the second of the Grail kings, was in conflict with Klingsor, a black magician, whose magic gardens lured truthseekers from their noble resolutions. Amfortas carried with him the spear of Longinus, which had pierced the side of Christ. In the struggle of Amfortas against Klingsor, the evil magician was able to grasp the spear and with it wound Amfortas. It was a wound that never healed, and Amfortas had to be carried about in a sedan chair. On his first appearance at this remarkable performance I attended, the litter broke down, and the wounded king had to walk off the stage.

There is a scene in the magic garden of Klingsor in which Parsifal seeks to regain the sacred spear. The stage setting was quite elaborate, and there were a number of flower maidens cavorting about. When Klingsor saw the approaching Parsifal, he hurled the spear of Longinus at him—which involved a delicate bit of mechanism. The spear ran on a wire with an appropriate rattling sound, and on this occasion it fell short of its mark. Parsifal is supposed to grasp the spear, but it was considerably out of his reach. At this moment it should be noted that the music was adequate. When Parsifal gained the spear, he raised it triumphantly; and the magic garden of Klingsor was dissolved, leaving only a ruin. This has always been difficult to stage; but something happened to the lighting, and bits of scenery were moved about in full view of the audience.

After it seemed that no further difficulty could arise, there was a solemn gathering for the holy supper. The curtain rose in the Temple of the Holy Grail. It was a splendid scene, and just off stage and intended to be invisible was Melchior sitting on a folding chair. At the appropriate moment the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove descended in a pillar of light to indicate the presence of Deity. The voice of Titurel, the first Grail king, was heard from the realms of divinity; and at this critical instant something happened to the dove. It began to twitch and falter in the beam of light; but the show must go on, and in due time Melchior healed the wound of Amfortas with



The castle of the grail on the summit of Monsalvat. From: *Parsifal, A Mystical Drama* by Richard Wagner retold in the spirit of the Bayreuth interpretation by Oliver Huckel. New York, 1905.

the touch of the sacred spear and was proclaimed the third king of the Grail. The pageantry ended with the magnificent music of the great Dresden "Amen."

A number of years ago I enjoyed the friendship of a kindly and genial Episcopal canon. He was a gentleman of means and good taste with a considerable interest in mysticism and metaphysics. His liberality was disturbing to his bishop but never resulted in a serious crisis. My canon friend had a program on the local radio and gave fatherly advice to troubled persons. This gained him considerable favorable publicity. He owned a rather spacious home in a residential section of the city, and he was also the proud possessor of a tame skunk. Incidentally, this skunk had passed through major surgery and was guaranteed to be odor free for the rest of its natural life. The skunk and I got along very well together, and I gained considerable admiration for the creature which had some of the attributes of a domesticated cat. I was especially interested in its mannerisms.

The first time I came face to face with this black and white member of the canon's household it came across the floor in a kind of wavy motion. With each step it seemed to lurch a little but then regained its center with the aid of its luxurious tail. I might mention that a skunk's tail closely resembles that of a long-haired cat; but upon careful examination the fuzzy fur conceals a powerful and rather massive appendage—and the canon showed me that the skunk could be lifted by the tail alone, and the body would remain horizontal. Before I realized it, the skunk and I were close friends. It crawled up on the upholstered chair, walked sedately across my chest, and cuddled up under my arm. It did not purr, but it made some funny little sounds apparently indicating satisfaction. It curled up with its head under my chin and remained quiet for the entire length of my visit.

I never intended to collect skunks, but I knew a little girl who would have been delighted with this animal. The canon explained, however, that a law had recently been passed forbidding tampering with the armament of a skunk. It was assumed that its protection was provided by an all-wise providence; and, of course, the canon

with his ecclesiastical leanings could not question the benevolent intentions of nature. The last I saw of the skunk on my final visit was a departure accompanied with a magnificent waving of the tail.

Incidentally, my old friend Ernest Thompson Seton had a skunk farm which he maintained without disaster until he sold his entire stock of skunks to a German physician who had them all sent alive to Germany for a research program. Seton would not sell the animals until he was assured that they would not be harmed.

In these busy days very few people pose for a portrait in oil. Almost everywhere the photographer's camera meets all normal requirements. Of course, there is also the highly expensive compromise listed as a photographic portrait. These can be very costly—and I have actually seen a photographic print offered, fully hand-colored, for a thousand dollars. In my younger days there was some kind of distinction in having your likeness perpetuated through the skill of an artist like John Singer Sargent. I might mention that to maintain his artistic dexterity Sargent wandered through small towns of New England doing sketches of farmers and their wives and perhaps occasionally a small child. He did a picture a day and gave them to those who posed for him. Since then, hundreds of collectors have literally haunted the area in hope of finding one of these elusive likenesses. A few have been found, most of them stored away in attics or basements.

My adventure in posing for a portrait was a more or less harrowing experience. A distinguished English portrait painter, E. Hobson Smart—a member of the Royal Academy—had received a number of commissions in this country. He did the portraits of President Harding and President Hoover for the White House. These were so successful that he received commissions to paint General Pershing and Admiral Sims. He was also engaged to paint Annie Besant, the president of the Theosophical Society; and it was his picture of her that was reproduced on a postage stamp of India issued to commemorate the contributions she made to Indian culture.

When Mr. Smart approached me, I was hard at work on one of my early books; and I asked him how long I would have to sit. He just smiled and remarked that he worked very rapidly. So it came



Lobby of the auditorium at PRS with E. Hobson Smart's portrait of Manly P. Hall.

to pass that I was done in oils. Seated in a reasonably comfortable chair, I watched the artist assemble the apparatus of his craft. There was a tall easel, a blank canvas, tables, and cabarets, many twisted tubes of paint, and a very large palette.

He first sketched me in with charcoal; and I must say that he did a rather good likeness, and I hoped I would soon be finished. Unfortunately, however, before the end of the sitting he rubbed out the sketch completely and announced that he would try again at the next sitting. He again tried, and this was also wiped out; but at last, after several disappointments, actual paint came into use. At that time I had a black cape, and he decided that this would save considerable time if it was draped over me with one hand showing. It seems to me that there were about fifty sittings, including a number



Portrait head of H. P. Blavatsky sculptured by Manly P. Hall from photographs. Photo by Pearl Thomas.

of emotional reversals, but at last my likeness came to be "in width and breadth the portrait that you see." Near the end, consideration for details became rather tedious. Actually, Mr. Smart was reasonably well-pleased with his handiwork. References to the portrait closed with an all-inclusive statement by Mr. Smart, "As Sargent always said, the portrait is a splendid likeness—but there is something wrong about the mouth."

A few years later a very dear friend of PRS, already well along in years, went to Paris to take lessons in monumental sculpturing from a student of Auguste Rodin. When she returned, she did a number of portrait busts for the City of Los Angeles and suggested that I might like to take a few lessons from her. It so happened that

I had always been interested in art from the days when I did charcoal sketches of the plaster busts in the art department of my grammar school. Having learned the intricate details of this most exacting technique, I modeled three busts in clay—which were later cast in a more permanent medium.

My first bust was of Mohandas Gandhi done from photographs. As a second subject I chose Madame Blavatsky, working principally from her most famous front view photograph. For the third effort I selected the distinguished Masonic scholar, General Albert Pike; and all in all this was probably my best work. I had long hoped to go on with several other interesting subjects; but, unfortunately, other concerns became more pressing. Also, it was hard for me to stand for several hours at a time. As an appropriate exchange, my very gifted teacher also modeled a portrait of me—which I have been able to live with in reasonable comfort ever since its production.

[To Be Continued]



Philosophy has been called the knowledge of our knowledge; it might more truly be called the knowledge of our ignorance, or in the language of Kant, the knowledge of the limits of our knowledge.

Max Müller

There is a deity within us which breathes that divine fire by which we are animated.

—Ovid

The men of action are, after all, only the unconscious instruments of the men of thought.

—Heinrich Heine

A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing . . . ministers so largely as enlightened religion.

—William Ellery Channing

NOW AND THEN

In these days of conflict and confusion there is a sort of halfhearted effort to find a workable solution. Nearly every concerned citizen is hoping that by some miraculous occurrences a pleasant atmosphere can be restored. It seems to me that this frantic effort to find a cure for the ailments of our age has overlooked the simple fact that the answer to our difficulties has been with us ever since troubles had their beginnings. There is no question as to what is wrong and no question as to how things can be put right. The trouble is that the remedy has been carefully avoided because it would interfere with our rugged individualism and dishonorable ambitions.

There is only one way to correct a mistake, and that is to apply the proper remedy. Three thousand years ago, according to the Old Testament, the Decalogue was given to Moses on the flaming crest of Mount Sinai. A thousand years later humanity was reminded of the facts of life by the sermon of Jesus on the Mount of Olives. No one has really proven to anyone's satisfaction that we can ignore these ancient revelations. For nearly three thousand years human beings have tried desperately to avoid the challenge of integrity. Political systems have been created to sanctify human ambitions and economic systems to prove that wealth is the source of happiness and security.

Even in the twentieth century we are told that the peacemaker is blessed and that the meek shall inherit the earth. Unfortunately, however, the gentle sentiment of the Beatitudes was not widely practiced when it became evident that honesty is not the best policy if one hopes to be an outstanding success in high finance. The world was locked in two great wars in the memory of the living, and millions of human beings died to satisfy the ambitions of despots—yet there was talk of peace, but war was the fact. Actually, beyond the boundaries of Christendom there are other religions, most of which also affirm love to be essential to the survival of civilization; but