

September 20, 1940.

Dear I. :

You are, of course, aware of war as something which may interrupt your life in the physical, perhaps. But I know you are not thinking much about that. If death comes, all persons of your quality meet it in good taste. So you must be concerned with the meaning of your life, as it may be interrupted in its unformed but nevertheless real hopes for dignity and importance. You may, as sleep comes or as dawn breaks, have a flash of war as it may affect the inner you, tarnishing, perhaps, the thing which all at birth hope to end life with.

There is nothing really to offer you. I merely suggest that the inner you will take care of that. One knows its supremacy over death, and one has seen its supremacy over the business of war. You shall not be killed in the soul of you by anything.

Sincerely,

F. N. J.

November 4, 1946

Gentlemen:

There has been talk of peace. Labor is the most militant force in the defense of America, as Labor everywhere, when properly led, has been the backbone of the defense of any country. Without Labor what is there?

So, in our house divided today I see no division in what we all want. This simply is a united, positive, unswasteful, and speedy effort in the defense of America. There are men of many races, many creeds, and many approaches to life in this assembly, and in the assembly of those who would weld Labor strong who are not here but in New Orleans. The division of opinion of how to make Labor strong was a sincere division of opinion. I think the men in this hall are more modern, and more effective, and more accurate in their conception than the men who have met, or are about to meet, in New Orleans. But knowing, as we all do, that no man in America should be accused of being a traitor to his country until such traitorship has blossomed forth in acts of traitorship, I say all Americans are patriots and all Americans are united now in a single activity--the defense of the liberty of this our country.

Of course, that liberty must be defended with full consciousness of what liberty is. And certainly no one in this hall believes that true democracy means other than a full existence for those who labor as they labor in the defense of this country. If there are sacrifices to be made, those sacrifices should be made for peace and unity within Labor itself. In the years past as in civil war Labor has fought what I have said is a sincere fight to promote ~~peace~~ the best there is for Labor, there has, of course, been much wastage. In peacetime America jurisdictional fights, competition through promises and promotion for the control of various industries in their Labor phases has resulted in expense and delay in the product of things. As long as peace, as long as plenty, as long as time was to be had there was no particular reason why a great

principal could not be determined through conflict within the ranks of Labor. A North and South fought and out of it came a greater nation. Our friends here in the C. I. O. have been fighting many years with men we respect in the American Federation of Labor. The time has come to correct the fight and to hasten in unity the preparation of this country against those who would destroy it.

In the interest of haste, because I know that every tick of the clock is a waste and a threat to all we hold dear, I urge all who lead the Labor of America to make haste now.

We want no Ley with his Labor Front servilities in this country. We want no Hitler Blackshirts robbing our treasury and destroying our headquarters. We know that in the thing that threatens us there is neither peace nor profit nor even existence for the thing we love and the thing which as leaders we are asked to preserve. So, haste!

Do not let this convention adjourn with something on a table--with something to be worked out--with something to be considered. I call across the mountains to those persons everywhere who see the need of haste and peace in Labor if we are to save this country, and I submit you simply this:

It is the consensus of this convention that the pressing absolute need of leadership in Labor is for peace in the ranks of Labor.

Be it resolved that the present presiding officer of this meeting assemble ~~at once~~ at once with representatives (Name them. Get men the majority will favor, as many as twelve.) to form a committee for peace.

That this committee perfect the outline of a plan to be presented to the floor of this convention for the purpose of communicating the same to the American Federation of Labor following its approval by this body.

That in the event of acceptance by the American Federation of Labor that a meeting be held within not less than three days in Washington, D. C., for the purpose of staying in session until peace results.

That the good offices of the President of the United States, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Presiding Officer in the Senate, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States be called upon for consultation, and the four named be asked to appoint an arbiter or arbiters to settle promptly matters in dispute.

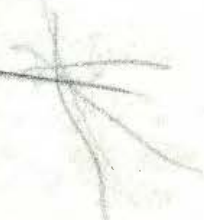
This definiteness in regard to the committee is for the purpose of making the resolution itself definite. You will know if you vote for this resolution exactly what you are voting for, for whom you are voting, and why you are voting for it. No war was ever started by a majority of any group. All wars are started by leaders. No peace was ever made by a majority of any group. Peace moves are started by leaders. I say to you the time for a peace movement is here. A time for talking about peace has ended. A thin line protects this country now. A century of labor progress is at stake. Spring is coming as the forces which would destroy freedom fight for the control of other continents.

Would that I could say peace now. But, for God's sake, ladies and gentlemen, let there be peace before Christmas. Let there be peace before Christmas in the spirit of Christ himself--a Christ threatened by an anti-Christ of force and fear and murder.

Dec. 4 - Wed -

P.M. -

Ralph Ingersoll.



The first object of the law is to protect the public health and safety. It is the duty of the government to see that the food and drugs which are sold to the people are safe and effective. The law is designed to prevent the sale of adulterated and misbranded articles. It is the duty of the government to see that the food and drugs which are sold to the people are safe and effective. The law is designed to prevent the sale of adulterated and misbranded articles.

*Marsh*

November 5, 1940

The Department of Information, which has been changed to another name, is headed by Lowell Millet.

Appropriation for this was \$1,000,000. In theory this department was the President's eyes and ears over America for the purpose of clarifying his mind, answering enquiries, and investigating reports. It later became an incoming report bureau which its enemies would call a spy machine, but which in general could function on a broad front as a presidential machine to do anything he wanted. For instance, if a fur coat costing \$2,000 appeared on the wife of a judge, a neighbor woman might write to the President asking how she got it. This would go to Millet, who would send it to the divisional chief at, let us say, Dallas, who would answer Millet as to whether it was honest or not.

Millet picked up about thirty reporters. He was the editor in chief of the Scripps Howard paper at Washington. One of these men was a reporter whom Marsh had let out for laziness. Millet paid him \$6,000 a year and his second or third job was to report that Charles Marsh was a little crazy. No one would know from that report whether the fact he was fired had anything to do with it, but the report was asked for by Millet and was not checked or double checked. Later Marsh naturally saw Millet and spent a day with him because he did not want Millet telling important people Marsh was crazy, but the report is still in the files, which means that any one asking Millet who Charles Marsh is might find Millet out and a clerk might read the report which might upset the plans of the inquirer who would say, "Too bad, Marsh ain't any good."

The first thing naturally that a smart man would do would be to re-check these files for human errors, reduce them to a brief active workable piece of machinery because there must be some good in the several million dollars that was spent. This would require about twenty new active

employees, traveling the country with these files in their possession. The greatest need of this country is to locate brains. The second greatest need is for the American flag to tap these men for use and quit depending upon political pull and love of adventure and sons of rich boys and grafters infiltrated through corporations for \$1 a year rah-rah work.

In the clean up and bringing information up to date, time being the essence, the news man in charge of this must be a \$10,000 assistant to the President or bureau chief with Millet being promoted into literary activity. I see complete failure as an executive through laziness, but standing very very high with the President because of his honesty. He lives in the country with a Jap butler on a nine hole golf course which he loves. He is constantly being called upon for policy decisions. And he has got too big for his britches as far as this deal is concerned. It is largely being handled by a female secretary.

Constructively, the President should have one very high class, but anonymous newspaper operator, like Karl Bickel, but one probably younger on the job constantly on the City Desk of government publicity. His decision should be supreme subject to the President and the President should not be bothered with this matter except on the basis of monthly results. He would have instantaneous approaches through his files and news sources throughout the country on any information of significance that any cabinet official or the President might need for decision about any person or thing. Every press agent of every department should be placed by him or vetoed by him. This is extremely necessary because soft men through flattery and weakness become publicity men for department chiefs and spend their time keeping their jobs by reflecting what their bosses want them to say and what their bosses believe about themselves. Ickes is a perfect example. At one time he had sixty detectives and six publicity men on different pay rolls. Morgenthau has a press

department. Perkins has a terrible one. The Department of State has none for the reason that Civil Service and political appointments have removed the press department too far from the actualities of common people and radio and active press.

The thing that destroys the will and intent of a new administration to be friends and equals of the voters is the same thing, but in two parts.

A. The habitual use of executive power as a great many "no's" as well as "yes's", and each "no" creates an adverse piece of publicity.

B. The break down of confidence of a fresh executive seeking to serve his people is constantly going on because his confidence and honesty of mind is violated by people to whom he gives it. Then he becomes secretive, reducing all of ~~his~~ his thoughts to "handouts", and beyond his "handouts" instructs his publicity contacts to give out nothing.

This has resulted in the custom of each cabinet official having fixed dates and days for meeting accredited press representatives. Questions in most cases have to be submitted in advance to a secretary. The secretary demands the right to talk "off the record." The reporter flits from office to office. Each reporter gets the same dish and nothing but that dish. All humanness ceases. All variety is at an end, and the business of informing the American public of their government as far as life and color is concerned has degenerated and become the particular business of gossip columnists like the Merry-Go-Round, Jay Franklin, and the group of columnists who become attached financially to certain bureau chiefs on a part time basis. One important and very smart department chief who has a flair for publicity probably has done favors of a personal or financial nature for twenty or thirty news men reporting to newspapers in many parts of the country. He has the best press through bribery, but he has been smart enough to buy the reporters directly underneath the noses of their publishers. This sort of anarchy,

whether of the type above or the Corcoran method of making publicity ahead of the news in order to manufacture executive decision, is now at the point of an extreme low similar to the methods used by Richelieu in France. The press in Washington is both hamstrung and purchased. The great wire services, except Hearst which is biased by Hearst, attempt a reasonable virtue. But the system of "handouts" formal press meetings which are increasingly limited, and gossip columnists, has reported Washington to the country in an untrue and grossly conflicting light. The biggest briber gets the best break.

In the interest of the entire government and the unity of the country, virtue should come into all this, and virtue can never come except through authority and virtue itself---Cleverness, chicanery, having supplanted enterprise and intelligence in reporting.

From the other side--the country itself--it is even worse. The great newspapers, and to a lesser extent the radio, has been inherited by non-doers and non-makers, nephews, sons, grandsons, banks are now controlling the newspapers once built in great freedom and for service to the people. The publicity view point through advertising revenue as well as rich man ownership has contributed.

Jim March copy  
T. Bloss 2

CRM

November 21, 1940

### What Constitutes Snobbery vs Equality in Business?

Snobbery is merely a unsureness of the snob or a lazy acceptance by a weak or parasitical one of a snob's expressed viewpoint.

Equality in business always exists if the thing itself is seen by all. For the thing itself--the object to be obtained--is one for all, and in the concept there must be a harmony reaching toward a point of art as all ones engaged move in health toward a healthful objective.

A simple observation: The object, if healthful, must not be unsocial or anti-social. Certainly there is no health if a group of persons combine toward an objective against the unaware massed millions. Such an objective is pure thievery from the unsuspecting. All monopoly objectives artificially raise price to consumers beyond the normal margin above cost of product and would belong to the thief class and be the objectives of thieves in action.

Such an objective, of course, could be artistic. Also it could be democratic within the group of thieves, but the additional quality--the illusive thing--which forbids one to call such an act either artistic or democratic is that the objective is located in the wrong direction. It is the reverse of health. It is an objective of the blind and the greedy. As such, poison and decay are present in the room. Spiritually speaking, the objective stinks the art and the effort. In such the fact of democracy--the absence of snobbery among the gang--ceases to be of notice amid the stench. And even the art of the monopolist and chief playing upon the proportions of material and men becomes a thing of ugliness stamping the face of the leader and the lesser out of harmony as greed and fear and intellectual dishonesty cloud the art and the equality.

Through the mid reaches of the western world activity a face comes. The face now in vacancy sees death. And in the face death is the dominant note. But death is not a thing or a person. The man with the sythe does not exist. Even putrification of the body is but a symptom. So, in taking a symptom or a part of the whole experience, one sees in this face the quintessence of death walking.

(As an explanation, one is attempting to reach a concept of business as an art of the highest form, in that any assembly of materials and men in a consistent objective in the public welfare for those persons not aware, is to many the highest form of art. It so exceeds painting or music or any of the so-called arts that one may not compare the degeneracy of the word art except to compare the degeneracy of the meaning of the word art, which at one time, of course, meant work. The artisan was one who worked artistically in that great flowering which was the Renaissance when men worked, protected by religion and power in the monastery of the artistic and in the safety of their productive labor with the many and without pomp and circumstance as their goals. For out of the Dark Ages came the insistent need of beauty, and it did not make any difference whether that need of beauty flowered under Cellini or in the Cathedral of Rheims.)

So, in seeing the beauty of business as a work of art one must first clean out the stables of the concept and so one takes this man of oil as he looked to one a face of death, the line of the mouth straight and wide in the firmness of the objective, a face which had not the time either to be pessimistic or optimistic, merely the face of greed, consistent in and out. A child in and out of one objective into another, but always a face dominated by a pair of eyes seeing self through the decade. So this face of horror stalking the plains and the mountains is enough of a picture of what a genius in reverse does when his art is dominated by an intelligence in reverse --when his objective consistently is self instead of society. All ones who

march in artistic equality from birth to death in the business of life must not see or feel or hear or touch such a one. The business of the man in art, or, to be exact, the truly artful man in business often calls for a conflict with the man we are seeing. But the conflict should be avoided when the art of the artistic man in progress may do so without loss of time. This life in art in business does not call for but the minimum of conflict. Conflict, whether in business or in the bigger business of nations in conflict called war, is, of course, a waste of material and men. Conflict for conflict's sake--even the joy that comes with the destruction of evil--is not the business of the artistic man. Only in defense of the weak--only when the artistic man sees his objective threatened by the orbit of the evil one should he take his necessary position of defense. But to reach over--to plunge into the darkness using the methods of the blackened one is not of necessity. For truth is light and beauty; for truth, as one would define it now, is an artistic thing--a sense of proportion in the goodness of life. An action in truth for an artistic business man is a conscious or unconscious movement toward the betterment of life for all. So no artistic one in business is ever unsocial or anti-social. And no artist in business is ever belligerent; even in the most furious of activity is there a calmness of spirit if there is health in the objective--if there is beauty in the concept.

A moment ago the word artful was used. This poor word has been scratched by the worn needle or usage in the low places of those without art. But is there a word more precious, more full of meaning than to call a man artful--a man full of work in the artistic enrichment of the life of all?

At the moment, in the mal-adjustments of a world, one sees the need for artful men, for clever men. This word clever is a word of great beauty. It merely meant at a time when the world believed in art and accomplishment that a clever man was one who could produce a thing of dignity through art better than others and with the least waste of material and time. And now we say an

artful clever man is one who should be shuned because of his artfulness and cleverness. Does this not suggest that people themselves in their degeneracies of self have stolen these words--have adapted or adopted in their foulness words of beauty, first to complement themselves, and later as general usage spread to put them in dictionaries to define persons who play upon the mass.

This seems a diffusive, unformed discussion. In order to bring it to a close as a prologue to a thought, one might say that words flow through the years changed in meaning as the objectives of the people using the words themselves change. So, if an artful and a clever man is now to be shuned, is it not possible that ones in bussiness and in life have lowered their sights and their objectives in the passage of time? And may not this be an education that all ones in this day must examine the one in themselves? For one is all, and all is one as we look at the one world and all the things that all ones in the world are now seeing.

Note: Want to go on with this thought, calling this the overture, to examine the average one in this world today in the phases of life from eight to eighty, regardless of sex or race or creed, but of necessity picking up the threads of all objectives to weave the pattern of the thought. In education what is the now objective? In parenthood what is the now objective? What is this thing called the individual? What is the state? What is the firing all about? Where is the harmony? Where is the health of one among the many and the many among the one? Certainly somewhere is vision, and in spite of its triteness, again we must say, and say with hysteria even, that without vision the people perish. This thing which is to come in this writing must say in many, many ways so that all may see--each must see his particular thread in the pattern. Each must believe that in this pattern is art and dignity and richness. Each must see that in the thread of the lives of all is the thread of himself in the beauty of it all. The horrible thing which is the individual in self-striving, in the description of the face, must be brought to all ones as a futility, as a frayed wastage in the warp of time.

The individual, believing in the individual, and the rights of the individual, has to say that he cannot mis-use this thing called liberty of action, that life is more than a quarrel between individuals snarling and grasping for things; that is nothing more than a pack of wolves in a mediaeval forrest, turning upon each other for food. One must see that all the majesty of the human mind and inventiveness of all the books ever written, all of philosophical formulas, are of no value in a world without vision where the individual in hysteria claws his hands and steals in the insincerity and hypocrisy of his acts.

Want to show that the effort of the parent ostensibly to see that his children are better off than he, and that he fulfills parenthood by seeing that is done. He must have a vision of what is better. Certainly a white collar is no better than a blue collar. Certainly an honest mechanic should not say that his son, a dishonest lawyer, has improved the world through his parenthood. We may take up the mis-use of womanhood through the false concept of refinement. I would like to say that a photograph of a woman in a society page is extremely vulgar, should it not inspire the observer to more than a titillation of sex as the mob sees the pretty bitch. We want to finally get to the point that no life from birth to death has any significance where the person in art is not the person at work for the health of all, and through the health of all gains health of one as a by-product. Out of chialry, out of the protective element which is current in all males, we have protected the female. This is an item of health only so far as it protects the healthful continuity of the family unit which is the medium of health and the continuity of the race itself. When a man passes that point and protects a woman in idleness, he deteriorates the woman, and family, and the ultimate objective of the continuity of the race. An exhibit of a debutant ball as a marriage market through the egotism and display sometimes adds the word charity to its list of lies. Women seeking noteriety--fighting to develop a reputation for not being one of all, building a formula for the sex market--such a market is copyrighted by the Jews of Hollywood under the trademark name of glamour girl. From thás cesspool comes the female of middle age flaunting her daughter before the public. The fathers in boredom stupify themselves in drink. So the charity ball is one of those things which individuals yawning in the excess of their leisureand bored by the sameness of their efforts seize to massage their egotism and pass away the time.

We must paint a picture of woman worthwhile without permitting the rebuttals of, "What can we do about it?" and "The age of invention has lightened the woman's burdens and the great progress of mass sale of labor has given more wages for less time and has improved the leisure time of masses and thus straightened out the horrible kinks of past brutality and fatigue." We have to knock all this stuff in the head, pointing out that the gains of leisure and the gains in freedom must not be turned out through the sausage grinder into the idle boasting vulgarities and decays.

When Mussolini, shouting to the Italian tens of thousands, made his statement of war and the why of war for the Italian people, one felt an ominous thrill. When Mussolini said that the have nots shall have and the haves shall have not, and when he said that democracies are decadent, one knew that Mussolini believed. One knew that this voice was coming from his youth, saying things as they were to a young man in Milan who had sold himself a picture. It matters not whether Mussolini at fifty-five is tired and fat and filled with Latin pomposity. The thing which that man from Austria did in Central Europe by seizing the German military machine and the thing that Mussolini did in cleaning up the Sicilian banditry and the grafting bureaucracies moving around in the dirt and decrepitude of Italy is a thing of majestic energy. And we cannot laugh it off. Before these two there was Lenin, who saw things with dreamy Slavic eyes and started to do something about it, and the Turkish Kemel, a boisterous drunk, unspiritual but unafraid, did something about it for fifteen million lazy turks. In the proper way, and in and among these one hundred thirty million people, this thing must be done, or else. Let us hope it may be done through vision--through the voluntary process of the people awakened through fear but stimulated by observation. Should we merely say that beasts breed in Berlin, and see nothing further, we will miss the boat.

The road is not autocracy. The road is the growth in the vision, and in the art, and in the actions of the average one who in voluntary association refuses to accept a present diseased concept and the articulation through what we call leadership. One cannot be more intelligent than his information. The information has been poisoned. It has been easier to sell books by the American Book Company if they told boards of education the pleasant things. Truth in itself is never unpleasant, because all truth is stimulating to action among healthy people. But commercially, in the pursuit of money, and in the pursuit of mass sales, one finds in religion, in education, and in the pursuit of wealth, the thing which people want to hear is easier to sell than that which they don't want to be disturbed by hearing. So the statesman, and the preacher, and the soldier, and the business man, and the labor leader, who wants to rise to the top of the heap at a time of rapid flow of ideas will seek to paliate and smooth and put the vaseline on the wounds of ego of the American people. The best way to rise to such leadership quickly will be to throw mud across the Atlantic. Now the reason for throwing mud across the Atlantic is obvious. Any mass movement comes through fear. The law of self preservation is an individual matter, but when the individual becomes frightened about he himself as one preserving himself, he joins with his neighbor and hires a policeman. And when an entire nation is threatened, when a way of life is assaulted, even from three thousand miles away, many millions have a meeting of the minds knowing that it will take millions to preserve one. But as this moment has now passed from fear to assembly of thought away from the individual and into the mass millions, it stops at a way station called Patriotism. We have an election. We name a business manager for defense and then today we say, "Let George do it," as we return to our debutant balls and such.

Over the telephone, a thousand miles away, this morning came a question, "It is very bad, isn't it?" And, of course, one had to say, "Very, very bad." But one said yesterday to an oldish man who asked the same question, "Very, very good."

It is not a lie. It is very, very good from the standpoint of the man sixty-five years old who asked the question, because the changes are very much in his favor as against last July. But over the telephone to one of twenty odd, one said that it was very, very bad and meant it. It is the immediate face that the <sup>driving</sup> driving force in continental Europe is driving with ~~it~~ great rapidity toward Africa and Asia for the control over natural resources that two hundred fifty million, twelve language, people must have and will have some way under necessity. And no democracy and no battleships can do a thing about it. If it isn't this year, it will be fifteen years from now. And that is the reason one had to say, "Very, very bad." One sees nothing in the spirit of this country which is other than blind. It is this thing, which as one small voice, one is seeing as something to do.

We have four years probably to stamp something better than is now stamped on a relatively fine and a relatively intelligent and will-powered people who have been sapped of their vitality by over-feeding, over-drinking, and over-conceit with the leaderships in religion and politics and business and labor selling them down the river.

The people are healthy, and in voluntary association they can get things done. But let's wake up!

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Boat cohesion }

Trush

Memo of Work:

November 23, 1940

There is a possibility of a loose association around Wallace of men of a type such as Bickel and Ben Belt. They are men who won't work in salaried jobs at Washington because of independent wealth and perhaps a disposition and over-maturity, but who possibly in some instances have supreme thought value and will be associated in special government work in the next four years. These men are the highest type of patriots.

If Wallace sees them occasionally, they will feed ideas which will be valuable in cabinet discussions and will be available through Wallace's suggestion when ways and means of getting particular work accomplished is under discussion in its personnel phases by the President.

Wallace should use his home at Washington to have such guests in singles and doubles for general after-dinner conversation. Their opinions are not often expressed, but when expressed are quoted and believed by lesser figures in the various activities of professions and business. If, as an example, there were a friendship between Wallace and Ben Belt, the country's leading oil geologist, and Karl Bickel, now working with the Rockefeller group in a major capacity as a news and goodwill information distributor south of the Rio Grande, these men, fanning out through Washington life will build respect outside of the purely political, such as Congressmen and Senators and executive officials. Also their fund of information and their ability to acquire it from others is a source which probably has not been tapped by the men who are more actively driving New Deal type which has been around the President in recent years. It is possible this new personnel group, coming in because of national danger, has many such men. Take Bickel. He probably knows more intimately the detailed picture south of the Rio Grande through personal travel in the business of selling news service to all of the publishers in the twenty-one countries south of us than any other American, in or out of the State Department. An evening with Bickel would give more meat than a month of less accurate State Department files.

Memo for Work - Page two

These exceptional minds are not too rare, but must be asked into the home and mind of the Vice President, as they will not seek him.

A Charles Wolff, of Elizabethton, Tennessee, would tell the Vice President more about cotton and rayon manufacturing and distribution than any Commerce Department bureaucratic group that could be called in. The point is to go to the source of these minds which have made actual success in clean business and are available as patriots without axes to grind.

The seekers of Wallace's time will be lesser minds with special problems, seeking influence, and those distorting consciously or unconsciously the importance or accuracy of their information.

*March*

It is becoming more clear to me that the larger thinkers have voted that sustained clear perception simplifies the all into the one, rather than breaking the one into fragments of the all. Obviously the astronomer sees the beginning in terms of space and motion reaching into heat energy and later into material forms. So the philosopher, rejecting material as the basis of the start, sees all, rejects all, as fragmentary. And then in some form of sublimation of insight and listening that his intentness conceives in imagination a Oneness. And some would call it, who studied physics, a primeval urge, but that means nothing but in general an infinity moving toward finiteness becomes clearer as it becomes smaller, and must become denser and of more direct outline. So one in the finite is born and observes. Each observation is a single act, and each single impression has a difference from each other impression. So until a maturity is reached where the significance and nearness of all experience is observed, there can be no conception of Oneness. Before that there is a mere observation of differences

But when the mind turns toward the observation of similarities, such as the progress of the higher human beings toward the same objectives, such as human welfare, it begins to dawn upon such a thinker that the similarities and the likenesses and the movements of energy take on the same direction, objectivity, and likeness in time and space. Well, if the similarities are true, and the dissimilarities are merely functional or surface, the conclusion is that the end is Oneness. So, starting from either end of the infinite straight line, which is the infinite circle, one may start from a total in a flash of the present in the center of the brain of a man. One looks forward or backward, or up or down, in a three dimensional groping toward truth. He gets to the same place--the place he started from. The journey may be infinite in speed, in space, and in perfection--that is the direction of the truth. That means that the flash of truth from the infinite can traverse infinity in such an infinitely small time that it is instantaneous,

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but has covered the entire thing we call infinity. Such a conception is the flash of Oneness.

But all this seems merely an exercise to one who has a sense of individuality. If we stop merely to say that all ones are One, all energy is moving toward the same point and from the same point, there is little reason for the individual. But knowing ~~of~~ and believing passionately in the individual as the only exciting bit of truth, one prefers to start with the little fragment which one is, and say, "How about it?" And, "How come?" And, "Where to?" And, "Why for?"

So the exercise becomes exciting to the little one, and one grows in the exercise. Well, all over the world, at all times historically recorded there have been ones who have so thought. Asia has produced at least three in the last four thousand years. From them have stemmed two or three world wide religious figures such as Buddha of the Mohamed, Confucius, and, of course, we could add Zorastha and Lao Tze. When what they say is simplified, it is either a breaking down of One, or an assembly in and toward One. All religion is an effort toward sublimation. And surely sublimation is on the march toward simplicity. But in this western view point, or rather let us say this newer stirring up of energy which is called the new world and the white man's place in it, any thinker rejects the place where Oneness is rested in Asia, for Oneness in Asia is always left static in the perfection of nothingness, and the one writing or speaking rather smugly admits his nothingness. In the Medeteranian at about the same time that fatalism of the Orient was in full swing there was an island dweller who said on the Island called Miletus that fire and water were the same substance, and indicated a thought above the Orient in that he gave energy as the basis of the saneness and motion as ~~xx~~ a fact in the saneness. In other words, the Orient which says that perfection is nothing and absolute and static is opposed by those who say that perfection is everything and ever changing and always in motion, for otherwise perfection would not have life and life must be the essence of perfection.

3.

And so, in writing next year, I might as well read a little of this Danish oneness, for European fatalism is not like that of the Orient. It has a lot of predestination in it, but it has a bravery and a logic which might light the road to the point of difference. In America at three points we see the effect of big minds in the Western World trying to reach a point of dignity through the climate and the history which is ours. Henry Ford says that he knows definitely that he is to be reincarnated, and that the only request that he is making of fate is that Mrs. Ford be reincarnated along his right side. Out at Point Loma on the coast you have the lady who lived long enough in India to bring back and commercialize the Buddhist philosophy, and we even find Mary Pickford joining the spirits. If we can work out for our own type of consumption as being alive and ever-changing and perpetually in action, I believe the effect of the lotus flower fatalism of China or Egypt is taken out of philosophy as a concept of value. This is in the pragmatism of Henry James. It is in an egotism of Henry Ford, but it does seem to give a light along the way of future time, and a lightness to the present for those who are of simple mold.

## Great Dane

STAGES ON LIFE'S WAY—Søren Kierkegaard—Princeton (\$6).

Søren Kierkegaard, who died in 1855, is slowly being excavated from the Danish. Had this philosopher and mystic not written in a minor language, his fame would have resounded with that of Carlyle, Nietzsche, Dostoevski. It was upon Kierkegaard's assertion of romantic individualism that Scandinavian literature in the last century rose to world-famed greatness and influence. He was the prototype of Ibsen's gloomy cleric, Brand. Profound also was his influence on Spain's late, great Catholic scholar, Miguel de Unamuno. Yet only in the last five years has more than an inkling of Kierkegaard been Englished. His most active American disciple, Walter Lowrie, waded into the Danish language solely to rescue Kierkegaard for a larger audience. This week he offers



Culver

SØREN KIERKEGAARD

"... like a Greenlander in my kayak . . ."

one of the best and biggest of some 30 volumes.

"I sit alone like a Greenlander in my kayak, solitary upon the great sea of life," explained Kierkegaard. He cultivated a melancholy "inwardness," saw Christianity everywhere as passionless, sterile, soft. He discerned three stages of experience: 1) esthetic, 2) ethical, 3) religious. Progress through them comes only with inward struggle, firm decision. Essence of Christian religiousness, to him, is suffering. So real Christians are few.

Kierkegaard's literary method was to invent characters, let them work out their ways of life, publish their "diaries" and "memoirs." *Stages on Life's Way* gleams brilliantly as character after character cuts a new facet on that indestructible gem, love between man & woman. Part I is a memoir of a wine-sodden banquet where a gay seducer, a fashion stylist, a

cynic, etc. discourse on follies of woman and love. Theirs is life's esthetic stage. The ethical is explored in Part II by a happily married essayist. "Yes, it is true, no poet will ever be able to say [of the married man] as the poets say of the crafty Ulysses that he saw many cities of men . . . but the question is whether he would not have learned just as many things and just as pleasant if he had stayed at home with Penelope."

Part III affects to be a manuscript found in a lake. Actually it is a diary of Kierkegaard's own unhappy love affair. Said he, "I am experiencing more poetry than there is in all romances put together." His problem: "Dare a soldier on the frontier (spiritually understood) take a wife, a soldier on duty at the extremest outpost, who is fighting day and night . . . against the robber bands of an innate melancholy. . . ?" In his soul-searching the diarist approaches the last stage in life's way, the religious.

*Stages on Life's Way* is not only one of Kierkegaard's best books\* but luckily his most interesting to ordinary, unmythical readers. And because his musings on the erotic are so lucid, irreligious mankind will respect this essentially religious thinker. Judges Translator Lowrie, "The *Stages* is clearly a work of genius."

December 7, 1940

*Mosch* 1.

It is becoming more clear to me that the larger thinkers have voted that sustained clear perception simplifies the all into the one, rather than breaking the one into fragments of the all. Obviously the astronomer sees the beginning in terms of space and motion reaching into heat energy and later into material forms. So the philosopher, rejecting material as the basis of the start, sees all, rejects all, as fragmentary. And then in some form of sublimation of insight and listening that his intentness conceives in imagination a Oneness. And some would call it, who studied physics, a primeval urge, but that means nothing but in general an infinity moving toward finiteness becomes clearer as it becomes smaller, and must become denser and of more direct outline. So one in the finite is born and observes. Each observation is a single act, and each single impression has a difference from each other impression. So until a maturity is reached where the significance and nearness of all experience is observed, there can be no conception of Oneness. Before that there is a mere observation of differences

But when the mind turns toward the observation of similarities, such as the progress of the higher human beings toward the same objectives, such as human welfare, it begins to dawn upon such a thinker that the similarities and the likenesses and the movements of energy take on the same direction, objectivity, and likeness in time and space. Well, if the similarities are true, and the dissimilarities are merely functional or surface, the conclusion is that the end is Oneness. So, starting from either end of the infinite straight line, which is the infinite circle, one may start from a total in a flash of the present in the center of the brain of a man. One looks forward or backward, or up or down, in a three dimensional groping toward truth. He gets to the same place--the place he started from. The journey may be infinite in speed, in space, and in perfection--that is the direction of the truth. That means that the flash of truth from the infinite can traverse infinity in such an infinitely small time that it is instantaneous,

but has covered the entire thing we call infinity. Such a conception is the flash of Oneness.

But all this seems merely an exercise to one who has a sense of individuality. If we stop merely to say that all ones are One, all energy is moving toward the same point and from the same point, there is little reason for the individual. But knowing ~~of~~ and believing passionately in the individual as the only exciting bit of truth, one prefers to start with the little fragment which one is, and say, "How about it?" And, "How come?" And, "Where to?" And, "Why for?"

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December 9, 1940

Art, in common acceptance, is a superior expression from one of the many of the meaning of life. All such art must grow upon the base of the artisan.

It has been said in so many ways that one or two of the simple expressions of this thought are sufficient for the going on. Genius is but talent with the addition of infinite pains. Genius is a superior concentration upon a given spot. In the very lowest--Franklin's concept, which smells of the counting room--we have, "Honesty is the best policy."

So, defining honesty as merely an appreciation of reality in proportion to movements in time and space, we have honesty and truth merely the concept and the conclusion. Any one truth is merely a detailed conception of an honest mind. All truths together are merely all known conclusions of honest minds from the dawn of history to the now. And all those in passionate search for truth are but superior actively honest minds.

In this there may be no compromise. So, in the search of anyone toward a supremacy in art, the beginning must be an honesty of soul. There must follow the anguish of intensity, fighting time for skill in expression--the endless detail of learning how to express oneself, whether it be in music, in writing, in painting, or in the larger businesses of mass public welfare.

There is no place in all this for one who does not have the anguish coming from the finiteness of time and space and the littleness of the one and the oneness of it all.

Such awareness is never long sustained in action. The heat is too great. But in the frenzy of the finest work only such heat can drive to the point of the superior truth. Then may come rest, then may come the serenity of the ego reviving itself for the next cycle of frenzy. In this may come the gorgeous meal, the gorgeous girl, the gorging even of self adulation. But he who would continue in an increasing frequency and length of production must ever shorten the gorgeous and the gorging. There is no substitute for the flash and thunder which comes when the great realism meets insignificance with one at work. When the bell rings, beware. In the cycle of rise and fall of genius we see the decay before death, coming always with the complications of fame and fortune. So exhausting are all little ones around a larger one in the littleness of their need and the littleness of their give, the baths of greed and fear drown the marriage of honesty of concept with truth in action. Break the looking glass of fame; destroy even the bedroom of luxury; return, should you feel famished, to the famine of solitude and poverty so that you may become rich.

But for one who is to grow, only a little thing must precede--an honesty in work without meaning--pure work in the vicinity of the thing to be expressed without the expression itself is the preparation. Art will arise from the artisan. There will be no effort when the time comes.

1-10-40  
Memorandum:

Your article has no objectionable political features. Nothing in this will rise up later to hurt.

The effect on me as a reader is that the writer knows his subject, but he is merely stating the condition and is withdrawing himself from a discussion of the remedy. The average reader, not knowing the difficulty of discussing the remedy, may accuse the writer of vagueness and puzzlement and despondency concerning the future.

Willkie last night used fear to whip anti-New Dealism into a consolidated, militant opposition. "Watch them!" he said. Now, if the second ranking administration person quietly states that the condition is very bad for the producer and goes no further, he has not contributed to optimism or even to courage. He has said that he knows that it is a tough job. I am wondering if such an article is good in timing. I believe that I would remain inarticulate until I had something constructive, courageous and optimistic to offer.

The article as written is really a premiss for provocative discussion as you say it is. As such it might be used in opening a discussion at a forum of producers, consumers, and marketers; but is not an article of a leader of farm administration.

I would put this article in my file for proper use at the proper time.

I take it that the axiom to govern any speech or writing on economic matters should carry through into constructive suggestion so that the reader and writer meet on the high ground of resolve for betterment; otherwise the writer and reader leave each other in the vein of thoughtful pessimism or puzzlement. Your press and your public should not be that.

So that I may not leave this note to you as a mere negation, I would suggest that at the proper time this article be given use in a completed form carrying perhaps the picture of the road ahead in action. That is very hard to do now, but merely as a sample of a conclusion, I would say:

So much for the problem. Where do we go from here?

First of all, we are dedicated by history, by location, and by necessity to protect the liberty and the pursuit of happiness of the people of the western world. We are dedicated to the principle the free exchange of merchandise and the products of the soil and mine between individuals. In a dislocated world we must face the facts. The fact ahead is that of impoverishment of a victorious England or a defeated England; the fact of impoverishment of a victorious Germany or a defeated Germany. Looking ahead, we must say that our first concern in the protecting and advancement of individual happiness through trade must be our concern regarding an all America policy, by which I mean a policy of leading the way as the richest American nation in a new economy of prosperity in North and South America. The march of events will determine what and how Europe will buy and how much Europe can pay for. Asia is an uncertain quantity, but we can direct and encourage an all America policy. That may start now. The sooner the better.

Because we are dedicated to free initiative as a basis of good economics, and the pursuit of happiness and growth of the individual, we must examine the resources of the United States anew.

There is no comfort in looking ahead, for instance, at export surpluses of wheat and cattle in Argentina, the United States and Canada with no place to sell the surplus except to a bankrupt Europe. Eventually every person and every nation, which is but a collection of persons, must face the fact that there is no profit, and merely poverty, in producing unwanted and unsaleable things. Three friendly nations, Canada, the United States and Argentina, must reach a sensible production program regarding cattle and wheat if they are not to be torn apart through the action of ruinous competition which impoverishes producers. A control must be

found through which profitable production meets available consumption.

We must not face the post war condition ahead in the way that was so ruinous after the first World War. It is unthinkable that the human race not learn by painful experience.

The burning of coffee surpluses and the artificial control of rubber and its price through banking syndicates is not healthful and ultimately fails. Such measures, including permanent subsidies, may only be used as emergencies during semi-panic conditions, and as a basis for the start of recovery toward normal. The American ever normal granary plan is sound, but an ever unuseable surplus plan is not sound. When America has reached a grain surplus point which is a real insurance against drought and famine, she has gone as far as sound production economics warrant. No country should aim to go further. When all grain producing nations engage in selling abroad below cost of production, the dumping process eventually will dump the countries that are engaged in this process of disposal. If only one country did it, there might be an economic justification, but when all surplus producing countries engage in competitive dumping, it is obvious that the end is ruin. An all America survey and an all America control must protect the producing Americas. An abortive attempt at world wheat control is on the record. I, in optimism, say to you that I believe an all America wheat control is both a possibility and a necessity. I use wheat as an example.

A second survey should extend into the financial methods under which a control of balanced production and anticipated consumption should function. This financial survey should determine whether an all American gold standard can be maintained and strengthened. I would apply the observation to gold as a commodity that I would apply to any other commodity. If we have too much gold in the United States and too little gold elsewhere in the Americas,

the result is also obvious. I would survey the possibility of maintaining gold as the most acceptable medium of exchange for other commodities by encouraging a gold flow into Canada and towards the South. Obviously, since gold is a medium of exchange for other commodities, this gold will not flow into Canada or into South America except in exchange for other commodities. These are abnormal times requiring action other than normal. Just how far gold as a commodity in credit or as loans to nations to the north and south is practical or advisable is for the near future to determine. No one should lose sight of the fact that the normal is what we are attempting to reestablish; in the prime dislocation we must provide the means of getting back to normal, to get the trade car of all America out of the ditch and back on the road.

The aim is for a richer life for every individual in North and South America while we await the day when Europe and Asia return to normal free enterprise and trade in a peacetime world.

The major task should be the myriad activity of individuals at work in a peaceful western hemisphere. I have suggested a relocation of gold within the western hemisphere as a normal medium of exchange as against the barter national wholesaling under Hitler. The United States obviously can not trade prosperly with bankrupt customers. There is must be a gigantic united effort of the United States to raise the standard of living of every nation in the western hemisphere. I can not at this time in any detail give a final plan which will depend upon Congress and the American business man working, working, working, in the spirit of never say die.

I believe the genius of America is inventiveness in finding cheaper ways of doing better things, in mass production as a basis of lessening cost of things we use and wear and eat. This genius marches on. This genius turns its eyes southward to all the world that is left in peace time trade.

We shall till the fields we have with the talent that is within us.

I see American business planing now for the development of untold riches of Mexico, of Brazil, of the Andes chain. A strong navy defending the peace of the Americas is the guarantee that American enterprise shall not go unrewarded as all the Americas are enriched by human work. Brazil alone is larger than the forty-eight states of this country. Just as the Europeans of the past century poured their manhood and their finance in conjunction with our people into the westward march of development in these United States, so shall manna and money and brains of the United States move in peaceful and voluntary association towards the resources and manhood latent in this hemisphere. The human mind driven by energy and imagination has through the ages conquered problem after problem. Only the lazy or the pessimistic can see in this new problem of growing richness of human value of all nations of the western world, a problem other than one of time and effort and courage. It is the function of leadership to lead. American destiny will grow its leaders. The government of the United States is in the position of leadership. The hms hundred and thirty million people of our forty-eight states join hands as individuals and through government to improve this western world, by :

1. The protection of peacetime pursuit by an adequate two ocean navy.
2. Having the courage to dredit the peoples of the western hemisphere with honesty in their belief that democratic peacetime life means a richer material life than any that may be offered by a war torn Europe.
3. By action as the financial banker and developer of natural resources and transportation.
4. By generously accepting from the British empire its securities and equities in the Americas in return for airships and tanks and munitions and food.

This is the way to begin. As Britain battles for life, it is our duty to take from a misguided Germany and a crippled Britain, the economic torch of liberty and enterprise as bombs destroy wealth of Europe and England. We shall not hesitate. We shall not fail. A Hitler may put a war torch to an old world, but a peacetime torch of liberty and light shall protect and advance the western world.

He had a conversation about the oneness of truth in the action itself. In an infinity of ones is reached the oneness of infinity. This goes all through human perception and activity.

In this discussion we attempted to trace one seeking truth in action for unselfish listening.

This truth vaguely, gently lighting the inner one, of the one in the inner-most bastion the pinpoint center of one. Nerve phones call for action as the center lights the life switchboard, voice speaks truth as reality fades into realization. The one seeking truth in action ceases to be one and becomes action in truth without perception of the physical one. Pure abstract truth knows no present awareness. And so the voice speaks for the ear back to convey the truth for the storage section of the brain.

Then in truth for future small truths in action is the truth retained.

Sometimes one speaking truth does so before knowing it. But the one speaking neither sees nor hears nor addresses the other one. Only the other one hears and sees. The truth-speaker, intent, listens for the amplification which must be present in all human expression of truth. It is this amplification that is the despair of all ones reaching for truth in action. So in the reach the listening is the thing--the selflessness, so intense that the one speaking only knows that one is listening for the perfect expression of truth. So to such a one there can be no other one. Very beautifully, exquisitely, (and exquisite is a very fine word (look it up)). The listener to the truth of one serves. For the one in pain, in the agony of the concentration, comes to the point of exhaustion in the period which ends all human effort. The one speaking feels well if the truth well has been spoken. But the one speaking knows not what he has said, for the saying passed through his ear into the place where all truth should be placed--and to stay there for the practical uses of life, unchangeable in the immediate as the one intent and intense functions in truth.

The hearing one may concentrate on the hearing one. No manufacturer of truth is disturbing the other one. The earth drinks the rain, but in the drinking there is joy without form. So the other one knows not in listening what is being said. The other one feels the same as the sound enters in the intensity of great effort. The other one feels the completely relaxed, taking, drinking through ear and eye the truth of the thing. Words are servants of the truth, unmeaning at birth to the listening one, but beautifully assembled so the speaking one seeing and hearing no other one has in the listener the value of the thing, in the true quality of what was said.

So one speaking says, "Period." The moment ends. The listener in truth says, "True." "I do not understand," or "False." And the listening one says, "Big true," or, "Little true." "Slightly do I understand," or, "Much do I understand." Or "All false," or, "Part false." Then in the valuation of the quality and size in value and in use comes a new notion which may be called measuring, not criticism.

Through all time in the simplest way has this dust of truth seeking been. An ancient force so willed it as man with woman moved. Truth once seized in its Oneness divides in the reception of truth male and truth female. A denial of this is a denial of truth itself. More is there than a mere measure of value male and female. Enlargement of truth occurs. Imperfections in the fabric disappear without the knowing. Impractical, unused later to be put into practise and used is the making and the retaining of the truth in action by the one speaking and the listening one.

So the circle of truth in action and two in one moving from the speaking one in intent, return to the storage for the use to come. This is One. Circle two moves through to one concept--the better one of the two. Much there may be of words following the period of truth. Words which are polished, words refined, words, words that pound, or ~~kick~~ tie or fasten through

repetition of parts of the truth of the period into the subconscious for use.

So he who would speak best the truth, bettering his best, should speak in the presence of another one. Such other one should be there, have and use a genius in the listening. Listening without self, without effort of comprehension, without awareness of use. So the two ones function, as the period ends the picture of the thing itself.

But as the voice is an organ of communication in its best use, there must be communication from one to one, otherwise in silence does one speak to oneself, missing thus the ear of oneself in the aid of the retention of the amateur thing of which truth is made. And in the process of the other one--the listening one--must be the thing which causes further the thought expression of the un-knowing speaking one. In a demand for truth comes the action of the supply. Vaguely is this pragmatic, but pragmatic only in a sublimation to the impractical at the moment of the action.

For the lesser truths--the directive truths--the explanatory truths--the ageing truths--the exciting truths--the inspirational truths--will be frankness coming from the region of the storage at a later time when use through human need requires. And so, all truth a Oneness in the glorious thing which is the unique of man--the image function expresses in sound in the line of the listening one most fully and with most joy. No one is being served. When service comes, the fragments broken for use in quality equal in human value more directive and immeasurably more understandable as the fragments supply to the business of life and the living of the one listening. But in the mother truth, the formless truth, the unused truth, is always the great truth. So it must be because in all else there is the self--the constructive, distorting self to particularise--to take on into fragments, into application, into the business of life all fragments seen only as fragments, and not the whole truth, but seem to be all truth and only true to the selfish perceptionist. And "selfish" is not a bad word--merely a word of application to self service.

We must raise our words to the meaning of the thoughts if we are to hear. No words mean other than the hearer hears. For words, limited, defined, are the threads of thought in the production of special or pure--fragmentary or whole--truth. Words must thus flow in the serving and in the spirit of the whole. So to the learners in the business of listening well may it be said that one need not comprehend the words in an effort of comprehension. All effort by the listening one ends the project of seeing all or hearing all. In its negative one often observes a listener pretending to comprehend by an effort of the will, tightening the area of perception into a nothing at all. Words are heard meaning exactly nothing in the perception of the different ones defining the words as the speaking one continues in action.

\* \* \* \*

This particular exercise, which in conclusion must be placed as the most vague and meaningless of all exercises in truth of the speaking one, should be seen at some time for retaining or rejection. To one, returning to the practical, there is a smile. And the listening one smiles also, thinking of the silliness of it all. "Silly" and "simple" once meant the same. So in the distortion of one reaching for nothing in an effort at a speaking of a method to reach toward all, there seems in the record nothing but monotony of nonsense. So does the practical in fragment truth take the vision and the one speaking.

"Of course," says the listener, "there was a thrill for me as I excited myself about my value. Quickness and smoothness were in the thing. I haven't any idea what was written as I listened, so please do not ask me."

"Put it on the shelf for a time to tell us to remember or to forget."

"Perhaps," said the listening one, refusing to take the order, "this may be better than a study in Anatomical Psychology."

"Well," said one, putting on his socks, "supreme effort at nothing deserves a bit of bragging. Perhaps Anatomical Psychology is an effort at adding fragments into one. Perhaps this nothing at all is an effort at seeing Anatomical Psychology

as one in a flow of the thing in two circles into the single point of delivery  
in use."

"I know we are getting near the end. We are 'stepping on a rock'".

"The sock was the rock to me."

"It feels good to come back to earth. Where are your shoes?"

"I hope you have a highball for me."

Ultimate thought is that Marsh's job is essentially in the Senate with Pepper, Russell, etc. He does not conflict, but merely supplements anything Johnson might do in the House. The House is 465 people jumping around where he can't get much action. But, if to be of much help, he has to see and know the people of value and quality. All he wants to do on that in January is to meet those people, and think the introducing should be through Rayburn and not Johnson, because, if introduced by Johnson, he is just going in as a personal friend. If introduced by Tayburn--and perhaps through Young--into it, Johnson is not responsible for Marsh's screwball action, and Marsh is not reduced to merely local Texas citizen friend of Johnson, and then can turn Young in from that side without hurting Johnson in the event that Young and Marsh get bad remarks on mistakes which they will make.

Pianist ↘

Composer ↘

Listener ↗

Woman ↗

The woman is nodding, trying to listen. The Pianist is trying to make the Composer listen to the Listener. The Composer is trying to explain the technical approach to the Listener, who is refusing to listen and is trying to drive an exercise into the Composer's mind—an exercise which he thought would free the Composer from the framework which was binding him.

Inside, some experts are playing chamber music as an accompaniment.

\* \* \* \* \*

Listener: Inside, a beautiful picture, but the frame is very rigid. Hearing that so beautifully done for three hours makes us forget the frame, but after all it is a prison, isn't it? Any frame?

Pianist: You can't do anything else, though, can you?

Composer: But don't you see, the sonata—I have just written one I want you to hear. I am quite pleased with it. You see, Listener, the sonata has no frame.

Listener: Well, let's have an exercise or two without any frames. Suppose you take on three exercises at your piano. First, take a human one day old to the last day of life. Hear it grow through time—a line that doesn't reverse. Hear it on the blank membrane as the lines register through the intake of the senses. Do not express the out-go with the music of the cries of a child and all the other clap-trap. The volume will grow, the path will become more intricate with the passage of time into the peak of maturity of the brain as a receptive organ. There will be furioso at the point of height, and then, as the exercise is through, the sonata

will end on the death day in a high monotony, fading into nothingness in the purity of selflessness.

Then take another line. The point, Composer, is that I mean there be no rectangles in this thing. The man who draws the lines to space, the ups and downs on the scale, had to stop somewhere and in the human limits. In the three dimensions of length and width, the paper only provides the indications of the truth in the specialties of sound. The ups and down of the scale indicate the third dimension of depth through volume, rhythm, and variation. The rhythm itself is the line. But when the enriching force of depth becomes staccato, it is a breaking of the line for some reason which, I think, too often is merely exhibitionism, nervousness, or pure excitation. Staccato clearly should be an indication of size and speed in the cracking of either the motion or emotion. So, in taking another line, I want to pause a minute to tell you the effect of a conductor on me last night in his Russian music.

Well, I felt the Russian music was a beautiful oriental rug of great intricacy, woven without staccato, but beautifully knit with colors blended rather than advertised. This conductor, a most horrible looking thing from which you turned your face in the hope that you would never have to eat with him or touch his hand, turned to his work, and the hands began. He played a hundred instruments without a baton. One did not know which hand did it. The hands wove lines with no break from the opening bar to the closing as a single instrument picking up the threads. It was more than an orchestra: It was a weaver recreating from an insight a pattern written long ago.

Truly, as our friend said, the man is untrue. As he said, one cannot go to the city of the Conductor any more and play music with authority, for the Conductor has turned it all into his music for twenty-eight years, and has turned good musicians into players of the Conductor. Another conductor must take his own musicians into this city because the Conductor has ruined the music as far as its authority is concerned. More power, admittedly, to the Conductor for being able to do it, but it isn't—that is, his city—standard any more. What difference does it make if the man created? Perhaps music as created is dying because of the faithful interpretations of the original. For instance, our friend said he studied several weeks from the original manuscript to be sure he was authoritative when he faced a group of musicians whom the Conductor had ridden. But he did not go to the Conductor's city, and I often wondered whether he did not go because he did not want to, or whether it was that the musicians in the Conductor's city were not good musicians. All that is beside the point, except that I wish to say that I reached my all-time high listening to this beast-faced genius.

Well, the second exercise might be listening to the line of space. It will come from the infinite, or from the humanly unperceptible. But one at attention at a piano, listening, will hear this line at the point where it becomes humanly perceptible and write something. As this line reaches the now, it will pass through the atom of the core. In great excitement and under tremendous pressure it will be written furioso. Then it will pass through into recession so that the last bar of the sonata will be as the first bar except

that they will be totally unlike in the fact that the last bar is the end and the first bar was the beginning, and the fact that the last bar will be the bar of approach in reverse. But the volume will be essentially the same, and the rhythm will be essentially the same. But the main thing is that this is an exercise in straight line without a framework.

As a third example, take the human race as a line of aspiration. Conceive the thick scum, man coming out of his cave (forgetting Darwin) begin at the dawn of things we call human. Do not take this from the water and mud banks of the receding ocean. Do not have this rough being roar and fight. Do not have him hunt and fish. Do not have him grab his woman. Just have him come through time and emotion, through the generations into the now of this our world, 1940, in terms of one unit, one line, one feeling. Of course, your furioso will be more or less in the now, but will not be the furioso of the line and sound, or the line of the unit life, because this is the line of aspiration through inspiration in that thing which we believe belongs peculiarly to the human race as against all other animals inhabiting this earth. So there is something peculiarly human which may be reported in sound along the line without a framework. It is not in birth pangs nor in death cries. All animals have this. The individuality of this line is that which you seek. When you reach it, it will not be the battles of Europe or the Song of Freedom, as you might have in Beethoven's Universal Symphony. It will be something much finer in conception because it will not be concrete. As the line goes into unborn time,

the insight will carry you through the vehicle imagination on the straight line, and when the insight tires and the imagination clouds into nothingness, there will be the last bar. He will not be intelligent. The limits of the human in the bars of the unborn time lose vitality with distance, and ends with the spent energy of the human instrument of imagination in insight. So the last bar may be an indication of a high nothingness, first because the end of sight has come and the writer is blind, and, therefore, in all truth must stop his writing. Second, because his sight and his insight and his imagination have all proved to him that somewhere on the line he has lost his way, but that the plateau is very high and the view tremendous for those who are not, as he, blind and tired. So there is exaltation at the end, as the faltering hand of the musician author makes his final gesture, pushing the last note.

But, Composer, the essence of this is that a man isn't drawing a triangle, and isn't making a frame, and isn't selling anything, and isn't writing anything in order for the purpose of understanding. One is following relentlessly a <sup>line</sup> single/concept to see where it takes one. By learning the single line concept, one may later, perhaps, weave the essential threads of life experience into many patterns. It may be conceived that the three exercises suggested above could be rewoven, once one has made the threads. But the point is the yarn must be made first before we knit the sock. And I believe you can't start at forty or forty-five with a very great intelligent mind and a fine insight and apply your values to the accepted and within the accepted forms in competition with very young, but lesser

minds who are twenty-five years ahead of you in the special formulas and methods which have produced various forms of standard music. It is almost as impossible as having a person, unlettered but brilliant and determined, starting out at forty-five to compete for the higher professorships by absorbing the standard system of philosophic teaching. Such a one's philosophy must be self-created, and only later compared and adopted. Almost every time I open my mouth, Composer, you say to me that Kant, Bergson, or Descartes have said so too. Well, it just happens that I haven't read anything of them, so I can't feel like a plagiarist, and I have no sense of inferiority because I am myself just discovering what other men put on paper. So, I think if you hear a little less of Mozart, have far fewer lessons in harmony, and quit writing within the framework of the sonata or the symphony or the descriptive short story, you will probably write yourself. I have a very clear belief that you have something to write, as soon as you quit remembering and classifying and limiting the source and the authority. If you keep on doing that you will become nothing more than a student of the Talmud and possibly even a self-appointed teacher of authorities and not significances; sources rather than values.

Anyway, let's try it. It won't take long to do these three little exercises. All I am saying is that I should like you to refuse all limitations except as they impose themselves through the known limits of life itself. You may write music for which there are no instruments, but even so, remember that others have done so before you and inventors have them made the instruments of reproduce the sound of the author. Hence we have our present modern orchestra.

If the composer had limited himself to the first primitive instruments, we probably would be attending symphonies on the drum and reed fife. So go ahead on the line, and I shall be back to see if you have done so. You have been kind enough to say that you think I have benefitted our friend, and possibly the Pianist. Are you too old, or too set, or too sensitive, or are you buried under some form of confusion due to the immensity of the task you have set yourself? The real instrument is inside of you. I find that the users of the instruments of music are not producing what Bach produced because they have so many instruments which they do not understand and not enough of the feeling of the singleness of the truth of life. Too many instruments, and too much noise, too much expertness, too much particularizing, too much commercialism. So go ahead into a placement of yourself on the line of the listener. Your bare hand and pencil on a blank sheet, and possibly your piano, Gungha Din, may be all you need.

2100

Dear M.:

I want what I have said put between a couple of boards, and printed on fairly durable paper, because I want the thoughts for myself as I move on into senility. It may be my own anchor, and may be but a minature of a mind for some person who sees the mind rather than the body as the significant. Obviously the face does not warrant the time or the money as a minature. Almost as obviously does the mind warrant. But, if one copy for myself is the answer, or even if the exercise is all, I have thus far had a pleasant time.

My own fading strength isn't going to burst forth into more energy of perception as time passes. So I may as well give myself a key to what I now feel. Such a key has to be a defining of words, as the words will change in meaning, to me at least as time passes. I merely want to fix the "now" of their meaning.

In general, life has become simplified. The progress of simplicity moves from the many toward the One. So One is where time, in theory, takes one. A sort of second degree of oneness is one. No one will ever be One. But every tick of the clock should move him imperceptibly toward a concept of One, if he is truly simplifying.

The life process is a finite circle with a finite radius from birth to death. Simplicity is the start--the simplicity of the moment of birth. Simplicity is the finish--the death phenomenon. The mind in action starts, the life line being the radius. The circle complete in the two instances, on birth-death simplicity. The mind in action feeds at the

moment of birth and the radius moves in harmony with the clock. Nearing the complex of the circle, much of the feeding has lost its importance. The complexities have solved themselves. The insistence of staccato timing ends as simplicity succeeds complexity of emotion, and immediacy of ambition. So the mind-function, without slowing in time, does slow in action, in that it becomes smooth. Well, there may be some quality of simplicity is smoothness as the approach of the one to the final moment of his own finiteness is truly moving toward the ultimate simplicity which must be One or nothing. Our symbol of the completed circle in numbers is nothing. Our symbol of One is a straight line. Our definition of a straight line extended infinitely is a circle. Somewhere between the entrance of the finite circle into the Oneness of the infinite circle is something. That is what I am talking about. So much for one in Oneness.

Someone has said that one withdraws in the direction of a monastery of the mind as his creative work in a finite world ceases to interest him. The thought gives one a shudder of futility. Yet obviously, that is where one is going. While the experience is still reasonably distant and before this monastery shows to the sight, it seems to me interesting--gay at times--to write in the spirit of the moment, leaving the past and the future both out of the picture.

And so, as a multitude of past pictures crowd in for me to illustrate the thought of the present moment, I have in spirit objected to using the illustrations to bolster or define my feeling. Also, too, I recognize how easily one may declare a strong position as to something that is to happen, because of the fact that no one can deny it positively.

This experience of truth telling without aid from the past or sureness

of the future precludes any intelligent system of thought. But I am not attempting to be intelligent--merely true to a feeling of values which one may privately possess. Certainly life grants us that in dignity if one asks for nothing more.

So in putting this thought into words for future personal reference, I merely say that in the moment of writing, so I felt.

My feeling at this moment is that no truth is absolute and so no truth is infinite. Truth to me is unique in that one conceives for one alone and merely hopes that beneficence follows the concept through time and space. But neither mathematics nor logic produces truth. Such merely measure or explain truth. So no one's truth is another's truth. So may one--produced truth meet other one-produced truths in assembly lines as the multitude of ones march on.

Perhaps this one truth, to any one person, of the Oneness of truth, has been in various degrees the companion of many ones. The point is that the Oneness of truth, or the truth of Oneness, is merely a tool in the business of living. There may be many arrows, but each arrow is unique. There may be many axes, but no one's ax, while in use, is another's ax.

And so, as you put this together, you yourself at work may find a stronger arrow or a bigger ax. The arrow to extend the line of vision, life, and future contact. The ax to cut away past depression. Here is hoping the depression to many looking back has but the refuse of fear and greed and egotism. The slow time exposure focuses finally on intellectual honest, as simplicity moves in. Clarity of view point does not permit double exposure. So no accuracy in moving through life will result under the pressure of threat and flattery; fear or greed; anger in action or with-

drawal into non-action.

There is no place to go for one except to go on toward clarity, self ego diminishing, we hope, as clarity produces a simple formula that in continues awareness in service we have a self value. The size or importance of the service will take care of itself without logician or mathematician. Service becomes a point of truth at the point of time of our awareness. The carrying out of service may require all the tools of civilization--even death itself. But that--the tools used--is in the service. The service is the pure concept, and the pure concept in action is the joy of living. So, as you go into service to me in giving a little permanence to an idea, consider it merely one's own effort to catch a flash of truth at a point of time. It is much as though one were attempting to fix in the memory a sunset.

Inside the welter of words, in the litter of fragments, you may work for a while, picking up what I want for myself. Later I shall help you with my own sense of taste after you have tasted. The by-products which I personally do not want we will look at. If there is anything there for anyone else, it may be used, just as anything else should be used if there is any use for it. The personal thing I want probably has no other use, because, if truth is unique, I cannot see that there is more than one person's use for what I want, except perhaps an observation of one person's value-sense may stimulate others to attempt their own formula. Still I know that I have had a good time.

Dear C.:

Thanks being one of the unknown words, I say only that I have time and some energy, and also a very great lust for gayety. You have already given me a couple of arrows and a hatchet. In equalizing for myself alone my sense of proportion, I shall give you a copy (wrong again), a thing such as you describe. I may keep the carbons, but you have asked for one thing and no copies.

You represent anarchy in form, but I believe you also represent purity in intent. Just where such people go and what they do is rather vague to me. Apparently they go everywhere and do nothing in particular. But I suspect they do much because they travel so lightly, and seem to move with instant mental speed. I cannot judge quality, but I can testify as to muchness in quantity and speed of change. Having been always an optimist in soul amid great pessimism concerning life itself, I feel in my soul that there must be quality somewhere in quantity; direction somewhere in the speed.

I know also there is disorder in the anarchy of form. Whether your quantity of energy and rapidity of change can be harnessed either by yourself or me into a by-product, I truly do not know. But at least I have the stuff of which a good time will be had by me.

M.

## The Voice Impersonal

He who speaks for himself speaks from the will to live. He who speaks for the family group speaks for the continuity of the human race. He who speaks for his city, his religion, the health of his business unit, his tribe, his society, his nation, speaks for the one in One as he sees it in the march of time through space. All who so speak in dignity, in clarity, in the direction of the light, are to be honored as those who work along the line of life--along the path of energy in health. But the universal voice--the fine marriage of the infinite with the finite is the illusive thing which voices the final note.

In music sometimes, in abstract science more often, but in the passage of time through space centuries pass without a universal voice that is the miracle--the finite and the infinite merging in the universality of truth.

Every decade, every century, every nation sees untold thousands try to reach the pitch that sound is the perfect truth for the agelessness that is the demand of all who seek it from the One. As one listens, one knows that it is not to be for him. But the one in despair listens on. It is the listening itself, the hope to hear, that is sublime, that all may have.

If there are many, there must be one. Many alike, seeking Oneness without losing Oneness in the One of one. All else comes into one. One must be one of all.

Impersonality of intake means a movement in material toward the universality of out-go. Selfishness of intake through transfer can give out nothing more in quality than it takes in. No lines may be broad enough for the quantity of light necessary for universality in truth, if it is

centered on the pinpoint of self. And the picture taken into the one from the sensations of the ear or eye, smell, taste, or feel cannot in quantity or quality be other than the quality of the instrument itself. These instruments of sensation, uncurved by self, hear, see, feel, taste, and smell well. Curved, restricted, frightened, they carry distortions. Energy through water and food and air cause the one to reach a point of out-go. The out-go carries what has been taken in. It is as a river. It must move on or overflow. The particular movement is predestined, rather predetermined, by what has preceded in quantity and quality of intake. The specialization, whether in art, science, government, money power, is not important. The quantity and quality of the out-go is that sum total which causes the one to be significant. Such quantity and quality obviously is merely the moving on after the assembly in the one of the raw material of intake. So, one who would live significantly in happiness will hear, see, smell, taste, and feel in his sublimation of selflessness. The quantity and quality of his out-go will be sufficient to carry through from birth to death.

Note:

What I wish to say is that there is a difference between a sycophant in thoughtless approach in self-interest, and one in humbleness seeking through listening to improve his own voice as the humble one among the many--who seeks to improve through listening for the significance of that which he is, so that he may give from that which he hears in passing, by transfer through the voice to those who may hear. The movement from the truth without to the truth within to the truth to be given out is an endless process. Decaying or growing in health according to the intensity and the motivation of the one who intakes without selfishness or fear. This is all parenthetical and can be brought out more in the spirit of the first paragraph.

## What It Is All About

What follows--the book--apparently is a picture attempt through words to simplify life for those who, noble minded, have been lost in fog.

Many in adolescence have been taught and believe that honesty is the best policy; that all's well with the world; that God shines in the heaven; that Excelsior and his prophet Emerson are twenty-four hours on the job.

When the headaches come, there is a change.

Some, defeated, drink themselves to death. Others compromise into rebellious camp followers of mediocrity. Some hide in Greenwich Village among their kind.

Too many die through the business of not willing to live, and they call it everything from anaemia or tuberculosis to pistol shooting. Too many also leave the here for the insane asylum.

And those of tougher stripe, who, with chin up but eyes dim, face the fog of the future then beckoning ahead, simplify it and take the "what if" point of the thing. It may reduce precedent and enlarge performance. It may minimize reputation and increase character. It may reduce remorse and increase gayety. It may retire fear and blindness; it may increase sight so that the fog also ceases to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

So much for the purpose, if there is any in the book. I, this one reader among those who have been lost in fog--just a copy reader--have asked permission to write this.

There must be a dignity beyond the tightness of fear, even if we can only get it through such a thing as Douglas' "Magnificent Obsession." Or the highspeed press resources which put out the millions of the Harold Bell Wright's in his repeat story of Pippa Passes. Let us not sneer.

Let the Rotarian luncheon food, "Acres of Diamonds", go on. Probably more have heard it author deliver "Acres of Diamonds" than have read the beautiful story of the "Search for the Blue Flower." And who cares whether the lecturer read the "Blue Flower" before he wrote "Acres of Diamonds"? Who cares whether he is or is not a rich plagiarist or a booming voice to business men at noonday? The main thing is that the message be carried on. And I personally have little use for a Menkenesque attitude or a Nathan of Broadway. For I waited over-long for either to be constructive and creative. I am tired of the iconoclast who can not straighten up the parlor after he breaks the furniture. Lord knows the furniture has to be broken if it is as ugly as most of the furniture that a Nathan or Menken breaks. Bob Ingersoll pretty well fixed up the bully priests of the 1870's. But Bob did not give us the divine. Unfortunately he did not connect us with the infinite. Nor did Thomas Paine help much except to pull the chairs out from under the priestcraft while he was fooling around in Paris during the French Revolution. I truly believe this book is constructive. The man laughs at himself, as well as at myself. But his laughter seems just a rest period as he trudges on--and sometimes jumps a precipice. I recommend the journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is another word.

As a man who has hit the roof of life in my individual capacity of having specific ambitions smashed too many times for comfort, I have asked that I may add my word. Thirty years of trying and slipping through adult life have left me badly scarred but still trying. I have found the copy reader's "Acres of Diamonds" and "Blue Flowers" and then found that that was not enough. I have passed through the detailed phases of the doctrine of service as sufficient and found that that was not enough. Yes, I am satisfied at fifty to say that I have done more good in the world than evil--that I have been an asset life value--that the world is better off for my having been born--that I have had a minimum of fear and a maximum of courageous optimism.

But that is not enough as the sun passes toward the hills.

What I see a suggestion of in this book is the reason of the being--the satisfaction in the being. And I do believe that the last breath of the last man on the last revolution of this earth will be the breath of the super-curious on the looking glass of the unascertained. And his last hand movement will be to clear the glass for the last look. The reason for being, this man says, is the the mere Oneness of all of us ones. He moves from the infinite through the finite and back to the infinite, but he pauses long enough to put us on the train. Our little finite train becomes as big as the infinite. Because there is not anything bigger in the infite than in the finite and nothing smaller in the finite than in the infinite.

And, thank heavens, this man does not go to God about it. He seems to be a listener and a reporter of things he has seed and

heard--infinite things which he makes small and very, very small things which he makes infinite. And finally it all seems to come out as a Oneness.

As he has done this thing for me, I may have done it for you. I feel more at rest. I have a sense of satisfaction in not having been reduced to the finite by the infinite. There is no Jehovah telling me. And I am telling no one. But it is a beautiful joy-ride that this man gives me because he does not put any limit to the ticket. And he does make my path-finite infinite in joy, in courage, in humor, in a sense of proportion. Selah.

Image insight is the cord to the divine, to the infinite of action. Destroyed most often by the dancing devils in early youth. The one, blinded, proceeds over the life plain.

But if the dancing devils are swept off the mirror by a white blast before they foul the mirror with their offal, the cord grows strand by strand in use.

The most awful dancer of them all is Avarice. Soon he breaks the cord and cracks the mirror. Take and Keep follow him in his death throes, dancing on their hands in the slime. Fear and Futility do a dance to a whining whistle. The marshes and mire swallow the one, swallow and mire in blindness. The living carcass shuffles on over the plain, disappearing in the minutia over the life precipice into the graveyard of bones and maggots.

But if a white light clears early enough, the things of beauty dance in the sunlight of the path of the infinite. He dances the youth dance. He pipes the song of the things he is not to know. He does not laugh at the dancing devils of Avarice and Fear. He cannot see them because they are in the dark. The light is his. All around his dance crowd the spectators from the land of nothing at all--attracted by the light and the joy. The dancing devils creep from the darkness. But where the light beams there is safety, so many accompany the dancer.

And so the finite ones in the light move on. Soon many are dancing. More light. More space on the mirror. More cords attached to the causeway from the finite to the infinite. Another one. A withered hand at the guide wheel flew upward with a youth. From there the image insight looked down.

"What," said the wasted hand, "is to be seen?"

"I see East and West and much in motion-white and gray and black."

"Where are the colors?" asked the withered hand.

"There are no colors," said the youth.

"But I have seen the sun and the rainbow," said the withered hand.

"There is none from the East to the West on the big plain," said the youth.

"Why that must be the Plain of the Real," said the withered hand.

"What is doing there?"

"Many move from the East toward the West."

"Fast or slow?" asked the withered hand.

"It depends on the color," replied the youth. "If big and white, the pace is swift. If black, they walk backwards, but with sureness as they trample among the little grays."

"Do you see any dust?" asked the withered hand.

"Quite a deal," answered the youth. "It is a swirling of the whites and the blacks fighting, perhaps, kicking up dust which gets into the eyes of all the little grays."

"What do the grays do?"

"The little fellows keep mostly out of the way," said the youth.

"But look! I see something."

"What is it?" asked the withered hand, giving the steering wheel a push for the downward look, so youth's eyes might see with the mirror of his insight.

"It is really good fun," said the youth. "The little fellows are getting whiter. They want to help the whites."

"I hear some noise. What is it?"

"It is a marching maybe from their feet."

"And how are their heads to you?"

"They shine a little, reflections in the light."

"Those lights?"

"They are from the whites. I feel the lights moving westward while the shadows of black drift. They seem to drift East, but one cannot tell."

"If you were down there," asked the withered hand, "what would you do?"

"That depends," said the youth, "on whether I were white or gray or black. If I were a little black, I guess I would hold the hat of my uncle while he was fighting against a bad white man. And if I were white, I guess I would hold the hat of my white uncle while he fought with the bad black man."

"And if you were gray?"

"I would hope that the white people got me before the black people."

"But if you were gray, how would you get white?"

"Well, I would get in the light behind the white people. I would brush off their clothes to pay my way down the white line."

"Is that all?"

"You know I think it would be fun to kick the shins of the black ones when they got on the road."

"So what?" said the withered hand.

"Let's dive into the rainbow," said the youth.

Listening and seeing is the building of an infinite reservoir into the finite--the hardest of all finite work of the one in Oneness.

Fakirs hypnotize snakes. Fake listeners or fake seers come from the caverns of greed and laziness; stand blinking in the light and say they see; stand with hand to ear, bowing in humbleness, bowing in pomposity. But listening and seeing is the hardest of all finite work.

Action is automatic. It cannot be helped if one has listened; if one has seen. The test of the blinker from the cavern, the test of the deaf in the attitude of listening, is the test of action--what follows the listening--what follows the seeing.

If what follows is constipation of pomposity; a cold in the head, sneezing hysterically that it is a wise head, we have the deaf blinker in action. He gathers in schools in the Greenwich Villages of the world; sometimes in the Berkshires. He bleats and smiles in the vicinity of the dilettante trailing purse strings for the right to sit with him.

The test of the true listener, the true seer, is also action. Time will divide the true from the false, the real from the apparent, by simple test of the quality of the action which follows any period of listening or seeing.

The true seer\* or listener rarely hears or sees a finite while he is working at listening or seeing. A finite may be speaking. A Beethoven Sonata may be in the playing, may be in the air. But the true seer, the true listener, merely uses the Sonata or the man speaking as a connection for his one into the Oneness.

And so we reach toward the mirror which is but a photographic image

which, when made, drops into the subconscious to be stored for use following listening and seeing. A clean mirror is washed with infinite care and perpetual motion through the nerve ends of the camel's hair brush called finite imagination.

A seer is one who projects into the infinite through the power--the honest of his intent, and the will to see the infinite which becomes in the seer the genius of concentration for listening, for seeing--the genius of concentration for seeing into the infinite.

As the one in One sees from the mountain top and hears from the solitude, he yawns in his finiteness, seeking sleep.

Sleep comes under the stars of the desert plateau.

One awakes into the light of the finite sun in action. Then comes the second of first wakefulness with its message directing the joys of action. Listen as a finite one.

Open the eyes, for one has awakened first with the ear.

The joy of life flows in to join the heart in the finite. The message through the ear at the instant of wakening may be immediate and trivial, and so the day is to be immediate and trivial, perhaps. But why not? There are such days.

These days of the immediate and trivial are days of intake. The awakened senses drink, and smell, and see, and feel, and hear before sleep again. They store facts for the ultimate amalgamation of truth in action.

Another day dawns. The ear hears with a clap of the infinite through the merciful filter of the finite. The eye opens, puzzled by the light, as the message absorbs all the perception. Slowly the light and eye are normalized--trees, houses, people, now or soon--but before the mundane, the immediate, the trivial crowd in to harm the message. The doing may require finite time. Time then emerges, is a will in action for future delivery. But if genuine, the will in action will be in the vicinity of time specific. The eye, the all, will join to the aid of the ear. A memorandum of the message will be made by the hand or by the mind, by the memory in mind, perhaps. Perhaps by a word to a friend, by a flower smelled for memory aid. But the message, if from the One to the one, will

not be lost except through the dancing devils of Sloth and Fear. Sloth and Fear feed on the awakening message until the finite soon gives up the will to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

The urge to human laughter coming out of the will to do, is not love, but of the stuff of which love is made, and in getting away from the use of the word "love", we may call it simply the out-movement of the will to live in its full hand for the purpose of cleaning the will to live of the barnacles and parasites which infest the will to live in inaction.

The old story of what constitutes selflessness and what constitutes selfishness, is merely the business of looking at the ego as inactive or active. If inactive or directly intaking without going through the filter of unattached senses, then it is pure selfishness. If action motivates the will to live in extension after a healthy filter of facts through the ego, then it is selflessness.

In any event, the five senses are the first of the intakes of the business of living. And cleanliness is, of course, necessary at all times. This cleanliness is harmed by the one in One, by the finite ego itself. But if a disease, a cancerous growth, attaches itself to the ego, then the one in One cannot think in itself. The five senses cannot print. The over-active ego prints without fact. And the truth is not in it. It wants. It excites. It dances without listening, seeing, smelling, tasting, or feeling. Noise comes, anger drives self destruction and the dance of insincerity ravages,--insanity, suicide in extreme cases.

This disease of the one in One cannot happen except through a long continuous bad intake through one or all the senses. When diseased, a Freud is called in, provided there is enough will and money in the vicinity. Sometimes cures are partially affected. It is doubtful whether

any cure can be called a cure in the sense of rebuilding from the finite toward the infinite. From the one into the Oneness. Yet, the one in the One, who is called, may and should serve. It will not hurt him so to do. He will not lose his contact of the one in One. Rather shall his will into action be made the more healthy. And without will in action, barnacles or tumors must accumulate in the vicinity of his own self in self.

\* \* \* \* \*

The truth is in the thing itself--in the facts with which one works. In this truth is the will to act in the vicinity of the finite laughter within the infinite harmony.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the parasites come and direct will in action, they wreck the quality in action as well as the quantity will to act.

Ego in extension, both in power, and in the insidious thing adding brick by brick an edifice, which will make a man put his picture above Christ. The Catholic Church is dedicated and has its organization theory that the Pope is the representative of Saint Peter, the gate-opener to the infinite. For almost two thousand years the highest point of human contact with the before and with the after has been established at the point of bringing the human race to Saint Peter.

One who has observed the growth of pomp and power need not stop with the communion of the Pope with Saint Peter. One need not move his eyes to the Himalayas to watch the spectacle of the Lama in death and rebirth.

One need not reach the semi-oriental concept of God's spirit reaching into the manger in Bethlehem without benefit of sex.

One needs only to examine oneself; in honesty, with a sense of humor, look at oneself. Does one's ego feed first on what is of value within reach before doing anything else?

Feeding thus, what is this thing one calls oneself? A love of humanity? Altruism?

Relax. Pause. Go. The majesty that is one in the business of movement through time and space is merely one moving with delicacy in art. The greatest good to the greatest number, yes. Aid to the weak, yes. But a well conditioned, well fed, power satisfied,

courage protected ego is in movement. For movement is life; non-movement, after feeding in contemplation following the physucals, is death.

So, to one listening, one is all, and all is one, and in this one in movement lies the majesty of it all.

The sum total of the weakness of human effort is its lack of continuity--this granting intelligence, desire, and direction.

A hundred ones almost will agree as to what is good for a hundred ones. And the matter ends. Another hundred ones will specialize on what is good eating, and quantity and quality, and there the matter ends. Another hundred specializes on Ethics. Another group talks ideal law, ideal justice.

Excellence riding Excelsior to Utopia, a motion continuous at a sustained finite pace. The exhaustion of finite groups in babbling values, panting in their wisdom, builds free their life satisfaction. The big ones riding the horse rarely speak except to say "yes" or "no", "go" or "stay". So the talkers ride parasitically in the lumber wagons which never reach Utopia. They mire in the ditches on the minus road from excellence. But the talk goes on.

The essence of motion--of life functioning itself--is one's sense of imperfection through discomfort at the absence of One. In any state of perfect acquiescence there can be no motion or emotion. No finite motion is possible except through a sense of incompleteness. One moves to accomplish. Without motion, life itself does not exist. Emotion is but the process of motion in the world of feeling. Ideas are but the fragments of emotion on the brink of action. Action implies finite movement.

Contentment with the existing moment cannot exist except in action. One lives only in a continuous flow of unfulfilled desires.

So when the chronic discontent possesses a diseased one, it is merely the process of reaching toward final contentment through withdrawal from action.

Maximum of joy comes through an even flow in proportion of unfulfilled and fulfilled needs of the spirit in its will to live and function.

Unevenness of flow, when one's unfulfilled need or conception through idea of need reaches a point of practical unfulfillment, causes one's dislocation from the harmony of life, losing One in the blankness of unfulfillments. Thus one beware, passing along the light line of time, from meeting a discontent or a vision of such finiteness that its accomplishment or its lack of accomplishment may arrest all functioning. Finite ambition is, when fixed paramount, a threatened end to life itself. Its accomplishment ends life by sending one down the hill to the futility from the height of accomplishment. Unrealized finite ambition hurls one back from the slope

toward accomplishment into the same abyss of futility. So discontent in the shape of finite ambition must be guarded against if life is to be maintained in its purity of full accomplishment. Conception of life moves finite goals sufficiently ahead of the present moment to create necessary distance in time and space to provide for the continuous joy of living. And one's discontent must embrace a knowledge of One. One's discontent is merely the finite one's awareness of the infinite as the ultimate goal of all finite ones. Moving along the line of time, the finite one embraces in his conception of motion all finite ones. Thus one escapes death through observation of one alone. In the dictionaries of now it is called-- this death--selfishness.

(Possible inserts: Priest becomes a pope. Only may he live from that moment in a conception reaching toward the infinite. The title looked at plunges him downward. A politician becomes a president, awareness of title makes him aware of the end of his position at the summit. Each tick of the clock strikes at his awareness of the descent. Only in the concept of service may he live. A business man conceives an ambition to achieve a definite bank account. Achieved, death follows immediately, should no new needs immediately supplant, either in the stretching of the original need to greater totals or through a concept of use of the achieved ambition. A girl conceives marriage. She descends at once toward futility unless the uses of marriage blossom immediately into new needs for expression. No enjoyment of any ambition even in the relaxation of accomplishment can

stop for one second the descent. Only may growth in richness occur where imagination in health continues to create new needs, ideas, and the enthusiasm for accomplishment. And so any one's approach to satisfaction is so dangerous that the wareness of self preservation prevents death through satisfaction. The only satisfaction is the awareness of the joy of emotion in the unfulfilled. Where great joy and happiness is in one's sight there is a breathlessness so exciting that one lives. The emotion is called enthusiasm in the dictionaries of today. Ennui---its antithesis--is the fruit of complete satisfaction through stagnation of the will to move. One merely rests at the point of time, aware not at all of the unborn beauties of approaching time, looking backward with unseeing eyes at the proportions of dead time.)

One hears of split personalities (Freud). Rather one should say that each brain is a mosaic of facts meeting emotions in the will to life, the will to live, and the will to action, which results in sustained wills to live within themselves. They come and go in the passage of time through space battling for the supremacy of the one. Only thus may we explain the tremendous inconsistencies of human conduct which find one in remorse, anguish, or in sublimated activities beyond the normal scope.

One has said that for every adult living one in jail there are a hundred murders in the mind. It is easy to explain it in a surface or careless manner by saying we learn by experience what to do and what not to do. But that is not enough. True personality exists within the one in such intensity that they do become the one forcing summation of the one itself. So one in the person may be seen as an infinity of ones jailed only by the necessity of the will to live and protected by the normal will in action in the pursuit of the will to live.

(Again mesmerism, hypnotism, as an example of the ability of any of the ones in the one to project itself as a vital force into another one either careless or willing in the summation of its completeness to another one. As the one in control changes in the kaleidoscope of his own ones the one controlled often remains fixed for life at the point where the controlling one existed at the time of the contact. Monomanias, of course, result--uncontrolled, inervated, and alone as the controlled mind continues its movement into changing channels; in effect it is merely that the one controlled and fixed in time has

died, giving up life through the failure of the will to live and the will to action. In the physical it is suicide. In the mental also it is suicide. And from the partial giving up by a weaker of the will to live and the surrender of the will to act, comes the chronic disease which seeks to deny that one does within his ability and quantity and quality of intelligence exactly what he so desires. Should one accept the Oneness of One, one cannot go through life believing in stars, in luck, in circumstances as a factor in the business of living. One will know through instinct that the fullness of life is self-fabricated out of the materials of time and space in the finite passage from birth to death. Reaching beyond into unreality one sees and hears many statements which one rejects who has possession of the one in the One. Such statements as the general alibi defenses of, "The other one did it." "Time was not with me. I was born too late. I do not fit in this scheme of things." "My mother did not understand me." "I had no chance." And the hundreds of similar escape and defeatist forms of statement which altogether merely say, "Defeated, one must not be defeated." One sees in the positive many efforts to combat defeatism which also reach unreality, such as the sovereignty of the will to health in the willing to live without making proper exceptions of the proportions of force against force as one meets one in the physical; such as the circumstance of chance of microbe poisoning.

One meets it in the philosophy which says without qualification that we can become what we want to become. That philosophy which says, "Life is as we see it," reaching to the formal system it declares that nothing exists in the material for the one.

One who would face the line of full life, or maximum life, with joy and work paramount, will admit the facts of the material and the mathematical formula qualifying the direction of life with the chance of finite error and discover finite conflicts. But no one in the light will lean in defeatism on alibi or "hokus pokus". In proportion one will always, aware of the finite, listen and see within the finite as exactly and correctly as one finitely may. In courage and in awareness, in the joy of impersonality sufficient to eliminate fear and greed and pessimism, one will march on in the freedom from the material which is the vital flower of one in freedom.

The puzzle of happiness considered as the maximum of what one lives for has as many potential answers as there are humans. The reach toward beatitude may lead one along a complicated path toward Nirvanah--into a perfection of nothingness. A failure to reach for anything may bring the approximation. Nowant, no need, no desire--in this situation lies beatitude in the dimension zero. A Budhistic Nirvanah stands like beatitude in the fourth dimension.

Male twins separated are found, one in India, one in America. One intrigued by the thing that was Budha, retires within his own mental monastery, searching through the years among all those that saw and wrote, he knocks at the door above. The other, crushed by the noises of America, fights for his life, failure, humiliation: dying ego sends him into an insane asylum where he, to himself, becomes Christ, seeking to redeem the world--a world which to him in his early life proved in great need of redemption.

As long as these twins suffer no physical or mental pain in their withdrawals from life, they both have achieved the maximum of beatitude.

So one in awareness, seeking happiness, probably never shall find it. In the sense of a place, and changelessness, the very search leads away from life.

So what is one to do, if one believes that happiness is the business of life for one?

One awake shrinks from Nirvanah and from the insane asylum. One cares neither to be Budha nor Christ when he is awake. One wants merely to be oneself with the attributes of Budha or a Christ. It is only when

the want to be a Budha or a Christ takes possession of one to the point of destruction that we need look at one in India or one who has retired into a mastery of the mind or into an insane asylum.

The fine balance is a straight line from infinity to infinity along the human experience from birth to death. But the human experience, if it is to remain human must act in the human, and as a human. Or, if you please, one must remain finite if one is to pursue one's will to live. One's very will to live, if one means action, motion, emotion, aliveness, awareness to all that is in the passing through time and space, action changeless, ceaseless, within a finite frame.

One who rejects too much may live to reject all. Such a one sinks into the zero dimension or unawareness or takes his ego beyond the will to live in the finite.

In harmony one stays aware, awake, joyous, within the finite. One meets one. Alone or together emotion activates out of life energy. Sex, importance, speed, movement, physical, mental, spiritual, as awareness within the finite brings in the food to the brain.

And so one may perhaps reach the concept of finite happiness only through unawareness for happiness is nothing except a state of being. A state of being may not be preserved by oneself, because it is within oneself. Others may see it in its expressions. But one who would look into a mirror for it, may never see it. A search by one to see one's happiness must fail. The state of being happy is a by-product of harmonious motion and emotion along the line of concept of beauty. The search by one must lead into the dead ends across the current and away from the line. That is death itself and with the picture of dead men

walking. One twin into an insane asylum; the other knocks with bruised  
knuckles at the roof of the lost horizon.

Sublimation of the ego, awareness of life, awakeness to life is the creator, or the created, of the will to life. This follows the will to action. The formula may be as simple as action and reaction, a mathematical plus and minus, an electrical positive and negative, or physical balance and unbalance. But in the awareness to life must come in health a love of life so great that it passes even the finite boundariess--the work of astronomy in abstract mathematics--in physics in the measurements of time and space and the various measures of force and weight and pure energy. But the one floating in awareness to the all is sublimated out of all awareness of self.

Sensatory organs function as such. Intake in quantity and quality immeasurably improves. Outgo in sureness and speed reaches the abnormal. But the one in exquisite awareness lives unaware of that which one is.

Perhaps one might best see by looking at those who see not at all. So, let one look at one who is not a seer. Also he is not awake. He dreams through life. In somnambulance such a one satisfies the needs of time and space by picturing himself as the hero of the universe. He rules all, in a complete sureness of his own exquisite supremacy. But such a one sees only oneself. All else is dreams. The dream child is not action. Self-opiated he moves through to the end. So, if unawareness means blindness to sight, and such blindness means dreaming without reality, awareness, its opposite, means a sublimation of every faculty; an acuteness that the real is unreal, that the aware one is living in fantasy. For one who does not see refuses to admit the sight of another. One who does not hear may not understand the acuteness of another's ear. One without insight denies insight.

died, giving up life through the failure of the will to live and the will to action. In the physical it is suicide. In the mental also it is suicide. And from the partial giving up by a weaker of the will to live and the surrender of the will to act, comes the chronic disease which seeks to deny that one does within his ability and quantity and quality of intelligence exactly what he so desires. Should one accept the Oneness of One, one cannot go through life believing in stars, in luck, in circumstances as a factor in the business of living. One will know through instinct that the fullness of life is self-fabricated out of the materials of time and space in the finite passage from birth to death. Reaching beyond into unreality one sees and hears many statements which one rejects who has possession of the one in the One. Such statements as the general alibi defenses of, "The other one did it." "Time was not with me. I was born too late. I do not fit in this scheme of things." "My mother did not understand me." "I had no chance." And the hundreds of similar escape and defeatist forms of statement which altogether merely say, "Defeated, one must not be defeated." One sees in the positive many efforts to combat defeatism which also reach unreality, such as the sovereignty of the will to health in the willing to live without making proper exceptions of the proportions of force against force as one meets one in the physical; such as the circumstance of chance of microbe poisoning.

One meets it in the philosophy which says without qualification that we can become what we want to become. That philosophy which says, "Life is as we see it," reaching to the formal system it declares that nothing exists in the material for the one.

Dear M.:

I want what I have said put between a couple of boards, and printed on fairly durable paper, because I want the thoughts for myself as I move on into senility. It may be my own anchor, and may be but a miniature of a mind for some person who sees the mind rather than the body as the significant. Obviously the face does not warrant the time or the money as a miniature. Almost as obviously does the mind warrant. But, if one copy for myself is the answer, or even if the exercise is all, I have thus far had a pleasant time.

My own fading strength isn't going to burst forth into more energy of perception as time passes. So I may as well give myself a key to what I now feel. Such a key has to be a defining of words, as the words will change in meaning, to me at least as time passes. I merely want to fix the "now" of their meaning.

In general, life has become simplified. The progress of simplicity moves from the many toward the One. So One is where time, in theory, takes one. A sort of second degree of oneness is one. No one will ever be One. But every tick of the clock should move him imperceptibly toward a concept of One, if he is truly simplifying.

The life process is a finite circle with a finite radius from birth to death. Simplicity is the start--the simplicity of the moment of birth. Simplicity is the finish--the death phenomenon. The mind in action starts, the life line being the radius. The circle complete in the two instances, on birth-death simplicity. The mind in action feeds at the

moment of birth and the radius moves in harmony with the clock. Nearing the complex of the circle, much of the feeding has lost its importance. The complexities have solved themselves. The insistence of staccato timing ends as simplicity succeeds complexity of emotion, and immediacy of ambition. So the mind-function, without slowing in time, does slow in action, in that it becomes smooth. Well, there may be some quality of simplicity is smoothness as the approach of the one to the final moment of his own finiteness is truly moving toward the ultimate simplicity which must be One or nothing. Our symbol of the completed circle in numbers is nothing. Our symbol of One is a straight line. Our definition of a straight line extended infinitely is a circle. Somewhere between the entrance of the finite circle into the Oneness of the infinite circle is something. That is what I am talking about. So much for one in Oneness.

Someone has said that one withdraws in the direction of a monastery of the mind as his creative work in a finite world ceases to interest him. The thought gives one a shudder of futility. Yet obviously, that is where one is going. While the experience is still reasonably distant and before this monastery shows to the sight, it seems to me interesting--gay at times--to write in the spirit of the moment, leaving the past and the future both out of the picture.

And so, as a multitude of past pictures crowd in for me to illustrate the thought of the present moment, I have in spirit objected to using the illustrations to bolster or define my feeling. Also, too, I recognize how easily one may declare a strong position as to something that is to happen, because of the fact that no one can deny it positively.

This experience of truth telling without aid from the past or sureness

of the future precludes any intelligent system of thought. But I am not attempting to be intelligent--merely true to a feeling of values which one may privately possess. Certainly life grants us that in dignity if one asks for nothing more.

So in putting this thought into words for future personal reference, I merely say that in the moment of writing, so I felt.

My feeling at this moment is that no truth is absolute and so no truth is infinite. Truth to me is unique in that one conceives for one alone and merely hopes that beneficence follows the concept through time and space. But neither mathematics nor logic produces truth. Such merely measure or explain truth. So no one's truth is another's truth. So may one--produced truth meet other one-produced truths in assembly lines as the multitudes of ones march on.

Perhaps this one truth, to any one person, of the Oneness of truth, has been in various degrees the companion of many ones. The point is that the Oneness of truth, or the truth of Oneness, is merely a tool in the business of living. There may be many arrows, but each arrow is unique. There may be many axes, but no one's ax, while in use, is another's ax.

And so, as you put this together, you yourself at work may find a stronger arrow or a bigger ax. The arrow to extend the line of vision, life, and future contact. The ax to cut away past depression. Here is hoping the depression to many looking back has but the refuse of fear and greed and egotism. The slow time exposure focuses finally on intellectual honest, as simplicity moves in. Clarity of view point does not permit double exposure. So no accuracy in moving through life will result under the pressure of threat and flattery; fear or greed; anger in action or with-

drawal into non-action.

There is no place to go for one except to go on toward clarity, self ego diminishing, we hope, as clarity produces a simple formula that in continues awareness in service we have a self value. The size or importance of the service will take care of itself without logician or mathematician. Service becomes a point of truth at the point of time of our awareness. The carrying out of service may require all the tools of civilization--even death itself. But that--the tools used--is in the service. The service is the pure concept, and the pure concept in action is the joy of living. So, as you go into service to me in giving a little permanence to an idea, consider it merely one's own effort to catch a flash of truth at a point of time. It is much as though one were attempting to fix in the memory a sunset.

Inside the welter of words, in the litter of fragments, you may work for a while, picking up what I want for myself. Later I shall help you with my own sense of taste after you have tasted. The by-products which I personally do not want we will look at. If there is anything there for anyone else, it may be used, just as anything else should be used if there is any use for it. The personal thing I want probably has no other use, because, if truth is unique, I cannot see that there is more than one person's use for what I want, except perhaps an observation of one person's value-sense may stimulate others to attempt their own formula. Still I know that I have had a good time.

Dear C.:

Thanks being one of the unknown words, I say only that I have time and some energy, and also a very great lust for gayety. You have already given me a couple of arrows and a hatchet. In equalizing for myself alone my sense of proportion, I shall give you a copy (wrong again), a thing such as you describe. I may keep the carbons, but you have asked for one thing and no copies.

You represent anarchy in form, but I believe you also represent purity in intent. Just where such people go and what they do is rather vague to me. Apparently they go everywhere and do nothing in particular. But I suspect they do much because they travel so lightly, and seem to move with instant mental speed. I cannot judge quality, but I can testify as to muchness in quantity and speed of change. Having been always an optimist in soul amid great pessimism concerning life itself, I feel in my soul that there must be quality somewhere in quantity; direction somewhere in the speed.

I know also there is disorder in the anarchy of form. Whether your quantity of energy and rapidity of change can be harnessed either by yourself or me into a by-product, I truly do not know. But at least I have the stuff of which a good time will be had by me.

M.

## The Voice Impersonal

He who speaks for himself speaks from the will to live. He who speaks for the family group speaks for the continuity of the human race. He who speaks for his city, his religion, the health of his business unit, his tribe, his society, his nation, speaks for the one in One has has he sees it in the march of time through space. All who so speak in dignity, in clarity, in the direction of the light, are to be honored as those who work along the line of life--along the path of energy in health. But the universal voice--the fine marriage of the infinite with the finite is the illusive thing which voices the final note.

In music sometimes, in abstract science more often, but in the passage of time through space centuries pass without a universal voice that is the miracle--the finite and the infinite merging in the universality of truth.

Every decade, every century, every nation sees untold thousands try to reach the pitch that sound is the perfect truth for the agelessness that is the demand of all who seek it from the One. As one listens, one knows that it is not to be for him. But the one in despair listens on. It is the listening itself, the hope to hear, that is sublime, that all may have.

If there are many, there must be one. Many alike, seeking Oneness without losing Oneness in the One of one. All else comes into one. One must be one of all.

Impersonality of intake means a movement in material toward the universality of out-go. Selfishness of intake through transfer can give out nothing more in quality than it takes in. No lines may be broad enough for the quantity of light necessary for universality in truth, if it is

centered on the pinpoint of self. And the picture taken into the one from the sensations of the ear or eye, smell, taste, or feel cannot in quantity or quality be other than the quality of the instrument itself. These instruments of sensation, uncurved by self, hear, see, feel, taste, and smell well. Curved, restricted, frightened, they carry distortions. Energy through water and food and air cause the one to reach a point of out-go. The out-go carries what has been taken in. It is as a river. It must move on or overflow. The particular movement is predestined, rather predetermined, by what has preceded in quantity and quality of intake. The specialization, whether in art, science, government, money power, is not important. The quantity and quality of the out-go is that sum total which causes the one to be significant. Such quantity and quality obviously is merely the moving on after the assembly in the one of the raw material of intake. So, one who would live significantly in happiness will hear, see, smell, taste, and feel in his sublimation of selflessness. The quantity and quality of his out-go will be sufficient to carry through from birth to death.

**Note:**

What I wish to say is that there is a difference between a sycophant in thoughtless approach in self-interest, and one in humbleness seeking through listening to improve his own voice as the humble one among the many--who seeks to improve through listening for the significance of that which he is, so that he may give from that which he hears in passing, by transfer through the voice to those who may hear. The movement from the truth without to the truth within to the truth to be given out is an endless process. Decaying or growing in health according to the intensity and the motivation of the one who intakes without selfishness or fear. This is all parenthetical and can be brought out more in the spirit of the first paragraph.

## What It Is All About

What follows--the book--apparently is a picture attempt through words to simplify life for those who, noble minded, have been lost in fog.

Many in adolescence have been taught and believe that honesty is the best policy; that all's well with the world; that God shines in the heaven; that Excelsior and his prophet Emerson are twenty-four hours on the job.

When the headaches come, there is a change.

Some, defeated, drink themselves to death. Others compromise into rebellious camp followers of mediocrity. Some hide in Greenwich Village among their kind.

Too many die through the business of not willing to live, and they call it everything from anaemia or tuberculosis to pistol shooting. Too many also leave the here for the insane asylum.

And those of tougher stripe, who, with chin up but eyes dim, face the fog of the future then beckoning ahead, simplify it and take the "what if" point of the thing. It may reduce precedent and enlarge performance. It may minimize reputation and increase character. It may reduce remorse and increase gayety. It may retire fear and blindness; it may increase sight so that the fog also ceases to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

So much for the purpose, if there is any in the book. I, this one reader among those who have been lost in fog--just a copy reader--have asked permission to write this.

There must be a dignity beyond the tightness of fear, even if we can only get it through such a thing as Douglas' "Magnificent Obsession." Or the highspeed press resources which put out the millions of the Harold Bell Wright's in his repeat story of Pippa Passes. Let us not sneer.

Let the Rotarian luncheon food, "Acres of Diamonds", go on. Probably more have heard it author deliver "Acres of Diamonds" than have read the beautiful story of the "Search for the Blue Flower." And who cares whether the lecturer read the "Blue Flower" before he wrote "Acres of Diamonds"? Who cares whether he is or is not a rich plagiarist or a booming voice to business men at noonday? The main thing is that the message be carried on. And I personally have little use for a Menkenesque attitude or a Nathan of Broadway. For I waited over-long for either to be constructive and creative. I am tired of the iconoclast who can not straighten up the parlor after he breaks the furniture. Lord knows the furniture has to be broken if it is as ugly as most of the furniture that a Nathan or Menken breaks. Bob Ingersoll pretty well fixed up the bully priests of the 1870's. But Bob did not give us the divine. Unfortunately he did not connect us with the infinite. Nor did Thomas Paine help much except to pull the chairs out from under the priestcraft while he was fooling around in Paris during the French Revolution. I truly believe this book is constructive. The man laughs at himself, as well as at myself. But his laughter seems just a rest period as he trudges on--and sometimes jumps a precipice. I recommend the journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is another word.

As a man who has hit the roof of life in my individual capacity of having specific ambitions smashed too many times for comfort, I have asked that I may add my word. Thirty years of trying and slipping through adult life have left me badly scarred but still trying. I have found the copy reader's "Acres of Diamonds" and "Blue Flowers" and then found that that was not enough. I have passed through the detailed phases of the doctrine of service as sufficient and found that that was not enough. Yes, I am satisfied at fifty to say that I have done more good in the world than evil--that I have been an asset life value--that the world is better off for my having been born--that I have had a minimum of fear and a maximum of courageous optimism.

But that is not enough as the sun passes toward the hills.

What I see a suggestion of in this book is the reason of the being--the satisfaction in the being. And I do believe that the last breath of the last man on the last revolution of this earth will be the breath of the super-curious on the looking glass of the unascertained. And his last hand movement will be to clear the glass for the last look. The reason for being, this man says, is the the mere Oneness of all of us ones. He moves from the infinite through the finite and back to the infinite, but he pauses long enough to put us on the train. Our little finite train becomes as big as the infinite. Because there is not anything bigger in the infite than in the finite and nothing smaller in the finite than in the infinite.

And, thank heavens, this man does not go to God about it. He seems to be a listener and a reporter of things he has seed and

heard--infinite things which he makes small and very, very small things which he makes infinite. And finally it all seems to come out as a Oneness.

As he has done this thing for me, I may have done it for you. I feel more at rest. I have a sense of satisfaction in not having been reduced to the finite by the infinite. There is no Jehovah telling me. And I am telling no one. But it is a beautiful joy-ride that this man gives me because he does not put any limit to the ticket. And he does make my path-finite infinite in joy, in courage, in humor, in a sense of proportion. Selah.

Image insight is the cord to the divine, to the infinite of action. Destroyed most often by the dancing devils in early youth. The one, blinded, proceeds over the life plain.

But if the dancing devils are swept off the mirror by a white blast before they foul the mirror with their offal, the cord grows strand by strand in use.

The most awful dancer of them all is Avarice. Soon he breaks the cord and cracks the mirror. Take and Keep follow him in his death throes, dancing on their hands in the slime. Fear and Futility do a dance to a whining whistle. The marshes and mire swallow the one, swallow and mire in blindness. The living carcass shuffles on over the plain, disappearing in the minutia over the life precipice into the graveyard of bones and maggots.

But if a white light clears early enough, the things of beauty dance in the sunlight of the path of the infinite. He dances the youth dance. He pipes the song of the things he is not to know. He does not laugh at the dancing devils of Avarice and Fear. He cannot see them because they are in the dark. The light is his. All around his dance crowd the spectators from the land of nothing at all--attracted by the light and the joy. The dancing devils creep from the darkness. But where the light beams there is safety, so many accompany the dancer.

And so the finite ones in the light move on. Soon many are dancing. More light. More space on the mirror. More cords attached to the causeway from the finite to the infinite. Another one. A withered hand at the guide wheel flew upward with a youth. From there the image insight looked down.

"What," said the wasted hand, "is to be seen?"

"I see East and West and much in motion-white and gray and black."

"Where are the colors?" asked the withered hand.

"There are no colors," said the youth.

"But I have seen the sun and the rainbow," said the withered hand.

"There is none from the East to the West on the big plain," said the youth.

"Why that must be the Plain of the Real," said the withered hand.

"What is doing there?"

"Many move from the East toward the West."

"Fast or slow?" asked the withered hand.

"It depends on the color," replied the youth. "If big and white, the pace is swift. If black, they walk backwards, but with sureness as they trample among the little grays."

"Do you see any dust?" asked the withered hand.

"Quite a deal," answered the youth. "It is a swirling of the whites and the blacks fighting, perhaps, kicking up dust which gets into the eyes of all the little grays."

"What do the grays do?"

"The little fellows keep mostly out of the way," said the youth.

"But look! I see something."

"What is it?" asked the withered hand, giving the steering wheel a push for the downward look, so youth's eyes might see with the mirror of his insight.

"It is really good fun," said the youth. "The little fellows are getting whiter. They want to help the whites."

"I hear some noise. What is it?"

"It is a marching maybe from their feet."

"And how are their heads to you?"

"They shine a little, reflections in the light."

"Those lights?"

"They are from the whites. I feel the lights moving westward while the shadows of black drift. They seem to drift East, but one cannot tell."

"If you were down there," asked the withered hand, "what would you do?"

"That depends," said the youth, "on whether I were white or gray or black. If I were a little black, I guess I would hold the hat of my uncle while he was fighting against a bad white man. And if I were white, I guess I would hold the hat of my white uncle while he fought with the bad black man."

"And if you were gray?"

"I would hope that the white people got me before the black people."

"But if you were gray, how would you get white?"

"Well, I would get in the light behind the white people. I would brush off their clothes to pay my way down the white line."

"Is that all?"

"You know I think it would be fun to kick the shins of the black ones when they got on the road."

"So what?" said the withered hand.

"Let's dive into the rainbow," said the youth.

Listening and seeing is the building of an infinite reservoir into the finite--the hardest of all finite work of the one in Oneness.

Fakirs hypnotize snakes. Fake listeners or fake seers come from the caverns of greed and laziness; stand blinking in the light and say they see; stand with hand to ear, bowing in humbleness, bowing in pomposity. But listening and seeing is the hardest of all finite work.

Action is automatic. It cannot be helped if one has listened; if one has seen. The test of the blinker from the cavern, the test of the deaf in the attitude of listening, is the test of action--what follows the listening--what follows the seeing.

If what follows is constipation of pomposity; a cold in the head, sneezing hysterically that it is a wise head, we have the deaf blinker in action. He gathers in schools in the Greenwich Villages of the world; sometimes in the Berkshires. He bleats and smiles in the vicinity of the dilettante trailing purse strings for the right to sit with him.

The test of the true listener, the true seer, is also action. Time will divide the true from the false, the real from the apparent, by simple test of the quality of the action which follows any period of listening or seeing.

The true seer\* or listener rarely hears or sees a finite while he is working at listening or seeing. A finite may be speaking. A Beethoven Sonata may be in the playing, may be in the air. But the true seer, the true listener, merely uses the Sonata or the man speaking as a connection for his one into the Oneness.

And so we reach toward the mirror which is but a photographic image

which, when made, drops into the subconscious to be stored for use following listening and seeing. A clean mirror is washed with infinite care and perpetual motion through the nerve ends of the camel's hair brush called finite imagination.

A seer is one who projects into the infinite through the power--the honest of his intent, and the will to see the infinite which becomes in the seer the genius of concentration for listening, for seeing--the genius of concentration for seeing into the infinite.

As the one in One sees from the mountain top and hears from the solitude, he yawns in his finiteness, seeking sleep.

Sleep comes under the stars of the desert plateau.

One awakes into the light of the finite sun in action. Then comes the second of first wakefulness with its message directing the joys of action. Listen as a finite one.

Open the eyes, for one has awakened first with the ear.

The joy of life flows in to join the heart in the finite. The message through the ear at the instant of wakening may be immediate and trivial, and so the day is to be immediate and trivial, perhaps. But why not? There are such days.

These days of the immediate and trivial are days of intake. The awakened senses drink, and smell, and see, and feel, and hear before sleep again. They store facts for the ultimate amalgamation of truth in action.

Another day dawns. The ear hears with a clap of the infinite through the merciful filter of the finite. The eye opens, puzzled by the light, as the message absorbs all the perception. Slowly the light and eye are normalized--trees, houses, people, now or soon--but before the mundane, the immediate, the trivial crowd in to harm the message. The doing may require finite time. Time then emerges, is a will in action for future delivery. But if genuine, the will in action will be in the vicinity of time specific. The eye, the all, will join to the aid of the ear. A memorandum of the message will be made by the hand or by the mind, by the memory in mind, perhaps. Perhaps by a word to a friend, by a flower smelled for memory aid. But the message, if from the One to the one, will

not be lost except through the dancing devils of Sloth and Fear. Sloth  
and Fear feed on the awakening message until the finite soon gives up the  
will to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

The urge to human laughter coming out of the will to do, is not love, but of the stuff of which love is made, and in getting away from the use of the word "love", we may call it simply the out-movement of the will to live in its full hand for the purpose of cleaning the will to live of the barnacles and parasites which infest the will to live in inaction.

The old story of what constitutes selflessness and what constitutes selfishness, is merely the business of looking at the ego as inactive or active. If inactive or directly intaking without going through the filter of unattached senses, then it is pure selfishness. If action motivates the will to live in extension after a healthy filter of facts through the ego, then it is selflessness.

In any event, the five senses are the first of the intakes of the business of living. And cleanliness is, of course, necessary at all times. This cleanliness is harmed by the one in One, by the finite ego itself. But if a disease, a cancerous growth, attaches itself to the ego, then the one in One cannot think in itself. The five senses cannot print. The over-active ego prints without fact. And the truth is not in it. It wants. It excites. It dances without listening, seeing, smelling, tasting, or feeling. Noise comes, anger drives self destruction and the dance of insincerity ravages,--insanity, suicide in extreme cases.

This disease of the one in One cannot happen except through a long continuous bad intake through one or all the senses. When diseased, a Freud is called in, provided there is enough will and money in the vicinity. Sometimes cures are partially affected. It is doubtful whether

any cure can be called a cure in the sense of rebuilding from the finite toward the infinite. From the one into the Oneness. Yet, the one in the One, who is called, may and should serve. It will not hurt him so to do. He will not lose his contact of the one in One. Rather shall his will into action be made the more healthy. And without will in action, barnacles or tumors must accumulate in the vicinity of his own self in self.

\* \* \* \* \*

The truth is in the thing itself--in the facts with which one works. In this truth is the will to act in the vicinity of the finite laughter within the infinite harmony.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the parasites come and direct will in action, they wreck the quality in action as well as the quantity will to act.

Ego in extension, both in power, and in the insidious thing adding brick by brick an edifice, which will make a man put his picture above Christ. The Catholic Church is dedicated and has its organization theory that the Pope is the representative of Saint Peter, the gate-opener to the infinite. For almost two thousand years the highest point of human contact with the before and with the after has been established at the point of bringing the human race to Saint Peter.

One who has observed the growth of pomp and power need not stop with the communion of the Pope with Saint Peter. One need not move his eyes to the Himalayas to watch the spectacle of the Lama in death and rebirth.

One need not reach the semi-oriental concept of God's spirit reaching into the manger in Bethlehem without benefit of sex.

One needs only to examine oneself; in honesty, with a sense of humor, look at oneself. Does one's ego feed first on what is of value within reach before doing anything else?

Feeding thus, what is this thing one calls oneself? A love of humanity? Altruism?

Relax. Pause. Go. The majesty that is one in the business of movement through time and space is merely one moving with delicacy in art. The greatest good to the greatest number, yes. Aid to the weak, yes. But a well conditioned, well fed, power satisfied,

courage protected ego is in movement. For movement is life; non-movement, after feeding in contemplation following the physucals, is death.

So, to one listening, one is all, and all is one, and in this one in movement lies the majesty of it all.

The sum total of the weakness of human effort is its lack of continuity--this granting intelligence, desire, and direction.

A hundred ones almost will agree as to what is good for a hundred ones. And the matter ends. Another hundred ones will specialize on what is good eating, and quantity and quality, and there the matter ends. Another hundred specializes on Ethics. Another group talks ideal law, ideal justice.

Excelsior riding Excelsior to Utopia, a motion continuous at a sustained finite pace. The exhaustion of finite groups in babbling values, panting in their wisdom, builds free their life satisfaction. The big ones riding the horse rarely speak except to say "yes" or "no", "go" or "stay". So the talkers ride parasitically in the lumber wagons which never reach Utopia. They mire in the ditches on the minus road from excellence. But the talk goes on.

The essence of motion--of life functioning itself--is one's sense of imperfection through discomfort at the absence of One. In any state of perfect acquiescence there can be no motion or emotion. No finite motion is possible except through a sense of incompleteness. One moves to accomplish. Without motion, life itself does not exist. Emotion is but the process of motion in the world of feeling. Ideas are but the fragments of emotion on the brink of action. Action implies finite movement.

Contentment with the existing moment cannot exist except in action. One lives only in a continuous flow of unfulfilled desires.

So when the chronic discontent possesses a diseased one, it is merely the process of reaching toward final contentment through withdrawal from action.

Maximum of joy comes through an even flow in proportion of unfulfilled and fulfilled needs of the spirit in its will to live and function.

Unevenness of flow, when one's unfulfilled need or conception through idea of need reaches a point of practical unfulfillment, causes one's dislocation from the harmony of life, losing One in the blankness of unfulfillments. Thus one beware, passing along the light line of time, from meeting a discontent or a vision of such finiteness that its accomplishment or its lack of accomplishment may arrest all functioning. Finite ambition is, when fixed paramount, a threatened end to life itself. Its accomplishment ends life by sending one down the hill to the futility from the height of accomplishment. Unrealized finite ambition hurls one back from the slope

toward accomplishment into the same abyss of futility. So discontent in the shape of finite ambition must be guarded against if life is to be maintained in its purity of full accomplishment. Conception of life moves finite goals sufficiently ahead of the present moment to create necessary distance in time and space to provide for the continuous joy of living. And one's discontent must embrace a knowledge of One. One's discontent is merely the finite one's awareness of the infinite as the ultimate goal of all finite ones. Moving along the line of time, the finite one embraces in his conception of motion all finite ones. Thus one escapes death through observation of one alone. In the dictionaries of now it is called-- this death--selfishness.

(Possible inserts: Priest becomes a pope. Only may he live from that moment in a conception reaching toward the infinite. The title looked at plunges him downward. A politician becomes a president, awareness of title makes him aware of the end of his position at the summit. Each tick of the clock strikes at his awareness of the descent. Only in the concept of service may he live. A business man conceives an ambition to achieve a definite bank account. Achieved, death follows immediately, should no new needs immediately supplant, either in the stretching of the original need to greater totals or through a concept of use of the achieved ambition. A girl conceives marriage. She descends at once toward futility unless the uses of marriage blossom immediately into new needs for expression. No enjoyment of any ambition even in the relaxation of accomplishment can

stop for one second the descent. Only may growth in richness occur where imagination in health continues to create new needs, ideas, and the enthusiasm for accomplishment. And so any one's approach to satisfaction is so dangerous that the wareness of self preservation prevents death through satisfaction. The only satisfaction is the awareness of the joy of emotion in the unfulfilled. Where great joy and happiness is in one's sight there is a breathlessness so exciting that one lives. The emotion is called enthusiasm in the dictionaries of today. Ennui---its antithesis--is the fruit of complete satisfaction through stagnation of the will to move. One merely rests at the point of time, aware not at all of the unborn beauties of approaching time, looking backward with unseeing eyes at the proportions of dead time.)

One hears of split personalities (Freud). Rather one should say that each brain is a mosaic of facts meeting emotions in the will to life, the will to live, and the will to action, which results in sustained wills to live within themselves. They come and go in the passage of time through space battling for the supremacy of the one. Only thus may we explain the tremendous inconsistencies of human conduct which find one in remorse, anguish, or in sublimated activities beyond the normal scope.

One has said that for every adult living one in jail there are a hundred murders in the mind. It is easy to explain it in a surface or careless manner by saying we learn by experience what to do and what not to do. But that is not enough. True personality exists within the one in such intensity that they do become the one forcing summation of the one itself. So one in the person may be seen as an infinity of ones jailed only by the necessity of the will to live and protected by the normal will in action in the pursuit of the will to live.

(Again mesmerism, hypnotism, as an example of the ability of any of the ones in the one to project itself as a vital force into another one either careless or willing in the summation of its completeness to another one. As the one in control changes in the kaleidoscope of his own ones the one controlled often remains fixed for life at the point where the controlling one existed at the time of the contact. Monomanias, of course, result--uncontrolled, inervated, and alone as the controlled mind continues its movement into changing channels; in effect it is merely that the one controlled and fixed in time has

One who would face the line of full life, or maximum life, with joy and work paramount, will admit the facts of the material and the mathematical formula qualifying the direction of life with the chance of finite error and discover finite conflicts. But no one in the light will lean in defeatism on alibi or "hokus pokus". In proportion one will always, aware of the finite, listen and see within the finite as exactly and correctly as one finitely may. In courage and in awareness, in the joy of impersonality sufficient to eliminate fear and greed and pessimism, one will march on in the freedom from the material which is the vital flower of one in freedom.

The puzzle of happiness considered as the maximum of what one lives for has as many potential answers as there are humans. The reach toward beatitude may lead one along a complicated path toward Nirvanah--into a perfection of nothingness. A failure to reach for anything may bring the approximation. Nowant, no need, no desire--in this situation lies beatitude in the dimension zero. A Budhistic Nirvanah stands like beatitude in the fourth dimension.

Male twins separated are found, one in India, one in America. One intrigued by the thing that was Budha, retires within his own mental monastery, searching through the years among all those that saw and wrote, he knocks at the door above. The other, crushed by the noises of America, fights for his life, failure, humiliation: dying ego sends him into an insane asylum where he, to himself, becomes Christ, seeking to redeem the world--a world which to him in his early life proved in great need of redemption.

As long as these twins suffer no physical or mental pain in their withdrawals from life, they both have achieved the maximum of beatitude.

So one in awareness, seeking happiness, probably never shall find it. In the sense of a place, and changelessness, the very search leads away from life.

So what is one to do, if one believes that happiness is the business of life for one?

One awake shrinks from Nirvanah and from the insane asylum. One cares neither to be Budha nor Christ when he is awake. One wants merely to be oneself with the attributes of Budha or a Christ. It is only when

the want to be a Budha or a Christ takes possession of one to the point of destruction that we need look at one in India or one who has retired into a mastery of the mind or into an insane asylum.

The fine balance is a straight line from infinity to infinity along the human experience from birth to death. But the human experience, if it is to remain human must act in the human, and as a human. Or, if you please, one must remain finite if one is to pursue one's will to live. One's very will to live, if one means action, motion, emotion, aliveness, awareness to all that is in the passing through time and space, action changeless, ceaseless, within a finite frame.

One who rejects too much may live to reject all. Such a one sinks into the zero dimension or unawareness or takes his ego beyond the will to live in the finite.

In harmony one stays aware, awake, joyous, within the finite. One meets one. Alone or together emotion activates out of life energy. Sex, importance, speed, movement, physical, mental, spiritual, as awareness within the finite brings in the food to the brain.

And so one may perhaps reach the concept of finite happiness only through unawareness for happiness is nothing except a state of being. A state of being may not be preserved by oneself, because it is within oneself. Others may see it in its expressions. But one who would look into a mirror for it, may never see it. A search by one to see one's happiness must fail. The state of being happy is a by-product of harmonious motion and emotion along the line of concept of beauty. The search by one must lead into the dead ends across the current and away from the line. That is death itself and with the picture of dead men

walking. One twin into an insane asylum; the other knocks with bruised  
knuckles at the roof of the lost horizon.

Sublimation of the ego, awareness of life, awakeness to life is the creator, or the created, of the will to life. This follows the will to action. The formula may be as simple as action and reaction, a mathematical plus and minus, an electrical positive and negative, or physical balance and unbalance. But in the awareness to life must come in health a love of life so great that it passes even the finite boundariess--the work of astronomy in abstract mathematics--in physics in the measurements of time and space and the various measures of force and weight and pure energy. But the one floating in awareness to the all is sublimated out of all awareness of self.

Sensatory organs function as such. Intake in quantity and quality immeasurably improves. Outgo in sureness and speed reaches the abnormal. But the one in exquisite awareness lives unaware of that which one is.

Perhaps one might best see by looking at those who see not at all. So, let one look at one who is not a seer. Also he is not awake. He dreams through life. In somnambulance such a one satisfies the needs of time and space by picturing himself as the hero of the universe. He rules all, in a complete sureness of his own exquisite supremacy. But such a one sees only oneself. All else is dreams. The dream child is not action. Self-opiated he moves through to the end. So, if unawareness means blindness to sight, and such blindness means dreaming without reality, awareness, its opposite, means a sublimation of every faculty; an acuteness that the real is unreal, that the aware one is living in fantasy. For one who does not see refuses to admit the sight of another. One who does not hear may not understand the acuteness of another's ear. One without insight denies insight.

May 9, 1941

Some places to function amid youth in Civilian Morale reaching this vital and essential part of the family unit:

1. Clean up of textbooks through Federal licensing system.
2. Parent-Teacher Associations which form a nucleus of willingness among women to contact the child beyond the home and into the school. Now they are merely used as political nuclei by school superintendents seeking school board control and personal job safety. A relationship between Federal Government and national and state teachers federations could provide a leadership better and more intelligent than the narrow and selfish school superintendent control--through people already in the Department of Education under forty, of both sexes--probably not more than one per cent--who have seen this and might be released for the general traveling and selling job under Civilian Morale.

This is simply because Civilian Morale must start in the family unit and move out from there--the existing city, county, and state health boards are essentially political in that the necessities and the exactitudes of health and the scientific approach to health and economic efficiency in selling health to the home are constantly interfered with from political and greed motives. Many doctors still believe in living on the ills of people and not on the health of people. This approach reaches and controls the political doctor's mind. He functions at the hospitals, the insane asylums, and the pauper houses. He should be functioning in the home, of course, before illness.

Any quick approach to national health through the family and factory will be fought by the benighted and selfish medical view, and possibly by the allied druggists. The principle selfish support will come from the insurance companies who make a profit on every healthy customer. So the medical personnel before a civilian health front should come from:

- A. The Federal group headed by Parran, already in popular esteem because of the syphilis drive.
- B. The young organization executive type of medical officer and actuarian to be found in the hundreds in the insurance companies.

C. Among the very great group of graduating students and internes who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by the bugaboo of "socialized medicine". The new socialized medicine should be should throw the name "socialized medicine" on the scrap heap with the Fishbion racketeers. The new name should be "The Family Health Drive", and the slogan, "Health for safety and freedom." Preventive medicine, as a phrase, should be abandoned, although it is a clear and fine phrase. It should be abandoned because it has been muddled up. The German wasn't far wrong with his "Strength through joy," but an American truth could be embraced with some concept such as, "This country needs every American in health." America is a country of pioneers and voluntary association. National health groups with the emphasis on health making rather than on diets and symptoms and personality breeding is not the answer. If beautiful body McFadden grows rich selling sex and ego to millions, if a hundred millionaires can be made in this country selling "pink pills for pale people", it is obvious that the quack has found a demand within the millions. This demand is for health--continuous health--and not for the cure of illness.

You may quarrel with the fantasy of a Mary Eddy tying a personal God to the health of an individual on this earth, but no one can quarrel with the fact that she was in line with a demand, and with the fact that she made a very profound and wealthy movement possible selling this demand--a formula. If the above is true, why doesn't leadership do something among the millions. The family unit and the national emergency are both demanding health. They are sold it by quacks. They are promised it by prayer sellers, and yet a government with a pocketbook of ten billion dollars annually can't find the money or the brains to function, but permits a haphazard, voluntary, and semi-political approach to feed on the family ignorance and the family demand. This is tragic.

This gives Mussolini, fighting in his poverty, and Hitler, penniless and war-busy, both the right to say that a democracy which functions through laissez faire on the health of its people in this age to be labeled decadent. For these

nations, regardless of whether their motive is strong men for war and strong women behind the lines breeding warriors and war workers--regardless of motive--they at least are alive to the value and necessity of health in competition for world dominance. And, under terrific handicaps, with motives left out, their work for health will be one of the things which will be admired later as well as now. The item of the Florence Nightengale and the individual touch server belong to the romantic age. Through great steps in the administration and invention of health tools we have reached far in organized health groups. Certainly the family unit is unprotected and unsupported by its government; certainly the family unit will welcome an unselfish and intelligent national approach to the family in its demand for health.

All minorities who prevent this approach, whether greedy doctors, quacks, panderers of worthless drugs and their newspaper and drug store allies, or religious autocracies, must be prevented from stopping progress.

The first approach should be a Civilian Defense Health Organization with proper and careful publicity. The benefits for our people will last long after defense.

May 9, 1941

### Music in Civilian Defense

The first World War invented the community sing, which was nothing more than religious congregational singing in the new dress of patriotism and the community life.

The community sing, both behind the line in Civilian Morale and in the fighting forces, gave relief from tension and promoted unity of feeling. We have gone far in twenty years in musical appreciation. The radio and the sound movie have produced ten musical possibilities for the average American where he had one twenty years ago. If the phonograph were the only possibility, then the high cost of quality records was a veto.

The organization of music in Civilian Defense is largely a question of just how far this musical culture has gone in permitting a better quality of music.

To place the finest musicians in America at the head of the administration of Civilian Defense in music probably would be an error. To place those musicians who have the largest acceptance and the highest salaries on the commercial radio chains also would be a mistake. What is needed is a head-ship and a line of motive which sees the average man in his relationship to the defense effort behind the line.

One who has seen Latin cigar workers at Tampa and Key West paying weekly pittances out of their own wages for readers and singers as they sat at their crowded benches making cigars needs no argument as to the demand for both knowledge and music among men. So wherever men meet together in factory or in patriotic meeting; wherever women work and meet for their men in defense effort; wherever men are training; wherever children are hearing about liberty; wherever men are getting ready to sell defense bonds--in such places music brings enthusiasm and unity in a preparatory sense, as action and will gather individuals for a unified drive.

Too much patriotism, too much God and country, too much of the martial air, are to be avoided. Music in itself is a pure joy, and a powerful stimulant for optimism and action in unity, and does not have the meaning of words,

but music does have the preparation of the soul as its function. So too much meaning, too much propaganda, is to be avoided because it reaches too close to the realm of action, and through repetition may easily destroy the value of words and the will to act.

A very good musical psychologist should be found by one in charge of the musical decisions in organization and type. A medical operative of the highest type who has successfully used music in health should be consulted.

The effort should be to produce as much pleasing (not sweet) and positive (not martial or war-like) music as possible, and the use of the same should be aimed at the preparation of the spirit for optimistic and unified effort in word and act.

People, of course, have a way of selecting their own music. They do it quickly in waves of enthusiasm. One cannot force musical selections on the mass. Musical tastes move in waves in time as well as space.

Too much of any tune kills it, as the brain rejects over emphasis and repetition, insisting upon a new, even if inferior, musical fashion. This holds true not only for individual tunes, but for whole styles of music. A new style of music may come out of this present disturbance. The style may be a rejection of martial music for and because the people are rejecting the thought of war in their subconscious. But the new style may be shaped by a wise administrator seeking Civilian morale in the definitely positive and in the definitely optimistic and in the definitely pleasing. This new musical approach does not necessarily call for staccato. Swiftmess of restatement in the theory of excitation is not essential. The war psychology of the moment is hurry up in the speed of action for defense, but it has in its spiritual phases to which music is attached a certain exalted and dignified contemplation of the rights of man. I believe that the new pitch is somewhere between the religious hymn of the better protestant type and the Te Deum of the Catholic Church in the simple fabric of Bach, with a variation in tempo permitted by secular usage. The

dignity of God in church hampers somewhat any effort because the essence of the music prepares the spirit in a religious nature, and obviously forbids haste. And so martial music with its haste is not necessarily the tempo. Somewhere in between is the dignity of man as man, and not as man contemplating God. Somewhere in between is the duty of man to his fellow man.

One who would write the great epic in music of present feeling of America would have mankind as his theme, not God, and not the soldier. He would have the family in the theme, not the goodbye of woman to man on the road to war.

A great movie in sound and words can be written, but that will come from the professionals, and will be accepted and paid for by the millions in the movies.

Instead of trying to tell the music writers what they want, like everything else in Civilian Morale, they must be asked what they want, and be given what they want. Unfortunately in music they cannot be asked what they want psychologically and emotionally. This giving them what they want will have to come through trial and error. But what the government wants in using music in health and morale is the promotion of the positive, the optimistic, and the dignified in man so that he may be a better unit in serving his freedom and defending his home.

The mind of the average man is not offensive. It must not be left over-defensive. This music should not be a music of hatred, of despair, of fear, or necessarily of the fighting spirit of offense. So the persons charged with selecting and promoting music should:

1. Select such music as the people are willing to hear--not above their ears.
2. Select from among what they are willing to hear in style and quality that music which will promote Civilian morale, by giving the hearer a bath of nerve soothing, of personal dignity, of will to act in the noblest form--that is for others, as well as for himself and his family--in the good things of life.

I feel that we in America are a little more chastened than we were in 1916. We are approaching war both in selflessness and in spirituality. The last

May 9, 1941

### Textbooks and the Textbook Ring

Common enemies of the sources of information through which America in childhood feeds on the printed word will spell to any courageous man that one of the big "masts" in American education is reform here.

A man's judgement can never be better than his information. Free schools and free textbooks are not enough. Quantity is never enough, because quantity merely poisons and smothers. The problem is three-fold--the writer, the business man publisher, and the political school book buyer.)

Authorship would improve if there were a commercial demand for the improvement. The Scopes trial, the interference of religious professionals--both Catholic and Protestant--in the free school system, the largely under Southern fundamentalist protestant domination, and the political control of free schools by Catholic prelates in Northern industrial cities, has in it the basis of a veto on truth and the suppression of much necessary information for life reform--information which must be present in early youth, reaching all the way from sex hygiene and knowledge of naturalness of life reproduction to the creation of the world.

The business man buys what he can sell. He sells to those who will buy. The buyer is not the child, and the buyer is rarely the teacher of the child. The buyer is a group representing a political government often controlled by prejudice and demagogery, and subject to the varied assortment of bribing which goes with all minor political functioning. Civilian morale starts with knowledge in youth, if one wants to look at the longest line. The development of education is the country's hope as it works through forty-eight states. If book publishers selling to the free school systems of the states had to submit the proposed product to a Federal bureau and obtain a Federal license in interstate commerce on each item, we would not have the poisoning process very long. Whether this can be done in a democratic way, carefully protected from changing political currents, as is the Supreme Court, I do not know but that as an optimist I believe this can be done.

If we do protect the quantity and quality of the food for the boy in movements between the states; if we do through voluntary association of producers control the price and thus, in selling, the pocketbook of the buyer, and the quantity if the seller has a temporary over-supply, why do we hesitate in the realm of knowledge? One of the tenets upon which this country was founded was free speech and free thought. In about two hundred years after we dedicated ourselves to the truth, we find the control of religious concepts and a miraculous approach to life and a theological control of the physical in morals still dominant in vetoing earnest groups of the population devoted to the quality of information in the school systems of forty-eight states.

It is possible to function through the veto of a licensing system without destroying freedom of speech and freedom of thought, for with each veto would be the reason for the veto, and the courts are always with us in a democratic system to protect the intent of the will of the people expressed in education.

The matter of manufacturing and of writing textbooks could be left to voluntary initiative. This writing merely concerns itself with an effort to protect quality of information which is the essence of truth upon which intelligence and judgement and spiritual values must arise within the individual.