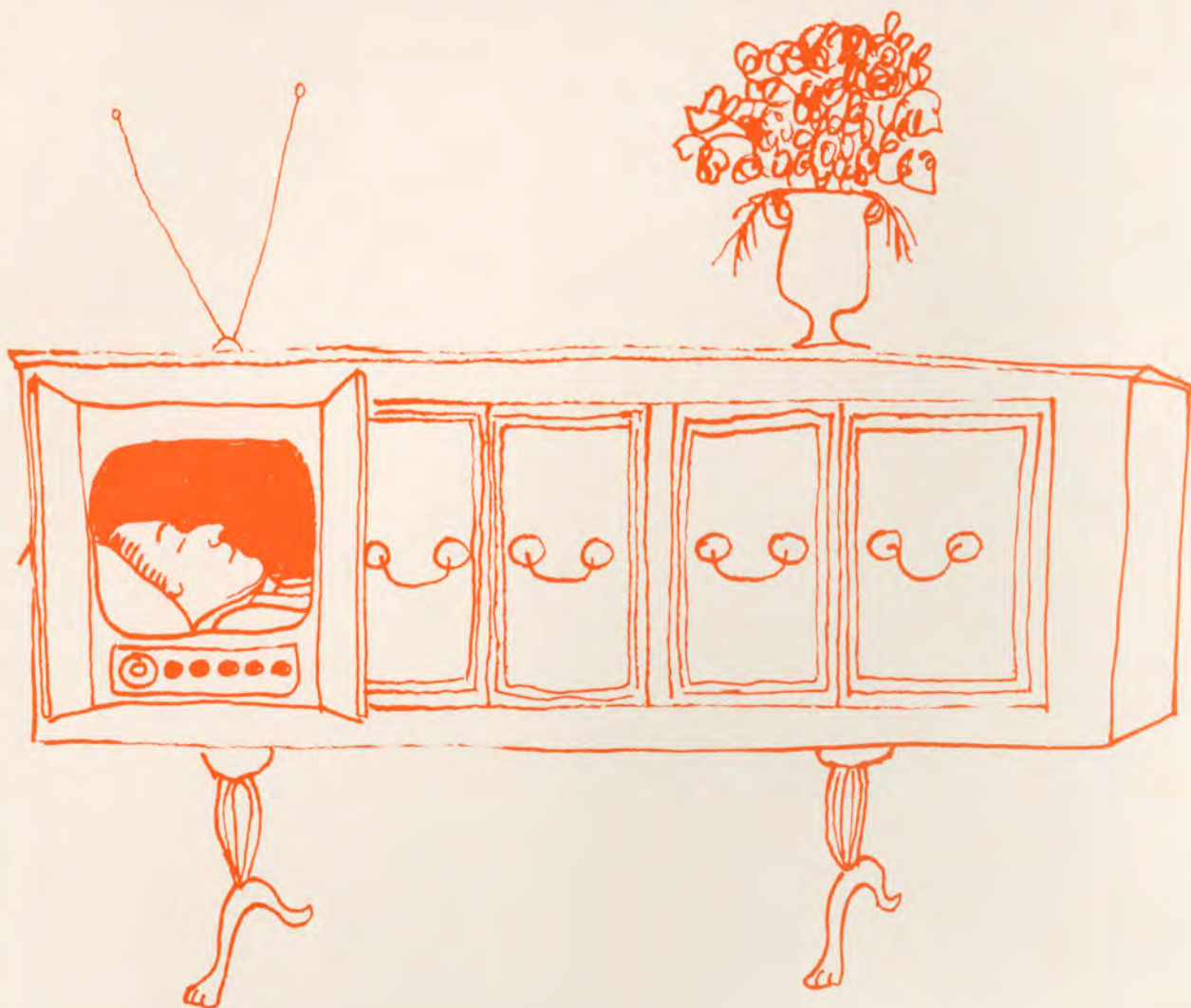


motive

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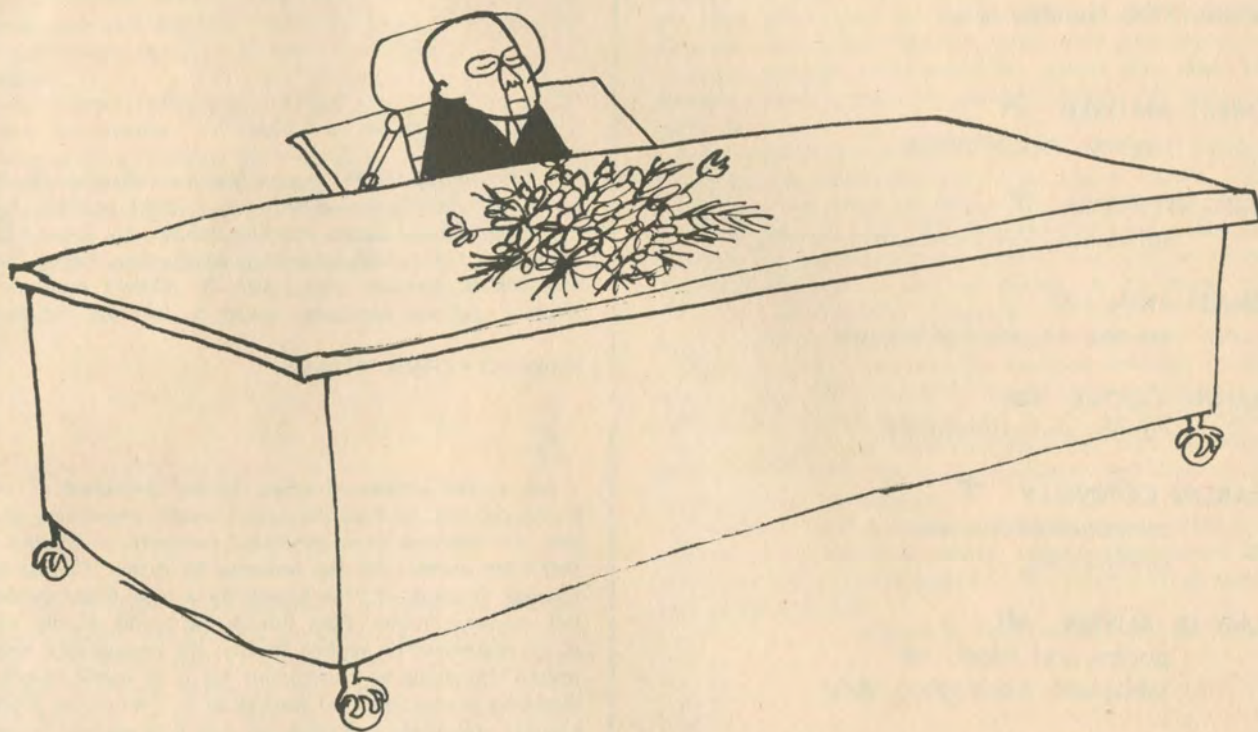


INK DRAWING: PEACE AND COMFORT SERIES—BONANZALAND LOW BOY

JIM CRANI

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INK DRAWING: PERFECT DREAM SERIES—MAHOGANY DESK

JIM CRANE

COVER ART: RUTH WEISBURG's etching makes visible the irrational force in one's life. The point of tension between the irrational and rational is often of the most creative sort. But, just as often is it a destructive force. And of the latter the most sordid and obvious example is Vietnam.

COVER 2, 3, 4: It's been some time since we've seen what Jim Crane, *motive's* old friend, has been in to. What he's been in to appears to have been an occasional funeral parlor. As he bounced along on the deep pile he captured another one of the many fascinating facets of the American Way.

motive

NOVEMBER 1969

Volume XXX, Number 2

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substance and production

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art and design; Carlisle, Pa.

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In October (pp. 34-39), *motive* began a debate on the theme of institutional change—whether it is even possible, how it might be brought about, etc. The debate was opened by Dr. Thomas C. Oden, with a response by the Rev. Arthur Thomas. The debate continues here, with Dr. Oden's reply to Rev. Thomas, and we encourage others to join the debate.—ED.

REPLY TO ARTHUR THOMAS



Any author is pleased when, having attempted to state a strong position, he finds thoughtful people responding passionately and intensely to his positional statement. It is in this sense that I am grateful for the response by Arthur Thomas to my attempt to speak of "The Search for a New Establishment" in last month's *motive*. Even though he found exactly nothing in my statement he wished to buy, his impassioned response reveals something very important for us to learn—namely, the dynamics of reaction, and frustration at institutional processes. I would urge anyone who has not read it to examine it carefully and analytically as a telling illustration of the very kind of institutional cynicism and desperate immobility against which I was trying to speak.

Thomas is correct to show that institutional elites always have the tendency to become self-protective and to calculate their own interest behind a facade of altruism. The new institutional-builders are well-advised to be aware of their own pretensions and unconscious self-interests.

Further, I agree with Thomas that Forman's tactics have served to clarify the question of priorities before the church. It does not seem right to conclude, however, that the end result of Forman's thrust has been merely to increase the recalcitrance of the institutional managers. In fact they seem to me to be in a much more vulnerable position than when Forman came along. It is just this vulnerability which I would hope to make something of.

Although to some it may not seem that Thomas was attempting to make a serious response to my stance, I would nonetheless like to take him perhaps more seriously than he might want to take himself. At three points in particular I find disappointing his "response" (which did not seem to be a response directly to my statement so much as a response to his own, perhaps understandable, institutional frustrations):

1) It is a very *traditional* response—traditional in the sense of maintaining and defending a particular tradition of understanding social change—so traditional in fact that once one read the first paragraph it became reasonably clear what the rest of the response would say. Oddly enough the tradition in which he stands is an eighteenth century tradition (chiefly French) which always looks a little dishevelled in the twentieth century. A part of the irony of this tradition is that it is an

anti-traditional tradition, which always invites curious forms of self-deception about its historical roots and exaggerated thoughts of innovativeness by the persons who think they are "inventing" it anew.

2) Amid all its rhetoric, the response gives one the deeper feeling of *innocuousness*. It is innocuous precisely because of its disinterest in institutional processes, its disavowal of intricate political mechanisms, its willingness to be satisfied with easy, wordy, ideological simplisms.

3) A more serious dissatisfaction I find with the response, however, is its *lack of hope*, its willingness to settle for despair. This is why the quote from Robert Kennedy, who was so profoundly committed to institutional reconstruction, seemed so out of place and disjointed from all that had been previously said. Hopelessness is not an authentic characteristic of genuine radicalism.

Finally, it seems relevant to add that I personally have always regarded Art Thomas' contribution to the Delta Ministry as a profound embodiment of innovative Christian mission. Thus, even though we might argue about theories of social change and institutionalization, I can wholeheartedly affirm Thomas' Delta Ministry as just the kind of struggle for imaginative institutional renovation that seems to me most promising.

THOMAS C. ODEN
enid, oklahoma

more letters:

... If I may make some criticisms of an impressionistic sort, I would suggest that there is an air of provincialism about *motive* in the recent past. Of course, it is a journal for North Americans by North Americans and does from time to time turn its attention to other areas of the world. Nonetheless, I sometimes feel that North American "students"—even the best-informed and most open—are not as sensitive to movements in other countries as they ought to be. Am I off base on this? What follows may sound terribly old-fashioned, but here goes. I also feel that *motive* needs to find some better way of clarifying the relevance of the Christian faith and tradition, the Bible, to the concerns that it so rightly keeps before us. That the relevance is there is obvious, but how do we spell it out? Or do we need to? I really think we do.

Frankly, I think the action of the General Secretary in censoring the May issue is incredible. I think he owes an apology to *motive*, to its subscribers and to the church in general. Either that or he ought to resign.

Best wishes to you as you take up an exciting and worthwhile task. Keep *motive* alive!

REV. JOHN W. KRUMMEL
tokyo, japan

Petition of United Methodist Women to our United Methodist Bishops and Editors:

Today our publications, both church and secular, give much space to the cause of freedom. Many articles espouse the right to dissent, the right to protest, and many other human rights including the right to satisfy one's hunger. We find no fault with these ideas per se; no true Christian could fail to work for such rights for all people everywhere. The difficulty, however, is that so many of the writers and others confuse liberty with license; they sanction dissent with violence, they condone protest with desecration of the principles that decent, patriotic

people have always held sacred. And some of the writers even encourage people to take what they want without regard for legitimate ownership.

We should remember the words of former President Dwight Eisenhower: "We live in a democratic society and there are peaceful ways of achieving any necessary reforms."

Because we believe these extreme attitudes are dangerous to the welfare of the American people and because we are apprehensive for the future of the nation with lawlessness growing more prevalent each year, we would petition those in power to give us better and stronger leadership and more material of a genuinely inspirational nature. We would welcome writings that might inspire our young people to love of God and their fellow man, to courage and patriotism, and above all to the moral values that have made this a great and powerful nation. And we would like to hear more about people who earned by their own effort the things that make for a good life.

Our complaint is directed not alone to our liberal Methodist magazines; we have other grievances. Liberal leaders, radical sociologists and others are telling our people that there is no moral obligation to obey a law they don't like, a law they think is unfair. They are telling them, in effect, that some of our most cherished absolutes in law and morals are no longer valid, that it is not necessarily wrong now to engage in forms of conduct that we have always believed to be utterly wrong.

These leaders are sowing to the wind and now they are reaping the whirlwind. Storms of increasing fury are spreading throughout the land. Violence and lawlessness and immorality are rampant. Our own leaders should accept their fair share of the blame for these deplorable conditions and then do their utmost to help correct them.

Our nation and our people in this hour of our greatest peril can only turn to the church for help. We urge you to your highest effort, now as never before, in the interest of all that we hold sacred and dear.

(Signed by 1000 United Methodist women)

In a letter of July 10, 1969 the Administrative Board of Hobson United Methodist Church reported that it voted to withhold from its apportionments to the Conference the amount designated for World Service (\$3603.00). The reason given was "... that such action was necessary to cut off the cancerous growth that is *motive* magazine in its present form." Today, we the worshipping community of Edgehill United Methodist Church voice our support of *motive* because it continually opens our eyes to *all* of life which the Church is called to minister. Furthermore, *motive* is a magazine with a creative and innovative content and style which is necessary to speak to college students.

For these reasons we feel that the editors of *motive* must be free to print the opinions and vocabulary of each author without censorship. While not encouraging four-letter words for their own sake, there may well be occasions when no substitute can adequately express both meaning and feeling of verbatim quotes. We can only agree with the college generation for whom *motive* is published that there is less obscenity in four-letter words than in inhuman acts such as war, racial injustice, and poverty amidst plenty. In June, 1969, a new editor and managing editor were appointed for *motive* by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education and the faith in the future of *motive* was affirmed. We pledge our support to the new editors, Robert Maurer and James Stentzel, as they continue to make *motive* a leader in Christian journalism.

We affirm the right and duty of each local church to vote its protests and opinions concerning policies, actions, and publications of the United Methodist Church. However, we feel

that withholding the total World Service giving is an extreme measure which deprives all the other forms of service financed through World Service for the sake of the miniscule proportion that actually goes to support *motive*. It is our hope that all the churches in the Nashville area will continue their support of *motive* and, when necessary, will make their suggestions, complaints and protests in ways that do not impoverish the whole missionary outreach of the Church. Finally, believing that we are all members of the one Body of Christ, we urge both the editors of *motive* and the local churches to meet together and discuss their respective viewpoints and voice their opinions in a context of mutual love and trust.

CHARLES H. HUMBRICK
chairman, mission commission
edgehill united methodist church
nashville, tennessee

As one of your subscribers, I wish to reply to your July 7th communication.

I don't know what the hell's going on down there, but stay on the stick. You've got the only church magazine (and we get all the major ones here) that moves out of our reading shelf with any consistency. We give away back issues to those who want them—and throw away most other magazines, but never have any *motives* left during housecleaning time.

Your layout, art work and general articles are of consistent high quality. Since you asked for suggestions, my only contribution might be an occasional issue that includes fold-out, cut-up art work for a mobile (a la origami) and perhaps some non-articles with an accompanying 45-rpm record. Since both involve more expenses, why not make those a double issue?

I hope you've already invited the General Secretary of your Division of Higher Education to leave his hands off. Welcome him to embrace the 70s. Yours for the cutting edge,

DONALD N. KELLY
oakbrook, illinois

Obviously I do not approve of the June 24th decision by your General Secretary that the May issue of *motive* would "never be printed."

I challenge you to test your "freedom" by printing the May issue in a near future issue of *motive*. "Refusal to institute prior censorship of future issues" will permit this.

AUGUST J. WOERNER
new britain, connecticut

Please read this letter all the way through before destroying it. Let me start with a conventional, stereotyped but true beginning. I'm a former Methodist now married to a Baptist (Southern even) minister. I teach in a small girls' college supported by Southern Baptists. To further qualify to speak on this topic, I tell you I neither smoke (tobacco or otherwise) nor drink (I don't even like coffee!).

Now, I know you find that personal information fascinating, so I'll hurry on. The March-April *motive* magazine on women was the best thing *motive* has ever done, and I've seen them do some pretty good things. The decision of the General Secretary to cancel the May issue was the worst thing he could have done. Since I don't know his name and address, I couldn't go to him. I'd be delighted if you would pass this letter on to him or give me a chance to write him personally.

The decision to stop the May issue because of the March-April issue was very childish. I don't care what was in the

canceled issue, I think my Christianity is strong enough to take it. If it was anything like the March-April issue, it was one of the most concernedly (pardon me, Mr. Webster) Christian magazines you have issued. I would like to make it recommended reading for every girl at the college where I teach. All my women friends (not a "you know what" among them!) want to borrow the magazine. It is currently on loan to a person 60 miles away. Her husband is also an ordained minister.

I feel that the General Secretary and his advisors are either (1) out of touch with young people and their needs or (2) shamefully bowing to political (church politics) pressure. There is one other possibility that I will hesitate a moment before mentioning—Hesitate—Hesitate—Christ never hesitated to speak to the needs of the world. There is some pretty strong language in the Bible. Has the General Secretary forgotten this?

Now, as to the idea that *motive* operates freely and openly despite the canceled issue—Phooey! When a body of editors know that an issue can be taken off the presses at any minute if someone does not like what is in the issue, that is censorship. It does not matter that they got the staff, editors or publisher they want. All of the individuals involved know that "Big Brother is watching."

Goodness! I notice that I used a few four-letter words in this letter. Please forgive me!

Hats off to *motive* and its editors. Thumbs down on censorship. Very sincerely yours in love and brotherhood—

RUTH ANN PHILLIPS
raleigh, north carolina

more about women



RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, the filthy language used in a so-called editorial by Joanne Cooke in the March-April (1969) issue of *motive* magazine was brought to the attention of the Byrd Murry Bible Class of Tulip Street Methodist Church at its regular session of May 11, 1969; and

WHEREAS, 1) the violent conflict between our current studies of the Holy Bible's cultural content and the coarseness of *motive* magazine was inescapable and, 2) every member and visitor present expressed their outrage that such language was prepared for and permitted in a Methodist-related publication.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that this publication, its author and Church officials who failed in their control over it be and they are censured and severely reprimanded as being remiss in their responsibility as Christian leaders in the Methodist Church (Ununited).

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that this action be presented to our official Board for its approval or rejection at its next regular meeting, with notice of its actions transmitted to our District Superintendent for further study and treatment by the Church hierarchy.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that, as a gesture of revolt against acquiescence in this and similar publications, copies of this Resolution be transmitted to other Church groups who may wish to join in our crusade against unrestrained and unorthodox publications.

BYRD MURRY BIBLE CLASS
TULIP STREET METHODIST CHURCH
(16 names)
nashville, tennessee



My heartfelt congratulations to you for your special double issue on THE LIBERATION OF WOMEN! I have always considered *motive* the best of the myriad of magazines to which my husband and I subscribe, and both of us are grateful for this particular issue, mention of which found its way into my husband's sermon the Sunday after it arrived.

In particular let me commend you on the editorial: "Here's to You, Mrs. Robinson," with its paragraph in defense of the four-letter words which are used in other articles. It made me realize how ridiculously I have allowed myself to continue to be shocked by them, without going the next step—namely of demythologizing them. Of course it's the concepts that make them bad. Thanks for pointing this out so well.

On page 19, the quotation from "Aunt Jane . . ." is wonderful, as are so many of the poems and the brief statements on p. 49 about how a day is spent when one has little ones and no available sitters. "The Subversion of Betty Crocker," "Woman as Secretary etc."—in fact all the articles are extremely well written and to the point about the conflicts which most of us have had for so long, but have been unable to articulate as well and as publicly so that they can be discussed seriously—hopefully with the intent of resolution.

Again—countless thanks for an outstanding issue!

KATHRYN SCHMAUCH (MRS. W. CHRISTOPH)
bronx, new york



I read your March-April issue on the liberation of women with a great deal of interest. The satirical article on the modern women's magazines was delightful. My feelings were expressed beautifully and humorously in this witty bit of satire. The layout of the magazine was excellent. The cover by itself was worth the price of the magazine.

However, I do feel that this issue was biased and negative. You presented only two sides of the picture. 1) the career woman who has heard "When are you going to get married?" once too often and 2) the Lesbian who is a human being but has had to live as something less than a whole human being because of a stereotype built out of misunderstanding and fear.

You did not present the third side of the picture: We women who are proud to be wives and mothers, who know that we have an important job to do, a job that no one else can do for us, we women who have dignity in the role that we have "chosen." We are women who know that we are *human beings* first, and secondly *women*. We know that if we have developed these areas fully and in the proper sequence, that love and marriage and children can follow if we so "choose." We are women who (because we know we are human beings and very valuable) have an overpowering feeling within us of Optimism, Hope and Love. We do not take a second seat to anyone. We are human beings, women, wives and mothers (in that order) and INDISPENSABLE. . . . We are the women who were liberated long ago . . . liberated from envy, self pity, bitterness and guilt because we respect ourselves as human beings with an important job to be done.

We want our youth to know that we exist—quietly but vigorously with the strength that only God can give.

DONNA R. BRANCY
sparta, new jersey



Yes, this is the end of my subscription and of many others from my home church. Many of your issues have been most disgusting, but the last one was absolutely the most insult-

ing piece of trash that I have ever had in my hands. I feel that you are undermining the very foundation of our homes and churches and therefore the nation. We are reminded that if the communists can destroy the structure of our homes, their job of destroying our society is well on the way to establishment. Being a wife and mother is a lovely and beautiful life and just whom do you want to "Liberate" and for what? Shame on the Methodist Church for allowing such a publication. May God help us all is my prayer.

SHARON R. SWENCK
virginia commonwealth university
richmond, virginia



About a month ago we were given, by chance, the March-April issue of *motive* on Women's Liberation. We immediately recognized it as the most creative gathering together of intelligent views on the subject that we have seen.

We ordered additional copies for our members who all reacted with enthusiasm and praise. We felt strongly that the content and format combined with great impact and that this issue of *motive* should be required reading for all American women and men.

We read with dismay in the *New York Times*, June 1, that "an especially intense controversy arose over the March-April issue . . . in which a number of four-letter words were used." We were greatly concerned to read further that this controversy prompted Dr. Myron F. Wicke to consider censorship of the magazine.

Dr. Wicke, in stating that "there is enough obscenity in the world without our adding to it" seems to be confusing the literary use of "common" vocabulary with the true obscenities of universal inhumanity and selfish hatred. The pursuit of true Christian morality in the modern world is of prime importance. With the world in its present state of chaos, such arguments about vocabulary are trivial and time-wasting. The words which presumably offended Dr. Wicke are in any case, as you pointed out in your editorial, *part* of the subject. Putting one's head in the sand will not make the problem go away.

Your March-April issue gave us both the professional's assessment and the artist's perception of woman's situation. This unique combination should definitely be re-published in book form.

JACQUELINE WILLIAMS
vice president
GALE THOMAS
public relations officer
national organization for women
central new jersey chapter



At the May meeting of the official board of Welborne Methodist Church it was unanimously resolved that our feeling concerning the content of *motive* magazine, published by the Division of Higher Education of the Board of Education of the United Methodist Church be brought to your attention. In the past the content of *motive* has been questionable but with the publication of the March-April issue there is no question—it is not fit for consumption by Christian Youth or Adults, and we feel that strong action must be taken to bring the magazine up to Christian principles.

Specifically we feel that there is no excuse for the use of such filthy language as exemplified by that used by Marilyn Webb in the article "Women as Secretary, Sexpot, Spender, Sow, Civic Actor, Sickie" and in the editorial by Joanne Cooke, "Here's to You, Mrs. Robinson." These articles also point out the abominable choice of subject matter in this magazine that is published by an agency of the United Methodist Church. The overall tone in this and previous issues is one of dismay

and sickness tending to undermine the normal accepted Christian way of life. The selection of authors and editorial staff leaves much to be desired. The listing of authors' qualifications points out, as does the classified advertisement for staff members, that editors are more interested in revolution than Christianity.

We are fully aware that today's youth are exposed to many things in life that past generations considered "taboo." But when an article is written as this, as well as being sanctioned by the Editorial staff of the United Methodist Church, it is pure unadulterated *trash* regardless of the generation gap. It is a strong mark of atheist teachings of the communists who unfortunately have infiltrated into the educational and religious institutions of our great country. We wonder if Jesus or any of his 12 disciples were to appear in today's world and taking today's way of life would they condone this as representative teaching of the scripture?

If the positions taken by *motive* are not in accordance with that of the United Methodist Church, then the proper steps should be taken to insure that accord is reached in forthcoming issues. If the positions of Methodism and *motive* are presently in agreement, then the proper steps should be taken to bring Methodism into accord with Christianity!

The Apostle Paul in I Corinthians 12, points out that we as Christians are all part of the Body of Christ on earth. What part do the editors of *motive* represent?

W. L. HARRIS
chairman of the board
welborne united methodist church
richmond, virginia



The very *fact* of the woman issue of *motive* has long distance phone calls going and coming across the country among lots of different networks of women I know; some were in touch with the movement before, some weren't. So here's some good feedback to you via the image of women running to the telephone: they're too excited to sit down and write letters to each other.

The issue itself—image and format-wise—is great. Especially the frontispiece. Haven't finished reading all the articles yet, but so far, they're all right on target. Especially Ozick's.

Here's \$8. Hope you have 10 copies I can have in return. Are they going so fast and furiously that there won't be a bunch left which we can sell during a national student YW gathering in St. Louis June 11-18?

BETSY GWYNN
chicago, illinois



I was surprised when I saw the March-April issue of *motive* . Many members of the United Methodist Church have been asleep at the switch and do not know what is taking place in their Church organization. This magazine has taken the Church to a new low in its already strong trend toward modernism, socialism, communism, immorality and the like. Any member of the United Methodist Church who can look at the pictures and read the contents, and be proud of their church membership, need some deep soul-searching. Some of the articles are shockers. A Baptist man, a deacon in their church, was in my home and saw the magazine. He asked where we get such a magazine. I told him it was published by the Board of Education of the United Methodist Church. He said, "You can't mean it;" then said, "The Lord have mercy on their soul."

If this is what the United Methodist Church stands for, I'm all for getting out of the organization.

T. H. MURPHY
carthage, miss.



The college students of our church have brought to my attention the March-April 1969 issue of *motive* . They are honest, modern, exposed college and university young people. They view the current issue as being plain, raw pornography. Their question is a simple, sincere one: "Is there any place left where we can get freedom from the trash that is spelled out in the four-letter words that little boys and girls learn to write on toilet walls?" Then they add that truly "the church should not have to stoop below the filth found on news stands in order to maintain a congregation."

Well, Sir, people do not go to church to be "shocked." They are getting pretty tired of it. Just because they are "captive" is no guarantee that they cannot go away. Unfortunately, it is well-intentioned Christian concerns, such as yours, that is driving them away. Surely, you can do better than this March-April 1969 issue. If you can't *clean up to Playboy* , quit!

RAMSEY BRIDGES, MINISTER
cross lanes united methodist church
charleston, west virginia



I have been a fan of *motive* magazine since Oberlin College days, throughout male-dominated Harvard Divinity days and throughout ten years in the campus ministry. I had been warned of this issue and awaited it enthusiastically. In general it was what I expected. It reaffirmed Erikson's observation in *Identity: Youth and Crisis* ; "... it seems to be amazingly hard for women to say clearly what they feel most deeply . . . without saying it with defiance or apology." (p. 263)

My own involvement in verbalizing the "woman problem" came to a tentative climax in a doctoral dissertation in 1967 in which I interviewed women in the male professions (dominantly seminary women). The oldest interviewee (age 59) had obtained the fullest integration of herself as female, as role (daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, etc.) and as a person contributing significantly to community needs by originating a counseling center in her town.

I find most of the young women I currently counsel expect that their life patterns will incorporate the infinite variety (about which Morton Hunt popularly writes) toward a real integration. A few of them are realistic about the conflict, tension and fulfillment possible if they are genuinely willing to work hard and feel deeply. (Not many are willing to put in the enormous amount of work Cynthia Ozick contributed in writing her book.)

Of all the articles in the March-April issue, I found Naomi Weisstein's most persuasive, perhaps because our age and background has brought us close to the same spot in this search for self in the context of a differentiation from man (in particular) and an integration with man generically. Naomi says "It is clear that until social expectations for men and women are equal, until we provide equal respect for both men and women, our answers to this question" (differences and similarities of male and female) "will simply reflect our prejudices."

That "until" would appear to be a hoped-for but unattainable goal. This should not deter us from working for it; however, I feel the wiser, more creative way in which to work toward a degree of mutual respect and "support" (Hawley's considered and sensitive approach) would be to emphasize man's self-interest in this whole process.

Too many of the articles in the issue of *motive* were angry, self-defeating and, as B. J. Stiles suggested, "anti-male." To put the male ego on the defensive and to impose on the male population an abundance of guilt is to perpetuate the set-back

in openness and understanding acceptance for which women have been paying the price since the feminist movement days.

I hope we shall never lose the prime power for mature perspective and mutual understanding that LAUGHTER gives. (This goes for Student and Black Power movements as well.) We are funny . . . as women, as men, as student, as black, as white . . . as human beings. Why do we need to be afraid to laugh with men at ourselves? The more we revere our true differences (whatever these are) and enhance our human similarities, the more our laughter will reconcile rather than ridicule.

I'm convinced the freedom to do this (to laugh, to love, to be female) must come from WITHIN each of us as we relate honestly and humorously to men and to ourselves.

Thanks for providing this issue and its issues coherently. The "growth process" toward greater security (inner and outer space) is always given a lift by sharing. It was helpful to meet, through *motive*, other women just as "kooky" as I am.

"For it is surely a LIFE time work
This learning to be a woman,
Until at the end, what is clear,
Is the marvelous skill to make
Life grow in all its forms."—Frances G. Wickes
The Inner World of Choice, New York:
Harper and Row, Inc., 1963, p. 22.

BETH E. RHODE
the hunter college protestant
association, inc.
new york, new york

♂

I want to register my appreciation for the current issue of *motive*—"On the Liberation of Women."

Some of the major content was news to me; much was familiar information which echoed what I have been seeing and feeling among the younger generation the last few years. I suppose one of the most enlightening facets of this issue for me was the perspective—a woman's perspective. I was helped a great deal in my own understanding of the injustice, sexual enslavements, and psychological myths that American women are forced to endure. I was quite pleased to know of the energy that many women are generating toward a radical change in our social/sexual climate. I wish them well and will support them wherever I can in this movement.

But my biggest reason for feeling positive and appreciative about this issue of *motive* springs from my close associations with youth, young adults and college/university students—that is, with members of the younger generation. These persons testify that they have little hope for the institutional church, especially as it is so often expressed in "lifeless, in-grown and adult-oriented" local congregations. But their faith has been kept alive or their interest in matters of faith and value orientation has been aroused by (1) those few "turned-on," celebrative, socially aware, politically active churchmen who have chanced across their path either in person or through some other medium, and (2) those courageous, faith-ventures of the institutional church that give evidence that the church has its ear both to a living God who is active where people really exist and to the fears, cries and joys of people who are going through that terribly frustrating, ambivalent and confusing adventure called life.

motive has been a shining example of such faith ventures in the eyes of students and young adults. It is not quite radical enough for some of the more radical, aggressive members and leaders of the younger generation, but even they, I believe, have a basic appreciation for what the editors of *motive* have been struggling to do.

The current issue on "The Liberation of Women" focuses on an issue which is of growing concern to the whole younger generation. Facets of the issue include (1) the demythologizing of that language phenomenon known in the minds of

many adults as "the four-letter word," (2) a willingness to deal openly with our society's hang-ups, perversions and misunderstandings about sex, (3) an awareness of the total-environment orientation of much of life today and (4) the basic need for handles and/or role models to begin creating and finding meaning in the midst of conflict and ambivalence. *motive* is not the savior for the younger generation on this major issue or on any other issue, but it is a symbol of hope and prophecy in a very dry land.

BILL GARRETT
nashville, tennessee

♀

Your letter regarding *motive* came today and I did already know about the controversy. I hope to write to the local Commission on Education and also to the Board of Higher Education also if time permits.

I feel that one man should not be able to stop or postpone publication regardless of his position. I also feel that (perhaps subconsciously) the reason is not the use of four-letter words. As these words were used in the March-April issue, to point out their negative connotations, I can't see how anyone could object.

As a woman—housewife—mother, etc., I thought the March-April issue was outstanding! In fact I would like about five extra copies if you could please send them and bill me.

The *motive* staff might do well to discuss and write on (maybe in the form of a taped panel discussion) the significance of the March-April issue being the one that precipitated *motive's* latest crisis. Also if you still have communication with Mr. Stiles, please ask him for me "why his defensiveness?" (p. 86—Between Bars) I didn't understand all his esoteric jargon but I got the impression he felt threatened by his "guest" writers. Is it such a big step from swinging with Stokely to being able to swing with Jane?

MRS. CAROL DAVISON
bayville, new york

♀

The Women's Liberation Issue of *motive* is just marvelous. It is wonderful for turning women on to the liberation thing because where they wrinkle their noses at our mimeographed stuff, the attractive make-up of this magazine is a good lure. Also wonderful for the regular liberation people—it's nice to have something beautiful for us on our terms.

I've asked the U. of Chicago bookstore to order some because I think there is a widespread interest on our campus.

It was a good set of articles although they all were a bit heavy on the economics at the expense of other good issues. Also, wish there had been more poetry.

Thank you very much.

KRISTIN GLASER
chicago, illinois

♀

I very much appreciate your March-April issue of *motive* magazine. It asks and somewhat helps to answer many of the questions that I, as a college junior, have been asking myself lately.

Thank you again.

LINDA RAUHAUS
oakville, iowa

♀

March-April:

Fantastic!

Keep it up.

B. JUSTIN
chicago, illinois

notes toward

WASHINGTON, D.C.

At the gate of our consciousness the occult calls us to step outside self-imposed boundaries. That call provides a genuine test for a so-called civilized society. Will Americans tolerate the occult in their midst? Will middle-class values break the growth of an alternative life-style which, like a wind-tunnel, tests its mechanized models? The answers are still in doubt.

Mrs. Catharine Grant, known as the "witch of Washington," has her salon on East Capitol Street, a five-minute walk from Capitol Hill. She has a certain modest influence upon the operations of our government. Her clientele come from official Washington circles to have their horoscopes read in her Victorian livingroom. Her presence is a gentle reminder of an ancestral past when the motion of the stars and the deliberations of government were in conjunction with one another.

While the "witch of Washington" enjoys a certain reputation and protection, others who believe in the occult have all they can do to stay out of jail. Walk up to du Pont Circle and watch the Ancient Combat between the forces of Street People and the forces of Strength. The official response to the rapid growth of the drug culture has turned, for the most part, on intimidation and arrest. This issue of *motive* puts together another story.

Far from being escapist, the occult can be a point of departure from which to create a workshop, and there to fashion a new society.

(This insight came from Norman O. Brown and Philip Hallie some time ago.) The occult gets us off the ground of a heavily burdened materialistic culture. Or, as Nietzsche said, if we learn to dance, we are no longer grave, or near the grave. Instead, we are standing at the open tomb, together, looking toward the Lord of the Dance.

There is very little room in the Holiday Inn of our culture for the development of alternative life-styles. Mass media, mass transportation and massive bureaucracies have ironed out American culture; its mediocrity is recognized everywhere in the fifty states. Pockets of exciting, experimental, cultural adventures are rooted out either by over-exposure to the public eye, non-support or harassment. (For this insight, credit Mark Juergensmeyer's recent article in *Humanity* on the People's Park in Berkeley.) We perpetuate only what is familiar in our culture. Just as interchangeable parts transformed the rifle into standardized military equipment, American culture has been similarly streamlined for efficient use. The Holiday Inn symbolizes an entire value system over and against which a new generation of life-affirming commitments are growing.

It is worth the struggle to make the room larger. The occult provides a subterranean

a civil future

. . . our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. . . . No Account of the universe in its totality can be final which leaves these other forms of consciousness quite disregarded. . . . they forbid a premature closing of our accounts with reality.

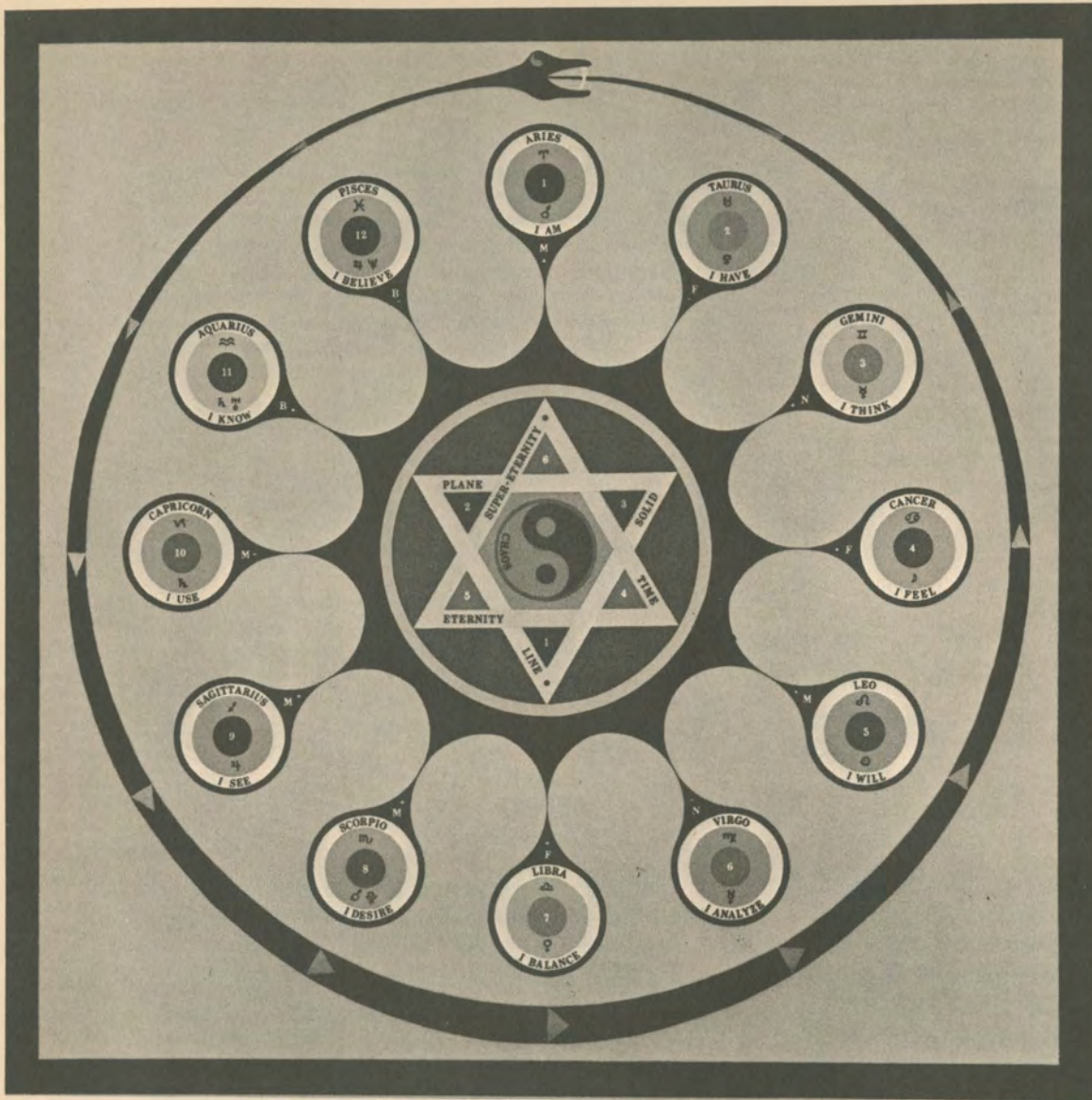
—William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (New York: Modern Library, 1936), pp. 378-79.

river of imaginative possibilities. Some of its tributaries teach a precious quality for our arrogant society—namely, humility. Unfortunately, the content of Christian humility occasionally degenerates into a servitude to secular values, rather than providing, as the occult does, a workshop for clear vision. The artist, poet, mystic and guru feed these tributaries with their life-affirming talents. Were they and their followers damned by a culture fearful of their energies, then we would be tragically impoverished.

Some room for the occult has been made in the university. Participation in the new (and old) "varieties of religious experience" on college campuses has decisively increased over the past five years. The coffee-house culture, though still viable, finds a competitor in smoke-filled rooms where experiments in new liturgical forms are hotly discussed. The illegality of this kind of "planning" catches up the stance of civil disobedience which has characterized the present student generation. While these liturgies are exciting experiments, they will become the uncritical handmaiden of political activism unless they are seen from the perspective *sub specie aeternitatis*, or "under God." From this perspective time is transformed into eternity, history into poetry. Old and New are the same scripture. Opposites are reconciled. Right-wing and left-wing come together to form a plane of mystical communion.

motive's purpose in this issue is to present the first of several "mini-theme" reactions to this unsettling world. We are saying we do not want human possibilities to be engulfed by bitterness, exploitation, boredom or despair. We have and will continue to introduce new elements into *motive's* tradition of prophetic witness to the struggle for dignity and redemption.

We have decided to do more than balance off the good and bad elements. Rather, we wish to provide testimony in defense of human possibilities for a civil future. This presentation of several "varieties of religious experience" is one such testimony. Other testimony may come from such sources as a court of law or a prayer meeting. Our perspective, namely that these and other societal forms are "under God," allows us to put seemingly diverse elements together to form a unified theme. The distillation of this rather head-y thinking is the Psyche-Bank appearing for the first time in *motive*, or anywhere else for that matter. It represents one of *motive's* aims, via the conceptual work of David Graham in Phoenix, to expand consciousness for the reception of new possibilities, created by random combinations of what we already know.—**R. Maurer**



PAUL LAFFOLEY

POSTER: PANDORA PRODUCTIONS

THE GROUP HEAD

by Stephen Gaskin

Our family is just like any other old married couple except there are four of us. Michael and Ina May were married for eight and a half years, and Stephen and Maggy were married for three years before we all got married together in June, 1968. We hadn't thought of getting married; we just liked getting high together. One night we all became completely telepathic and realized that we all wanted to be one thing. We went in and stood around the baby's crib, and we felt her join our group head. When we said out loud what we had all experienced telepathically, we realized that our contract was lifetime and we were truly married. We knew that we were a new kind of ecological unit. Five months later our other daughter, Dana, who is eight, joined us. The six of us live together holding all things in common.

We began to understand that, as a group head, four was more than just twice two. It says in the Bible that if two become as one

you can move mountains. In numerology the four is both the square and the cross, and the four contains not only four ones but four twos and four threes. In order for a four marriage to function smoothly, the members must be free from jealousy, which is a form of attachment. For religious practice, non-attachment is spiritually equal to renunciation. Our marriage is largely tantric in nature; this means that we appreciate the divinity of the mother principle as well as the father principle.

Our next major unit of involvement outside the family is Stephen's Monday night class meeting. The class, as of August, filled one of San Francisco's rock and roll ballrooms to capacity. It is an astral telepathic village that meets once a week. Stephen began the class three and a half years ago at San Francisco State College Experimental College. The class of about a dozen people was called "Group Experiments in Unified Field Theory" first semester. The second se-

about the author:

"Mystics are artists; and the stuff in which they work is most often human life. They want to heal the disharmony between the actual and the real." These words from Evelyn Underhill seem to most nearly say what Steve Gaskin is about. Otherwise, how do you describe a human energy so powerful that it rushes through your being like a wild wind! You are destroyed, but not hurt. Instead you are magically transformed with him into one great vibration of Joy—all beautiful and bejeweled in the act of touching and knowing . . . the Truth, the Real, the One.

Steve is physically present in San Francisco where he holds weekly "classes" at the Family Dog for thousands of young people. A semanticist and college teacher in San Francisco before he got turned on, Steve is part of a family—two men, two women, two children. The family, all consecrated to the interests of the Real, is busy counseling rock groups.

—SUE COUCH, Nashville

mester he called it "Magic, Einstein, and God." The third semester the class was called "North American White Witchcraft," and the fourth semester, "Meta-P.E." (Metaphysical Education). Three weeks before the San Francisco State College riots, the class moved to Glide Urban Center in downtown San Francisco, where the number grew to over four hundred, and the name changed to "Monday Night Class." Then the class moved to the Straight Theater, an old rock parlor at the end of Haight Street, and doubled its attendance. After three months at the Straight, the class moved to Chet Helms' new ballroom at the beach, The Family Dog on the Great Highway, and has grown to over fifteen hundred.

On Monday nights, Stephen uses his LSD-sharpened perceptions to steer the class into higher vibrational ranges. There is chanting, lecturing and questions and answers on such topics as what to do when stoned, how to make love, what to do about the draft, how to manifest a groovy trip, "Who is God?", "Who wants these kittens?", how does Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle relate to free will and determinism and "If Jesus was so tough, how come he let them do that to him?". Questions that may seem abstract, abstruse or philosophical can be of immediate importance and interest to LSD-altered frames of reference.

During the week, the family functions as a group head, counselling individuals, couples, parents and children, and group heads such as rock bands and communes. In counselling a group head, we have to keep in mind that non-communication among the members is the same as schizophrenia in an individual. This means that we have to take into account all levels of communication between people, including both the subtle and gross planes of body, speech and mind. Modes of communication that are in the subliminal range for someone in "ordinary" states of mind become luminously clear to an expanded consciousness.

One of the latent talents of the human mind that is amplified by LSD is the ability to see another person's subconscious. This third eye vision is the traditional instrument of the teacher. The object of the home meetings, as well as the larger class, is to clear the mind by making the subconscious conscious. The subconscious is the communications room for telepathy, not the garbage bin for hangups.

A good route to a clear subconscious is to learn control of attention. Reality is not free, but has a price. The way to buy reality is to pay attention. As the quality of attention improves, so improves the quality of here-and-now reality. Conceptualizing, or using the energy of here-and-now to think about there-and-then, short-circuits the here-and-now experience. Many people habitually spend ("pay") their time either in the past or in the future. Attention in the past splits the personality and creates schizophrenia (one side of the personality is the product of the edited tapes of the past, and the other side edits the tapes and therefore knows

better). Attention in the future creates paranoia. Projections into the future often lead to disappointment, because the probabilities upon which they are founded thin out as they reach ahead in time. Disappointment and fear of disappointment become a paranoid syndrome.

Much of the psychic technology we use is in the form of aphorisms learned "on the hoof" while on LSD. These are usually terse, like the following, as sometimes there is not much time for cerebration.

- ✦ We are all one.
- ✦ Truth before "high."
- ✦ You can't go anywhere that you can't get back from.
- ✦ Attention is energy.
- ✦ It's not that you can't lose it, but that you can always get it back.
- ✦ One man, one karma.
- ✦ Everyone creates everything that happens to him.
- ✦ It's not that you get high and come down, but that you get high and reintegrate at that level.
- ✦ "It's all in the mind, you know."—Beatles
- ✦ You can't come down from what you know.
- ✦ "As above, so below."—Hermes the Thrice-Majestic
- ✦ God is love.
- ✦ "If you would till the square foot field, till the square inch field."—I Ching
- ✦ "It's getting better all the time."—Beatles
- ✦ "If the unsulliable nature of the intellect be realized, no longer is it necessary to seek absolution of one's sins."—The Precepts of the Gurus, Tibetan Yoga
- ✦ Everybody really knows where it's at—all the time.

Although the foregoing aphorisms may seem austere, when it comes to the actual practice, the prime instruction is stay loose, groovy, high, happy and compassionate, to manifest the kingdom here and now, with or without the assistance of drugs. ■

BRUCE MISFELDT



PHOTOGRAPH

THE SEVENTH COMING

I poke about and sulk between the walls,
a brown bereaved spider,
learning new tricks from cobwebs.

My world is vertical.
I go up.

Birds somewhere repeat
the gospel of trees:
"The saviour cometh like a fox,
swallowing swallows,
picking his golden teeth
with their beaks."

My world is vertical.
I go up.

Floors creak and adjust
to changes like ripe old men.
I am so silent.
I am pierced by sunlight
through a plaster crack.

My world is vertical.
I go up.

The birds are dying. The trees are dying.
O, the saviour creaketh and cometh
like an old man,
like a bereaved brown spider

ascending.

—DANNY L. RENDLEMAN

The Recovery Of Judaism

by Arthur I. Waskow



PHOTOGRAPH



ROBERT ROHR

Many adult Jews feel deprived of the senses of spiritual depth, communal fraternity, traditional rootedness and connection between intellect and feeling that were among the best products of Jewish religion, culture and peoplehood. Many are discovering that these senses are extremely important to them, and perhaps especially so in a civilization that seems hypercerebral. It occurs to them that man finds himself, at the end of 250 years of "scientific" (i.e. cerebral and technological) effort, on the point of exterminating himself and—even if he avoids that catastrophe—poisoning and polluting his world. Would it be too much to expect that sane men would turn away from such a world, recoil from worship of the science that created it and search for roots of prescientific thought and feeling—especially feeling—that might connect them to a sense of mankind and of nature once again?—to a sense of love, joy and community that might color or transform the use of the technology that science made available?

about the author:

When I first met Arthur Waskow in the late summer of 1965, he was still describing himself as one of the last "Liberals." Two years later, following the chaotic convention of the National Conference for New Politics, Arthur joined the Movement—one full year after I was sure it was dead forever.

But the Movement—like Arthur—defies definition. The Civil Rights Movement, as such, was dead. But not so the more elusive cultural, anti-war and Black Movement that came to characterize the late '60s. Arthur took his joining seriously, and over the past two years has involved himself in numerous happenings, which, no doubt, have made his former liberal colleagues uncomfortable.

But he is more than a Movement activist. As a Resident Fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, he underscores his activism with research and writing projects that are serious attempts to deal in a theoretical way with problems such as community control of the police, the future, international peacekeeping and disarmament, and the urban crisis. His recent writings on ritual and religion and his involvement with the Jews for Urban Justice are indicative of an openness on his part to explore with us rather than about us.

He is a bearded intellectual historian who looks something like Alan Ginsberg and a Jewish rabbi—and somehow manages to embody the best character traits of both. His recent Freedom Seder is a lovely combination of both poetry and prophecy.

Husband of Irene, father of David and Shoshanna, draft resister and conspirator, historian, activist and friend—he is a lovely, warm and open human being who deserves a hug from all of us.

—SUE THRASHER, Atlanta

In that context, the "religious" sense—that is, an urgency for reconnecting mind, body and spirit—becomes a deeply human response to the dehumanizing society. Naturally, in that response there might emerge some very peculiar notions of what religion should be. Indeed, the more "forbidden" a religious expression, the more scornfully it is treated by conventional society, the more attraction it might hold for the desperate and the furious, as a form of resistance to the conventionally celebrated death of man.

In the individual biographies of those who are now experimenting/experiencing the religious impulse, the years of childhood probably determine what form it takes. For some, there were explicit religious rituals and intense communal and family feeling built around them. Then perhaps came years in high school and college during which these feelings of mystery and Transcendence were buried and ignored, and the rituals rejected and scorned, in behalf of highly "rational," intellectualized, manipulable science, mathematics and social science. Then comes the attempt to "transcend MIT" by recovering and retranslating the childhood roots into an adult fusion of intellect and mystery. Jews who were children in the 1930s and '40s may have had an especially strong exposure to specifically religious teachings, as their parents reacted to the Holocaust, and may also have had an especially strong dose of the MIT culture, drawing as it does on some particular and partial roots of the Jewish culture. Thus the reaching among Jews for a reintegration of thought and feeling and for a revitalization of Judaism is probably especially strong.



BRUCE MISFELDT

PHOTOGRAPH

And as they look out from their own lives to the social system, their personal biographies and social history seem to recapitulate and strengthen each other, with the last two centuries playing for Mankind as a whole the role of "the years at MIT."

But these "reawakened Jews" are not likely to be satisfied with conventional Judaism. They will reject precisely those forms of "religion" that are endorsed by, indeed encouraged by, those who rule the society—such as prayer breakfasts, such as "Judaean-Christian" dedication services, such as the tolerated pluralism of marginally different denominations together with punishment for radically different faiths like Jehovah's Witnesses, Black Muslims, the Neo-American Church. Such reawakened Jews will be looking for religious forms that fuse their urgency about social change with expressions of spiritual urgency, that fuse adult concerns for both justice and community.

It is these needs and demands that the National Jewish Organizing Project* hopes to meet. Its prototype, Jews for Urban Justice in Washington, has already experimented with religious forms that do so. For example, on April 4, 1968 (the first anniversary of the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King and of the Black uprising in Washington and the third night of Passover), JUJ sponsored a Freedom Seder,• attended by 800 persons—about 80 Black, another 80 or so white Christians, and the rest Jews. The Seder provided an occasion for rediscovery of the relevance of Judaism to the modern world, through the celebration of liberation, discussion of violence and non-violence, a comparison of the Exodus with modern liberation movements, and a reexamination of the unfinished work of liberation from the Pharaohs under whom we all live. It also made an opportunity for

* P.O. Box 19162, Twentieth Street Station, Washington, D.C.

• Freedom Seder—The Seder is the order of service commemorating the liberation of the people of Israel from Egypt which is recited and reenacted each year. The Last Supper was a passover Seder. The service used in the Freedom Seder was published by Micah Press, P.O. Box 19149, 20th St. Station, Washington, D.C. and is available for \$1 per copy.

intense personal emotional feeling joined in communal solidarity, and thus the satisfaction of spiritual as well as social-action impulses. Similarly, JIJ sponsored a Tisha B'Av religious service* on the steps of the United States Capitol in the midst of the debate over the ABM, and fused the traditional reading of Lamentations for Jerusalem and mourning for the destruction of the Temple with deep modern fears of the thermonuclear destruction of Washington and indeed of mankind.

This fusion of political radicalism with spiritual communion seems an important direction for both The Movement (radical and typically puzzled by religion) and The Reawakening (religious and typically puzzled by radicalism) to explore. On the Movement's side, it would seem dangerous to dismiss this approach as pork-chop cultural nationalism or to throw away the insights of the "new" left into the way the ruling class has used cultural repression to control the people and protect its highly bureaucratized system. One Movement danger may be the degeneration of an allegedly revolutionary Marxist movement into a mirror-image, one-dimensionalized version of the Amerika it is trying to topple; another may be the isolation of that movement from one of the strongest rebellious impulses welling up from the general American people—which may be discovering it is not so much a single people as all that. The wiser response from the Movement would seem to be working among "cultural revolutionaries" or the Reawakened religious to lay bare the connections between cultural repression, the one-dimensional society and political and economic exploitation on the one hand,

and between cultural rebellion or nationalism and economic and political insurgency on the other—accepting, in short, that the system tries to expropriate our heads and hearts as well as our bodies, and also the connections among them—and recognizing the legitimacy of an effort to recover our heads and hearts for ourselves.

On the other hand, cultural rebels or religious organizers should make every effort to connect integrally the traditional or newly-created religious rituals and cultural assertions with political and economic analysis (as the Jewish Organizing Project explicitly connects the Prophetic and Chassidic traditions with demands for the economic and political as well as spiritual transformation of America and the Jewish community). Worked on in these ways, the impulse for spiritual liberation need not degenerate into pie in the sky, but be closely attuned to the more usual radical demands.

There are perhaps legitimate fears that appeals to traditional rituals may inflame traditional enmities between those who should be allies in revolution (as SSOC's use of the Confederate flag, even crossed by black-and-white handclasp, may do, or as the Passover-Easter rituals might have done). There should be no blind obeisance to the past. The reconstruction of old rituals so that they unite us across our separate religious senses is a task that requires both intelligence and feeling—as does all the work of the movement. It is no answer to say that the task is too difficult. ■

* Tisha B'Av—The Ninth of the Month of Av is set aside by Jews as a memorial for the destruction of the first and second Temples in Jerusalem.

DON CORTESE

ETCHING: GREY LADY



BRYCE AND CHARLOTTE

Photos and text: Bob Fitch

about the author:

Bob Fitch is my friend, probably because I like the way he lives.

We share a lot of friends. I asked them what was characteristic about his life style and they said: "He looks at people's faces, and he is a damn perceptive looker." "Bob is a skillful Christian voyeur." "Fitch is always in a hurry, he is so unrelenting." "He always has that camera looking for the universal uncommon element and sometimes he finds it." "When he gets harried or over-tired his satiric humor can hurt." "He has one of the best selective photographic eyes in the country." "Bob is a man who can easily get with it." "If it is pretty pictures you want call an ad agency. If you want something that points to the human depth, call Fitch."

Bob Fitch is a good guy to work with.

—Ted McIlvenna, San Francisco





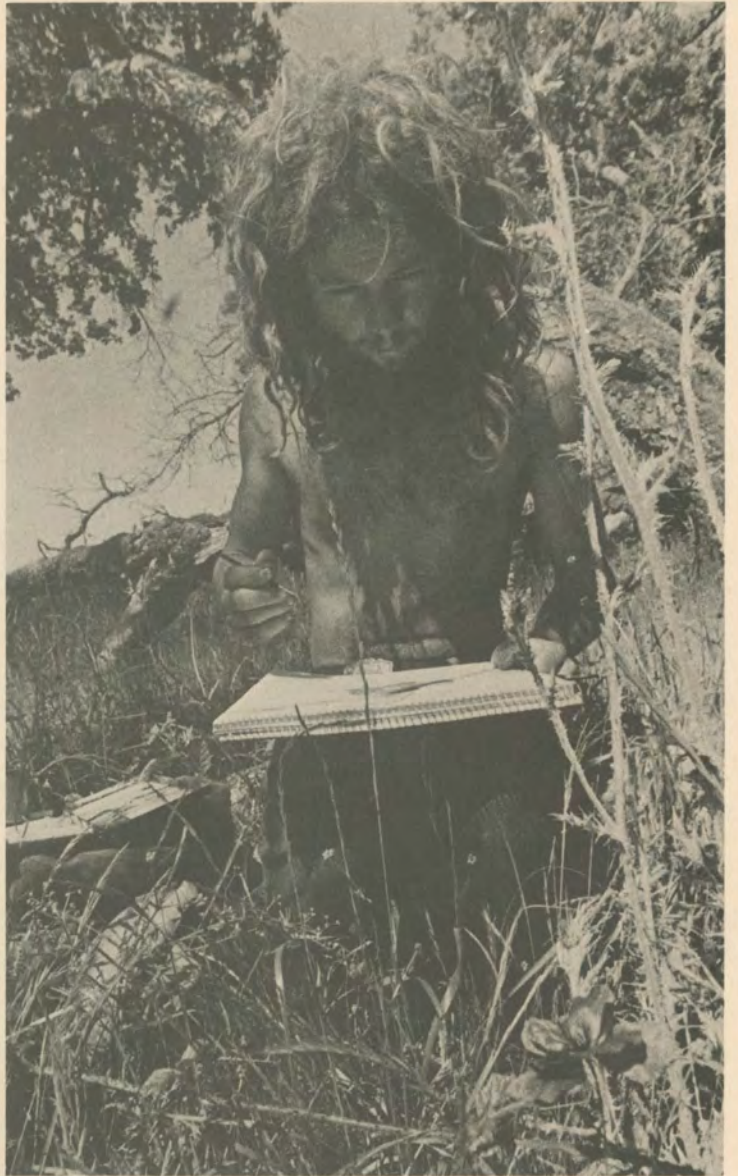
Bryce and Charlotte live on a commune in the Pacific Northwest.

Bryce is like a stag, and Charlotte is his doe.

They live with the earth and periodically retreat further into the wilderness to escape advancing civilization.

Charlotte told me that after six months of dodging rangers in one private forest they could detect the presence of other humans by listening to the signals of the animals.

She said, "we were on the animals' side."



*When Bryce paints watercolors of wild flowers he
rests in the forest until his mane almost tangles
with the weeds.*



When Charlotte waters the commune garden her pregnant shape is an exclamation of the fertility that surrounds her.



*When together they climb the
ocean rocks they are like mobile
boulders changing the shape of the cliffs
with their movement.*



One day they asked me to marry them. I was reluctant. For the first time I really felt the rite would jeopardize a relationship.

Together we decided the rite was important. Unlike the usual service with its untested promises for an uncertain future, they asked blessing for a relationship that had already survived intimacy.





We talked about photographing the birth of the child. It was to be a natural birth, taking place in the hut they had constructed from natural material, with a few friends present.

As the birth date approached the number of friends and their self-consciousness increased. Bryce declared it was once again time to retreat.

Civilization was moving in, and I was part of it. I loved them too much to betray the life they wanted to live and the relationship we had, so I was the first to leave.

Maybe I'll see them again,
when several seasons have passed,
and the child is a yearling.



I ADMIT MYSELF

I
admit myself

(one son
of
lively prayer)

to my own
dreams

admit my
own hope
that my
dreams will
end in
light.

That is all.

I deny the
dreams.

You
who
are
my
friends

who know
the color
of my own
spirit

we who
share fire

I love you.

I deny
every word
but
spring

and we
the word and
the man wait
with
patience

for each
other's
season

our
fertility
grows birds.

There is
one
sun

from the
beginning

without words.

I deny that
there is
any

thing else
to say
in the world.

There is a
structure
to all
purity

and we
will learn

I admit
knowing
who is
my brother

and next
knowing
an uncounted
amount
of
vision
wordlessly.

I let you
sit there
now

you must
touch truth to
each other's
faces.

WILLIAM DAVIS

A Singing Darkness

by Vernon Clark

When a person is, or thinks he is, about to die, he may encounter within himself a built-in immortality, a consciousness of eternal life. Vernon Clark had no conviction that he should have eternal life; he was conscious that he had it already.—ED.

Some years ago, as a result of an accident, it was necessary that I undergo major surgery. Aside from the effects of the accident itself I was in ill health at the time, with vitality at a low ebb and the general feeling tone one of depression. The surgery did not take place for some days after admission to the hospital due to the physicians' indecision as to the wisest course to pursue, and this indecision, unhappily, was communicated to me. Thus, the days before the event were filled with an ever-deepening pessimism along with an intensification of anxiety such as I had not experienced before. In short, I came to believe that I would not survive the ordeal, that I would surely die.

Perhaps most painful of all was the ever-mounting sense of loneliness and isolation. My perception of the persons around me changed radically. Members of my family, beloved friends who would have granted any reasonable request but for the asking, suddenly appeared as little more than robots, metallic and empty, programmed for the mechanical expression of sympathy. I could not touch warmth or love, and warmth and love could not touch me.

As the days passed, the feeling of isolation was compounded. To make matters worse, whatever confidence I may have had in the

"magic of medicine" collapsed like a house of cards. My surgeon-to-be, whom I knew to be a competent professional man, suddenly appeared tired, personally unhappy and confused, the interns clumsy and pretentious boys, and my anesthetist a flighty woman who would ask questions and then not bother to listen to the answers. The expectation of death was with me constantly as I recoiled from the prospect of giving up my precious ego. And parallel to this came a period of devastating self-examination. I saw my life as a wasted treasure. What of those who would be left behind, the children uneducated, the friends unthanked, the enemies unreconciled, the tasks left incomplete, the debts unpaid? My sense of duty, which I had always regarded as my chief virtue, became a demon with a thousand arms, brandishing some omission in every hand.

A thousand times during those first days it occurred to me to pray but I could not. In fact, I had not for many years except ritually at weddings and funerals or at some spectacular pageant at Christmas or Easter. When I considered the possibility, it invoked ideas of God which seemed to me to be naive and narcissistic. It appeared ridiculous to believe that I could hope to persuade the Logos to interfere with a natural process in the interest of an organism that would die anyway within thirty or forty years on the outside.

But I think that only one who is, or who thinks he is, *in extremis*, or possibly a minister or a psychologist, by hearsay, can conceive of what a blazing inferno the mind is like at such a time. The more effort is made to control, the wilder and more chaotic the mental processes become. At such a time one must do something, even in the face of the conviction that there is nothing he can do that will make any difference. It was thus that I finally fled to the Lord's Prayer, the only one, incidentally, that ever seemed to make any sense to me.

From the first I was aware of a difference in my approach to this time-honored formula. At any rate, I found myself going over it again and again, with real attention and concentration, as though I had not heard it before. And each time around one phrase, "Thy will be done," became more salient until I finally dropped the rest and focused upon this alone. I was to realize later that in approaching the problem in this way I had inadvertently stumbled upon two techniques

which mystics, both East and West, have recommended to those who seek enlightenment or union with God, as the case may be. Usually these techniques are called concentration and meditation and involve the centering of the mind upon some object or phrase to the exclusion of all else in the rational consciousness. The aim is to empty the mind of all ordinary concerns, to exclude all external stimuli from the mental field, so that the aspiring trainee may finally perceive the



LITHOGRAPH: REFLECTIONS IN A WINDOW

ONE. And I was amused to realize, also later, that modern psychologists interested in the study of stimulus deprivation have, like myself, stumbled upon these same techniques.

To return for a moment to a consideration of the focus of concentration, the phrase, "Thy will be done," I should like to try to convey, somehow, a bit of my subjective condition as the experience developed. Had I been asked to comment on the meaning of this phrase at an earlier time and under

different circumstances, I would undoubtedly have referred instantly to THE FUTURE OF AN ILLUSION, have mumbled something about projection, passivity and the search for narcissistic security. And I have no doubt that such notions are most useful under certain psychological conditions. But I should be dishonest if I were to pretend, with pseudo-objectivity, that I could explain this experience to myself in these terms alone. Rather, it seemed that I had at last been able to allow myself to realize that I was a part of the great stream of life and death, that I would die as my ancestors had and my progeny would, that there were some things I could do and many more that I could not; moreover, that there was a certain rightness about the whole process. It was at this point that the panic departed although the sadness did not, and I was able to relax for the first time in weeks. It was in this mood that I greeted the day on which the operation was to take place. I was taken to surgery seven hours late, and the drugs to dispel anxiety, when they were finally administered, were of little help. I could see through the euphoria they induced, and knew it to be phony. The anesthetist raised her needle and I bade goodbye to the face of the clock, never expecting to see it, or anything else, again.

I awoke to find myself in a state of complete serenity. My consciousness seemed to be located slightly behind and above my head and appeared to have the form of an enormous flower, multipetaled beyond number. Moreover, this consciousness, although mine and entirely mine, was at the same time more than and beyond mine; it was the consciousness of all of reality, within which all things were united with all other things, without any differences or separation. At this point it would have been entirely correct for me to have said that I was God or that I was united with God, or that I was within God or that God was within me, or to have applied to myself any of the terms that have been used to describe the apprehension of Oneness. But there was no pressure to make such a statement and besides, there was no one outside the Oneness to whom it might be made. The serenity was enough in itself, and in this Eternity I remained for an eternity.

From this state I gradually emerged. My ego was once again somewhat more my own, except larger and still in some fashion attached to the One. I found myself to exist



JACK PERLMUTTER

in what I can only describe as a "singing darkness"; as though all the notes that had ever been struck or ever would be struck had combined into one harmonic tone, rich and resonant, which sounded forever. It was this tone, I discovered, that held the universe together. It had a silvery white color which, in turn, was composed of all the colors of the spectrum. Somehow or other, the tone and its color seemed to represent the basic root of all Being.

For the first time, I then directed my attention outside myself. I was interested and curious to learn that I was looking down upon, as though from a great distance, the theatre in which my surgery was taking place. The figures in the drama were very tiny, no bigger than my thumb, and I was able to observe that the figure on the table was myself. Suddenly the whole thing was utterly hilarious and unbelievable, as though I were the victim of an immense practical joke I had played upon myself. How could I have allowed this little body, hardly more impor-

tant than a dried leaf that is blown before one in the wind, to become the source of such anxiety and fear? There was a vague memory of the expectation of death, but I couldn't find a meaning for the word. More correctly, the definition, mechanically recalled, evoked nothing of which the psyche could take hold.

Then I began to notice, with impersonal curiosity, what was going on in the surgery. I had expected there would be three people, besides myself, the anesthetist, the surgeon, and his assistant. Instead I saw that there were two more, these being busily engaged in placing some sort of board under my body. Later, as a result of cagey inquiry, I was to learn that two X-ray technicians had indeed been called into the surgery and the "board" which I had seen had been the X-ray plate which they were fitting into place. I also noticed that my right side, rather than



DON CORTESE



ETCHING: LANDSCAPE AND PORTRAIT

the injured left, was elevated. I wondered how the surgeon could have made such an error. Later this too fell into place as I realized that I was witnessing the end of the surgery and not the beginning, as I had supposed. The important thing is that all of this, although slightly amusing, seemed to have nothing to do with my affairs at all. The whole scene was being acted out by Lilliputians, no doubt of great moment to them, but remote from any concern of mine.

In passing, I realized that although all of this was taking place in absolute darkness, it was nevertheless perceived in full rich color. I remembered that it is impossible to see color in the dark, but that I was doing it anyway.

I then returned to the original condition of serenity and thence to that ineffable state which has been called the Void, or Nirvana or Union with God, or what you will. None of these terms are any good, descriptively, which is why the condition has been called ineffable, I suppose.

I awoke to find myself being carefully put in bed by Aesculapius and Hippocrates and reproached myself, with some humor, for having previously missed the true identity of my surgeon and his assistant. But then, of course, I had missed my own as well. And after all, when a god falls ill, who but the gods and heroes shall minister to him? Some moments later Hermes (I was to know him later by another name) came into the room, performed some small office, and pleasantly departed. I thanked them all for their kindnesses but did not tell them that I had penetrated their disguises. I was confident that they knew their own identities without any prompting from me. But all of this was only symbolic-analytic playing. The One had departed, leaving behind only a bit of brightness around the edges of things. Rational consciousness, all unchallenged, was once again enthroned. ■

On the evening that Vernon Clark read the above paper to a group of friends, he died. The following statement is adapted from the funeral meditation.—ED.

We can be thankful for Vernon Clark's openness to all that is human. During the past few days I have been asked many questions about him, and I came to realize that I know little about him. We did not have to know much about him: we knew him because he revealed himself to us.

He had the intellectual gifts of a scientist but the sensitive spirit of the artist. He was deeply sensitive to life about him, particularly to other persons and their needs. This quality in him has enriched all of us.

With his sensitivity there was another quality: his selflessness. Many sensitive people use this quality for their own advancement and purpose. Not so Vernon. One has met few persons who show so consistently such a small concern for themselves and such a great concern for others.

Vernon also was a healing person. He knew how to help divided persons to become whole. He practiced his healing as a psychologist. He also performed a deep spiritual ministry to those with whom he worked, without depending on the usual forms and symbols of religion. He had reality, and therefore he did not have to depend upon the forms and symbols.

—CARROLL A. WISE, Evanston, Illinois

the question that our completely ordered life has created
upon the entire ecosystem - only the opening up of our
We NEED AN INNER TRANSFORMATION that would generate the energy necessary to repair the

enable the system - as - a - whole to merge or harmonize
that I was raised and educated as a university intellectual - disem
bodied budget boy, capable of writing critical essays. Not only that - my
father was a minister with some papers
five ideas about sexuality. (+)
The old symbols are not able to contain
that is now building up, especially, of certain
of spirit/principles.

the new energy. (o)
The old symbols are not able to contain
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Psychedelics and Religious Experience

by Alan Watts

The experiences resulting from the use of psychedelic drugs are often described in religious terms. They are therefore of interest to those like myself who, in the tradition of William James, are concerned with the psychology of religion. For more than thirty years I have been studying the causes, the consequences and the conditions of those peculiar states of consciousness in which the individual discovers himself to be one continuous process with God, with the Universe, with the Ground of Being or whatever name he may use, by cultural conditioning or personal preference, for the ultimate and eternal reality.

We have no satisfactory and definitive name for experiences of this kind. The terms "religious experience," "mystical experience"

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about the author:

Alan Watts, who is along with D. T. Suzuki America's most distinguished and influential exponent of Zen Buddhism, has been involved in the serious study of Eastern philosophy and religion since he was a young man barely out of his teens. Born in England and trained for the Anglican ministry, Watts was only in his mid-thirties when, in the early 1950s, he became the leading figure at San Francisco's School of Asian Studies; but already then he had several publications on Zen behind him, plus the experience of editing *The Middle Way* and the "Wisdom of the East" series, both important English publications in the field of oriental philosophy.

Watts' influence on the character of post-World War II American culture has been of supreme importance. What America—especially young and alienated America—knows about Zen, it has learned from Watts more than from any other single thinker. He has liberated the insights and the spirit of Zen from the dead hand of the academy and has made this perverse and baffling Eastern tradition a vital part of the contemporary consciousness.

A man of many audiences, Watts has done more than the scholar's job of simply explicating oriental philosophy; he has performed the philosopher's function of illuminating the relevance of Zen and Taoist insights to the science, psychotherapy, art, ethics and politics of the West.

—THEODORE ROSZAK, Hayward, California

and "cosmic consciousness" are all too vague and comprehensive to denote that specific mode of consciousness which, to those who have known it, is as real and overwhelming as falling in love. This article describes such states of consciousness as and when induced by psychedelic drugs, although they are virtually indistinguishable from genuine mystical experience. The article then discusses objections to the use of psychedelic drugs which arise mainly from the opposition between mystical values and the traditional religious and secular values of Western society.

The idea of mystical experiences resulting from drug use is not readily accepted in Western societies. Western culture has, historically, a particular fascination with the value and virtue of man as an individual, self-determining, responsible ego, controlling himself and his world by the power of conscious effort and will. Nothing, then, could be more repugnant to this cultural tradition than the notion of spiritual or psychological growth through the use of drugs. A "drugged" person is by definition dimmed in consciousness, fogged in judgment and deprived of will. But not all psychotropic (consciousness-changing) chemicals are narcotic and soporific, as are alcohol, opiates and barbiturates. The effects of what are now called psychedelic (mind-manifesting) chemicals differ from those of alcohol as laughter differs from rage or delight from depression. There is really no analogy between being "high" on LSD and "drunk" on bourbon. True, no one in either state should drive a car, but neither should one drive while reading a book, playing a violin or making love. Certain creative activities and states of mind demand a concentration and devotion which are simply incompatible with piloting a death-dealing engine along a highway.

I myself have experimented with five of the principal psychedelics: LSD-25, mescaline, psilocybin, dimethyl-tryptamine (DMT) and cannabis. I have done so, as William James tried nitrous oxide, to see if they could help me in identifying what might be called the "essential" or "active" ingredients of the mystical experience. For almost all the classical literature on mysticism is vague, not only in describing the experience, but also in showing rational connections between the experience itself and the various traditional methods recommended to induce it—fasting, concentration, breathing exercises, prayers, incantations and dances. A traditional master of Zen or Yoga, when asked why such-

and-such practices lead or predispose one to the mystical experience, always responds, "This is the way my teacher gave it to me. This is the way I found out. If you're seriously interested, try it for yourself." This answer hardly satisfies an impertinent, scientifically-minded and intellectually curious Westerner. It reminds him of archaic medical prescriptions compounding five salamanders, powdered gallowsrope, three boiled bats, a scruple of phosphorus, three pinches of henbane and a dollop of dragon dung dropped when the moon was in Pisces. Maybe it worked, but what was the essential ingredient?

It struck me, therefore, that if any of the psychedelic chemicals would in fact predispose my consciousness to the mystical experience, I could use them as instruments for studying and describing that experience as one uses a microscope for bacteriology, even though the microscope is an "artificial" and "unnatural" contrivance which might be said to "distort" the vision of the naked eye. However, when I was first invited to test the mystical qualities of LSD-25 by Dr. Keith Ditman of the Neuropsychiatric Clinic at UCLA Medical School, I was unwilling to believe that any mere chemical could induce a genuine mystical experience. At most it might bring about a state of spiritual insight analogous to swimming with water wings. Indeed, my first experiment with LSD-25 was not mystical. It was an intensely aesthetic and intellectual experience which challenged my powers of analysis and careful description to the utmost.

Some months later, in 1959, I tried LSD-25 again with Drs. Sterling Bunnell and Michael Agron, who were then associated with the Langley-Porter Clinic in San Francisco. In the course of two experiments I was amazed and somewhat embarrassed to find myself going through states of consciousness which corresponded precisely with every description of major mystical experiences that I had ever read. Furthermore, they exceeded both in depth and in a peculiar quality of unexpectedness the three "natural and spontaneous" experiences of this kind which had happened to me in previous years.

Through subsequent experimentation with LSD-25 and the other chemicals named above (with the exception of DMT, which I find amusing but relatively uninteresting) I found I could move with ease into the state of

"cosmic consciousness," and in due course became less and less dependent on the chemicals themselves for "tuning-in" to this particular wavelength of experience. Of the five psychedelics tried, I found that LSD-25 and cannabis suited my purposes best. Of these two, the latter—cannabis—which I had to use abroad in countries where it is not outlawed, proved to be the better. It does not induce bizarre alterations of sensory perception, and medical studies indicate that it may not, save in great excess, have the dangerous side effects of LSD, namely chromosomal damage and possible psychotic episodes.

For the purposes of this study, I am concerned, rather, with the fundamental alterations of the normal, socially-induced consciousness of one's own existence and relation to the external world. I am trying to delineate the basic principles of psychedelic awareness. But I must add that I can speak only for myself. The quality of these experiences depends considerably upon one's prior orientation and attitude to life, although the now voluminous descriptive literature of these experiences accords quite remarkably with my own.

Almost invariably, my experiments with psychedelics have had four dominant characteristics. I shall try to explain them—in the expectation that the reader will say, at least of the second and third, "Why, that's obvious! No one needs a drug to see that." Quite so, but every insight has degrees of intensity.

The first characteristic is a slowing down of time, a *concentration in the present*. One's normally compulsive concern for the future decreases, and one becomes aware of the enormous importance and interest of what is happening at the moment. Other people, going about their business on the streets, seem to be slightly crazy, failing to realize that the whole point of life is to be fully aware of it as it happens. One therefore relaxes, almost luxuriously, into studying the colors in a glass of water, or in listening to the now highly articulate vibration of every note played on an oboe or sung by voice.

From the pragmatic standpoint of our culture, such an attitude is very bad for business. It might lead to improvidence, lack of foresight, diminished sales of insurance policies and abandoned savings accounts. Yet this is just the corrective that our culture needs. No one is more fatuously impractical than the "successful" executive who spends his whole life absorbed in frantic paperwork with the objective of retiring in comfort at sixty-five, when it

will all be too late. Only those who have cultivated the art of living completely in the present have any use for making plans for the future, for when the plans mature they will be able to enjoy the results. I have never yet heard a preacher urging his congregation to practice that section of the Sermon on the Mount which begins, "Be not anxious for the morrow. . . ." The truth is that people who live for the future are, as we say of the insane, "not quite all there"—or here. By over-eagerness they are perpetually missing the point. Foresight is bought at the price of anxiety, and, when overused, it destroys all its own advantages.

The second characteristic I will call *awareness of polarity*. This is the vivid realization that states, things and events which we ordinarily call opposite are interdependent, like back and front or the poles of a magnet. By polar awareness one sees that things which are explicitly different are implicitly one: self and other, subject and object, left and right, male and female—and then, a little more surprisingly, solid and space, figure and background, pulse and interval, saints and sinners, police and criminals, ingroups and outgroups. Each is definable only in terms of the other, and they go together transactionally, like buying and selling, for there is no sale without a purchase and no purchase without a sale. As this awareness becomes increasingly intense, you feel that you yourself are polarized with the external universe in such a way that you imply each other. Your push is its pull, and its push is your pull—as when you move the steering-wheel of a car. Are you pushing it or pulling it?

At first, this is a very odd sensation, not unlike hearing your own voice played back to you on an electronic system immediately after you have spoken. You become confused and wait for *it* to go on! Similarly, you feel that you are something being done by the universe, yet that the universe is equally something being done by you—which is true, at least in the neurological sense that the peculiar structure of our brains translates the sun into light and air vibrations into sound. Our normal sensation of relationship to the outside world is that sometimes I push it, and sometimes it pushes me. But if the two are actually one, where does action begin and responsibility rest? If the universe is doing me, how can I be sure that, two seconds hence, I will still remember the English language? If I am doing it, how can I be sure that, two seconds hence, my brain will know how to turn the sun into light? From such unfamiliar sensations as these the psychedelic experience can generate con-

fusion, paranoia and terror—even though the individual is feeling his relationship to the world exactly as it would be described by a biologist, ecologist or physicist, for he is feeling himself as the unified field of organism and environment.

The third characteristic, arising from the second, is *awareness of relativity*. I see that I am a link in an infinite hierarchy of processes and beings, ranging from molecules through bacteria and insects to human beings and, maybe, to angels and gods—a hierarchy in which every level is in effect the same situation. For example, the poor man worries about money while the rich man worries about his health. The worry is the same, but the difference is in its substance or dimension. I realize that fruit flies must think of themselves as people, because, like ourselves, they find themselves in the middle of their own world—with immeasurably greater things above and smaller things below. To us, they all look alike and seem to have no personality—as do the Chinese when we have not lived among them. Yet fruit flies must see just as many subtle distinctions among themselves as we among ourselves.

From this it is but a short step to the realization that all forms of life and being are simply variations on a single theme: We are all in fact one being doing the same thing in as many different ways as possible. As the French proverb goes, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*—"the more it varies, the more it is one." I see, further, that feeling threatened by the inevitability of death is really the same experience as feeling alive, and that as all beings are feeling this everywhere, they are all just as much "I" as myself. Yet the "I" feeling, to be felt at all, must always be a sensation relative to the "other"—to something beyond its control and experience. To be at all, it must begin and end. But the intellectual jump which mystical and psychedelic experience make here is in enabling you to see that all these myriad I-centers are yourself—not, indeed, your personal and superficially conscious ego, but what Hindus call the *paramatman*, the Self of all selves.¹ As the retina enables us to see countless pulses of energy as a single light, so the mystical experience shows us innumerable individuals as a single Self.

The fourth characteristic is *awareness of eternal energy*, often in the form of intense white light, which seems to be both the current in your nerves and that mysterious e which equals mc^2 . This may sound like megalomania or delusion of grandeur—but one sees quite clearly that all existence is a single energy, and that this energy is one's own being. Of course there is death as well as life, because energy is a pulsation, and just as waves must have both crests and troughs the experience of existing must go on and off. Basically, therefore, there is simply nothing to worry about, because you yourself are the eternal energy of the universe playing hide-and-seek (off-and-on) with itself. At root, you are the Godhead, for God is all that there is. Quoting Isaiah just a little out of context: "I am the Lord, and there is none else. I form the light and create the darkness: I make peace, and create evil. I, the Lord, do all these things."² This is the sense of the fundamental tenet of Hinduism, *Tat tvam asi*—"THAT (i.e., "that subtle Being of which this whole universe is composed") art thou."³ A classical case of this experience, from the West, is in Tennyson's *Memoirs*:

A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me thro' repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life.⁴

Obviously, these characteristics of the psychedelic experience, as I have known it, are aspects of a single state of consciousness—for I have been describing the same thing from different angles. The descriptions attempt to convey the reality of the experience, but in doing so they also suggest some of the inconsistencies between such experience and the current values of society.

Resistance to allowing use of psychedelic drugs originates in both religious and secular values. The difficulty in describing psychedelic experiences in traditional religious terms suggests one ground of opposition. The Westerner must borrow such words as *samadhi* or *moksha* from the Hindus, or *satori*, or *kensho* from the Japanese, to describe the experience of oneness with the universe. We have no appropriate word because our own Jewish and Christian theologies will not accept the idea that man's inmost self can be identical

with the Godhead, even though Christians may insist that this was true in the unique instance of Jesus Christ. Jews and Christians think of God in political and monarchical terms, as the supreme governor of the universe, the ultimate boss.

Such an imperial and kingly concept of the ultimate reality, however, is neither necessary nor universal. The Hindus and the Chinese have no difficulty in conceiving of an identity of the self and the Godhead. For most Asians, other than Muslims, the Godhead moves and manifests the world in much the same way that a centipede manipulates a hundred legs—spontaneously, without deliberation or calculation. In other words, they conceive the universe by analogy with an organism as distinct from a mechanism. They do not see it as an artifact or construct under the conscious direction of some supreme technician, engineer or architect.

If, however, in the context of Christian or Jewish tradition an individual declares himself to be one with God, he must be dubbed blasphemous (subversive) or insane. Such a mystical experience is a clear threat to traditional religious concepts. The Judaeo-Christian tradition has a monarchical image of God, and monarchs, who rule by force, fear nothing more than insubordination. The Church has therefore always been highly suspicious of mystics because they seem to be subordinate and to claim equality or, worse, identity with God. For this reason John Scotus Erigena and Meister Eckhart were condemned as heretics. This was also why the Quakers faced opposition for their doctrine of the Inward Light, and for their refusal to remove hats in church and in court. A few occasional mystics may be all right so long as they watch their language, like St. Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross, who maintained, shall we say, a metaphysical distance of respect between themselves and their heavenly King. Nothing, however, could be more alarming to the ecclesiastical hierarchy than a popular outbreak of mysticism, for this might well amount to setting up a democracy in the kingdom of heaven—and such alarm would be shared equally by Catholics, Jews and fundamentalist Protestants.

The Western man who claims consciousness of oneness with God or the universe thus clashes with his society's concept of religion. In most Asian cultures, however, such a man will be congratulated as having penetrated the true secret of life. He has arrived, by chance

or by some such discipline as Yoga or Zen-meditation, at a state of consciousness in which he experiences directly and vividly what our own scientists know to be true in theory. For the ecologist, the biologist and the physicist know (but seldom feel) that every organism constitutes a single field of behavior, or process, with its environment. There is no way of separating what any given organism is doing from what its environment is doing, for which reason ecologists speak not of organisms in environments but of organism-environments. Thus the words "I" or "self" should properly mean what the whole universe is doing at this particular "here-and-now" called John Doe.

The kingly concept of God makes identity of self and God, or self and universe, inconceivable in Western religious terms. The difference between Eastern and Western concepts of man and his universe, however, extends beyond strictly religious concepts. The Western scientist may rationally perceive the idea of organism-environment, but he does not ordinarily *feel* this to be true. By cultural and social conditioning, he has been hypnotized into experiencing himself as an ego—as an isolated center of consciousness and will inside a bag of skin, confronting an external and alien world. We say, "I came into this world." But we did nothing of the kind. We came *out* of it in just the same way that fruit comes out of trees. Our galaxy, our cosmos, "peoples" in the same way that an apple tree "apples."

Such a vision of the universe clashes with the idea of a monarchical God, with the concept of the separate ego, and even with the secular, atheist-agnostic mentality, which derives its common sense from the mythology of nineteenth-century scientism. This view is extremely common among such quasi-scientists as sociologists, psychologists and psychiatrists, most of whom are still thinking of the world in terms of Newtonian mechanics, and have never



ETCHING: RED DEVIL

DON CORTESE

really caught up with the ideas of Einstein and Bohr, Oppenheimer and Schrodinger. Thus to the ordinary institutional-type psychiatrist, any patient who gives the least hint of mystical or religious experience is automatically diagnosed as deranged. From the standpoint of the mechanistic religion he is a heretic and is given electroshock therapy as an up-to-date form of thumbscrew and rack. And, incidentally, it is just this kind of quasi-scientist who, as consultant to government and law enforcement agencies, dictates official policies on the use of psychedelic chemicals.

Inability to accept the mystic experience is more than an intellectual handicap. Lack of awareness of the basic unity of organism and environment is a serious and dangerous hallucination. For in a civilization equipped with immense technological power, the sense of alienation between man and nature leads to the use of technology in a hostile spirit—to the “conquest” of nature instead of intelligent cooperation with nature. The result is that we are eroding and destroying our environment, spreading Los Angelization instead of civilization. This is the major threat overhanging Western, technological culture, and no amount of reasoning or doom-preaching seems to help. We simply do not respond to the prophetic and moralizing techniques of conversion upon which Jews and Christians have always relied. But people have an obscure sense of what is good for them. Call it “unconscious self-healing,” “survival instinct,” “positive growth potential” or what you will. Among the educated young there is therefore a startling and unprecedented interest in the transformation of human consciousness. All over the Western world publishers are selling millions of books dealing with Yoga, Vedanta, Zen Buddhism and the chemical mysticism of psychedelic drugs—I have come to believe that the whole “hip” subculture, however misguided in some of its manifestations, is the earnest and responsible effort of young people to correct the self-destroying course of industrial civilization.

The content of the mystical experience is thus inconsistent with both the religious and secular concepts of traditional Western thought. Moreover, mystical experiences often result in attitudes which threaten the authority not only of established churches, but also of secular society. Unafraid of death and deficient in worldly ambition, those who have undergone mystical experiences are impervious to threats and promises. Moreover, their sense of the relativity of good and evil arouses the suspicion that they lack both conscience and respect for law. Use of psychedelics in

the United States by a literate bourgeoisie means that an important segment of the population is indifferent to society's traditional rewards and sanctions. In theory, the existence within our secular society of a group which does not accept conventional values is consistent with our political vision. But one of the great problems of the United States, legally and politically, is that we have never quite had the courage of our convictions.

Citizens of the United States believe, or are supposed to believe, that a republic is the best form of government. Yet, vast confusion arises from trying to be republican in politics and monarchist in religion. How can a republic be the best form of government if the universe, heaven, and hell are a monarchy? ⁵ Thus, despite the theory of government by consent, based upon mutual trust, the peoples of the United States retain, from the authoritarian backgrounds of their religions or national origins, an utterly naive faith in law as some sort of supernatural and paternalistic power. “There ought to be a law against it!” Our law-enforcement officers are therefore confused, hindered and bewildered—not to mention corrupted—by being asked to enforce sumptuary laws, often of ecclesiastical origin, which vast numbers of people have no intention of obeying. In any case, these are immensely difficult or simply impossible to enforce.

Finally, there are two specific objections to use of psychedelic drugs. First, use of these drugs may be dangerous. However, every worthwhile exploration is dangerous—climbing mountains, testing aircraft, rocketing into outer space, skin-diving or collecting botanical specimens in jungles. But if you value knowledge and the actual delight of exploration more than mere duration of uneventful life, you are willing to take the risks. It is not really healthy for monks to practice fasting, but these are risks taken in the course of spiritual adventures. Today the adventurous young are taking risks in exploring the psyche, testing their mettle at the task just as, in times past, they have tested it—more violently—in hunting, dueling, hot-rod racing and playing football. What they need is not prohibitions and policemen but the most intelligent encouragement and advice that can be found.

Second, drug use may be criticized as an escape from reality. However, this criticism assumes unjustly that the mystical experiences themselves are escapist or unreal. LSD, in particular, is by no means a soft and cushy escape from reality. It can very easily be an

experience in which you have to test your soul against all the devils in hell. For me, it has been at times an experience in which I was at once completely lost in the corridors of the mind and yet relating that very lostness to the exact order of logic and language, simultaneously very mad and very sane. But beyond these occasional lost and insane episodes, there are the experiences of the world as a system of total harmony and glory, and the discipline of relating these to the order of logic and language must somehow explain how "energy which is eternal delight" (William Blake) can coexist with the misery and suffering of everyday life.⁶

The undoubted mystical and religious intent of most users of the psychedelics, even if some of these substances should be proved injurious to physical health, requires that their

free and responsible use be exempt from legal restraint in any republic which maintains a constitutional separation of Church and State.⁷ To the extent that mystical experience conforms with the tradition of genuine involvement, and to the extent that psychedelics induce that experience, users are entitled to some constitutional protection. Also, to the extent that research in the psychology of religion can utilize such drugs, students of the human mind must be free to use them. Under present laws, I, as an experienced student of the psychology of religion, can no longer pursue research in the field. This is a barbarous restriction of spiritual and intellectual freedom,⁸ suggesting that the legal system of the United States is, after all, in tacit alliance with the monarchical theory of the universe and will, therefore, prohibit and persecute religious ideas and practices based on an organic and unitary vision of the universe. ■

FOOTNOTES

1. *Isaiah* 45:6, 7.

2. Thus Hinduism regards the universe, not as an artifact, but as an immense drama in which the One Actor (the *paramatman* or *brahman*) plays all the parts, which are his (or "its") masks or *personae*. The sensation of being only this one particular self, John Doe, is due to the Actor's total absorption in playing this and every other part. For fuller exposition, see S. Radhakrishnan, *The Hindu View of Life* (1927); H. Zimmer, *Philosophies of India*, 355-463 (1951). A popular version is in A. Watts, *The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are* (1966).

3. *Chandogya Upanishad* 6.15.3.

4. Alfred Lord Tennyson, *A Memoir by His Son*, 320 (1898).

5. Thus, until quite recently, belief in a Supreme Being was a legal test of valid conscientious objection to military service. The implication was that the individual objector found himself bound to obey a higher echelon of command than the President and Congress. The analogy is military and monarchical, and therefore objectors who, as Buddhists or naturalists, held an organic theory of the universe often had difficulty in obtaining recognition.

6. This is discussed at length in A. Watts, *The Joyous Cosmology: Adventures in The Chemistry of Consciousness* (1962).

7. "Responsible" in the sense that such substances be taken by or administered to consenting adults only. The user of cannabis, in particular, is apt to have peculiar difficulties in establishing his "undoubted mystical and religious intent" in court. Having committed so loathsome and serious a felony, his chances of clemency are better if he assumes a repentant demeanor, which is quite inconsistent with the sincere belief that his use of cannabis was religious. On the other hand, if he insists unrepentantly that he looks upon such use as a religious sacrament, many judges will declare that they "dislike his attitude," finding it truculent and lacking in appreciation of the gravity of the crime, and the sentence will be that much harsher.

Furthermore, religious integrity—as in conscientious objection—is generally tested and established by membership in some church or religious organization with a substantial following. But the felonious status of cannabis is such that grave suspicion would be cast upon all individuals forming such an organization, and the test cannot therefore be fulfilled. It is generally forgotten that our guarantees of religious freedom were designed to protect precisely those who were not members of established denominations, but rather such (then) subversive individuals as Quakers, Shakers, Levellers and Anabaptists.

8. Amerindians belonging to the Native American Church, who employ the psychedelic peyote cactus in their rituals, are firmly opposed to any government control of this plant, even if they should be guaranteed the right to its use. They feel that peyote is a natural gift of God to mankind, and especially to natives of the land where it grows, and that no government has a right to interfere with its use. The same argument might be made on behalf of cannabis or the mushroom *psilocybe mexicana* Heim. All these things are natural plants, not processed or synthesized drugs, and by what authority can individuals be prevented from eating them? There is no law against eating or growing the mushroom *amanita pantherina*, even though it is fatally poisonous and only experts can distinguish it from a common edible mushroom. This case can be made even from the standpoint of believers in the monarchical universe of Judaism and Christianity, for it is a basic principle of both religions, derived from *Genesis*, that all natural substances created by God are inherently good, and that evil can arise only in their misuse. Thus laws against mere possession, or even cultivation, of these plants are in basic conflict with Biblical principles. Criminal conviction of those who employ these plants should be based on proven misuse. "And God said, 'Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of the earth . . . to you it shall be for food . . ."

And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good."—*Genesis* 1:29, 31.



PHOTOGRAPH

ROBERT ROHR

by Richard Greatwood

I
HURT
too
BADLY
to
SIT
THERE

I t began as one of those bright blue days in August, 1965, fit for sailing—a fresh steady breeze, warm enough to feel refreshed when the spray drenched you. We were practicing for a regatta in Tampa, Florida. I had been under unusually great anxiety in my life, as a young attorney trying to get established in the profession, establishing a home in a new community and raising a family of three. I thought sailing would be a great outlet for my pent-up emotion.

At the end of that beautiful day it came time to unrig the sailboat. While I was standing on the deck, unstepping the mast, I felt my shoulder give and the strength drain out of me. Two days later, after much pain and no sleep, I was informed I had bursitis. After treatment with cortisone, I was told that it might recur at any time without warning. This was just one more thing to worry about. Sailing was out of the question.

Church at that time was little else to me than another set of problems. I was superintendent of the Sunday School. Sundays loomed like black clouds on the horizon. The tranquilizers which I took daily helped turn the black

clouds into dark grey ones. I thought that was better, but my body—the great shock absorber of the soul—began to tell me differently. As predicted, the bursitis began to come back. Not with a crash like before, but slowly—enough to keep my mind on it and on myself and to make it inevitably worse. I was convinced that it was good Christian “endurance” to bear up under the normal load of anxiety and trouble which the world dealt out to everyone. I had bought that contemporary statement of faith, but my body hadn’t. I felt terrible.

Then came a memorable day in May, 1967. It was a Monday. I was in a rush as usual at the office, meeting another one of those interminable deadlines—a pleading to be filed in court. My three secretaries were busy, so I decided to draft it by hand. My hands that day were swollen, and I soon discovered that I could hang on to the pencil for about three lines of legal paper before I would have to stop a while. It was one of those days that made you look at your watch at 10:30 a.m. thinking it was 5:30 p.m.

I had scheduled on my calendar that Monday night a visit to Good Shepherd Church in Maitland (Florida), at 7:30. I was on the vestry of my parish church and interested in programs to revive the life and work of the church. I had heard that Good Shepherd was filled to overflowing every Monday night, and I just had to see what they had going on that was drawing enough people to fill up a church on Monday night. So I went as an observer—or so I thought.

The meeting opened with prayer and then a woman stood up and talked very quietly and movingly about how God had entered her life

and healed her through an outpouring of His love and power. My first thoughts were “Not so—not in 1967!” Yet something convincingly shone through her eyes. “Could it be so?” were my next thoughts. And then my mind stopped racing ahead of itself. People were now moving from their pews towards the altar where there were prayers and laying on of hands for the sick.

Have you ever been caught in a situation like that where pew after pew empties in front of you and soon it will be time to sit there and be embarrassed or get up and be embarrassed? I hurt too badly to sit there. Why not? I found myself kneeling at the altar rail. Then hands were laid on my head and the prayer began. The hands trembled and through them flowed a heat that flowed into my head and then downwards filling my entire body. I was astounded! The prayer closed with thanksgiving and then the person praying moved on to the next person kneeling beside me. Somehow I found my way back to the pew and sat down. I looked at my hands. There was no swelling. I moved my arms. There was no pain; none the next day, nor months later when I was sailing, on a downwind run, hanging on to a spinnaker sheet, looking up at that big blue sail bellied out in a magnificent breeze. I grinned at the sail and the wind filling it, and the sense of strength and agility which had been restored to my hands and shoulders. I thought, that’s how God wants me to be—free, whole, restored in Him.

God is willing and able to heal. He healed me and this is all the proof I need. But His healing of me was but a beginning of a brand-new quality of life for me in which healing is but a part of the wholeness and Oneness which He wants for me and all his children. ■

about the author:

When you meet Dick Greatwood, you just know that he is the kind of person wide open for pilgrimage.

Take school, for instance. Dick was a real experimenter as a college student at Colgate in the early '50s, so it surprised nobody when he decided for theology (Union, New York) . . . and for Elizabeth as a wife to share his openness. There was no real change of life-style when, in 1957, he decided to put together law and theology by working for a degree at the University of Virginia Law School and, after graduation, to work for a Florida law firm.

And church . . . Dick began as a Methodist (“Doesn’t just about everybody?” he asks) but as he intensified his

religious search for the “more than rational” he found his answer in the emphasis on the mystical in the Episcopal Church.

And faith . . . His article, of course, is a witness to his new-found faith in a God not only alive but active in the great or minute needs for healing of the human person. Jolted by his own experience of healing, Dick had to re-examine his entire theological structure and the basis of his life. Now he has returned to theology, his first love. He’s just had word of acceptance as a Ph.D. candidate at Vanderbilt Divinity School. Here he and Elizabeth and Candy (12), Christopher (10) and Jennifer (7) live in a kind of impecunious faith that would have awed the Dick Greatwood of a few years ago. He and I share our faith as members of a weekly men’s prayer group in the home of a Nashville obstetrician.

—LARRY EISENBERG, Nashville

THE REVISION

*Marching through the snow with never a green pine in sight**

*Ed. note: This line was later revised by the author to read:
Marching through the snow added to the urgency of the situation.

—From *Poems of Mao Tse-Tung*

You change the line as if
there being no green pine in sight
had something to DO with the urgency
of the situation. And you may be right.

In Seattle I wax radical for the clan,
"Coo-Coo" my way through living rooms until
I grow to be a joke, even in my own eyes.

But down around Laguna they look sideways
when I pass, and tell me that my
pipe, and naked face, and yellow golf hat
(not for golf, but for my growing thin on top)
leave little room for hope.

I used to think: there's a spot in Oregon
where, driving through, I'd cancel myself out
like an equation or, better still,
where I could stop and climb a hill and,
under a green pine, pull myself around me
like a shirt and BE what I am.

But that was before I started turning thirty.

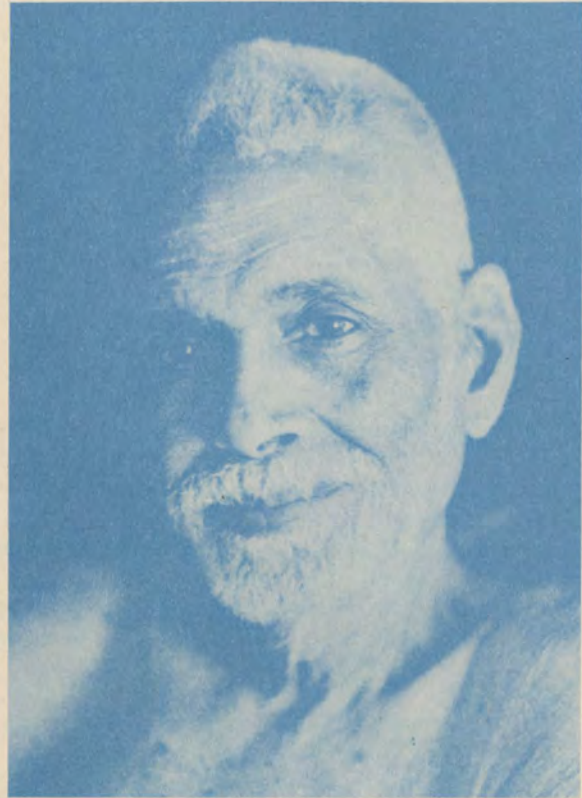
Now I am less concerned with why no green pine
grows in sight, and more with how this
marching through the snow adds
to the urgency of the situation.

—GARY MIRANDA

SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI

the
sage
of
arunachala

by S. Rama Nathan



PHOTOGRAPH: SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI

Sri Ramana Maharshi is at once a man of the head and the heart. His genius rises to the sublimest heights of inspiration and he can reach Truth by sheer force and flight of analysis and synthesis, as also the virtues of love, devotion, kindness, gentility, sympathy and the like qualities of the heart which are developed in him in an abundant measure. The result is that his feelings make him one in spirit with the poorest of the poor and his intellect makes him think of the way to redress their drawbacks. The natural dryness which is the general accomplishment of a mighty intellect is cured in him by a warm heart and, naturally therefore, the religion of the Maharshi is, to use the expressive words of Macaulay, "reason fused and made red-hot with passion." It is a harmonious combination of the head and the heart.

Paul Brunton, *A Search in Secret India*, Rider & Co., London.

You are the light of all the world. A town that stands on a hill cannot be hidden. When a lamp is lit, it is not put under the meal-tub, but on the lamp-stand, where it gives light to everyone in the house . . .

—Matthew 5:14-16

Venkataramana was born on December 30, 1879, of Hindu brahmin parents in Tiruchuzhi, a village thirty miles south of Madurai in South India. He was the second of three sons.

About November, 1895, on his way to school, he met an elderly relative of his who had been away from Madurai for some time. Ramana asked him, "Where have you been, *mama* (uncle), all these days?"

"I've been to receive the *dharshan* (blessings) of Arunachala," replied the *mama*.

"Arunachala, Arunachala . . ." The words seemed to stir something inside the sixteen-year-old lad. So he asked, "Where is Arunachala?"

* The relative was surprised at his young nephew's ignorance. "Don't you know the famous temple of Arunachala in Tiruvannamalai?" There the episode rested awhile.

In July, 1896, Ramana had an experience which is best described in his own words:

About six weeks before I left Madurai for the last time, a great change in my life took place. It was so sudden. One day I sat up alone in the first floor of my uncle's house. I was in good health as usual. But an unexpected, unmistakable fear of death seized me. I felt I was going to die, and at once set about thinking what I should do. I did not care to consult anyone—a doctor, elder, or friend. I decided to solve the problem by myself, then and there. The shock of the fear of death made me at once deeply thoughtful. I said to myself, "Now death is come, what does it mean? Who is it that is dying? This body dies." I dramatized the situation. I extended my limbs and held them rigid, as though *rigor mortis* had set in. Lending an air of reality to my further investigation, I imitated a corpse. "Well, then," I said to myself, "this body is dead. It will be carried stiff to the crematory, burnt there, and reduced to ashes. (It is customary for Hindus to burn their corpses.) But, with the death of

the body, am 'I' dead, too? Is the body 'I'? This body is silent and inert. But I am still aware of the full force of my personality and even of the sound of 'I' within myself, as apart from the body. So, 'I' am Spirit, transcending the body. The material body dies, but the Spirit transcending it cannot be touched by death. 'I' am, therefore, the deathless Spirit." All this was not a feat of intellectual gymnastics; it came as a vivid flash before me, as living TRUTH, something which I perceived immediately, almost without any argument. "I" was something very real—the only real thing in that state; and all the conscious activity that was connected with my body was centered on that. The "I" (or myself) was holding the focus of attention with a powerful fascination. Fear of death vanished at once and for ever. *The absorption in the Self has continued from that moment right up to now.*

The next critical event in Ramana's life took place about six weeks later. One day, not having done his English grammar lesson at school, Ramana was given the punishment of copying that lesson several times at home. Instead of fulfilling this obligation, he sat in a corner of the room, in meditation. Noticing his indifference to study, his elder brother remarked, sarcastically: "Of what need are books for one who behaves in this manner?" Ramana was aroused and thought, "My brother is right; I have no place here."

"Arunachala, Arunachala . . ." The words of a few previous months chimed within him—like the toll from a huge bell—and some power beckoned him. The decision was made in the young mind. On August 29, 1896, at age 16, he reached Tiruvannamalai, stood before Lord Arunachala and muttered: "After abducting me, if Thou does not embrace me, where is Thy chivalry, O Arunachala!"



In the first few years at Tiruvannamalai, Ramana was leading a life of great austerity and was constantly engaged in meditation. The Lord's Grace and Serenity had, of course, come to Ramana without much initial endeavor; still, an unsparing, vigilant effort was necessary to perfect and preserve for ever what he had attained. During these years he had no fixed place of abode. He used to sit under the trees for an indefinite length of time, lost in meditation. He was, however, never allowed to remain in any one place; mischievous urchins would pelt stones at him and he had to keep moving from the shade of one tree to another, sometimes to the shelter of an unfrequented corner of the temple. He was hardly concerned about his food or clothing or about the insects that attacked his body. In fact, most of the time, he was oblivious of the very existence of his body.

But God does not neglect such rare seekers as Ramana, and a number of pious men came one after another to look after him. Ramana maintained *mouna* (silence) and, on those few occasions, when confronted by persistent questionings, he wrote his answers on slips of paper.



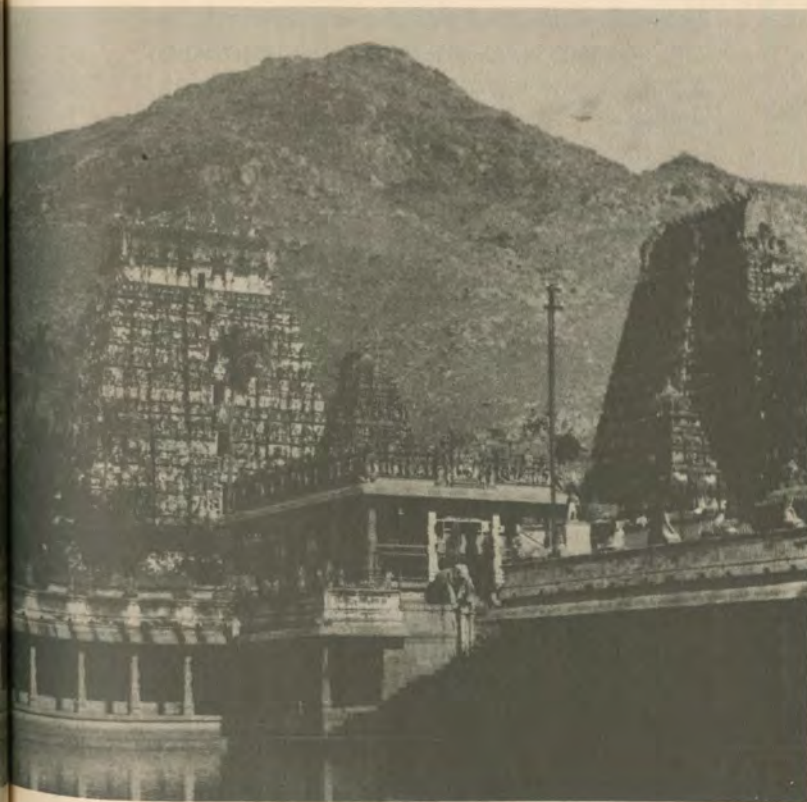
PHOTOGRAPH: THE TEMPLE OF

About this time, his widowed mother and elder brother traced Ramana in Tiruvannamalai. Having found her long-lost son, the mother pleaded with Ramana to return to Madurai. But Ramana was silent. She could not make her son utter a single word in reply to all her entreaties. At last he wrote on a bit of paper that she must accept destiny taking its course and stop persuading him to do this or that. The mother went back very disappointed. But later she returned and stayed with her son on the Hill of Arunachala. There she soon settled down to the life of a *sanyasini* (hermit) until her death in 1922.

After his mother passed away, Ramana took up abode at the foot of the Hill in a small hut. That place became the nucleus of the present Ramanasramam which has grown round it. Visitors from all over the world came to Ramanasramam to receive Ramana Maharshi's blessings, and a good many of them (including occidentals) gained spiritual wisdom through the Maharshi's guidance. Ramana, having by this time become permanently absorbed in the *Ananda* (Bliss) of the Divine, had ceased to have a life of his own. After he gave up his *mouna* (silence), he used to talk to his devotees on yoga and other matters relating to God. Yoga, according to the Maharshi, aims at union of the individual with the universal, the Reality.

Theists and skeptics, seekers of miracles and hunters of psychic phenomena—all used to go to the Maharshi. Each would naturally put questions that came uppermost in his mind; and the nature of the questions would depend on the attitudes and interests of the persons concerned. The glory of the Master lay in removing the attitudes and interests that were base and in making the devotee long for realizing the Supreme Truth.

Many visitors have recorded in writing how they came into the Ashram intending to clear certain doubts on spiritual matters by means of questions addressed to the Maharshi and how, after sitting quiet in his presence for some time, those doubts had been cleared in their minds without any open communication having taken place. These words of the Maharshi may perhaps explain this strange phenomenon: "How does speech arise? There is abstract knowledge, whence arises the ego, which in turn gives rise to thought and the thought to words. So the word is the great-grandson of the original Source. If the word can produce effect, judge for yourself how much more powerful must be preaching through Silence."



ARUNACHALA WITH HILL OF ARUNACHALA IN BACKGROUND

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Ramana Maharshi's universality was a reflection of his Divinity. Though a Hindu himself, religion did not furnish the basis for the flow of his love and grace. Among his devotees besides the Hindus, there were Christians, Moslems, Jews, Zoroastrians and Buddhists. Devotees came to him from abroad—the South American continent, Australia, the United States, England, European countries, Japan, China and so on, were all represented. But his devotees were not confined to the human species alone. The cow, the dog, the monkey, the squirrel, the crow, the sparrow, the peacock, and at times the serpent and the cheetah sought the solace of his presence.

Universality again characterized his teachings. Though he seemed to emphasize "Self-Inquiry" to the intellectuals and "self-surrender" to the emotional temperament in his teachings, he approved of all *satvic* (serene) methods of approach to God—image worship, *japa* (repetition of a mystic word) and *parayana* (study of the sacred texts)—cautioning his hearers at the same time that these were only aids and not the end itself.

Sri Ramana Maharshi abandoned his body at 8:47 on the night of April 14, 1950. The English and Tamil papers from Madras referred to a meteor rising into the sky at 8:47 p.m. on April 14, 1950, seen by a large number of people in different places of Madras State and reported to the press by many eyewitnesses. ■

The following dialogue took place between the Maharshi and Mrs. Jennings, an American from the International Peace League:

Mrs. Jennings: *Is not affirmation of God more effective than the quest "Who am I"? Affirmation is positive, whereas the other is negation. Moreover, it indicates separateness.*

Maharshi: *So long as you seek to know how to realize, this advice is given to find your Self. Your seeking the method denotes the separateness . . .*

Mrs. Jennings: *There must be a scientific approach to this subject.*

Maharshi: *To eschew unreality and seek the Reality is scientific.*

Mrs. Jennings: *I mean there must be a gradual elimination, first of the mind, then of the intellect, then of the ego.*

Maharshi: *The Self alone is Real. All others are unreal. The mind and intellect do not re-*

motive

main apart from you. The Bible says, "Be still and know that I am God." Stillness is the sole requisite for the realization of the Self as God.

Mrs. Jennings: Will the West ever understand this teaching?

Maharshi: There is no question of time and space. Understanding depends on ripeness of mind. What does it matter if one lives in the East or in the West? The whole Vedanta (essence of Hindu scriptures) is contained in the two Biblical statements: "I am that I AM" and "Be still and know that I am God."

The Maharshi gave these answers to questions asked by an English lady:

Maharshi: Who is this "I"? It cannot be the body, nor the mind as we have seen earlier. This "I" is the one who experiences the waking, dream and sleep states. The three states are changes which do not affect the individual. The experiences are like pictures passing on a cinema screen. The appearance and disappearance of the pictures do not affect the screen. So also, the three states alternate with one another, leaving the Self unaffected. The waking and the dream states are cre-

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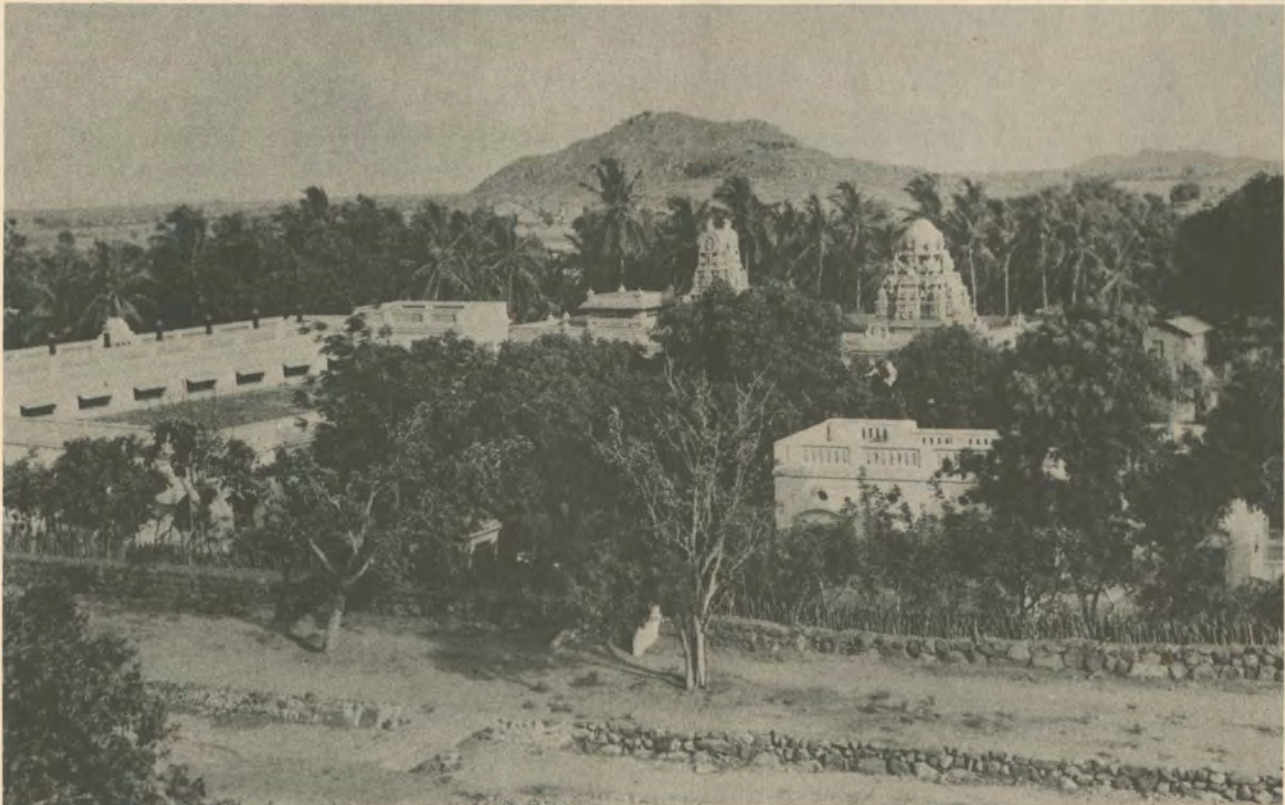
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PHOTOGRAPH: A VIEW OF SRI RAMANASRAMAM

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ations of the mind. So the Self covers all. To know that the Self remains happy in its perfection is Self-Realization. Its use lies in the realization of Perfection and thus of Happiness.

The idea that I am the body or the mind is so deep that one cannot get over it even if convinced otherwise. One experiences a dream and knows it to be unreal on waking. Waking experience is unreal in other states. So each state contradicts the others. They are therefore mere changes taking place in the seer, or phenomena appearing in the Self, which is unbroken and remains unaffected by them. Just as the waking, dream and sleep states are phenomena, so also birth, growth and death are phenomena in the Self which continues to be unbroken and unaffected. Birth and death are only ideas. They pertain to the body or the mind. The Self existed before the birth of this body and will remain after the death of this body. So it is with the series of bodies taken up in succession. The Self is immortal. The phenomena are changeful and appear mortal. The fear of death is of the body. It is not true of the Self. Such fear is due to ignorance. Realization means True Knowledge of the Perfection and Immortality of the Self. Mortality is only an idea and the cause of misery. You get rid of it by realizing the Immortal nature of the Self.

English lady: The spirit remains unaffected by the passing phenomena and by the successive bodies of repeated births. How does each body get the life to set it acting?

Maharshi: The spirit is differentiated from matter and is full of life. The body is animated by it.

English lady: The realized being is then the spirit and is unaware of the world?

Maharshi: He sees the world, but not as separate from the Self.

English lady: If the world is full of pain, why should he continue the world-idea?

Maharshi: Does the realized being tell you that the world is full of pain? It is the other one who feels the pain and seeks the help of the wise, saying that the world is painful. Then the wise one explains from his experience that, if one withdraws within the Self, there is an end of pain. The pain is felt so long as the object is different from oneself. But when the Self is found to be an undivided whole, who and what is there to feel? The realized mind is the Holy Spirit, and the other mind is the Kingdom of Heaven. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." That Kingdom is here and now.

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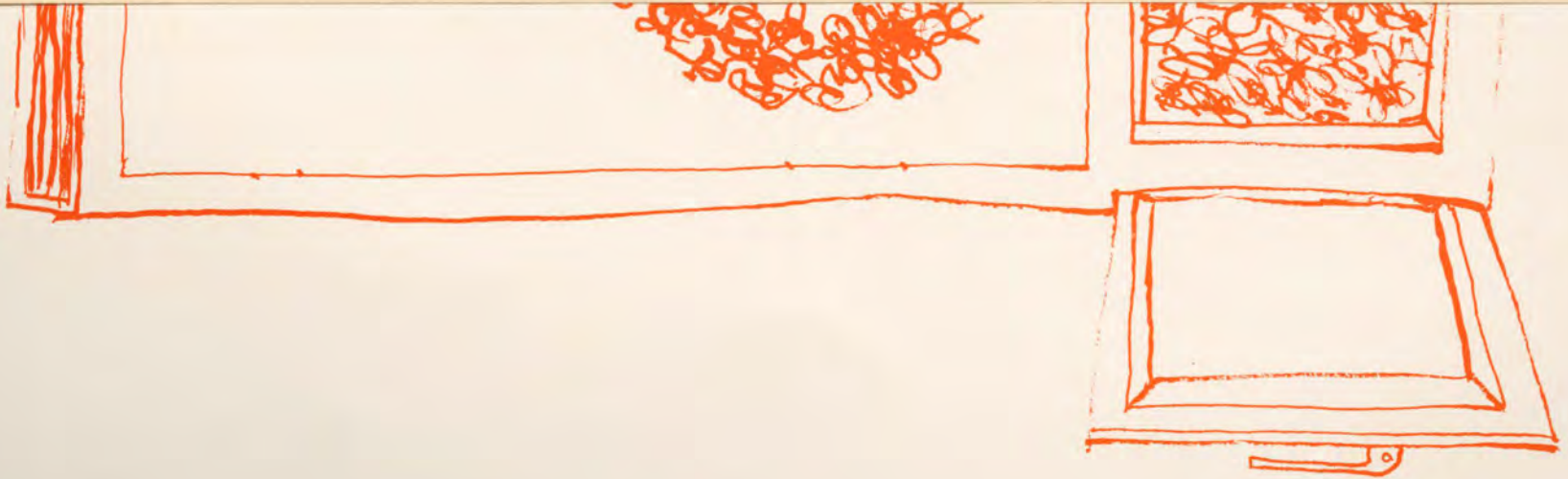
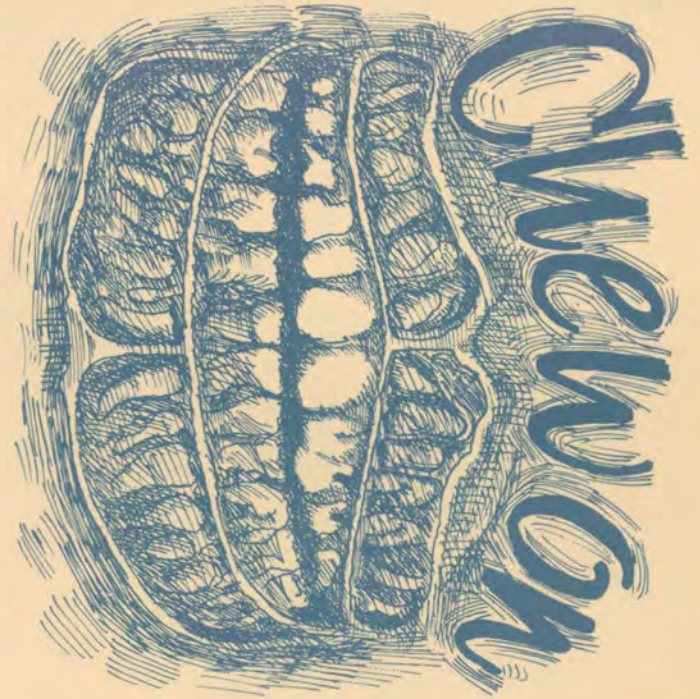
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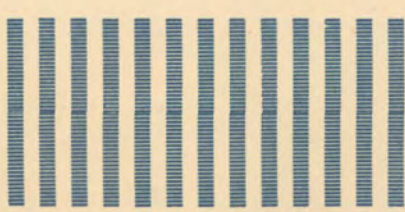
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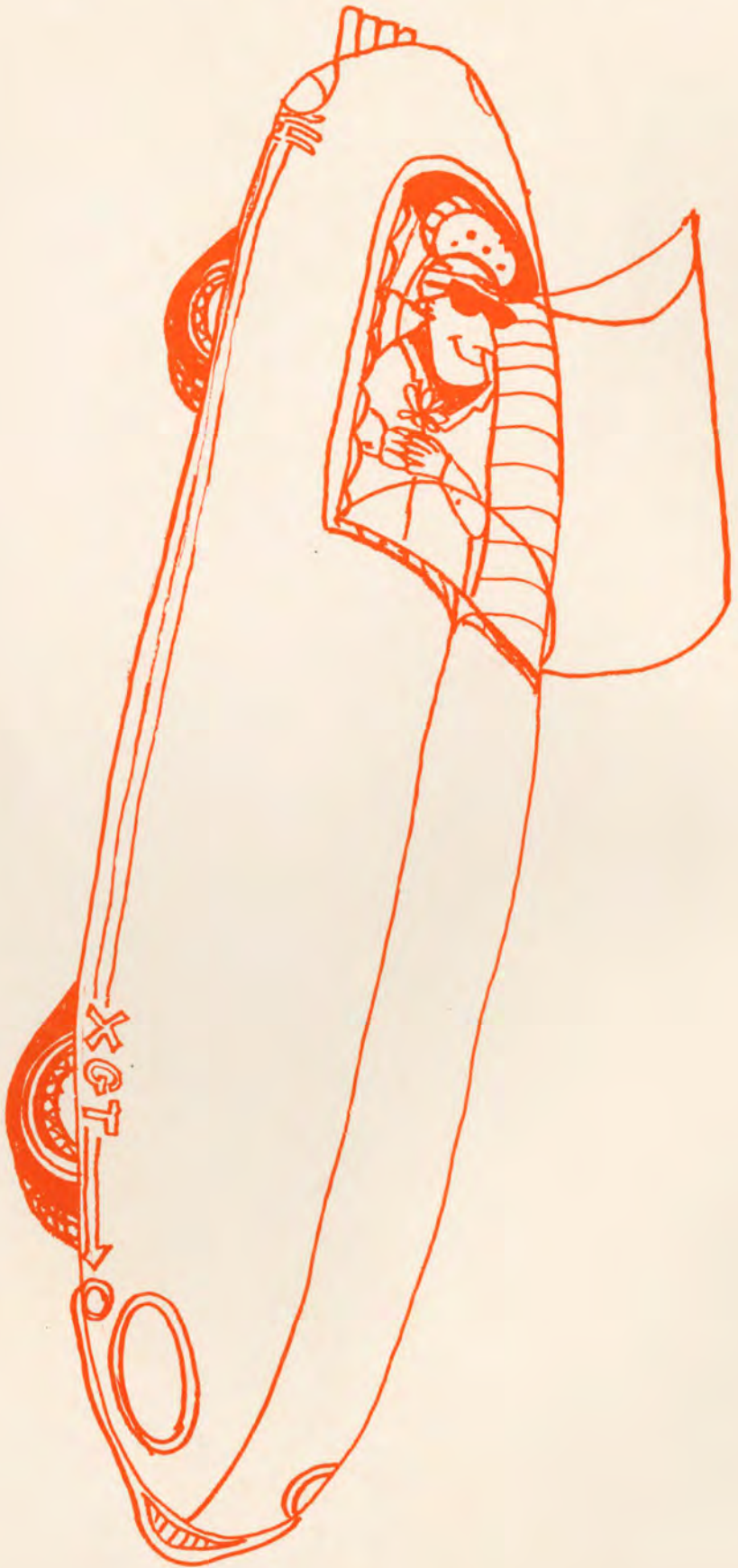
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