

SECTION FOUR

Tracks in the Desert 1975 - 1978

Favorite Stories 204

Reconnaissance 223

FAVORITE STORIES

By David R. Graham
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During my final year at Union, I had the honor of being a member of the Broadway United Church of Christ. This was a hallowed parish of ancient descent, distinguished in all respects, and it was the unofficial "Cathedral Church" of the United Church of Christ.

Broadway at the time was being led by the Rev. Lawrence Durgin, a Christian gentleman of high ideals and the most intense sympathy for the poor and dispossessed. The lay leaders and the congregation were people of high achievement in their occupations and the whole body of them was desiring that Broadway exemplify what a Church should be and do in New York City.

It is a very wealthy parish. It had been deeply involved in the emancipation program that the North conceived as the real reason for the Civil War. And because of its leadership in that conflict, Broadway was the repository for the spiritual and worldly wealth of many hundreds of capable, dynamic individuals.

In 1968, the congregation of Broadway was looking for ways to put their financial wealth to good purpose. They settled upon a novel plan: to reduce their physical plant overhead and use those savings plus their other resources to engage in ameliorating the hardships of the City's poor. And not only so, but they desired to practice the ecumenical spirit as closely as they might be able.

These two goals were firmly held. The Paulist Fathers invited the Broadway congregation to hold Divine Service at their beautiful old Church on the West Side of Manhattan. The building and land which Broadway Church had occupied were sold for an office high-rise.

Then, one cold, blustery Sunday morning, the congregation of Broadway United Church of Christ met for the last time in their ancient Sanctuary, which was an historical landmark. Divine Service was held and the congregation was called to form for procession across town to the Paulist Church. Spirits were high, an historic event was in the offing, the wind and chill but adding vigor to the steps of the Pilgrims.

I was assigned to carry the Church Banner, in van of the procession. (For some reason, I have always been acting as point, to use the military term.) Larry Durgin formed the rear, after his associate pastors, in strict ecclesiastical etiquette. The people of the congregation, young, old and middle-aged, infants, children and adults, processed gaily inbetween. Banners were everywhere, people sang hymns, and the New York Police kept 57th Street clear of traffic.

It was a happy event. People were smiling as people will when they are doing something right and worthwhile. Newsmen and news cameramen were everywhere. Broadway was an historic parish of the City and this deed was not escaping attention. In fact, the next morning I "made" the front page of The New York Times -- at least, my legs did, beneath the leading banner.

The spiritual significance of this event was powerfully present to me. Here were the Pilgrim Fathers processing back to the Catholic Church. Then, as now, no activity could have appealed more to my feeling for unity, for what is right. We were processing not to Rome but to Catholicity, to unity, to sanity.

I have always felt fortunate to have taken part in this procession. Indeed, of all the processions in which I have had a place, this one, I feel, was the most meaningful. Its substance expressed my substance.

Shortly before I entered upon undergraduate studies at the University of Redlands, Marcel Dupre gave a recital there. The Chapel Organ at the

University is a Cassavant, comprising 66 ranks in 4 divisions, constructed after the ^{19th Century} style, and in those days -- the 1950's -- it was well-maintained. Even in my days at the University, the instrument was fondly called "The Mighty Cassavant" by students. She was a warm and windy girl.

Marcel Dupre was Organist at St. Sulpice, Paris. The organ in this Church is the masterpiece of the Master organ-builder, Aristide Cavaille-Col. Cavaille-Col was to the organ of the 19th Century what Silbermann was to the organ of the 18th Century, including the organ of Johann Sebastian Bach at Leipzig. Great organ builders are as rare as great organists, and it is remarkable that Silbermann had Bach and Cavaille-Col had Caesar Franck to essay the glory of their creations. Franck was Organist at St. Sulpice. What Bach did for organ music of the 18th Century, Franck did for that of the 19th Century. They are the Masters.

Great organists are like great yogis. They trace their lineage through their Teachers. Marcel Dupre was the student of Charles Marie Widor, who was a close friend and musical collaborator with Albert Schweitzer. Widor was the student of Louis Vierne and Vierne was the student of Franck, himself. So the tradition of the Master, Franck, was alive in the blood of his student, Dupre, a hundred years later. These men are deeply conscious of the glory of the heritage they embody.

Well, I missed hearing Dupre at Redlands, but there was a story about his recital there that was told^{to} and heard^{by} by me with awe. This is the story.

Dupre gave a magnificent recital. He loved the Cassavant, and when, as tradition dictated, he was given a theme on which to improvise a small suite of pieces, the instrument never sounded more glorious, nor was the audience without appreciation for the masterly touch of the organist. But even prior to this display of virtuosity, Dupre had already raised the musicians in his audience to the highest heaven of delight by the following means.

It seems that he was scheduled to play the D Major Prelude and Fugue by

Bach. This is a popular work, a sure crowd-pleaser and difficult to execute, especially the Fugue. The Prelude is call^{ed} "The Resurrection" by Schweitzer because of its ascending-scale motif. The second and third sections of it are mighty, overwhelming miracles of dense polyphony. Huge chords and a syncopated rhythm placed around a relentless walking movement evoke a feeling of vast power, ineffable grandeur. The final bars, in extended largo, feel like the very bottom roots of the mystery of Life are being laid bare. The Prelude is huge, awesome, unalloyed majesty.

The Fugue, on the other hand, is a gay, breezy Presto and, for all its simple line and sparse voicing, it is difficult to play. In fact, organists tend to sympathize with anyone attempting this Fugue and generally applaud with vigor just if it has been gotten through safely. All organists know that the D Major Fugue looks easy and isn't.

When well done, it is a thrilling piece of music. An organist who can get all of the rollicking merriment out of the rhythm and melody of this Fugue will leave his audience feeling like they have had enough, that they cannot possibly be more thrilled, more elated. I have seen audiences leap to their feet, in ecstasy, at the conclusion of this Fugue from sheer need to express the joy which is bursting their seams.

Well, as related to me, the story is that Dupre did the usual grand job with the Prelude and then entered the Fugue. He had gotten the theme announced in each of the voices and was well into the development -- the audience already in bliss -- when, suddenly, his memory failed and he lost his place. But, instead of stopping or even faltering, he began to improvise in the style of the Fugue and filled in a whole page or two on his own until he worked himself back to where he had lost it, picked it up and finished what Bach had written.

Those in the audience who did not know the score never knew what happened. But those who did know the score, who knew the horror of forgetting your place and who heard Dupre never miss a beat but, on the contrary, improvise a mini-piece in the style of the Fugue -- the joy of these people cannot

be described in words. The heavens themselves could not hold the thunder of their applause. The seats of the Memorial Chapel could not contain their occupants. It was an epic moment for musicians, a story of glory and achievement they would tell their children's children.

Marcel Dupre, the great Organist of St. Sulpice, Paris, the student of Widor and, through Widor, of the Master, Franck, had lost his place at the University of Redlands, had not faltered, but had extemporized a new section into the famous D Major Fugue of Bach.

That is how it was told to me, by one who was there. And for years I believed it without a second thought, and I experienced some of the thrill of the occasion because I understood well the meaning of it.

But, years later, I began to get second thoughts. I had studied Dupre's music myself, heard it often from a very early age and knew a little about his personality. I began to wonder if Dupre had not been doing a little practical joking.

When you are a student you are told to do things this way, not that. The laws and modes have to be conformed to, or else. When a student in our music theory class objected to having to learn the methods of Brahms -- because the music of Brahms, he felt, was out of date -- the professor answered firmly that when the student could compose as well as Brahms did, then, and then only, could he move on to "modern" methods. I never forgot that reply and all that it can imply.

But when you are a Master, a different set of rules and requirements apply. Dupre was a Master. He could do pretty much as he wanted to do. He was not abiding by rules. Like Bach and Franck before him, he was making the rules. More to the point, he, personally, was the rules. Dupre was saying what could and could not be done because he was the Master.

If we listen to his own music, music he wrote, we can hear his sense of humour and practical joking. Dupre was a funny man, even ribald in a clean way. One can hear it in his great Prelude and Fugue in G Minor

and especially in the Fugue and the salty lyrics which organists ascribe to the Fugue's theme: "Marcel Dupre, Marcel Dupre, To hell you say, To hell you say." I would not be surprised if the source of those lyrics is Dupre, himself.

These and similar thoughts eventually led me to consider it probable that the Master had not lost his place that evening at Redlands. On the contrary, I think he was doing what he wanted to do. He wanted to add a few lines to the D Major Fugue and so he did. He may have planned them before the recital or he may have gotten the urge at the console and just extemporized until he felt like returning to the score by Bach. It does not matter. He could as easily have done it either way. What matters is that he felt he had freedom and authority to play as he wanted to.

Whether this is what actually happened I cannot say. But I consider it probable and even most likely. And that thought gave me even more of a thrill than the original story. A Master does not lose his place.

Now, nobody, but nobody, goes tampering with the music of Bach. To even contemplate such a sacrilege is a heinous sin, by the standards of the music school. But what I am feeling is that Dupre was doing just that. And I feel, furthermore, that what he did Bach would applaud with a smile of encouragement. For Dupre, it was no sacrilege. It was an homage, for the simple reason that Dupre, like Bach, is a Master.

As told to me, the story is thrilling enough. But if what really happened is more like to what I think was going on, then that thrill has been surmounted by silence and a smile -- and tears of joy. Where a Master walks, only a Master can follow.

There is a high company of fellow craftsmen which the common man does not see. One must be uncommon if one would rise to the heights of accomplishment. Such a one neither makes nor breaks the laws and customs of nature and the common man. He is law, itself. He is custom, itself. He is above and beyond all the limitations of reason and convention that common men take for absolute and immutable -- at least with their tongues.

The rules and regulations which bind the common man and keep him in some semblance of decency do not apply to the Master.

The common man does not understand this fact, and if he gets even a hint of it, as happens ^{occasionally} ^, he resents it passionately. He himself refuses to strive for the heights and wants no one else to reach them. The common man cannot bear seeing other people expansive, happy. But a Master has reached the heights and is experiencing the bliss they confer. He is understanding that he is the rules. He is serene, calm, aloof. The envy of the common man cannot affect him but merely rebounds to that man's discomfiture.

We talk this way about the common man as if his feelings are normal, even justified, because he is, in some sense, common. Actually, however, the expansion of the Master is normal while the contraction of the so-called common man is perverse. Would that Masters were common and men of low impulses scarce!

During the first half of 1970 I committed to paper a rather elaborate theory of levels of human consciousness which I had been developing for some months. It was stated in abstruse, technical jargon which reflected my recent studies in cybernetics and nervous system theory.

At the same time, I had been reading an intellectual/literary journal of repute which was published in New Rochelle, New York. I forget its name, but it was a journal of high quality. The editors were just then enthused about the writings of Lama Anagarika Govinda. They were carrying that man's work in serial form. I was strongly attracted to what the Lama was saying. I felt that he had some answers. I was not to be disappointed.

Lama Govinda was a Tibetan Buddhist, a monk, living, if memory serves me, in Nepal or India, that is, in exile from his Lamasery on account of the Chinese occupation of Tibet. Actually, however, he was a German national who, as a young man, had journeyed to Tibet to request admittance to a

monastery. By the time I was reading him, he was a monk for many years and had become a leading exponent of Buddhism among Western intellectuals.

I remember the story he tells of asking that a particular Sage accept him as a student in the spiritual life. He was already living in the monastery but he wanted this Sage for his Guru. He made his request in the utmost sincerity, but the Sage made no reply. Days went by, weeks, months -- and still no word from the Sage. The young man was feeling rejected and dejected, that he had not been selected. Was his hope of discipleship forlorn? He stayed at the monastery even though he felt that perhaps the Sage did not want him there.

One day, months after his request, the young man went as usual to his seat in the choir to join in the prayers of the community. And lo, there on his seat lay an enormous piece of fruit, beautiful to look at and tasting, he found later, of heavenly nectar. It was uncommon in size and for the area. Furthermore, it was winter time and this was a summer fruit. He knew then that the Sage had accepted him as his disciple.

I asked the editor in New Rochelle for an address for Lama Govinda. Receiving one promptly -- I think it was in Nepal, but if not, it was in that area -- I sent him a copy of my theory on human consciousness together with a letter of introduction and a request for comments.

I felt as though the package was going to the ends of the earth. But very shortly I got back a warm, personable reply from Lama Govinda, himself, in English! The speed of his reply surprised me but his comments on my theory startled me and took all of the wind out of my sails.

He said that it was all very fine and good but he wanted to know where were the flowers and birds and streams. He missed the beauty of nature and was not moved one way or another by the extreme abstraction of my theory. He wanted to know if I could express the theory in a way which would be talking about flowers. He wanted some natural warmth and love in it.

His letter to me is gone, but I have not forgotten it. He was right, and his letter marked a turning point of my life. After that letter, the savor of my career up to that point was no longer attractive to me. I resolved to go out, to expand, to find the meaning of the birds and trees and streams. And so I did.

In less than a year, my meteoric career collapsed. I had taken a quieter, expansive course. The career was still there, in collapse, but, I was gone. Many pleaded with me to pick it up again and breath new life into it. But I never did. That would have been untrue to my yearnings.

Here was a Christian jarred awake by a Buddhist! I never forgot that lesson, either. A year or so later some acquaintances were dismayed when I declared that I am a Buddhist. I am still a Buddhist.

In 1968 I was on an intern year from Union Theological Seminary. In fact, I was back at the University of Redlands as Residence Director of the dormitory I had holed-up in as a student and also as Assistant Chaplain to the University.

For some reason which I do not remember, in the Spring of that year I attended a small gathering of ministers and educators at the old Mission Inn in Riverside, California, which is near Redlands. This old structure, now a Landmark, comprises most of a city block and is executed in Spanish Colonial style. Passages, gardens, hidden rooms and chapels, towers, museums, stairways and decorations of all kinds Spanish make it a wonderland for any child, six to sixty.

I got to the conference early and was introduced to others who were early. We talked and sipped coffee and gradually I and another man began talking intensely about things theological and academic. It turned out that he wanted to teach part-time at the University and later I did try, unsuccessfully, to get him a place on the part-time faculty.

But what got me interested in him was who and what he was. He was a priest, an Irishman and a Benedictine monk. His name was Meloise Meehan. I got the idea that he could answer a question I had.

He said he enjoyed talking while strolling, so, as we waited for the conference to start, we strolled quietly in a beautiful, enclosed garden adjoining the conference room. Flowers were springing, making the air fragrant. I felt in the presence of a very ancient greatness, every sense alert, listening keenly to this monk. His attitude toward my theological questions was open, fresh, encouraging. So I poured them out.

I asked about this doctrine and that, getting all the time lucid, calm replies. But I was holding off on the question that was really perplexing me, trying to decide if it was safe for me to ask it. Father Meehan's demeanor, however, was so kind and obliging that at last I could not hold it back. "Father Meehan," I said, "where does authority lie? Does it lie in Scripture or tradition or both or what or where?"

He did not miss a step. Ordinarily, that might have been taken as a loaded question from a Protestant to a Catholic. But the whole issue of authority had been distressing me for years. I was wanting it answered and resolved.

Father Meehan read the intensity and sincerity -- even anguish -- with which I asked the question. Still walking, slowly, hands behind his back, quietly, he gave me this reply with a feeling of supreme serenity:

"You know, some say authority lies in Scripture, some say in the Church, some say in this tradition or theology or that one. And none of these answers is wrong. But I will tell you that if you approach any Catholic theologian and really ask him where ^{authority} lies and he really wants to tell you and feels you really want to know, that is, if he does not have to speak for some official doctrine but will tell you what he genuinely feels himself -- any Catholic theologian will tell you that authority lies in the hearts of the believers. The believers, themselves, carry full authority around with them all the time -- in their hearts."

This answer gave me supreme happiness. I knew instantly that it is the correct answer for my question. I knew also how much it was at variance with what would have been considered official doctrine.

It was many years before I realized how true this answer is and how it is the inner core of all doctrines of authority. It unites Protestant and Catholic. Indeed, it unites all doctrines of the Church.

What is the "authority" that resides in the hearts of the believers?
Why, God, Himself!

I have always felt that it was significant that I heard this answer from a religious and not a secular clergyman, from a monk and not just a priest. The monk has taken time to delve into the inner realms of spiritual discipline. He is usually speaking from experience, not from a book.

My reverence for the Catholic Church started at this point and has continued to expand. Father Meehan also got me interested in the monastic Orders, and my study of the great monks, especially Benedictines, started at this time.

For my personal spiritual pilgrimage, this statement of Father Meehan marked the first time I had felt a single, comprehensive point being indicated. All other suggestions had struck me as important but peripheral. This one was felt by me as central and essential. I could see that there is nothing "behind" it that still has to be uncovered. Here is the key focus, the eternal goal, the essential activity for all of life -- delve into the heart and discover its Resident. There, and there only, can one rest on Authority. There, and there only, is the Principle and Principal that unites all beings. There, and there only, when one gets to It, to Him, is Peace.

Father Meehan was my first Guru. I have never learned ^{any} more than what he taught me. Only more of what he meant.

In September of 1968 I was, one evening, taking supper with The Rev. Gordon George, S.J., at a Holiday Inn restaurant in ^{Ligonier} Pennsylvania. Gordon George was then Provincial for the Canadian Province, Society of Jesus. A few years later he was in Rome on special assignment by order of The Rev. Pedro Arupe, ^{S.J.} who oversaw the whole Jesuit Order. I asked Gordon then what he was doing in Rome, and he replied that he was bringing all the Jesuit Provincials from all over the world to Rome for conferences. The conferences, he told me, were for the purpose of "bringing the Provincials, kicking and screaming, into the 20th Century."

We were at Ligonier as members of a conference called, under auspices of the ^{Clement} Stone Foundation, to discover and help forge the lineaments of Western Civilization into the future. It was a tall order and the conferees considered themselves tall people. Some of them were, among them Gordon George, who, in physical stature, was quite short!

Gordon and I felt a very deep sympathy between us. As a result of this feeling I felt bold enough to put a sensitive question to him. I asked him if the Jesuit Order would ever accept the work of Teilhard de Chardin as true. And I expressed the feeling that his work is true and deserving of veneration. Gordon smiled charmingly -- he was the embodiment of graciousness -- and said: "Don't worry, David. We will accept him."

Gordon's deep sincerity made me believe his statement and I felt a whole lot better about things Jesuit and Catholic. The power of the personal touch in matters of great import cannot be gauged. It is indispensable for the getting done of things. People, not abstractions, make life happen.

In the Fall of 1967, during the first half of my term as intern at Redlands, John Cage participated in Religious Emphasis Week. Other speakers were Rod Serling and Tom Driver of Union. This year the theme was religion and the arts.

Cage gave an evening presentation at the Chapel. You could hear the prelude

two blocks away. Inside, the noise was near deafening. Huge speakers were mounted across the stage, two tape recorders were feeding them and Cage sat quietly on stage behind a small table, smoking a cigarette. (One did not smoke cigarettes or anything else in the Memorial Chapel of the University of Redlands -- although it was said that some organ students did, late at night, ^{while} practicing.)

From the speakers came a cacophony, unrecognizable sound, turned up loud. Little Redlands was startled. Who and what is that?! The audience talked a lot, actually yelling, wondering what was going on.

Presently Cage rose quietly, walked to the recorders and turned them off. Silence. The audience stunned, ears ringing. What next? In his effete, nasal voice, Cage announced calmly that we had been listening to a random mixture of hundreds of sounds from nature, played forward, backward, fast, slow, and all thrown together in an audio mix on two tapes, played simultaneously at slow speed. Oh.

He made some remarks about this being music as much as Brahms and then walked to his little desk, lit another cigarette and announced that he is going to read from his notebooks, two of them, with an intermission between. I think he said something about people being welcome to leave if they wanted to.

For nearly two hours, with an intermission, John Cage read from his notebooks. The thoughts and scenes reflected the Japanese Zen preoccupation with vastness, with the dissolution of boundaries, with futility as a virtue, with vacuity as a positive estate. Mostly it was one liners. For the better part of two hours. Very unraveling. But, entrancing, too.

These statements reflect the tenor of the evening:

"What makes you think I am not a Negro?" said she, white, to the Negro.

Measurements measure measuring means.

What's new?

What's not?

He had discovered the purpose of life: moving sand from one part of the beach to another.

Totally determinate music and totally indeterminate music sound the same.

Going in opposite directions, we get, instead of separation, a sense of space.

Arriving, we knew we had never departed.

Conversion: the mind turns around, no longer facing in its direction.

They said to her, after she had finished a brilliant lecture, "When will you undress yourself of your ideas?"

In order to lose your principles, examine them, give them an airing.

When Rio becomes overpopulated, what will they do? What will they not?

When Rio becomes

Fly to Rio for lunch.

We are all bags of leaking water. The next water you drink may be your own.

This evening worked like a blitz on me. I imbibed the undoing of boundaries very deeply and, I should say, completely. I was entranced and thrilled and transformed. This experience began the systematic dismantling and rebuilding which has occupied my energy ever since. I was already tending in the direction Cage suggested. He put roller|skates on my feet and gave me a ^{hard} push. Or, to change the metaphor, that night the alligator that was chewing my leg got shaken off.

Like many others of my generation, I had imbibed a lot of half-truths

during the course of education. We were in need of getting full truths and that most intensely. Cage performed the service of getting me to start from zero and build carefully with solid bricks and genuine mortar. I am thankful for that experience. Many people thought I was going crazy because I appeared to be negating so much. But I was not crazy. I was testing each piece for genuineness before accepting it. I still do.

It is significant that my first question after this experience with Cage was about authority. I put that question to Father Meehan some 4 to 6 months after ^{hearing} Cage. Cage had put me in the crucible and I was wondering what was going to survive the heat. I never related to Cage the profound effect he was having on my thinking and seeing. I never even met him, only saw him.

It is a treasured memory. At the time, and for years thereafter, it was giving me much happiness. Today it still makes me smile inwardly -- an old friend hailed from afar. It was a conversion that I underwent -- even an inversion. It was my first taste of the topsy-turvy world St. Francis knew and loved. The whole experience is ^{and precious} amusing for me.

After Cage and Father Meehan, the next really powerful affect on me was from Teilhard de Chardin. Here the same need to dissolve boundaries and fix new, more adequate ones was met. The first time I tried reading Phenomenon of Man, ^(in 1969) it took about 2 hours to read the first page. After about 4 hours and 4 pages, apparently not comprehended, I lay the book aside and did not pick it up again for several years. Then I went through it like a knife through hot butter. In 1976 it was an elementary primer for me.

The first time I tried to read it, I was enthralled with the first word: seeing. That became my rallying point: seeing, the vision of unity. I can look back now and see that in the first hours on page one only, I had imbibed the essence of Teilhard's message. It was also the message of Lama Govinda: do not rely on speculation; rather, what do you see? In

particular, what do you see with your inner eye, when your outer eyes are closed? The inner eye, when cleaned off and trusted, is giving a man the correct view. That is why we pray with the outer eyes shut. We know for a fact that the inner eye is capable of beholding Truth Itself.

(I have always considered it important that Father Meehan directed my attention to the Resident of the heart and that Father Teilhard was a devotee of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Heart aflame with the Holy Fire of Love. My Gurus were consistent. *They were also Catholic.*)

My high school training was in science and mathematics. I was an honors student in these subjects and entered college intent upon a pre-medical course. I was habituated to the uses of the outer eyes. But, by Providence, I forsook that course even before it started and ended up in philosophy and religion -- via music. I was searching for truth but still relying on the outer eyes. That was my training. No one ever said otherwise.

John Cage, finally, destroyed my confidence in the outer eyes. He got rid of that obstacle. The alligator had to give up at that point. That left me with nothing and a real feeling of being suspended over the "abyss of darkness," to use Tillich's phrase.

Father Meehan, at my request, pointed me inside. Lama Govinda seconded that advice when I was trying, one last time in a tremendous effort, to use the outer eyes. It was a forlorn hope, and fruitless, but one will not know that until having made every effort possible. To get anywhere in the spiritual realm, one has to strive mightily. Great things cost a great price. You get what you pay for. Pay cheap, you get cheap. Pay all, you get the prize. If you want God, you have got to spend out everything you have -- and then some. It is not a bargaining situation. There are no compromises. It is either you, or Him.

Teilhard showed me what the inner eye is seeing and Sri Sathya Sai Baba found me as His Inner Eye, seeing Being Itself, witnessing this Drama.

When I was at the Prasanthi Nilayam in 1971, an American "guru" drove up in a cavalcade and acted like a big shot. He sent his secretary to me to ask where is ^{Baba's} secretary. I motioned toward Mr. Kasturi and went back to my quarters wondering how Baba is going to handle this big shot "guru."

Some Americans came to where I was and announced that this "guru" had asked to see Baba and Baba had said, "Yes," at such and such a time, which was almost right away. Then I began to get the feeling that Baba wanted me to say whether He should give the "guru" an interview.

So I walked over to the garden where the "guru" stood with his party of followers, all looking very important. I looked at them keenly. Then I walked over to the Nilayam itself and looked straight into an upper-floor window, where I presumed Baba's quarters to be, and I said emphatically, within myself, "NO!!!"

Then I walked back to my quarters and found someone who wanted to go with me to the ice cream store across the road from the Nilayam compound and have a scoop of ice cream. We sat talking and eating ice cream when presently an American came up all excited, saying that Baba had just refused to see the "guru" and the "guru" is beside himself with rage and announcing how can Baba be divine if he breaks his word, and statements like that.

We kept eating our ice cream. A road lay between the ice cream store and the Nilayam compound and the "guru's" cavalcade of cars was parked right in front of us, across the road. We watched, and soon enough here comes the "guru" with his followers in tow, gesticulating, shouting insults and acting like they wanted to shake the dust of Prasanthi Nilayam out of their skirts.

They hopped into their cars, three or four of them, slammed the doors, revved the engines and took off in a start, blowing their horns to frighten the human animals who were not getting fast enough out of their way. The "guru's" driver popped the clutch by mistake, and I remember watching

him, in the car directly in my line of sight, being thrown first backward and then forward as the vehicle lurched fore and aft before coming to a steady progress outward, away-ward.

The outer eye cannot see much at all. The inner eye can visualize Truth. God uses his playmates, who are His instruments, to that purpose -- as His Inner Eye. The prayers of Elijah, a good man, could bring rain or drought, both.

One has to get out of the habit of using the outer eyes and rely, instead, on the inner eye. And one has to get habituated to acting on the basis of what the inner eye is seeing. This is the only way to find one's way through the world.

"When a man trusts himself, he will know how to live." -- Goethe

"A man has as much of knowledge as he puts into practice." -- St. Francis

A woman of my acquaintance, now advanced in years, is a concert pianist. As a young girl, she was studying at the Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria.

One lovely spring day during those years, she was relaxing on a park bench in Vienna, enjoying the sunshine, taking a break from the hard routine of practice and study. A volume of Brahms' music rested in her lap.

Presently, an elderly gentleman of graceful mien came and sat on the same bench with the young girl. They exchanged pleasantries, as much as possible with her imprecise German. Time passed. Finally, he asked her what she was doing in Austria, and she explained that she was studying at the Mozarteum and on a visit in Vienna.

His interest was aroused and he noticed the volume on her lap, asking her what it was. And when she told him it was some music by Brahms, he

beamed and said to her: "Ah, yes, Herr Brahms. I knew him well. When I was a boy, Brahms used to come to this very park to relax. We talked and played together frequently. He was a very warm, generous person. He was always happy and he loved young people. Herr Brahms was one of our favorites. In fact, we used to sit on this very bench."

The young girl swooned. She was feeling the bliss of closeness to the Master. *Such* opportunities come very rarely and she made the most of this one by inquiring in depth about the ways and thoughts of the Master. The old man was even able to tell her how Brahms felt certain passages of his and Beethoven's music should be played.

I, too, have always thrilled to this story. For, the woman herself told it to me and Brahms, along with Franck, is my musical Master. It is the kind of story that musicians live on. The great traditions of rendition, aspiration and inspiration are passed on from one generation to another by means of such stories.

All the *the Hand of* books in the world cannot substitute for *the* Living Master. In the stories about Him, told and retold by the aged to the young, He is present in the hearts of His descendents.

RECONNAISSANCE

By David R. Graham
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Pere Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

It is clear that Aquinian theology, so lucid and true, is not alone in the virtue of truth, and that completely.

Pere Pierre Teilhard de Chardin has established another system, equal with Aquinas' in the truth, yet starting from a different point.

Thomas' epistemology is pre-mystical and dualistic.

Teilhard's epistemology is post-mystical and non-dualistic.

It is possible to ascend the mountain of holiness by different routes. This is our situation when faced with Thomas and Teilhard.

Their starting points are different, their ending is the same. Their respective routes are different yet they do not clash and indeed they are incomparable.

Teilhard sounds heretical against, on the one hand, Thomism, and on the other, pantheism. The error is to compare him at all.

There are different systematic theologies, not different in degree or emphasis only, but different in order or kind from start to finish.

Teilhard gives us the first mystical philosophy, comprehending the sum of science as popularly denoted, since the doctrine enunciated in Ephesians and Colossians.

Teilhard begins with, restates and elaborates the Doctrine of the Pleroma. He is the first since St. Paul to cover all of knowledge in a bound from the mystical point of view. Mysticism means non-dualism.

Aquinas covers the field also, but from a pre-mystical point of view. The Vision he received terminated his writing. After that experience, he regarded the Summa as so much straw.

St. Paul tried the cosmological argument -- a basis of the Summa, along with Revelation -- in Athens and vowed never to use it again. It is ineffective with non-believers. For believers it is self-evident.

The Doctrine of the Pleroma, together with the Doctrine of Kenosis -- that is, Christ crucified -- this message had power to convert the heathen, and, judging by St. Paul's constant reliance on it, it also had power to correct heretics and was more useful in deepening devotion and upbuilding the Church than the cosmological argument.

Teilhard's words have this power because they proceed from the same source, the Doctrines of Pleroma and Kenosis, which are inseparable.

The effort to present Teilhard as restating the cosmological argument is misguided and misleading. He is no latter-day, disguised Thomist. He is a Pauline sage. He is the first philosopher who is beyond philosophy.

When Aquinas got beyond philosophy he quit writing. Teilhard started beyond philosophy and wrote from there. He gives the correct post-philosophical, post-religious and post-scientific point of view. He is a Bodhisattva.

His philosophy is described as non-dualism. The essence of it is this: a thing and its nature are one and the same. He chose to die on Easter Sunday, after saying Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

Take the Doctrine of Transsubstantiation. What is the use of this Doctrine when all Creation is the Body of Christ? In one system (Thomism) this Doctrine is necessary and true. In another (Teilhard) it is a moot point.

Take the Doctrine of the Church. In one system it is the Company of Believers, in Heaven, in Purgatory and on Earth. In another system it is Creation. Creation is the Incarnation, the one and only "miracle."

Is Teilhard a pantheist? Nothing could be more untrue. A pantheist is talking mere pretense, for, what is dualistic (language) cannot define what has no second. A mystic is experiencing non-duality and saying, as

Teilhard does, that reality cannot be defined.

Teilhard has described to some extent the philosophical aspect of the reality Bonhoeffer meant to denote with the words "religionless Christianity." This is the post-mystical reality, the anonymous, non-sacerdotal, blissful reality of experiencing oneself as a Wave of the Ocean of Bliss.

Once a person discovers that the Church is Creation, he then discovers that Work (liturgia) is Worship and that Duty is God. He has no need to come apart from the world to worship. He is always apart from the world, though in it, and every act of his is worship. He does not go to Church, he wears the Church as a vestment, his only raiment. He is the Church. When is he ever outside Her? Yet he must travel beyond Her too.

He who preaches must first practice his sermons. Let sermons arise from direct experience and if a man has little or none of experience, then let him keep silent.

Teilhard writes from the Inner Room of Teresa's Castle. For him, cosmology and ontology are one and the same. He writes in this consciousness.

Good Men

Good men are a source of culture. They are living examples of the sort of person God takes pleasure in. Their hearts are pure, no wickedness can lodge in them. Out of their store of goodness they bring forth goodness. They accomplish heroic deeds, leading men on by precept and example to the highest reaches of achievement.

Good men are the cement that holds the bricks of culture in a stable edifice. They are the gates which release or hold back divine patronage and blessing. They are the arbiters of the affairs of men, deciding now in favor of this course, now in favor of that.

Politicians believe they control the affairs of men. Artists believe they

do. Housewives, doctors, lawyers, ministers, laborers believe they do.

But all of these people believe an illusion. In truth, good men everywhere are in charge, and they also will answer for their actions and decisions, to the last one.

Good men even control the appearance and disappearance of Divine Incarnations.

The thoughts of a good man take effect no matter where he is.

Goodness in a man is what makes his memory sweet to future generations. When he dies, it is with a smile and a bow, and with weeping among men.

Good men foster life, they foster goodness and they foster love. They are always busy fostering what is eternal. They water and manure and tend the roots of culture, they guard culture against attack -- and this is why they are fondly remembered.

People say to themselves about a good man, "I'm glad he lives." When those words are said about a man in the privacy of another man's heart -- there we have a testimony to goodness, and to greatness.

Good men are the very life-blood of culture.

Good men are the living standard by which other men are evaluated. They do not judge other men, but other men think they do. So, good men are persecuted in this evil age.

Goodness is not a feeling or a warm glow. It is universal order. It is the power that sustains life. It is the way which builds and passes on what is valuable. Goodness is not a state but a course of action. It is not a possibility but an imperative. Good men incarnate all of these aspects of goodness.

Goodness brings forth food and rain and clothing and shelter for men. It brings forth the teacher, the spiritual preceptor. It brings forth

the child and the life's occupation. It brings forth the family, the Church, the community, the nation and the world. It brings forth great leaders. In a word, goodness brings forth everything necessary to support the physical universe, society and the individual. And it brings these forth in order and peace, full of cooperation and brotherliness.

Good men incarnate all of this. They are a source of culture and so they are imperishable. Men remember them forever.

A man must seek the company of good men if he is to be good himself. This will be his life's work.

Technique

Technique is also a source of culture. Men are able to build, farm and clothe themselves. They are able to make things that support life and render it enjoyable.

Without technique in all aspects of life, living is an impossibility.

Technique has to be kept under control, canalized. When it takes off on its own, it produces first luxury and finally, poverty, the twin evils that are afflicting man today.

Jacques Ellul said this many years ago. Technology, Ellul said, is merely the divinization of technique -- letting technique take off on its own.

Man's hands are meant to work; but man is not meant to worship the work of his hands. Idolatry is a manifestation of the primal ignorance which is ego.

What keeps technique from spawning materialism is simplicity, an aspect of love for God and neighbor. A simple man has both technique and control of it. A complex man, burdened with thoughts, has neither.

Simplicity is single-pointedness.

Technique is a tool for maintaining the body. If we maintain the body simply, we control technique. If the body is in charge, demanding this and that satisfaction, we do not control technique. Instead, we are caught in the coils of opulence.

The law that applies to technique is: qualitative magnification is inversely proportional to quantitative diminution. What the body craves will harm it. Intellect has to be put in charge of both the body and the mind. To really be in charge, intellect must be clean, pure, strong.

Technique is bionics, the isolation of a function of the body in the external world, outside the body. All technique is bionics. Man cannot make other than what he is.

The computer is a pencil, the pencil . a finger. That is all.

Technology is hard-programmed technique, technique put into relatively stable memory. The secretary doesn't have to start each day by reinventing a typewriter.

Chemical-reactive power is the bionic model. Combustion is also, but the real bionic energy is electro-chemical. Nuclear-reactive and nuclear-fusive power are non-and even anti-bionic power sources. They are siderial phenomena and belong, properly, in that context. For society they are both unnecessary and harmful. Their cost alone demonstrates that fact.

Technique is morally neutral. It is like a surgeon's knife: it can help or it can harm. It all depends on the man wielding technology.

Adjustments of technique and technology will never yield a cure for the problems we face. Fear, anger, greed, hatred, lust, pride -- these, and not technology, are the real enemies of man. When these enemies are defeated all of our problems will be cured.

Works of Art

Works of art are sources of culture. They formalize for men the highest principles and virtues and they inspire men to practice these.

Beauty is Bliss. What expresses doubt, disbelief, depravity cannot be called a work of art. Works of art today are very rare indeed.

Art, especially music, quietens the passions and transmutes them into passings of divinity itself. The experience we have when something truly delights and thrills us, when something is near and dear to us, when something gives us goose-bumps and "makes the hair stand on end" -- that experience is God and the thing which elicited it is a work of art.

One in a thousand -- or less -- is an artist today. An ^{acquaintance} _A once said to me that every town has one good horse-shoer. But when he left, that town was without one.

One master may have many apprentices, but most, if not all, will be good craftsmen, not artists. What is called art today is mere copy-work -- *imitation*, painting a post-card. An artist would not debase himself so.

Why are there so many pianists since the 1950's? Artists? No, craftsmen. There is plenty of technique but very little of the mystery of life. God has not made Bachs in a factory. We listen to another's opinion rather than evaluating for ourselves. When another derides our feelings, we deny them in order to curry the other's favor. This is not right.

Art is simple, not opulent, colorful, not vague, charming, not monumental. It is transparent, transcendent, transcient. Refined technicalism can never be called art. Art does not imitate life. Art is life. Eternal Life.
 Let life imitate art.

FF The artist has a calling -- to uplift, strengthen, encourage and confer joy on his brother pilgrims. His is a duty. Like Jeremiah, he must do it or be incinerated by the Word that is in him.

In so many walks of life we forget the injunction to perform them well! Perfection is not what is asked. Rather, it is to do one's best, to do it mightily, without hesitation or demure. "Duty is ours. Consequences are God's." -- T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson.

Art is serious business. Works of art are not for entertainment but for inspiration. Entertainment is hollow, dissipating. Man must be on the march forward, God-ward or he will be retreating backward, hell-ward. Diversion, or what we call entertainment, is retreating backward. It is a sign of laziness, sloth.

Art inspires a man forward.

The various media have to be churned, like whole milk, to get the truth revealed, the butter. The truth, the statue, inheres in the stone. But the casing, the rock, has to be chipped away with hammer-strokes and furious work before the statue will emerge. It is like getting butter out of whole milk. Work, work, work, churn, churn, churn, chip, chip, chip -- finally the medium will give up its essential beauty to be seen by one and all. That beauty is God.

General View

In general, the problems we face are derived from the advance of immorality. We see, for example, a generation or two of young people who actively desire to be wards of the State. We see leaders of the community and leaders of families unwilling to shoulder their responsibilities and, simultaneously, anxious to give advice to one and all.

The confusion attendant upon our corporate life is inspired by the release of immorality and vice in the name of freedom. We look almost in vain for people with moral courage. Morality cannot be legislated. It must come from a purified heart, from pelucid feelings, from severe intellectual effort.

If God is to reward a person with the Vision of Himself, there must be something rather substantial there to be rewarded. The person must already have been made grand by his own heroic effort.

Moral heroes are the foundation of what is to come. This is not a new situation. It has always been thus. Immorality can be conquered by moral heroism only. We cannot blame some external power for the immorality in this country. We have it aplenty in our intellectual coteries, in government *cabals* and in the take-care-of-me attitude of so many citizens.

Moral certainty, moral strength -- this is what is required. Even small amounts of moral certainty have salutary effects far out of proportion to ^{their} ~~the~~ apparent mass. The very thoughts of a good man, surcharged with wisdom, have beneficial effect throughout the world, regardless of his location or "visibility." Publicity and a platform are not required. They are even detrimental.

The country was warned by General MacArthur. The academy was warned by Ayn Rand. The warnings went unheeded. The patient now looks in a terminal condition.

Will some deus ex machina extricate us at the last moment? I think not. I feel it is our destiny to undergo a physical collapse.

The historical parallel I would draw is with the so-called Dark Ages. The academy uses this term, but it is not accurate. In his lovely biography of St. Francis, Chesterton points out that the Dark Ages were a time of purification and penance, a time for working the obscenity of Roman civilization out of the body politic -- through hard penance.

Just before the Vandals struck, nothing good or wholesome or uplifting could be thought or done in Rome because everything had been given a universal prurient connotation. Perdition infected the whole body so the whole body had to go into the hospital to be cleansed. And so it did. St. Francis signaled that the purgation was accomplished, the world had been reborn, fresh, clean, bracing, powerful. The mighty Middle Ages.

The Dark Ages were a necessary and therefore desirable phenomenon. Vandalism, hooliganism and thugery blew themselves out on society. They served as the cleansing fire, the purifying deluge. Culture went into the Cloister. If Pompeii's frescos were lost, what was kept? The Bible, the source of civilization, was kept. Reverence for hard, honest work was kept. The Liturgy, the arts and crafts, the writings of the Fathers, a system of government and all the highest ideals of which man is the capable heir -- these were kept. This great effort of preservation in preparation for a new day was expended, in spite of doom, by the institution we call Benedictine Monasticism. St. Benedict is *the Prophet, Elisha, come again.*

Today, scattered throughout the world, people who remain faithful to the divine imperative follow the same course. Now, however, there is no cloister, no Pope, no cultured respect and no Order bound by a Rule. What sanctuary the monks enjoyed from topographical and ecclesiastical conditions is not available to today's preservers of culture. They cannot even be monks. They must take their stand in the thick of things, accepting victory and defeat with the same rugged will to carry on, seemingly unprotected, unloved, unrespected, unsung. What they do have is the Name, the Pleroma, and He is sufficient. Sri Sathya Sai Baba.

Whether the dawn comes in 4 years or 400, these people will be calmly at their task, like the ancient monks, but exposed, vulnerable, with no more than the thread of Grace between them and extinction. However, that Thread happens to be the axis of advance of Christogenesis. It is not going to part.

This is how I see our situation. As the Vandals -- factions, special interest groups -- tear the world, culture and themselves to pieces, others, quietly, but in exposed positions, are preserving what is good, *what is true and what is beautiful* in preparation for the Dawn of the Sun of Righteousness, the onset and suffusion of Dharma (order, righteousness), the irradiation of Divinity.

The Mandala

It is commonly thought that the Mandala is built on the number 4 and its multiples. Actually, it is built on the number 5 and, sometimes, on the number 9.

What about the center?

Studies of Indian and Alchemical systems led me to decide that the Alchemical systems are inaccurate, confused or misleading. This was no small discovery, since all "occult wisdom" in the West, including Freemasonry, is based on these Alchemical systems. The whole occult phenomenon is shot through with fatal inaccuracies, confusion and self-deceit. Freemasonry, in particular, despite its broad constituent base, is seen to be resting, for all its apparent might, on plain confusion.

The Alchemical systems got four of the elemental principles -- air, fire, water, earth -- and missed the fifth, ^{which is the first} ether. This makes their anthropology inaccurate. They got the senses of touch, sight, taste and smell, but missed hearing.

Alchemical cosmology is also inaccurate, for the same reason -- ether is the source of air. Fire emerges from air, water from fire and earth from water. The earth's phylogeny recapitulates this cosmogony. The gradation of subtlety was therefore missed: ether, the most subtle, is only heard; air is heard and felt; fire is heard, felt and seen; water is heard, felt, seen and tasted; and earth, the most gross element, is heard, felt, seen, tasted and smelled. Subtlety means not minuteness, but rather, having few characteristics, ^(qualities) the least amount of baggage. God is said to be subtler than the subtlest, meaning, He cannot be heard, felt, seen, tasted or smelled. He is intangible. *He has no qualities.*

(In addition)

only Paracelsus, as far as I could find, understood that the elemental principles emanate from a source which is of a different logical type than them. He says he learned this in Persia, that this source is the inner principle of duality, male and female, cosmos and effort. From

the inner principle of duality come the elemental principles, starting with ether. Incidentally, Teilhard speaks about the primal sound, the Pranava, OM, with reference to his own experience only.

In general, the Alchemical tradition, and its modern occult progeny, place the elemental principles and the inner principle of duality in the same logical type and so represent them graphically. Paracelsus, however, does not make this mistake. *This mistake betrays body-consciousness, attachment to the impermanent.*

ff The best graphics to represent this reality is a cone on a central axis. The cone is the elemental principles and the axis represents the inner principle of duality. The axis runs through the cone vertically, between apex and base.

Paracelsus, unlike other Alchemists, went further still. He realized that the inner principle of duality has a source. He called this source primal matter or Unity. Some Alchemists called it compositum solis, sun substance, but they confused its logical typing by representing it graphically on the same plane with the elemental principles. *This, also, is evidence of a voluptuary.*

Paracelsus recognized that this entity is yet a third logical type and as such did he represent it grammatically. I have called primal matter point zero. In the Bible it is called Wisdom and is often personified. Represented graphically, this point lies at the apex of the aforementioned cone and is the original terminus of its axis. The point is the inner core of the individual's heart, the axis is his life's course and the cone is the world that is created, destroyed and preserved while he holds to and actively pursues his course.

What is the source of point zero, primal matter? The answer is not contemplated by the Alchemists or their progeny. The answer is not given by the introduction of a fourth logical type. The answer is the Eternal, but the Eternal is not a logical type. It is typeless.

All of this philosophy lies behind the mandala.

Metaphor

Once I was very agitated about the matter of metaphor. I was not the only one so concerned. The more ^{inquiring} intellectuals had been pondering this matter for some many years before I got involved in the discussion. It is a crucial issue and it would not be wrong to say that by the late 1960s and the early 70s it was the central concern of those who were most sensitive to the needs and problems of Western Civilization. Intellectually speaking, I feel that people were absolutely correct in treating the matter of metaphor as the central focus of the intellectual leadership.

Why is metaphor so important? Well, the mind is a wayward monkey. It has to think with something, with thoughts, and the thoughts have to be coherent, cohesive, lucid, plain and easy. The mind has to have an over-all schematic in which and on which all the thoughts can fit, logically, consistently. That is to say, the mind's thoughts and functioning have to be organized, canalized, structured, directed. The structure, the schematic that is used is a metaphor. The metaphor becomes the central organizing principle for all the mind's thoughts. And because of that fact it, the metaphor, serves as a model of reality itself.

Since the metaphor is a model for reality, it had better be an adequate one, that is, it had better account for all the phenomena that one perceives. If it does not, if the phenomena one is meeting are constantly unmatched to the metaphor one is using, one is going to experience an intolerable logical dissonance and, if an adequate metaphor is not imbibed, one may even undergo an epistemological collapse.

These facts were perfectly apparent to the ^{inquiring} intellectuals, and a few of them, such as Gregory Bateson and his daughter, Mary Catherine Bateson, were expending enormous amounts of energy in the search for an adequate metaphor. In every way it is a life and death issue and these people were alive to the fact.

Why did a search have to be mounted? Well, because the advance of scientific inquiry and the obvious degradation of morality across the society were

both showing that the ways we used to think were no longer in harmony with the experiences we were having. In every corner of the society men were feeling that the old ways of thinking were not in consonance with the realities they were facing. A profound sense of inadequacy was afflicting us. New realities were presenting new problems and the problems were looking the more serious because we did not feel confident about the tools we had for thinking them through, for solving them. That is, we were not confident about our metaphors.

So, the search got going. Wittgenstein reports this same genre of experience following the Great War in Europe. Teilhard and Schweitzer also report the same experience. How shall we think? How shall we get ourselves out of this mess? What are the relevant boundaries? What metaphor is going to give us some clarity and relief? Bonhoeffer faced these questions in the 1920s. He respected Barth and admired that scholar, but he felt that Barth didn't know what was going on "out there."

Tillich did. It is said that when a student asked Barth a question, Barth answered in Barth's terms. But when Tillich was asked a question, the answer came in the student's terms. Tillich is the only one of the "old school" whom I did not have the fortune to meet *after I attained to literacy*. That was my destiny. He passed away during my first year at Union. Tillich understood the crucial importance of metaphor and was a major searcher for an adequate one.

Various metaphors were tried. The machine was known to be inadequate. The Great Chain of Being was inadequate. Pure logic itself (Wittgenstein) was felt to be inadequate, rightly so, as that man's own life demonstrated. A formal conceptual absolute, as with Hegel and the Stoicism of Schweitzer, was known to be inadequate. The mores and customs of past and primitive cultures ^{were} known to be inadequate. What was coming from Churchmen was inadequate and usually not even cognizant of the need. Indeed, the utter insensitivity of Churchmen to the intellectual crisis of the 20th Century has always filled me with astonishment.

What happened? The major effort in search for a metaphor became focused

on the developing sciences of cybernetics and the human nervous system. The computer itself was tried briefly, but the information from nervous system studies indicated that more is involved in this world than binary switching. Feedback loops are not only moving forwardly, they are also interplaying amongst each other laterally. That threw the whole ballgame into a new park, one which couldn't even be metaphorized, at least not with the brain-power then available.

The best that could be done in this situation was done by Mary Catherine Bateson, who stated: "You are your own central metaphor." That is, we do not apparently have a universal metaphor. Misunderstood, this statement can be construed as a very clever restatement of nominalism: "It is whatever I say it is," or, "It's all just semantics" -- which is probably what Catherine meant to say without being aware of her intention.

← In the absence of a genuine universal metaphor, this "metaphor" is the best that can be done. But what it does not do is provide the metaphor that was being sought in the first place.

It will be noted that the very first paragraph of my paper, "Notes on Curriculum at Union Theological Seminary," which opens this volume, expresses the need for an adequate metaphor. Basically, that need has to be fulfilled or mankind will go stark raving mad. What to do?

The fact is that none of man's contrivances, technological nor mental, has ever served as an adequate metaphor. Since they all arise from man himself, they all have some relative value, some limited usefulness, as metaphors for thinking. The computer, the nervous system, the Great Chain, the machine -- all of these things describe the functioning of reality in an accurate but limited manner. So we cannot say that they are worthless or entirely inadequate. They are each adequate to a limited degree. But, none of them is comprehensive. And what we were after was the comprehensive metaphor.

Taking an accurate but non-comprehensive metaphor for reality and treating it as comprehensive is what the Prophets called idolatry. This activity is severely reprobated by the Prophets, as we all know — and for unimpeachable reasons.

If among all the contrivances of the human mind and the human hand no comprehensive metaphor can be found, then obviously, the search must be focused among something other than those contrivances. And in 1971 and 1972 *I was doing that.* The original clue came from Teilhard's Phenomenon of Man: the tree of life. That metaphor floated around in my mind for about two years until it was finally brought front and center by Sri Sathya Sai Baba, during a conversation we had in 1972.

By the Fall of that year the horticultural metaphor had crystalized or concretized in my mind and I could see that it was, indeed, the long-sought-for comprehensive metaphor. It is the metaphor of the Bible. Krishna tells Arjuna that He is the Seed and that this whole universe is the Tree which has grown from It. Jesus says, "I am the Vine. You are the branches."

Now, what is the cosmological, ontological or even morphological difference between a vine and its branches, a seed and its tree? There is none!

All of the contrivances of man are inadequate because they are either not alive or not a complete system. Only the tree, or the vine, has all the qualities to account for all the phenomena that a man can cognize. And that is what makes the tree the universal, comprehensive metaphor for thought. Not only so, but it also describes and fulfills the deepest yearning of man, which is to experience unity, non-duality -- that is, to experience God as oneself and oneself as God.

All other metaphors are but aspects of this one, fundamental metaphor, the tree. Nor is it a wild tree. It is a tended tree. The metaphor is not mere botany. It is horticulture.

The very structure of reality is a tree, the Tree of Life. When we think horticulturally, we will be able to account for every single phenomenon known -- and unknown -- to man.

This solution to the problem of metaphor, which is also the solution to the intellectual crisis of the 20th Century, had become apparent to me in its fullness by 1973.

At that point I felt that my search had been ended and fulfilled. I resolved to take the vow of walking in the northerly direction until this body should drop dead. I put my few belongs in order and set out, quite happily, as if on a joyful journey.

But I got lost in the suburbs of Clairmont, north of San Diego, trying to find my way to open country and the hills. Some housewives took me for a burglar and called the police. Pretty soon I was in a squad car on my way to the Division Station. I told my story to the detective in detail. I was printed and photoed and a search made for any possible criminal dealings. None being found, and after further interrogation, the detective ordered the arresting officer to take me to E Wing, County Hospital. That is, the mental ward.

But the arresting officer intervened. He asked to talk with the detective privately. The detective agreed and I was left to sit for some minutes. Presently, the arresting officer, a young man to whom I had apologized profusely for wasting his time and being a bother, told me to get in his squad car. He asked me, "Are you crazy?" I replied, "No." Then he asked, "Do you know where I am taking you?" I replied that I did not know, and he said, "I am taking you home, and I want you to spend the rest of your life helping people." I looked at him intently and we both smiled. Then I said to him, "Alright, Officer. If that is what you want me to do, that is what I will do." He asked, "Do you promise?" I replied, "Yes, I will."

regular ff

The officer drove me home, some 10 miles or more away. He searched my apartment, found it in order, wished me a good day and left. I went over to my favorite Mexican restaurant and ate.

At the restaurant I decided the best way to express my gratitude to the officer was to apply to the Navy Chaplain Corps, a service I considered during the first year at Union. The Navy wanted me but the United Church of Christ turned me down. Said I was defective. I told them they were raving monkeys. Not very diplomatic.
DRG-3/23/85

Comparison

Comparison causes a lot of intellectual and subsequent trouble. The reason is that comparisons will not hold up indefinitely, either in logic or as descriptions of reality. Sooner or later a comparison must be replaced by a simple statement of what is and then this statement must, in turn, be replaced by . . . ecstatic silence.

(The conclusions we make share the same characteristic of impermanence. Sooner or later all conclusions must be reopened and reexamined and reconcluded in another way. All of the conclusions and "facts" of science are, alike, transcient. Science is a whole new set of conclusions and assumptions about every 10 years.)

The greatest metaphors, for example the horticultural metaphor, are not comparisons, they are statements, and even these must give way to silence. Just as the ultimate goal of organization is limpness, even in music, so the ultimate goal of logic is silence, wonder, awe.

Comparisons have ante-penultimate significance and usefulness. They are stepping-stones on the road to statement, and ultimately, silence. As long as we recognize them as such and accord them no more or less value than they deserve, we will find comparisons beneficial to us. But, when we take them for statements of fact or even as facts in themselves, we are in deep trouble. The ante-penultimate cannot serve as the ~~openultimate~~ penultimate, much less the ultimate.

Comparisons are neither malleable nor ductile. An irony of Schweitzer's comparison of Bach's music to painting is that the comparison itself lacks the "plastic" quality he so much desires. A comparison is brittle and stark. Reality is ductile and malleable. The terms of a comparison do not admit of adjustment and the qualities of things compared which do not fit the comparison are left unattended.

Perhaps the deepest problem of a comparison, the fundamental reason for its transcience, is that it establishes a duality which is insurmountable

within its own terms. The two things being compared are left as two things. Logic will not abide this result, either in its penultimate or its ultimate disposition. Logic cannot abide two. If there are two it can only be taken, penultimately, as one twice.

The inexorable effect of comparisons to establish, seemingly indefinitely, two things unconjoined by the very terms of comparison is a tip-off that comparisons are not finally valid. We know a priori that we cannot end up with more than one, or even with other than one.

So, comparisons are fine so long as they are kept in their place -- which means, functionally, eliminated altogether. Beyond comparisons is metaphor or statement, and beyond metaphor is fact, taking the objective form of ecstatic silence. (Bateson's strove for rajas - qualified non-dualism - but could not rise above thamas - dualism - much less achieve sathwa - non-dualism. - DRG 2(4/86)

Paradox

Paradox is trying to treat two things, each of a different logical type, as if they are of the same logical type. Much of the feebleness and torpor of contemporary religious life and thought results from the propensity to resolve paradoxes in favor of one of their terms by disregarding the other. Properly, one should never arrive at a paradox in the first place. This is done by a steady recognition of logical types and their differences.

But instead, we have a sort of lazy flop over to one side or the other of the dilemma. Actually, we flop back and forth, vacillating. But we cannot flop over onto one side of a paradox we should never have gotten to and there rest content. It is not honest. It is lazy.

If a paradox is encountered, backtrack and sort out the logical types, then proceed to discover how, if at all, the logical types are related. It may be assumed at the commencement that correct inquiry will never produce a paradox. A paradox achieved simply indicates an inquiry needing

correction.

In this, as in all other matters, there is nothing wrong with making an error. One is just thereby in need of finding the correction. However, that may entail a lot of hard work.

(11/13/82 -- It is a remarkable fact that for 14 years no one has challenged the validity of my writing. It has been appreciated, derogated and ignored. But, it has never been challenged or falsified. -- DRG)

Incarnatus est

I would like to bring together and underline the importance of three doctrines: the doctrines of Pleroma, Kenosis and Parousia. These are the doctrines of the divine Fullness, Humility (emptiness) and Presence.

I would like to say that these three are actually but aspects of the one doctrine of the Incarnation. They are the string on which are strung all the pearls of Christian theology. They are the sum and substance of the rest and they comprise, together, just one doctrine: Incarnatus est -- He took on human flesh.

The doctrines of Pleroma, Kenosis and Parousia are inseparable and cannot be treated separately.

The prefix para is an intensifier. The word ousia means being, substance. Parousia, therefore, means being or reality or God intensely present, right now. The Parousia is the only Reality. The word is equivalent to the Sanskrit Paramatma.

The doctrine of Kenosis (emptying out) is the fountain of anthropology and ethics. It has traditionally served as the straight road to mystical "favours." *The great Christian mystics were all devoted to Jesus' Humanity. They saw that (Kenosis) as Divine!*

The doctrine of the Pleroma is the common ground of the five religions of mankind: Hinduism, Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Islam and Christianity.

To say more than this would get me going on a book on systematic theology, and that is not my purpose. I wish only to underline these doctrines and to point out their importance and unity as the one, central doctrine of Christianity, Incarnatus est.

Footnotes

This text lacks footnotes. At Union I once wrote a paper for Tom Driver and did not footnote a thing. He acted like I had stolen the Tower of London, not to mention the Crown Jewels within, and threatened me with dire catastrophe if I did not rewrite the piece with footnotes. I rewrote the piece without footnotes and added a section explaining why I did not footnote that piece. He was not amused. As I remember, neither was I.

The paper detailed the inadequacy of dialectical methodology, of "objectivity." The custom of footnoting characterizes this fallacious methodology. So, to make the point, I refused to footnote.

The absence of footnotes here is deliberate, or rather, unavoidable. There is one footnote to the entire text and that is the author's life. It is my practice to practice what I learn and thereby, in the crucible of experience, to evaluate its truth or falsehood. Just because some big shot says something is true does not incline me to believe it. I will test it, beat it, bite it, punch it, throw it around the room a few times with terrific force and watch what happens. If an idea can survive all the mayhem I am able to inflict upon it, then, and then only, will I accept it as true. I tend to do the same thing with people, which keeps me leading a pretty private life.

But, there is a singular and grand advantage of this procedure: when something survives, it is me and I own it. I am able to say that what I have received from others has been so thoroughly lived by me that what I have kept is genuinely my own. I have, therefore, every right to treat it as my own and not footnote anything in the traditional manner of scholars -- a manner with which I have intimate familiarity.

Another reason for the absence of footnotes is this: my purpose has never been archival. I leave that to those who enjoy archiving. My purpose has always been seminal. I never enjoyed cataloguing what others have said about an issue. I have always sought to reconstruct and preserve in appealing form the ancient foundation and edifice of Christian doctrine and epistemology, showing along the way that these saturate every condition and situation of man's life on earth.

I am grateful to the archivists and to all those whose names appear in this text. But I am in debt to none of them -- never have been, never will be. I am Beethoven, come again.

So, I offer my life as the one and only footnote to this text. Let that be tested for truth. And if a man is too lazy to do that, then let him not carp in ignorance but keep his place — and his tongue.

God wants the love, not the lover. Remember that.