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**From the Pulpit—**

**Unique Cure for Common  
Human Ailment Described**

A unique cure for one of the commonest ills from which the human spirit suffers is described in William Seabrook's recent book, "Witchcraft."

But first, a few words about this ailment. Its usual symptom is felt in the longing to go somewhere, to get away from the same old surroundings. The farm boy riding up and down the endless rows of corn dreams of an outing in the city; or perhaps of living in the city as it is pictured in our Hollywood productions. The city boy, on the other hand, dreams of release from the time-clock punching in office and factory: how fascinated he is by pictures of the open spaces of the country and of wooden lanes! So city folk flock to the city for their outings. Always, it seems, we could free ourselves from something that has got us if we could only get away for a while.

**Dullness Appears**

And when we do get away we actually do enjoy a taste of self abandon, of freedom for a brief while. But let the city dweller remain for very long on the farm, or let the farmer be dropped into the city, and in but a brief span of time, the new surroundings take on an appearance of dullness, the romance fades and the new loses its enchantment. If one who lives in the city could only be able to see and feel continuously that interesting romantic something the countryman is aware of; if, on the other hand, the farmer could only be continuously aware of the beauty, the freedom, the deep satisfaction of co-operating with the life of nature that thrills the crowd-oppressed streetcar rider.

**Community is Our Jail**

Unable either to see the city as the country dweller sees it, or the country as the city dweller sees it, not a few of us devel-

op what might be called a caught imprisoned feeling. Our community is our jail; and like prisoners we helplessly beat at the bars with words of discontent, resentment. We day dream of "over the hills and far away." The cure for this ailment, described by Seabrook, was applied to a New York actress whose work had lost its flavor, had become an oppressive bore. She went to a cultist who called himself **Master Therion** [Aleister Crowley], and who has established himself in an old abbey on the shores of the Mediterranean. On the grounds was a small isolated hill with a flat top. She was told that on the hill top she would find a small tent, a coarse woolen robe with a cowl; this was to be her only wearing apparel. And each night she would find a platter of simple food on a nearby rock. "No bed, no chair, no bunk, no cards, no games. 'She would have,' said the Master Therion, 'the sun, the moon, stars, sky, sea, the universe to read and play with.' " For one month she was to remain alone on that hilltop.

### Keeps Her Diary

She kept a diary. Before the first day was over she began to feel nervous; a few more days and she felt she was making a fool of herself, was resentful and uncomfortable. Another week and she wrote that she was now "calm but bored." Finally came the last 10 days, and about them she wrote, "perfect calm, deep joy, renewal of strength and courage." She had, she wrote, "gotten hold of herself again."

Master Therion may have been a bizarre cultist, but no one can deny the sheer common sense of the treatment he prescribed. What she needed, and all of us who are afflicted need, is to get hold of ourselves again. Most of the time it is clothes that have got our selves, or the appearance of our parlors, or the fact that we aren't captains of industry. They worry us, they keep us awake at night. They weigh us down; they strangle us. And with all these things getting us, is it any wonder that we feel imprisoned and itch to make a break.

But must we go to hilltops and to Master Therions? In a certain set of books in what is called the New Testament are stories of another Master, who also addressed himself to the ailment I have been describing. He was heard saying, "Be ye not anxious for the morrow"—don't let tomorrow get you, in other words. And much more he has to say about not letting anger get you, or lust, or clothes, or resentment. Far more helpful for all who may feel the need of a month on a hilltop is an hour of meditation now and then on the words of the Sermon on the Mount.