

Mystics and Their Ways

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these things. It interprets every phenomenon as a direct dealing of God with the soul, and it creates from each phenomenon an image of glory, radiates it and spreads it over the universe.

Shelley has voiced the portrait of a true mystic in a single stanza:

"He can watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun and moon
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom;
Nor heed, nor see, what things they be;
Yet from these, create he can
Forms more real than living man—
Nurslings of immortality."

This is the keynote of all mystics, that their analysis of the Universe culminates in Deity. The consciousness is no longer human, but divine. Country and language hardly vary the very expression.

MANSOUR, the Persian mystic, was stoned for saying "I am The Truth, and within my turban I wrap nothing but God." His blood is said to have traced "An' el Haqq"—I am the Truth—upon the sand. The usual greeting of the Hindu is almost identical. "Thou art That," he exclaims reverently on meeting a man, and places his hands together as a sign that Two are in reality One.

The Gnostics, the Neoplatonists, the Christians, all possess this same inner consciousness. There is only one further step, and that is to identify this One with Nothing. The Chinese were the first to express this clearly in words; their conception of the Tao is still unequalled for clarity on this point. But Indian and Christian have outdone them in detail and in intellectual demonstration. In the famous "Book of Lies," one of the best modern treatises on mysticism, by Frata Perdurabo, the author fills his first page with a question-mark, and the reverse of it with a mark of exclamation, signifying that the Universe has two phases, scepticism and mysticism, and that these two are equal and opposite, and therefore One. His first chapter he calls "The Chapter which is not a chapter," and begins it with the sign: O!

He means, by the O, the infinitely large; by the @ the infinitely small; and by the straight line, the

manifested universe, the result of the interplay of the first two. He then descends to our inferior understanding by using mere words, and describes "The Ante Primal Triad which is NOT-GOD" in these simple but triad terms:

"Nothing is.
Nothing becomes.
Nothing is not."
Of course, when Nothing is not, Something is; so we reach "The First Triad, which is GOD," which begins "I AM."

There are many other chapters to excite wonder in this little volume. Here are some additional phrases: It is not necessary to understand; it is enough to adore. The God may be of day; adore him and he becomes GOD. We ignore what created us; we adore what we create. Let us create nothing but GOD! That which causes us to create is our true father and mother; we create in our own image—which is theirs. Let us therefore create without fear; for we can create nothing that is not GOD.

And this is from the chapter called "Phaeton":

"No.
Yes.
Perhaps.
O!
Eye.
I.
Hi!
Y!
No.
Hail!

This chapter needs no explanation; it is evidently a perfect synopsis and solution of the great Philosophical, Mystical and Ethical Problem which has always, and will always, baffle MAN.



The Week-End Problem

(Continued from page 53)

listened intently as you discoursed upon books and pictures, wine, opera, women, painting and song—I have visited you, too, over many a week-end. No, let me be honest—one week-end. I inspected new roadways and I hearkened while you spoke to me in thrilling tones, of green manures and white pine seedlings. I tramped your acres, Henry, and I saw your dairy, more stately than a Carnegie library and more hygienic than Johns Hopkins. And, with hypocritical admiration on my lips and unutterable boredom in my soul, I gazed upon your registered King Barledec XXVII, and listened to a disquisition upon the superiority of Jerseys to Guernseys, or vice versa. Henry, in town so blithe and fascinating, a Dr. Jekyll spreading joy and cheer, how horrible to see you transformed into a country Mr. Hyde, destroyer of home, wrecker of many a week-end. Never again shall I be beguiled into recognizing you, north of 125th Street.

THERE are, of course, a million minor week-end ills, oft-rected. There is the servants' ruthless, contemptuous invasion of the makeshifts of a modest wardrobe; there are fees, necessitating the services of an expert accountant before the merely well-to-do dare undertake a week-end visit. The hostess, too, has her grievances. Indeed, it is a nice question, worthy of report by a commission of experts, as to whether the hostess or her guests have the more torturing time of it. She complains of horses over-ridden, of champagne wasted, of bridge debts unpaid, of bedroom linen and laces scorched and riddled by cigarettes dropping from soporific fingers, of pale blue bedroom rugs with the outlines of muddy golf shoes arabesqued over their turquoise surfaces, of a thousand tribulations. Yet she runs on, in her abhorred round of invitations! In these days when the intelligent women of our land, in thousands of discussion clubs, solve all the problems of our time; when morals, Maeterlinck, matrimony, Mexico, Malthusianism, militarism, offer nuts not too hard for them to crack, would it not be possible for them to consider the means available for ending the economic, social, nervous, and intellectual blight of the week-end visit?

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