

indescribably intense horror moments.

No one will ever know how many thousands of those returned soldiers woke up night after night screaming when they relived in their dreams that panic of hearing the whistle and seeing the cross. Even in waking moments the sound of a whistle and the sight of a cross could send many of them into convulsions.

It was in those days that "Die Reden Gotamo Buddha's" by Karl Eugen Neumann became the bestseller*. Neumann was a scholar who was considered a genius in his field of oriental languages. Realizing that the Pali language of the traditional scriptures, in which the "Speeches of Gotamo the Buddha" had been recorded, belonged in its roots to the same Indo-Germanic language family as the German language, he decided to translate the old Pali-Kanon into German by preserving not only the meaning but, as far as possible, the rhythm of the lines. This translation was hailed as the most perfect thing of its kind.

Unfortunately, a scholar or genius can not live on admiration and no one seemed to suspect the great need people, other than specialists, would have one day, for such a book. Neumann, however, seemed to have been driven by a prophetic confidence in the importance of this particular work. That gave him incredible strength and endurance to do the three volumes of the translation.

* Karl Eugen Neumann
Die Reden Gotamo Buddhas.
Aus der mittl̄eren
SAMMLUNG MAJJHIMANIKAYO
des PALI-KANONS,
Zum ersten Mal ubersetzt

second edition 1921 Munich R. Piper & Co.

Living on less than a permissible minimum of food he kept on working. With one of the rarest manifestations of the power of the spirit over the body he kept on starving and writing until the last verses were translated, according to meaning and rhythm, and then friends found him dead from starvation. I heard this story without myself having the possibility to check on the accuracy of all the details. However, since I am trying to convey a picture of the mental and emotional situation of those years I have to emphasize the effect of a story rather than the proof of its authenticity. Such a story represented a heroism, entirely different from the heroic ideas of soldiers and made a deep impression on many people and that was significant at the time.

After the war they could not print enough editions (although, naturally, editions in those days were perhaps small compared with big editions today in the United States.).

Some of the basic principles of Buddhism were not too different from basic Christian ideals, but, the story of Gautama the Buddha was free of bloody crucifixion horrors, and one did not have to face a cross. Essentially, Buddha's teachings were the result of his quest for a cure of human suffering. From other ancient religions and preachings in India he only accepted certain ideas, which contributed to the solution of this enormous problem: How to find and understand the causes of suffering in order to conquer the miseries of life and to rise above them.

Later, when Buddhism had spread over large territories the teaching became obscured. It became an organized religion with

temples, monasteries, a priesthood, dogmas and the ritualistic worshipping of the Buddha as a god enthroned majestically in a paradise, and surrounded by Bodhisatvas, arhats and even demons in such numbers that only few expert priests could claim to know all the numerous names and their religious or symbolical significance.

The "Speeches of Gotamo the Buddha" in the Pali-Kanon were, of course, a posthumous collection of reports or stories. Some of the greatest initiators of the great religions died without leaving any written testament, teaching or program. It was up to apostles, arhats, or other devoted followers to produce scriptures, on which to found an organized religion.

Lao-Tzu is one of the exceptions. He left behind the "Tao-te-King", a collection of 81 short poetic pages which also became part of the much needed food for bewildered and struggling souls of the postwar period.

Confucius, too, left a book, a much bigger one. His teachings are of an altogether different nature, as he, himself, admitted. Confucius' writings were not immediately appreciated. After his death they became a kind of sacred guidebook to living, and the behavior of the individual as a member of the family, the community and society. During his lifetime, (6th century B.C.), he bemoaned the obvious deterioration of the old, classical Chinese culture of the Shang and early Tchou (Dshou) dynasties. His contemplation of this tragic decline produced the determination to write those

many wise pages which later became the bootstraps by which Chinese culture pulled itself up to new heights of achievements. The Confucian ideas, methods and approach to life reached also into other countries and their influence can hardly be over-estimated. Yet according to his own judgement, he was not a Lao-Tzu. While "Confucius" (the Latinized version of "Kung-Fu-Tzu") created a most valuable blueprint, according to which Chinese life could be organized, considering all the difficult problems of individual and collective existence - Lao-Tzu was diving into the uttermost depths of the basic mysteries of being and of the world. Most of Confucius' writing was the result of clear thinking based on indefatigably collected informations about causes and effects, efforts and results, pitfalls and advantages in the search for stability and order in society. All this was paired with a long range vision and rare wisdom.

Lao-Tzu on the other hand represents an essentially different type. Although he was a scholar his ideas did not seem the result of great learning or systematic effort. They seemed more like children born out of a divine illumination which can neither be taught nor bought, yet for certain mentalities they had a great inspiring power.

Many years later ^{after the first world war} when I was in California, I had long conversations with Dr. Robert Milikan, the Nobel prize physicist and Director of California ^{Inst. of} Technology, while making a portrait drawing of him. We talked about the strange phenomenon of genius. He

concentrated on genius in science and made an interesting comparison between Edison and Einstein, both of whom he knew personally. Milikan described at length the methodical calculation and observation which brought Edison to the conclusion that the transformation of electricity into light would be of great practical value. A light bulb was to be made. For that, a wire or filament of some material which would glow without burning, was needed. Edison took a map, divided it in a number of squares and then he sent efficient men, each to travel within one of those squares, to collect any fibrous material or substance which seemed promising. When all the numerous samples arrived they were carefully numbered and catalogued and then put through the tests. Hundreds of them failed, one after another; some flickered for a moment and collapsed into ashes and so it went - No. 137, 138, 139, on and on - with undiminished perseverance, until ^{ca. 5,000 tests} one day, the right material was found. That first electric lamp now was crude in comparison to today's refinements of electric lighting techniques, but it represented a great pioneering deed, introducing a new era in the field of artificial illumination. Anything connected with light seemed, throughout the ages, to have an element of mysterious importance, yet the new bulb with a fibre glowing in a vacuum was truly the child of "90% perspiration and 10% inspiration" which was Edison's definition of "genius".

As a contrast Dr. Milikan told how Einstein gave no definitions of genius, but simply mentioned, that "ideas reached him with the

speed of light." Dr. Milikan remembered a certain scientist who had worked for twenty years on a certain mathematical problem without success. Einstein met him and asked about his work. The scientist mentioned the seemingly hopeless problem and its difficulties, whereupon Einstein got a faraway look in his eyes, murmured "Now let me see," and after a period of silence simply scribbled the solution on a piece of paper and handed it to the amazed man. According to the story it was not a matter of cleverly applying a better mathematical trick but rather a new kind of approach. This ability of the Einstein type, to establish a contact with an unknown, hitherto unknowable, source of a sudden mental illumination represents the other type of genius and is known to function in religion, philosophy, poetry, visual arts and music, science, technical invention, and even in politics. It often takes afterwards many years of meticulous experimental work to confirm such statements of a sudden inspiration, and even longer to explain them. Yet in many cases the problem of practical application may not be in the center of consideration at all.

I mention this conversation because somehow the juxtaposition of Edison and Einstein as two different types of genius reminded me of the contrast between Confucius and Lao-Tzu. To this day, I am especially fascinated by the Einsteinian modernity of some of the ideas Lao-Tzu expressed in the 6th century B.C. I have ^{mentioned} explained this in one of the earlier chapters.

At the time of the end of the First World War, the new acquaintance with Far Eastern concepts was not a matter of routine knowledge. Information about the teachings of great oriental ideas and religions was a new experience for the majority of people, including myself. Only a relatively small number of specialists, orientalist, Sinologues and the like had a learned familiarity with Hindu and Chinese literature. In England certain circles, politically and commercially active in India and China, were superficially familiar with the existence of ancient philosophical and religious teachings. It was often convenient to know that those "strange people" had learned from the ancient teachers not to be aggressive, not to value physical life and material possessions above spiritual needs. All this "inferior native stuff," so different from "correct materialism," made many colonial problems that much easier to handle.

Exceptions to such superficial attitudes could be found in England among the steadily growing membership of the theosophical movement and other esoteric groups like the Rosicrucians. To the conventionally educated person on the continent, it felt like the sudden opening of a big door, leading into a new world, like a desperately awaited answer to imperative questions, like the sight of fresh water to a dehydrated body.

It was the Insel Verlag in Leipzig which published attractive, inexpensive little paperbound volumes about

Leo-Tzu's Tao Te King "Die Bahn und der rechte Weg des Leo-Tse," von Alexander Ular (Inselverlag, Leipzig, 1917) and the stories of Dehuang-Tse, a later commentator on Taoism. I also have to mention a translation of Okakura-Kakuzo's remarkable "Book of Tea" which so impressively introduced ideas of Zen Buddhism, and the cultural refinement expressed in all the details of the Japanese Tea Ceremony. Added as a European contribution was Martin Buber's book about the "Bal Shem^{Toy}" (the saintly founder of the ^{new} Chassidic sect of Jewish orthodoxy), perhaps the most Christlike figure since St. Francis of Assisi.

August 29, 1964. This summer was full of long interruptions in my work on this book. I was anxious to catch up on my painting and even that was stopped at times because I had to find another studio before October and there are almost no usable artist studios in New York. For over half a century they had been tearing down all the old studios, ~~and~~ never replacing them. This morning at about 2 a.m. I felt I should work on the book, and tried to recollect the impact of the "Book of Tea." I realized ^{with regret that} I knew nothing about the author except that he was for several years curator of Chinese and Japanese Art at the Fine Art Museum in Boston. I got up late and went downstairs for my mail: in my box was a magazine from California containing an article on Okakura Kakuzo's biography, the first I had ever seen since the "Book of Tea" made me so curious about its author. ~~Another~~ coincidence.

To return to the story: there also appeared at that time a monumental edition of the German translation of the ~~it was~~ second class mail and probably took more than a week to reach New York. It may have been written and printed several months before. I myself did not expect to write about Kakuzo until that night, that this biography was in my mailbox the same morning is another strange

Upanishads of the Veda by Max Müller. Very few lines of any literature have stayed with me so persistently as those verses in the beginning. After introducing the question of the origin of the world the verse continues in the German translation:

Er, der die Welt gemacht hat, oder nicht gemacht --
Er weiss es, oder weiss auch Er es nicht?

He who has created the world, or has not created it --
He knows it, or does He, too, not know it?

How different that sounded from the Bible as we know it:

"In the beginning God (the Elohim - plural) created the world..." That was presented to us as the holy word of God and therefore had to be accepted on faith, without doubt, no matter how many scientific discoveries contradicted some of the statements (the date of creation, for instance). The Vedas were to the Hindus "holy scriptures" (older than the Bible), speaking of "things unknowable," unknowable, perhaps, even to the creator.

It gradually dawned on me that what we humans experience as "knowing" with our physical brain may be so completely different from Divine consciousness that the question "Does he know it?" or "Does he know?" becomes unanswerable at our level. To assume that a spiritually omnipotent God would function ^{mentally} or respond in our physically limited way seemed clumsy, arrogant and unacceptable. All this is not meant as an argument -- it is as indicated before: a description of the slow evolution of my concepts.

I had no difficulty in reading these new concepts. I discovered that I really felt at home with them. Obviously, mine was an oriental mind, if there is such a thing, drilled in occidental thinking in which I had never felt comfortable nor natural. Now, I kept on reading and reading, recognizing these ideas like old

friends, not needing explanations nor discussions. All I had to do was check on its being there.

The story of Gautama, the Shakya prince, who grew up completely sheltered from the outside world, protected by his mother Maya, who tried to save her son from his inevitable career -- how he accidentally stepped beyond the protective walls to collide with the cruel facts outside, and ^{how he} left his mother, bride, and son and wealth to go into "houselessness" to seek enlightenment -- all that sounded very close to the story of Parsival which had moved me deeply for so many years. But while Wolfram von Eschenbach's Parsival, strong as an ox, kept on fighting and killing (or at least unhorsing) other fighting knights with spear and sword, the story of how Gautama became the Buddha and found answers in a long meditation under a certain Bodhi tree had nothing to do with kings, knights, contests of brute strength, fighting skill, nor the long list of fair damsels with red lips, dressed in "samite of Ethniel" and "pfellel-silk from Tabronit or from Mouriente" who appear in the Parsival story with such regularity. The Parsival story was written (or dictated (according to Wolfram's own remark about his "illiteracy") by a member of the ^{knights} knighthood for other members. While Wolfram was, no doubt, very serious about the great, mystic message of his epic he seems also to have been ~~very~~ aware of all the lesser appetites of his knightly audiences: poetry and art were, probably much like today, "entertainment" to most of his listeners, and a reciting minstrel like Wolfram had to try hard to please his public with constant emphasis on appearance, ^(glam out) display of wealth and sex appeal. Behind this consideration of his customers' tastes

he nevertheless recreated a myth which would transport the messianic story of Christ from its ancient oriental Jewish milieu under Roman rulership into the medieval world of occidental knight hood, which was then the modern world of new armor, new weapons, new codes of proud living and valiant fighting, so extremely different from the life of the poor fishermen who recorded Christ's life and message.

The Parsival story with the legend of the Holy Grail is really a remarkable achievement. It would be hard to imagine any teaching more contradictory to the basic concepts of that feudal society, demonstrated by a fighting knight hood, than the gospels of love, humility and sacrifice. (It must be mentioned, to Richard Wagner's credit, that in his version of "Parsifal" the fighting element of knight hood almost disappears in the background and the problems of sin and salvation are dramatically emphasized.)

In comparison, ^{old} Kjol Notan with his holy spear, Donar with his hammer and Thor with his sword, all residing in Valhalla¹ as a background for Siegfried the fearless, fighting super-hero, ^{made this} transferred a perfect world-myth, ~~into a story~~ adjusted to and expressive of the life of the pre-Christian Germanic tribes.

When the ancient Roman rulership collapsed and the Christian church of Rome became gradually a leading power in Europe, the Teutons, Gauls, Franks, Saxons and so forth were "converted" by fire and sword or other means to this strange new religion, which they could neither grasp nor mentally digest, and which contradicted the basic concepts of the old pagan life. Ever since, the individual and society were periodically whipped into emotional convulsions of a split soul: a kind of collective schizophrenia. Periods of

honest attempts to swallow these foreign mysteries of sin and salvation were followed by violent relapses into the old indigenous pagan dreams of fighting, victories or other ^{forms of} material success. Thus the poor mind became utterly confused and hypocritical, a victim of the assaw between "love thy enemy" and "Wehe dem Besiegten (Wee unto the ^{loser} defeated one)".

Buddhism in general had to face a similar conflict when it became a state religion in India under Asoka, and later spread into China, Korea and Japan. When the Shoguns in Japan and their Samurai, for example, adopted Zen Buddhism, there developed a situation not unlike that which faced knighthood in Europe. The story of Buddha (who abandoned all his wealth and worldly desires), and his teachings, were not of the nature to glorify the wealth and power of the ambitious ruling classes. Bodhidharma the Hindu, founder of the Dhyana school in China (Chian in Chinese and Zen in Japanese), was a figure of monumental austerity. He preached that there was no Buddha nor God anywhere except in the center of the heart. Great concentration and uncompromising self-discipline were the means of reaching that center.

When the Samurai chose these teachings as the main pillars of their knightly code, they accomplished a masterpiece of adaptation to the indigenous Shinto ideas of superfeudal fighter class. The Buddha and Bodhidharma had been against rituals, against ceremonies and against the worship of worldly power through wealth and violence-- yet the Samurai and their overlords the Shoguns developed one of the most pompous and ritualistic forms of court life, with absolute loyalty, uncompromising self-discipline and an unbreakably hard,

merciless court ceremonial (etiquette), the most efficient and deadly fighting techniques ever known in a pre-gun era, and the most refined applications of esthetics and fine arts to the service of glorifying the system, the court and the individual rulers.

In such cases, we should really speak of a complete reversal of the original teaching rather than simply ^{of} an adaptation. In all the literature known to me, I have never found anything comparable to the stupendous hypocrisy of some of the Zen stories about archery and swordsmanship -- in which, for example, a sword-master is described with highest admiration when, as the zenith-achievement of his career, he calmly chooses his best friend upon whom to perform a perfect one-stroke decapitation -- with, of course, his friend's devoted permission. The friend had no choice because, according to the murderous codes of this "sublime" faith, he could not possibly "chicken out of it" and keep on living. Even today many Zen followers read that story with great elation for such a beautiful example of "detachment." *It is a unique story because the*

It simply
~~Their admiration only reveals that they probably still belong~~
 as the fighter-killer type, and appreciate the virtuosity of rationalizing such ideal murder by appearing to apply esoteric teachings of Buddhism. I am not sitting in judgment over these types: I want only to show that these tendencies do exist, that some of them move in opposite directions to others, and that teachings of one type are usually reversed when adopted by an opposite type. I am ready to believe that the master-swordman in this case sincerely believed that according to all his accepted doctrines there was nothing wrong with killing his best friend to prove his supreme

* Killing was not done in a fight, contest, for revenge or in blind fury - it was also not done in blind obedience to a superior commanding officer or ruler.

mastery and swordsmanship. It makes me aware of the perennial struggle between the fighter-killer nature in man and that other force of his internal endowment which heroically tries to overcome those "instincts" and their deplorable consequences. Buddha, Bodhidharma and Lao-tzu did not preach religion in the usual sense. They were primarily concerned with finding ~~the deep reasons for and~~ ^{the} causes of our miseries, and the ways to reach a spiritual level where such miseries can be avoided or conquered. When such teaching is annexed by the opposite warrior groups, it inevitably becomes hypocrisy. Recently I saw a Japanese film "Harakiri" in which the heartless, needless cruelty of the code of the Samurai is convincingly exposed.

Only certain minds of the purely creative type can probably understand this ^{conflict} because every day they can experience the hopelessness of efforts to communicate their ideas to people of the destructive or competitive world. It seems as if all of history had witnessed this perennial war between the small creative minority and the noncreative ^{or uncreative} majorities, and whenever a sublime ray of peaceful wisdom reaches the other camp it is automatically translated into terms and deeds of the predatory fighter-killer, concerned primarily with individual or group advantages or following blindly the inherited killer instinct. No matter how wonderfully all that need for superiority and victory at all cost can be explained by clever sophistry and no matter how poetry and art may give to the whole system a truly refined varnish of heroic glamour, it nevertheless seems only like one of those old "Munchhausen" stories where the Baron pushes his arm into the throat of an attacking wolf until

he seizes the tail and ^{pulling it forward reverses} turns the boat ~~inside out~~ to row in the opposite direction

One could almost be tempted to feel more respect for those fighter-killer types who make no attempt to disguise their barbaric ways. It is sometimes easy to forget that such examples existed.

The case of the Chichimecos in Pre-Columbian times in Mexico comes to my mind. They were one of the shockwaves of wild, despised barbarians who came from the North to the high plateau of Anahuac to attack the older and highly developed culture of the Toltecs. The Toltecs had been ruled by a succession of extraordinary high priests of the cult of their God Quetzal-Coatl, who was at times worshipped as the Sun God, at other times as the planet Venus and the Storm God. (In Yucatan he was called Huracan; our word hurricane had its origin in this Mayan name.) According to a legend translated from Sahagun the Toltecs had a veritable golden age as a result of the reign of a great Quetzal-Coatl priest whose sign was the cross, who preached the brotherhood of man, made kindness and politeness of behavior a common virtue, declared starvation illegal after teaching the people to grow more than enough food for everybody. When the Chichimecos succeeded in conquering the Toltecs, the Quetzal-Coatl priest was declared an old weakling, the sword of Huixtillopotchtli, was substituted for his cross, ^{was} and many ~~sorts of black magic~~ were used by Tlilacahuan to march and dance the people to their deaths. The Quetzal-Coatl priest was forced into exile.

It is a story reminiscent of Germany when Hitler declared the Christ a weak, cowardly Jew and substituted the spear of Hohen or Thor's sword for the cross -- while millions were marched to

their deaths in the first half of the 20th century. The Chichimecas and the Nazis under Hitler are two examples of fighter-killer types believing in and confessing to a fighter-killer program with no varnish nor pretense in the opposite direction. On the other hand the ruthless and total extermination of the Katharerg or believers in pure Christianity (the knights of the Grail) by the armies of the crusade organized by the Roman Catholic church in the 13th century was accomplished by every treachery, savage cruelty and uncontrolled sadism, yet all in the name of Christ -- and burning even children alive was done to gain merit in Heaven.

All this goes through my mind as I write. At the end of the first world war such comparisons were still far in the future. I am only trying to make the situation clearer to myself and to understand those minds who came from those battlefields where the most colossal orgies of senseless killing had taken place as a result of accepted codes of fighter-killer philosophy, accepted by the commanding rulers as well as by the masses of soldiers who did the dying.

The exhaustion of the victors as well as the humiliation of the losers buried the appetite for more fighting, temporarily, and thus many minds became receptive to ideas of peace and the path toward the conquest of human suffering. Buddhism also taught about karma -- a kind of law of cause and effect -- and about reincarnation, which made the annihilation of so many lives seem less ^(like ultimate) ~~an~~ catastrophe: for the killers as well as the killed would have the chance in a next life to correct their mistakes, and develop from incarnation to incarnation until all the debts ^{of} karma were paid, and the chain of reincarnation ^{with} brought to an end.

Quietly the Germans built a Buddhist monastery on the Müneburger Heide not far from Berlin and many people read Die Religion Gotamo Buddhas by Neumann and Max Müller's Die Upanishoden des Veda.

Some read emotionally, some read intellectually, others just read out of curiosity. There were also those who searched for new sources of strength to face the hard issues of life and were willing to undergo strenuous physical exercises, long concentration and meditation periods and various breathing exercises. To make the picture more complete we should mention those individuals who were looking for new secret powers which could be used with advantage in the competitive struggle for social or economic supremacy on the junk heap of a remaining society. Needless to add, ^{repeat that} there were great numbers of people who could only think of the despotic needs of the moment and either were unable or unwilling to bother about anything else, in contrast to those who would reach for whatever promised to help them forget.

On top of all that, there rose a tidal wave of superstition and an interest in ancient magic which eventually lead in a few cases to the discovery of some scientific truth in some of the superstitions. To avoid any misunderstanding, I must admit that when I first heard of magic in those earlier years I thought at first, naturally, of the legerdemain of "magicians" who do their clever tricks for entertainment. Gradually I learned that "magic" was one of the oldest concepts or attitudes toward the world. Its principles are being practiced in many parts of the world today (including this country) where magic methods can be detected in business, advertising, industry, religion and education.

In later years it was Kayserling in his Reisetagebuch eines Philosophen (Travel Diary of a Philosopher) who pointed out how much of American business, industry and other aspects of American life ^{are} run according to magical principles instead of logical or rational

procedures. I myself had ample opportunity in Hollywood, for example, to observe from first-hand experience how much was done in ways strongly reminiscent of magic procedures, instead of practical or intelligent reasons. One could also find on university or college campuses strange doings, much closer to primitive tribal affairs than to scientific thinking.

In man's history we encounter different ways to explain the world. "Magic" assumes that nature is essentially animated by living forces, spirits who can be influenced or controlled by dance-rituals, chanting, making of "graven images" or painted pictures-- but mainly by certain manners of speaking or chanting and most of all by certain ways of thinking. For many thousands of years most art was created for magic purposes -- to attract rain, for instance, or to increase fertility, or gain power over enemies or game in hunting.

Mythology too used the creative imagination of man. Astronomical, physical and psychological observations were often expressed in highly poetic stories, epics, dramas, dance or sculpture and painting, thereby bringing complex, enigmatic phenomena within the reach of human comprehension through the arts. Even the ball game was played originally among the Pre-Columbian Indians according to rules based on astronomical knowledge, with the players representing different ~~planets~~ and heavenly bodies. Mythology is not far removed from religion, and a symbiosis between magic and religion is often taken for granted. While mythology seems at first concerned with recording historical events or astronomical knowledge, it is also concerned with man's place in the universe. Modern astronomy, however, has been carefully disinfected of all available information about

this crucial question. In all other known periods, systems or vehicles of knowledge, the greatest importance has ^{was} been attached to the creation of a concept ^(which gave with prominence) to supply importance and meaning to man's life, ^{by} emphasizing his relatedness to nature, to the world, to the stars: a world unrelated to all its parts would have been considered an amateurish mistake. Our universes, in today's astronomy, are filled with unimaginable numbers of cosmic objects with inconceivable temperatures and fantastic speeds, leaving man buried under a dead and primitive numerology as an accidental victim of a most humiliating insignificance.

As far as we know, ancient wisdom in Chaldea, Egypt and India avoided the isolation of specialized sciences. Man was seen as part of a cosmic nature and could be understood only as such. His life was studied as something influenced by the great events of the seasons -- that is, by the positions of the sun and the movements of the planets -- just as animals and plants most obviously demonstrate their dependence on celestial cycles, angles and positions. Astronomy, therefore, was inseparably connected ^{with} to astrology, mathematics, religion, mythology, music, cosmogeny, philosophy, psychology, medicine, anatomy, agriculture, zoology, history and even politics. It was nothing but an actual practice of the wholism "Holism" which now plays an increasingly important part in modern philosophies -- for it is being realized that a part cannot be understood except in relation to the whole of which it is a part (Gestalt psychology). It was much easier in the past to work out an intimate collaboration among all these sciences because the actually observed information

was so much more limited in most branches of knowledge -- although we should not forget that the study of psychology, for example, ^{had} was probably far more developed ^{during several thousand years} than the very young modern science of that name.

In past ages the great forces of the universe were anthropomorphised into manlike gods with superior powers. Ingenious stories were created to represent the conscious and subconscious struggles of the soul. This mythology offered a rich complex of astro-mythological psychology which bridged over the chasm between man, his mysterious subconscious world, and the cosmos as far as it was known.

Religion concentrates on matters of faith in relation to the superior forces of nature in a polytheistic or monotheistic way, on worship and on the search for an ideal life.

^(Love of wisdom) Philosophy deals with attempts to understand and explain the world, life and man, usually in human terms. ^{It is often, like religion, an attempt to provide answers for the limitations of demonstrable knowledge.}

Science is concerned with the accumulation of reliable information about the phenomena of this world, and technology attends to ^{technical} the application of that knowledge in life. Like the man of magic, the scientist believes in controlling nature. ^{Technology can use for profit even the aspects of natural phenomena which we can neither comprehend nor explain.} Such was roughly the picture I had evolved of the different approaches to life and the world at the time after the war, and each one of these approaches underwent considerable changes in my mind and in the minds of others.

Perhaps I should reiterate here that I am not trying to preach or teach a certain philosophy or "truth." I am trying only to remember and describe the inch by inch development of my individual concepts

in the struggle to find some understanding of life, based on external events and their impact on my internal growth.

It became increasingly obvious that the concept of science as absolute truth and nothing but the truth had been shaken by the rapid development of new methods, new inventions, new discoveries and new theories in all fields. Einstein's theory of "special relativity" (1905) began to have its influence. The academic intolerance toward other approaches was gradually crumbling although the public in general was ^{still} yet neither interested nor touched. While Einstein and his assistants were busy inventing cute little bedtime stories about a man in an elevator or on a train, in order to bring the inconceivable speeds and the perfectly abstract phenomena of a world of relativity down to terms of man's everyday experience, it became easier to understand the ways of mythology where the overwhelming forces of nature and life had also been brought down to more acceptable human terms. Instead of abstract concepts of mysterious energies behind the devastating fury of hurricanes and other natural phenomena, were created images of gods with beards, swords, tridents and wives. Interesting stories of illegitimate love affairs and battles made those gods even more real in a so-called human sense, and appeasing their anger with sacrifice and prayer became plausible. In Greek mythology there were several occasions upon which a mortal man challenged a god or tried to outwit him, usually with devastating results.

During wars it seemed most important to secure the sympathetic cooperation of the right divinity and, as I mentioned before, even in the 20th century priests were blessing the weapons before the carnage.