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THE TWELVE GATES

Washington, D. C.

Martha Vertreace

"If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move hence to yonder place, ' and it will move; and nothing will be impossible to you." (Matt. 17:20)

"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and he who loves is born of God and knows God." (I John 4:7)

"For God did not give us a spirit of timidity but a spirit of power and love and self-control." (II Tim. 1:7)

"Behold, I send you out as sheep in the midst of wolves; so be wise as serpents and innocent as doves." (Matt. 10:16)

"It had a great, high wall, with twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and on the gates the names of the twelve tribes of the sons of Israel were inscribed; on the east three gates, on the north three gates, on the south three gates, and on the west three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and on them the twelve names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb."

(Rev. 21:12-14)

The verses which have been cited give us some idea of the twelve gates of heaven. As we see from our emblem, there are four main gates (Faith, Love, Power, Wisdom) pointing toward each geographical direction: north, south, east and west; each then being divided into three subdivisions. These twelve gates are symbolic of twelve different personality types.

By following the Divine Principle, we are trying to develop ourselves to the point where we can communicate with individuals who shall enter by a different gate from ourselves. Thus, we are striving to develop a rounded personality. It is very easy to find people who are faith-oriented, or strong in wisdom or love, but it is very difficult to find a "symmetrical being."

Quite often we meet someone who is, as Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "a pure intellectual force" (wisdom), or "a generosity of affection" (love) and we believe that here is a symmetrical individual. Presently, however, we are astonished by the discovery that the power or gift or quality of that individual which first attracted us to him is not supported by the sum total of the varied aspects of his make-up. Thus, when we meet people and use an overly great display of a single quality -- power or faith, for example -- we quickly lose the interest of our listener because an overbalance of one quality has not the sustaining power of the symmetrical combination of them all.

Strangely enough, however, most of us exist in the eyes of society according to some outstanding trait which we display. Very often we hear of or speak of someone who has 'a child's faith' or who is 'all heart.' The danger in this is that we tend to react to such individuals as if they had other qualities in proportion to their one area of strength. In meeting someone oriented towards faith, for example, we relate to them as if they have an equal amount of power or truth, an assumption which is not necessarily valid. This is not to say, of course, that a dominance of one trait is wrong. It is only meant that if a trait is dominant to the point of excluding all other traits, we should take care.

To each of us, God the Father manifests Himself in different ways. To some, He may appear as Absolute Truth. To others, the source of inexhaustible love. As we know, however, in actuality He is a perfect combination of the major and minor aspects of all twelve gates; therefore, we must make certain that we can perceive of Him in these terms. Because we ourselves have a dominant trait, we sometimes tend to perceive of the Father in terms of one trait. But if we are to be in His image, all our traits, or gates, must be developed within us. And if we are to teach of His personality, we must be careful that we are cognizant of as many of His attributes as we possibly can be in order to present a true picture of Him. When we are more aware of the fact that Father has within Himself the sum total of these traits, we will be more capable of recognizing these traits within ourselves. When we are more aware of the idea that we are, indeed, made in His image, we are on the path to the development of the "symmetrical individual."

If we hold as a theorem that the kingdom of heaven is a kingdom of use, then a corollary of that theorem would be that there is nothing existing in the kingdom for which there is no purpose. Thus, it is logical to assume that our achieving spiritual symmetry has a definite purpose. As has been suggested, one purpose in this achievement is in order that we may establish direct lines of communication with others of a different orientation. It should not be that we feel uneasy around someone having a basic trait which seems radically different from, or contradictory to, our own. Instead, we should be able to mingle with them freely without feeling the slightest bit of discomfort because of different gates. We must strive to develop ourselves to the point where people will see the Father reflected within us, not only in terms of a major trait, but also in terms of the minor traits we develop.

If we reach the level of a "symmetrical being" we would gain a perception of our fellow-men, the degree of which would have been impossible without the achievement. If we direct ourselves only down the path of faith, for example, we take the chance of alienating one who needs a logical set of ideas for reference. If we only react to people in terms of love, then what happens when we meet someone with power? Those oriented to wisdom risk being cold and unfeeling, and would create disharmony when faced with one whose dominant characteristic is love. Not only would we who are singularly directed fail to achieve a bond of deep communication with others in different gates, we would also not be entirely capable of perceiving their needs and desires, nor of helping them to fulfill their hopes and expectations. When we direct ourselves down only one path to the point

of excluding the others, we say, in effect, that the only path is my path, and the only way is my way -- a very selfish and false observation indeed. But by becoming symmetrical, we become aware of the needs of others and become more able to help and serve them.

Sherwood Anderson, an American writer, was an exponent of American expressionism in literature. He would take a personal characteristic and make it seem as if this trait were the only one which the individual possessed. Through his selectivity, he attempted to discover the basic reality of that person. Because of their exaggerated nature, the characters were called "grotesques," and they always had difficulty in coping with society.

In comparison, it may be noted that we often deceive ourselves into thinking that, through an overbalance of one characteristic, we achieve basic reality on the individual level. Thus we become like one of Anderson's "grotesques," and we, like them, have difficulty in communication. The attaining of the basic reality on the individual level, and the recognition of this reality on the group level, would be, then, a result of our reaching the level of a "symmetrical being," and is incorporated in its purpose.

When we become symmetrical, we develop a greater strength than we had before. If we have one fully developed trait, with no others at least partially developed, we have only one fighting front against Satan. It is as if we, as captains of an army, would station our men along one set of trenches or one boundary line, ignoring all others. This, of course, leaves us wide open for attacks from individuals of a different orientation. Upon becoming well-rounded, we become better fortified against satanic attacks. Our preparation for the battle with our Father's archenemy would be derived from the state of being in which we find ourselves. We would be in a state of spiritual preparedness; because of the totality of our personality, we could not be surprised by a personality type with which we are unfamiliar. We would be as described in the following oriental saying which illustrates this point by the use of flowers, a garden and rain:

"You see the rain? Our garden does not know the rain will come. The rain does not know the garden is there. You must learn to think like the flowers and the rain."

The overall purpose of achieving symmetry within ourselves and in relation to others is that, by so doing, we develop unity. By tying together all our twelve basic characteristics, and by strengthening them, we unify our own minds and personality. We give order to our own being. If we, then, have unified and orderly minds, we create an atmosphere of unification and influence others to become more stabilized within themselves. From such a strong foundation, the unification of our homes begins, which spreads to our neighborhood, city, country, and finally the world. The world is made up of individuals, people just like you and me. If everyone started this process at the individual level, it would be accomplished at the group level; the world is really so small in this age of rockets to the moon and cures for cancer that what someone does in the snowy wasteland of Antarctica affects what someone else may think in the steaming tropical jungles of Africa. If we seriously guide our minds to becoming symmetrical begins, we would definitely influence others to imitate us.

We are truly in a New Age. One of the signs that a New Age is here is that people are becoming more aware of the need to re-evaluate their personality characteristics and to develop them in order to communicate, not only with other people, but also with themselves. Books are being written and philosophies developed to achieve this goal. Erich Fromm, a psychoanalyst who has received much well-deserved notoriety because of his book, The Art of Loving, discusses the problem of communication which we have because of our "one-traitedness." He calls this problem "separateness," and says:

"The experience of separateness arouses anxiety; being separate means being cut off, without any capacity to use my human powers. Hence, to be separate means to be helpless, unable to grasp the world -- things and people -- actively. It means that the world can invade me without my ability to react."

All over the world, a general concern has been growing that one day we shall overcome our "separateness." Through serious study and application of the Divine Principle to our daily lives, we shall indeed become "symmetrical beings," unified into one, and eliminate all barriers of communication and separateness.

* * * * *

SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

Listen to the exhortation of the dawn!
 Look to this day, for it is life, the very life of Life.
 In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of your existence --
 The bliss of growth,
 The glory of action,
 The splendor of beauty.
 For yesterday is but a dream,
 And tomorrow is only a vision;
 But today, well lived, makes every
 Yesterday a dream of happiness,
 And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
 Look well, therefore, to this day...
 Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

--Anonymous (Translated from Sanskrit)

* * * * *

IS GOD AN ATHEIST?

St. Louis, Missouri

Gordon Weir

The Divine Principles begins with the assumption that God is. Atheists are not attracted to this ontology and, consequently, are likely to back off before enough of the message can be stated to overcome their objections. The purpose of this article is to present a tentative frame of reference to relate to atheists so that they might undertake the study of this message expecting to receive value from it, despite its ontological opening.

The question, "Is God an atheist?" is generously representative of the atheistic argument. The atheist fails to see the evidence of an all-powerful, all-loving, all-wise, ever-present being. The manifestations of the universe readily at his hand, those he views as expressions of fear, hate, jealousy, greed, malice, lies, war, rape, murder, etc., suggest to him that God is not. Or, if there is a God, he must be an atheist. What other conclusions are possible?

Atheists differ in that they may see the universe as basically unfriendly to man; or they may see the universe as neither especially friendly nor unfriendly to him... this latter in something of an existential, neutral position. They are together on one objection with the God believers, however, and that is: Throughout history there has been strife, anguish and violence in the world. If there was a God, and He was all powerful and all loving, why hasn't He done something about it?

Often it is not that the atheist is close-minded about listening to an answer to this question, it is just that no one ever seems to answer it. Most answers heard are a hodge-podge about developing a blind faith of sorts; or the answers involve a reply comprised of a couple of passages of scripture. On the other hand, the atheist may not be willing to listen at all. It doesn't seem possible that there is an answer to his question. And, indeed, there was no wholly satisfactory answer until the advent of the Divine Principles. It must be remembered that, within the frame of reference of most people, no reply to the question is possible. To the atheist, the question itself is the answer: there is none. And, in fact, within a three-dimensional frame of reference, there isn't any complete answer.

In the history of man's ability to perceive phenomena and then to communicate those phenomena which he has perceived to others of his society, there has ever been the problem of just how to go about the task. Reference points are needed, points with which the one to whom the message is to be communicated is familiar, and through which he can assemble a picture that will allow him to catch the meaning of the concepts given, in part or in full.

Whether God is an atheist, as an academic question, presupposes that the one to whom the question is directed has a concept of God, a reference point from which he can attempt

a judgment. If he has not, he vehemently objects to the apriori foundation of the question. To an atheist, God is fantasy and, therefore, to attempt an understanding of Him is sheer folly. This question has only symbolic meaning to him.

The atheist is semantically oriented. Three dimensional words provide his understanding of his environment. His environment is comprised of time and space within physical height, depth and width. The spiritual dimension has no validity for him. This other dimension represents fantasy and valuelessness. He considers it the realm of the dreamer, the ne'er-do-well and the insane.

Also, to him, fourth-dimensional spiritual exploration is an old story, not a new one. There have always been those who reportedly claimed they could enter this dimension. But never has anything of value come of it that the atheist can see. And it hasn't answered his question.

Nor is the position of the atheist new, of course. There have always been atheists as well as explorers. If we go back to very early history, we find a few who proclaimed that man would one day fly. That man could fly was hardly a new thought when this old fantasy at last became widely accepted and experienced by the masses. The atheist position of the days before man's flight saw little possibility or, more significantly, little value in flying around in the sky chirping like a bird. The story is the same when the world was converted from flat to round. Why go sailing off into some forsaken, uncharted fantasy? After all, any who had ever proclaimed this myth before had wound up included in the mentally disturbed category... or among the missing at sea. And what for? What was there off in this fantasy that was worth knowing about or experiencing? What contribution could it possibly make? The atheist position would rather stay with feet firmly planted.

The atheist's environment, as judged by the conveyances with which he is familiar, attests to atheism. Therefore, his God is dead. He cannot possibly see the "new" world unless he will board the plane or ship which goes there. When the atheist says, 'Prove it, 'Show me, ' we are at a loss to demonstrate unless he will board the conveyance to the dimension. We must convince him that the only sound conveyances are presented in the Divine Principles. If these are not to his liking, the only alternative is for him to invent his own. He cannot get there by staying here.

And, even if he is willing to board the conveyance for the journey, we must make certain that he considers the trip potentially worthwhile, else he will not consider giving the time or the effort necessary to go along all the way to the destination. We must remember that an atheist could sail nine-tenths of the way around the world, return, and be even more convinced than he was in the first place that the world was flat. In fact, he's now sure of it... all because he didn't go that last tenth. We must answer why he should consider taking our proposed voyage into the fourth dimension. Even if we can get him there, what is there for him to gain by his going? Will he not but lose the acceptance of his fellow atheists... for the apparent alternative of finding himself nailed up on two crossticks somewhere?

Remember, from an age past, it looked apparent that the attempts at traveling in an airplane and ship bound around the world offered the most likely reward of crashing or sinking into the briney deep. All that the atheist has witnessed to date in fourth dimension pioneers are those who ventured into the barest fringes of the realm via gross asceticism, prolonged meditation, hypnotic hallucination, primitive clairvoyance, LSD, or some other ancient or modern conveyance in which he does not believe, much less approve. In truth, such survivors as the atheist has seen who have supposedly returned from a trip into fantasyland have had little to show except scars which mark their venture.

Special care must be taken with the atheist from the beginning. We must explain that we are going to show him, very slowly, faculties he possesses but of which he heretofore was not aware. Through these conveyances we are going to show him that the world has greater dimension. . . and that within that dimension are the answers to his question. We cannot prove this greater dimension by the conveyances of the smaller dimension. We must explain that we will gradually add to his "proving equipment" fourth-dimensional senses which will allow him new points of reference from which to judge this world of "extra-sensory" dimension.

Next we may tell him that now, for the first time in history, one man named Sun Myung Moon has not only gone into this fourth dimensional realm (as, indeed, have others in the past and present), but that this man has now discovered a universal conveyance to this land and has established a responsible community in the very highest realm of the "new" world.

Then, to register the value of visiting this community, we can tell the atheist that it is a world where, in contrast to the three-dimensional world and other fourth-dimensional realms, a person of complete loving kindness is not just a practical man; that this fourth-dimensional realm of which we speak is practical only because it is wholly a community peopled by those who are perfected in active loving kindness.

It may yet be difficult to request the tentative assumption of these possibilities by the atheist. All else we might assure him is that, if he could still be in question as to whether God is an atheist, he can go forth in this particular community and ask God face to face. . . for this is His Kingdom.

* * * * *

IT'S WORTH REPEATING. . .

"To be nobody-but-yourself -- in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you everybody else -- means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight; and never stop fighting." --

E. E. Cummings

"How hard it must be for our teachers to reject us so we can stand on our own two feet!" --
Mary Weir

* * * * *

"Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Nobel Prize-winning poet, once said, 'I have on my table a violin string. It is free. I twist one end of it and it responds. It is free. But it is not free to do what a violin string is supposed to do -- to produce music. So I take it, fix it in my violin and tighten it until it is taut. Only then is it free to be a violin string.' By the same token we are free when our lives are uncommitted, but not to be what we were intended to be. Real freedom is not freedom from, but freedom for."

--Robert W. Youngs in Renewing Your
Faith Day by Day

* * * * *

"They were a nuisance, but the old-fashioned kind of Christmas tree lights taught the family a valuable moral lesson -- the whole strand was only as strong as its weakest bulb." -- Bill Vaughan

* * * * *

"Courage is fear that has said its prayers." --contributed by Oscar Treffert.

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WHO IS TAMPERING WITH THE SOUL OF AMERICA?

by Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Editor, Tulsa Tribune

(Excerpts from the transcript of a TV editorial on WVEC-TV, Tulsa, 12/16/65.)

I am about to inflict upon you a jeremiad.

Long before the prophet, Jeremiah, uttered his lamentations about the evil behavior of the Children of Israel the world had seen many calamity-howlers. We have cuneiform tablets describing the moral decay of Babylon and Chaldea. We have hieroglyphic inscriptions predicting that Osiris and Ra will smite the Egyptians for their wickedness. And so today when I make some comments about the moral climate of America, I speak in a very old tradition.

The calamity howler! It is customary to dismiss such fageyism as I am about to display with a tolerant laugh. For while it was freely predicted all through the ages that the world was going to Hell, it hasn't gone to Hell yet. Who can deny that in practically all the crafts and certainly all of the sciences we are farther advanced than we have ever been? Why not be cheerfully optimistic?

I think I can tell you why. Human progress has never been steady. It has washed back and forth like waves upon a beach. Happily, there has also been an incoming tide, so the waves have washed higher and higher as each great civilization came on.

But the pathway of history is littered with the bones of dead states and fallen empires. And they were not, in most cases, promptly replaced by something better. Nearly a thousand years elapsed between the fall of Western Rome and the rise of the Renaissance, and in between we had the Dark Ages in which nearly all of man's institutions were inferior to those which had gone before. I don't want my children's children to go through a couple of centuries of dialectic materialism before the sun comes up again.

So the Jeremiahs haven't been so wrong after all. It is sad to watch the beginnings of decay. It is sad to see an Age of Pericles replaced by the drunken riots of Alcibiades. There was, indeed, just cause for gloom when into the palaces of the Caesars went Nero and Caligula, and when the once-noble Praetorian Guard became a gang of assassins willing to sell the throne to the top bidder.

Alaric's Goths finally poured over the walls of Rome. But it was not that the walls were low. It was that Rome itself was low. The sensual life of Pompeii, the orgies on Lake Trasimene, the gradually weakened fibre of a once self-disciplined people that reduced them at last to seeking safety in mercenaries and the payment of tribute -- all these brought Rome down. She went down too early.

And so I look upon our own country and much that I see disturbs me. But we are a great people. We have a noble tradition. We have much to teach the world, and if America should go down soon it would be too early.

One thing is certain. We shall be given no centuries for a leisurely and comfortable decay. We have an enemy now -- remorseless, crude, brutal and cocky. However much the leaders of the Communist conspiracy may lie to their subjects about our motives, about our conditions of prosperity, about our policies and aims, one thing they believe themselves implicitly -- and that is that we are in an advanced state of moral decline.

When Nikita Khrushchev visited Hollywood he was shown only one movie set, that of a wild dance scene in "Can-Can." He said it represented decadence and I am sure he really thought so. It is a dogma of current Communist Faith that America is Sodom and Gomorrah, ripening for the kill.

Do you know what scares me about the Communists? It is not their political system, which is primitive and savage. It is not their economic system which works so badly that progress in a few directions is purchased at the price of progress in all the rest. It is their puritanism. It is their dedication and self-sacrifice.

It does no good to comfort ourselves with the reflection that these are products of endless brainwashings, of incessant propaganda, of deprivation by censorship and jamming of counter-information and contrary arguments. The dedication is there. The confidence that they are morally superior is there.

The naive questions of your Intourist reveal only too quickly that she thinks she is talking to a self-indulgent fop from the court of some latter-day Louis XIV. In the schoolyard the children rush up to show you, not their yo-yos, but their scholarship medals. And when you offer them new Lincoln pennies as souvenirs they rip off their little Young Pioneer buttons and hand them to you, proud that they are not taking gifts, but are making a fair exchange.

The Russian stage is as austere as the Victorian stage. Russian literature may be corny but it is clean, and it glorifies the Russian people and exudes optimism and promise. Russian art is stiffly representational, but the paintings and the sculpture strive to depict beauty and heroism -- Russian beauty, of course, and Russian heroism.

And what of us?

We are now at the end of the third decade of the national insanity known as "progressive education." This was the education where everybody passes, where the report cards were non-committal lest the failure be faced with the fact of his failure, where all moved at a snail pace like a transatlantic convoy so that the slowest need not be left behind, and all proceeded toward adulthood in the lockstep of "togetherness." Thus the competition that breeds excellence was to be sacrificed for the benefit of something called "life adjustment."

With what results? We have watched juvenile delinquency climb steadily. We have produced tens of thousands of high school graduates who move their lips as they read and cannot write a coherent paragraph. While our Russian contemporaries, who were supposed to be dedicated to the mass man, have been busy constructing an elite, we have been engaged in the wholesale production of mediocrity. What a switch!

The funny thing about "progressive educators" is that theory vanishes when the referee's whistle blows for the kick-off. In the classroom they pretend to grade subjectively, against the student's supposed capacity, lest he be humiliated by natural inadequacy. But on the football field they never put in a one-legged halfback on the theory that, considering his disability, he's a great halfback. They put in the best halfback they've got, period! The ungifted sit on the bench or back in the stands even though they, too, might thirst for glory. If our schools were as anxious to turn out brains as they are to turn out winning football teams this strange contradiction wouldn't exist.

Having neglected disciplines in education, it was quite logical that we should reject disciplines in art. The great painters and sculptors of the past studied anatomy so diligently

that they often indulged in body-snatching. And today, after many centuries, we stare at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel or at the walls of the Reichsmuseum and marvel at their works.

But this self-discipline is of little concern to the modern non-objective painter. All he needs is pigment and press agent. He can throw colors at a canvas and the art world will discover him. He can stick bits of glass, old rags and quids of used chewing tobacco on a board and he is a social critic. He can drive a car back and forth in pools of paint and "Life" magazine will write him up.

Talent is for squares. What you need is vast effrontery. If you undertake to paint a cow, it must look something like a cow. That takes at least a sign painter's ability. But you can claim to paint a picture of your psyche and, no matter what the result, who is to say what your psyche looks like? So our museums are filled with daubs being stared at by confused citizens who haven't the guts to admit they are confused.

But the Age of Fakery in art is a mild cross that American civilization bears. Much more serious is our collapse of moral standards and the blunting of our capacity for righteous indignation.

Our Puritan ancestors were preoccupied with sin. They were too preoccupied with it. They were hag-ridden and guilt-ridden and theirs was a repressed and neurotic society. But they had horsepower! They wrested livings from rocky land, built our earliest colleges, started our literature, caused our industrial revolution, and found time in between to fight the Indians, the French and the British, to bawl for abolition, women's suffrage and prison reform, and to experiment with graham crackers and bloomers. They were a tremendous people!

And for all their exaggerated attention to sin, their philosophy rested on a great granite rock. Man was the master of his soul. You didn't have to be bad. You could and should be better. And if you wanted to escape the eternal fires you'd damned well better be.

In recent years all this has changed in America. We have decided that sin is largely imaginary. We have become enamored with "behavioristic psychology." This holds that a man is a product of his heredity and his environment, and his behavior to a large degree is foreordained by both. He is either a product of a happy combination of genes and chromosomes or an unhappy combination. He moves in an environment that will tend to make him good or that will tend to make him evil. He is just a chip tossed helplessly by forces beyond his control and therefore not responsible.

Well, the theory that misbehavior can be cured by pulling down tenements and erecting in their places elaborate public housing is not holding water. The crime rates continue to rise along with our outlays for social services.

We speak of underprivilege. Yet the young men who swagger up and down the streets, boldly flaunting their gang symbols on their black jackets, are far more blessed in creature comforts, opportunities for advancement, and freedom from drudgery than 90 per cent of the children of the world.

We have sown the dragon's teeth of pseudoscientific sentimentality, and out of the ground has sprung the legion bearing switch-blade knives and bicycle chains.

Clearly something is missing. Could it be what the rest of the world's children have been given -- the doctrine of individual responsibility?

Relief is gradually becoming an honorable career in America. It is a pretty fair life, if you have neither conscience nor pride. The politicians will weep over you. The state will give a mother a bonus for her illegitimate children, and if she neglects them sufficiently she can save enough out of her Aid to Dependent Children payments to keep herself and her boy friend in wine and gin. Nothing is your fault. And when the city fathers of a harrassed community like Newburgh suggest that able-bodied welfare clients might sweep the streets the "liberal" editorialists arise as one man and denounce them for their medieval cruelty.

I don't know how long Americans can stand this erosion of principle. But I believe that some of my starry-eyed friends are kidding themselves. The welfare state that taxes away the rewards for responsible behavior so that it can remove the age-old penalties for irresponsible behavior is building on a foundation of jelly. It is time we stopped this elaborate pretense that there is no difference between the genuinely unfortunate and the mobs of relievers who start throwing bottles every time the cops try to make a legitimate arrest.

Finally, there is the status of our entertainment and our literature. Can anyone deny that movies are dirtier than ever? But they don't call it dirt. They call it "realism." Why do we let them fool us? Why do we nod owlshly when they tell us that filth is merely a daring art form, that licentiousness is really social comment? Isn't it time we recognized Hollywood's quest for the fast buck for what it is? Isn't it plain that the financially-harrassed movie industry is putting gobs of sex in the darkened drive-ins in an effort to lure curious teen-agers away from their TV sets? Recently the screen industry solemnly announced that henceforth perversion and homosexuality would no longer be barred from the screen provided the subjects were handled with "delicacy and taste." Good Lord!

And we of the press are a party to the crime. Last year the movie ads in our newspaper got so salacious and suggestive that the advertising manager and I decided to throw out the worst and set up some standards. We thought that due to our ukase there might be some interruption in advertising some shows. But no. Within a couple of hours the exhibitors were down with much milder ads. How was this miracle accomplished?

Well, it seems that the exhibitors are supplied with several different ads for each movie. If the publishers are dumb enough to accept the most suggestive ones those are what they get. But if publishers squawk the cleaner ads are sent down. Isn't it time we all squawked?

Yes, we have lots of "realism." Incestuous Americans. Perverted Americans. Degenerate Americans. Murderous Americans. How many of these "realistic" Americans do you know?

Several months ago an American touring company, sponsored by the State Department and paid for by your tax dollars, presented one of Tennessee Williams' more depraved offerings to an audience in Rio de Janeiro. The audience hooted in disgust and walked out. And where did it walk to? Right across the street where a Russian ballet company was putting on a beautiful performance for the glory of Russia! How dumb can we get?

We are drowning our youngsters in violence, cynicism and sadism piped into the living room and even the nursery. The grandchildren of the kids who used to weep because the Little Match Girl froze to death now feel cheated if she isn't slugged, raped and thrown into a Bessemer converter.

And there's our literature. The old eye-poppers of the past which tourists used to smuggle back from Paris under their dirty shirts are now tame stuff. Don Maxwell of the Chicago "Tribune" has recently asked his book department to quit advertising scatological literature by including it in the list of best sellers. The critics and the book publishers have denounced him for tampering with the facts. I would like to raise a somewhat larger question: "Who is tampering with the soul of America?"

For nations do have souls. They have collective personalities. People who think well of themselves collectively exhibit elan and enthusiasm and morale.

When nations cease believing in themselves, when they regard their institutions with cynicism and their traditions with flippancy, they will not long remain great nations. When they seek learning without effort and wages without work, they are beginning to stagger. Where they become hedonistic and pleasure oriented, when their Boy Scouts on their 14-mile hike start to hitch rides, there's trouble ahead. Where payola becomes a way of life, expense account cheating common, and union goonery a fiercely defended "right," that nation is in danger. And where police departments attempt to control burglary by the novel method of making it a department monopoly, then the chasm yawns.

Do not let me overdraw the picture. This is still a great, powerful, vibrant, able, optimistic nation. Americans do believe in themselves and in their country.

But there is rot and there is blight and there is cutting out and filling to be done if we, as the leaders of free men, are to survive the hammer blows which quite plainly are in store for us all.

We have reached the stomach-turning point.

We have reached the point where we should re-examine the debilitating philosophy of permissiveness. Let this not be confused with the philosophy of liberty.

The school system that permits our children to develop a quarter of their natural talents is not a champion of our liberties.

The healthy man who chooses to loaf on unemployment compensation is not a defender of human freedom.

The playwright who would degrade us and the author who would profit from pandering to the worst that's in us are no friends of ours.

It is time we hit the sawdust trail. It is time we revived the idea that there is such a thing as sin -- just plain old willful sin. It is time we brought self-discipline back into style.

So I suggest:

Let's look to our educational institutions at the local level, and if Johnny can't read by the time he's ready to get married, let's find out why.

Let's look at the distribution of public largesse and if, far from alleviating human misery, it is producing the sloth and irresponsibility that intensifies it, let's get it fixed.

Let's quit being bulldozed and bedazzled by self-appointed longhairs. Let's have the guts to say that a book is dirt if that's what we think of it, or that a painting may well be a daub if you can't figure out which way to hang it. And if some beatnik welds together a collection of rusty cogwheels and old corset stays and claims it's a greater sculpture than Michelangelo's "David" let's have the courage to say that it looks like junk and probably is.

Let's blow the whistle on plays that would bring blushes to an American Legion stag party. Let's not be awed by movie characters with barnyard morals, even if some of them have been photographed climbing aboard the Presidential yacht. Let us pay more attention in our news columns to the decent people everywhere who are trying to do something for the good of others.

In short, let's cover up the cesspool and start planting some flowers.

Well, that's the jeremiad. I never thought I'd deliver one of these. I never dreamed I'd go around sounding like an advance man for the Watch-and-Ward Society. I used to consider myself quite a liberal young man. I still think that on some people bikinis look fine.

But I am fed up to here with the educationalists and pseudo-social scientists who have underrated our potential as a people. I am fed up to here with the medicine men who try to pass off pretense for art and prurience for literature. I am tired of seeing America debased and low-rated in the eyes of foreigners. And I am genuinely disturbed that to idealistic youth in many countries the fraud of Communism appears synonymous with morality, while we, the chief repository of real freedom, are regarded as being in the last stages of decay.

Unless I misread the signs, a great number of our people are ready for a fresh breeze, a breeze of new honesty, new idealism, new integrity.

How about raising Hell?

* * * * *

TESTIMONIES

Los Angeles, Calif.

Velma Mitchell

(Velma, who joined the Family in January 1966, is a Negro in her 40s who has been overcoming a serious physical problem involving paralysis in recent months.)

Hello, new Family. Though not a journalism student, I shall attempt to tell my introduction to Divine Principle.

One late summer afternoon in 1964, a long-time acquaintance, Zed Robinson, stopped by for a visit. He had such a noticeable glow, I wanted to know what had caused it. Would he tell me? That he did, with blackboard and diagrams. It was too hot inside, so we sat outside under a shade tree.

This day was followed by several visits to the Los Angeles Center, a most dedicated group. I was made to feel more welcome than anywhere I had been in years. There was plenty of reading and studying, and I found lots of answers that I had not attained from other sources. I found myself witnessing on several occasions (and I'm not a person that finds my voice easily -- it has to be pushed out). When John Pinkerton asked me to sign a membership card, I was elated and signed without hesitation.

How could a former Baptist do such an about-face? Reading and praying, Divine Principle made sense and sound logic. No mistake, it's different! But earlier interpretations had me entirely confused. Has anyone else had this feeling?

There is much more, but I cannot put it on paper at the moment. May I close by saying thank you to a most precious new Family, faith and a new life for all concerned. Your new sister, Velma Mitchell.

Washington, D.C.

Carl Rapkins

(Carl has been active in the Divine Principle movement since December 1962 and has contributed his efforts to the work in the San Jose, San Francisco, Fresno, Los Angeles and Tampa Centers before establishing his latest residence at the Washington Fellowship House. He is studying journalism while holding a full-time job.)

I was born in Portland, Oregon, 27 years ago. My very early days were full of conflict, excitement, and no little grief. Partially as a result of my inability to communicate, I was often labeled a "trouble-maker" by the mothers of the neighborhood -- and I was. One of these good ladies, the very proper wife of the Episcopal minister, dourly prophesied that I would come to no good end; like maybe prison, for example. I had been raised a Christian Scientist, but became disenchanted during my late teens, not only with the Church but with life.

In desperation, I sought professional help. I was not motivated to cooperate, however. My joy knew no bounds when a psychiatrist who, after all, might be expected to be accustomed to the woes of mankind, cheerfully and soothingly observed that, "You really have a lot of problems, kid." Unlike some of my former friends, I eluded jail -- I was never caught. Somehow I also kept on the outside of the state mental hospital, although a couple of doctors had suggested that I voluntarily commit myself. Possibly if I had spent more time with them, and if they had really known me, I could not have retained my freedom. Many times I was utterly consumed by passionate hatred and bitterness toward almost everyone. It was poisoning and twisting me. Because of my own experience, I can comprehend violence and degradation by basically decent people that may shock others. I felt so completely cheated by life that I decided all rules were made to be vigorously smashed. I could feel good will only for the oppressed and unfortunate. My warped mind rejoiced at the suffering of those who seemed previously to have been untouched by evil. Occasionally I would erupt. There were a few fights, and also a waitress here and there who would cringe when I approached. I was known by some of them as "that mean man." Nothing was sacred. My philosophy was to try to play the role of the rational, cool spectator on the scene of life, at all cost avoiding sentimental rubbish, involvement, and especially heroics. Love and sacrifice were strictly for "suckers." This was really terrific for my self-image, if not for my mental health. But inside, I was so empty.

I withdrew totally from any social relationships. A little later I found myself going from one casual job to another (I must have had and lost three dozen, not counting odd jobs), and bumming around California's skid rows. I frequently lost not only jobs but living accommodations as well. Even though my rent was paid, several landladies firmly suggested that I pack up my problems and go elsewhere. My popularity soared to an all time high when a cigar store owner declared the place off-limits to me. It was getting hard even to buy cigarettes.

While in San Diego, I developed a super-self-consciousness and spent a lot of time bodybuilding and posing in front of mirrors. That, together with reading and girl watching, occupied most of my time. What follows will seem, in a way, amusing and bizarre to say the least. Although this was by no means the biggest of my problems, it well illustrates part of what Principle has done for me. I had been told many times that my physical appearance was good. Egotistical pride completely obsessed me. This confidence was almost all that propped me up and therefore became all-important. Then the strangest thing happened -- my nose changed its shape. My reaction, of course, would sound extremely silly under normal circumstances, but as things were it may be a little more understandable that I couldn't accept this radical change in my looks. As I lacked money for surgical correction, I hid part of my nose under a patch bandaid. For three years I wore a patch from morning 'till night, fully aware of what I was doing. It was not until my introduction and acceptance of Principle through Doris Walder almost four years ago in San Jose, California, that I could conquer this problem.

The truth has changed my heart and, from there, my thinking. The warmth of love has, to a gratifying extent, overpowered the venom of enmity. My innermost desires are no longer what they once were. True, I fail too often to be the person I long to become. And I still have to constantly battle a craving for Satan's world. Yet, I remain secure in the sure knowledge that my goals have been drastically re-created, and that our Lord has asked only that we keep on the path.

* * * * *

ON THE LIGHTER SIDE....

The California parents of a rising young executive in Texas received this notice from him:

VACATION CONTEST. Free round-trip air transportation to beautiful El Paso. Free swimming, golf and use of all facilities at the El Paso Country Club. Unlimited use of air-conditioned Oldsmobile, player piano, stereo set, king-sized bed and well-stocked refrigerator. Ideal location -- just a few minutes from Mexico, horse racing, dog racing, pool hall, etc. Maid and laundry service included. Free pickup and delivery at El Paso International Airport.

To enter contest, just complete the following sentence in 25 words or less: "We would like to come to El Paso and take care of three nice children for a week while Chan and Mary go to Acapulco because....."

* * * * *

There is such a thing as too much history -- and we are having it!

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Constituent to politician: "I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself!"

Politician: "If I were St. Peter, you wouldn't be in my district."

* * * * *

The floor nurse at the Latter-Day Saints Hospital in Salt Lake City was trying to speak via the intercom to a patient in the children's ward. After receiving no answer from the child, she said, "Jimmy, I know you're there."

A few seconds later a tiny, quavering voice replied, "What do you want, wall?"

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REPORT FROM CENTERS

Sydney, Australia

Alexa Altomare

Dearest Family: This is about the seventh letter I've started to you, never seeming to have time to finish until it was outdated, and having to start the whole process over again.

There has rarely been a dull or quiet moment here since I arrived nearly eight months ago, but the activity has mainly seemed to be of satanic origin. The realization becomes additionally impressed... how little belongs to our Father!

Since my last report some months ago I have moved into the city to, of all places, a room above a spiritualist church. I have been conducting lectures for the past three months in the hall downstairs... in fact, just finished the conclusion last week. An average of nine people a week attended the lectures, with seven of them attending regularly. Most of the seven want to continue study before making up their minds one way or the other, so I will be having a small study group going into the Principle more deeply, as well as going into character study and application of the Principles. It will be a good experiment to see how effective it can be.

The German Family and I must be having good give and take action. Recently they sent me the name of someone to contact here whom they had witnessed to in Germany; in return, four of my regular lecture attendees are German, and another is Australian of German descent. In fact, of all the people currently interested in Divine Principle here, the one just mentioned is the only Australian except for two young people who have recently become interested. Australians in general are not too prepared, although the young people are fast becoming so. There is also a wonderful, old, retired Anglican priest who has been studying with much interest, as well as a Swedish man who is extremely well prepared. Too well prepared, in fact. He has figured out much of the book of Revelation, but tends to take it rather literally.

Besides teaching, I've spoken at a number of groups; but all in all it has been slow going, fighting so many false ideas, environment troubles, antagonism, jealousy, physical illness, and even evil spells cast on me! After all this, time had better yield something very good for Australia.

Sometimes I think a lot of this must be coming from God because I am learning so much. I have been faced with entirely new areas of experience, such as other religions, deep metaphysical ideas, New Age ideas, Satanism, homosexuality and narcotics. My understanding of both the Father's kingdom and Satan's kingdom is rapidly expanding. I see that the more experienced I become, the more able I will be to reach out into these circles in the future; in the end Father will reign victorious.

I am so thankful to hear of the progress being made all over the world, and I especially greet all new brothers and sisters. I pray that all of us will receive in increasing quantities the love and power of our Father so that we can effectively do His work on earth.

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PRAYER SCHEDULE - JULY 1966

1-2-3	Holland
4-5-6	St. Louis, Missouri
7-8-9	Austria
10-11-12	Boise, Idaho
13-14-15	Australia
16-17-18	San Francisco, Calif.
19-20-21	Brazil
22-23-24	Cleveland, Ohio
25-26-27	Italy
28-29-30	Eugene, Oregon
31, Aug. 1-2	New York, N. Y.

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