

# THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

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VOL. X

JANUARY, 1916

NO. 1

THAT pure, great light, which is radiant; that great glory; that verily which the gods worship, by means of which the sun shines forth — that eternal divine being is perceived by devotees. His form has no parallel; no one sees him with the eye. Those who apprehend him by means of the understanding and also the mind and heart, become immortal.— *Sanat-sujâtîya*

## LOGIC AND CHRISTIANITY: by H. T. Edge, M. A.



A CERTAIN contemporary writer says that “logic untempered by a nicer sense leads to mankind’s degradation”; a phrase which surely misrepresents the word “logic.” This writer is inveighing against “that type of modern intellectuality which does not admit the existence of a heart,” and against materialistic philosophy. But other critics have declared that logic is the very quality in which this type of intellectuality, the materialistic philosophy, is lacking. For instance, H. P. Blavatsky, in emphasizing this point, quotes Stallo, in his *Concepts of Modern Physics*, to the effect that —

The professed antagonism of science to metaphysics has led the majority of scientific specialists to assume that the methods and results of empirical research are wholly independent of the control of the laws of thought. They either silently ignore, or openly repudiate, the simplest canons of logic. . . .

And it will be found that H. P. Blavatsky, in criticising certain old-style scientific theories, makes the same point over and over again, and cites other authorities in support of her contention. This must be the right view to take of logic; for the other view means that speculation is right and logic is wrong. But this writer speaks as though he thought there were two distinct criterions of truth — logic and something else, the latter being roughly classed under the head of religion. For instance, we find him saying of Christianity that —

The spirit of these teachings is fundamentally unpractical, and is utterly opposed to materialism. Christianity preaches compassion, kindness, love and tenderness, in a world governed by the ruthless laws of nature; and it urges us to avoid the plain facts of life. . . . It declares the superiority of heart over brain; it is opposed to logical reason; it shuns the conclusions to which un-inspired intellect would lead us.

Glad as we are to recognize this championship of the doctrine of the heart, we cannot but comment on the curious confusion of thought. The above extract contains alternate truths and untruths, succeeding each other with unbroken regularity. For example, let us take his propositions one by one and label them.

“The spirit of these teachings is fundamentally unpractical”  
— wrong.

“Is utterly opposed to materialism”—right.

“Christianity preaches compassion. . .”—right.

“A world governed by the ruthless laws of Nature”—wrong.

“It urges us to avoid the plain facts of life”—wrong.

“It declares the superiority of heart over brain”—right.

“It is opposed to logical reason”—wrong.

“It shuns the conclusions to which un-inspired intellect would lead us”—right.

The writer has stated his opinion that logic untempered by a nicer sense leads to mankind's degradation; and with the word “logic” he has associated the word “practical” and the phrase “the plain facts of life.” All these things, then, are marshaled on the side of things which lead to destruction, while plain facts become synonymous with lies. On the other side, opposed to logic, the plain facts, and the practical, we find the teachings of the Christian Master, and Compassion, and the Heart. Here is confusion indeed. Such confusion often leads to self-abandonment and fanaticism. If we cannot be religious or cultivate the virtues of the heart without throwing over logic and plain common sense, then what choice have we between materialism and fanaticism?

If logic is accurate reasoning based on correct premisses, it must lead to true conclusions; and though these desirable conditions are seldom if ever met with, the name of logic must not be traduced on that account. It is a much abused name; and, instead of throwing over that which it stands for, we ought to try and understand it better. If a man finds that his reasoning is leading him astray, this is a sign

that his reasoning is illogical. The right thing to do is to find out what is fallacious in the reasoning; but there are people who seem to delude themselves with the idea that their reasoning is correct, but must be abandoned because it is leading them into error. A terrible position to take, surely! A sound sense of logic ought to *save* a man from his errors, not lead him into them. But perhaps this is what some people call having a "sense of humor."

It must surely be true that the fallacies with which we delude ourselves, when we seek to justify some perverse course or some wayward philosophy, *are* fallacies, and that they will not stand examination. Is it not a mark of such states of mind, that there is always some awkward fact that we are striving not to see? Are we candid with ourselves? Logic cannot be on the side of the bad.

And Christianity? Some people say that, if a whole nation suddenly adopted the teachings of Christ, the result would be catastrophic; and so indeed it would; but is that an argument against the teachings of Christ? The case imagined is an impossible one; and even if it were possible, the unpracticalness of the result would not be due to the remedy but to the colossal unwisdom of its application. As well condemn a healing balsam because a gallon of it administered with a funnel will not instantly turn a consumptive patient into a model of health. However ardently you may desire to exchange your evil ways for the purity proclaimed in the gospel, you cannot do it in a day; and is the gospel to be blamed for this?

As to the laws of Nature, they are right, but there is friction when two laws "clash" in human nature. Man is in a transition stage, fluctuating between his animal nature and his divine nature; and the false logic is the result of *trying* to make the intellect serve the lower nature. It is founded on the premiss that man is an elaborate animal and nothing more; and it leads to conclusions irreconcilable with the *facts* of human life. Of this the writer complains, and yet he says that the Christian gospel urges us to avoid the plain facts of life. A man who, with his intellect and divinely inspired nature, imitates a pig or a tiger, can justly be called ruthless; but why should we saddle Nature herself with the charge of ruthlessness? Jesus Christ is thought to have come to help men; he did not come for the purpose of teaching sulphuric acid not to attack carbonate of soda.

But again we say we are glad of the writer's recognition of the heart-doctrine; for there *is* danger that selfishness and materialism

may deprive man of this priceless jewel. But what a need is here for a wiser and more comprehensive philosophy than is usually to be found! When writers speak of the brain or the intellect, they mean the mind of man stimulated by his passions, and the brain of man inflamed by his animal functions. But there is part of the gospel which they seem to ignore. That is, that when a ray of light from the heart strikes on the intellect, new powers of vision are aroused, scales fall from the eyes, and the mists of false logic are dispersed in the glory of clear vision. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God," is in the gospel.

So-called "logic" is said to have reduced all human motives to some form of self-seeking, compassion to a form of self-indulgence, gratitude to the expectation of future benefits, and so forth. The worst errors of this kind of "logic" are errors of defect. A man is a "highly organized animal"; *but* he is something else besides. The sun is a "large sphere of incandescent matter"; *but* that is not all. The fact that *all* motives *can* be regarded as forms of egotism neutralizes the force of the whole argument. It is possible to regard gratitude as a primary feeling of the heart, irresistible and irresolvable. And what are the "facts of life," or how shall we distinguish them from the illusions of life? Clearly, if what the writer says is truth, we do need a logic that will not work for destruction; and since the "logic" that is founded on an over-estimation of the personal ego and on a worship of the minor forces in Nature is seen to lead us the wrong way, perhaps a logic founded on the teachings of the true Religion may lead us aright. The point is that logic and right cannot be on opposite sides. Possibly, if people have so abused their thinking powers that they cannot save themselves without throwing these powers temporarily overboard and starting again, they had better do so; but what a pity that logic and reason should be so traduced.



Have perseverance as one who doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live for ever, that which in thee *knows*, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life: it is the man that was, that is, and that will be, for whom the hour shall never strike. — *H. P. Blavatsky*

## THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HUMANE LIFE:

by Gertrude W. van Pelt, B.Sc., M.D. (Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma)



THEOSOPHY is in its philosophical aspect a true expression of the origin of life and the laws governing its growth; in its scientific aspect it is an unveiler of the working of nature; in its moral aspect it is the revealer of the true relation between man and man, and between man and the lower kingdoms; in its spiritual aspect it is the expounder of man's essential divinity; his link to the finer forces of spiritual life, and to the Absolute Deity; in its practical aspect it is the teacher of the art of living.

To its ocean of knowledge may turn the physicist, the naturalist, the archaeologist, the historian, the astronomer, the legislator, the humanitarian, and all others; each may find therein the guiding star to lead him out of the labyrinth of darkness to the light of day.

It is an embracer of all life from its most rudimentary to its most complex expression. It is the conductor of the mind in an unbroken journey from the stone to the starry aether, from the atom to the Absolute. It is the source of all knowledge which has ever come to man, the foundation of every true religion, under whatever name; it is the pure stream which, since the beginning of time, has periodically poured its inexhaustible treasures into human life, but which, among every race so far, has been gradually corrupted or lost to view in the muddy waters of ignorance. It is re-embodied in this age in a movement, founded in New York in 1875 by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, continued by her successor William Q. Judge, and now under the leadership of Katherine Tingley — a movement which is “established for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.” It must, of necessity, as it becomes gradually known and recognized, become the leader in any movement for reform, the guide for all humane legislation and the restorer of natural *human* relations.

Being the harmonizer of all life on the basis of truth, through its teachings alone can every one and all of the infinite human interests work to a common end, each one supporting and none undermining the other. Under its guidance can the present races become true builders on eternal foundations.

It thus is a study vital to all, but especially appealing to those who are seeking to benefit their fellow-men; to those whose avowed objects are furthering of the means which will bring health and happiness to the citizens of the world.

Its force and power lie in the fact that it shows man conclusively his real position of dignity in nature. It makes apparent to him his responsibility for the past, present and future. And coincident with this vision it throws the rays of the Sun upon the unmistakable difference between *liberty* and *license*. The free man is he who lives within the law, the physical, the mental and spiritual, which are but different aspects of one and the same. It shows beyond the last suspicion of doubt that every reform must begin at home and within, and that with this alone can come the power and discrimination to guide others, to institute reform measures, to become an integral part of social life.

The weakness of much that has been done for centuries (during and since the dark ages, which well-nigh wiped out our knowledge of the past) has consisted in its being based upon imperfect theories. They have been formulated without a knowledge of the complex nature of man and his environment, and like all theories founded on partial or incorrect ideas, they have crumbled to nothing in the light of a larger experience. It is certainly a mistaken notion that philosophy is merely for dreamers and that our practical workers are concerned only with concrete ideas. Without the union of the abstract and the concrete, the unseen and the seen, coherent work is impossible. To attempt to work out details without a knowledge of, or without a reference to, the whole of which they are a part, is much like building a house upon the sand.

For instance, an educational system, really to educate, must be based on an understanding, first, of the human being's physical, mental, moral and spiritual nature, and their interrelationship; and second, on the duality of all life — its two poles, so to speak. For all these exist *in fact*, and to leave any of them out of account must result in a deformity. A healthy, well-developed body is essential to the highest attainment, but to stop here would not lead us beyond the animal. A well-balanced and trained mind is also essential, but if its powers are not used wisely and with beneficent purpose the education may result in but a menace to society and a wreck of the individual. As a rule, education has confined itself to these two aspects. It is being recognized that there must go hand in hand with the former a training of the moral nature. And this is something quite separate from a teaching of dogmas and creeds, which has been tried, and which in the first place is really directed toward the mental nature,

and in the second, has not freed the mind, but on the contrary has only imprisoned it in invisible splints, and weakened or deformed it. A genuine moral *training* must come into the education to make it complete, and finally the spiritual will must be aroused to enforce the moral training, which in its turn will guide the mind, which again will care for the body and its needs. Unless all of these principles in human nature are intelligently handled how can there be true education? All these principles *exist*, and the balance is lost if any are neglected.

In education, as in all else, we feel the need of a broader outlook, a deeper insight, a larger sympathy, a fuller knowledge. And all this — Theosophy can give us.

Just as in education we have suffered from imperfect theories, so have we in every effort toward humane reforms. Failing a true philosophy of life as a basis of ethics, it is impossible to act in accordance with the Higher Law, for too many related facts are either unknown or overlooked in an attempt to solve the problems. In the question of Capital Punishment, for instance, we may assume that the framers of the law had in mind the safeguarding of society. But the fuller knowledge of facts which Theosophy supplies shows clearly that, on the contrary, this law is a *menace* to society. The criminal cannot be destroyed in this manner. The evil principles are thereby only liberated to act more subtly, yet more surely, on the living, and all chance of transmuting his evil energies has been lost by removing him from the related sphere of action. Crime increases under this law, which must inevitably be the case. This is not the place to enter more fully into a discussion of this subject, but those interested are referred to the numerous articles in the Theosophical literature.

If the relation of man to man could be, even to a limited extent, grasped by the race as a whole, and gradually form a part of their outlook, the problems of capital and labor would disappear. We would not have to fight for just labor hours, for mutual consideration, for living wages, and so on. They would follow in the natural course of events. If the absolute unity of life were taught and explained; the common origin and common destiny; the interrelation and interdependence; the absolute community of interests; if there were a general effort to weave these ideas into the thought-life of the race, in a few generations we would certainly have quite a different world in which to live. They would become a part of the general consciousness and each man would regard his neighbor in a new light, and love

would by degrees supplant hate. And a like improvement would follow if man's true relation to the animal kingdom were realized. Vivisection and all cruelty would be seen as an offense against the laws of nature and an offense against man's own true interests.

Had the old teachings which Theosophy now brings again to light remained common property in the past, the pages of history would not be written in such heavy letters of blood. And if today this philosophy could be sown broadcast, it would be the most effective peace measure conceivable. *Theosophy is in itself the highest expression of the Peace Movement.* Although it may include the various related measures, such as courts of arbitration, peace conferences, international law, and the like, it goes deeper. It meets the disease at its source. Why should we expect that individuals who are at war within their own natures; who are the victims of jealousies, envies, selfish ambitions and pride; who are grasping each for the best, should, when massed together, produce a peaceful, considerate city or nation, one willing to recognize the rights of others and unwilling to take an unfair advantage? It is a simple sum in addition. We have got what we put together. We may argue the advantages and disadvantages of war until the last man has been destroyed, but until we have lighted the fire of truth which will burn out the passions of hate, we have not really touched the issue.

This is where Theosophy comes to the rescue. It makes the "Brotherhood of Man" a living, glowing reality. It sends its subtle flame into every nerve and atom; into the finer essence of the mind; into the inner chambers of the heart; and then from out of those windows of the soul — the eyes — the man looks upon a new world, peopled with brothers, having hopes and aspirations similar to his own, capable of the same keen suffering and joy, struggling, and often with despair, against obstacles similar to his own, and he looks into the eyes of him he would have killed, and finds them to be the eyes of a friend. What if he *had* killed that friend, his own brother, a part of himself, and as necessary to the eternal order of things as himself!

Theosophy is *not* a new cult, a new religion. It is a statement of Law. It interferes with no one's religion, for it is the embracer of all religions. It takes nothing real from any, but adds richness to every avocation. Applied, it clarifies the mind and purifies the life.



## GOLDEN THREADS IN THE TAPESTRY OF HISTORY: by Kenneth Morris

### PART TWO

#### CHAPTER III — THE FIRST EMPIRE



OF all the Great Powers of middle Chow times, T'sin in the northwest, the modern Shensi, was the least Chinese, the most barbarous. Her sovereigns, of old appointed keepers of the Western Marches, had lost their Chinesity through long barbarian intermarriage; her people were, by blood, almost wholly Turk or Tartar. In 361 B. C., about a century after the death of Confucius, she devoted herself, under enlightened guidance, to the task of learning civilization; and within one generation had accomplished a work parallel to that of Japan in the era of Meiji. She had practised herself in wars to the north and west, subduing her nomad neighbors; then, in the time of Chwangtse and Mencius, she embarked upon her great career of southern conquest. She put armies of a million men on the field, under generals as great as any the world has seen. Her empire shortly stretched out over Szechuen in the west, and included Yunnan in the far southwest. T'su, her great rival, was divided from her by China Proper, the Hoangho Valley, and took in all China south of the Yangtse and east of the gorges, and as far north as to the boundaries of the Chow domain. Under T'su's leadership all the coast provinces, old orthodox China, and T'si and Tsin, Chihli and Shansi, were arrayed against T'sin. Thus within two hundred years the whole of the Eighteen Provinces had been discovered, and had come within the region of practical politics; and was now divided into two camps, an eastern and a western, at war for supremacy.

What was to be done, to set right times so thoroughly out of joint? Chwangtse might offer his humorous mysticism; Mencius his Confucian code; between them they preserved the double tradition; but the state of events had to reach level ground, and be flowing serenely, before its waters could reflect the lights and shadows of the god world. Things were rushing towards culmination in a new China, the like of which had not been since the days of Yao, Shun and Yu — at least.

Then, in the second half of the third century, one of the world's great men of action appeared on the scene. T'sin had overcome the allies, and her ruler, T'sin Che Hwangti, First August Emperor, as-

cended the throne of a China no longer patriarchal, as under Yao, Shun and Yu, nor feudal, as under Shang and Chow, but united and imperial.

He was at heart more Tartar than Chinaman. His new imperial régime was not in accord with the ancient tradition; then he would destroy the ancient tradition; and gave orders that the literature of China should be burned. The literati, conservatives by nature, opposed him; he killed some, and sent the rest to carry hods and do bricklaying on the Great Wall. He would stamp out the whole Confucian Yao-Shun-and-Yu tradition, and begin afresh with T'sin Che Hwangti and a kind of fierce, adventurous Taoism for the whole of religion and philosophy: the kind of Taoism that drove him to send expeditions to a half legendary, undiscovered Japan in quest of the Elixir of Life. And yet, he performed wonders, too, for China, did this great rod-of-iron-wielding ruler. He drew back the string, and bent the bow to the double, which sped the arrow of Han to the stars: made inevitable a marvelous reaction towards pure culture, that carried the Blackhaired People to heights before undreamed. Also by building the Great Wall, a hedge against bleak blasts of raiders from Tartary, he created an atmosphere of calm in which growth could take place; for the Wall was effectual enough in its day, when disciplined armies garrisoned it. — Within a few years of his death, his dynasty, in the person of a miserable son, had been swept away, and an ultra-Chinese, national house, under the Prince of Han, took its place.

The tides of life had been rising for three centuries and more: riotously and without order in Chow times, then forced into a straight system under the strenuous régime of T'sin Che Hwangti. On those waters Laotse and Confucius, Mencius and Chwangtse, had cast their bread; now, with the incoming of the Hans, the great harvests began to appear. The surging forces reached the planes of intellectualism and art, and became glorious there. T'sin Che Hwangti — which is, being interpreted, Emperor Augustus I, of the House of T'sin; the founders of the Roman and Chinese Empires adopted the same style and title — T'sin Che Hwangti, when he ordered the destruction of the literature, dealt a master-stroke for civilization, if unintentionally; we know not where to find the like of it, unless in Mohammed's providing the Arabs with a Sacred Book. For, just as the necessities of Koranic exegesis in early Moslem times, gave an impetus to

culture that made Bagdad, within a century and a half of the Hejira, the great light-center of the Western World; so in China the effort to recover the lost books spurred up the Chinese mind to bright intensity, and brought in these glories of Han.

The lost texts might be recovered: there were many devoted scholars who, twenty years since, had learned whole volumes by heart between the publication of Che Hwangti's edict, and its carrying into effect; it was good to have such treasures in the mind, when one was at forced and unaccustomed labor, half starved and perished with the north wind on the Great Wall. Others again had hidden precious manuscripts in their roofs and house-walls, or in dry wells; fragments kept coming in from the provinces; and the work of reconstruction went forward. Rose the need for two new sciences; critical grammar and literary criticism, which forthwith came into being. At Singanfu in Shensi, the modern Sianfu, scholars gathered from far and near; and in the wake of the scholars, men of original genius. The early Han sovereigns were much given to Taoism: it was an age of keen speculation, wonderlit individualism in thought; T'sin Che Hwangti, fair play to him, had done his best to foster this. The Chinese imagination ran free, uncurbed and exuberant; it dreamed of the Paradise of Siwang-Mu in the west, and of Islands of the Blessed beyond the Yellow Sea. A great imperial library was collected, containing thousands of volumes on the classics, philosophy, poetry, tactics, mathematics and medicine. Thousands of volumes — and so soon after the old literature had been destroyed: it speaks wonders for the creative genius of the age. The impulse culminated in the latter part of the second century B. C., which was an era of intense national illumination: the first in Chinese history on which we can definitely lay hands. The Crest Wave of civilization, that passed from Greece with Alexander to distribute itself, apparently, between Ptolemaic Egypt and the India of Chandragupta and Asoka, now certainly was rearing itself high in China. Just as the sparks Mohammed struck were to smoulder more or less for a century and a half, and then burst forth into the grand Saracenic illumination of Bagdad; so the Chinese Teachers had set in motion forces which seemed in their own time to have lost themselves in space, but which now, after four centuries, found their fitting moment in an age of national revival, and flamed and bloomed forth and inspired the glories of Han. Taoism lit the racial imagination; Confucianism

sobered, ordered and directed it. The first made the Chinese individually great; the second welded them into a great nation. Laotse, looking from Elysium, might have beheld the brightest minds among his people, searching for the Tao, the Supreme Secret; Confucius might have seen his nation at last basing itself on the Principles of Music. The Chinese Soul had come to its own.

For this was essentially a nationalistic revival. Chow itself had been, by remote origin, semi-barbarian; T'sin was actually very much so. Han, on the contrary, was purely and intensely Chinese. And yet, strangely, its sources of inspiration were largely southern: from T'su and beyond the Yangtse; from the region where are the tombs of Shun and Yu; where Laotse was born: a land that had been, in Confucius' time, half unknown or wholly so, and quite beyond the pale of orthodox civilization.

Thus the first great outburst of Chinese poetry according to Fenolosa, had come with Ch'u Yüan (Kutsugen), at the end of the Chow dynasty. Before him was only the northern folk-poetry of the type collected by Confucius in the *Book of Odes*: in short-lined meters, simple in form, unimaginative, given to moralizing. Ch'u Yüan, southern and Taoist, invented new, swinging and long-lined meters, and poured into them the stuff of his gorgeous and mournful imagination: lamented magnificently over forgotten Gods and glories; ancient and splendid centers in the far south; deserted shrines covered with symbolic paintings of antique and marvelous things. It is as if he had been inspired by dim memories of prehistoric splendors, from an age when the Blackhaired People held the mystic South, as well as the stern northern regions on the Hoangho; an age ages beyond the narrow neck of the hourglass. . . . He set the pace for the poetry of Han: a romantic literature, splendidly imaginative; Swinburnian, so to say, in the rhythm and force of its music; mainly Taoist in philosophy. — The age that followed was as great in prose as in poetry, in art as in literature; and in it, too, for the first time in recorded history, Chinese armies went forth far afield, conquering and to conquer.

The high light of this period falls on the reign of Wu-ti — which sounds more human in Latin, as *Martialis Imperator*; so Wu Wang's name, the Founder of Chow, is no more than to say, *Martialis Rex*. This Wu-ti reigned gloriously from 140 to 86 B. C. We read how the Taoist Adept Li Sao-chün came to him. "I know," said Li, "how to

harden snow and change it into white silver; I know how cinnabar transforms its nature and passes into yellow gold. I can rein the flying Dragon and visit the extremities of the earth; I can bestride the hoary crane and soar above the nine degrees of heaven." Wu-ti thereupon made him his chosen counsellor.\*

The fashion is, when we come on such incidents, to hold up the hands of superiority, and shake the head of contemptuous amusement. What superstition! Alas, what dark ages! The heathen in his blindness . . . ! — Good Podsnap, what if there were more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed in your well-starched philosophy? What if there were something here, as far above your comprehension, as trigonometry or aerostatics is above that of the baboon? If there were a symbolism that Wu-ti, wiser than we, could understand very well; but preferred spoken in those living, beautiful terms, than in the dry formulae of the brain-mind and the schools? They were not precisely a barbarian people, those stately, world-ruling, businesslike, artistic, intellectual Hans.

What poetry it is, at any rate — this claim of the Sennin Li Sao-chün! What if the transformation of snow and cinnabar should have meant, to sage and emperor, the passing of cold intellect into shining intuition; the transmutation of the red passions into the gold of the Higher Nature, the Heart-Life? If the reining of the flying Dragon should have been understood by them as meaning mastery of the ancient and secret Dragon of Wisdom? Podsnap, Podsnap, away with you; you are a very trifling and limited fellow! There be mysteries, and mysteries beyond; poetry reflects down the glories of spiritual realms into this world of our common understanding; it acts on the imagination, stealing a march and outflanking the brain-mind: to which its higher knowledge will often seem akin to childishness and superstition. "To the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks folly": bigotry and mere intellectualism will have none of this; it is no meat for them. And yet, how splendid it is, when one realizes its interpretable nature, and how that behind it are the immutable splendors, the only things that count! Drab, drab, drab we have made this common life of ours; you cannot change its nature with any alkahest of things personal: triumphs and delights, marryings and givings in marriage: the stuff of what we call romance;

\* See *Taoism*, by R. K. Douglas; Religious Tract Society.

these are poor pigments applied, and gilding; they wear off; they have changed nothing. But behind; beyond these little horizons; within, and again within! There are the verities; there is the Soul, august, looking out with calm eyes into infinity — the fountain of poetry, the indomitable, the cause that beauty is; the seed and true quintessence of the true romance. Into this world of ours come, from time to time, those who, in coming, lose not their hold upon the other. How are we to know them, who can know nothing about the limits of our own being? They come, robed in a purple and gold that only seeing eyes can see; decked with the invisible insignia of a royalty beside which all our pomp is mere gauds, tinsel and baubles. Oh they are plain people enough, to the outward gaze, but if it comes to speaking of them, to recording their true deeds and status, what language or terms shall you use? It was for this that poetry was made! Record these things in the high symbolism of poetry; let us speak of Dragons that do soar through the empyrean, that play and sport among the constellations; how else shall we depict what fields and splendors of consciousness may be open to their flancy voyagings?

So when we read further of Wu-ti that he built a palace which should be a watchtower for the genii, that access to it was to be gained through a myriad doors, that in its gardens were ponds containing fishes and reptiles from the Islands of the Blessed; or that he dedicated Mount Tai to the worship of the Gods, raising a sacred mound at the foot of it; that he was present in person at the consecration of these places; that on the night after the ceremony “a bright, supernatural light rested on the mound that had been made holy”; that Siwang-Mu, the Queen of the Western Paradise, whom King Muh of Chow had visited centuries before, came to him, and that he was united with her — we may well let such stories be what they are: a symbolic record of the real life of the great emperor, showing him to have been one not as other men, but among the Great Ones, the Messengers and Emissaries of the Divine. After all, we should not be in a hurry to write such a man down a fool, and the inspiration of his reign, superstition. A great, victorious, beneficent monarch; it was a very stable, well-founded superstition that lay at the back of his successes. It was he who sent envoys to discover the line of migration of the White Huns, tracing them to Bactria, and opening the door of China to artistic and religious influences from Gandhara and the Greco-Buddhist kingdoms of Middle Asia;

it was his armies that crossed the Pamirs, opened intercourse with Mesopotamia, penetrated to the Persian Gulf, and started the trade with Rome.

A bright light shines upon his epoch; we must call it a Golden Thread time; and we must see in this Wu-ti of Han, so greatly directing and culminating so great an age, an agent of Those who are the culmination of humanity — who direct, as far as They may, its ends towards greatness. We must acknowledge this Han glory to have been founded upon the Wisdom-Religion; recognizing an esoteric school among the flowers of Laotse, capable of sending forth men who knew: such men for the empire and for humanity as Wu-ti's counsellor Li Sao-chün, who could rein the flying Dragon and visit the extremities of the earth; who could bestride the hoary crane, and soar above the nine degrees of heaven. Or (for fear you should still not understand, dear Podsnap), who could command states and centers of consciousness within himself, from and through which the grand illuminations are attainable.

And above all, we must beware of limiting our conceptions of the great historical Chinese mind by missionary ideas of its present-day manifestations and potentialities.

It was in the later days of these Western Hans, after Wu-ti, that Confucianism was adopted as a kind of state religion or constitution. It was acceptable to the emperors, as giving a divine sanction to their dynasty; and to the people, as putting them in the highest place in the national polity; conceding to them also the "Right of Rebellion" when occasion required. Chow had "exhausted the mandate of Heaven," and Heaven had raised up T'sin; T'sin had exhausted it, and Heaven had raised up Han. As, when Tai Tsing, the "Great Pure" Manchu dynasty, exhausted it the other day, Heaven raised up Yuan Shi Kai quietly, obligingly putting China back into Chinese hands with comparatively little fuss. *Vox populi* has always been considered *vox deorum* in Confucian China, though its pronouncements be not rendered quaterennially. The people, the Gods, the government: there you have the order of importance according to the Confucian, or rather Mencian-Confucian Code. As long as the dynasty rules for the people, this system provides for it a kind of substitute for descent from gods and heroes. But let the times call for a change: let the reigning house have grown nerveless and inefficient;

and your common schoolmaster, peasant, street-sweeper — who not? — may raise an army if he can; gain what victories he may; and, so he wins to it, none can gainsay his right to the Dragon Throne. Divine Right, too; his mandate is from Heaven, as his success proves; he is no politician Bolingbroke, perpetually the usurper, and to be rebelled against forever on that score, but the Son of Heaven forthwith, and surrounded with all the divinity that hedges kings. His descent is nothing against him; since in China it is always you that ennoble or degrade your ancestry, not they you. (There is one exception: that of the Dukes Confucius, who are dukes to this day by virtue of their descent from the Sage.) There would be none to call a Chinese Napoleon upstart or adventurer: his own genius and success would confer on him, for the time being, Sonship to Heaven. Such a constitution, with the pomp and circumstance of Confucian ritual — Chinese of the Chinese, and coming from the most antique and venerated ages — commended itself to the Han emperors; also to the commonalty, because it was, and is, the Magna Charta of their liberties. Let any mandarin or provincial governor exceed the limits in oppression, and you have but to rebel formally: raise a crowd about his yamen, vociferate a little, perhaps throw a few stones: Peking, be assured, will hear of it; and, conceding the Mencian Right of Rebellion, quietly remove the offender. The headman is responsible for the crimelessness of his village; the viceroy for his province; the Son of Heaven for his Empire: if anything goes wrong, it is for them to confess their fault, and even apply to the Board of Punishments for suitable correction. After all, there is a deal of common sense in it. One thinks of a highly successful British administrator who introduced, all unwitting of its origin, this Confucian system into Egypt; and found it the one plan infallible.

By the time the Crest Wave was rising in Rome, with the accession of Augustus, it was falling away in China. In A. D. 25 the Western Hans fell, and the Eastern Hans succeeded to them, with their new capital at Loyang or Honanfu. While Galba, Otho, Vitellius and the like were enjoying their little hours of brief authority, and Rome was in the trough of the waves, this dynasty was winning military glory under Mingti; and Panchow, the greatest of all Chinese generals, was camping and triumphing on the shores of the Caspian. In this reign also, Buddhism came into China; thenceforth to be the

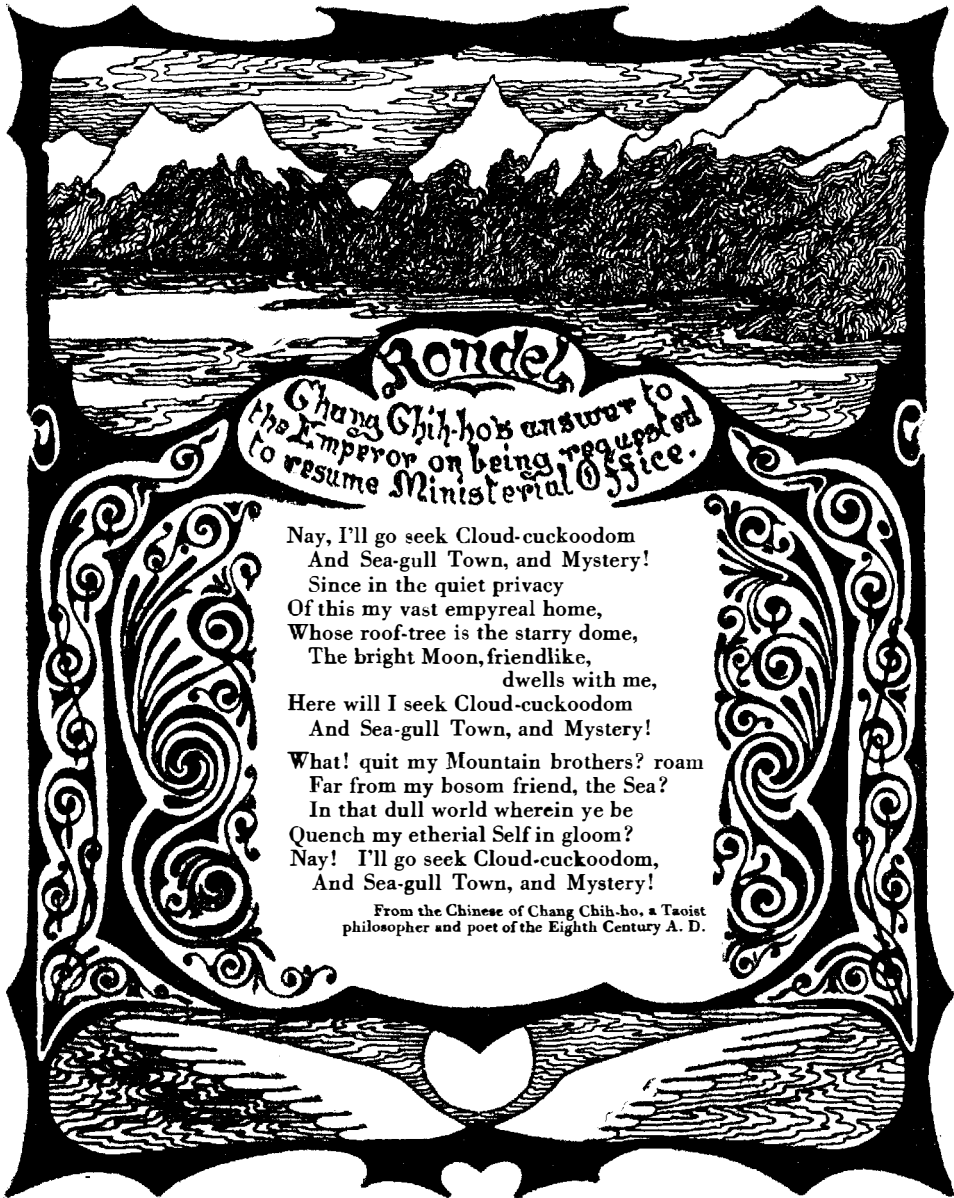


third potent influence in molding the life of the nation. — The Eastern Hans lasted until 220 A. D., when such a débâcle came to its culmination, as was to befall in Rome some two centuries later. The Chinese Empire fell to pieces: civilization went utterly by the board. The structure founded by the T'sin Augustus lasted about four hundred and seventy years; that founded by his Roman namesake, a very few decades longer. Northern barbarians brought about the downfall of either. But in the case of China, those centuries of empire had welded together into one people a hundred different tribes, races and languages: had made a homogeneous whole of peoples as numerous and varied as those of the Roman world; and, except for a few Lolos and Miaotse in the southwest, essentially homogeneous they have remained ever since, despite long intervening periods of anarchy and political division. On the whole, the Han Empire was a greater factor in the history of humanity, than the Roman.

The Tartars and Mongols were the Goths of the Orient, in respect to the part they played in the destruction of civilization. They had been pouring down into China in ever-increasing numbers for perhaps a couple of centuries, enlisting in the Chinese armies until they held the whole of the military power. Realizing their strength at last, they tore away province after province from the empire; exactly as the Goths and Germans were already beginning to do in Europe. By 400 A. D. the whole of the North was in their hands, and Han culture was hardly so much as a memory anywhere. This was the heroic age of Chinese history, and furnished the material for a thousand battle-poets since in China and Japan. The War-God was incarnate: one of the chief champions of the time has been worshiped as such ever since. War was everywhere and always; art, literature and all the graces of life had ceased to be. For two centuries this confusion endured; then, in the year 420, the tide began to turn, and a new China rose phoenixlike in the South, with its capital near the modern Nankin.



LET a man stand fast in the supremacy of the nobler part of his constitution, and the inferior part will not be able to take it from him. It is simply this which makes the great man. — *Mencius*



*Ronde*  
 Chang Chih-ho's answer to  
 the Emperor on being requested  
 to resume Ministerial Office.

Nay, I'll go seek Cloud-cuckoodom  
 And Sea-gull Town, and Mystery!  
 Since in the quiet privacy  
 Of this my vast empyreal home,  
 Whose roof-tree is the starry dome,  
 The bright Moon, friendlike,

dwells with me,

Here will I seek Cloud-cuckoodom  
 And Sea-gull Town, and Mystery!

What! quit my Mountain brothers? roam  
 Far from my bosom friend, the Sea?  
 In that dull world wherein ye be  
 Quench my ethereal Self in gloom?  
 Nay! I'll go seek Cloud-cuckoodom,  
 And Sea-gull Town, and Mystery!

From the Chinese of Chang Chih-ho, a Taoist  
 philosopher and poet of the Eighth Century A. D.

## THE GIFT OF ANTIQUITY TO ART: by Grace Knoche

The artist should have for his models ever the *Divine Logoi*, then only may his creations truly be called Art.—*Plotinos*



**B**EFORE taking up the subject assigned for this evening by Mme. Katherine Tingley — *The Gift of Antiquity to Art* — it is perhaps not out of place to express something of the pleasure that we feel in being here as Students of the School of Antiquity at Point Loma. For when Mme. Tingley laid the cornerstone of this School or University, of which she is not only the Foundress-President but of course the sole head, and began regular work with her students in Archaeology and Art — now nearly twenty years ago — she forecast the time when they would meet with students of these subjects from the world and would clasp hands with them in the kinship of a common interest. Since her object was not only to revive the lost knowledge possessed by the ancients — the deeper knowledge — but to re-create, as it were, that which was most glorious and imperishable in the past, every possible advantage, from foreign travel to study under her personal instruction, has been afforded her students; for in respect to our Teacher, Mme. Tingley, we are all students together. So that now, in opening to the public the present course of lectures, Mme. Tingley's aim is not only to throw a new light on the study of Archaeology and Art, but also to encourage a desire for personal research and study among those who are attracted, and a desire to possess a deeper and more mystical knowledge of antiquity than that which sometimes goes by the name.

When we consider that an evening might be spent with profit upon a single nation of antiquity, a single period in that nation, or even upon a single statue, the topic assigned for this evening seems broad in scope. The best that can be done, therefore, is to take a running glance at some of the great monuments of antiquity and remind ourselves of our supreme indebtedness to it, indebtedness for form as well as content, for technic as well as motif. For modern art depends upon ancient art as one link hangs down from another in a chain.

Examine whatever special branch you will, there behind the modern effort stands the great art of the past, "as one in eternal waiting." And yet, although we copy and appropriate, there is always something that eludes us, and we have not gone beyond nor even reached the limits set ages upon ages ago.

In the designing of so simple a thing as a vase, we but follow the

contours that were ancient when Greece was unthought of and Egypt was young, contours that have come down to us from prehistoric civilizations of the highest culture and equally from the Palaeolithic cave. We have never attained Egyptian understanding nor Greek forbearance in the juxtaposition of plain and decorated spaces. We have nothing in ornamental detail that yet can make superfluous the lotus, the acanthus, or the honeysuckle motif. We have never devised anything in continuous pattern that can improve upon the simple egg and dart, the simple astragal, the *guilloche*, the bead and fillet, the rosette and spiral patterns from the Beni-Hassan tombs, and the meander or fret, which, as the name implies, meandered through various modifications until at last it found its apotheosis, so to speak, in that expression which is as lovely and unspoiled today as when the boy Sophocles sang at Salamis — the well-known “Greek key.”

In mural decoration we are only re-discovering what Egypt knew and knew well when Thebes and Luxor were a-building; in portrait art her painters had forgotten when they perished more than we moderns ever knew; while in sculpture we can but pause in humility before the glories of Greece and Egypt, the temples of Ancient America, India and all the older East; before the bas-reliefs of Edfu and Abydos, of Nineveh and the palace of the Persian Darius.

Take a single example, for instance, from the walls of this Persian palace, dating from the sixth century B. C. (illustration) a section of a frieze consisting of nine lions and made of richly enameled, gorgeously colored tiles. They are obviously symbolic and to an extent conventionalized, but what vigor, what power, what life, what splendid truthfulness and what superb technic! With all our study and with these to copy from, we have never surpassed this old work. So indestructible, too, were these tiles contrived, that when discovered our archaeologists were able to reconstruct the almost perfect frieze that now is in the Louvre. Note also the continuous pattern both above and below the lions, which we have appropriated without so much as a “thank you,” and without improving upon it in the least. And this is but one of almost numberless examples, for, truth to tell, there is not a corner in the entire field of modern art that antiquity does not already hold in fee simple, the while we calmly appropriate and fix over for our own use — often a very commercial use — what we seldom acknowledge and frequently misunderstand.

Every art gallery, every museum, every refined home, testifies to

our indebtedness to antiquity. Go into any art school of standing and you will find ancient sculptures, not modern ones, set before students who are learning to model or draw. The reason is a simple reason: no other method will bring results in knowledge, though teachers are hardly to be found who can tell you just why.

The question thus naturally arises: since it is so perfectly obvious — the gift of antiquity to art — why argue the matter at all? But this gift is not so obvious in the deeper sense, for the real gift of antiquity is a rejected gift. It is something more than material models, or weighable, measurable plans. Art and religion were one in the past, not two as is the case today, and the art of antiquity — barring, of course, those degenerate expressions which in this world of duality exist in every age — was a great sacrificial expression. The illumined artist of the past never worked to build him a reputation nor to make a sale, but to honor the God within and the God without, and it was for the temple, not the market-place, that his noblest works were designed. The real gift of antiquity is a spiritual gift; a gift of Divine, Creative Fire. Only that we, in our conceit and pride, fancy that it must be something else and brush the gift away.

Obviously, therefore, the School of Antiquity has a broader definition of art and the great arts than that which is common among artists and writers on the subject today, a fact to which every current criticism as well as every gallery of modern works bears witness. While agreeing with the general classification of the great arts as five: architecture, sculpture, painting, music and poetry, with the crafts of the potter, goldsmith and others classed subordinately, this School goes a step further, declaring an ideal which, though it may be new to many artists, has always been known to philosophers. It asks: Has this work or has it not the spiritually creative touch? Has it the Divine Fire shining through? Lacking this, whatever may be its technical perfection, it is not art. Thus, a sculptured group *may* be no more than a mechanical expression (examples of which may still be seen in most of our public parks) while a coin, an engraved gem, or a simple vase, technic assured, may be an example of the highest art. And why not? There should be soul as well as body for all things that ask leave to exist, and the great civilizations of antiquity demanded that its art possess both.

Let us begin then, for the sake of the argument, with something

not ordinarily thought of as art — the simple vase. The vase-contours of antiquity are found today in every shop and home, so dependent are we upon the past for design. Examples innumerable might be given, from the archaistic vases found in Mykenae and the Troad to the graceful Ptolemaic or Greco-Roman, from the pottery of Europe's kitchen-middens to the classic contours of Periklean Greece — the well-known *amphora*, the graceful, three-handled *hydria*, the beautiful *lekythos* of Greek tombs, the *krater*, *oenochoe*, *lebes*, *kylix*, and others; the last a prototype of our modern loving cup. What have we added to this heritage of beautiful forms? Nothing; while in the effort to be very original — having lost the true canons of proportion and knowledge of the old life and its laws — we have generated, in addition, a bedlam of bric-a-brac that posterity will only sweep away. The classic examples stand out as masterworks in the adaptation of contour to the higher aspects of beauty and of use.

Yet why should this not be the case? From time immemorial the potter's wheel has been the supreme symbol of the Divine Creative Touch. In the paintings and on the papyri of old Egypt we find it depicted, and it has been sung by poets and prophets from Judaea, Persia, and Greece, to our own America — re-read Isaiah, the *Keramos* of our school days, and the *Rubáiyát* of old Omar — as the perfect symbol of the molding power of the Higher Self.

Nor can we wonder. The whirr of the swiftly turning wheel, the extreme mobility of the clay as it sinks and swells, rises and falls to rise again, the apparent ease and magic of the whole process, “make this art beautiful beyond all others.” Putting pigment upon canvas at the end of a fringed stick seems positively clumsy in comparison. And when we add to the simple contour the marvel of applied design and the living miracle of color, we begin to see rime and reason in the statement made by our Teacher in Archaeology and Art: that “the very presence of a well-conceived, well-executed vase builds character.” Pots and pans and vases are humble things, no doubt, but when created in a spirit of pure devotion they have an imperishable and a strangely mystical side which no one who believes in the value of environment in education can afford to overlook.

This mystical side is curiously brought out in certain Oriental legends. One reads that not until the potter himself had leaped into the glowing caverns of the kiln could the fires give the vase that something which sufficed to render it a divine expression. Another, of

how one old artist so loved his work that he mingled the colors with his own blood, and of how at the consummation of the task he was found beside his masterwork prostrate, the life all flown out of him, while the vase itself pulsed and glowed with impalpable spiritual fires. The form of these legends may vary, but the meaning is always the same, for they give us in symbol the key to all that is imperishable in art — devotion.

The celebrated François Vase, an Attic piece, is an example of a large class of vases, the decorations on which have added so much to our all too scanty knowledge of Greek painting. Do we fully realize that we owe to the unconsidered art of the potter almost all we know of Greek painting? — all, indeed, if we except a very few examples not found in Greece itself: the sarcophagus of Corneto (Etruscan, found in 1869) and the portrait heads found in the Fayûm, Egypt, about twenty years ago. This vase, fine and generous in contour, was decorated, as the inscription shows, by one Klitias, and is a type of thousands of vases which, while they do not exemplify, as this does not, nor the portrait heads, what we know must have been Greek painting in its glory, still are gratefully prized by every student of classical archaeology.

Now let us consider for a moment certain examples of plastic work which we think of as valuable to the historian, the professed numismatist, the student of old inscriptions or of classical archaeology, but almost never as of service to the sculptor, the draftsman or the designer — ancient coins.

Coins are really sculpture on a small scale, and in former days great artists did not think it beneath their dignity to design them. That is why some of the examples that have come down to us are masterpieces of plastic art. The growth and decline of Greek art — to touch but a single nation — can be traced by means of ancient coins more satisfactorily than by any other class of monuments, for two reasons: (1) they are not copies, like the majority of sculptures, but are original works of art, and (2) while not so imperishable as pottery in one way — for metal corrodes or may be melted up, while time itself seems unable to affect fired clay unless violence comes to its aid — they reach us, when they reach us at all, practically unmutated and undisfigured. Some of the great statues of antiquity we should never have been able to identify except for the tiny plastic copies of them on coins — the Knidian Aphrodite, for example, by Praxiteles,

accounted in his era by many of his compatriots to be his masterpiece. Of others, such, for example, as the colossal Pheidian Zeus, which must have rivaled and may have surpassed the noblest of the Parthenon sculptures, to judge by contemporaneous accounts, we should have no idea of how they looked were it not for the coins struck in their honor. In the study of the classical portrait, no ancient monuments are so all-round and generous in the service they render as are coins.

These plastic records are not studied as they should be by the artists and designers of today. They can teach very much, especially in the handling of circumscribed spaces, where modern design is so often exceedingly weak. Every school of art that pretends to be comprehensive should possess and use with its students good enlarged photographs of the best types of antique coins; yet the plastic artist, unless actually commissioned to design a medal or a new dollar, rarely consults them at all. They are a rejected gift in a double sense.

Closely allied to coins in their usefulness to modern art study are ancient engraved gems, examples of which have come down to us "from the mists of Babylonian antiquity to the decline of Roman civilization." Not only are they, like coins, really sculpture on a diminutive scale, but they possess the added loveliness of color. Jasper, lapis lazuli and jade, agate, rock-crystal and gorgeous hematite; chrysoprase, carnelian and sard; chrysolite, jacinth and beryl — all the precious and semi-precious stones we know have lent their fire and beauty to the religious or dedicatory purposes for which, like many of the earlier coins, ancient gems were usually engraved.

And how have they kept their faith! Over all the vicissitudes of war and greed and time, they have reached us unblemished and undefaced. From the scarabei of Egypt and Etruria and the curious seal cylinders of Western Asia, to the "Island gems" of Greece and the intaglio seals of Rome, they constitute a record of plastic design to which we cannot afford to be indifferent. Excellent enlarged photographs of the best should be readily accessible in our schools, not to encourage gem-engraving — for which we moderns have neither the genius nor the need — but to open new doors to the art culture of antiquity before our students of sculpture, design, and indeed *belles lettres*.

This brings us to the first of the classic five greater arts — architecture: a division of our subject so fraught with pathos, so



aglow with a "divine religious light," so aloof from our small-minded estimates and so utterly misunderstood that one hesitates to touch it at all — the great religious structures and votive sculptures of the past. Consider what we know as "Cyclopean architecture" alone, remains of which are to be found all over the world, marking great perished centers of prehistoric culture and art life — the temple-structures of Peru and Bolivia, of Middle America, of China, old India and ancient Egypt, of Java, Cambodia, Ceylon and Mykenaeen Greece. They are still our problem, our enigma, and assuredly will continue to be until we grow nearer to the ancient conception of man's diviner possibilities and become more willing to believe ourselves Children of Destiny than the progeny of a pithecoïd abstraction. The modern mind must re-create itself ere it can solve this riddle. No wonder we do not understand antiquity: we haven't the antique point of view.

Let us take a single example — the hypostyle hall of the now ruined Temple of Amon at Karnak, of which the picture thrown on the screen gives a restoration in color. From it, in spite of the inevitable limitation due to our modern smaller conceptions, one may gain something of an idea of how this temple may have looked when its mighty columns rose matchless and unmutated, in all their lambent color, their grandeur of construction and their richness of design. The human figures at the base of the nearest column seem to have just entered this giant hall from Lilliput.

Breasted, the accomplished Professor of Egyptology in the Chicago University, states that a hundred men could find room to stand on the top of a single one of the lotus capitals that crown the giant columns. We can hardly say that we have rejected this gift: we have not yet measured it with our minds.

With regard to Egyptian plastic art — of which this bas-relief from the temple of Seti I at Abydos (illustration) is an example from which we might have learned all that we know of technic in this one line and more than we could ever have guessed — note the figures in particular. Modern critics occasionally clip these off as "enslaved to formalism," "too architectural," with no end of condescensions else. But pause a moment: Egypt did what we have never been able to do in art, in architecture, in science, in philosophy, and in spiritual living. Is it not possible that she knew what she was about in art? Is it not possible that she made these figures "architectural" with a reason?

Her portrait sculptures are proof that she never made figures "architectural" from ignorance of what the human figure meant in technical study, for portraiture is a supreme test of technical knowledge. Think of the portrait records she has left us — that splendid diorite statue of Khephren, the limestone statue of Ra-nofer, so strongly individualized and so royal in uprightness and pose; the hard-featured "Scribe of the Louvre"; the well-known portrait of Rameses II, from his mummy-case; and also the young Rameses, portrayed in one of the most beautiful of Egyptian bas-reliefs (illustration), showing the characteristic graphic eye of Egypt, over which artists and archaeologists both have wasted much good ink; the Tanisian sphinx-portrait of Amenemhat III, strong, enigmatic, calm; the portraits of Queen Hatshepsut, both in relief and in the round; those of Queen Nefert-y-Tain and the "heretic King," Khu-en-aten; the two bas-relief portraits of Seti I at Abydos, one showing him as a man, and one (illustration) as a youth, offering the image of Truth to Osiris. Was anything lovelier, purer, truer, ever conceived or done in simple portrait-studies in any age of art? The charm they yield has a touch of magic about it: particularly the younger portrait stands apart, almost as though belonging to some finer plane. One cannot leave it alone.

Note the marvelous feeling for characterization in the head of the "Sheykh el-Beled" (illustration), a portrait of one Ra-en-Ka, who was a supervisor of public works during the period when the Great Pyramid was a-building, and which owes the name by which it is best known to the Bedouin laborers who dug it out of Egyptian sands, and who, seeing in it a remarkable resemblance to the *sheykh* of their village, called out with one accord: "Sheykh el-Beled." In the essentially modern "feel" of this face is proof that we have taken the best in our modern realistic art from the best of the remote past. We might meet the technical double of this portrait in any large modern gallery, as we might meet the man himself on the street tomorrow. This portrait does not represent the highest type of man, true; and as a spiritual note it is in complete contrast, say, to the portrait of the youth Seti, but our concern with it is as a portrait. As such it is of the highest excellence. Had we nothing left of it but the simple contour of the skull, that would be sufficient to prove the unknown creator of it a master in the technic of his art. Moreover, we are sensible of a vital something that permeates and shines through the mere

outer form. We seem to see and sense the living, breathing *real man*. We have hardly once in an epoch approached the knowledge that Egypt possessed of the essentials of portrait art; her greatest works have never been surpassed.

To return to the bas-relief on the temple of Seti (illustration) — a true relief, by the way, and not the customary coelanaglyphic — note how true these figures are in all the large things, how perfect in proportion and construction, how impossible it is to imagine that the sculptor did not know the human figure when the greatest stumbling-blocks to its correct representation are so well surmounted. Consider the religious and dedicatory nature of the subject and its obvious symbolism. Recall how the sculptor's and the builder's art interblend in antiquity; recall the Atlas and Caryatid columns of Greece and those earlier sculptured figures of India, Egypt and other ancient lands, which are often almost integral with the wall, as if sharing its duty of protectiveness, or with the column, as if assuming for it the duty of support.

Consider, moreover, that to mystics the wall has ever been a symbol of the soul in its protective aspect, and the pillar or column a symbol of the soul in its supporting strength. Man is described as "a pillar in the temple of humanity" or "in the temple of his God" (the divine humanity) in more than one Sacred Script. Consider, too, that true art is supremely mystical, and that the Egyptians in their periods of glory were a supremely spiritual race; that they lived habitually in the protective, the soulful, the pillar-like, in what we may call the "structural" or "architectural" qualities of their nature. Is it beyond us to imagine, then, that the old artists were not half-informed craftsmen, but knew their art as they did their philosophy of life; that they knew what they were doing, and consciously intended, perhaps, by means of a *symbolic* interpretation of the human figure to touch the chords of soul-strength in the hearts of generations to come?

The front-view eye in the profile face, the front-view shoulders with profile thighs and legs, are "bones of contention" in a double sense between disagreeing interpreters of Egyptian graphic art. But the fact that these things, however anatomically impossible, convey in the reliefs not the slightest suggestion of deformity or strain, should make us willing to pause in our over-hasty judgments. Try the experiment of our usual foreshortened handling of these parts upon an

Egyptian relief; the result, strange as it may seem, is positively an affront to something intuitional within us. The heart-region of the body, note, is unobtrusively emphasized by this simple means, while the lower portion is by this very means subordinated. *Which of these centers dominated in the old Egyptian spiritual life—and which dominates our own life today?* “If this be madness, there is reason in it.” Question: Is it not possible that papyri or inscriptions will some day be discovered which will throw new light on methods in relation to this moot topic? The fountain of Egypt’s vast archaeological stream as yet has only been tapped. In the absence of fuller knowledge as to what these old artists *intended* as well as achieved, we will do wisely to suspend judgment and wait. Meanwhile, the internal evidence stands and will be interpreted according to the minds that read it. We merely suggest at this point a line of research that will repay a thousandfold the effort needed to follow it.

Continuing the subject of symbolism in Egyptian art as among the sublimest gifts to us of the remote past, no more beautiful example can be given than the now famous statue of the Hathor Cow, of Deir-el-Baharí (illustration), found only ten years ago, standing intact in a small vaulted structure of stone, near the ruins of the little temple of Amenhotep II at Thebes. No one looking upon even its camera presentment will deny that it is one of the most beautiful statues of all antiquity. The nostrils fairly palpitate, while the eyes seem to survey the future with all the tenderness of a great compassion and an almost godlike sense of power — an effect due in part (though not wholly) to the human eyebrow added by the artist, which cows in humble station do not possess, and yet which is entirely appropriate to this cow.

The cow was sacred to Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite, Goddess of Divine Love or Compassion, and often represented under the form of a cow as the generous giver of divine nourishment — a conception which has no part nor lot in the sensual conceptions of the Goddess of Love associated with later degenerate eras, and bestowed by some of them as a legacy upon our own. This religious belief, for such it was, accounts for the spirituality of the theme, but something more is needed to account for the sublimity, almost, of its interpretation — and that something was *in the life of the artist*. For the creation of a work of art in Egypt before the days of her decline, was a religious ceremony, and the whole life of the people, from Pharaoh to peasant,

was a devotional life — lived constantly in divine acknowledgment.

In evidence of this, note that in the statue, even Amenhotep himself, a King, found it quite in accord with his position to be represented as standing below the throat of this dignified, beautiful creature. He stands there, too, in all the "architectural" quiet and self-mastery that the artist might summon a descendant of Ra to possess. Even without the evidence of the cartouche and the royal uraeus he wears, we would know him to be king in symbol if not in fact.

Above the cow's head the buds and blossoms of the lotus form a sort of head-dress, the stems flowing downward on either side, giving a most decorative effect. On the front of this symbolic coiffure are the lunar disk and two feathers, old symbols of Truth. At the back are the royal cartouche and a scarab, the latter an immemorial symbol of the immortality of the soul.

We have animal themes galore in modern sculpture, from Barye at one pole to Cain at the other, and with stars of lesser magnitudes crowding the spaces between; and we know our comparative anatomy down to the last eyelash. But we have never done anything yet that could approach this statue either from a technical or an interpretive standpoint — a statue that somehow has a strangely modern look, too. Is it not time for us to pause in our mad rush after novelties in contour and color and the rest, and study antiquity a little now and then, to discover, it may be, what this mystery is that forever eludes our grasp?

Let us glance for a moment at another symbolic statue which is the despair of some of the most noted authorities on classical archaeology (illustration). This, nameless, headless and mutilated, was found on the site of the perished Heraeum at Samos, where it had been dedicated, so the inscription tells us, to the Goddess Hera by one Cheramyas.

Of all the art monuments of this place, which once rivaled Ephesus as a religious center and for the splendor of its sculptures, but this single example remains. In contour, conception and treatment it is simplicity itself. But let not that worry us. The Greeks held that truth was always simple, and in the periods of their noblest art anatomical knowledge never meant the tortured pose nor the nervous, humpbacked line. In contour above all they loved simplicity, and always reserved far more than they expressed, attaining by this means an accuracy to inner truth that far outweighs in imperishable quali-

ties any accuracy based on anatomical study alone. This statue, although far antedating the glory of Greek art, and with obvious limitations, yet shows tremendous reserve knowledge and a conscious use of exceedingly simple means. Most noticeable, of course, is the columnar or architectural character of the whole, and the sense of discipline and spiritual reserve that pervades it, borne out by the splendid sure modeling of the torso. One feels, in addition, a certain fresh loveliness, a something youthful and unspoiled, that even the most cruel mutilation has been powerless to efface.

Yet archaeology cannot decide what to do with this strange find. One authority,\* for many years the able director of one of the great national Schools of Archaeology at Athens and author of books on Greek sculpture that are recognized textbooks in our colleges and art schools, describes it as a "peculiar example" and of a "very primitive type," classifying it, solely on the strength of resemblances in the treatment of the drapery, with two archaic statues found on the Akropolis, which are believed to date from the same period.

This (illustration) is the one to which it is stated that the Samian statue bears the "most striking analogy." It is surely eloquent of the need of a more sympathetic co-operation between workers in the now diverse fields of archaeology and practical art, and of the need that archaeologists have of the artist's special training and point of view. Note in the illustration the lack of balance, the abominably built head, the wasp-like waist, the disproportion of head to torso, the absence of all construction. For it is what an artist would call "construction"—which includes both balance and proportion and other things as well—that is the vital point in plastic or linear work. With it all lesser faults may be forgiven; without it, all the technical virtues in the world are powerless to save a work from mediocrity. It is the soul of technic.

In both figures, the drapery is arranged diagonally over the breast; but there the resemblance admittedly ceases. Is it not clear from this that the School of Antiquity has a great work before it in synthesizing archaeology and art? For it demands a cultural and also a spiritual criterion, and puts in the proper place the method of identifying and classifying statues by resemblances in the cut of the garment, the angle of the eyelid, the presence or absence of *puntelli*, or

\*Ernest E. Gardner, M. A. (Cantab.), formerly Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens, and an authority on Greek art.

the slant of an ear. These things have their place, for they are necessary criteria, as necessary as grammar and spelling are to one who would judge a language. But they are only a part. The flower of that language, be it of a nation, a science or an art, can never blossom and give us leave to know its fragrance, until the portals of these outer things are left far in the rear.

To go back to the "Hera" statue for a moment: it is odd-looking to us, and could not hold the highest place beside Greek sculpture in its perfection. But Cheramydes lived long before that time, and yet, obviously, he knew the large things and knew them well. What does the statue mean? Consider: If you or I should desire to express in a work of art—a statue, say, to be dedicated to a Divine Ideal—pillar-like strength, spiritual proportion, soul-reserve, veiled higher silence, in a word, that "isolation of the soul" of which old Patañjali taught, how would we go about it? Is it not possible that the unknown Cheramydes could teach us something as to methods? What expresses better the essentials of soul power than the royally silent torso and the quiet, veiled arm? Headless though this statue is, some message it utters still.

There is in it too, one feels, a hint of the Mysteries. The fragment of band across the breast suggests regalia, and there is something in the lightly indicated half-apron that calls to mind the apron seen on certain Egyptian figures, always half white. To be sure, the "Hera" is a female figure and the Egyptian ones are not. But with no disposition to tread on forbidden ground, it may be remarked that in the days of remoter antiquity, at a time when certain mystic bodies that later flourished were taking their rise, woman was neophyte, priestess and teacher in great Centers where the Mysteries of Life were taught. And for aught we know to the contrary, this unknown Cheramydes might have been an initiate himself into some of this old knowledge, for the Mystery Schools were still flourishing and by no means inaccessible when he lived and worked—the same Mysteries that counted among their initiates Plato, Pythagoras and Aeschylus, the Church Fathers Origen and Synesius, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, the Apostle Paul, and many another great mind of earlier and later days.

However that may be—and the pick of the archaeologist may bring forth evidence for or against almost any day—this statue possesses qualities that will repay study, and it grows on one with ac-

quaintance. It is of special interest when studied in connexion with the more familiar column-statues of the "Porch of the Maidens" in the now ruined Erechtheion (illustration). Both, albeit so unlike, are eloquent of schools that had reached for their respective eras a point of maturity, and however symbolic they may be of other things, they are undeniably so of woman's true position as a pillar of supporting spiritual strength in the Temple of Humanity that is to be. We are too apt to forget that to the ancients, as Dr. Sirén brought out so plainly in his recent lecture, art was not a mere matter of aesthetic fancy but a "revelation of truth in symbolic form."

Just as the gentler and somewhat more conventional *Venus Genetrix* (illustration) is also symbolic of a womanly ideal, although a very different one. This statue, made some five centuries later, and in Rome, is however by a Greek artist, one Arkesilaos, who created it as his ideal of the patron-goddess of the city. There are those who believe it to be a copy of some long-lost Greek original, of a much earlier date, and it is true that it has some touch of the Roman heaviness and convention and that it lacks the lightsomeness and impersonal sincerity that distinguishes Greek statues and the Pheidian woman statues pre-eminently — that something which copies almost inevitably lack. Yet it is wonderfully restful, correct and beautiful, and in the treatment of drapery it has long been the study and the despair of art students.

These three statues, so wholly unlike in conception, may with profit be studied together as diverse symbolic expressions. In a sense, too, they epitomize the rise, maturity and decline of the plastic ideal in Greece.

Greece! That land which was once a vast museum of noble works, of which by far the larger part have disappeared and left no trace. All that time and war have left us are shattered remnants only, living things still, however, and pulsating with that unperishing life which is of the soul which they were created to clothe in form.

The wonder is that anything remains to us of the splendors of Greek art at its best. The most glorious sites were sacked by plundering armies again and again; temple and statue were ruthlessly demolished by religious fanatics — Moslem and Christian both; city after city was despoiled of its art treasures by greedy conquerors, to enrich Rome, Persia, Constantinople; priceless bronzes were melted up for the metal they would yield and, incredible as it seems,



marble masterpieces and fragments of them were burnt for mortar;\* and the mutilated remnants that war, fanaticism and greed deigned to leave in their wake are now treasured by us as the precious all-that-we-have of glories known, but now perished — a great gift left us by antiquity, but shamed and ravaged ere it reached our hand.

The fate of the Parthenon was a typical fate, that crest-jewel of Greek religious architecture and art: first, ravaged by Byzantine Christians, who demolished the central group of the western pediment to fix a doorway to suit them; again ravaged upon its conversion into a Mohammedan mosque; then thoughtfully utilized as a storage-place for gunpowder by the Turks at a time of siege and promptly blown up by the besieging Venetians, who selected the wonderful Propylaea and the beautiful little Temple of the Wingless Victory as special targets also, in the same siege.

What has not war in its passion been guilty of? You saw the Temple of Amon at Karnak earlier in the evening as it might have looked once: this is Karnak; this now is a section of that hypostyle as it looks today. The history of the Fayûm Labyrinth is written and re-written down the ages with but a change of place and name. Described by Herodotus as “larger than all the temples of Greece and more wonderful than the Pyramids,” it was left, when the orders of the Roman government were carried out, a heap of ruins so hopeless of restoration that in the course of time all trace of it disappeared; men forgot even its location, and succeeding generations burrowed into its shattered remains as into a heap of refuse to lay out a city for their dead. It is an old, old story, repeated in age after age.

If the pictures of war's destruction of art monuments in even a single nation could be carried around the world, no words could plead more eloquently than they would plead, in the majesty and pathos of their silence, for international fraternity, for a creedless religion, for Universal Brotherhood and Universal Peace. “See!” they cry out in their mutilation, “See what you have done with your hatreds, your greed, your separation of man from man, your lust for possession and power, your hideous wars, your quarreling beliefs! Is there no better way?” The whole art of antiquity is a protest against war, a great impassioned plea for Peace.

\* As mummies were shipped for manure during the reign of the Khedive Ismail — sacrifices to the modern God, Commercialism! (MacCoan, viii, 168)

Yet for what is left to us we cannot be thankful enough. These "Three Woman-figures of Mystery" (illustration)—often called the "Three Fates," although no one knows what they mean or whom they stand for—have more to give us, even in their mutilation, than grandeur of conception or points in scholarship and plastic technic. Dedicated to religion, with comparatively few exceptions, they are fragrant with the aroma of Divine Aspiration—the very heart of Peace. Tender and sweet and true, wrapped like far mountains in purple mist, in an atmosphere of ineffable devotion, they are messages from soul to soul. They bridge all gaps of time or experience or space.

There is time for but a brief glance at two other masterworks of the Great Period in Greece, to which we owe such a supreme debt. In the well-known *Hermes* of Praxiteles (illustration) we have another plea for peace from the heart of an outraged past, and in spite of mutilations one can note in it the transition from the classic, restrained dignity, and the largeness, so to speak, of Pheidian art, to a gentler and more lovable style. It is tenfold precious to us because not a copy, as so many of our great art monuments are, but an original, and it has reached us, barring the marks of violence and the missing parts, just as it left the master's hand.

Another pathetic witness is a Polykleitan statue of presumably the same period, believed to be also a *Hermes*, from the little broken wings still indicated on the mutilated head. Wonderfully gentle and beautiful it is. The modeling of the torso betrays the hand of a master of technic, and yet there is a certain physical stamp upon it, characteristic of the athlete statues of that school, which, were it not for the head, might make it pass muster for a rarely skilled work of our own time. The lovely head, however, forbids, for its beauty of contour proclaims it as belonging to quite another age. And aside from that it has that indefinable spiritual something which the modern, larger, heavier head lacks.

When we remember, in examining these great works which appeal so to the heart, that to the wonder of contour in Greek sculpture was added the wonder of color, we can realize better what time and war have lost for us.

During her first journey around the world in the interest of Universal Brotherhood and International Peace, Mme. Tingley was accorded while in Athens the unusual privilege of viewing some marble finds of priceless value, at the time uncatalogued and wholly unknown

to the public. Although badly disfigured, they still bore traces of the original color, and color so applied that, to quote her words, "it became as it were integral with the marble, almost as if the latter were pellucid and the color were light showing through." Recently, referring to the Greek method of applying color to marble, she said, "This is a lost art; but the secret of it will at the right time be recovered. *We are not ready for it yet.*"

The tragedy of war's desecration is expressed, almost as if foreseen, in the work of Scopas (illustration), one of the six great sculptors of the Golden Age of art in Greece, and contemporary with Pheidias, Polykleitos and Praxiteles. We know his work at first hand only by a few fragments remaining from the sculptures done by him for the Temple of Athena Alca, at Tegea in Arcadia.

The two heads earliest found, as the illustration shows, are as strangely modern as some of the Egyptian portraits, and make us loath indeed to claim originality in present-day plastic interpretation. Note how wonderfully they express the typical restlessness, the passionate intensity, the unappeased sense of longing and the fiery "push" so characteristic of the modern mind, and which so many of our younger sculptors are now striving to express. These glories, disfigured, ruined, battered, broken and soiled, are all that is left of the gift that antiquity, in that one little corner of Hellas, prepared to place in our hands for our instruction and delight — and we never saw the beneficent intent until too late.

One perceives the same unvoiced tragedy in the face of the Demeter of Knidos (illustration) one of the loveliest statues in the world, even with the marks of violence and neglect upon it, and one far too little known.

This statue was found at Knidos within the enclosure dedicated to the "Three Divinities of the Underworld," and is undoubtedly intended for Demeter, sorrowing for the lost Persephone (Kore). But there is far more in it than the expression of a personal sorrow, for if nothing else this statue is symbolic, and the deeper sorrow that is portrayed is that of a great Mother-Teacher who mourns for lost and wandering humanity — Kore, in truth. Rare mystical insight is in it, too, and there is prophecy. The face, sibylline in its disciplined reserve, is yet as warm and tender as a mother's face should be, while the beauty and largeness of the torso is sensitively symbolic of Spiritual Creative Life, the Divine Motherhood.

One wonders, viewing this statue, if the unknown artist who conceived it and carried it to a point of such consummate mysticism and beauty, may not have been himself initiated into the very Mysteries founded at Eleusis, on the edge of Athens, ages ago. The fact that there did exist at Eleusis an ancient center of spiritual instruction (its battered ruins our present evidence to mistaken "Christian" zeal) is enough to show that back of its foundation must have lived and worked some individual. "Blessed is the man who is given these rites to know," runs the old Homeric Hymn to Demeter — Demeter-Kore, Divine Mother and Maid in one, the Goddess of Law and Order, the nourisher of spiritual life, whose mystic Son is Iacchos, "the reborn," "only-begotten," *i. e.*, the Higher Self in man.

On plates of precious gold the followers of Orphism used to engrave fragments from the Orphic Mystery-teachings, placing these in the tomb for the guidance of the soul after death, while it was still confused and searching its way through the portals of the Underworld. One of these is significant in its reference to Demeter as the refuge, the abiding-place, the friend. (For what is the Underworld but itself symbolic of the soul's probation and experience when *in this life* it passes through the death of selfishness and is mystically reborn into the knowledge of its Divinity, as Iacchos, the Higher Self? So many avenues are compassed in all great art!) But to the citation:

Pure, and issued from what is pure, I come towards thee, O Queen of the Underworld, and towards you, Eucles, Euboleus, and towards you all, immortal gods, *for I boast of belonging to your race*. I have escaped the dread circle of profound grief, and with my swift feet have entered the desired realm, and *have descended into the bosom of the Queen of the Underworld*.

H. P. Blavatsky, who by her writings has thrown more light upon the long-lost wisdom of the ancients than any other writer or researcher of modern times, identifies Demeter with the Kabiri, "the mighty gods as well as mortals," and she adds:

They are truly "the great, beneficent and powerful Gods," as Cassius Hermone calls them. (See Macrob., *Sat.*, I, iii, p. 376). At Thebes, *Kore and Demeter, the Kabirim*, had a sanctuary, and at Memphis the Kabiri had a temple so sacred that none, excepting the priests, were suffered to enter its holy precincts. (Paus., ix, 22). But we must not, at the same time, lose sight of the fact that the Kabiri, the mighty gods as well as mortals, *were of both sexes*, as also terrestrial, celestial and cosmic. . . . They were also, in the beginning of time, *the rulers of mankind*. When incarnated as Kings of the "divine Dynasties," they gave

the first impulse to civilizations, and directed the mind with which they had endued men, to the invention and perfection of all the arts and sciences. Thus the Kabiri are said to have appeared as the benefactors of men, and as such they have lived for ages in the memory of nations. . . . What Isis-Osiris, the once living Kabiria, has done in Egypt, that *Ceres (Demeter)* is said to have done in Sicily; they all belong to one class.—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 363-4 (Italics added)

In the light of this special research the Knidian statue justifies the emphasis given to it as a work that is both mystical and profoundly symbolic. It takes on a new and deeper meaning. The eyes look into the future through veil after veil, as if the Goddess foresaw the tragedies that were to come to orphaned humanity when the Mysteries should have perished. But there is in them something, also, that sees beyond these veils the Promise of a New Day.

It is the Spirit of Antiquity that we feel in this great work, in its most prophetic and chastened expression. Modern sculptors may copy the outer form, which experts have analysed to the limit in the belief that it holds the secret of that expression. But the secret is not there, nor will they ever succeed on the basis of the material. The secret is spiritual devotion, and it lies in the artist's own heart-life. Without it all the technic, all the brain-mind knowledge in the world, can never endue bronze or marble with the living light of soul.

This brings us to perhaps the most fundamental aspect of our subject, and one that would require a volume for anything like a satisfactory elucidation — the indebtedness of modern art to the mythologies and myth forms of the past. The student has but to glance down the aisles of any gallery of sculpture or the pages of any museum catalog to realize that one could hardly overstate the dignity and importance of this gift, for the old *mythoi* forged the models of mind-stuff on which the greater monuments of the past have been built.

The gods and goddesses, as already shown, were to the ancient mind no mere aesthetic fancies as they are to us, but ever-living, ever-loving, ever-present Divine Realities, to be served and summoned in pure devotion and to be immortalized in temple and painting and statue, on vase and coin and carved gem. Abstract from Greek art-subjects Olympian Zeus and Athena, Perseus and Theseus, Apollo, Artemis and the hero Herakles, Hermes and Dionysos and the Homeric heroes and queens and kings, and how much have we left? Athlete statues, and superb ones, to be sure, and portrait heads that will be our models for the impersonal touch in portraiture for cen-

turies to come, and that wonderful bronze cow that one time graced the loveliest spot in Athens, they tell us, and that carried the fame of Myron farther in his day than any other work by his hand; and — ?

Let us consider this point a moment, we who scoff at these old fairyland "fictions." What molded Greek portraiture to the idealistic expression that it became? Obviously, the old traditional rendering and study of the heads of Divinities. What has rendered the athlete statues of Myron and Polykleitos imperishable, even before the apology of copies? Ask the wonderful gold and ivory statue of Hera done by Polykleitos for the Heraeum of Argos, lost of course now but famed in its day as equal to the great Pheidian Zeus. Consult contemporary accounts of the work of Myron and see the fame he won for his statues of gods and goddesses. The Polykleitan Hermes already shown, tells the story of an enfolding atmosphere of spiritual ideals which touched the most physical of motifs, making them open to the Eternal Light. As for the cow — the ancient artist, as shown by the Hathor Cow already mentioned, knew better than we know the place of animal life in evolution's infinite scale, and to him all Nature spoke of the Divine and her every aspect was symbolic. So that when all is said and done, the *mythoi* of antiquity stand out as our primal heritage, and are the veil behind veil in any consideration of Greek art. The path blazed by Lessing may be followed far beyond his light, with the certainty of finding a much greater light.

If artists only realized the extent and greatness of what antiquity has to yield, they would be the most enthusiastic of archaeologists, instead of being, as is now the case with only rare exceptions, almost more indifferent to that branch of science than any other. On the other hand, if the archaeologist could add to his own marvelous equipment of knowledge the draftsman's training, carried sufficiently far at least to give him the artist's point of view, he would find new worlds at his feet and the power to conquer them. If both would work in wholehearted co-operation in this effort to uncover and re-interpret the past of the race, they would turn into the clogged channels of modern life the Pristine Waters. But they do not understand each other at present and so each does his work apart. No wonder modern art in so many of its aspects is drifting. No wonder that hysterias and manias keep breaking out in the art-world — post-impressionism, cubism, futurism, vorticism, and goodness knows what others. These things hold no promise; they can have but a false life;

they are but evidences of morbidity, gospels of self and separateness; they are keynotes of decay.

The uniting, binding, selfless, and synthetic note must be the keynote of the new period in art which Katherine Tingley declares is already opening out. H. P. Blavatsky, foreseeing the present crisis with its needs, wrote her masterwork, *The Secret Doctrine*, a synthesis of science and religion. To make this synthetic keynote ring true, the School of Antiquity was founded, a direct continuation of the earlier Teacher's work. The synthesis of art training and archacological study in this School is but a single harmonic chord among many.

But only that School can give this needed training, which has the secret of unity. For study, in the Theosophic interpretation, is something more than the mere copying of a model or the examination of the treasures unearthed by pick and spade. It demands as a first condition a certain humility of spirit which renders the student able to get below form to the laws surrounding it and the spirit which endues it. It results in that enlightened perception which, knowing those laws, can discriminate unfailingly between what is excellent and what is poor, between what has a message to the spiritual and that which speaks only to sensation. In a word, it demands, quite in addition to required application to books or clay or pencil, that brooding, meditative spirit of research in which the mind can no more resist the inflow of a divine stream of knowledge than the pebbles of a brook can help being cleansed by the flowing over them of the waters.

The noble monuments of antiquity should be to us as spiritual scripts, to be studied in this spirit of aspiration and by the lamp of an inner peace. They are life's wordless Bibles, its Upanishads in color and in stone. Something happens to the student who loves them in this light, something greater and far more wonderful than any legacy of mere technical knowledge, although such study, rightly directed, includes that too. For antiquity's gift to art is something more than her monuments, however precious these may be. These are but steps to stand upon to reach the ultimate gift, which is the spirit of devotion behind them and the philosophy of life which kept that devotion pure.

We have no gallery of Greek sculpture at our doors as yet — though when the time comes we shall have; but we have the spirit of antiquity with us, none the less. Some day, when at peace with yourself, spend an hour quietly and alone with the mysteriously beau-

tiful Mayan stelae in the California Building at our Exposition. Other things will pass and be forgotten, but these great sculptured shafts, breathing the spiritual life of remote antiquity and the art-symbolism of a mighty yet vanished race, permeating as they do the very environment with an atmosphere of devotion — these will remain with you always, for they are eternal. If the builders of our Exposition had done no more than make it possible to bring to our gates the “Leaning Stela” alone, they would have done enough to warrant every effort.

#### A TREE THAT HAS LIVED FOR AGES

**A**MONG the antiquities of America must certainly be reckoned the sequoia trees, if an age of 3200 years is to be considered old.

Moreover, they are modern as well as ancient, for they are not yet dead. The Sequoia National Park in California contains 1,166,000 of them, of which the following are the largest: the General Sherman, height 280 feet, diameter 36.5; Abraham Lincoln, 270 feet and 31; William McKinley, 291 feet and 28. From one of these giants 3000 fence posts and 650,000 shingles were cut, leaving hundreds of cords of firewood unused. The age is estimated by counting the growth-rings, and Ellsworth Huntington counted the rings in seventy-nine that were over 2000 years, three that were over 3000, and one that was 3150. We have only to recount the events of history to realize with awe that this tree was a sapling in 1200 B. C., and was standing through all we know of ancient Grecian and Roman history. These growth-rings afford a fine illustration of the way in which time records itself; on some of them may be seen the records of ancient forest fires, and who knows what other events might also be deciphered if earnest attention were given to the subject? It becomes easier to understand how time may be an eternal present, rolled up somewhere in the immensities of space, and ready to be unrolled and read by the properly equipped historian.

E.



## FRIENDS IN COUNSEL: by E. A. Neresheimer



THE solution of the problems of human life is to be sought for in *Spiritual Causes*.

To know these causes implies a knowledge of what human life is, and — who knows what this life really is?

One need not hasten to the conclusion that so vast a knowledge cannot exist in any human being, for we do not know the depths of human knowledge or consciousness.

On re-reading, for the purposes of closer study, some volumes of the former weekly Theosophical publication, the *Century Path*, comprising the issues of the years 1906-1911, I find them to be a veritable compendium of a perfect science of life. I find that premiss, argument and conclusion are very different from the prevailing, but unripe groping notions of current literature professedly contributory to such a science of life, or even from the specializing pleas and theories whether sociological, religious or scientific, which are little better; none of the latter in their deepest reflections being invested with the consideration of a spiritual basis of cosmos and man.

The object of all knowledge being *man*, the efforts of these Theosophic publications are directed towards affirming the “universal correspondence between all parts of nature” on which depends the understanding of man’s true position and relation to everything else. As much as one succeeds in knowing of *himself*, that much will he know of the rest of the universe, for the whole universe is reflected in man (from below and from above) by reason of his immemorial evolution and his potential divinity; but only that quality of knowledge becomes realizable to him that he has made himself responsive to — the rest remaining latent, till evolved. This literature touches, therefore, sometimes with graphic emphasis, on many entirely new and profounder aspects of life, many of which are solemnly recondite to be sure, and others which should be quite obvious are still so unfamiliar that — though facts — they pass us by unobserved. The serious student should be much encouraged by such a consistent presentation of new phases of plain facts and sound principle, gleaned from the wisdom of the ages, and, indeed, no more conscientious diligence and pure devotion was ever dedicated to the service of a sacred trust than is evidenced in the transmission of these lofty but immensely practical teachings of Theosophy.

These writings are permeated by a luminous optimism, founded as they are on a philosophic concept of the *Universality* of the *Divine*

*Presence* throughout life and nature; on the potential perfectibility of all things, from atom up to and including man; and especially on the affirmation of an ideally superior *Ethical Principle* identical with spiritual causes, towards which all "creation" tends, and that therefore all rule of action pertaining to human life — if man is to fulfil his destiny — must *eventually* conform to this basic eternal decree of life and nature.

H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, gave once more during the last century, a spiritual and mental impulse, and also the significant keynote to this science of sciences in her monumental works, *Isis Unveiled*, *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Key to Theosophy*, and in numerous other didactic writings, containing a most comprehensive structure of fundamental doctrines which underlie the wondrous facts of the spiritual Origin, Constitution and Destiny of Cosmos, Nature and Man; supporting this by a wealth of corroborative proofs assembled from ancient records of symbology, mythos, traditions, philosophies and religions, as well as copious evidences confirming many of these unusual tenets educed from the store of learned investigators of modern times. Unspeakable gratitude, therefore, is due to this illustrious Teacher from all the students who as a result of her life-work have found a scientific anchorage for their innate and intuitive aspirations; especially from those who are now fortunate as being instrumental in lighting the dark paths of others, by conscientiously throwing that rich heritage of Light on so many vital and absorbing questions. The joy of life is *to give!* These disciples of Theosophy compose the literary craftsmen under the guidance of the present Leader of this most serious of ethical World-Movements, a Teacher whose genius is ever to give — to give the bread of life to the hungry seekers after truth!

Many years of unremitting, unrecorded sacrifices on the part of the legitimate three Theosophic Leaders have been witness to the strenuous task of unseating gross errors and false conceptions in a world of moral obtuseness, as also to the upbuilding of a rational, consistent, scientific basis for ethics, showing evolutionary purpose and a *true justification for existence*. And now, owing to the fortunate succession of these *Master Builders*, there have been congregated, by degrees, for voluntary work in a beneficent cause, an increasing number of scholars, artists, poets, tutors and scientists of great ability and of every specialty of learning: all of whom are, by

their own choice, consecrating their lives and service to this greatest of all causes — the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.

The stability and permanency of the 'Theosophical Movement, though assured of success by its singular inherent force from its very inception, have, since the year 1896, through the opening of many practical avenues, and precisely consonant with the spirit of the Esoteric Doctrine of the Ages, evolved into the perfected organization conducted by the present Leader, Katherine Tingley. The successful Râja-Yoga system of education for children and young people; the training of numerous students in arts, crafts, sciences and philosophy; the opportunity for leading an ethical life of continuous service in humanity's collective interest without worldly remuneration: all these efforts are set in surroundings unequaled on the face of the earth for climate, appointments and most unique architecture, at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, California. From here emanates a wholly new and joyous message competent to direct the successive and inevitable unfoldment of man's royal possibilities. The chief object of modern Theosophy is to demonstrate the essential unity of all life, in short, a philosophy of the progress and evolution of humanity which is much beyond the relatively ephemeral and merely economic aspect of development.

The optimism which shines so clearly in the teachings contained in the volumes of *The Century Path* referred to, consists in the inner attitude toward the Divine, in an unequivocal insistence on the universality of the Law of Compassion, and in man's potentiality of perfection. The following pregnant sentences are quoted from some of the articles: "All growth is from within outward. There are no unconnected events in human life. Evolution means widening of consciousness, an eternal cycle of becoming. Perfection is our human Destiny. Nature will not tolerate evil. Privileges cannot be separated from duties. Within oneself lies the key to all knowledge. Egos are the earth-garmented rays of the One-Self. Life is eternal uncreated energy. True liberty is living up to the Law. Conditions and environments are only incidental to the growth of the soul. Gifts of charity to the deserving are as contributions unto the Gods. The proof of truth is its universal application." — Hence the cardinal doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma are constantly referred to and elaborated with helpful explanations, objections are met, and the logical force of these teachings is emphasized and made living.

A substantial moral guiding thread pervades the whole of Theosophic literature — a literature having for a standard the vast scope of the archaic facts and truths of the Wisdom-Religion, *Theosophy*, so liberally unveiled in the constructive philosophic teachings contained in the two volumes entitled *The Secret Doctrine*, published by the chief Founder, H. P. Blavatsky. In the mass of subjects treated of in *The Secret Doctrine*, there are many hints of recondite truths which it will take decades, perhaps centuries, to become generally understood and accepted as actual facts. Some of these are tactfully brought forward by the present Teacher and Leader of the Movement as the exigencies of the times warrant. It may be justly averred that the authorized literature emanating from the Theosophic center at Point Loma is in fact a continuous commentary on that extraordinary work. Hardly a single number of the many publications issued from Headquarters fails to contain some fresh and unexpected sidelight on abstruse topics found in the original teachings and of vital interest to every sincere student, inasmuch as the range of thought is sometimes so vast that it would be wholly unsolvable from a less comprehensive standpoint. The manner of treatment is not exclusively intellectual, but appeals to the use of faculties and certain ethical laws not yet universally recognized. Consequently, if the Leader and staff were not attuned to the ethic precepts inculcated in Theosophy as a *sine qua non*, all the learning and good intent could not accomplish such consistent agreement between the fundamental structure of doctrine and its successful application to every conceivable issue of science, ethics, newly discovered facts and events of practical life, without falling short at some point; nor could the most refined intellect, *minus* a true moral basis, attain to that profound insight into the many complex problems which arise, and for which a solution can only be sought in their relation to spiritual causes.

Those students who have followed with any degree of attention these priceless Theosophic publications emanating from the International Center during the last twenty years, cannot have failed to note an unusual penetration and introspective power in the suggestions and ideas brought forward. They should have been, thereby, much aided in formulating for themselves a real perspective, and in solving their own problems; perchance, too, in helping others who still stand in perplexity before a blank wall of negation,

*Wisdom is bound up with Right Conduct.*

**A SWEDISH THEOSOPHIST: by H. Coryn, M. R. C. S.; M. D.**



THEOSOPHY makes itself felt, as it were, inductively as well as directly. It is in the air, and everywhere stimulating the thought of truth-searchers. In every country there thinkers working out systems of thought.

One of these thinkers, dying some years ago, was a Swede, Gustav Björklund, whose chief book has been translated under the title *Death and Resurrection*. He has tried to re-think the universe, with man physical and mental as his guide. We get the argument from design in an original and convincing form.

He has first to establish life as a force *sui generis*, not as one of the physical forces of science but as their intelligent employer. In modern physiology it is not even one of them; it is a mere name which is given to their organic interplay.

But its action is entirely distinct and opposed. *They* tend to static equilibrium; the body which is hotter gives to that which is cooler; the universe tends to come to a uniform temperature and all interactions to cease. The chemical compounds will settle down to their stablest and stay there; the universe will be dead.

Against this, life effectively protests. It, on the contrary, is ever producing *unstable*, elaborated, highly complex compounds. As fast as they settle back to stability, to death, it upbuilds new ones. The universe has had an infinity of time to settle back to death; but as far as we know it is as alive, as unstably complex, as un-uniform as ever. There is an absolute gap between the two processes, what may be called the natural one and the vital. We may artificially assemble in the laboratory all the elements and forces of nature — using the word “nature” in this restricted sense — all that go to make up living beings. But unless we have a microscopic living being to help, we shall not get life. The tendency downward, inertia, will not long be stayed.

From this we draw the extremely important conclusion that all organic matter is a *product of art*, that is, a product which the forces of nature cannot spontaneously produce. . . . No effect, whatever its nature, can exist without cause; and further, every effect must have sufficient cause. If therefore we have established that natural forces can no more produce organisms than steam engines, we have also proved that these things would never have come into existence if the inorganic forces had been left to themselves. Neither organisms nor steam engines would exist because they have no cause in the material world.

Life, acting thus so differently from “nature,” Björklund iden-

tifies with conscious *will*. Its working in the chain of cause and effect is different from nature's. In nature the cause of any mechanical occurrence is the sum of mechanical occurrences that went before and led up to it. But with will and art the *final result* is the cause of the occurrences that led up to it. The completed painting, or the artist's desire for it and anticipation of it, is the cause of the chemical compounds he makes on his palette and of the electro-chemical changes in his brain and muscles which he causes to serve him. All these, mechanically speaking, led up to it; but in another sense it came before them. His will was a foreign injection into natural processes.

Each cell in the body is then the result of the intrusion of an element or monad of conscious will, in among the physical forces guiding them to an end which alone they would not have attained, causing them to build something unstable instead of sinking back to equilibrium and stability. The forces, if they are conscious in their own way — Björklund does not suggest this — know little of the much richer consciousness of the complex cell-life which they serve or manifest. Similarly the cells live a relatively rich and purposeful life of their own quite apart from and inferior to that of the indwelling human soul which they serve. They know little of his life and he little of theirs. Their co-operation enables him to do things of which they can form no conception. They co-operate as the eye and the ear, not knowing why; but *he* thereupon sees and hears and understands the world! On the other hand, he, controlling the body, arranging for its due food, sunlight, cleanliness and health, serves them. The touch which at this place Björklund does not give is that they gain enormously in their evolution, in the growth of their consciousness, by their association with man. They do assimilate, within their capacities, something from his consciousness; and in the acts and states of mind which he permits himself, he is fulfilling or neglecting his duty to them. *This* interaction Björklund refers to later. Of the more obvious one he says:

But however natural this interaction is, it is nevertheless a wonder above all wonders. The world that exists to the soul does not exist to the cells and *vice-versa*. They have an entirely different conception of the world in which they live. They have different apprehensions, feelings and wants, and perform accordingly different functions. But in spite of this, they are, as we have seen, within certain limits so intimately connected that these different comprehensions and labors are interlinked with each other, regulating one another as accurately as the wheels in a clock.

At this point Björklund appears to desert one of his own principles. He says:

From the relationship existing between the soul and the cells it appears that the former cannot live independent of the latter. The soul receives its entire individuality, all its qualities, forces and faculties through the organism built by the cells, which therefore must exist before the soul can exist as the real unity in the organism.

But, having properly refused to allow the life of the cell to be a *product* of the coming together of the physical forces and elements (being the *cause* of that coming together), he cannot allow the life of the soul to be a product of the coming together of the separate lives of the cells. The analogy holds: the will of the soul is the cause of the aggregation of unit cell-lives into ever more perfect unity. Those who know nature as science does not, say that the cause of organization is *the will to manifest* of some ideal higher form of life.

The desertion was only apparent, for he goes on:

This does not mean that the soul is an empty form void of independent existence. Even before the cells have combined into an organic unit the soul is potentially present in them in the form of the wants that force them to upbuild the organism, and this organism is that of the soul, not that of the cells, of which each possesses its individual organism.

The lack of a Theosophical touch now makes itself felt. Björklund thinks that the soul (of the man) is "inseparably united" with those of the cells. When death occurs they accompany him and form a new and higher organism with which he lives in the same relation with a spiritual environment as here with a physical.

According to Theosophy the souls of the cells of his body scatter into nature at his death, become associated with and into other life organisms, have their energies refreshed and are gradually made ready to meet him on his return to earth, at his reincarnation. Vitally speaking, his body is the same, or nearly so, as before. He is the permanent regent of that thronging world of little lives. There are many curious bearings of physical Karma hidden here. Even the physical thread of continuity is not really broken.

Björklund now presses the analogy of man and cell in a remarkable manner. God is for him that existence which is to man as man to the cells of his body.

To God he (man) is what the cell is to man, a living part in His organism. . . Although limited to that life (of its own) the cell may literally be said to be man's

image—but an image of a very singular kind. The cell does not reproduce man's traits as does a photograph or a statue, but within its lower realm it mirrors the fundamental qualities of the original on a very reduced scale. . . . Experience shows that the cell may live in a veritable natural state, but it is also, because of the presence of the (human) soul in its innermost being, capable of a high culture, for the development of which it receives constant impulses and stimulations from the soul. . . . In the same sense man may be said to be the image of God. (Even in the natural state) he feels the spirit of God present in him because he is an original part of God's own organism. In his conscience and his religious feeling man not only comprehends distinctly the presence of God in his inner being but constantly receives also impulses, incitements and aspirations to develop that perfect life and heavenly kingdom of which he is called by his high origin and divine birth to become a citizen. . . . In this light, in this perfectness, man is a part of the divine entity. This life in God's eternal consciousness is man's primary and original existence. Only in a secondary meaning is he a self-existent personality and is then no more identical with God than the cell is with man.

Björklund has not pressed his analogy quite far enough. For as the soul is an *evolving* life, gaining steps in its evolution through its association with cell-life, through embodied life and experience: so "God" must also be an evolving life, evolving through experience in humanity. In other words, Björklund's "God" is the manifested *Logos*, not the absolute divine.

But how near has this original thinker come to the primeval philosophy, to Theosophy itself!



The Greek poets and mythologists took the idea of the Caduceus from the Egyptians. The Caduceus is found as two serpents twisted round a rod, on Egyptian monuments built before Osiris. The Greeks altered this. We find it again in the hands of Aesculapius assuming a different form to the wand of Mercurius or Hermes. It is a cosmic, sidereal or astronomical, as well as a spiritual and even physiological symbol, its significance changing with its application. Metaphysically, the Caduceus represents the fall of primeval and primordial matter into gross terrestrial matter, the one Reality becoming Illusion. (See *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 550.) Astronomically, the head and tail represent the points of the ecliptic where the planets and even the sun and moon meet in close embrace. Physiologically, it is the symbol of the restoration of the equilibrium lost between Life, as a unit, and the currents of life performing various functions in the human body.—*H. P. Blavatsky*.



## ALCOHOLISM AND OTHER HABITS: by H. Travers, M. A.



WE hear it said that occidental races, long addicted to the use of alcohol, have by that usage acquired an immunity against the ill effects of the drug; and that these races are thereby superior, in this respect, to uncivilized races, who are powerfully affected and rapidly killed by alcoholic indulgence. This circumstance is often spoken of as though it were a great advantage to the civilized races; and from it and others like it are drawn general conclusions in support of a philosophy of immunization by indulgence. But before general rules are drawn, the subjects adduced in support thereof should be carefully gone into and looked at from all sides; for this may save us many mistakes.

The fact that a man may have a constitution that enables him to indulge in alcoholic liquors all his life without much apparent loss of ability to work and enjoy himself, without incurring any noticeable disease, and seemingly without shortening his life, does not imply that he is not injuring himself. On the contrary, it is arguable that the mere fact of his *not* succumbing to the drug, and that he is consequently able to continue his indulgence for a very long period, may be fraught with more harm than if speedy disability or death were to cut short the period of his indulgence. Of course, if we are going to take the view that that particular man's single life-period is all that matters in the case, then we shall have to modify our views on the temperance question accordingly; for in that case all that is needed is that the man shall pass his life as comfortably as possible consistently with reasonable longevity. But such a philosophy will not do for people who regard human questions on a larger scale. The interests of the race will, in their view, supersede those of the individual. The man's ancestry and posterity enter into the question; he becomes but a link in a chain. Then, too, anyone who holds a logical view as to the immortality of the Soul, must, in considering these questions, have regard to the man's mental, psychic, and spiritual heredity, both retrospective and prospective; for the period of a single life on earth cannot in that case be held as constituting more than an inconsiderable part of the whole destiny of the real Man.

The continued indulgence in alcohol causes the man to live in a kind of perpetual hot bath, whereby certain functions of his body are continually reinforced at the expense of certain other functions which are correspondingly enervated. The familiar phrase that he is "drawing checks on the bank of life" describes part of the process

very aptly, but only part of it; for in addition to weakening the stamina of the body, the man is strengthening those predatory forces which maintain their own strength by depleting the stamina of the body. He is not only drawing checks, but he is increasing the number and insistency of the people who draw the checks — those people being the various organs which draw their sustenance, by means of stimulation, from the pith and marrow of the body. The man is eating himself up; and as that which is eaten grows less, so that which eats waxes ever lustier.

Taking now the case of a man who has indulged liberally, or even to excess, all his life, and, thanks to a good constitution, has presented to the coroner's officer a surprisingly creditable autopsy; let us consider the sequel. First, leaving the question of reincarnation of the individual Ego aside, let us consider the ordinary question of heredity. It is well known that the tendency which the indulgence has set up in the man's body will influence his progeny. Observation reveals the fact that the daughters of hard drinkers, though abstinent themselves, may transmit neurosis, predisposing to further alcoholism, engendering insanity, or causing life-long infirmity, to their own children. In general, alcoholism is now recognized to make for the debilitation of the race. What, then, in view of this wider aspect of the matter, becomes of our boasted immunity? It is now seen to resemble very much the immunity of a man who is "given rope" with which to hang himself, or of a child who escapes timely punishment in order to reap a far greater retribution at the hands of outraged nature for a habit deeply rooted in a too tolerant soil.

Now add the fact of reincarnation, and we arrive at the result that the alcoholic is not merely sowing a bad harvest for posterity but also for himself. Many of us are born with constitutions such as alcoholism engenders — neurotic, over-hot, too sensitive, lacking in balance and stamina. Our physical ancestry may explain the facts of the case; its justice is explained by Karma and Reincarnation. We reap what we have sown; powerful attractions draw the Ego back to familiar surroundings, there to pay off debts, expiate wrongs, and finish and round off whatever was begun and left unfinished. So perhaps after all the savage, who straightway died under the poison, was better off than the man who passed the successful autopsy; perhaps his constitution, not strong enough for further indulgence, was yet strong enough to kill him; perhaps it was he who had the greater strength.

What has been said about alcoholism applies also to many other kinds of stimulation. There are other drugs which, in varying degree, have the effect of exciting some of the organs and thereby causing these organs to feed themselves at the expense of the general stamina. It is known that the stores of strength rendered immediately available by certain coal-tar drugs are drawn from the heart or from the sources that maintain the heart, and weakness of the heart is a result of this form of indulgence. Even such mild things as tea and coffee act as stimulants whose ultimate effect is depressant; indeed, it is pertinent to ask why these things are taken, if not for the sake of the said stimulating action. But apart from drugs and drinks at all, is it not possible to stimulate the more superficial vital functions by other means? Over-eating may do it, or over-excitement—"living on the nerves"; and possibly even this does not exhaust the list of injurious possibilities open to a depraved and neurotic constitution.

Mild stimulation may result merely in a depletion of the lesser reserves of the constitution, and consequently its results may not be far-reaching. But it is possible to carry the mischief to further stages and to tap more recondite resources of strength. *It is possible to draw upon reserves of strength that should naturally be available, not in the present life at all, but in the next incarnation.* This gives a hint of the scientific rationale of the action of Karma transmitted from one life to the next. The old Arabic legend that there is in the human body a certain bone that cannot be destroyed—the bone *Luz*, or resurrection bone—if not literally true, may be true in a less literal sense. For it is surely not unscientific in these days to suggest that there may be more than one kind of material substance in the body, and hence that there may be something left over after death, even though that something be not the ordinary destructible physical material. Perhaps there is some part of the brain, or some cerebral organ, that serves as a storehouse of energy and is used up by narcotization and other forms of self-abuse. In this case, grave and far-reaching may be the mischief wrought on themselves by those people whose boasted immunity is in reality their greatest weakness. The reason why they can indulge *now* with impunity is because they have tapped a deeper store of power.

It is to be feared, and indeed some physicians have satisfied themselves, that certain psychic practices are of this nature: that is, the temporary gain they secure is won at the expense of a future break-

down. When it is added that the break-down may be postponed till another life, and that the longer it is postponed the worse it is likely to be, the question becomes still more serious. In fact, we have herein a warning against all psychic practices; for these invariably consist in some sort of stimulation of the more external vital organs — those concerned with physical enjoyment and the feeling of bodily or mental “well-being.” The consequence must eventually be that these functions are strengthened at the expense of those deeper functions whence their strength is derived, and which should control them. In other words, a part of our nature is caused to become predatory and we thereby lose self-control.

One may recall Bulwer-Lytton's tale of Margrave, the sorcerer who broke the thread that united him to his immortal Soul. The consequence was that the animal soul, thus released from control, flamed up and gave him an abounding and glorious animal vitality at the expense of his whole higher nature. This case must be illustrative of possibilities that man can incur; but the inevitable sequel is the final consumption of all resources and the final and utter destruction of the individual.

The case as regards alcohol may perhaps be made clearer by reference to other narcotics which do the same thing but in a stronger degree — opium, cocaine, and the like. The terrible nature of these things is all too apparent and admits of no division of opinion as to their merits and demerits. In our drug evil we have a literal translation into modern terms of the old Arabian Nights stories about genii which opened up realms of enchantment to their evokers, but who exacted a pretty price for these favors. Is not opium the genius that unlocks the hidden mysteries of life and doles out to the victim enchanting but selfish joys until the genius has gotten the victim into his awful and ruthless power? And mark — this “beneficent genius” is like a fraudulent trustee, who, concealing from the heir the knowledge of the inheritance, appropriates it and wins gratitude by the payment of a petty interest on the capital. But the illustrations that one might use are almost endless.

The desire for stimulants arises from our living too much in our nerve-ends. Unless our nerves are tingling, we think we are not alive. If you have a habit which you cannot break, you will probably find that it is closely connected with some habit of thought or emotion; and the discovery may help you to break both habits.

**“TRUE MUSIC IS THE HIGHEST EXPRESSION OF  
A PURE AND HARMONIOUS LIFE”:** by a Teacher in  
the Râja-Yoga College

THE ANCIENT ATHENIAN IDEAL



THE sphere of music in our day has been too much narrowed, and from it have been excluded certain essential elements. To this fact is due the limited success achieved; and if the sphere of music were duly widened, much greater things might be accomplished. In the ancient Athenian education, the word “music” included much more than it does today. The curriculum was divided into three chief parts, one of which, the musical art, or that branch of learning presided over by the Muses, embraced what might be called the education of the soul; while the other two branches, the grammatic and the gymnastic, provided for the needs of the mind and the body respectively. Music included lyric poetry set to music; choric dancing; the ability to recite with grace and propriety, and in fact the harmonious development of the whole nature; in all of which it was ably supplemented by the other two branches of education.

Hence its accomplishments were grace, harmony, propriety, soulfulness, rhythm, order, balance, proportion, and whatever contributes to a rich and beautiful nature. In our modern musical education we do not find these things attended to. In our rather mechanical way of thinking, we have regarded music as a thing apart, and have directed our efforts too exclusively towards the exact aim. It seems evident that the Athenians regarded music as a part of the art of life, and its pursuit as being auxiliary to a larger aim. With our present-day resources we could surely achieve great results if we abandoned our haphazard methods in favor of something more like this ancient ideal.

It is not too much to say that the many problems that confront composers, performers, and musical teachers may find their complete solution in this one idea — that true music is an essential part of the art of life — and its corollary — that the student should attend to his own nature with a view to rendering it harmonious.

MUSIC AS AN IDEAL IN LIFE

The ultimate ideal of life is vast; and though the eye of the Soul constantly views it, we must rest content with various lesser ideals, all of which, however, are contributory to the general purpose. The

achievement of harmony, the realization of true music, may be regarded as such an ideal. To entertain such a view may come as a relief to people who are tired of regarding the problem of life from other angles. Harmony is often defined as the reconciliation of contraries or the balancing of opposites. There is a contrariety between personal and social interests, and this is harmonized by the music of the true life. If music is the art of combining many diverse and even contrary elements into a sublime harmony, then its lesson when applied to life is that we may reconcile the clashing elements in our character and in our destiny by analogous means. It takes rare moments of inspiration to enable us to see that what appears so discordant in the narrower view, in the wider view is in reality a sublime harmony; but such moments may become more frequent if invited, until perchance we may learn to live permanently on those heights.

Anyone cultivating the art of music in the above spirit, regarding his art as contributory to a larger purpose — the great art of right-living — will find success and joy in his pursuit. And how much more will this be the case if many people, acting together, cherish the same ideal and act from the same motive!

#### VOCAL MUSIC

One can scarcely imagine anything which brings out the personal quality of the artist more than singing. What technique can make up for the want of a pure and refined nature in the singer? Technique, in such a case, even serves to accentuate the deficiency. The passage from the unself-consciousness, freshness, and spontaneity of childhood to the troubled self-consciousness of a maturer age comes out in the singing voice; as do those defects in the health which ensue on the loss of the child's wonderful balance and purity of constitution. Could the advantages be preserved instead of lost, what results would be achieved! The ripening powers would then build upon a stable foundation. This example alone is enough to show that the general upbringing of the child is an indispensable part of a true musical education.

#### INSPIRATION AND TECHNIQUE

Form and freedom are a pair of opposites. But harmony is defined as the equilibrium of contraries, and it ought to be able to reconcile the conflicting claims of form and freedom, of inspiration and

technique. The trouble is that, in our mechanical way, we first imagine that the two things are separate, and then try to add them together so as to make a compound; whereas the truth is that they were never separate, but have only become apparently so because we have failed to discern the unity of which they are parts. A true musical education would endow the student or pupil with the spontaneity and power of inspiration and also with the consummate technical ability. The two endowments would be phases of one thing.

#### UNITED EFFORT

Under present arrangements, no man may touch the work of another, so the work has to be left as it is. Yet, unless the composer was a rare genius, it is bound to contain defects which another man could remedy. A house is not built all by one craftsman. Why the same rule of collaboration should not be applied to musical composition is a question, especially in view of the fact that the principle is recognized in performance. Only one man is allowed to compose the piece, yet it takes a score or two to perform it. Of course the explanation is — personality. The remedy, then, is the elimination of personality as a restrictive factor in creative art — a remedy that could be usefully applied to literature and many other things. There is a large class of people who possess little or no originating power, but great ability to work up materials supplied them. There are others with more originality than adaptive power. Obviously collaboration is indicated. Thus true music is the work of many, not of one; and a genius is really a man who stands on the shoulders of his generation and absorbs everything about him, so that his work is to that extent the work of many. Theft cannot exist where property is held in common, and similarly plagiarism would vanish if nobody cared. If the object were to produce the masterpiece, rather than that *I* shall be the one to achieve it, these questions of proprietorship and plagiarism would not creep in to mar achievement.

#### MUSIC IN LOMALAND

Doubtless the indefinable charm in the singing and playing of the younger students in Lomaland, as recognized by the visitors to the International Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, is due to the fact that here music is made part of the whole mode of life. The mode of life and all the education are con-

ducive to harmony, and the musical studies are conducted with a view to the same end. The result, as evinced in the influence exercised on the auditors, is undoubted, but the means by which the effect is produced are not so easy to analyse. Yet we can see the happy healthy faces and easy graceful movements, and can understand how greatly this harmonious condition must facilitate the performance, if only by the absence of the usual obstacles. Then there are unseen channels of influence by which the harmonious lives of these little performers can speak to the inner sense of the auditors. And if the auditors are responsive, they will carry away with them this message in their hearts, and interpret it to themselves afterwards. If they are not thus responsive, perhaps only their outer sense will be gratified and they will fail of the deeper message. Surely the real meaning of artistic impressionability is that the inspiration received should result in noble action and not stop short at a mere exhilaration of the senses. Only thus can the true ideal be attained; otherwise it forever eludes our grasp. To realize music, we must make it in our lives.

#### PURPOSES OF THE PURSUIT OF MUSIC

We can pursue an art in satisfaction of our innate aspiration to accomplish beautiful creative work. That is one side of the question. But, though we may not desire auditors, there may be auditors who are not creative geniuses and are therefore dependent on what they hear. So the other side of the question concerns the effects we can produce on those who hear us. Music is a teacher; but, as just said, its appeal should go deeper than the outer senses. It should be capable of inspiring to noble action; it should be able to make people better for the hearing of it. Probably few people go away from music inspired with the desire to live up to what they have heard and felt. But we have seen that music consists of more than mere audible sounds, and that its wider meaning includes a harmony and nobility of life. Hence its influence is felt through other channels than the ear, and appeals to the eye of the spectator who witnesses the results attainable by education on right lines. May we not sum up the purpose of music by describing it as being the realization of harmony in one's own life, in order that one may inspire harmony in the lives of others?



**PERSONALITY: by Walter J. Baylis, M. A.**

WHAT a contrast there is between our own vast consciousness and the definite lines of personality which we present to others! Human beings are like extensive empires which touch only on their frontiers; like countries, they often present their most angular points to their neighbors, thus causing what we may call border difficulties and conflicts. We may think what a peculiar, cantankerous character is A., and wish he were different. But what you see is not A. It is only the aspect or side which A. presents to you; and the view of him which you get depends as much upon yourself as upon A. What you see or know of A. is but the smallest possible part of his totality. Behind the aspect turned towards you there lies a vast continent of emotions, aspirations, and thoughts; and underneath that again deep layers of semi-conscious feelings, mostly unknown perhaps to A. himself.

We are reminded of a famous passage in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*. The Countess of Auvergne has managed to seize the person of Talbot, the mighty British champion in the French wars, but he tells her she has secured but the shadow of himself:

You are deceived, my substance is not here;  
 For what you see is but the smallest part  
 And least proportion of humanity;  
 I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,  
 It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
 Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Realizing this, we should be less impatient when our efforts to impress and modify our fellow beings fail. We are endeavoring to influence not some slight organism, but a being of unknown dimensions and hidden powers. Even ourselves we do not know thoroughly, nor can we make ourselves exactly as we would like to be. How then can we expect to make others as we would wish them to be?

In man, as in the universe, there is something infinite; that is his share of the divine nature. Full harmony among human beings can only be attained in the depths or in the uplands of consciousness; disagreements arise through superficial contacts. Not, of course, that these contacts are always disagreeable; they may be quite pleasant and may lead to deeper and truer relationships. Our various relations with different people supply another proof of our infinite variety. Different points or areas of our personality find themselves in harmony with different people. Each new friendship develops a side of

our being which otherwise might have remained dormant. With one friend we may discuss politics or religion, with another literature or science, while with a third we may be so intimate that our most secret thoughts and emotions are mutually confided. Every friend is a means of cultivating a patch of our mind or a corner of our heart. Our interest in a subject often decays if we can find no one with whom to share it. The life of activity is at our borders or surface; but another life is ours in the depths of consciousness, where, as in a City of God, we have a safe retreat if things go wrong on the frontiers. "The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season, that it may exalt its conversation or society."

It is by contact or collision with other minds that our own nature becomes clearer to us. The philosophers tell us that thought joins itself to matter in order to divide itself, and so make itself distinct and clear; just as the ocean only takes form as it approaches the land, and owes its shape to the indentations, nooks, and crannies of the shores which it washes. So with our personality: it finds itself and discovers its own nature by intercourse with others.

Personality and comradeship are the two poles of our being; it is as necessary to develop the one as to cultivate the other. The one reacts upon the other, not in the way of mutual destruction, but of mutual strengthening. That is to say, a person of strong individuality of character has usually also strong social instincts. The need for comradeship is not felt least acutely by him who possesses the most powerful personality, and who feels the greatest necessity for freedom in his individual development. Walt Whitman, for example, presents a notable example of a temperament in which a strong love of independence and a determination to develop along his own peculiar lines was combined with a profound capacity for friendship and a passionate love of his chosen comrades. His cravings for comradeship were so intense that he pitied even "a live oak growing in Louisiana," and "wondered how it could utter joyous leaves, standing there without its friend near." And Thomas Carlyle recognizes the importance of both elements, personality and friendship, in the following passage: "A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men united in Love capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in."

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## PAPERS OF THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY

THE SCHOOL OF ANTIQUITY shall be an Institution where the laws of universal nature and equity governing the physical, mental, moral and spiritual education will be taught on the broadest lines. Through this teaching the material and intellectual life of the age will be spiritualized and raised to its true dignity; thought will be liberated from the slavery of the senses; the waning energy in every heart will be reanimated in the search for truth; and the fast dying hope in the promise of life will be renewed to all peoples. — *From the School of Antiquity Constitution, New York, 1897.*

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### THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO ART IN ANTIQUITY AND THE MIDDLE AGES:\*

by **Osvald Sirén**, (Professor of the History of Art, University of Stockholm)



**I**N the art of the last century, especially of the latter part of it, there is evident an extraordinary attention to the problems of style and technic, which at times comes almost into competition with science in the analysis of light and color. There is a restless striving after new forms and new methods of expression, and yet an almost complete lack of any spontaneous development of form for the expression of new concepts of spiritual realities. What development there has been, has been in technic, and appears somewhat capricious in comparison with the art of former times. Within little more than a century European art has tried classicism, romanticism, preraphaelitism, historical naturalism, realism, impressionism, and other schools of a more or less distinctly temporary or local character. Each had its day and its supporters, but none held its ground for more than a generation. They have evidently not succeeded in satisfying the deeper, more general and enduring demand that art shall be the expression of man's spiritual life.

It is generally admitted that every new seeker for artistic distinction must be, as far as possible, unlike other artists of his own or previous times, in regard to style, mode of expression, technic, and choice of subject. He must stand out as an innovator, a reformer, and must offer some novelty of his own so striking that all may notice it. Such

\* The second lecture of a University Extension Course lately arranged by Mme. Katherine Tingley to be given at Isis Theater, San Diego, under the auspices of the School of Antiquity, Point Loma, of which she is the Foundress-President. These lectures are being given by professors of the School of Antiquity, and others, and many of them are illustrated by lantern slides especially prepared from original and other material in the collections of the School of Antiquity and elsewhere. Other lectures will be published in due course.

efforts are largely responsible for the modern art movements of the futurist or anarchist order. Their weakness lies not so much in the desire for novelty, nor in the striving for originality, as in the shallow and superficial conception of art they reveal. It may please our eyes and give enjoyment to our senses, but it fails to awaken in us any appreciation of spiritual values, it makes no appeal to the creative side of our imagination. Thus there is danger that art may be overshadowed by mere technical skill and virtuosity. In the dazzling brilliance of its technical evolution art may thus lose its significance as a spiritual or religious expression.

It is immaterial whether the art be concerned with matters profane or ecclesiastical, for even the loftiest subject cannot give spiritual value to an art that is merely descriptive, and that dazzles by its skill and by the richness and variety of its form. The only difference that seems to exist between profane and religious art is that the latter has generally embodied less of spiritual significance; being occupied in the task of descriptive or illustrative expression; it has been less direct and sincere in its appeal than that which had no religious pretensions.

The somewhat restless individualism of the last century was evidently not adapted to the evolution of artistic values that could truly be called classic.

In former times such values were developed as a result of the work in a certain direction of generations of artists occupied in great measure with the same motives and problems. Those artists did not seek personal prominence, most of them even remaining anonymous. I need only recall the Greeks' statues of their gods, the cathedral figures and altar-pieces of the middle ages, or the Dutch portraiture. In these and other similar classes there reigns a dominating unity of concept and point of view, with a consequent continuity of certain fundamental principles inherent in the problem itself, which thus gradually established certain permanent classical values. Tradition took form in a style, allowing of individual variation, but in which continuity was never broken and fundamental values were not overshadowed by technical innovations. This artistic tradition became a part of the nation's spiritual being, it permeated the spiritual organism of the creative artists, it was interwoven with the national and religious conceptions that formed the foundation of their life. The limitations it imposed were no hindrance, but rather an impulse to a more firm and purposeful method. The highest art is not the servant

of either national or religious ideas; strictly speaking it owes allegiance to no other power than that of the artist's creative imagination, yet it is the expression of the same inspiring forces that manifest themselves through religious or national life. Art and Religion are twin sisters, branches of the same tree, for they draw their nourishment, not from the outer world, but from an inner emotional reality. They both reveal something beyond the outer appearances, something we might call the soul of things.

This may appear a little strange in our day, but it was not always so, for in former times Art and Religion evolved side by side, as parallel lines of expression for man's soul-life, as in the classic period in Greece. Then Art was in the true sense religious, and religion artistic, plastic, not bound by dogmas, but responsive to the needs of the spiritual development of the people.

There was the wisdom of the Mysteries for those who had the will and the power to devote themselves to the deeper religious life, the mythological stories and symbols for those who found satisfaction in the husks. Socrates, when condemned to death for infidelity to the gods of the state, denied the accusation, saying that he merely gave to the traditional cult a different interpretation from that generally accepted.

Religious ideas and concepts were not so strictly formulated as to hinder constant renewal and modification even by the agency of art. Successive generations of artists set the stamp of plastic form upon conceptions of divinity; the greatest not only carved images of the gods, but actually embodied the gods in forms that endured in the imagination of the people. Art herein revealed herself not as the servant of religion but as a sister and co-worker. Every motive that received artistic treatment was stamped with the imprint of religion. Portrait statues were made as votive offerings for the temples, or for the tombs of the departed. The statues of athletes were placed in the sacred precincts of Olympia or in other holy places. Mythological and religious legends offered constantly recurring motives for decorative compositions. In the great classic period the chief endeavor was not to make a direct reproduction, a realistic historical representation, or an illustration of the subject. Art presented man in heroic or God-like form. Whether the subject was historic or mythological, only its quintessence was embodied in a severe and conventionalized style. In the older Greek art the boundary that separates man from the gods

was very faint, sometimes indeed invisible, so that statues of athletes might be mistaken for Apollos, and female figures be confounded with those of Artemis or Athena: and even after characterization became more definite, portrait figures retained the heroic stamp, the suggestion of an identity in essence of god and man.

The ideal Greek statues of the Gods were not primarily illustrations of mythological stories, not church images or idols, but revelations of the Gods themselves. We know how the Zeus of Phidias was regarded as such a marvelous religious revelation, "so much light and godhood had the artist wrought into Zeus that at sight of the statue even the most miserable of mortals forgot his sufferings" (Dio Chrysostom). If we may trust the testimony of the ancients themselves, the great Greek artists had such power that they could invest a statue of a God with that which should make a mortal beholder feel himself in presence of divinity. The image was not the god, but godhood dwelt in it.

These ideas do not seem so strange when we remember that the Greeks regarded the phenomena of nature as ensouled by beings more or less individualized. Their ideas of divinity were clothed in nature symbols, and the chief of these was the harmoniously perfected human figure. The form of man was charged, for the Greeks, with the highest of ideal attributes; through the work of the great artists it became in the widest sense a religious symbol, an instrument of the soul, that was perfected in proportion to the deepening of the artist's perceptions.

"Wonders are many, and none more wonderful than man"—a verse from the *Antigone* of Sophocles that might well be set up as superscription over the whole art of Greece during the Golden Age.

Considered from a philosophical point of view, the classic art of Greece may be said to have attained an ethico-religious value from the fact that it embodied the same fundamental principles that were considered essential to virtue. The basis of expression for both Beauty and Goodness was thought to be measure or harmonious balance. Most Greek authors of the classic period who discuss these questions return to this fundamental concept. Democritus is the first to strike the key-note. He declares Beauty to be perfect measure, free from deficiency or excess: the ethical ideal is thus embodied in an esthetic formula. It is also worthy of note that Democritus, the materialist of antiquity, expressly declares that bodily beauty is brutish

if there is no soul in it. For Plato, as we know, beauty and moral good were most closely allied, and the essential principle in both was a certain measure, perfect harmony of proportion. Thus he writes in the *Philebus* (155, a):

That in every mixture, whatever it be, and whatever the quantity, if measure pervades it not, and if thence it obtains not symmetry and proportion, all the ingredients must of necessity be spoiled, besides the spoiling of the whole composition. . . .

The power then of the good has fled from us to the nature of the beautiful. For surely everywhere moderation and symmetry appear to be virtue and beauty.

Elsewhere also he explains the character of virtue and goodness by the application of this esthetic principle. In the *Timaeus* he says:

Thus everything which is good is beautiful, and the beautiful is not without measure, therefore we must suppose that every being which is so constituted as to be considered beautiful must possess measure. But in measure and harmonious proportions we perceive and comprehend the lesser and do not observe the greater and more important. For with regard to health and disease, virtue and vice, no disproportion is of greater consequence than that between soul and body.

When Plato speaks of the lesser as opposed to the greater measure, which consists in the right reciprocal relation of soul and body, he must have had in mind the system of proportion formulated by Polycletus and other artists as the standard for representation of the human figure. As music is governed by the mathematical relationship of certain units, so in architecture and the plastic arts an effort was made to establish definite proportions for beauty on the foundation of measures whose unit was evolved from the work of art itself. The parts should be in certain relations to one another and to the whole, and this relationship should be mathematically determined. How this was applied in practice it is not here in place to recount, it is only necessary to demonstrate the principle they sought to establish.

This principle was supreme in architectural construction; but in the plastic arts it encountered more elusive subjective elements, and therefore was only revived during periods of extreme activity in theoretical speculations. It had meanwhile a decisive influence on a great part of the art of classic Greece, and constituted, as has already been suggested, a fundamental ethico-religious factor.

It becomes the more evident when we find that Plato applies the fundamental principle of harmonious proportion and measure even to the building of the world. In the *Republic* (530, a) he says:

Will he not think that Heaven and the things in Heaven are framed by the Creator in the most beautiful manner?

And in the *Timaeus* (31, e) he tells how the world's constituent elements are compounded according to certain proportions:

The most beautiful bond is that which most completely binds itself and the component parts into a unit, and this is best accomplished by proportion.

Plato attaches great importance to this basic principle of measure and proportion, therein definitely following in the footsteps of the Pythagoreans, and in it he finds the foundation of the ethical significance of beauty and art. The principle of measure itself involves an esthetic conception, whether it be applied to the building of the universe, to human life, or to the creations of art. For the Greek virtue was perfect measure in the whole being of man, and art the highest expression of this ideal virtue. Aristotle demonstrates this with particular distinctness; in the *Ethics*, speaking of the basic principle of virtue, he says:

Every art then performs its functions well, if it regards the mean, and refers the works which it produces to the mean. This is the reason why it is usually said of successful works that it is impossible to take anything from them or to add anything to them; which implies that excess or deficiency is fatal to excellence, but that the mean ensures it.

And he applies this thought in the following manner:

Again there are many ways of going wrong; for evil is in its nature, infinite, to use the Pythagorean figure, but good is finite. There is only one possible way of doing right. Accordingly, the former is easy and the latter difficult. It is easy to miss the mark but difficult to hit it. This again is a reason why excess and deficiency are characteristics of vice, and the mean or middle state a characteristic of virtue.

Here the principle for art and virtue is called the mean, and not measure or proportion, but the difference is non-essential, for the mean implies perfect measure or proportion. In the esthetic system of Aristotle law-governed relationship or proportion occupies the central position, as it does with Plato. He defines Beauty as the harmonious unity arising from measure in the component parts.

The Greek apprehension of the essence of Art and Beauty is stamped principally with a greater objectivity than that of later times. Beauty was not a matter of taste but a truth: Art was not a product of fancy and skill, but a revelation in symbolic form of spiritual



realities. The religion of ancient Greece consisted of exoteric myths for the masses of the people, and the wisdom of the Mysteries for the initiated; thus by its outward perfection Greek art gave expression to an inner reality, which the artist had attained to by intuition or by inherited knowledge (as also in the ancient religious art of China).

We are accustomed to look for the religious or spiritual import of a work of art either in its representation of a subject or in an allusion to something which is not actually contained in the work itself. The scholastic conceptions of the Middle Ages still have great influence, hence the demand that religious art be narrative or illustrative. Be it pictorial, sculptural, or architectural, we desire some impression that may open a perspective stretching beyond the bounds of material reality. But we assuredly misunderstand the aims of the ancients, if we seek in their art any religious or ethical purpose that does not permeate the form and fashion of the entire work. It is the harmony and relative perfection of form which is the expression of its spiritual import. No more remote allusion need be looked for in Greek art of the classic period.

## II

How Christian art gradually evolved, is a question of history that cannot be further discussed in this connexion. We must confine ourselves to bringing forward some characteristic features, which place the art of Christendom in contrast with that of antiquity. In the earliest Christian times this contrast did not exist. Christian artists made rather free use of traditional forms. It was much easier and more convenient to imitate the old (with certain modifications) than to create something new and original, corresponding to the spirit and aspirations of the Christian religion.

A certain hesitation made itself felt in the evolution of new artistic formulas for the concepts of Christianity, for the reason that the new religion originated in Judaism, which absolutely forbade the making of any image of god or man.

Julius Lange holds that Judaism's stiff-necked antipathy to the representation of the human form came from a conscious opposition to the conception of life and Art in vogue amongst their neighbors and particularly the Greeks, who during the Hellenistic period pressed heavily upon the Jews. This explanation cannot however be accepted as entirely satisfactory, seeing that the Jewish opposition to pictorial

representations is as old as the idealizing art of the Greeks. It is deeply rooted in their religion, it is to be found in the Talmud, where representation not only of men but also of animals and plants is forbidden. The remarkable thing is that the main stress of this prohibition falls not upon the representation itself but upon the method employed; thus engraved or sunken images were tolerated, but raised, rounded figures such as protrude from the background, whether painted or carved, were forbidden. In other words, negative representations were tolerated but positive ones were absolutely rejected. Such a prohibition naturally struck sculpture first and hardest as the most naturalistic of all the plastic arts, while there was relative safety for primitive painting, which depended on line without light and shade, or any modeling of the figure. Christian painting achieved a position of independence long before sculpture came to maturity. In Byzantium we find it already fully developed in the sixth century, while the sculpture of that time was limited to ornamentation, and was, especially when it ventured upon the human figure, a weak imitation of classic models. A specifically Christian sculpture did not make its appearance in the West until the coming of Gothic art.

Had this Jewish-tinted Christianity been the only new form of religion which during the first centuries of our era displaced the old gods, then this negative influence would have made itself more plainly felt in Art than was actually the case. It was to a great degree counterbalanced by other forms of religion such as Mithraism, Orphism, and the worship of Isis and Serapis, which in religious art approach more nearly to the classic tradition. In Cumont's great work, which contains hundreds of reproductions of monuments dedicated to Mithras, Serapis and Sol Sanctissimus, from the second and third centuries A. D., one can easily see that these religions favored art in a way that early Christianity could not. But these cults of decadent Rome inspired no new departures in art. They served but to keep life in a gradually dying craftsmanship for a few decades, providing inducements for religious figure presentations at a time when the ancient ideals were already extinct.

By the time that Christianity had become the state religion sculpture had sunk to mere elementary symbolism, a didactic formal representation in which the method of expression was so crude that one can hardly call it art. Never did sculpture in western Europe reach a lower level than it did during the fifth and sixth centuries of our era.

If we are to regard art and religion as branches of the same tree, it will be evident that we must not look for the religious significance of art in its illustrative or descriptive qualities, nor in the opportunities it provides for theological symbolism; but rather in its power to instil into the soul of the artist a spiritual ferment which finds expression in the creation of significant form. That Christianity introduced new subjects in art is of less importance than that it gradually permeated the emotional life and prepared the way for a new artistic evolution. This occurred first in the East where the esthetic soil had been more thoroughly loosened and the new seed not so often trampled upon. Here was evolved the abstract formula, which in truth contained the solution of the new problem — an art that broke with the objective naturalism of antiquity, and in its place sought the expression of subjective emotional values in decorative symbols born of the imagination.

Deep in the heart of Christianity lay the impulse to seek the highest significance of life beyond the bounds of material existence, and to fix the gaze upon the infinite. The art that was capable of such an ideal would naturally not content itself with the mere representation of material facts or phenomena, it must on the contrary endeavor to resolve and sublimate them by presentations of a more directly spiritual kind. This aim coincided fairly well with the Judaistic prohibition of positive, and its toleration of negative, images, that is to say, of those which did not stand out in bodily relief; for the spiritual import must be as far as possible unfettered in its expression by the material or bodily form.

In other words the problems of art became in the highest degree abstract: the solution had to come from within rather than from without. Should the objection be made that this has always been the case in the relation of art to religion, it may be answered that in Greek art it was the harmony of form, the perfect measure, that expressed the ethico-religious import; while in Christian art, the material form, if not regarded as actually evil, was at any rate something that must not be allowed to attract too much attention. In the first case the idea is incorporated in the symbol, while in the second it is but suggested by it, in much the same way as it may be expressed by a musical motif.

As soon as art acquires religious value, it becomes symbolic; but the symbol may be direct or indirect, abstract or concrete. The former works chiefly with line, rhythm, and movement, that have a di-

rect emotional significance; the latter expresses itself by means of the perfection of bodily form. From the highest point of view both may have an equal artistic value, though we, under the pressure of a dominating naturalism in art, are accustomed to give precedence to the latter.

If we study impartially the Byzantine mosaics of the sixth century, of which distinctive examples may be seen at Ravenna, in the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, San Vitale, San Apollinare Nuovo, San Apollinare in Classe, we must admit that in regard to beauty these decorative compositions may bear comparison with any work of art.

The shimmer of the golden background and the deep-toned jewels of these mosaics suffuses the severely stylistic figures with an atmosphere of dreamy devotion intensifying their own suggestion of ecstatic vision and rapt wonder in a way that no other art than the Byzantine has been able to approach.

The inherited esthetic refinement and love of ceremonious representation peculiar to the Byzantines provided them with a basis for the creation of new emotional symbols. Their imagination was therefore more easily able to deal with abstract ideas than was that of the western nations. Though even in the East important classic traditions survived — from which the Byzantines drew the elements of form — these influences were counteracted by the eastern tendency to dwell in dreams beyond the reach of the material world. Imagination sublimated form. The high art-culture that in the sixth century and in the beginning of the seventh century blossomed in Byzantium, was somewhat violently broken off by the inroads of the iconoclasts under Emperor Leo the Isaurian in the eighth century. The antipathy to all kinds of images inherited from Judaism for a time then got the upper hand; and when at length the strife was over, tradition had suffered a rupture for which there was no remedy.

Especially in the field of monumental art was it hard for the Byzantines again to reach the height they had attained before the attack of the iconoclasts. In miniature painting the rupture was less marked, but here also the esthetic culmination had been reached already in the first period of blossoming in the sixth century (as may be seen by a comparison of pictures from the Vienna Genesis with illustrations from the so-called Chludoff Psalter).

In the West there existed hardly any independent art of consequence until the passing of the days of iconoclasm. The best work that

appeared in Italy before that time was produced by the Byzantine masters, or under the influence of Byzantine principles of style. How these principles were gradually modified by the western conception of form is a very involved and much debated story; but every time we find traces of a tendency to independent art creation in the West it was stimulated by renewed contact with that of ancient Rome; as for instance in the Carlovingian Renaissance, about 800 A. D., and in the Proto-renaissance of sculpture and painting that preceded Giotto's appearance in Italy in the thirteenth century. Many other factors contributed to these periodical revivals of western art — not the least of which was the great influx of new nations invading the classic arena — but the most important is the tendency towards that kind of objective naturalism in the reproduction of the human figure preserved in the fragmentary remains of antique art. This is most apparent in sculpture, which had the richest stock of ancient models to select from, and which moreover is compelled by its very nature to strive for the mastery of plastic form; but even in decorative painting the trend of evolution is away from the abstract and in the direction of complete material expression.

The artists of the West had an altogether different feeling for objective reality from that of the Byzantines. Their imagination could not create pure emotional symbols and decorative forms with no other foundation than subjective ideas. Their feeling for form was not reconciled to the suggestive linear style, the thin stilted figures, which the Byzantines evolved under the influence of the Talmudic restriction on the making of raised images. They were in general too much interested in narration and representation to become absorbed in anything like Eastern lyricism. As Byzantine in relation to Hellenistic art signified a dematerializing process, so now again in the West art sought to regain control of materialistic expression. The outer support for this was found in the antique, but the inner cause lay naturally in the whole life and culture of the West. The spiritual ferment of Christianity did not work here in the same manner as in the East. Religion had become a state function depending upon the military organization of the power of Rome; and so it gradually became a pretext for the evolution of a new world-power in the name of the papacy. Many attempts were made to call forth a purer and deeper religious spirit, especially by the founders of new orders such as St. Benedict and St. Francis, personalities of great emotional power,

who for a time infused new life into Art, but no general and enduring religious renaissance could take place within the church so long as temporal power was the dominating ideal. It offered no spiritual nourishment to stimulate the imagination to the creation of a new art. It took art into its service as an illustrative and didactic agency, without special inquiry as to whether it was imbued with Christian or heathen sympathies, requiring only a certain submission to dogma.

Under such conditions, especially in Italy, the inspiration for art that lay nearest to hand was Nature and the Antique. This movement can be followed in Italy step by step during the later Middle Ages. It leads us by way of the great Pisan sculptors and Giotto to Masaccio and the Renaissance.

Italy does not seem to have offered the right soil for the blossoming of an art of a purely abstract nature. The ground was perhaps too much saturated with memories and remains of classic culture, and the Italian genius was too fond of action and form, to devote itself to the artistic expression of lyrical and contemplative moods. The best and most independent art in Italy has always sprung from the feeling for plastic form and dramatic expression; only under an overwhelming influence from some foreign source has this impulse yielded to that of a more abstract ideal. That happened while Byzantism was the preponderating influence in Italian art, and later, in a modified form, under the influence of the French Gothic. Characteristically enough the Gothic never took firm root in Italy; its most valuable and most typical expression is to be found in France.

It was in the nature of things that this art should appear and should attain its highest development in Northern and Central France, for there the Christian culture of the Middle Ages bore its richest harvest. There the Gothic seems like a blossom of Art upon a great tree of Culture, whose branches stretch far out over the world of that day. In France were to be found the greatest and richest monastic foundations; from France the Crusades received the most momentous impulse; there chivalry was stamped with its most noble form; there poetry and theological learning blossomed earlier than in other lands. The University of Paris became the most important center of the culture of the time. Thither came in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries not alone from northern lands, but also from Italy, those who wished to acquire distinguished manners and new impulses in learning and in life. Dante as well as Petrarch spent some years in France.

In France the spirit of the Middle Ages was stimulated to a more vigorous vitality and a more diverse manifestation than in other lands, and there also it took artistic form. As we have said, the form was Gothic and not Byzantine. Why? Because the Christian spirit seeking expression there was unlike that which reigned in old Byzantium. It was not bound up in courtly ceremonies, it stood in closer contact with reality and life, it was supported by the western love of action and movement. This Christian culture was for the most part fashioned by the new peoples who had replaced the classic nations. Their art also exhibits an inblending of both Christian and classic elements. The emotional inspiration was Christian but the fashion of its expression did not escape the influence of the antique.

Especially during the archaic period of the Gothic does the influence of antique types preponderate. This may be seen in the earliest Chartres sculptures, which partly recall the archaic Greek figures: the principles on which the statues are modeled are similar. Naturally the Gothic sculptors had to seek plastic rotundity in forms composed by planes of light and shade, and although line is strongly accentuated in the treatment of drapery and so on, yet the general tendency is not towards an abstract formula, but in the direction of a convincing material reality. The fascinating realism of these early Gothic sculptures is the more apparent, thanks to their often strikingly individual facial characteristics. New living types were produced. Art revelled in reality, none the less because the figures try to huddle together, and their long drawn lines and languishing movements alike bear witness to a lyrical inspiration, a yearning towards a higher world; yet they are obviously more nearly linked to earthly life; their beauty is not abstract but earthly.

In Gothic painting the bodily element usually is of less importance, and figures may be found represented in a freer rhythmic style, but they are not direct emotional symbols, abstract formulas for expression of inner moods, to the same degree as in Byzantine art. For that, Gothic art, as a rule, is too illustrative. The further it develops the more it loses the seriousness and spiritual import found in its earlier work. It is gradually transformed into a mere play of lissome form and flowing line, wherein virtuosity does duty for that creative power which is absolutely necessary for production of spiritual values.