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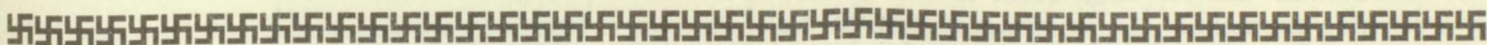
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Our Point of View

UR EDITOR HAS GONE ON A VISIT to America. We understand that the MODERN MYSTIC, has aroused so much interest there that it is well worth while to make personal contacts with American collaborators and readers, and so to further the good cause. When he returns we may be sure that *Our Point of View* will be of exceptional interest. Meanwhile, readers will have to be content with a substitute.



In the May number of *The Present Age* Lord Northbourne writes a very striking article entitled *A Plain Approach to World Economy*. It is remarkable that from another quarter an article should be written which is so entirely in accordance with the views expressed by Dr. W. J. Stein over so long a period. He says that, comparatively speaking, every nation is internally harmonious economically, but that it is just this "harmony" which creates the disharmony of the whole economic system of the world. Also in currency problems, an approach to world-economy has to be found.



The possibility that this number is to be augmented within the immediate future is undeniable. To close one's eyes to it would be 'ostrichism' in an acute form. And realism demands that one must contemplate the fact with more than a horrified humanitarianism. This twentieth-century migrations of peoples occurs in a world where there is a new, even if temporary swing in the business cycle; in which many countries have serious unemployment problems which private enterprise alone has been unable to solve; in which every country has erected barriers against immigration, whether in the form of quotas or the requirement of work-permits which foreigners are in practice unable to obtain; in which the government policy of exclusion is supported or even made more vigorous by trade-union demands.

This chaotic migration has added prodigiously to world unrest, and not least in those countries which are trying to work out the problems of the modern state along democratic and constitutional lines. The fear of a wave of unselective immigration leads such states to accept a more extreme nationalism than they would otherwise consider desirable."



Contributed by Dr. Eugen Kolisko

Everyone is talking now about the refugee problem. The greatest help one could give would be not to call it by this name. An article in the April number of the *Foreign Review*, by Dorothy Thompson, states:

"Already there are some four million people in the world who are 'men without a country.' The list is by no means exclusively Jewish, although the Jews have suffered most, suffered on two counts: because of their race, and the rise of nationalism and racialism; and because, by and large, they have been political liberals. The twentieth century revolutions have set loose an unprecedented migration which includes people of every race and every social class, every trade and every profession: Russian aristocrats and, more lately, Russian technicians; Italian liberal professors and Austrian socialist workmen; German individualists of any and every stripe; monarchists in republics and republicans in monarchies; priests and radicals; artists and labourers; capitalists and anti-capitalists; the flower of the prosperous Jewish bourgeoisie and the inhabitants of East European half-ghettos; non-conformists of every race and every social, religious and political viewpoint.

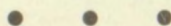
One sees from this that it is not quite correct to base the refugee question on the Jewish situation; although one can well understand that the present acute stage draws all sympathy and attention to this particular aspect. But in reality, the whole problem is similar to that of national economy and world economy. One can say that Humanity has no money, no goods, and no power, because these things are possessed only by the various nations. And the accumulated wealth of the nations is the poverty of mankind. And the same thing applies to the homeless individuals. National economy could work very well so long as there was still something unexploited on the earth. But this stage is over. So economy must become an economy of the *whole planet*. But there is no organisation that distributes the superfluous goods. Neither is there one to distribute the superfluous people, who became homeless for reasons that are really purely *cultural*. The states—which are all of them trying to do the best for themselves as nations—are for this reason incapable of doing anything either for humanity or for the individuals, both in the economic and in the cultural fields. I think that we have reached a new stage in the development of the earth-planet, but the consciousness of humanity, or rather of its leaders, cannot awake to this fact.



Concerning the Avebury excavations, mentioned in the last issue, we are of opinion that our whole estimation of pre-historic times is due to undergo an immense change. Is it a mere chance that in Egypt recently excavations have revealed the tomb of Menes, hitherto regarded as entirely mythical? We shall be led, I think, to acknowledge that at about 3000 B.C.—all over the world—signs appear of a common cultural symbol. In a future issue of the MODERN MYSTIC it is intended to deal with this question in a number of articles by various expert contributors.



Another topic which prevails in our conversation even more than usual is the weather. Since the appearance of the Aurora on January 25th it seems to have been subject to incessant disturbances,—earthquakes, electric storms, misplaced periods of heat and cold, gales, etc., etc. All this is connected with the Sun-spots, which influence the electro-magnetism of the Earth. It can be shown that the main disturbances since January 25th follow a sequence of 27-28 days. This period marks a revolution of the Sun so that the spots reappear, and each time a new kind of disturbance arises in our atmosphere. Only—we must not exclude from this what is also happening in the human sphere. The same storms are raging there. It seems as though the human and the natural catastrophes are drawing ever nearer together, as many writers have attempted to show. We hope to deal with this question in detail in an article in the near future.



We have received 2 copies of a new journal *The Path of the New Age*, edited by W. G. and W. A. Hooper, Bournemouth. It appears to be a re-issue of an earlier magazine by the same editor, is "published not for profit but for service and Fellowship." The other magazine is *The Sanctum*, a journal for Bible Students and Christian Mystics. In the copies sent us are interesting articles by H. Sutcliffe on the interpretation of *Genesis*; and one by J. Smithers on "Paul in Britain" which raises the question—always a fascinating one—of the journeys of the Apostles. These journeys are becoming more and more acknowledged facts. Whether this can be said of St. Paul's journey to England remains an open question for us.



In our series of articles on the Origin of the Arts readers will remember the illustrated one on the Forms of Furniture by Eleanor C. Merry. Recently the MODERN MYSTIC has discovered that new forms of furniture are actually in existence, made by the *Betula Woodwork Association* (Sharpleshall Street, Regent's Park Road, N.W.1). The MODERN MYSTIC is very pleased with this discovery. There is a chilling austerity about most of the modern designs which does not appeal to us. It is refreshing to see the charming uses that are made of the natural woods. The *Betula* produces everything from piano cases and sideboards to egg-cups, ash-trays, and all the what-nots with which we like to surround ourselves. It is well worth encouragement. The *Betula* has already shown its work at many important exhibitions, including the Ideal Homes; and the Modern Mystic bookshop has now several delightful small examples in view. Also at 22 Park Road, N.W.1, there is a temporary show-room, open from 10-1.

(continued in page 286)

THE ARYAN PATH

SPECIAL NUMBER ON PSYCHISM

Vol. IX

AUGUST

No. 8

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Poe

I

by *Raymund Andrea*

BIOGRAPHY has done its best and its worst with the life and work of Poe. He belonged to the esoteric circle of genius which few biographers can nearly approach. They have done what they could, but too objectively. The facts of his daily life and associations they have studied and sifted, filled in silent gaps with praise or blame, and for good or ill made as much as they could of their subject. But after reading the records of honour and of spleen, one feels that the real Poe looks down from the empyrean with a melancholy smile upon admirers and detractors alike, while the deep secret of his mournful life remains locked fast within his own liberated soul. Here, a biographer, in the abundance of literary charity, glorifies him; there, another, with malice aforethought, anathematizes him. One avows that the crude atmosphere of 19th century America, where to be poor was to be despised, damned and crucified him; another, that one man alone, the Reverend Rufus Griswold, his literary executor, notorious for this beyond any sermon he preached, wilfully distorted the simplest and plainest facts of the artist's life and painted him to the world as a drunkard, an irresponsible, a social outcast.

Between the two extremes of glorification and vituperation, other writers cry him up as an artist and cry him down as a man; or even have a good word for the man, but he missed his vocation. He was a perfect gentleman, but his work was banal and outside the pale of true literature; his productions are marvellous, but only an insane man could have written them; he was a genius of astonishing powers, but his critical pen was an abomination; a lofty and beautiful soul that charmed wherever he went, drawing complimentary verses and adoration from the wittiest ladies of the land, but he was a rank impostor, and mad. How extraordinary a man must be when his passing by extorts such a wealth of portraiture! And this is but a glimpse of it.

The fairest genius that ever trod the earth was called the Son of Man, and written down as the devil himself. Alongside of those who love and worship genius, the work of genius, no matter what the poor child was that gave birth to it, there are always those who are born to blacken and defame the man while he lives and lacerate and disparage his work when he is dead. Yet there is a justice somewhere in life. The remains of genius are at last rightly assessed, and the creator of them comes back, like an imposing visitant from the beyond, to find a safe and commanding niche in the temple of fame.

It would seem to be the Karma of the genius to be born out of time, his work to be neglected or discredited during his life, and to be recognized and acclaimed after he has done with a thankless and undeserving world. Happily, it is not always so. Genius has its categories. Sometimes, in discovery and invention, it is so immediate, sure and timely, that it compels the highest tributes at first sight; or it evolves a piece of literature, or a work of art, of such superlative value and application, that it is

acclaimed throughout the world. We saw an instance of this in Pascal. But his was a peculiarly coordinated personality that moved upon direct, formal and logical lines, and moreover, he was fostered from childhood in a kindly and understanding atmosphere which inspired and developed to their highest uses the rarest faculties. But for this careful early nurture in the appreciative society of men of brilliant parts, what with his temperamental impetuosity and independence of mind, together with his fragile physique and defeating ill health, an even more premature death may have robbed the world of the best of Pascal.

In Poe there was the same hard struggle of genius to assert itself, but in a sphere diametrically opposite to that of Pascal. There was a kind of glory that accompanied Pascal's every step; a silent grandeur in that mind perpetually inciting itself and stamping all he did with his own so unique and lucid diction. In Poe there was the same marked independence and supreme self confidence which genius always has; but every step of the way was fraught with pain, disappointment and discouragement. It is impossible to read his life without feeling a personal and profound sympathy for this child of poetry and literary art wrestling with fate in the brazen face of a mocking world. The treatment he received at the hands of little men who lined their pockets with the rich proceeds of his pen and then turned him off to beg for charity or starve, is an everlasting blot upon the literary America of his day. The story is too sordid for repetition. It has been told in lurid detail by J. W. Krutch and J. A. T. Lloyd, among others. The record of Krutch is a biased one. In the absence of a deeper knowledge of his subject, he falls back upon the theory of madness to account for a psychic genius. The work of Lloyd, of more recent date, and probably the latest of the Poe biographies, reveals a far more sympathetic understanding and a far truer reading of causes and effects. He also seeks to prove, upon considerable authentic evidence, that Poe was virtually murdered by the Rev. Griswold, whom the artist, in good faith, made his literary executor.

It often happens that some bitter circumstance in the early days of genius stamps itself upon the supersensitive soul and has a tendency to bias the whole life. It was said of Prosper Mérimée, the French literary artist, that what was constitutional in him was linked with an incident of his earliest years. Corrected for a childish fault, he overheard a half-pitying laugh at his expense and determined never again to trust but to be guarded, and especially against his own instinctive movements. Nor was he ever unreserved again, but bent upon detecting the hollowness beneath the apparent surface of things.

Circumstances far more grievous than this biased the life of Poe. He was born at Boston in 1809. His father, David Poe, was of Irish descent and educated for the bar; but being attracted to the stage at an early age, he left home, married an actress, and was subsequently for that reason disinherited. His wife, Elizabeth, was an English woman, and together with her husband, who had

adopted her profession, had a hard struggle to make a bare living for themselves and their three children. Poe's elder brother entered the navy and died early. His sister, Rosalie, survived him many years and died an imbecile in an institution. His father died in 1810. A few months later his mother lay dying and a public appeal was made for the assistance of her and her children. His mother was a talented artist, and Poe honoured her memory and her art. But that she died in charity branded his soul for life.

There came to the poor room in which his mother died a Mrs. Allan, the wife of John Allan, a prosperous Scotch merchant, and she decided to adopt the boy and bring him up as the son of a gentleman. He was sent to a school of name, but it was not long before his school fellows took particular note that his parents had been players and that he was dependent upon the generosity of a stranger.

This was the twofold wrong that fate inflicted upon the sensitive soul of Poe: his mother had died in poverty, and his companions derided him because his parents had been players. It gave a wound to Poe's high born nature that never healed, and many a work of his drew inspiration from it. Perhaps genius gives its best upon those terms alone. It is put to the torture, and the suffering wrings from it the secret of great art and accomplishment. As if the wound were not deep enough, the days were to come when Poe had to beg charity for himself and his starving wife.

I think it was A. C. Doyle who once said that he wondered whence Poe got his style. He was born in America, spent most of his life there, but his work has none of the characteristic traits of the national type. He was not a typical American in any sense. His father was Irish, his mother English, and his foster father Scotch. Moreover, he was educated at English schools, and although he entered an American university, his term there was very brief. In fact, he was in residence for only 8 months.

The university of Virginia was a playground for aristocrats and of ill repute. It had neither rule nor discipline. The students lived a life of licence and indulgence: they drank, gambled and fought duels. Poe was dragged into the maelstrom of dissipation, reluctantly, and against his nature. He proved a brilliant scholar; but his companions were too coarse and brutal to recognize a rare soul. They denied him the leadership to which his abilities easily entitled him, and turned his brief residence into one of extreme unhappiness and regret. Certain it is, Poe never got his style from Virginia. He got it from himself, and it was matured in English schools and through an acquaintance with the best foreign classics.

He left the university with sundry debts hanging over him; and Mr. Allan, disgruntled at his adopted son's failure to become a good aristocrat, put him to humble work in his countinghouse. This was a further humiliation to which he refused to submit; and after a quarrel with his benefactor over the debts of honour amounting to two thousand dollars at the university, Poe left home and enlisted in the U.S. Army in Boston in 1827. He was then 18 years of age.

There is little doubt that he took this indiscreet step, not from any patriotic instinct or love for a military life, but through the deep disappointment and suffering arising from his university experience and his foster father's hostility to him. He wrote many letters home begging for reconciliation, and in 1830, evidently with the hope of getting his charge off his hands for

good, Allan secured a transfer for him to a cadetship at West Point. There was another good reason why Allan wanted to terminate a troublesome relationship: his wife, who had been responsible for Poe's adoption and was his chief protector, died in the previous year and a few months later Allan remarried. Later, children came to the Allan family, and there ended Poe's hopes of an inheritance.

There are probably few lives, even in the esoteric world of genius, so disappointing to study as that of Poe. The artist stands apart in a world of his own, while the man is involved from beginning to end in a concatenation of circumstances of petty quarrels, misunderstandings and injustices that make us question the so-called intrinsic goodness of the human heart. Perhaps his contemporaries were not wholly to blame. He and they lived in totally different worlds. They were in their right place: he was an alien. Kretschmer sums up the position of genius very well: "In short, the tragic course of the lives of many geniuses can only be rightly understood when seen from both sides. On the one side the environment; the normal man with his naive dislike and envy of the uncommon quality which thrusts itself so tiresomely before his eyes, and with his healthy coarseness of fibre, which does not permit him to get easily disturbed. On the other side, the genius, the exceptional psychopathic man, with his oversensitive nerves, his intense emotional reactions, his restricted powers of adaptability, his moods, his whims, his ill-temper. And this same being not only treats the honest, bourgeois citizen all too frequently in an irritating, inconsiderate, haughty manner, but also upsets the lives and strains the patience of those who genuinely love him, who would like to do good to him and further his success."

Omitting a good deal of nauseating detail at this juncture, we find Poe making his resignation from West Point inevitable. There was neither poetry nor art there, nor appreciation of it. From that date 1831 until 1833, little is known of his whereabouts, beyond the fact that he spent some part of the period with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, at Baltimore.

In the latter year a newspaper offered prizes for the best story and poem. Poe not only entered for both but sent in a manuscript volume of six stories and his poem "The Coliseum." He was adjudged the best competitor for story and poem, although the smaller prize was given to another. John Kennedy, a well known writer, was one of the judges and published a gratifying notice about the author. He also introduced him to the editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger" in Richmond in 1834. For this journal Poe wrote regularly and later became its editor. An impression of his appearance and manner when he first presented himself in the office of this paper is worth noting. "He was," writes T. W. White, the editor: "if anything, below the middle size, and yet could not be described as a small man. His figure was remarkably good, and he carried himself erect and well, as one who had been trained to it. He was dressed in black, and his frock coat was buttoned to the throat, where it met the black stock, then almost universally worn. Not a particle of white was visible. Coat, hat, boots, and gloves had very evidently seen their best days, but so far as mending and brushing would go everything had been done, apparently, to make them presentable. On most men his clothes would have looked shabby and seedy, but there was something about this man that prevented one from criticizing his garments, and the details I have mentioned were

only recalled afterwards. The impression made however was that the award in Mr. Poe's favour was not inopportune. *Gentleman* was written all over him. His manner was easy and quiet, and although he came to return thanks for what he regarded as deserving them, there was nothing obsequious in anything he said or did. His features I am unable to describe in detail. His forehead was high, and remarkable for the great development at the temple. This was the characteristic of his head, which you noticed at once, and which I have never forgotten. The expression of his face was grave, almost sad, except when he was engaged in conversation, when it became animated and changeable. His voice, I remember, was very pleasing in its tone and well modulated, almost rhythmical, and his words were well chosen and unhesitating."

He was now domiciled with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and between her beautiful daughter, Virginia, and Poe there grew a deep attachment. She had a great admiration for her handsome and clever cousin, and there has been much speculation as to the reason he sought marriage with a mere child of 13 years of age who had little beyond her rare and strange type of beauty of countenance to recommend her. To give the version of Krutch: "It must have been the sexlessness of her beauty which appealed to him and thus a temporary continence was not so much thrust upon him as deliberately chosen. Doubtless he was aware in his own mind of nothing except the charm which feminine beauty divorced from any suggestion of conscious sex had for him and he would call his admiration for Virginia a worship of purity. . . . Her dark hair and violet eyes were set off by an expression that was a genuine reflection of her sweet and affectionate disposition, but the height of her forehead spoiled the symmetry of her face and her complexion was so completely pale as to be described by some as pure white and by others as merely bad. None deny, however, that her mind was absolutely undeveloped and that the combination of dark hair, bright eyes and unearthly whiteness gave her the appearance of something not quite human."

All we really know is, that Virginia possessed a kind of ideal beauty for Poe, and around that beauty he wove most of his inspired themes. It is ostentatiously erudite, and certainly dishonouring, to weave a veil of psychological theories of sex and sexlessness about this attachment. They reflect unmeritoriously upon the man and prove nothing. This beautiful girl worshipped her artist, loved and cared for him devotedly when she could not understand him, and believed in him utterly to her last breath, while the literary hyenas who understood him far less were tearing him to pieces. And when she died he lost the one holy influence that anchored him in this world.

One of the worst things biography has done with Poe is to attempt to fasten upon him the character of a "reckless libertine and confirmed inebriate." The charge is an ill-founded and malicious one. Those who knew him intimately roundly confute it. The testimony of the editor of the "Baltimore Saturday Visitor," may stand for many. "I do not recognize him by this description, though I was intimately acquainted with the man and had every opportunity to study his character. I have been in company with him every day for months together; and within a period of twelve years I did not see him intoxicated; no, not in a single instance. And, with respect to the charge of 'Liber-tinism,' of all men that I ever knew he was the most *passionless*; his writings are a confirmation of this. The female creations of

his fancy are all either statues or angels. His conversation, at all times, was as chaste as that of a vestal, and his conduct was correspondingly blameless." And in a letter to his friend, Mr. Snodgrass, also recorded by Mr. Lloyd, Poe writes: "You are a physician, and I presume no physician can have difficulty in detecting the *drunkard* at a glance. You are, moreover, a literary man, well read in morals. You will never be brought to believe that I could write what I daily write, *as* I write it, were I as this villain would induce those who know me not, to believe."

Poe suffered all his life from inherited nerve exhaustion, and it may well have been that at times of deep depression under it he resorted to stimulants for alleviation, as many psychic who pass for wonders in these days do. There is no need to point the difference between a besotted medium and a psychic genius. His critics could not be expected to discriminate between them—and least of all, he who was the Judas of the mob, the Methodist preacher.

We recall, too, the names of De Quincey and Coleridge, men of renown in our literature, both addicted to opium, and both driven to it for the alleviation of physical pain. But we do honour the men and their work the more for what they did in spite of it, or with the aid of it. But the brief lapses of Poe have been seized upon with a devilish malignancy to blacken the man's whole life and brand his work as the distorted effusions of reeling insanity. The truth is too plain. The magisterial tone of this second-sighted critic and inspired poet made the literary America of his day look exceedingly cheap, and those he so unceremoniously gibbeted and infinitely outclassed, never forgave him for it. They were resolved he should not live a decent life, or write a line worth reading.

During the period of his editorship of the "Messenger," the circulation of the journal rose from seven hundred to five thousand, and became a foremost feature in American journalism. His extraordinary stories and reviews compelled attention. He was a daring critic and a supreme master of the technique of his art. He was the first to give the American public a true idea of literary values—and we see how it rewarded him for it. But his biographer, Krutch, while confessing all this, must needs dilute the praise and pass his subject off as an exhibitionist. ". . . but the technic which it reveals—that of achieving a superiority by the exhibiting of apparently unnatural powers based upon esoteric knowledge—is exactly that which Poe, with his parade of fictitious learning and his delight in amazing people with the exhibition of unusual powers, constantly practised." That Poe *did* have "unnatural powers based upon esoteric knowledge," was a fact which this biographer could never acknowledge, or that he obtained his "fictitious learning" from fourth dimensional vision.

Genius never runs well in harness. While working on the "Messenger" and noting its success under the influence of his own work, Poe grew dissatisfied with his position, and after two years of conscientious labour, quitted office. "Before quitting the 'Messenger,'" he writes, "I saw through a long dim vista the brilliant field for ambition which a magazine of bold and noble aims presented to him who should successfully establish it in America." This vision never materialized. His public was not ready for "bold and noble aims." He continued as a free lance journalist, contributing to various magazines and annuals, to which he had ready entrance.

(continued in page 290)

The Beatitudes

by E. C. Merry

BELIEVE THAT WE CAN ONLY RIGHTLY appreciate the nature of Christianity as represented in the Gospels if we regard it as a continuous revelation; the Gospels are not something given merely as a narrative of the events of the life of Christ, but represent a stream of divine force entering into the earth. What is written there is not mere words. The Gospels contain the power of the impulse given by Christ's Incarnation, Death, and Resurrection which accompanies the whole of evolution till the 'end of the world.' We cannot understand the esoteric nature of the Gospels unless we also study the occult science of the generation and development of the universe and the earth; and also the fourfold development of man: that is, the development of physical body, etheric or 'life' body, astral body or soul, and the Ego or individual spiritual essence—the 'I am.'

Occult science teaches that the three first-named principles will in the future undergo (and are already undergoing) a further development or transformation, the soul becoming ennobled and purified by the force of the 'I am' working upon it; and in the same way the etheric body being transformed so that it becomes an expression of the universal energising forces of the cosmos; and the physical body so that it attains a final resurrection through the powers conferred upon it by the two former transformations, thus triumphing over the conditions of earthly matter. In Anthroposophy, these three grades of ascension are called the 'Spirit-Self,' 'Life-Spirit' and 'Spirit-Man,' or theosophically, Manas Buddhi and Atma.

The Gospels themselves are only to be explained correctly as to their points of difference or similarity by recognising that they are the work of those who in previous incarnations, have passed through Initiation in connection with Mystery Schools devoted to the cultivation of *different aspects* of esoteric wisdom.

Very broadly speaking the Mysteries may be said to have been divided into two kinds: the one leading to knowledge of the *descent* of a Divine-Spiritual Principle into earthly conditions, and the other to knowledge concerning the *ascent* of the Human to the Divine. Each one, however, pointed to the central mystery of man's own spiritual origin and destiny. All initiation included knowledge of the 'Beginnings.' Initiation has never been concerned only with the life after death, but with the life before birth also, and with the whole complex interweaving of the many lives on earth and sojourns in the spiritual world which are the lot of every human being.

India, Persia, Egypt, Babylonia, Greece have contributed their mighty inspirations to the history of the various streams of spiritual knowledge which have flowed through thousands of years. But all centred more or less round that Being Who was finally acclaimed, in Jesus, as the Christ. In

earlier ages He was known by other names. He was announced, and announced Himself, as the 'I am' Who contained in Himself the powers of the whole universe, His last and greatest power being that of *complete incarnation* into a human body.

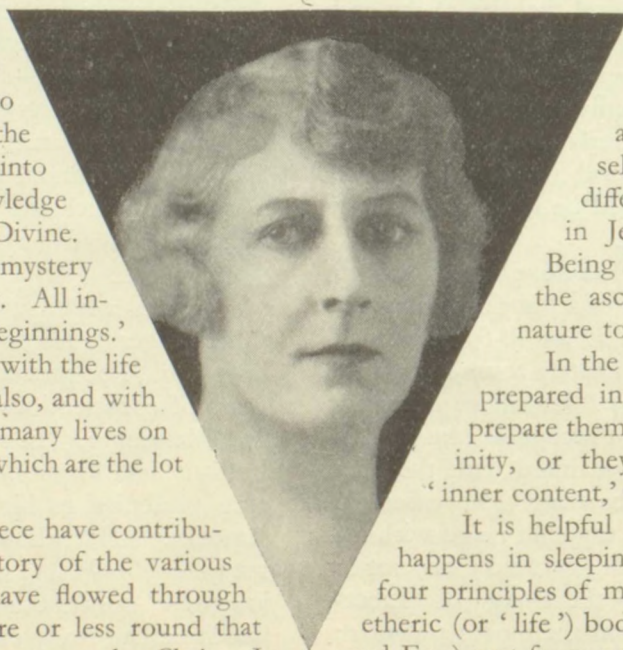
Every one of the Gospels possesses its own apocalyptic character, its own artistic structure, its own special orientation out of the past and towards the future. These things have been interpreted with incomparable insight by Rudolf Steiner. But since this article is concerned only with introducing a study of the Beatitudes (the Sermon on the Mount) as they are given in the Gospel of Matthew, we must confine ourselves first of all to a short consideration of the general character of this Gospel as explained by occult or spiritual-scientific studies, and try to see in what way these sayings are placed within it as the very kernel of the whole character and significance of Matthew's conception of the Christ Mystery.

A peculiar feature of the Gospel of Matthew and of the Gospel of Luke is that both contain an account of the genealogical descent of Jesus. On closer perusal than the ordinary reader generally gives to these lists of names, it will be seen that in the Luke genealogy Jesus is descended from David through the line of Nathan (the priestly line) and in the Matthew Gospel He is descended from Solomon (the kingly line). Further, in the Gospel of Luke the names are given in an *ascending* order, through Nathan to David and then are carried up not only to Adam, but to God. In the Gospel of Matthew the names are given in a *descending* order from Abraham, through the Solomon line. An additional feature of importance is that Matthew points out the number of the generations, namely three times fourteen, or *forty-two*.

These peculiarities can only be understood when it is realised that they have reference to certain mysteries of Initiation, and stress on the one hand the spiritual, and on the other hand the physical nature of Christ Jesus. A deeply intricate question is involved in all this, which could not possibly be entered into in the space of a single article. We must therefore limit ourselves to one side of it only, namely the difference between a conception of the Christ in Jesus as the descent of a divine-spiritual Being into a human body, and on the other hand the ascent of the human principles of man's nature towards the Divine.

In the ancient Mysteries of Initiation men were prepared in two ways. They were shown how to prepare themselves for evolution upwards towards divinity, or they were taught about the descent of the 'inner content,' the Light-Being, the Logos or Sun-Word.

It is helpful in this connection to call to mind what happens in sleeping and waking in our ordinary life: the four principles of man's constitution, the physical body and etheric (or 'life') body, and the soul and spirit (or astral body and Ego) part from one another. The consciousness-bestowing



principles of soul and spirit pass into the spiritual worlds where they are 'awake' in a spiritual sense but—except when the person is an Initiate—do not communicate their experiences to the physical waking consciousness directly. Meanwhile the physical body, permeated by its etheric life-giving forces, lies unconscious in sleep.

But in the case of an Initiate, the passing out of the higher principles into the spiritual world during sleep and their return into the physical organisation are *conscious* processes. The intricacies and marvels of the ascent into the starry or astral world and beyond into spiritual heights, where the 'Beginnings' are revealed, and on the other hand the tremendous compression—if one may use the word—attendant on the descent and re-entry into the physical body—these paths are known to them. One can therefore realise that if the *human* nature is unclean and if a species of Initiation is brought about by unlawful means before there is absolute purification of the lower impulses, the effect can only be destructive. For man would meet upon this threshold of his being, either in 'going out' or 'coming in,' with destructive and de-revolutionary forces and beings. Thus, for all true Initiation, trials and tests must be undergone, and the greatest purity of heart established.

These preliminary remarks make it possible to summarise here some passages from Rudolf Steiner's Course of Lectures on the Matthew Gospel (lecture 12):

"In the Christ we have this downward growth in its most complicated form. It need not have caused wonder if more than four Evangelists had been needed for our understanding of this mighty fact; but four took the trouble to make it clear to us. Two, the writers of the Gospels of Matthew and that of Luke, tell us who the person was* who evolved upwards towards the descending Sun-Being; Matthew in respect of the physical body and etheric body: Luke in respect of the astral body and Ego. Mark, on the other hand, describes the Sun-Aura, the Light-Body, the Spiritual Light active through cosmic space, and that worked also within the form of Jesus Christ. He therefore begins with the Baptism by John, when the Light of the World descended. The Gospel of John describes the soul of the Sun-Spirit—the Logos, the Sun-Word, the *inner* part. On this account the Gospel of John is the most inward of all the Gospels. They thus shared the facts and described the complicated Being of Jesus Christ from four different aspects. All four Evangelists tell us of the Christ in Jesus of Nazareth; but each one of them when describing this complex Being is constrained to a certain degree to hold to his own point of view—that for which he had gained clairvoyant perception."

Matthew describes the physical generations of Jesus as a descent from Abraham. But, as a contrast, if we turn to the Mark Gospel we are at once struck by the dramatic appearance of the adult Christ-Jesus as One who was feared and recognised by the Demons, and whose approach was announced by John the Baptist as He who would "baptise with the Holy Ghost." Mark says that his Gospel is of "Jesus Christ, the Son of God." He describes the acts of Jesus Christ in such a way that he seems to want always to reveal to us that He is a Cosmic Being—the great Spirit of the Sun.

To Luke what is important is that part of Jesus Christ's Being which is represented by the astral body and the Ego principle and which is indicated by the geneology *ascending to God*.

* i.e. the man Jesus.

The Evangelist John looks up to the Highest: "to him," says Steiner, "the physical Jesus is but the means by which he discerns the relationship of man to the *Logos*." Both Matthew and Luke were members of the sect of the Essenes. The Essenes and Therapeutæ (both words mean a *Healer*) had been in existence as the followers of a certain Initiation cult for many centuries. The leader of the Essenes who lived a hundred years before Christ, Jesus Ben Pandira, was one whose special mission it was to prepare the souls of his disciples in a particular way to recognise the Christ when He should descend to earth.

Since we wish especially to consider the Matthew Gospel and its Beatitudes, it is best to mention here only one side of the Essene Initiation, namely that which pointed towards the whole preparation of the *Hebrew race*, through physical descent, for the final production of the human being who should be the bearer of the Christ.

For such a process as the preparation of a human *body* for the coming of Christ, a special divine intervention was necessary at a certain point of time, the time when Abraham, the Founder of the great Hebrew family, was alive. This is described in the Bible as the appearance to Abraham of Melchisedek. For the right continuation of all evolution, the direct influx of the forces of a spiritual Being is necessary from time to time. The meeting of Abraham and Melchisedek 'conceals' such an event; and the influence of Melchisedek continued to work as a kind of "Folk-Spirit" in the Hebrew people.

If a man of the Essenes wished, through his initiation, to become *conscious* of such a spiritual Being, and to understand such an event, he had to free himself from all inherited tendencies which, being 'earthly,' defiled him. The Essene Initiation recognised *forty-two* stages of purification. These stages were quite clearly defined. When he had passed through them, he could at last feel his *inner self*, the centre of his being, or Ego united with Divine-Spiritual Being. He 'ascended to God.' This ascent to God, however, could only *begin*, as it were, when the preliminary forty-two stages had first been accomplished. Why was this? It was because even from the physical standpoint, it requires the passage of forty-two generations before the hereditary force in any human being is exhausted. There were forty-two generations back to Abraham. If, therefore, forty-two purifications (corresponding to generations) were accomplished, a point was reached where 'purity' existed and the soul and spirit were free, could undertake the 'spiritual flight,' and touch the rank of spiritual existence where Melchisedek—who was "without father or mother"—was to be found.

It was this latter stage which forms the basis of the Luke conception of the Gospel. The Matthew conception has for its basis the *man*—the ideal, pure man—in whom is the mystery of the descent of the Divine Force which inhabits and works constructively within the human physical and etheric bodies; and he is thus able to present to us in his Gospel the picture of the great Example for humanity which has to strive *upward* to spirituality from out of the lowest realm.

We must now speak of this 'lowest realm' or kingdom.

Before the time of Christ it had not been possible for people to experience initiation in the Mysteries while in possession of their ordinary every-day consciousness, but they had to be put, by the Initiator, into a condition resembling trance. This was because the Ego had not yet fully "incarnated" into human beings; it still dwelt in the "Kingdom of heaven," and it was only by

attaining a full Ego-experience, while *out of the body*, that it was possible to perceive and know the spiritual world. One can quite correctly say that the "Kingdom of heaven" had not yet come down. Conscious thinking and feeling could not reach it.

This ordinary every-day consciousness was called in the Hebrew Terminology, *Malkuth*, the "Kingdom," Steiner explains the message of John the Baptist: "The time is at hand when the Kingdoms of Heaven will draw near to the Ego dwelling in the outer Kingdom—in *Malkuth*." Christ brought the totality of all spiritual Powers into the Earth. The dynamic nature of His presence and His Death and Resurrection was greater than could be expressed—as was the case with other spiritual Guides of humanity—in a *teaching* alone, but it was the fruit of a living, cosmic force, the streaming down of the Kingdom of 'Heaven' into the Kingdom *Malkuth*, the ordinary natural state of consciousness.

Therefore, since the time of Christ, if man truly 'descends' into his own inner being, seeking self-knowledge, it is at the same time a growing-up into spiritual spheres. Rightly understood, this is not merely a mystical introspective path. For the Ego, no longer dimly experienced as in the old Initiations, is now the pivot on which development turns. It must direct its powers to the task of transforming the other principles, the astral body, the etheric body and the physical body—until they become Christ-like, and, in future epochs of evolution, transfigured into Spirit-Self, Life-Spirit and Spirit-Man, or Manas, Buddhi, and Atma.

Immediately after the descent of the Christ into Jesus of Nazareth—the true 'birth' of Christ which took place at the Baptism—we find in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke, the Temptation in the wilderness; and in Matthew and Luke (but especially in Matthew) this is immediately followed by the Sermon on the Mount which is the teaching concerning the Kingdom.

These events could not have taken place in any other sequence. The Christ had descended from the Heights, and had now, as a pattern and example for humanity, to live through the three-fold experience of penetrating into his *human* nature—into the soul or astral body, and into the etheric and physical bodies. The heavenly Kingdom had to come down into 'Malkuth' and meet with all that has to be met and passed on this inner threshold. Since the Christ accomplished this as a cosmic Being, His force and impulse "made it come to pass that all that had hitherto held these two worlds apart would come to an end, and that man with the Ego which lives in 'Malkuth,' should ascend into the spiritual world. This was brought about through the overcoming of temptation as told in the Gospel of Matthew."

Steiner's explanation of these facts enables us to approach the subject of the Beatitudes from an entirely new standpoint. The Sermon on the Mount represents *the first teaching concerning the self-conscious self-development of man*, and is a complete change over from the type of teaching given in the Mystery Schools. Christ Jesus inaugurated the Initiation of the *Ego*.

We now come to the nine sentences beginning: "Blessed are those." But before dealing with each one separately, two points must be mentioned. First, if we count up the principles of man's nature in which his Ego rules, we find that there are not three or six (as given above) but nine. What are the other three? They are sub-divisions, or qualities of the soul and are called in Anthroposophy the Sentient Soul, Intellectual Soul, and Spiritual or Consciousness Soul. These will be described more fully later.

Secondly, attention should be drawn to the frequent use in the Matthew Gospel of certain expressions.

To begin with, we must understand the word "Blessed" as signifying an *ennobling*—a transformation and enrichment of man's nature through the force of the Ego. This Ego-force is a characteristic of Christ's manner of teaching. He wishes continually to emphasise the fact that revelations do not now 'descend' as inspirations in the same way as of old, but that they utter themselves within the Ego-consciousness. And so He says again and again: "I say unto you," or "Verily I say unto you"—denoting that "I am present with My full consciousness."

Another expression is one which, in its translation from the Aramaic to the Greek has had its true meaning obscured, namely the words: "for they" (Greek: *ὅτι αὐτοί*) coming after the pronouncement of blessedness. The rendering should be "for in yourselves" or "through yourselves." Thus again emphasis is laid on what can be accomplished by the Ego. This is an extremely important point and alters the whole feeling of the "blessedness," transforming it from something of a somewhat negative to an absolutely positive nature—a self-creation. For the Greek word *αὐτόν* we find in our word 'auto.' (Steiner.)

Matthew v. 1-12:—

(a) *The Ennobling of the Physical Body*—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Who are the 'poor in spirit'? They are in reality all men. For in earlier times all men, whether Initiates or not, had a gift of clairvoyance which enabled them to a certain extent to behold the spiritual world and its beings so that these beings were a living reality to them. This old clairvoyance was gradually disappearing owing to the ever-increasing materiality or density of the physical body. As the world grew older, so to say, and physical generation became more and more deeply established, what was of an earthly and inherited nature grew more and more predominant, thus obscuring the power of vision. But now something different becomes possible for those who have lost the old spiritual clairvoyance and who are, therefore, those who are actually "poor in spirit," or, as Steiner gives it: "beggars for the spirit." They are now "blessed," for the density of the physical body can be overcome by the power of the Christ. When He opens the way, there can flow *into their Ego*, dwelling in 'Malkuth,' all that may be called the 'Kingdoms of Heaven.' The physical body need no longer be an obstacle.

(b) *The Ennobling of the Etheric Body*.—"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." This mourning again refers to the loss of the old clairvoyance. We scarcely realise, perhaps, how great this loss was for humanity. It was a necessary 'progress' really; though it entailed entering a sphere of solitude of the soul to begin with. In ancient times, *healing* flowed into the etheric body of man, and thence into the physical, through Initiation. The Temples of the Mysteries were also places of healing.

The etheric body is actually the seat of suffering because it is the seat of habit, character and temperament which bring it into relation with the moods and passions of the soul; though it requires the forces of both the soul and the physical body to bring the suffering into our consciousness. We can understand this if we realise that the etheric body is a 'network' of forces which actually hold together and help to form the physical matter of the body; and 'wounds of the soul,' sin, sadness, pain

arising out of temperament—these communicate themselves to the etheric body which is, as it were, the place whence the suffering radiates, affecting us physically.

But the spiritual world as it lives in the Ego, heals and comforts. This can be tested by everyone. But the comfort does not come of itself; it has to be created by inner effort which brings it about that the etheric body, the body of 'life' becomes united with the force of Christ. This sentence and the previous one are closely related and intertwined.

(c) *The Ennobling of the Astral Body.*—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." The astral body (broadly speaking, the *soul*), is the seat of all that we usually connect with the 'inner life'—the emotions, passions, desires, longings and so on. It is in the soul that man feels the force of 'sin,' feels the contrast between what he is as a moral being and what he should be; feels the endless conflict between 'good' and 'evil' in himself. The passions are like wild beasts that need to be tamed. The astral body, by reason of the Fall of man and the entrance of temptation is not 'meek.'

In former times in the ancient Mysteries, people underwent certain processes which subdued their harmful instincts; they 'looked up,' away from themselves, and sought power from the Kingdoms of Heaven to deliver them from the wild and destructive forces. The more man succumbs to these Tempter-powers, the less does he remain on the side of the normal evolution of the earth. But if, out of himself, out of his own inner effort, he curbs the 'wild beasts,' he will be accounted 'meek,' and will take his full share in the glory of the earth's destiny and be blessed.

(d) *The Ennobling of the Sentient Soul.*—"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." In all the three first principles of his being, man is by nature less dependent on himself, and more dependent relatively speaking on the Divine-Spiritual Beings who have assisted in his creation. Thus the physical, etheric and astral bodies are in a sense the most *fundamental*. They are more a kind of background out of which 'qualities' differentiate themselves in the general process of evolution. But in the sentient soul we have the first beginning of a kind of specialisation, so to speak.

In the civilisation of ancient Egypt man was first beginning to accustom himself to independence from the great foundations of his spiritual past, and to attend more directly to what the earth had to offer to him, and he became aware of the *inward* images in himself of Light and Darkness which, in the earlier Persian civilisation had presented themselves to him as *outer* cosmic Imaginations.*

Therefore one can say that the *sentient life* of the soul came more to the fore in the Egyptian age. This 'feeling' life is expressed in all that we are aware of in ourselves as 'opposites'—in sympathy and antipathy, in longing or the satisfaction of longing, and so on. It is a sense of inner movement, a sense of being swayed in one direction or another, and this is accompanied by a longing for rest or for poise and balance. Calm balance of the soul is like the appeasement of hunger or thirst. This too can be gained from within. Intensity of longing for 'righteousness' is satisfied by the Water and Bread of Life which is bestowed by Christ upon the inner kingdom of the Ego.

(e) *The Ennobling of the Rational or Intellectual Soul.*—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." When the reason

or intellect takes in the thought and realisation of Christ, it acquires especially a more truly *human* quality. Reason is essentially a human attribute (though a divine gift) and therefore still less dependent upon 'divine intervention' and more dependent on the nature of the human self. It is in the Intellectual or Rational Soul that man first *really* begins to experience himself in himself. In the Sentient Soul, the experience of self, or Ego, is still somewhat dim. One cannot as it were *take hold* so easily of the life of feeling. But the intellect seems really to belong to us, and to cause the Ego to begin to come to life.

In the Intellectual Soul there is the possibility—not present in the other principles *per se*—of the beginnings of sharing with another, of bestowal, and of receiving something back. How is this so? When one develops the Intellectual Soul one does not 'lose oneself in the objects or things around one' as is the case in the Sentient Soul. The intellect enables us to make a thing our own, namely to *understand* it, to recognise its nature, to grasp it objectively. If this is so (and it is indeed the case), then the things around us reflect back to us our understanding of them—so that our reasoning powers 'receive' them as it were into themselves. Thus there is a kind of bestowal of ourselves, and a kind of receiving in return for what we bestow. When the bestowing capacity of the Intellectual Soul is Christ-filled, it is then transformed into *compassion*. It has the quality of mercy and obtains mercy.

In general history the development of the Intellectual Soul is associated with the epoch in which Christ's influence on earth began. The most *human* element so far in man's evolution, attains blessedness through mercifulness. To 'understand' all is to pardon all; and this leads the way to community of all souls upon the earth.

(f) *The Ennobling of the Ego in the Consciousness Soul.*—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is the Consciousness Soul that the Ego first begins its work of transformation.

But what is the Consciousness Soul? As we have in the Intellectual Soul a manifestation of the activity of the thinker, so we have in the Consciousness or Spiritual Soul the principle which *is aware of itself as the one who thinks*. Anthroposophy teaches that the blood is the bearer of self-consciousness, of the Ego. The central organ of the blood-circulation is the heart. The heart is the throne of the Ego. Thomas Aquinas calls the heart the 'Mother of God.' When the consciousness of Christ is taken into the heart it dwells in the Ego. Therefore this sentence: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God" throws light on the whole construction of the Beatitudes.

The Consciousness Soul is that part of the human being which is coming to its maturity in our present age, and the work of transforming the principles of Sentient Soul, Intellectual Soul and Consciousness Soul through the power of the Ego, is made possible by a training which leads to transcendence of the ordinary powers of thought. *The three kinds of higher knowledge, Imagination, Inspiration and Intuition take their start from this point.*

(g) *Creation of the Spirit-Self.*—"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." We now come to a development which is connected with the *future* of humanity. This and the two concluding sentences lead us out into the blessedness of a creative and ever-ascending stream of force. . . .

We are apt to think of 'peace-makers' as tinctured by a

* As in the teaching of Zarathustra of *Ormuzd* and *Abriman*.

mood of softness rather than of strength. But such a peace as is here indicated is a positive and powerful creation in which nothing in the shape of compromise plays any part. We can have mastery over no power until we have mastered ourselves. We must make peace in ourselves. The Spirit-Self is the re-born purified astral or 'starry' body. With the Fall there arose in the human soul all the 'opposites,' at war against each other, and all the passionate and surging impulses of their strife.

There is an old saying: "Blessed is the God of the motionless heart who restoreth peace to the torrent." It is only by knowing 'motion' and by overcoming the strife which motion brings that peace can be known. Spirit-Self is the pure and motionless astral body.

(b) *Creation of the Life-Spirit.*—"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Gazing on into the future we are shown the great paradox of how goodness rouses up strife and persecution. It centres round the peacemakers. For now the Ego is truly beside its God; it is indeed 'beside itself' and therefore its divine madness is not understood. A power however is now there in Christ by which such a being who is persecuted is able to draw the demons into his own purified soul and change their nature. *Peace is within*; and the highest God can be addressed in the words: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." A very few human beings are already able to reach this stage of development as forerunners of the future. They are those who have attained the "full inward acceptance of the Christ" in such a way that it is a conquering, shaping and creative force proceeding from them. Life-Spirit is the transfigured etheric body.

In this Beatitude a striking change may be noticed. Hitherto every saying ended with an indication of what should be—"for they *shall* see God" etc. But now it is said: "for theirs *is* the Kingdom of Heaven."

(i) *Creation of Spirit-Man.*—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in Heaven."

Still higher becomes the mood of exaltation which rings out from these words. The soul is moved to its depths at the words "for My sake." For at this stage of development the human being is so filled with Christ that what is directed against him is directed against the Christ Himself. The enemies of the Spirit-Man are the Cosmic Enemies of World-evolution, revealed in all their stupendous arrogance and greatness and arrayed against the Son of God. In these three sentences we see an overpowering triumph of the Peacemaker who not only controls the elements of discord which assault the highest principles of the soul but who actually transforms them even in the matter of the physical body itself. Spirit-Man arises in the transfigured and incorruptible form of the physical body.

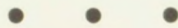
Again the character of this sentence points to the future: "when men *shall* persecute you," but it brings the Beatitudes to a close in such a way that past, present and future are merged together in the timeless: "Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great *is* your reward in Heaven."

We may sum up these wonderful sayings by bringing together a kind of paraphrase of the first and of the last: Blessed are those who, blinded by the dense material nature of the physical body, long for the revelation of the spiritual worlds, for in them *is* already the Kingdom of Heaven, though it is still hidden in

obscurity. And blessed are those who have lifted themselves, while still living in the physical body on earth, into enduring all possible opposition and revilings, for now they are entirely filled with Christ's impulse in complete illumination and strength; their body becomes transluminous. They are *as Christ Himself*.

The Beatitudes are the very heart of the whole conception of the Matthew Gospel. Their living words contain the latent force of all that belongs to the mystery of the descent of the highest spiritual powers of Being to work creatively in the upward-striving man of earth.

Moreover, such an explanation of the Beatitudes, reveals them as absolutely unique, in spite of the fact that similar sentences are discovered in various ancient scriptures and brought into comparison with them. In no other outwardly similar sayings are these essential elements to be found which point to the progressive development of mankind, or which reveal the secret of man's ascent through the independent freedom of his Ego, which is present throughout as that which was, is, and will be, and has the "keys of hell and of death."



OUR POINT OF VIEW (continued from page 278)

The School of Spiritual Science gave its end-of-term party the other evening. Over 200 people were present, and enjoyed some very fine pianoforte playing by Meyer Rosenstein. This gifted pianist played Beethoven's Sonata in E Flat major, some Brahms, Chopin, and Debussy. The Beethoven was an especially fine performance. There is something about the E Flat Sonata which inevitably conjures up the essence of Beethoven's genius. We think that Rosenstein's playing unites an almost incredible clarity of execution with great fire and no sign of coldness. I should call him a musical architect because of his remarkable gift of revealing the structural details of a composition without obscuring the whole.



At the previous School party the pianist was Walter Rummel. We are glad to hear that he is shortly coming to London again and will play at one of the Promenade Concerts under Sir Henry J. Wood. Mr. Rummel will play the Beethoven piano-concerto No. 3 in the all-Beethoven programme on August 19th. Those of our readers who are interested in music and do not live in London should make a point of "listening in" to what is sure to be an exceptional interpretation.



In our next issue we will print Mr. Watts' answer to an article by Mrs. E. C. Merry which appeared in our last issue. In this policy lies the real strength of the MODERN MYSTIC. Its contributors are without exception convinced that there is no wisdom higher than truth.



We cannot sufficiently reiterate that this journal is, and always will be, completely independent. The journal's contributors, within the covers of each issue "live together" in the way in which we believe it possible for all men to live—in the truth and its light as it is given, faithful each to himself—the only passport to true wisdom and the hall-mark of personal integrity.

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The Yogi

by K. Alexander

“**J**ULY, 20TH: IN ALL ACTIONS OF LIFE you are shy and retiring. Worrying unnecessarily over trifles. Intensely sensitive; hesitant; romantic; dreamy but undemonstrative. Tenacity and power of endurance amazing. Having once committed yourself, after much deliberation, and hesitation, to fix a definite course of action, you will pursue it resolutely to the end, in other words, a definite fixity of purpose. Lack of understanding is taken deeply to heart, but you are always ready to respond with gratitude to appreciation and encouragement. Will not tolerate interference in your affairs, and prefer, once you have taken a job on, to go through with it without help. In uncongenial surroundings, inclined to become morbid and introspective, but shrink from making a clean breast of your affairs to others. Fear of the future and old age, makes you feel inclined to hoard money and become selfish and niggardly. In actual fact you rarely want for money, although you may pass through some trying times. Affection is deep and not worn on the sleeve, so that your undemonstrativeness is often taken for lack of sentiment. You possess a great love for unspoiled nature, the country holds great appeal and you are most happy wandering in glades, woodlands, and near streams etcetera. Literary and musical professions appeal to your romantic imagination.”

In this modern world, aeroplanes are travelling at speeds exceeding 300 miles per hour; stream-line automobiles are approaching similar perfection; trans-Atlantic air services are bringing distant cousins within casual visiting range; world-wide radio reception and transmission, with its closely related discovery television, are all evidences of an advanced age that tends to make me hesitate to relate a very strange tale. I have a feeling that people of the Occident have become practical and materially minded. This may be due to living in an environment of mechanical revelation. It may require another century, if not longer, before the general public realize and accept the non-material of today as material and quite in order to-morrow. Many strange and mysterious occurrences are happening that are obscure and unsolved by our most intelligent scientists.

I met R..... at Vizagapatam, in the Madras Presidency of India. We were loading a cargo of ground-nuts on the Coromandel coast, it was our final port of call. Vizagapatam has many beauty spots. Its fine sea-front with broad sands makes it a popular health resort. We were given a hearty welcome by the white residents, of whom there are quite a number, and were made honorary members of the local club. R..... acted as manager, and was the ideal man for the job—inaugurating dances for the ship's officers during our short stay of six days. He also aroused, not only in me, but in others, a deep interest.

“Did you notice R.....'s eyes?” The chief officer remarked on our return to the ship one evening. R..... has peculiar eyes. They are unusually large, as black as night, and set wide apart.

The pupils completely cover the irises, reminding me of Doctor Nikola's picture in the book of that title by Guy Boothby. We met him on our way back to the ship. The club had closed for the night. It was close on midnight. He was sitting at a roadside tea stall. We stopped for a yarn. Our rickshaws were drawn up on the other side of the road, which was deserted at this time of the night. The paraffin flare hanging above the wooden bench caused weird shadows to flicker around us, as we listened to R.....'s queer and fantastic tales of his experiences, for he is a student of Indian Yoga.

I have read strange stories of metempsychosis and necromancy, and understood them to be fictitious from beginning to end. I have been to most countries and met all sorts of queer characters in this small planet of ours. I have had my fortune told by astrology and palmistry, but there was always a loophole whereby these so-called seers cleared themselves. I was always sceptical of these subjects, until I met R....., who was straightforward and told us he could not read the future. These gifts are elementary subjects of the Indian Sciences. R..... has studied much deeper, so deep, that he cannot settle to any definite occupation, so he informed me. His thoughts refuse to leave those mysteries practised by the Saivavite sect. There were four of us besides himself, seated round that Indian tea stall. He told us our characteristics. They were correct and to the point for three of us, but the chief officer's was inaccurate. Later he told me he was under the impression he had said his date of birth was the 20th July, whereas the chief officer's date should have been the 28th July. I have inserted it at the head of this article, as it was of no use to any of us on board. Some reader whose birthday coincides might find it useful. We found R..... sincere, trustworthy, and a gentleman. He stated he could make a good living with his knowledge of the Indian Mystics, but would not.

R..... is an Anglo-Indian. His mother was Dutch and his father English. They separated at the critical period of their lives. R....., left on his own, was brought up by his old Indian Ayah. He has a trace of Indian blood from his mother's side. He has also inherited her talented musical abilities, in which she held the A.R.A.M. Degree, to such an extent, he has given public pianoforte recitals in some of the larger Indian cities, and has had technical articles of some 3000 odd words published on music. I heard him play one afternoon, on the old and battered club piano. His interpretation was excellent, and the class of music he played was anything but low-brow, yet, he cannot read a note of the score. R..... was first initiated into the mysterious Yoga science at the age of thirteen. Here is his story:

“I was playing in a jungle glade near my home in the Mysore district. Suddenly a queer feeling came over me, that something was watching me. I glanced round quickly. He was standing behind, just inside the glade, naked but for a loin cloth. As I looked at him a cold shiver passed over me. He was eerie

looking. There was something about him that was different. I don't know what it was, because he was just an ordinary Indian, although he did not look like any native living about the district. He was more intelligent looking, and his eyes seemed to bore right into me when he spoke. At first I did not recognise the dialect, but I have learned since, it was the dialect spoken in northern India, some thousand miles from here.

'Come with me!' He said.

I was scared but managed to stammer, 'where do you want me to go?'

'Come. Follow me.' He replied, turning away and moving towards the jungle.

Then a strange thing happened. Although I was terribly frightened, and did not wish to follow him, something seemed to come over me. My will-power deserted me and I followed him.

A flying beetle passed overhead. He halted, telling me to watch, which was unnecessary—I was all eyes. He held up his hand. The beetle hesitated in its flight, turned and flew back to him, alighting on his hand. He threw it back into the air and went further into the jungle. My fear of him seemed to fade away after that. I had heard the natives talking about Indians that had similar powers, and being still young, I could believe anything. He halted again and called me to come closer. He showed me a king cobra. My fears returned. It is a ferocious snake that attacks without provocation. Its sting is deadly. It was coiled up in the grass. It did not make any attempt to attack, but remained docile as the Indian lifted it up and fondled it. He then led me to another part of the jungle, seeming to know just where to go, never hesitating on the way. Suddenly I spotted them—a tigress playing with her cubs. The sweat poured out of me. I was paralysed with fright. When with their young, the protective instinct of the tigress makes her fierce and terrible. I tried to hold back, and found it impossible. On our approach she lay down and the cubs commenced feeding. My strange companion went fearlessly over to them and kissed the tigress on the forehead. He led me back to the glade and there left me, without a word of explanation. He returned from whence he came—the jungle."

I interrupted R..... and asked him was he sure he had not experienced a very vivid dream?

"There are dreams that are not dreams in the ordinary meaning of the word." R..... replied. "There are dreams in which the conscious mind is fully alive to the senses of sound, touch, sight, and smell. If it was a dream, it was not a dream as we know it. Of that I am positive. My legs were scratched and bleeding caused by the brambles which grow thickly in that part of the jungle."

"I ran home," R..... continued. "I was still terribly scared. I told my ayah what had happened. She looked scared too, mumbling something under her breath, and later I found out she had said Yogi. From that day on, my story must have been circulated, the natives watched me curiously and treated me with more than usual respect.

When I grew older and had to fend for myself, I travelled from one job to another and have been to most places in India. I picked up books on the Yoga philosophy during my wanderings

and commenced studying them. My studies have unsettled me, so that I cannot settle down, and lately I have been wakening up at one o'clock in the mornings and not being able to go to sleep again until three. But, according to my readings I can definitely state, I had met a Yogi, as this power over wild animals is one of their accomplishments. The science is as old as the hills, and proclaims the emancipation of the soul through a junction with the Universal Spirit. To reach this state I will have to leave all the earthly things of civilization, and retire into solitude. It is very hard. It will mean going away up north into the mountains of Tibet, where the science is well-known, and where I can complete my studies. I will never rest until I do so." R..... concluded.

A strange thing happened, as R..... ceased speaking. His eyes took on a weird look. He got up from his seat. I watched him closely. He seemed like a person inspired. No, that does not seem to fit my meaning. He looked different. He spoke to the Indian stall-keeper, in his own language. The Indian, who had been quietly watching him, signalled to a rickshaw wallah, who was hidden in the shadows, and whom I had not noticed on our arrival. R..... got on and bid us a good night. His voice sounded strange. It seemed automatic, as though his mind was elsewhere. He left us abruptly. We looked at each other queerly.

Suddenly I remembered, and glanced at the time. It was three minutes to one a.m. This exactly fitted the tale I had previously been told, and also coincided with R.....'s own words that he could not sleep between the hours of one and three. I had heard that a strange Indian had been observed, not once, but a few times, to leave the house R..... resides in, at exactly one o'clock in the morning. Without mentioning the subject to my friends, I decided to watch for this mysterious Indian visitor of R.....'s.

The following evening, after most of the Club members had dispersed for the night, I got my rickshaw and went for a drive on the beach road to while away the time. The sea-front was deserted, and, except for the murmur of the surf breaking gently on the sands, the evening was still. There was a moon to help me when I took up my post at ten minutes to one in the morning, opposite R.....'s residence. My rickshaw waited for me further along the road and out of sight, where I had told him to stop.

Not a light was showing from the building. Everyone was asleep. I was beginning to think my queer ideas were groundless, when, at one minute to the hour, by my watch, I thought my eyes were deceiving me—R.....'s front door silently opened. I do not know what I expected to happen, but, I felt like beating a hasty retreat, when out walked an Indian. He looked neither to right nor left, but turned down the road away from where my rickshaw and I were hidden. There was nothing extraordinary about him that I could see. He was naked but for a small loin cloth fastened to his waist, which is quite a common sight in India.

I slipped back to the rickshaw and jumped in, telling the wallah to follow him. He must have been watching proceedings too. He pretended not to hear me and commenced bearing me in the other direction towards the ship. I stopped him.

"Sahib go ship?" He enquired.

"No, follow that Indian and hurry," I ordered.

He hesitated and repeated his previous question. By this time I was getting impatient. I could see my quarry getting farther away. I resorted to bakshish eventually persuading him to turn round. It was too late. My Indian had disappeared down some side street. I was naturally angry, but asked the rickshaw wallah, why he did not follow the Indian when he was told to.

"Indian good man. Him Fakir." Was all the explanation I could obtain. I decided not to be beaten and returned to R.....'s house. I knocked. It was some time before I got an answer. Eventually a sleepy eyed "boy" opened the door.

"Sahib R..... was asleep." He informed me.

According to the time he should have been awake and reading, I thought. I asked him who was the Indian that had left the house a short time ago. He looked at me queerly and shook his head.

"Nobody here but Sahib and I." Then, going out to the middle of the road he pointed up to a window, and informed me his master slept in that particular room. It was in darkness. There was nothing more to do, and I did not wish to disturb R....., if he was asleep, so, I returned to the rickshaw.

The first part of the story I had heard proved correct. I decided to continue my vigil until three o'clock and test out a theory of mine, that the Indian would return. I went for another drive round the deserted streets, keeping my eye open for the strange Indian, and returned to the same position as before, and waited in the shadows.

I was not mistaken. Sure enough, right on the dot of three, the Indian returned. It was uncanny. I wondered who was in league with him as the door silently opened on his approach. It was not natural, but I was not going to be balked this time. I stepped out from my hiding place and advanced across the street towards him.

My mysterious Indian looked round as a passing cloud uncovered the moon's silvery white light. I stopped in my tracks as his eyes met mine. A cold sweat broke out on my brow. I was struck speechless and an eerie sensation crept all over me. He carried on and passed inside the house, with the door closing just as silently as before.

I had had enough for that night, or morning, to be more correct. I made a hasty bee-line for the ship, with many a nervous glance behind, to see that nothing followed. It was good to be back once more in my comfortable bunk, but it was a long time before sleep came to ease my mind which was in a whirl. I can still see those eyes. They were large, set wide apart, and as black as night. But it was not his body, of that I am certain. R..... is much smaller and his skin is white. We sailed the following day, but I am keeping in touch with R..... by letter post. I would like his explanation for this, my enigma.

POE—(continued from page 281)

In 1839 he was associate editor for a year of the "Gentleman's Magazine." This journal did not survive more than four months after his resignation. It was sold to G. R. Graham and became "Graham's Magazine," and Poe was its editor in 1841. Some of his most famous work appeared in this journal, but he became disgusted with its general character and resigned in the following year. His influence upon this was no less remarkable than upon the previous journal. "Our success," he wrote, "is astonishing; we shall print twenty thousand shortly." When it first appeared its circulation was five thousand.

Although once more adrift, his reputation was established and his work was widely sought after. But he was poorly paid and could barely eke out a living. What a comment it is upon the times and the fate of genius, that Poe, the most brilliant literary spirit in America, vainly sought an appointment in the custom house at Philadelphia to secure a home and comfort for his sick wife and a refuge for himself.

In 1844 he was in New York. There he endeavoured again to interest men of finance and influence in his project for a magazine of great aims, but to no purpose. He assisted on the "Evening Mirror"; and became co-editor in 1845 of the "Broadway Journal." But not for long. He was trying to do too many things at once to secure an independence. His health was failing, his mind became distracted under exacting labours and the sight of his cherished wife slowly dying. A friend who visited them at this time records a cruel picture of the end. "There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoiseshell cat on her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet." This destitution was relieved by public subscription. In January, 1847, in her twenty-sixth year, Virginia died.

"Of Poe's life after this, its great tragedy, it must be not only kinder, but more just, to say little," says an editor of his poetry. After his wife's death he passed steadily on to his own tragic end. He was a broken man, physically and mentally. He still lectured on poetry and formed fugitive friendships with several women writers of name. He had a faint hope of reviving in them some touch of the love and sympathy he had lost. But no intimate association followed.

In December, 1849, he left Richmond, where he had been staying, with the purpose of returning to his aunt in New York. He arrived in Baltimore, but on embarking later for Philadelphia was taken ill and brought back to hospital. What precisely happened to him remains a mystery. It is said that he fell into the hands of unscrupulous politicians on voting day, October 3, was drugged by them, compelled to vote at several booths, and left helpless in the street. In hospital he lay in a state of delirium for three days. On Saturday morning, October 7, the fit passed, he became quiet, and died in his fortieth year with these words on his lips: "Lord help my poor soul!"

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The Doom of Western Civilisation

by George S. Francis

ISUPPOSE IT WOULD BE FAIRLY TRUE to say that the popular theory of civilisation is one that envisages continual progress from a savage and barbaric past towards some ultimate Utopian future. Mr. H. G. Wells, whose point of view is typical of a considerable section of modern mentality, gives clear expression to this outlook in his controversy with Mr. Hilaire Belloc over the 'Outline of History.' He states therein that—"progressive changes does go on and that is the form into which life falls more and more manifestly as our analysis penetrates and our knowledge increases. I set about collecting what is known of life and the world in time and space, and I find the broad outline falls steadily and persistently into a story of life appearing and increasing in range, power and co-operative unity of activity. I see knowledge increasing and human power increasing. I see ever-increasing possibilities before life and I see no limits set to it at all."

Cycles of Culture

On the other hand Dr. Oswald Spengler, in his work published in English,* rejects this theory of a linear progress and suggests instead that the real picture of human history can only be truly seen when it is regarded as a succession of great cultural cycles, each of which passes through the definite phases of birth, infancy, maturity, old age, decay and death. Thus, he says, Western Civilisation has through 900 years steadily risen to a climax, and being now in a state of decadence will become extinct about the end of the present century. He therefore essays in this book the difficult task of predicting history, and attempts to forecast the still untravelled stages of our civilisation which is actually approaching the final phases of its fulfilment.

Dr. Spengler has written a great work, great in more senses than one. The amount of erudition displayed is considerable, for heavy drafts are made upon the available knowledge of five great culture periods, the Indian, the Magian, the Egypto-Chaldean, the Graeco-Roman and the West European-American, to provide the wide range of

* *The Decline of the West*. Vol. 1. Form and Actuality. By Dr. Oswald Spengler. Authorised translation with notes by Charles Francis Atkinson. pp. 443. (London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.) 21s. net.

information closely packed between its covers. It is, however, not so much for its learning that this work of Spengler is important, but rather for the fact that he propounds a special concept of historical progress from which he draws a series of deductions concerning the present development and future prospects of Western Civilisation which are too important to ignore.

This view of human history as a rhythmic sequence of mighty life cycles, vast time-entities of a higher order than the individual human units of which they are composed, each endowed with its own ego and personality, life cycles such as the Chinese Culture, the Classical Culture, Modern Civilisation and the like, whose life history spreads over centuries and whose development expresses itself in a series of stages which must be traversed in a regular and compulsory sequence, is sufficiently interesting to be worth some detailed examination.

Stages of Culture

According to Spengler there is an orderly and obligatory sequence through which all the culture periods have to pass.

The first stage is the stage of SPRING, the pre-culture period, when life is rural, intuitive and heroic. This stage sees the birth of the Myth in which wondering infant life seeks to express its soul dreams of God and its physical fear of the world, mystic symbolism flourishes, while untutored efforts at primitive expression result in a chaos of art forms. The people live in tribes under the personal rule of a chief, for as yet there is no conception of Nation or State, and consequently no politics. After Spring comes the SUMMER stage and the dawn of Culture. Human consciousness ripens, urban centres begin to form, the critical faculties begin to stir, and with the birth of the critical faculty arises the first breath of opposition to the Myths of the age of Spring. Thought becomes more philosophical and leads to a growing opposition between realistic activity and idealistic aspiration. Ornament and architecture arise as an artistic expression of feeling for the world. Religious feeling expresses itself generally in chivalric ideals with particular developments in the direction of Mysticism, Protestantism and Puritanism. The political form is Feudal, the spirit of the countryman and the countryside is dominant, power resides in land, and the land-owning



G. S. Francis

people are the ruling people. The 'city' is as yet only small and exists mainly for the benefit and convenience of the countryside as a market or a stronghold.

As the Summer phase draws to a close the growing and expanding forces, which have hitherto been dominant, begin to withdraw and the forces of decline obtain the ascendancy, thus is ushered in the AUTUMN stage of Culture. During this stage, cities begin rapidly to increase in size and importance, and along with this growth there arises the definite development of a 'city' intelligence, a growing belief in the all-sufficiency of the power of reason and a consequence impoverishment of religion. Art rises to a climax of mature artistry under the hands of gifted individuals, for this is the period of the great masters. Language becomes intellectualised; with the growth of the dynastic principle the concept of the National State arises, the city becomes politically victorious over the countryside, money power wrests the reins of control from the feudal power, which was vested in the owners of landed property, and financial policy begins to permeate political policy. A gradual impoverishment and final exhaustion of spiritually-creative ability marks the closing phases of this stage, and then begins the stage of WINTER.

Civilisation as the Closing Phase

In this, the final stage, Culture crystallises into Civilisation, the city grows and grows, assuming mammoth proportions and now lives parasitically upon the decaying body of the countryside. The local boundaries of National States expand into vast political aggregations,—World Imperialisms and Colonial Empires. The extinction of spiritual creative power is marked by the growth of a materialistic world outlook and a cult of science. The a-moral tendencies of irreligious cosmopolitanism express themselves in the worship of material utility and material prosperity, while the creative power of spiritually-inspired thought fades out and thought descends to the level of mere professional lecture-room philosophy. The quality of literature declines, public reading is more and more diverted to tabloid snippets of senseless 'news' and compendium literature, while music, architecture and painting sink to the level of mere art-crafts, while the end of form development is seen in the spread of abstract and meaningless architecture and ornament. Imperial ideas obsess political policy to the exclusion of local or national needs. Money secures domination over all forms of economic activity and increasingly permeates political policy. Thereafter rises dictatorship, signifying the victory of 'force politics' over 'money politics' and a progressive degradation of all political forms. From this point there follows an inward decline of nations into formless masses of people who thus become an increasingly helpless groundwork for increasing exploitation and despotism. The growing weakness of the people at last infects the centres of power themselves and, with the progressive enfeeblement of the political machinery, civilisation collapses under the impact of young and primitive souls, eager for spoil, to whom the wealth and the weakness of civilisation offer at once a temptation and an opportunity.

This is a slight outline sketch of the concept of this rhythmic rise and fall of successive culture periods which Spengler opposes

to the more popular conception of history as a linear movement progressing from the 'Ancient' through the 'Mediæval' to the 'Modern' and from thence onwards into infinity. And he does the same with the arts. The development of these, like that of history, is usually presented in the form of a linear graph 'Painting from the Cave man to the Impressionists,' 'Music from Homer to Wagner,' 'Social Organisation from Lake dwellers to Socialism' and so forth. Upon this subject Spengler says "no one has seriously considered the possibility that arts may have an allotted span of life and may be attached as forms of self-expression to particular regions and particular types of mankind, and therefore the total history of a single art may be merely the compilation of separate developments of special arts with no bond of union save the name of some details of craft technique. We know it to be true of every organism that the rhythm, form and duration of its life are determined by the properties of its species.

No one as he sees a caterpillar grow day by day expects that it will go on doing so for years. In this case we feel, with unqualified certainty, there is a limit. In the case of human history, on the contrary, we take our ideas as to the course of the future from an unbridled optimism that sets at naught all historical—i.e. *organic* experience and everyone sets himself to discover, in the accidental present, terms that he can expand into some striking progression series, the existence of which rests, not on scientific proof, but on predilection."

Thus in the section of the book that deals specially with the arts Spengler again repeats his *credo*. "I see in the place of that empty figment of one linear history, the drama of *a number* of mighty Cultures each stamping its mankind with its own image, each having its own ideas, its own passions, its own life, will, feeling and *its own death*." Once more then do we get the picture of a succession of Cultures each with its own special possibilities of self-expression which arise, ripen, decay and never return. There is not one sculpture, one painting, one mathematics, but many, each in its deepest essence different from the others, each limited in duration and self-contained, just as each species of plant has its own particular blossom and fruit, its own special rhythm of growth and decline. The realities would seem to lie between the expression forms of all the arts in a single Culture rather than between the same art as expressed in different Cultures, and Spengler definitely suggests that "between the Differential Calculus and the dynastic principle of politics in the age of Louis XIV., between the Classical city-state and Euclidean geometry, between the space-perspective of Western oil-painting and the conquest of space by railroad, telephone, and long-range weapon, between contra-puntal music and credit economics, there are deep uniformities." And this succession of Cultures has nothing to do with laws of cause and effect, they spring up and grow one after the other with the same superb carelessness as the flowers of the field; they belong, like the plants and the animals to the living nature of Goethe and not to the dead mathematical nature of Newton. Again comes the systematic repetition of Spengler's *credo*. "I see world history as a picture of endless formations and transformations, of the marvellous waxing and waning of organic forms. The professional historian, on the contrary, sees it as a kind of tapeworm laboriously adding on to itself one epoch after another."

Historic Prophecy

As a change from this broad extensive view let us now return to the narrower task of examining, in the light of this concept, Spengler's vision of the future of our civilisation, to try to ascertain the state of Western Europe-America in the epoch 1800-2000, its significance as a chapter, which in some guise or another is found in the life history of every Culture, and the symbolic meaning of its political, artistic and social activities. Considered in the spirit of analogy our Culture period seems to be paralleled by the Grecian Culture and its present phase, marked by the Great War, as corresponding with the transition from the Grecian to the Roman age. Rome, with its rigorous realism, barbaric, uninspired, disciplined and practical, will always give us, working by analogy, the key to the understanding of our own future. The break of destiny expressed by the hyphen Graeco-Roman is occurring for us also. Thus 'The Decline of the West' is presented as the problem of our civilisation, and thereby raises the question 'What is civilisation considered as the fulfilment and finale of a Culture?' Civilisation is the inevitable destiny of every Culture and each Culture has its own Civilisation. Civilisation is the most external and most artificial state of which developed humanity is capable. Civilisation is a conclusion—mechanical existence following dynamic activity. The stone-built petrified city with its arid intellectuality following the fruitfulness of mother earth and the spiritual courage of youth. Civilisation is the end of an age, irrevocable, yet by inward necessity reached again and again. We can now understand the Romans as the successors of the Greeks. The Romans were decadents who closed a great development. Unspiritual, unphilosophical, devoid of art, clannish to the point of brutality, aiming relentlessly at material success, they stand between Greek Culture and the void. Greek soul—Roman intellect, this is the antithesis, the difference between Culture and Civilisation.

Our transition from Culture to Civilisation began in the 19th century. From thence onwards the great decisions of policy and action more and more come to be made, not democratically as during the Culture period when no hamlet was too small to be ignored, but by small powerful groups in a handful of world-cities which have absorbed history into themselves, leaving the once wide and vital landscape of the Culture period to become entirely provincial, only serving to nurture the cities with its food and with the best of its people. World-city and a provincial countryside, the basic symbols of every civilisation, create the very problems we are living through to-day. In place of a lively inhabited, spacious countryside there is a city, a point, in which the whole life of broad regions collect while the rest dries up. Instead of a people stably planted on the soil there is now a new kind of nomad, existing instably in fluid masses, the parasitic city dweller. This marks a definite movement towards the *inorganic* and the end. England and France have already taken the step and Germany is beginning to do so. After Syracuse, Athens and Alexandria came Rome. After Paris, London and Berlin comes New York. Culture cities like Florence, Nuremberg, Bruges and Prague fight inwardly a losing battle against the World cities. World-city means cosmopolis in place of home, cold matter-of-fact in place of revered tradition, scientific irreligion as the fossil remains of the older religion of the heart, legal rights as against natural human rights. It was the conception of

Money as an inorganic and abstract measure of wealth, entirely disconnected with the notion and rhythms of a fruitful earth, that gave the Romans their real advantage over the Greeks. Henceforth any high ideal of life becomes largely a question of money. The good life, in a civilisation, pre-supposes a private income. In the world-cities lives, not a people, but a mass hostile to the traditions of culture, with a keen, cold intelligence that confounds the simple wisdom of the peasant, and with an air of an entire inevitableness it reverts to quite primitive instincts and emotions in which the 'bread and circuses' of ancient Rome are replaced by doles and professional sport. These things betoken the closing of a culture and the beginning of a civilisation, arid and futureless but inevitable.

From now onwards all conflicts of politics, art and science will be under this domination. The expression form of civilisation-politics is, for the Classical period, oratory, for the Western period, journalism, both enlisted in the service of that abstract power of Civilisation—*money*. It is the money spirit that, unnoticed and unchecked, penetrates and moulds the political and social activities of the common life. The old forms persist, but the great political parties lose their real power and cease to be anything more than merely the reputed centres of decision. The real decisions are made elsewhere, a small number of relatively unknown men settle the main lines of policy and action, while below them the great mass of politicians, officials and journalists keep alive the illusion of democratic government. It is possible to understand the Greeks without knowing anything about their economic relations, but the Romans can only be understood through them. Not until the Romans came, with their practical energy, was slave holding given that big collective character that lowered the value and the personal worthiness of such 'free labour' as continued to exist side by side with gang labour. In the same way it was the people of West Europe and America who developed, out of the steam engine and the electric dynamo, a mighty industrial civilisation which has changed the mode of living for the inhabitants of at least two continents and transformed the whole class of master craftsmen into property-less proletarians. Into this form the destiny of the West is now irrevocably set, and in Cecil Rhodes is seen the type of the master man of the present age whose phrase 'expansion is everything' simply expresses the indwelling tendency of every civilisation that has fully ripened.

This is not a matter of choice, it is not the conscious will of individuals nor peoples that thus decides. Upon those who think to the contrary, upon those who believe that man is free to control his destiny according to his desire, Spengler descends with crushing force. "This expansive tendency is a doom, something daemonic and overpowering that grips and uses up the mankind of the world-city stage." Rhodes may thus be considered as the precursor of the reign of the Western Cæsars, dreaming solely of material expansion, whose day is now at hand. With him ends the idea of 'service to the state,' with him begins the 'will to power.' For Rhodes political success merely meant territorial and financial success. His idea of a Trans-African railway from the Cape to Cairo, his project of a South African Empire, his hold on the hard metal souls of the Rand mining magnates whose wealth he forced into the service of his schemes, his wars, his road systems, his syndicates, all this is but the prelude of a future

that is now upon us, and with which the history of Western mankind will be definitely closed.

Those who will not face the facts of the times, those who refuse to understand that this course is irrevocable, that our choice is between willing this and willing nothing at all, must forego all attempt either to understand history or to make history. The future of the West is not a limitless tending upwards and onwards towards an ideal state, but a single phenomena of history, strictly limited in form and duration, which covers a few centuries at the most, and whose events, in their essential quality, can be calculated from historic precedents.

Decline is not Inevitable

It will be seen from the foregoing that this 'Untergang des Abendlandes' is a portentous, possibly even a fearful, literary event. Its portent does not lie so much in the fact that people think with Spengler—as yet they do not, the popular outlook is much more naïve—but that these fatalistic historical concepts, which in this book are given visible form and substance, have for some time been exercising an increasing, if unconscious influence upon those great political and economic decisions which help to determine the destiny of nations. Extension, not intention, is the note of current activity; size rather than quality is the prevailing craze; repetition rather than creation is the modern style. It is not difficult for any competent observer to perceive in all this the signs of decline, but these destiny-phenomena are, after all merely the external symptoms of a vast process which in our age and taken as a whole, present the *appearance* of decline and fall. But is downfall inevitable? yes it is—if we think as Spengler does. Mankind follows its nose, it always goes in the direction it is looking—if we look down we must go down. Matter eternally decays, life eternally creates. If our consciousness is so entangled in materialism that we can only see the work of the death forces in nature, then we can only be conscious of decline and fall. But if and when we learn how to link our consciousness to the forces of life we become conscious that life is a continuously ascending metamorphosis in which the growing and expanding plant is seen bursting through the shell of the dying seed and rich fruit is perceived to emerge from the heart of the dying flower. All outward forms of culture are first prepared in the depths of the human soul by thinking. 'Whatsoever a man thinketh in his heart that is he,' and since there are forces in man going down to death as well as forces striving up to life, external circumstances take their form from the nature of the forces to which the thought of man adheres.

Oswald Spengler draws a fearful picture, but it is only a picture of the natural consequences that flow from materialistic thought. If we confine the study of human history to the mere examination of external phenomena and apply to these phenomena the thought-methods employed in the study of material science, then we are naturally driven to the same conclusions as Spengler. But this outlook is not the only one, it can be corrected by the development of a mode of thinking that becomes powerful enough to break through the limits of mere sense observation, powerful enough to transcend the limits of mere physical experience, until it rises to the perception that, deep within man, deep

within each one of us, is a well of spiritual power which is able to act creatively at all times and in all circumstances. Spengler describing the rise and fall of the architecture of our Culture cycle, depicts the expression-form of our own particular time as follows, "Then the style fades out . . . and the end is a sunset reflected in past forms recovered for a moment by pedants who play a tedious game with dead forms to keep up the illusion of a living art." This is a good enough description, not only of the trend of architectural activity that is now proceeding, but also of much of the current activity in the field of social and international politics and in the sphere of industry and financial economics. But this is not inevitable, for during the same period in which this external decadence was steadily proceeding, Rudolf Steiner, who has re-discovered the lost art of linking thought, feeling and will to the eternally creative powers of the spirit, was employing these powers, not only to the task of evolving the forms of the first and the second Goetheanum, thereby giving a new impulse to the architecture of the future, but to the even more important task of pouring a steady stream of living ideas and strength into education, medicine, economics, and into other arts and science as well.

In his lectures and books, but more particularly by his life and work, Rudolf Steiner has shown the way whereby the men and women of this age, decadent though it appears, can personally develop this power of living, creative thought. As the number of those who seek to develop and employ this living thought increases, the impulses of ascent will consciously and increasingly arise in opposition to the forces of decline. So long as we are only able to employ the dead material thoughts that are deduced from the sense observation of physical nature to the problem of the world, the world is bound to decline, but decline ceases to be inevitable as soon as we begin to develop the power continuously to transform the world out of the ever-renewing powers of the spirit.



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Mystics of To-day

by Alan W. Watts

CRANMER-BYNG: THE APOSTLE OF PERSONALITY

MANY OF THE MOST INTERESTING mystics of our time are those who do not set up schools and surround themselves with cliques of disciples. Even more interesting are those who do not so absorb themselves in their mysticism that they become, of all the useless creatures, mystical specialists. We have heard much of the evils of those who keep their religion separate from their ordinary life; it is perhaps time we heard something about the evils of those who carry this separation to such lengths that they have no ordinary life at all. For in so doing they make religion the one thing it was never meant to be—an end in itself. Presumably this failing is born of the old error that the things of the spirit are in some way higher than and preferable to the things of the earth. This, however, is a form of materialism, being an abortive attempt to understand the spiritual world by the analogy of the material world, which is to say, imagining that there is such a thing or state as the spiritual world which can be known and entered apart from the material world. It is a “philosophised” version of the old dualism of earth and heaven, of the natural realm of men and things and the supernatural world of gods and angels, considered as two distinct localities or planes of being. To primitive minds they are localities and to more advanced minds states of existence, and it is thought that the destiny of man is to pass from one to the other, freeing his soul from the dross of matter with the winnowing fan of religion. Of such loose thinking there is always one sure test, which is to enquire of the believer the nature of the spiritual state to which he aspires. The answers will be diverse in all respects but one, namely that they will be very dull. I do not mean that they will be uninterestingly expressed; most of them will be highly ingenious, and many will be flights of poetic fancy which will entirely deceive the uncritical mind. But all of them will come under one or more of the following headings:

- (a) The desire to abolish the material world as we know it;
- (b) The desire to attain a state of unity wherein all differences cease to exist;
- (c) The desire to abolish the pairs of opposites and attain a state wherein death, pain, darkness and travail vanish utterly away.

Nowadays few have any particular longing for the traditional tinsel heaven of misunderstood Christianity, where people live for ever and ever, singing the praises of God and walking about with harps on streets of gold. Most of us will admit that after a few months of this we should be frankly bored. The popular

Mohammedan heaven of houris and good things to eat is perhaps more attractive, but even this would shortly become too much of a good thing. But rather than face an eternity of this, most of us would prefer to go to another place.

But the tinsel heaven is going, and in its place comes a conception of supposedly Eastern origin, to wit a state in which the individual is so merged into “the Divine” or absorbed in the contemplation thereof that to all intents and purposes he ceases to exist. This Divine is never very attractively portrayed, for in all descriptions of it one thing is common: that it is not spiced, as is life, with variety. It is certainly infinite, immortal, unconditioned and so forth, but by themselves none of these terms have any meaning. Someone has wisely said that there is nothing infinite apart from finite things, and Chesterton expressed the same truth when he said that God was the synthesis of infinity and boundary. Yet even supposing that these things could exist by themselves and did actually constitute a something to be known as pure, unadulterated Spirit, we must admit after a little thought that they would be abysmally dull. No doubt when we had reached the state of being one with them we should have left behind that finite mind which alone can feel dullness. But it is only this mind which can feel interested, and if we are to give up being bored on the one hand or amused on the other, the resulting condition is hardly distinguishable from pure oblivion. But with such an ideal it is not surprising that many of our mystics become mystical specialists, and in this they are at least consistent. They wish to pass beyond ordinary life and enter into the purely spiritual. Religion for them becomes an end in itself, something to which ordinary life must be subordinated rather than something whereby ordinary life may be transformed. There are, however, others who hold the view that ordinary life is our main business and religion a spice to give it zest. They ask for no greater miracles than trees, clouds, plants and men, and no more lofty occupations than the employment of the many astonishing faculties which Nature has given us. Being true mystics, they want to be like God, or in harmony with God. God we assume to be a sensible person; as such He did not waste His time in contemplating vast eternities of unruffled Divine Essence. He created a universe, a surprising, diverse, miraculous and fascinating multitude of things—and why? Because He is an artist, a creator, who *abhors a vacuum*. In the same way, every child feels the urge to throw a stone into a smooth pond, to create interesting waves and splashes on the intolerable smoothness. This, I believe, is the real meaning of “divine discontent.”

It is therefore something of a treat to find in an age when mystics seek pure unity and politicians pure uniformity, a mystic

who is an artist in the sense I have described. His name will be familiar to many as the founding editor of *The Wisdom of the East Series*—a collection of more than fifty popular books on Eastern mysticism whose aim is “to unite the old world of Thought with the new world of Action.” He has not pushed himself much before the public eye. Early in life he deserted the literary and philosophical cliques of his time, dissatisfied with their isolation from ordinary life and their tendency to revolve in a world of pure ideas of no great consequence to any but themselves. He decided instead to live in the country, to interest himself in local government, considering that no mystic is of any value unless he is at the same time a proper citizen, doing his share in the world’s work. And now, in the ripeness of age, he has written a book which everyone should read and keep by his bedside.* It is not an easy book. It is written and printed so beautifully that at times the delights of the form obscure the sense of the substance, but from every point of view it repays many readings. It does not matter much where you open it, for it is one of those pleasant, rambling books which in the old days were called “Meditations.” It is an autobiography of the author’s mind, and contains a message which bears endless repetition.

In a time when the world is slowly being forced to choose between one or another form of totalitarianism, which is the creed of the ant-hill and the hive, it is good to hear Mr. Cranmer-Byng extol the ideal of Personality. For this is an ideal quite foreign to the mysticism of absolute unity, on the one hand, and the politics of uniformity on the other. The one uses religion to destroy and supersede the workaday world of nature and man, to deny the very creation which God has troubled to make; the other employs politics to sink human personality into the social mass, wherein man becomes as dead and dull as his own machines. Mr. Cranmer-Byng shows that these doctrines must fail because they do not recognise that man is essentially an artist, and that the artist is nothing if he is not a *person*. This does not mean that man fulfils his being only by becoming what a specialised world calls an artist, that is to say, a painter, a musician or a poet. On the contrary, ordinary life is itself the supreme art.

When every act (he writes) is charged with significance, when the everyday routine is changed into ritual, when the commonplace becomes the miraculous, when joy comes to us through the adventure of creation . . . then personality is recognised for what it has become, a light that moves forward, a radiation from the soul of man on the pathway of his destiny.

True, personality is only the creative instrument and not the creator himself, but its importance lies in being the bridge between God and the individual. By himself, the individual sinks to the undifferentiated mass, and by Himself God becomes a formless infinitude. But Mr. Cranmer-Byng shows that when the two are joined by personality they are given a meaning, for the individual ceases to be a mere empty mask, becoming instead a being through whom sounds the voice of God, for what is personality but a compound of *per* and *sonare*, to sound through? By itself a flame will not burn; by itself a lamp is an empty thing, but put them together and something lives. In the same way, air by itself scatters aimlessly, and a trumpet by itself is just a

piece of brass; yet combine them, and we have personality—a sounding through. Therefore all talk of the “Brotherhood of Man” and the sanctity of the Social Mass is empty jargon, “for brotherhood is not in flesh or blood or type, things that distinguish the closely related from the distant kin, but in the sacred bond that unites us with equal nearness to the Maker of divine image limited in form.” For without that relation of the unity of God to the diversity of individuals we have abstraction on the one hand and empty masks on the other. But “the achievement of personality is the end of masquerade.”

Is there, then, any hope for a world where the forces of uniformity threaten to eclipse that variety which is the spice of life? One of the finest things in Mr. Cranmer-Byng’s book is his faith in the power of Nature to assert herself above human stupidity, to make us realise that we are her children in spite of ourselves.

And lastly (he writes) there is the old *Genius Loci*, slowly obliterated and submerged by the creeping tide of civilisation, the valley spirit, the mountain spirit, the spirits of the cornlands, pastures, woods and streams, the Home spirit of man in daily contact with his Mother Nature. Yet though we bury her she is not dead, but sleeping; her seeds are hoarded in each barren wilderness of bricks and mortar, and her dreams of paradise regained, hidden in the hearts of her children, are waiting to break through that the cycle of the four seasons may be restored.



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Reincarnation

No V. A HISTORICAL EXAMPLE
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

IN OUR TIME WE CAN POINT TO an example of a human life which arouses many questions. I mean, Lawrence of Arabia. His is a clear case of a life devoted to the accomplishment of a mission. Fate impelled him.

Lawrence was never "at home" in the ordinary circumstances into which his birth placed him. He was born at Portmadoc in the county of Carnarvon. Even in the first eight years of his life his family moved from place to place—Scotland, the Isle of Man, Brittany, the Channel Islands etc., finally settling in Oxford, where he was educated. Of his school-days he says: "School was an irrelevant and time-wasting nuisance, which I hated and contemned."

In his earliest years he showed the greatest interest in archæological matters—Roman pottery, excavations of all kinds, medieval art, armour, and military history.

But his greatest interest of all was in the study of medieval castles and fortifications. The excellent biography by Liddell Hart (of which I shall now make considerable use) has a good description of this: "While still at school, he spent his holidays in tours through France, where he pursued cathedrals and castles with impartiality and equal zest, while travelling as light in luggage as in pocket. During one of these tours, when sixteen, he had his first dose of malaria, probably contracted sleeping out in the marshy delta of the Rhone while studying the fortifications of Aiguls Mortes. Within the span of a few years he saw every 12th century castle in France, England, and Wales, and became an expert in roof-climbing through his practice of going up towers and roofs in order to get new angles of photography for architectural purposes."

All this is most significant. He became fascinated by the Crusades. But his fascination had a peculiarly personal character. He was attracted especially by the opponents of the Crusaders; or, as he himself says: "by those Crusaders who settled in Syria and learnt civilised ways, only to be cried out against by rougher new arrivals."

While still at school he was urged to try for a mathematical scholarship, but these other interests decided him to go in for history. In the University life too, he was not "at home." "He refused," says his biographer, "to take part in the ordinary College life. . . . And paid little attention to the prescribed books, and perfunctory attendance at the prescribed lectures."

For his thesis he chose "The influence of the Crusades on the Medieval Architecture of Europe."

It was at this point that his destiny took hold of him. He decided to spend the long vacation in visiting the castles of the Crusaders in Syria. He was determined to make his journeys on foot through the desert, and in the hottest season, and alone. Lord Curzon obtained an open letter for him from the Turkish

by Eugen Kolisko, M.D. (Vienna)

government to guarantee him every assistance. "This was a piquant passport for a tramp to carry!" says Lawrence.

During the following years, just before the great war, he was travelling over all the country which he later covered in his famous campaign—Palestine, Syria, Transjordan, the greater part of Arabia, from the Euphrates in the north to Egypt in the south. Throughout, he mingled with the Arabs as one of themselves. He studied on the spot all the castles and routes of the Crusaders, and also made very interesting discoveries of the hitherto unknown culture of the Hittites. "In five years," says Liddell Hart, "he came to know Syria like a book, much of north Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt and Greece. He was always going up and down, 'wherever going was cheap.'"

It was by this method that he became "a really naturalised Arab, instead of a merely European visitor to the Arab lands." "And this was eased by his tramp habits and outlook. From a 'street Arab' to a 'white Arab' was not a difficult transition."

During the first years of the war his archæological missions became also political ones. He had to explore the whole situation of the Arabs under the Turkish rule, and what were the chances of an Arabian revolt. This again prepared him for his coming tasks. But through it all his interest for the Crusades never waned. He made a special study of the strategy of Saladin, the great Sultan of Egypt and Syria who in the 12th century was the Moslem hero of the third Crusade. Lawrence says: "My problem and Saladin's were not far apart."

The place where Lawrence's campaign began was Aqaba. Here, through the connections that he had made, he gathered together an Arabian "army" and captured this strategically important point—situated on the northern end of the Gulf of Aqaba which points like a finger from the Red Sea towards the desert and Jerusalem.

Liddell Hart says: "Near Aqaba, on a little island about a quarter of a mile from the shore, there was a ruined castle which had played its part in crusading history, alternately in Moslem and Christian hands. Lawrence was eager to examine it for constructions by Renaud of Chatillon or Saladin." It was through his conquest of Aqaba that Lawrence, an unknown man, obtained the confidence of Allenby, who had just arrived there from France, in 1917, to take over the command of the British forces. The meeting of these two persons is a meeting of destiny. No other two people but these could have been fitted for the task that lay before them.

When destiny is ripe, few words are needed.

Lawrence describes it: "he (Allenby) was hardly prepared for anything so odd as myself—a little bare-footed, silk-skirted man offering to hobble the enemy by his preaching, if given stores and arms and a fund of 200,000 sovereigns to convince and control his converts." "Allenby could not make out how much



Colonel T. E. Lawrence

was genuine and how much charlatan. The problem was working behind his eyes, and I left him unhelped to solve it." . . . At the end, Allenby briefly said: "Well, I will do for you what I can."

It was only gradually that Lawrence discovered how much was contained in these few words.

He obtained all the money he required and immediately set himself to his task.

From now on the British forces under Allenby and the Arabs under Lawrence the "unknown," worked together. The one in the fertile lands on the coast, the other as the hero of the desert. Everyone knows now how the whole plan made by Lawrence was to scatter, and therefore weaken, the Turkish-German forces, through his uninterrupted guerrilla attacks, leaving Allenby's army free to advance with speed. Allenby was nick-named the "Bull" for his fiery thrusts—especially with cavalry, a thing not possible for him in France. It was a return to an older warfare. In a few steps, Jerusalem, and later Damascus, were taken.

Since Mahomed, no one else had been able to unite the Arab tribes, always at war with one another. Then, the impulse to unity was a religious one. With Lawrence, it was brought about by his personal contacts. He was the friend of all the princes, no less than of every simple soldier. This is, without exaggeration, the most remarkable happening in history.

I believe in the existence of Folk-Souls; that is, in a real Spiritual Being who rules a people. Lawrence, there is no doubt, had a personal link with the Folk-Soul of the Arabs. In the dedicatory poem of the *Seven Pillars* he says:

"I loved you, so I drew these tides of men into my hands
and wrote my will across the sky in stars
To earn you Freedom." . . .

This also is why the promise that *he* made to the Arabs, to build them an Empire from Medina to Bagdad, had such miraculous results.

Today, we are not surprised at very much. We take things more or less for granted. But how was it that Lawrence could do what he did? How was it possible for him to develop the marvellous faculty that he had for dealing with the Arabs—for becoming one of them? His biographer says "he had it in his blood." But what does that mean? It is not accounted for by heredity. His parents show not the slightest trace of the faculties which appear as though "from nowhere" in Lawrence. Moreover, he is like a "stranger" in his own family.

And now we are coming to the point.

Why was he so interested just in the Crusades? and in their castles? and mainly in the Crusades of the 12th century?

Lawrence really lived a double life. Part of him was always dreaming—but of what? You find this characteristic on every page of the *Seven Pillars*. He lived with the plans of the Crusaders and their opponents as with something that is real. And through these dreams, he created Arabia.

We said, in our previous article, that great geniuses have knowledge which is not *acquired*, but which points to a pre-natal existence. But if this knowledge is so practical that it consists of such concrete things as castles and wars of the 12th century, and intimate knowledge of another race—which has nothing to do with heredity—whence can such knowledge be obtained? From Heaven?—no; but on the Earth. And so this compels me to

make my meaning clear: Lawrence must have lived in the 12th century, and must have played some important part in the Crusades.

What lived in him as a continual dream, was his memory of this earlier incarnation. We only need to take Liddell Hart's biography seriously—to take it really as it is—in order to find the key to the riddle of Lawrence's life.

But this self, which is remembering,—and which also made it possible for him to rewrite his book after the manuscript and all the notes were lost and destroyed—is entirely separated from his ordinary personality. Therefore he had a certain contempt for himself. He says: "indeed I did not like the 'myself' I could see and hear." But he was very fond of the *other* 'myself' which was dreaming the new Arabia on the foundation of the events of the 12th century.

A very great change seems to have taken place in him in his thirtieth year. On this birthday he wrote the incomparable study *Myself*, which has been so great a riddle for everyone. He is in the desert, and says: "Accordingly I spent hours apart by myself, taking stock of where I stood, mentally, on this my thirtieth birthday. It came to me queerly how, four years ago, I had meant to be a general, and knighted, when thirty. Such temporal dignities (if I survived the next four weeks), were now in my grasp only that my sense of the falsity of the Arab position had cured me of my crude ambition, while it left me my craving for good repute among men. This craving made me profoundly suspect my truthfulness to myself."

And then he proceeds to that acute self-analysis which is really an occult conversation between his two selves. His memory, since this day—as we are told by Liddell Hart—increased its capacity. And Lawrence, curiously, from this time on, points to his lack of creative ability. This appears incredible—for we have so much evidence of his creative power in the *Seven Pillars*. But this wonderful book is really a "double" history:—of his past incarnation, served by the experiences of his present one. It would be a very interesting task to show how this psychological peculiarity is present throughout the whole of his book, and culminating in the failure of his promises. Then, he had to forsake that other self, and throw himself with almost violent intensity, into his present body. His service in the Air-force was a symbol for this abandoning of himself to this *collective* "body," and becoming its servant.

This should be interpreted as an occult phenomenon. The dreams of his higher self were connected with the spirit of Freedom of his Arabian love. Liddell Hart says very truly: "He was the Spirit of Freedom, but his spirit was incarnate in a complex physical organism. His mind was abnormally free from the conventions of the society into which he was born: it could not get free from the abnormal tensions of the body with which he was born."

If it is true that the single individual T. E. Lawrence lived in the 12th century, then it is a logical conclusion that a whole group of people, who were connected with one another, must also have lived at that time. Can we find any correspondence between our present history and that of the 12th century so far as these countries are concerned?

The most striking fact is that Jerusalem and the Holy Land were conquered by the Moslems at the end of the 12th century, and they remained under the rule of the "Infidels." The Turkish Empire can be considered as the direct continuation of this

rule, and it was only in 1917 that, through Lawrence and the British army, Jerusalem came under "Christian" influence. It is this aspect of it that gives to this campaign such infinite historical importance.

Let us review briefly the events of the 12th century in Palestine.

Since the beginning of the 11th century the Crusaders had conquered the Holy Land, and Kings of Franconian origin were reigning at Jerusalem, assisted by the Orders of Knighthood, the Templars, and Knights of St. John. But this whole kingdom had fallen into decadence. Then in 1171 Salah-ed-din Yussuf Ibn Ayub (Saladin) became sovereign of Egypt, Syria, and later of Mesopotamia and Asia Minor. He is the great figure of the Moslem world at this time.

One of the Crusaders who was the lord of the castle at Aqaba and a wild robber,—Reginald de Chatillon—made continual plundering raids into all the district, even as far as the neighbourhood of Mecca, thus ignoring the truce which had been established between the Christians and the Moslems and kept holy by Saladin. As the decrepit King of Jerusalem was unable to control him, Saladin declared the Holy War; and in the famous battle of Hattin on the lake of Gennesareth, on the 4th of July 1187, the host of the King of Jerusalem was destroyed, the relic of the Holy Cross was captured, and soon afterwards Jerusalem had fallen.

This was the end of the Kingdom of the Crusaders. Saladin ruled with great wisdom and tolerance. But the news of the fall of Jerusalem roused the Christian world, and the third Crusade was the result of it. German, French, and English Crusaders streamed to the Holy Land under their respective rulers. With the English, went Richard Cœur-de-Lion. All the various battles, sieges, and marches bear the most remarkable resemblance to what happened during the world-war in these countries. Also at that time, the Arabian world seemed once again to be united together.

Most romantic are the stories that have come down to us!—King Richard, who on the Christian side was famous as the greatest opponent of Saladin, nevertheless reached a friendly understanding with him. He knighted, for instance, the son of Saladin's brother and had great hopes that the youth might become a Christian and marry his sister Joan. Richard was regarded by the Christians as half a Moslem at heart, just as Saladin could be said to have had Christian leanings. It was a remarkable mingling of two great opposing forces that really took place.

The analogy between the world-war in Palestine and the 12th century has been remarked by several people. Liddell Hart, in explaining why the French aspirations nearly entirely destroyed Lawrence's Arabian empire, says:

"The French were guided by a logical policy emanating from Paris and with its roots in a retentive memory. Their claim to Syria went far back into the Middle Ages, being founded on the Latin Kingdoms which the crusading wave had left like flotsam on the Levantine coast." And again: "When Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, discoursed on the Crusading pedigree of France's claim to Syria, Feisal pricked his eloquence with the quiet retort: 'Pardon me, Mons. Pichon, but which of us won the Crusades?'"

Another similarity, to take one example from many, as a modern historian says: "The only way that Saladin could get

any news of the city was by means of carrier pigeons. How strange that the same means of communication was used in 1191 as in the Great War of 1914-18, more than seven centuries later!"

Also during the world-war, the "Holy War" was again declared, this time by the Turks, and German, French, English, and Arabian troops were fighting again—only in a somewhat different "distribution"! These are details, selected at random, to show that "history repeats itself"—but this is a mere phrase and the true meaning behind it is that it is the reappearance of the *same groups of human beings*.

Lawrence of Arabia only becomes understandable when we see his greatness standing out against this historical background. This was realised by his biographer Liddell Hart, who in studying the Arab revolt came to realise more and more: "I found him growing more distinct as the background faded until the Arab Revolt became an emanation of him."

The whole event was in reality another Crusade. England cannot but be regarded as the representative of Christianity. Lawrence showed the way how Jerusalem could be regained by a real union between Christian Britain and the Arabian world. This was in the true spirit of our time.

But all the old influences prevailed, and the promises given by Lawrence,—which must be valued *at a higher level* than was understood,—could not be fulfilled. France represented the *old* spirit of the Crusades, and the introduction of the Jews into this complex can hardly be considered as a modern circumstance. In effect, this belongs to an even older epoch when Palestine was indeed the "Promised Land."

At the present time the idea of re-incarnation is re-appearing; but mankind only dreams of it. Have we the courage really to awake to its reality? The example of Lawrence of Arabia could open our eyes.

THOUGHTS ON THE ORIGINS OF THE ARTS

(continued from page 307)

public's interest is associated very largely with ancient Egypt. Our age therefore, in musical parlance could perhaps rightly be considered as a sort of recapitulation of the Egypto-Chaldean culture, symbolised in current musical composition by the frequent use of the theoretically forbidden interval of the fourth used consecutively. The modern use of the second points clearly to the future, or in musical terminology to the introduction of a new "subject" and which, with the past to guide us, we may take to mean a further initiation or added consciousness. The interval of the second is most certainly connected with the etheric.

The Greeks were scientists. In music their claims on our gratitude are confined almost to mathematics. They did not do quite so much for music as the scholars claim for them. The origins of the greatest of all the arts are far back even beyond the early Egyptians and Chaldeans, and we may be sure that whenever man was rendered speechless by wonder or numb by worship, he knew the power of music to charm an unwilling spirit back to its fleshy confines, and tame a phantom wanderer to earthly service in pity and kindness and love.

New Light on the Apocalypse

PART VI. THE SEVEN TRUMPETS

by E. W. Marshall Harvey

THE SOUNDING OF THE SEVEN TRUMPETS by the seven angels is an act which takes place upon the opening of the seventh seal. Prior to these events however, that is, in the interval between the opening of the sixth and the seventh seals are events of great mystical importance, the principal of these being the sealing of the twelve tribes.

In order to come to some understanding of this mystery we must gain some idea of what it is that necessitates a 'sealing-up.' Hitherto we have been concerned almost entirely with the consequences of 'un-sealing.'

A very simple analogy will help us to make this distinction clear. When a substance such as a foodstuff is prepared which is particularly subject to contamination by the micro-organisms prevalent in the atmosphere, and it is desired to keep such foodstuff wholesome for a considerable time, it may for such purpose be placed in a special container which is described as being 'hermetically sealed.' Fruit is similarly protected by its skin, and for the protection of our own bodies (our blood in particular) have we not been given 'coats of skin'? The tiniest puncture of our skin may, as we know, afford the inlet to a virulent germ that may bring death to the physical body, and this through a vehicle, so minute that it can be perceived only by the aid of a powerful microscope. Actually, however the term 'coats of skin' applies not only to our skin but to our physical bodies as a whole, which in a state of health should protect us against forces no less hurtful because invisible.

With the fall of man into matter were two essential consequences, both essential because were it not for them man could not continue his existence upon this, our material plane. Both consequences are in fact allied and indeed but dual effects of a single cause. They may be termed (1) a sealing-up and (2) a loss of memory. Considered thus, both are in fact great blessings to humanity in its present stage of evolution. If this unsealing be prematurely effected obsession with consequent contamination and dethronement of reason are the result. So is it with regard to the recovery, even partially, of memory by one not adequately prepared to withstand the shock thereby entailed. It is well for man, in his present state that there has fallen upon him a deep sleep; it is well that he had mercifully been sealed with 'a coat of skin.' The mystical act then, of sealing the Initiate, or of sealing the twelve tribes, is one whereby essential protection is conferred on one who like the butterfly leaving the chrysalis has broken its primary protective covering.

Before a single trumpet can be sounded, this protection must have been obtained, or the dire consequences of the vibration set up must be endured. This protection, of course, is conferred by mystical sealing.

Again, we have to regard the sealing as an act applicable in two ways, that is to the Initiate and to those of humanity who

ultimately attain to that exalted position by way of evolution. In the Initiate the sealing may fitly be regarded as a twelve-fold process, protection being afforded in each of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, for as in our modern jury system a man is tried by twelve jurors and one judge, so, in a mystical sense he must be tried in each of the twelve signs.

The term 'the twelve tribes' is one which like almost all others in this work has an esoteric meaning. The very word 'Jew' in this Book signifies 'Initiate.' Those who become members of one of the twelve tribes are those who attain whether by way of initiation or of evolution to a certain high degree of spiritual unfoldment and illumination. Thus whether we attain by means of the way of evolution or what may be termed the advance way of initiation the difference is one rather of approach than of result.

Considerable theological controversy has centred around the omission from the list of twelve tribes of the tribe of Dan. The omission can only imply that this name has been blotted out of the Book and the substitution of the tribe of Levi portends that they have taken their crown.

The mystery of the blotting out of the name of Dan is a very intriguing one, but there are other passages in the Scriptures which seem to throw a direct light upon it. Thus, in view of what has previously been deduced from the dread symbol of the Four Horses we may observe in Jeremiah Chap. viii verse 16 'The snorting of his horses is heard from Dan: at the sound of the neighing of his strong ones the whole land trembleth.' Again in the first Book of Kings, Chapter 12, we may read how especial mention is made of the people of Dan as having been given to what is termed idolatry and worshipping one of the two golden calves of gold set up by Jeroboam and making priests other than from the priestly tribe of Levi. Let those who would profane the sacred mysteries heed the warning and beware. Man's eyes are still dazzled by the glitter of gold, and too often he is ready to debase his finer instincts if only thereby he can satisfy his greed. But through a long succession of lives these persons may gradually come to see the folly of their continual quest after the things that must perish. What then of those who would prostitute the sacred sciences to pander to their greed for gold and use their higher powers for personal aggrandisement? It is against such that the warning is particularly directed.

It may be a comfortable doctrine that all is good and therefore that in due time all will be saved, but it has nothing to support it in occult lore, and certainly not in our own Scriptures.

Of each of the twelve tribes twelve thousand is the number of those who are sealed, making a hundred and forty-four thousand. No one however will take this number as being in any way a definite figure. Twelve is the perfect number and also a number of completion and the total number is of course twelve squared.

On the opening of the seventh seal we are told there followed a silence in heaven about the space of half an hour, and this again is a period such as seemed to elapse in the vision which John beheld. The seven angels, which we know to be the planetary regents are then given the seven trumpets and the earth is thus to be exposed to the intensified vibration consequent upon the sounding. Even so, before a single trumpet is sounded there is a momentous happening, again symbolically depicted for us. An eighth angel comes and stands over the altar having a golden censer. To him is given much incense that he should add it unto the prayers of all the saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne.

This subject of incense is one which, being mentioned in Holy Writ, we should make no apology for considering. The smoke of the incense, with the prayers of the saints goes up before God. The power of certain aromas to reach deep centres of the brain is too well known to need mention, for we know chloroform, for instance can so affect us as to bring about insensibility. Occultists have carefully studied the properties and effects of perfumes which are many. The incense here is put to its highest use, namely to serve as a vehicle for the prayers of the saints. Again to quote from the Psalms 'prayers may be set forth in the sight of God as incense.'

The angel takes the censer and fills it with the fire of the altar. Fire has the peculiar property of freeing the elements in the things consumed and the Fire here referred to is what we may term the Divine Fire, the Spiritual Essence in the core of the flame and of which our fire which we see and of which we feel the heat is but a certain lower form of manifestation. Actually, according to the seventeenth century mystic Robert Fludd, true fire may be divided into three parts: the visible fire which is the source of physical light and heat; secondly, an invisible or astral fire which enlightens and warms the soul; and last a spiritual or divine fire which in the universe is expressed by the words "Our God is a consuming fire" and in man is Spirit. The angel casts the censer upon the earth, and as may be expected from the impact of spiritual agencies of such great potency there followed thunders, voices, lightnings and an earthquake.

Let us now tabulate shortly the effects of the sounding of the trumpets as described—

1st Trumpet	Hail, fire, and blood. The third of the earth, trees and grass was burnt up.
2nd Trumpet	As it were a mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea. A third part of the sea became blood and a third of all therein and the ships thereon destroyed.
3rd Trumpet	The star Wormwood fell from heaven burning as a torch and a third of all the fresh water made bitter.
4th Trumpet	A third part of the sun moon and stars smitten and the day and night lessened by one third.

An eagle flying in mid heaven proclaims the further woes to come.

5th Trumpet	A star falls which symbolises the descent of a mighty spirit who has the key of the pit of the abyss. The pit is opened, and from it emanate those evil creatures which are given power to torment those who have not been sealed.
6th Trumpet	The four angels bound at the great river Euphrates are released to kill a third part of mankind.

At this point and before the sounding of the Seventh Trumpet we have another drama portrayed and it is described as being enacted by another strong angel coming down out of heaven, arrayed with a cloud; and the rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as the sun and his feet as pillars of fire. (Rev. Chap. 10 verse 1).

So it is that ever amongst the portrayals of dire events and terrible happenings there comes the vision of the Mighty Sun Spirit, The Christ, and ever in his hands are the prizes of victory, peace, glory and the completion of the mystery. Extraordinarily beautiful is the imagery with which His appearance and mighty work is described. Each time he comes upon the stage whereon this stupendous drama is being played it is as though a new portal is opened in a glorious temple through which we are permitted to see from a fresh angle the splendour of His Presence.

Emphasis again is placed upon the fact that He standeth upon the sea and upon the earth, a clear indication that He functions not only in the physical world but also in that great "mare" or "sea" from which all physical creation emerges. Again, the little book which formerly none was found worthy to open or look thereon is now in his hand open. A voice from heaven bids John take it from the Angel, who bids him: "Take it, and eat it up; and it shall make thy belly bitter, but in thy mouth it shall be sweet as honey."

Thus, the Divine Mysteries, when man accepts them, are to his Higher faculties sweet as honey, but to his Lower they are bitter.

The sounding of the seventh Trumpet makes the conclusion of the Great Mystery. Thus we have it intimated:

'And the angel which I saw standing upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his right hand to heaven

'And swore by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven and the things that are therein, and the earth and the things that are therein, that there shall be time no longer:

'But in the days of the voice of the seventh angel when he is about to sound, then is finished the mystery of God according to the good things which he declared to his servants the prophets.'

Revelation Chap. 10 verses 5-7.

The statement 'there shall be time no longer' clearly refers to the end of this Epoch of human evolution, for man, when he merges himself truly in Spirit transcends both Time and Space. Accompanying the sounding of the trumpets were also angelic utterances described as thunders, but these utterances John is directed not to record.

Significant too is the fact that on the sounding of the Trumpets it is a third part of the various objects of creation that is destroyed; it is not a complete destruction which later we find

accompanying the outpouring of the Seven Vials. In the various books of the Prophets we find the judgments on Israel are limited, and, as already pointed out all who are treading their way up the spiral path now may come within the designation "Israelite." In Jeremiah Chapter 30 verse 11 we find a typical reference to this partial scourging: "For I am with thee, saith the Lord to save thee: for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have scattered thee; but I will correct thee with judgment, and will in no wise leave thee unpunished."

Again in Isaiah Chapter 19 verse 24: "In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and Assyria, a blessing in the midst of the earth." This should also be read with the words of Zechariah in Chapter 13 verses 8 and 9: 'Two parts shall be cut off and die but the third part shall be left. And I will bring the third part through the fire and will refine them as silver is refined and will try them as gold is tried.' Those who are students of Alchemy will note well this reference.

We are not to think of salvation as being a thing assured or to be the inevitable consequence of subscribing with our lips to a certain form of doctrine. There are some who voluntarily will come out of the state of bondage and following the way of Initiation pass through the Fire, refining themselves as Silver and being tried as is Gold. They will be laughed at by those yet in the land they leave; they become Divine Fools. There are also those who suffering the fires and the plagues and the chastenings which fall upon those who remain in the land are purged thereby and liberated. And there are those who fail to come within either category.

Such is the clear message. We may not like to look at a thing squarely, but that is no reason why we should not so look

at it. And if we grant that the Book of Revelation has any message at all for humanity, it is at least essential that we should consider it in its entirety and not pick out merely what pleases and gratifies. Indeed if we would seek freedom through a knowledge of Truth it is more important that we should consider carefully the meaning of those passages which displease.

We do not escape from the bondage of the spirit by running after what may be termed phenomena mongers, nor by learning to read fortunes nor yet by clamouring after magical powers, nor yet by relying upon anybody but ourselves. A way has been opened up for us by the great sacrifice made by the One worthy to take the little book and open its seals. But the taking of that way is a matter of treading it, not merely of wishing to be transported to the end without the treading, or of achieving without labouring or attaining merely by affirming.

That we may be divinely aided in our genuine and sincere effort is however another matter. "Stretch forth thy hand" said the Master and when the man exerted the effort himself and stretched he was healed and the bonds that held his hand paralysed fell away.

The Master stands waiting eager for the opportunity to help every one who will make the effort to liberate himself in that day and hour when man himself makes such aid possible.

This we make possible not by ignorance but by knowledge; not by blindness but by clarifying our vision and ridding our minds of all the perverted notions which clutter the approaches to the Divine Wisdom; not by standing still and waiting for the stabs of what seems remorseless fate to impel us onwards, but by ourselves deliberately and of our own free will setting our feet actually upon the Way.

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Thoughts on the Origins of the Arts

VI. MUSIC

by the Editor

GENERALLY SPEAKING, THE MUSIC student while vaguely aware that the origins of music lie somewhere behind the era of Greek civilisation, is yet inclined, equally vaguely, to assume for it an evolution having its roots in diabolical thumpings on stretched skins, and fierce shriekings through cane reeds, accompanied by savage contortions executed round the cannibal fire at appropriate seasons of the moon. Such hazy notions, especially when held by the champion of modern music and jazz, are a kind of compensation offered by long-suffering Mother Nature. They enable him to look back with a tiny grain of satisfaction on his emergence from the savage state, blinding him entirely from perceiving the distance which now separates him from the higher and intuitive knowledge which was once his.

The Histories of Music by John Hawkins and Dr. Burney were for long accepted as standard works, and indeed they actually succeeded in filling a want of their age. There is hardly anything original in music contributed by the Greeks. The entire structure upon which the modern technique of composition rests was taken by the Greeks from Egypt, Babylon and Phoenicia. The modern oboe had for parent the wailing pipe that lamented the death of Adonis, but whose plaintive note long years before had echoed on Egypt's warm night air. Diodorus Siculus, a historian who took great pains to find recorded proofs for his many histories, tells us that Plato and Solon both visited Egypt for instruction,—statements for which there is independent evidence,—so we need not question him when he says that Egyptian priests recorded in their books the visits of much earlier Greeks,—Orpheus, Musaeus, and Homer among them,—whose object was to study music and poetry. A similarity which amounts to complete identity is apparent in the instruments used contemporaneously in Egypt, Nineveh and Babylon. Further, Herodotus says that a certain song in general use was common both to Egypt and to Greece. In the former country it was used in the rituals attendant on the worship of Nēth, and in the latter on that of Minerva. The musical accompaniment was in each case the same and played on identically similar instruments—in octaves,—a fact which presupposes a common system of music.

One of the greatest errors made by most writers on music,—occultists included,—is the absolutely unwarrantable assumption that the interval of a third was either unknown or never used before the fourteenth century. Didymus and Ptolemy had both shown how to produce true consonant major and minor thirds. And while on this subject of thirds we may as well point out that a common error invariably made by occultists is a complete misunderstanding of the Pythagorean system. The Pythagorean tone was the same as our major tone, the vibrational value of the difference between a fifth and a fourth. This true tone-value was

arrived at by the system of tuning employed,—by deciding a pitch for the key-note and then tuning alternately by a fourth down and a fifth up. Suppose middle "C" on the modern pianoforte to be the key-note, a fourth down would be "G," and from thence, a fifth up would be "D," thus forming the first major tone. From "D" down to "A" then up to "E" would provide the second full tone. Therefore from "C" to "E" would provide a Pythagorean third or Ditone. The effect on the ears in these days would in all cases be satisfactory,—not because our hearing is an improvement on that of Pythagoras, but because the modern pianoforte is a thoroughly imperfect instrument almost incapable of true pitch, and, because of the exigencies of developed music, deliberately tempered—necessarily so—by the piano-tuner. This fact has given rise to the belief held for many years that the only "harmony" known to the Greeks,—who, as we have already pointed out obtained all their knowledge of music from Egypt,—was that of uninterrupted consecutive fourths, fifths, and octaves. We have it on the authority of Plato :

"On this account, therefore, both the player on the Kithara* and the learner ought to avail themselves of the sounds of the lyre, for the sake of the exactitude of the notes, to play in unison with the voice, note for note. But, as for playing different passages and flourishes upon the lyre, when the notes for the instrument vary from those intended for the voice—or, when close intervals of the Chromatic and Enharmonic scales are opposed to the wider intervals of the Diatonic—also, when there are quick to slow, or high to low notes, thus making various harmony, or running together in octaves. And in like manner, as to adapting the manifold diversities of rhythm to the notes of the lyre, it is unnecessary that all these things should be learned by those who have to acquire a serviceable knowledge of the art and science of music within three years, on account of the speed that is demanded—for opposite principles confusing one another, cause slowness in learning."

It is therefore obvious that much less than three years would be required for attaining proficiency in accompanying the voice in *unison*. That the ears of the ancients were much more sensitive than our own is evidenced by Plutarch who says that it was a common practice among the lyrists, in his day, to alter the tuning of the instrument and to flatten the forefinger strings.†

Practically all the classical authors were versed in music, and nearly all give evidence of knowledge of the third. The

*A portable lyre the lower strings of which were played with the left hand; the upper strings were played with a plectrum held in the right.

† De Musica, cap 39.

practice just referred to was intended doubtless to get rid of the Fourth and the Minor Seventh. Phaenias the Peripatetic, a disciple of Aristotle, is quoted by Athenæus as saying that "Stratoniceus, the Athenian, was the first person reputed to have introduced *full chords* in simple harp-playing (without voice) and that he was the first who took pupils in music, and who composed diagrams of music." The fact of full chords implies harmony, while the harp in question was one of forty strings,—a compass vastly in excess of that of the human voice which would not extend to much more than fifteen.

Another modern misconception is that very rarely were two or more instruments played at the same time. Seneca's account of music at public celebrations in Rome should dispel such an illusion. It will be found in the 84th Epistle :

"Do you not observe of how many persons' voices a chorus consists? and yet but one sound is produced from all. One has a high voice, another low, a third a middle voice; the tones of women are added to those of men; flutes are intermingled. No single voice is distinguishable; it is heard only as a portion of the whole. I am speaking of the chorus with which the ancient philosophers were acquainted; for, in our public celebrations, there are more singers than there are spectators in the theatre. When our array of singers has filled up every passage between the seats in the amphitheatre—when the audience part is girt round by trumpeters, and all kinds of pipes and other instruments have sounded in concert from the stage—out of these differing sounds is harmony produced. Thus would I have it with our minds."*

In the 88th Epistle he again refers to harmony :

"And now to music—you teach how voices high and low make harmony together—how concord may arise from strings of varying sounds. . . ."

It is permissible to enquire how such large choruses as those described by Seneca could be controlled without a knowledge of the art of conducting. *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* can trace conducting no further back than the fifteenth century. On one of the tombs of the fourth dynasty of Egypt there is clearly portrayed pipers taking their time from a conductor, and it is worth observing that because the pipes are of different lengths it is a sheer mathematical impossibility that they could play in unison. Chappell in his "History of Music" refers also to the French Government's publication *Description de l'Égypte*, in which is reproduced a picture of the "Memphis" band consisting of one harp, one side-blown flute, together with two pipes or flutes blown at the end, and *two* conductors beating time. It appears to be certain that in ancient Egypt there was one conductor for what we would now call "wood-wind"; one for strings,—harps and lutes,—and one or more for voices. This kind of thing was frequent and demands a rare rhythmical sense and precision. One has only to remember the case of Berlioz and his *Requiem* with its four conductors to appreciate the high attainments of the Egyptians.

Greece got its music from Egypt, and Rome took hers from Greece. We believe that both musicologists and occultists are wrong in attributing to Greece a greater share of the origins of

* Quoted by Chappell in his "History of Music."

† *Ibid*

modern music than is her due, and in this connection Blavatsky was nearer to the truth, (in fact she had the truth), than any other occultist. Further, the date assigned to the introduction of the interval of the third is vastly earlier than is given out by historians and occultists, a fact which should make us revise the date of its significance in the "unfolding of the ladder of consciousness." The otherwise excellent Pythagoras did not fully practise what he had been taught in Egypt, for it is due to his remissness that the mutilations and misunderstandings which came into music five hundred years after his death have led to our present imperfect scale, a dissatisfaction with which is the real reason for the dissonances of modern music. The dreadful noises with which we are regaled at the so-called "Festivals" (!) of modern music are in reality a protest against inadequate resources for a too-highly developed—even if facile—technique. Our ordinary scale is divided into two tetrachords, which are really two different scales, a fact for which we must blame the Fourth. We have no E \sharp in our scale, which means that when striking the note E-natural the ear quite rightly expects, and gets, satisfaction at the Fourth which is the beginning of a new scale. The solution would be a change of ratio. The minor third (E to G) being as 5 to 6, or 10 to 12 ought to have been separated by a true *harmonic* F which would give the ratio of 10 to 11, and 11 to 12. F is too near to a true E \sharp , which we omit but which is essential to nature's scale in order to make a Fourth and a Fifth to the Harmonic Seventh. We use notes on modern keyed instruments for all kinds of other keys. Incidentally it will not surprise some readers to be reminded that such an important matter as pitch was, at least in this country, entirely at the disposal of big business, and had nothing to do either with the demands of science or of music. The excellent Chappell, who, alone among scientists and musicians of the last century insisted on the re-marriage of Art and Science tells us in his *History*. "If the question of pitch in England had been left to the decision of the Royal Society, instead of the Society of Arts, 512 would undoubtedly have been the standard pitch. In the Society of Arts, 512 was admitted to be the right pitch; but, for the accommodation of manufacturers, who feared that their stock of instruments might have been rendered unsaleable, the pitch of 528, exactly a quarter of a tone too high, was carried by a majority, and thus a temporary divorce between the science and the art of music was pronounced."

Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, considered to be the standard work of its kind, gives no information about the early organ beyond stating what everybody knows, that its origin is remote. So far as can be ascertained empirically, the organ,—a hydraulic instrument,—was invented by Ctesibus, an Alexandrian at least three centuries before the Christian era. It is described by Heron in the *Spiritualia*.*

It is of course still imagined that the Greeks had no keys to

* "THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE HYDRAULIC ORGAN: Let there be a small altar-like pedestal of bronze ($\alpha\beta\gamma\delta$) containing water. In the water let there be a convex hemisphere, called a *prigeus* ($\epsilon\zeta\eta\theta$) retaining a free passage for water underneath it. From and through the top of this *prigeus*, let two tubes be carried above the pedestal; one of them ($\eta\kappa\lambda\mu$) bending downwards outside the pedestal, and communicating with the box of a condensing syringe ($\nu\zeta\sigma\pi$) having its mouth downwards, and its inner surface made smooth and true to fit the piston. . . . A contrivance of this kind being applied to the box under each of the pipes, when we wish some of the pipes to sound, we must press with the fingers the key of each; and when we do not wish them to sound, we withdraw the fingers, and then the pipes from which the slides are drawn away will cease to sound. . . . It is better that the piston-rod should work round a centre pin (where it joins the lever) and this by means of a ring in the bottom of the piston-rod, through which the centre-pin (formed by the end of the lever-rod) must pass, in order that the piston may not be twisted, but rise and fall vertically."—Chappell's *History of Music*. P. 344-9.

their instruments. This superstition arises from our own idiomatic use of the word "key"—*kleis*,—which denotes the key to fasten or unfasten locks. The word is not used by the Greeks in music. In Latin, Vitruvius uses *pinna* for an organ-key, the word *clavis* being reserved for its literal meaning. In any case, Heron removes the key-or-no-key discussion from speculation. Not only were ancient organs fitted with keys, there is plenty of evidence that long before the birth of Christ organs were fitted with at least eight stops, and the reed principle was very well understood.

There is no record of an objective nature which supposes the Greeks to have given names to notes of music. The notes were referred to the titles of the lyre's strings, the note to be designated depending on the pitch of the instrument's key-note. When it is remembered that the Greek note-names referred to the distance of a tone, semitone, etc. from the *string*, a great deal of misconception regarding much Greek music will be removed. The two tetrachords of the Greek scale were named (on the seven-stringed lyre) thus :

Upper	}	d. Nete (shortest string)
Tetrachord		c. Paranete (beside the shortest)
		b. Paramese (next to the middle,) or Tritē (Third)
		a. Mese (Middle)
Lower	}	G. Lichanos. (Forefinger String.)
Tetrachord		F. Parhypate (Beside the longest)
		E. Hypate (Longest String).*

Nete was the shortest,—and in the Greek sense the "lowest" string, but of course in pitch it was necessarily the highest; *Hypate* was therefore the longest or "highest" in the Greek sense, and consequently the lowest in pitch, hence the confusion. These strings were without doubt founded upon the ancient knowledge of the planets. Nicomachus, the Pythagorean says the lowest sound was ascribed to Saturn because of his slow movement, and, being furthest away from us or "higher" than the other planets was named *Hypate*; the moon therefore, being nearest to the earth, was allotted to the shortest (but highest in pitch) string, and was named *Nete*. The middle string, *Mese* was compared to the sun, being the centre of the musical system, just as the orb is the centre of the planetary system. There is no doubt that Pythagoras brought his musical knowledge from Egypt and Babylon. He visited the former country during the reign of Amasis, but Philon Judaeus in his "On the Migration of Abraham" clearly ascribes the idea of the "Harmony of the Spheres" to the Chaldeans. It was based upon the minutest astronomical observations, and therefore followed the octave system of music. Nevertheless, the theory was well enough known in Egypt for Philolaos, a disciple of Pythagoras, (and the first publisher of the master's doctrines) describes in a famous passage the complete proportions of the octave system.

The Greeks did not hesitate to accept the Egyptian idea of the planetary basis of music, and even extended it by associations with their computations of time. They connected the twenty-eight notes of the scales with the days of the moon's rotation; the fifteen notes of the diatonic scale were related to the same number of days of the moon's increase. Obviously, besides the connection of the seven strings of the pyre with the seven planets,

the deities ruling over each were not neglected, whilst the seven days were associated with the seven notes of the octave. It is significant that even to-day the scale is one of seven notes, but which of course bears little resemblance to the scale of the ancients.

It is claimed that Arabia has exercised considerable influence on European music, but we have failed to find any ground for the assumption. All near-Eastern music has its roots in Egypt and there is nothing very much in it that cannot be accurately traced. It is true that Arabian music found ready acceptance in Spain. Spanish music as an idiom supplies no great difficulties. Bizet, a Frenchman and Granville Bantock an Englishman among others have found it a particularly pliable medium for their art. But nowhere else in Europe has it obtained a footing. Of a totally different kind is the music of China. Chinese music is quite incapable of development. It is based upon the pentatonic system. So far as we know the only completely satisfactory explanation of the curious static qualities of Chinese art, (and all other things Chinese for that matter) is found in the lectures on the Apocalypse by Dr. Rudolf Steiner. Other branches of occultism appear to have been uninterested in a problem which has always been the despair of the student of music.

A great deal more could have been said about the objective aspect of the origins of music, but at least we have tried to show that modern opinions especially those that attribute the foundations of music to Greece are erroneous. The whole art as we know it through masterpieces of music had its origin in the mystery schools of Egypt. It was inherent in the Egyptian conception of nature and was taught by her priests to the scholars of Greece who later by their growing accomplishments in objectivity turned what was originally a purely religious act into one of pleasure and amusement. The basis of the octave was the scientific observation of the planets, and it is possible that to the Egyptians and Chaldeans there was no other spiritual significance. But because we are distant from them in time it is permissible for us to see a further, and not necessarily alien association in the development of human consciousness. For music has developed new forms and new characteristics at each important epoch in the unfolding of the human story. Not only is that true of succeeding eras, it is true also as it affects the developments and changes in the individual human body. The Chinese remain forever Atlantean in every respect almost; the Indian does not require the complicated scales of Debussy, or the harmonies of Bartok, for his concern is not with the purely scientific aspect of music. To some extent our "consciousness" of harmonic intervals can be considered the indicator to past ages of man. Whilst the interval of a third may to some extent be considered as representing our own age, there is a great pre-occupation with two other intervals, the fourth and the second. It is not without significance that of late years Egypt has claimed the almost exclusive attention of the archaeologists in the realm of science; that (for what it is worth) it is very much in evidence in spiritualistic circles and in that sphere perhaps symbolised by Dr. Woods' and Mr. Hume's book "Ancient Egypt Speaks"; that politically it is seeking to regain some of its ancient culture and grandeur, and that, finally, what it has to fear is centred in the old city of the conquering Romans. For of course in music, the interval of the fourth is the expression of the Egyptian culture. In occult circles proper it may be permissible to suggest that the unquestioned increase in the general

(continued in page 301)

* The capital letters denote the bass Octave, the small letters the Tenor.

Mohammad as a Mystic

by Raj Narain
(Fellow, University of Lucknow.)

MYSTIC LIFE IS A PROCESS of transformation of mental states, bodily functions, and behaviour. It is usually studied, for the sake of methodological convenience, under the following heads: (1) Conversion, (2) *Etat mystique negatif*, (3) Illumination, (4) Dark night of the soul, and (5) Unitive state. The present study will, therefore, discuss Mohammad's mystic life under these categories.

Pre-conversion State. Conversion is the starting point of mystic life. It has got three phases: pre-conversion state, actual conversion experience, and post-conversion state. The pre-conversion state, according to Starbuck, is characterised by a sense of sin or guilt, a feeling of estrangement from reality and of helplessness. Mohammad could not have felt a sense of sin or guilt; for, apart from the tradition of his being a 'sinless' person, we do not find in the details of his pre-conversion life any experience which could have given rise to such a feeling. From his marriage onwards for about thirteen years, he led a pious life; so much so that he was popularly known as *al Amin* (the Pure). It is true that Mohammad's constant fear of God's judgement upon his fellow-men presumes a sense of sin and guilt in him, but this feeling cannot be equated with Starbuck's sense of sin or guilt; for the latter arises from an individual's past deeds and failings.

Feelings of helplessness and estrangement from reality were, however, shared by Mohammad. "Mahomet gave up men's companionship more and more. In the solitude of Mt. Hira he found greater and greater satisfaction. Spending whole weeks at a time there with a few scanty provisions, his spirit glorified in fasting, in vigils, and in the search for a defined idea. He hardly knew whether it was day or night, whether he dreamed or watched. For hours at a time he remained kneeling in the darkness or lying in the sun, or he strode with long steps on the stony rocks. . . . Sometimes he appeared to lose all consciousness of what was going on around him and lay inert on the ground, his breathing hardly perceptible." "At the end of six months Mahomet's body suffered; he grew thin, his step became jerky, his hair and beard unkempt, his eyes strange. He felt hopeless."

Conversion. This state of affairs was followed by conversion. The story of his conversion experience is vividly told in *sura* 96, 1-5. "One night," the Prophet states, "Gabriel came to me with a cloth as I slept and said; Recite (*igra*)! I answered I cannot recite! So he choked me with the cloth until I believed that I should die. Then he released me and said: Recite!" The Prophet hesitated, and twice again the angel repeated the harsh treatment. Then finally Mohammad asked: "What shall I recite?" The angel said:

Read in the name of thy Lord, who hath created all things;
Who hath created man of congealed blood.
Read, by the most beneficent Lord who taught the use of pen;
Who teacheth man that which he knoweth not.

"I awoke," said Mohammad, "from my sleep, and it was as if they had written a message in my heart. I went out of the cave and while I was on the mountain, I heard a voice saying 'O Mohammad, thou art Allah's apostle, and I am Gabriel!' I looked up and saw Gabriel in the form of a man with crossed legs at the horizon of heaven. I remained standing and observed him, and moved neither backwards nor forwards. And when I turned my gaze from him, I continued to see him on the horizon, no matter where I turned."

Mohammad felt terrified and dizzy. His soul was disturbed. He prostrated himself on the ground, hiding his head in his hands, rigid, unconscious of the outside world. When he returned home, he told his wife Khadija everything that had happened, mentioning his terror, his agony, his pious ardour, and his doubts.

Post-conversion State. Such a post-conversion state is greatly at variance with the other studies of it. According to Starbuck, the post-conversion experiences are almost antithetical to pre-conversion experiences. Joy, peace, happiness and relief are the specific feelings of post-conversion state in the order of their prominence. Conversion is believed to do at least four things for a man. It gives him a new sense of the worth of self. All things in his environment become new. A sense of reality is given to things which they never had before. Finally, the man becomes altruistic. The studies of William James, Sante de Sanctis, Coe and others support Starbuck's conclusions.

How are we to explain this discrepancy in Mohammad's mystic development? We have pointed out at the beginning that the conception of stages, levels, or ladders of mystic life is only a methodological convenience. Mystic life is complex and dynamic. Hence its stages cannot be distinctly marked out. Some of its stages may be so short lived as not to be noticeable, and some of the stages may concur.

Nature of conversion. Conversion is either sudden or gradual. Mohammad's conversion was evidently of the slow type. For the preparation for his conversion can be in a sense said to have extended over thirteen years. At any rate, it is definitely known that he constantly frequented Mt. Hira for six months before the actual conversion took place.

Etat Mystique Negatif. After conversion Mohammad

experienced the next painful stage of mystic life, the phase described by Truc as *état mystique négatif*. In this stage, the mystic puts doubts, feels thorns of spirit, uncertainties, aridity. "The angel had not reappeared and Mahomet did not know what to think. Was he the victim of an hallucination? He almost hoped so. . . . The silence of heaven was unbearable to him. He could not live in this uncertainty, so he returned to Mt. Hira, to the spot where the vision had appeared, in the hope of again seeing it. Nothing came. No word resounded deep in his heart; he found only intolerable solitude there and terrible silence. His soul was empty after having known inexpressible fullness . . . a state of longing painful to utter." Again, "Mahomet roamed on the hills. Could anyone have seen him, they would have taken him for mad, walking at random for whole hours on the steepest slopes, on the edges of precipices, flying from men and from himself in search of God whose absence he could no longer endure."

Illumination. Such a state of spiritual anguish and extreme physical endurance terminates in illumination. Several times when Mohammad became desperate and tried to kill himself by throwing himself down from a precipice he was prevented by the Angel who appeared and repeated: "Mahomet, you are God's true Prophet." On one occasion Gabriel brought him the following soothing message:

(I swear)
 By the brightness of the morning;
 And by the night when it groweth dark:
 Thy Lord hath not forsaken thee, neither doth he hate thee.
 Verily the life to come shall be better for thee than this present life;
 And thy Lord shall give thee a reward wherewith thou shalt be well pleased.
 Did he not find thee an orphan, and hath he not taken care of thee?
 And did he not find thee wandering in error, and hath he not guided thee into the truth?
 And did he not find thee needy, and hath he not enriched thee?

Dark night of the Soul. There is not much evidence in Mohammad's mystic life for the stage known as the Dark Night of the Soul. The suffering which Mohammad underwent as a result of his persecution at the hands of his clansmen cannot be regarded as an expression of the dark night of the soul, for the latter stands for the suffering of the inner spirit, the sense of blankness impotence, and solitude following closely upon the heels of Illumination.

Unitive State. A perfect transvaluation of values, which is indeed the hall-mark of mystic development, characterised the unitive life of Mohammad. Things and events which easily upset and enrage an ordinary mortal failed to move him. When neighbours threw refuse in front of his door in order to tease him, he removed it calmly and without any complaint. When the placenta of a sheep was thrown at his neck, he simply went home and had his daughter wash him. Again, when he was spat at in the face, he coolly wiped it away. He was unmoved when people mocked at him. He even invited them to strike him, to sacrifice him as a victim.

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MOHAMMAD AS A MYSTIC *(continued from previous column)*

Mohammad's mystic life was further characterised by intense activity. As matter of fact, according to Miss Underhill, it is the peculiarity of mystic life that it is often lived in its highest and most perfect form in the world and exhibits its work before the eyes of men. In the final unitive stage, says she, we are often confronted with the spectacle of the mystic as a pioneer of humanity, a sharply intuitive and painfully practical person: an artist, a discoverer, a religious or social reformer, a national hero, a 'great active.' Mohammad's unitive life fully bears Miss Underhill's thesis out. His later life is a record of activities. He founded a state and a religion. He fought wars and won them. He ruled his kingdom well. He preached vigorously his religious doctrines. Yet he was not wholly absorbed in social activities. He constantly resorted to solitude in order to pray and to meditate. He insisted that these moments of isolation be respected as a necessity to his inspirations. The Koran ordered the faithful not to remain in his company for an unreasonable time, nor to enter his house without permission.

The activistic nature of Mohammad's unitive state leads us to compare him with energetic and influential mystics like Plotinus who was often in request as a guardian and trustee, like St. Theresa and St. Juan of the Cross who gave evidence of extraordinary practical ability as founders of convents and as administrators, like Fénelon who ruled his diocese extremely well, and above all like Joan of Arc who fought for her country's independence.

Thoughts on the Future of Astrology

by John Seeker

HAVING REACHED A CERTAIN conclusion in our descriptions of the new outlook in Astrology, we may consider once again the fundamental question: What is the spiritual import of Astrology for our own time, and how ought it to develop towards the future?

On the one hand it is undoubtedly the case that with such points of view as have here been adduced it will be possible, as a matter of pure knowledge, to reach a fairly deep and penetrating picture of the structure of the Universe and of the way the human being stands within. Yet on the other hand we are living in a period of evolution when in these matters as in all others the question is quickly asked, what is the utilitarian value of it all? "Astrology" as commonly practised in our time seeks in a very drastic, not to say materialistic way to foretell the destinies of men from the events in the starry heavens about the time of birth.

These are the two points of view we must encounter to-day wherever Astrology is concerned. On the one hand is the legitimate striving for pure knowledge of the relations between man and the world of stars, while on the other hand there is the candid entry into realms of egoistic wish and selfish curiosity. Yet it would not avail us, on vague moral grounds, to reject the setting-up of horoscopes as a means of prognosis concerning life. As to the rightness or wrongness of any thing, we have to base our views on clearly thought-out scientific grounds and on an insight into wider sociological effects. This applies most of all to Astrology.

Up to a certain point it is indeed the case that many striking things can be deduced from horoscopes of birth with regard to a man's course of destiny. Yet as we look more closely these things appear in a very different light as compared to the utilitarian point of view from which so many people start. Mankind has in fact long outgrown this craving to penetrate into the secrets of personal "fate." What men are really seeking for to-day has not yet risen to full consciousness; so they fall back again and again and become overwhelmed by the old phantom.

For in effect it is but a phantom which the horoscope, as commonly applied, reveals. Look at it clearly and calmly: What does the horoscope, interpreted by old tradition or in the light of new empirical results, reveal? If it be skilfully interpreted one may learn from it certain details of events in one's own family, or of one's own possibilities as regards calling, social standing and the like,—not indeed with the nominalistic clarity which people look for nowadays, but at least in outline, like some distant mountain-range. Yet when all this is done, however expertly, what have we in the last resort to help us on a single step in life? I may know that in a given year of my life a change will take place in my whole situation. I may even know if it will be in a "good" or in a "bad" direction. Yet after all, such knowledge—if knowledge it be called—is more bane than blessing. It takes something from my human stature, makes me inactive and tends all unawares

to harness me to something fateful, cosmically automatic, extra-human. It neither gives me power to avert or to transmute impending evil, nor to accelerate or hold fast good. It has at most the value of foretelling certain things in more or less dim outline. Such fore-knowledge is admittedly a thing of doubtful blessing.

The fundamental question we here touch upon is that of liberty or of pre-destination in human life and action. Not that we wish to embark on philosophic arguments upon this well-known theme; only we may bring together all possibilities of astrological understanding in the attempt to find a solution, leading to a valid judgment as to what Astrology can be for the immediate social future of mankind.

In former articles we have already evolved one point of view, in striking contrast to the whole sphere of horoscopes of birth. It is the aspect of the "horoscope of death." This in itself obliges us, in seeking knowledge, to look in quite another direction than for the horoscopes of birth. For in the latter case, as a general rule, the human life concerned is still to come; we tend almost inevitably to the mood of prognosis, as of a destiny not yet unfolded. The horoscope of death on the other hand comes at the end of human life. There is no possibility of foretelling any immediate, tangible future. Earthly realities are for the moment utterly extinguished for the soul who has now passed through the gate of death.

Nevertheless the horoscopes of death offer real and valuable prospects. They can, as former articles have shown to some extent, give very interesting knowledge of the deeper character of the men concerned. We must only be prepared to change the direction of our quest, deeply and radically, if we would truly appreciate this new form of Astrology.

Quite apart from the fact that in the horoscope of death we have a summing-up of the destinies of a past earthly life—that is, a looking backward in time, the opposite of what the horoscope of birth implies,—another most important point emerges. The primary thing we look at in the horoscope of death is the human being, for upon *his* inner quality, the quality of the starry constellations will now depend. It is the human being's activity which gives to the events among the stars about the time of death their meaning and their import. We shewed how the lives of men were recorded in the constellations of the planets and the zodiac. If from the human being nothing of significance is written in the cosmos, then too the constellations of the stars, whatever they may outwardly appear as, will be without inner weight, empty of content like the man who bears them. If on the other hand, by virtue of his life on Earth, a man has inscribed into the universe of stars (through the past Saturn transits in the horoscope of death as shown in former articles) good deeds, of value for mankind, then and then only will a constellation—significant in the sense of classical Astrology—be of *real* meaning, not only for the man himself but, it may be, for all mankind, for

the whole historic period which follows. Such things were instanced in our former essays.

We must however bear in mind that this way of looking at things will deeply, radically change our aspect of man's relation to the world of stars. By virtue of the horoscope of death man has no longer a relation to the world of stars which inspires the question: What is the meaning of such or such constellation for my own personal life? The question is now reversed. For if he earnestly lets work upon him all that which is revealed in the horoscopes of death, he will be led to see that his own spiritual evolution—no matter of what kind it be—is of significance for the World-all. His real relation to the starry world, revealed in the horoscope of death, is the expansion of his being to the being of the cosmos, the making manifest of his but seemingly minute existence—as of a "speck of dust" within the Universe, for so it seems to us on Earth—in its true cosmic magnitude and value. Man is the primary reality in this case. He as it were receives the starry heavens into his own being. According to his portion, according to the measure of development he has attained in present time, he fills and floods the constellations which he is united with through death, with his own inner warmth and inner light.

This radically different relation of man to the starry worlds gives rise however to a further hope. The change of aspect and direction, following logically and inevitably from the horoscope of death, may perhaps also lead us out of the blind alley into which the traditional Astrology of birth has tended.

For the horoscope of death the matter is comparatively simple. This horoscope, in the very nature of the case, represents a certain finish, the relative conclusion of a pathway, the fruit of an earthly life that is now done. In the horoscope of birth, or rather in the whole complex of horoscopes and constellations about the time of birth, we should then have to seek the opposite of something finished, namely a development in its inception, a germ, a seed of evolution. This picture is indeed the true one, provided we seek no more in it than it contains. The true horoscope is something germinal, bearing within it all the potentialities of development, which can however only be turned into Earth-reality under quite definite conditions.

Precisely herein lies the secret of the new relation between man and the world of stars. Through the very fact of his descent into incarnation man is indeed connected with the world of stars, and yet he is no longer absolutely dependent on that world. On the contrary, in our age and in the future he is called upon to take the world of stars, which as an individual he belongs to, with him into his earthly deeds, into his earthly feeling and thinking. The transmutation which then takes place all through his earthly life if he is a man of spiritual striving, thereby becomes a transmutation not only of himself but even of the world of stars! Thus can we understand it now. All that appears as the fruit of an earthly life in the horoscope of death was there already as a seed or germ in that of birth; it only had to go through the transmutations, through the testing fires of a life on Earth to reach maturity.

To give a more concrete background to these thoughts, we may have recourse again to an example. We take once more from a former article the data of Richard Wagner's horoscope of birth and his pre-natal horoscope, and place them side by side with his horoscope of death.

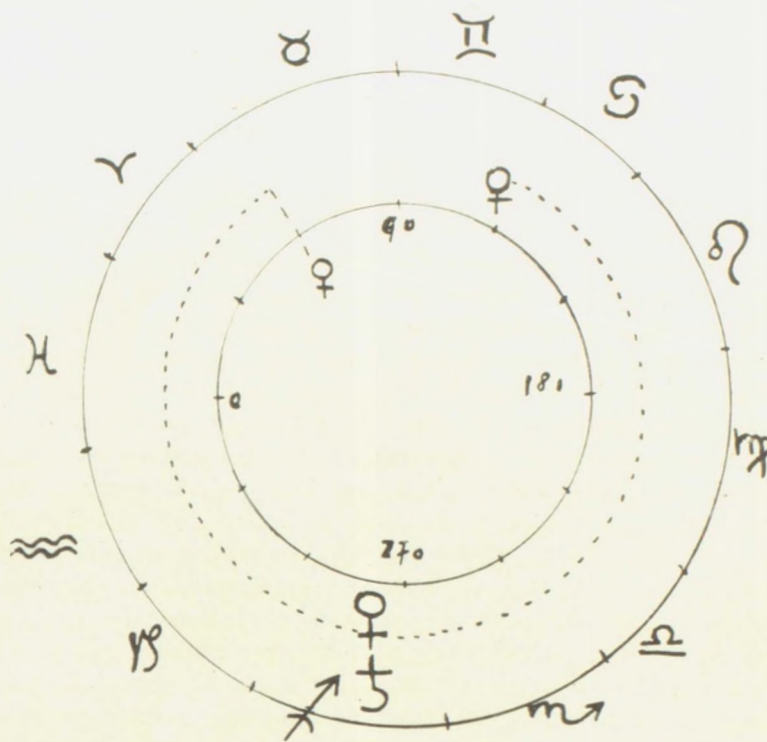


Figure 1

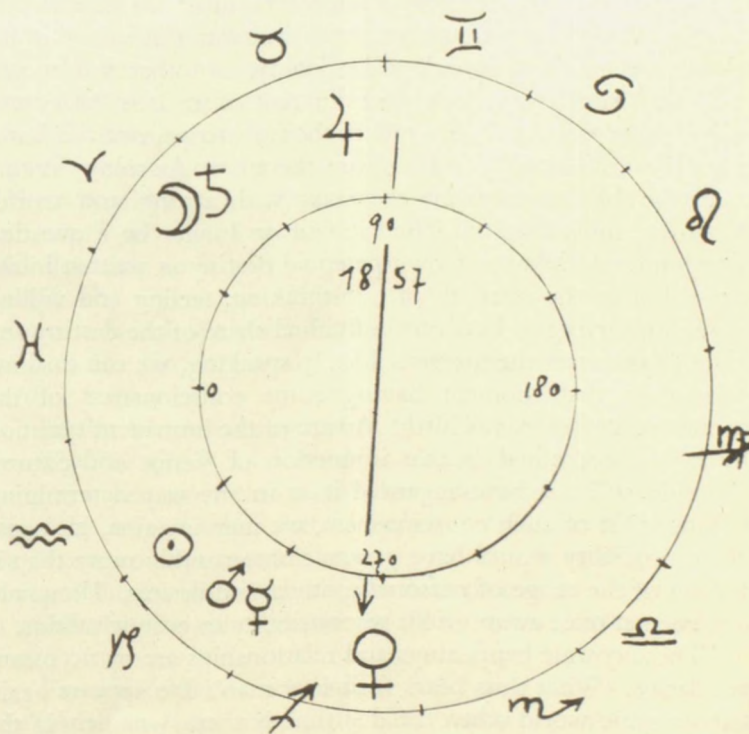


Figure 2

In the pre-natal horoscope (Figure 1) we drew attention among other things to one outstanding fact, namely the passage of Venus before Saturn at the beginning of the seventh pre-natal Lunar cycle. In manifold connections we pointed out how this conjunction was related to the 44th year of Wagner's life,—the year 1857. This was a year of special importance; the time when *Parsifal* was first conceived. It was a kind of death-experience which Wagner underwent at this moment. The outer world was dark about him; so was the inner world of his own soul, when on that Good Friday morning, like an inner

resurrection-light, the picture of *Parsifal* suddenly dawned upon him. Now from the conjunction of Venus and Saturn in the pre-natal horoscope we might at most have foretold a difficult situation in his life at this moment. The awe-inspiring drama of his real life—what actually happened in that year—could not possibly have been found in this way. From this comparison we can see best of all what is at once the value and the limitation of astrological prognosis. For the mastering of his life's situation it would have been of little help to Wagner on that Good Friday morning if he had known of all these difficulties in advance. His depression might have been all the greater for such knowledge. The element which helped him wrestle his way through to the light had quite another source than in his horoscope. It was his guiding genius which now recalled to him the poem of Wolfram von Eschenbach, read long ago, and then gave birth within his soul to his own creation—*Parsifal*.

We have therefore this picture. On one hand in the horoscope there is the plan of the earthly life that is now beginning. As we described it before, the pre-natal horoscope is an image of the ether-body, forming and moulding the physical in a quite individual way and so working into the human being's destiny. Yet what it fashions is in reality no more than the "forms"—the hollow "moulds," as it were—waiting to be filled with another content. Thus the conjunction of Venus and Saturn in Richard Wagner's horoscope is but a "mould." In itself it tells us little. What is important is what flowed into this mould in the subsequent life of Wagner's individuality. Another man would have made something altogether different of it. It is the human individuality who in reality makes the horoscope, not the horoscope the individuality! Therefore the truest Astrology is that which is able to confront the stars with strong and world-embracing individuality. Then it will no longer be a question of trying to decipher our own personal destiny as written in the stars; but in the strength of our thinking, feeling and willing we shall be trying to bear our individual share of the destiny and riddle of the stars themselves. Ideally speaking, we can imagine Wagner in that moment having some consciousness of the cosmic events before his birth. Aware of the immanent question which was contained in that injunction of Venus and Saturn, he would still not have regarded it as in any way determining his fate. Out of such consciousness, we may imagine, his sense of responsibility would have grown immeasurably more than it did, out of the range of personal motives and desires. He would have been at once aware of his responsibility to cosmic worlds.

These cosmic happenings and relationships are by no means speculative. What thus bears fruit in a man's life appears again in the cosmic world when the due time is there,—namely in the horoscope of death. Take once again Richard Wagner's life on Earth. The fulfilment which on that Good Friday 1857 he himself brought into the conjunction of Venus and Saturn—which, looked at in its deepest meaning, was like salvation even to the Venus-forces—all this is manifest as the fruit of his life in the horoscope of his [death. In Figure 2 we have represented, underneath the pre-natal horoscope, Wagner's horoscope of death. Venus is by herself—free of all other aspects—in Sagittarius. Moreover into this Venus, through Saturn's chronicle, the event of 1857 is recorded (past transit of Saturn, as before explained). For in the year 1857 Saturn stood in Gemini, directly opposite the place where Venus stood at death.

Thus we can clearly see what transmutation has taken place between the cosmic poles of birth and death. At Richard Wagner's death quite another picture arises in the starry heavens than at his birth, and yet again there is an intimate connection between the two. One would almost say that the heavy aspect of Saturn in Sagittarius in the pre-natal life—weighing down as it did upon Venus too—has been overcome in the course of his life; for in the horoscope of death Venus is free of all embarrassments.

This is the point of view which will be even more important for the future of Astrology. So long as we do not realize it, all efforts in Astrology today will remain fruitless and will grow even more so. In human evolution it is only a short time ago that it has become no longer important to know what a particular constellation signifies for earthly life. Indeed we are entering even more into conditions wherein these things will no longer "signify" at all for human life. We can no longer expect anything of them in the way men did in former times. We on the contrary shall have to be the givers. We shall give to the stars, and in this giving grow ourselves up to the stature of the stars. A time is now approaching when it will be the task of a new Astrology to evoke in man himself strong spirituality—spirituality which will alone be able to fill with sustenance and substance the empty "moulds," the hollow "forms" of his horoscope. Therefore the time for "casting horoscopes" is really past. It will no longer do to ask what is the influence of the Moon's or of the Sun's position at one's birth, or the like. Maybe in one case or another we shall still get answers in this way, but the answers will not have sustaining force. On the contrary, they will take away from man. Yet it is altogether different if we ask this other question: What the position of the Sun or Moon or other planet at or before our birth *requires* of us by way of independent, self-made earthly deeds and sentiments and thoughts. Unlimited would be the scope of an Astrology tending to this kind of self-education. And this alone would lift man up to his true cosmic station.

It goes without saying that this change of heart and mind would in time give rise to quite other institutions, even in the physical world, than have grown up today around Astrology. Yet the very first step of all is to give birth to a fundamentally different outlook within our own being.

THE HISTORY OF THE IDEA OF REINCARNATION

(continued from page 315)


darkening of our being. The possibility of breaking through this darkness and the way thereto is dealt with in all deeper religions." Widemann says further that he finds a method displayed by certain prominent men by which they succeed in making the Word inwardly living, which manifests within as the peak of temporal creation. Through that the approach to God and the awakening to the Being of things, through this glance into the future, the firm surety of eternal life is given. This is the true empirical knowledge of immortality. Each must go this way alone, and still further, Widemann says, that this way leads to "a deep awe for the ordered laws of history, that this view is conceivable in spite of all apparent confusion."

(To be continued)

The History of the Idea of Reincarnation

I. HISTORY

by Walter Johannes Stein

UT OF THE ORIENT STREAMED the brilliant light of an all embracing world-conception, and to it belongs the idea of reincarnation. But it has been gradually extinguished, and the problem of the West is to re-animate the ancient conception.

In the second half of the 6th century B.C. there lived in Croton, in lower Italy, Pythagoras of Samos, of whom Ovid in the 15th book of his *Metamorphoses* speaks in detail.

He there makes Pythagoras say, "I myself have already lived once before. I can remember it. At the time of the Trojan wars I was Euphorbus, the son of Panthos. Euphorbus died by the lance of Menelaus which pierced him. I recognised the shield of Euphorbus as my own when I saw it hanging at Argos in the Temple of Hera. Menelaus brought it there as a sacrificial offering." Several other ancient writers speak in the same way about Pythagoras. (See Pauly-Wissowa—re Pythagoras). The way in which the old writers take this story of Pythagoras and repeat it, shows that they were in no way astonished at these facts, as the modern writer might be who had to report something of the same kind about ancient times. The idea of recurring earth-lives was something that man not only accepted as a theory but which was acknowledged as a concrete fact and of which man was aware as of an actual experience.

The example of Pythagoras has been given here to show how the Old Orient from practical experience knew of the reality of recurring earth-lives.

As it was in the 6th century B.C. so was it also in much earlier times, for the conception of reincarnation is as old as man. One could not say it arose in this or that time, or that it occurred here or there for the first time, but one can only say at what time it disappeared from the knowledge, or the understanding, or also the consciousness of man. In the 6th century B.C. it was clearly existent.

At that time there lived in Northern India the son of Suddhodana who in his 29th year received enlightenment and became a Buddha. By him also was announced,—and the legends about him show—that reincarnation was a practical experience. The legend tells that directly after his birth, he uttered the words—"This is my last life on earth." This looking backward comes to expression still more clearly when it is described how Mara appears as the tempter of Buddha. Every time that Mara tries subtly to tempt the Buddha he is made aware of the fact that Buddha had already conquered that particular temptation in another earth-life. So Buddhism holds the conception that *one* birth has been the first, and the entering into this first birth appears to the buddhist as a kind of falling into sin, from which he must free himself through complete inner perfection. His idea therefore is to do everything in his power not to be born again.

In the conquering of the twelve forces which lead to birth, which the Buddhist strives to accomplish through the eight-

fold path, and which gives knowledge of how to free oneself from the necessity of rebirth, he hopes for a birth in which he is able to act in such a way that it will prove the last life through which he must pass. He who absolves himself of his last birth becomes in that particular life, a Buddha. A Buddha does not need to be born again. He returns to his spiritual home. Thus we experience, by looking back on the oriental World-conception in comparison with that of our own western one, something extraordinarily surprising. While it is compatible with the western consciousness, even understandable, to fear death, the East instead of the fear of death, has a fear of birth. To Buddha also death appeared as suffering, as one of the great sufferings. For he saw in it something which appeared to him as the natural consequence of birth. The first great suffering which had to be overcome was for him that of birth. Then death is only the consequence of birth. So we can see, how the Old Oriental humanity did not quite descend to the earth, even desiring to tarry in the sphere before birth, for this world of sense appeared as a barren one, as an illusion (a Maya) with which man cannot entirely unite himself. The Oriental of the pre-Christian time was not in his perception mindful of the admonition which the writer of the Apocalypse utters, when he says, "man shall not forget his first love." The first love is the love of the earth. For before the soul descends to a pair of parents, whom she has chosen for herself, she makes the decision to descend from the Cosmic heights in which she dwelt before birth. So her first love is not the love for the parents or the Fatherland, but for the planet, Earth.

In the World-conception of both Plato and Aristotle, the Greek philosophers who lived in the 4th century B.C., we can study the east and west world-conceptions. Aristotle was the pupil of Plato. Rudolf Steiner rightly emphasizes the fact that the World-conceptions of these two philosophers do not stand in opposition to one another. The difference lies more in the way in which the two men grasped the Truth from different points of view.

For Plato the sense-world is only a stage by which the Ideal-world can be reached; the sense-world has only significance in so far as it serves to reflect the Ideal-world.

For Aristotle the opposite was the case. He wished to explain the sense-world. He sought this explanation through ideas. Actually, one can say, both philosophers are of the same opinion, but their interests differ. In this difference Eastern and Western world-conceptions reveal themselves. Plato teaches (as the last Eastern thinker) pre-existence, of the being of the soul before birth. Philosophy only appears possible to him as a remembrance of that which the soul perceived as she wandered through the heavens at the side of a god before birth. He explains geometry as the memory of the weaving of the soul in starry space before birth when she drew lines from star to star in a heavenly geometrising.

Aristotle has the same conception as Plato but he sees furthermore that a revolution of the human consciousness must take place. Knowing this he leads man on. Through him the godlike wisdom is turned into temporal logic. He is the founder of logic; he is the first *thinker*. He denies pre-existence, and draws the attention of man to the earthly life and to the post-existence of the life after death. This remained the World-conception of the Middle Ages. Much in the teaching of Catholicism is not really at bedrock Christian, but is purely Aristotelian; for example, the teaching of Eternal Hellfire. That this is Aristotelian teaching one can clearly see when one reads how Brentano gathers together this Aristotelian learning in his marvellous book, "Aristotle and his World-conception." He says, "When the differentiated human spirits see the world plan they see themselves with their earthly lives interwoven therein, so that the one acknowledges himself identical with one who acts honourably, and another with one whose deeds are shameful. It is the knowledge at which they arrive, at once a glorious or damning world judgment which, as such, is eternal."

There one has the Aristotelian point of view which in the Middle Ages was the only valid one to the Christian thinker. Plato also speaks of such a judgment in the Dialogue Phædrus. There the souls were judged after death and descended into the under-world or heavenly place. The judgment is not an eternal one, but each soul, according to its deeds, arrives at a new and suitably planned earth-life when her time has come.

Having made ourselves clear how this point of view of the World-conception was accepted a few centuries before Christ, we should now ask the question how was humanity placed with regard to the thought of recurring earth-lives at the time of Christ? We meet in the Gospels the question asked of John the Baptist. He was asked, "Art thou Elias?" He denied it. But Christ later points to the fact that in John the Baptist was fulfilled that which the prophet Malachi had prophesied, when he cried, "Behold, I will send you the prophet Elias, before the great day of the revelation of the Lord shall come!" Then Christ says, "Elias is already come, but you did not know him." The Evangelist tells us that the disciples understood that He had spoken of John the Baptist.

By the very fact of the question we see that the thought of recurring earth-lives for the men of that time was still a fact. They preserved the thought not as a theory but always in such a form that they asked quite definitely *is* John the Baptist the reincarnated Elias? But John the Baptist felt now in ever stronger measure, as Aristotle had felt it, that the time had gone when man could speak of the recurring earth-life. Then man was concerned in feeling himself as an individual in one earth-life. Therefore he cried "Change your ways, for the kingdom of heaven has itself come down to earth," and he felt himself as a prophet of the souls of men who have become lonely in the Ego (I). He felt himself as an ego which lives in this earthly life, but he did not feel himself as Elias. The scene which is usually known as the Transfiguration, where Christ teaches the three most trusted disciples, contains also the reference that the time has come when recurring earth-lives could not be spoken of openly. The Christ Jesus appears between Moses and Elias. This has its special meaning; Moses is the bearer of the pre-earthly being. Therefore he wrote Genesis, the book of the birth of the world. Elias is the prophet who shows the future, he is the representative of the world of knowledge which reveals

itself when the gates of death are passed. This is the same world of knowledge of which later the Apocalypse speaks. There is depicted, not the World-Creation but the World-Future—the new Jerusalem. The Bible goes on to say that the two forms disappear and Jesus is left alone, uniting in himself the Trinity of Way, Truth and Life. Elias is the Way (Ei—the goal), Moses is the Truth, Jesus is the Life.

From now on the pre-birth and after-death state is united in one life. The time has arrived when the whole spiritual man can be seen in one human body on the earth. Only later with the raising of the dead, particularly the raising of Lazarus, the world of the other side of the grave opened out. This was the world which existed for the whole of the Middle Ages which was entirely concentrated upon the after-death state. This is the world which existed until Christendom appears again in a new form. So humanity enters into an epoch which no longer has any knowledge of recurring earth-lives, for which the pre-natal aspect entirely vanishes and which concentrates one-sidedly upon the world after death. Thus Scholasticism developed into the new Natural Science. Inasmuch as man built machines, he built them in the kingdom of death, in the kingdom of incorporate nature. Never would the modern agricultural life have come about—nor the modern natural science have arisen, nor would the earth have been conquered and the temporal raised above everything else, as has been the case in the last four hundred years, if man had not forgotten his life before birth. The knowledge of the pre-natal estate makes a man an alien to the world, it causes him to fly from the earth as the Indian consciousness so clearly shows. Therefore the pre-natal state had to be forgotten by man for 2,000 years.

But then we see, after the intervening time had passed in which man only incompletely and in small communities knew something of the pre-natal state, that the idea suddenly arises of recurring earth-life out of the depths of human knowledge, in the 18th and 19th centuries. All the same, it was not a true knowledge, but was a theory which the thoughtful spirits of the 18th and 19th centuries produced. In 1858 there appeared through Brockhaus near Leipzig, a book by Maximilian Drossbach. In him there comes to meet us a soul which suffers through the division between nature and spirit caused by the teachings of the new natural science. He writes on Page 19, "God's calm and beautiful nature, this lovely, organised, living kingdom of free spirits which man's dull sense gazes upon as only dust and mould. Only a blind mixture of this chaotic material in which the poor ego-being of man for a moment flickers like the little flame of a lamp, soon to be extinguished in an eternal darkness.

And dost thou ask why thy heart
With fear cleaves to thy breast?
Why the - - - - - Pain
Deadens all life for thee?

This should be different. The unholy division between nature and spirit must cease. No longer strange, cold, and dead, must nature stand in opposition to the spirit. No longer must the body pull the spirit relentlessly with it into the grave. No longer must it be in want of the miracle necessary to free the self-knowing being from the grave. Both nature and spirit must be acknowledged as indivisible equal beings."

Maximilian Drossbach says in his book—*The Harmony of the Workings of Natural Science with the demands of the Human Spirit; or, the Personal Immortality*, on page 274: "Mother Earth has

decked her great table for all, but all have not, at the same time, a place thereat. Therefore, only a few dine at one time; they do not eat continuously, but depart every now and then, so that the others may take their turn. And when these others are satisfied they also go away, so that still more may take their places and may partake also. So those beings who have partaken enough depart in continuous change."

Here emerges the thought of recurring earth-lives out of the desire of a soul who wished to show the harmony between spirit and nature. Already in the year 1849, through Olnitz in Hölzel, a book of Drossbach's appeared, which bore the title, "Rebirth or the Solving of the problem of Immortality on Empirical Lines." Drossbach had an atomistic world-conception; his works are written in a purely naturalistic tone. From the natural science viewpoint, he felt himself forced to accept the idea of recurring earth lives.

Another way was hit upon prior to Drossbach by Gottfried Lessing. He does not come upon the idea of recurring earth lives from the natural scientific observation but from historical research. This he shows clearly in the book written just before his death, *The Education of Man*.

Lessing found that the historical being appeared senseless without the acceptance of reincarnation.

The evolution of man is not only the evolution of races, but the most important impulses are individual impulses. So it must be *that* individual who is not only on one step of the ladder of evolution but who has had a place on all. Lessing agrees in his historical comprehension with the teaching of the Abbot Joachim of Floris, who, in 1202, died in Calabria. He divided the history of the world into three stages:

The First—THE AGE OF THE FATHER. Birth and creation of the World, the Old Testament; in short, the whole becoming into existence out of the God-like Almighty Power, was understood from the first epoch. The Prophets with their picture-consciousness of the future form the end of this first stage.

Secondly—THE AGE OF THE SON. As the first period was a period of Life, Birth and Becoming, so the second epoch sounds forth the destruction of the world. In this epoch, the God unites himself with earthly death; goes through suffering and death and becomes, as the Son, the Saviour from death. In the age of this world-destruction mood, Joachim of Floris lived, but he looked forward to a third epoch which began in 1260 and which he actually foresaw.

Thirdly—THE AGE OF THE ETERNAL GOSPEL. That is the time in which the Old Testament (which belonged to the epoch of the Father), and the New Testament (which belonged to the epoch of the Son) unite, and in which a Christianity appeared which not only understood the secret of the God-becoming-man and the resurrection of the God, but in this third epoch there entered gloriously into the vision of the creation and victory over death, the understanding by thought that was hidden in the first two epochs. For the wisdom of the first epoch depended on clairvoyance; that of the second epoch on Faith; while that of the third epoch on an awakening of a new understanding which knows, while it visualises knowledge of the supersensible that it binds both faithful or devout surrender to the temporal revelation of the Divine with thoughtful understanding. That is the time of the Holy Ghost.

Lessing places in the first period both Jews and heathens. He compares them to two boys, of whom one is left to himself

(heathen), the other is taken into firm discipline by the Godhead (Jews). But the principle of education of the first period rests upon material reward and punishment. This alters in the second period. There the goal of evolution and motive of the struggle is an *eternal* reward. From the material Jews the spiritual Christ is born.

In the third epoch materialism and spirituality must join in harmony. Listen to Lessing himself—"But can a man in one lifetime be a materialistic Jew and a spiritual Christ? Can he in the same life have surpassed both? Certainly not. Then why could not each single man have existed more than once in this world?"

* * *

Is this hypothesis therefore so foolish because it is the oldest? Because human understanding (before the sophistry of school has scattered and weakened it) immediately accepts it?

* * *

Why could not I, too, already here have taken all the steps towards my perfecting, which only timely punishments and rewards can bring to men?

* * *

And why not at another time take all those steps which so greatly help us and give us the prospect of eternal reward?

* * *

Why should I not return as often as I am capable of attaining new knowledge and skill? If I bring away so much at once, is it not possibly worth my while to come again?

* * *

Not on that account? Or because I forget that I have already been here? It is good for me if I do forget it! The memory of my former achievements might incline me to make a bad use of the present. And what I must forget now, have I forgotten it eternally? Or because of this so much time would be lost for me? Lost? And what have I then to forget? Is not the whole of eternity mine?"

* * *

There the other form reveals itself in which the thought of recurring earth-lives appears in the West as pedagogical historical thinking; as the thought of an education of humanity.

First man was educated to material things, to the life of the sense-world, then man forgot his godlike spiritual origin. The aspect of the one earth-life emerged. The time between death and a new birth appeared to be extended to eternity. The judgment and awakening from death were postponed to the end of the world. That is the second period.

But the third period is the awakening to a renewed knowledge of recurring earth-lives; though this awakening appears chiefly in thinking, it emerges as a theory. So East and West stand opposed to each other. In the East, the empirical fact of recurring earth-lives; in the West, the theory of recurring earth-lives. Then the question arises, can one unite the two?

In 1851 there appeared in Vienna through Karl Gerold a prize essay by Gustav Widemann "Thoughts on Immortality through Reincarnation." In this essay Widemann declares that death is something which is not natural to men; it is the result of the fall into sin. On page 73 he says: (of man) "This close imprisonment of his view in the short space of time of the years he lives through in one earth life is perhaps the surest proof of the

(continued in page 312)

The Tongue of the Dumb

A FANTASY

by Eleanor C. Merry

LWANDERED OUT INTO THE GARDEN and saw Margaret sitting in the shade of the willow. On the grass beside her were books and needlework. Her hands were idle in her lap.

"Well," I said, "what do you think you are doing?"

"Threading beads," she replied soberly. But I saw that her eyes were full of dreams.

Margaret said :

Last night a blackbird flew into my room. O yes, it certainly was a bird ; but it seemed to me to have the face of a poet, and human hands. It was just before dawn, and outside in the garden all the song-birds were awake and singing. My visitor uttered hoarse croaks : They have robbed me of my tongue, he cried. I can never sing again. I am an outcast among all those voices that you hear, because my song was learnt in another land, and in this one I cannot sing. And having the heart of that other land in my breast, my dumbness is like a denial of its existence.

A butterfly flew in at my window. Its wings were pale and dūn, and nothing but a faint tracery showed where the glowing colours once had been. Though it had the form of a butterfly, yet it seemed to me to have the face of a man and the hands of an artist. The butterfly settled on my pillow.

It whispered in my ear :

They have taken away my colours which were the colours of the dreams of all the mountain flowers in the land I come from. And now I am an outcast ; and here my wings have not the sea-borne nature of your lovely butterflies, and never will they paint themselves with the colours of this English land. My wings were my messengers to men, telling them of freedom ; but the bright dust that covered them has been rubbed away, and their picture of freedom is smeared and torn.

I went to the window and looked out ; and saw the strangest thing. The garden was transformed into a great open field, and gathered upon it were innumerable creatures—birds and fishes and domestic animals and beasts of prey and sinuous reptiles. And all their faces were turned in my direction. An immense silence covered them. Restlessly they moved, and seemed to make human gestures. Their eyes looked up to me—myriads of eyes—and they all mirrored these soundless words :

When will the tongue of the dumb sing once more ?
When shall the lame man leap as an hart ?
When shall the lion and the lamb lie down together ?
When shall the waters break forth in the wilderness ?

There was a letter lying on the grass near Margaret's hand. It read itself aloud to me :

And now my last book has been confiscated—although in my country I have been so famous a writer ! O, the years of my life that have gone with it ! Its words are like dust in the mouth of the dead. . . . Can you imagine what it is to have no language any more in which to give birth to what is in your soul ?—When your tongue is taken from you, you have no body. You wander on the earth like a ghost. The spirit of his language is every man's life-blood. It is true he may learn others ; but his very bones have been formed by the sounds of his own speech, and the wisdom of other tongues can but beat upon his body's instrument and can never bring forth the true tones of his native soul.

Margaret said :

A young dark-haired widow showed me the photograph of her lovely little boy. She was an actress. She said : My little boy is just three years old. O, if they will only let me stay here and find work till I can make a home for him and have him with me again ! I long for him, because now he is all I have. You see, now I have no language any more. It is as though my tongue were torn out—for it could speak only the language of my country and no other ; and in that country I may not give my message, which I can give through my art alone. They have made my soul dumb.

Margaret's black cat, tail erect, and white paws pressing on the grass, came sedately over the lawn. Her round eyes shone like emeralds. And she sprang high into the willow. The wind blew the leaves about her till they hid her ears like green hair. And the tree sang loudly :

*Dies irae, Dies illa,
Solvat saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.*

Margaret said :

There was an accident in the village the other day. It is never a busy place, and there was no policeman near, and only a few people collected round the young girl whose leg had been injured. No one seemed to know what to do. Then a very poor and shabby man, with a thin and careworn face, approached and very gently and skilfully attended to her. Someone asked for his name, and whether he were a doctor ?—"I am," he replied ; "but not in this country. Here I have no 'name.'" And he slipped away. I recognised him a few days afterwards—a waiter in the station refreshment room at M—.

The newspaper said :

The death-rate in has risen to amazing proportions. Last month there were 300 suicides.

Do you think that is an exaggeration?
Dies irae, Dies illa . . . sang the willow-tree.

• • •
The Stranger was beside us suddenly, though we had heard his footsteps in the distance for some time. He wore a long black coat and a big loose tie of black ribbon. His eyes were deep-set and dark, and his voice sounded like the sea. He said:

The sounds of men's words communicate the *tones* of their souls' feelings and the ground-pattern of their thoughts. Speech reveals their innermost being—their *spirit*. They speak—and their individuality emerges from the World-Spirit Who listens to it. Every Nation-soul, in striving to lift itself to the Spirit, takes up into itself the activity of all its children, when they speak and act in freedom.

God has His own times for giving and withholding the great World-Thoughts. Find out what He is now sending down into the Earth. *Think in the Spirit!* And shape with word and deed the God-Thoughts of the new age.

• • •
We had not seen him come, nor go.

Two women looked at the river. One said: I see only the water flowing steadily onwards, grey-green and dappled, like the blowing leaves of the willows. And a white swan, with plumage ruffled in the wind. The other said:

Now a barge is drifting down the stream. And it is full of men and women. Grey gauzy veils cover all their faces, and none of them are speaking. But O, their hands are never still!—Look—that man is painting . . . and has no canvas; that other is plucking the strings of a lyre, but it makes no sound because no lyre is there. There is a woman—writing and writing, but she has neither pen nor paper. And there is a sculptor, working with vigorous movements, but he has no marble and no clay . . . And another—with fine and delicate fingers—he is measuring and weighing and testing—and there is nothing there.

Now the barge is drifting out of sight. A white swan is following it; can it be the Swan of Lohengrin, the founder of peaceful cities? The grey veils are growing longer and longer, and are floating on the water like a mist. . . . O when will the tongue of the dumb sing again!

• • •
The sun had set, and the dew was beginning to lie heavy on the grass. The birds had all gone to roost and there were no songs in the garden. But from the house there came the sound of loud and penetrating speech—in the voice of a man. Only one voice. Dramatically, violently, it rose and fell; commanding, exhorting, passionate, scornful, pleading, gutturally shrieking, stammering among the 'stones of fire' . . . The whole world listened to it, and was afraid. And the Mother of that language wept, and her tears were human souls.

• • •
So they have managed to get the wireless mended in time. I wish they hadn't. That was what Margaret said.

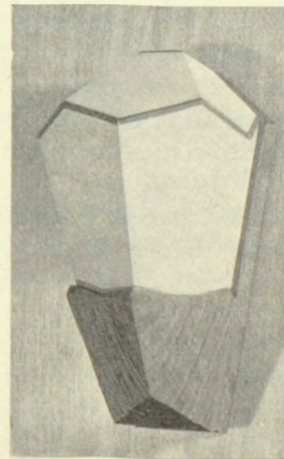
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Letter on the Ideal

Translated from the French by S. H. Connah

[The following article appeared in the *Revue de Genève* shortly before that magazine ceased to appear].

LETTER ON THE IDEAL

Foreword. Taine's centenary will soon be here. So it seems to me that the following pages, hitherto unpublished, and that have been passed on to me by a kindly friend, will certainly be read with interest. It seems likely, though I cannot be certain of it, that they were written at Nevers in 1852, at the same time as some other fragments, shortly to appear in book form (Hippolyte Taine, *Etudes et documents*, par Victor Giraud, Vrin, éditeur). Taine was at Nevers at that time; he had been sent there on leaving the Ecole Normale, to hold the post of assistant lecturer in Philosophy. The "Agrégation de Philosophie" having been abolished in December 1851, the young lecturer immediately turned to preparing the "Agrégation des Lettres." In his free time, he worked hard, both at philosophy and at literature, deeply regretting that he could not concentrate entirely on the former, but unconsciously picking up much material for his future work. "What bad luck for me, my dear friend," he wrote to Edouard de Suckau, "I was running down the slope of philosophy, like a ship in full sail, and making all sorts of discoveries; I understood M. Jouffroy, who saw a whole world in the soul; I was beginning to apply philosophy to history and here I am, back again in Latin hemistiches and Greek accentuations! However, I comfort myself with the thought that it is allowing me to do a course in æsthetics. I have already written several things on the Drama and on Epics. But when shall I be free from all that and able to give my whole time to pure metaphysics? Magna Mater!

Was this Letter on the Ideal really written to some friend, to some artist friend, as some lines would suggest? are the addressing, and indeed the whole letter-form in which this fragment is cast, a mere fiction? What would lead me to think it may have been written later than the Nevers period, is that it appears to me to be stronger, more mature in style, in thought and in talent, than some other writings known to have belonged to that period. We should do well, in any case, to compare this interesting fragment with the book, "*De l'Idéal dans l'Art*"; they may well have been written at about the same time.

VICTOR GIRAUD.

• • •
N AGREE WITH YOU. I dislike to hear critics talking of the Ideal. That great ugly word, at the same time pedantic and philosophic, jars on me, and makes me feel as though dusty Scholasticism had strayed into the delightful land of the Arts. Moreover, they hardly understand its meaning. "Copy Nature," they cry. Then the minute after, "Art should not imitate!" How can I invent and imitate at one and the same time? "Beautify your model," I am told. But to beautify is to alter. And what exactly do they mean by "Beautifying"? It is all hazy and vague, my dear Friend. You are more lucky than we.

You leave us discussing while you are making beautiful things. You revel in your gift, while we wear ourselves out trying to explain it. You spend your days in a world of wonderful imaginations that we barely guess at. Do not envy your judges, and do not laugh at them too much for trying to put into clumsy words what you feel so well.

But enough of phrases! (What tirades have been written on Art during the last fifty years, and on what uncomfortable pedestals have you artists been hoisted!) May I remind you of a morning we spent together. You were painting that portrait that took you so long. The very first day you had caught the features and produced a perfect likeness. Two days later, I found you had washed it all out. You had seen something quite different in your model the next day. What you had at first taken for the essential character of the face, had turned out to be a mere fleeting expression. Two or three times you had the strength of mind to destroy what had appeared to me a finished piece of work. The more you saw of your subject, the more intimately you got to know him, till at last you were able to guess his thoughts, his habits, his passions, in fact his whole character; you forgot the fitting expression of the moment; you studied the inner man and you no longer painted him as he looked; you no longer studied the outer shell, but as it were, an inner picture of the man, born in you by this prolonged observation; and when, having washed all out for the last time, you started afresh, you had no need of a model. Shut up alone in your room, you painted that portrait as if it had been some work of sheer imagination. Creator and copier at one and the same time, you were imitating Nature, and yet going beyond her. For Nature never shows the whole soul and character of a man in a single instant, in a single expression. She but half expresses them. Like an inexperienced painter, she requires endless situations, and as it were, a whole gallery of attitudes to show them from all sides. She has not the strength to concentrate them in one position, in one expression. These ever-changing expressions are like a treacherous mirror, breaking and scattering the light they ought to gather in one cluster. More fortunate and more able than she, you had found the master-expression and could teach Nature how to show that soul she had not been able to unveil.

I should think it must be so in all the arts. The artist only studies the outer shell in order to reach the inner being, the force that dwells within, and the laws that govern it. In so far as he does this he copies Nature. But now there grows in his mind a living form, a perfect picture more beautiful than what Nature has done, because Nature, unlike the artist, cannot find a form on a par with her thought. Take Shakespeare, for example; You will not object to him for the greatest of your painters delights in imitating him. His Macbeth appears at first sight to be nothing but a philosophic dissertation. It is a treatise on the birth, growth and results of ambition. Everything gives way before this overmastering passion. Macbeth's soul is so steeped in it that he seems lost to all other feelings. I know this does not happen in real life. Ambition comes and goes. No mind could

stand the strain of so lofty an idea without respite, it would give way if it could not relax from time to time. And I very much doubt if ambition has ever reached such lengths. Towards the end it borders on madness and throws the whole soul on which it has fallen into confusion. It brings about a complete shipwreck, in which feelings, virtues, affections and a whole upright life founder. The poet has therefore outstripped Nature. But bear in mind that all he has done is to free one of her forces from all hindrances. If in real life these forces never rise to such a pitch, it is due to the fact that circumstances prevent it. They would be powerful enough, but the opportunity is lacking. The temptations were too trivial, or another motive intervened. The passion itself might be tempered by some other passion. . . . In the intoxication that follows a victory, Macbeth is told that he is to become Earl, Thane and King. The words of those dread witches grip his soul and he sees in them a decree of Fate. From that moment, the memory of those words never leaves him; it becomes an obsession. He learns that he is Earl, then Thane, then that the two nearest heirs to the throne are dead. Each piece of news confirms the prophecy, increases its authority, and drives deeper and deeper into his soul, the thought that he is certain to become King. He walks without seeing, hears without listening, entirely possessed by this song of the Witches, forever ringing in his ears. We begin to feel him stifled and more and more crushed by a fate that is the creature of his own mind. Unwitting, and unprotected, Duncan puts himself into his power; his wife plans the murder, eggs him on to it, taunts him with his cowardice, finishes the work herself, hides it, and behold! he is King! But the memory of the blood he has spilt, the fear of losing the reward of his crime, self-loathing, the indelible stamp of his action, all these last and grow. Upright and noble as he has been during a whole lifetime, driven to murder by a series of fateful events, the contrast between his past life and his crime makes the haunting memory of this latter all-powerful. It is a terrible thing to see this gallant man obsessed by visions of blood-stained ghosts, unable to control his remorseless thought, hurled from crime to crime, driven from shame to shame, with no possibility of escape. He lives in a dream, the world of his imagination having taken the place of the real world. He stumbles on, as though drunk with the sight and smell of blood, from murder to murder, unfeeling, blind, sombre as Destiny. We can therefore say that Macbeth's character is consistent, though not true to life. If ambition has never shown itself thus, the fault lies with circumstances. Unhindered, it might well go to these lengths. Shakespeare has therefore not put a fancied nature in the place of real nature, he has merely freed her from the bonds that hamper her. More than that; the whole background is a perfect copy of nature as we see her day by day. This over-mastering and extraordinary ambition rears its head amidst most homely surroundings, and most common-place ways. Duncan and Banquo, before entering the castle, notice the swallows on Macbeth's towers and say a few words about them. Macbeth catches sight of Banquo's ghost in the midst of a feast, and between his imprecations and his horrors, we hear his wife, as the perfect hostess, begging her guests to stay. Lady Macbeth is haunted by the thought of the murder, and we are shown her remorse by the trivial means of a sleep-walking scene, and of a few words exchanged between a doctor and a serving-woman. These characters taken from a play are real people. Top and bottom, they belong to human life. They are not everlastingly treading the clouds, like the heroes of

our modern stage. The easy flow of their conversation, the homely simplicity of their doings, keep leading us back to the every-day world, or better let us say we never leave it. You will see for yourself how great a difference there is between the two. On the one hand you have a man dressed as you or I dress, speaking as we speak, and giving way, in front of us, to violent passion. On the other, you see this same man, garbed in a Roman cloak, sceptre in hand, crown on head, face made-up, declaiming some pompous tirade or other. There you have the whole difference between true and conventional poetry.

Do not ask me to make a list of the countless examples that might be brought forward. It is enough to remember that the Greek poetry you prize so highly is built on these very lines. The characters are the most natural of men. They weep, they grow indignant, they blurt out their feelings with never a thought for the audience. And so with the style. It is written with the simplest of words and the easiest of phrasing; no trappings, no antitheses. You could almost believe you were listening to the townsfolk of Ionia or of Athens. Then, suddenly, the enthusiasm sweeps in and carries all before it. The words flow in vivid figures of speech, and the phrases pile themselves up, with unlimited daring and licence. You find Plato and Homer now skimming the ground, now flying sky-high. Yet the boldest poetical imagination never prevents their being perfectly simple and homely and they are such mighty poets for the very reason that they are such faithful observers.

The moral to be drawn from all these examples is that you must copy nature and at the same time correct her; but you must only correct where she is not true to herself. Too much truth takes away from the Truth, and exactness is attained by not being too exact. Art must go beyond Nature in order to reproduce her rightly. It must show her to us without her weaknesses, her contrariness, her failings. All the forces there are can be found in her. She moulds matter however it pleases her, endowing it with her own beauty. But Chance and the presence of other forces stop her in her work. Swept along by the current, she is not strong enough to carry out what she had planned. Fate hampers her, and the endless stream of new beings pouring from her womb, are but the rough sketches of a thought that rebel Matter fails to express. Like some gigantic sculptor, daily discarding the bronze his mighty hands have unsuccessfully moulded, she leaves to the passer-by the task of perceiving the genius hidden therein. The one to recognise this is the artist. He it is who guesses Nature's thought in these imperfect and mutilated fragments. In the human body, he understands that the muscles are too weak, the forehead lacking in serenity, the lines deficient in harmony, the blood that flows through the limbs powerless to endow them as it should, with the dazzling flower of youth and beauty. He knows he cannot reach to a higher conception than hers. All he asks is to find her thought, hidden in and obscured by her actual work. He hopes, if he can but succeed, to produce something at least worthy of her, for his hands will not meet the same obstacles; thus he will be more fortunate though his thinking is no better than hers. He works at the marble and at last frees the God they had both caught sight of. He is not tempted to boast, being but heir to a thought, perfect in itself, but lacking in power. He does not set his work up against the works of her who is his Mother, he adds it to hers, rejoicing, a being able to place, with filial hands, the last stone on an otherwise unfinished building.

(continued in page 320)

Book Review

THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT DIE. By Iulia de Beausobre. (Chatto & Windus.) 8s. 6d. net.

Whatever the propaganda departments of certain so-called "totalitarian" states may say to the contrary, their regime is only possible because of the barbarity to which the deadened consciousness of mankind is willing to submit. Over too great a portion of Europe's surface, terror, sufficiently abject to deny mother and father, wife, child and comrade in order to minimise the wrath of the inquisition, is general. There is apparently nothing to choose between the gaols and concentration camps of Greater Germany and those of Russia. Madame de Beausobre's book is the saga of the unbreakable spirit. After some years of loyal service to the Soviet State, the author and her husband were suddenly arrested and thrown into gaol. They were separated, and Madame Beausobre spent the next nine months in the seclusion of the Inner Prison at Moscow. And here she throws on to her canvas a wonderful study in psychology. The influx of thoughts, —none of them without significance to the student either of psychology or of occultism,—of what was, and what is, are only so much clearing away of the debris that covers the real "I." It is a brave story well told. The writing is tender and poetical:

"The miracle of the encounter of northern snow and southern sky is unique. The whole vast sweep of snow-laden earth is blue, and wherever a shadow is cast on it, be it from a tree, a house, a cloud, or a ripple or fold in the sparkling mantle itself, the shadow is of an inexpressibly intense, shining, sparkling, heavenly blue."

A further sentence of five years penal servitude, full of horror, was terminated by a release without any papers which meant that it was

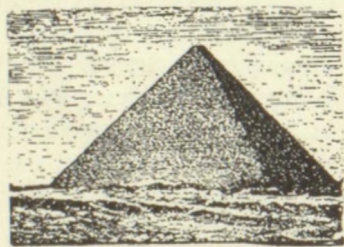
impossible to stay in any town without being hounded out by the police. One cannot read this book without being full of pity for the wretches capable of perpetrating such atrocities as are here described. It is a sad blot on the fitful human story.

L. M.

LETTER ON THE IDEAL (continued from page 319)

You will be laughing at me and taxing me with declaiming. What matter, so long as you agree with me! I might justify my words, perhaps, were I to turn to Philosophy and show you the place given there to Art. But let me add the rule underlying all these examples. Why copy Nature? because only in her are to be found the laws which govern beings, and because outside them, no being is, no being could be. Should the artist create what cannot be, his work is dead before ever he starts, and he has done nothing. Vainly will he display the wildest of feelings, the most vivid of colours, the spectator, fully aware that all he has before him is but a clever piece of artifice, will get no illusion, and will turn away bored.—Why correct Nature? Because it is idle to copy what we already possess, and because a good mirror would do it far better than the greatest artist. But bear in mind that it is by Nature that you correct Nature. You do not alter her, you only give her back to herself. You have been digging, and have come on some age-old statue. Beware not to injure it, only remove the soil and deposit that disfigure it. Come to the help of the great Artist who made it and show to the world the beauty sprung from his thought!

H. TAINE.



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