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No. 6

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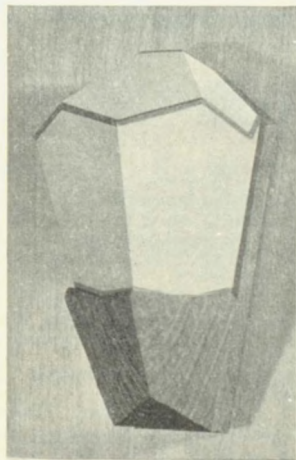
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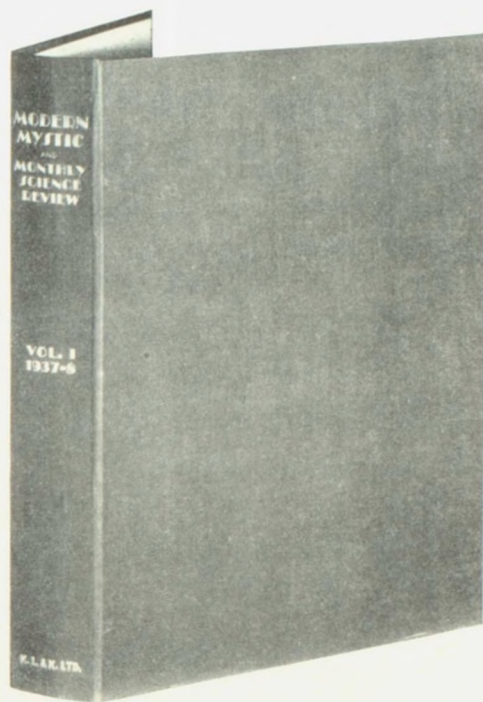
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“What more has any human being ever done than live? The setbacks, heartaches and heartbreaks are all an essential part of life. . . . The endless follies we commit, the illusions we hug and breed, even the illusion that we have no illusions, are as much part of and important in life as the beetle we tread on. To complain, to rebel, seems to me stupid and contemptible. . . . The wind passes over the place where we have been living, where we laughed and cried and were happy or unhappy as though nothing had ever occurred to disturb the quiet earth, or no sound had ever broken the indifferent silence of eternity.”

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OUR POINT OF VIEW

The Editor cannot be held responsible for the views expressed by Contributors.

Our Point of View

WE HAVE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING that we have appointed Mrs. Alan W. Watts, wife of our distinguished contributor, our Representative in America with headquarters at 6 West 77th Street, New York City. This arrangement should be welcomed by existing readers in America for it disposes of the inconveniences attending the exchange of monies. Subscriptions and cash for books may be sent to Mrs. Watts in American currency at the above address. Mr. P. M. Atherley will represent us in the West and Southern States and it is hoped in our next issue to publish our address in San Francisco. Mrs. Watts will be able to answer all readers' queries, whether with reference to the editorial, advertisement, or business sides of the journal.

There are very few real journalists of the old school. Of late years Fleet Street has been invaded by an army easily segregated into two groups; the first representing names whose writing is done by somebody in the newspaper office, and who write regularly once a month from Cannes requesting a cheque, the second by youths just "down" from Oxford never intended by providence for anything other than entering the paternal jam factory. Northcliffe would have made short work of most of them. Of the handful who still keep alive the traditions of the "Street" none is more respected than Hannen Swaffer. All the world knows his interest in Spiritualism, and he is only one more really brilliant man whose interest has apparently robbed him of the judgment and critical faculty obvious enough in other connections; many others—Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Sir A. Conan Doyle and W. T. Stead among them—come easily to mind.

Swaffer has just published through the Psychic Press a new book, *Northcliffe's Return*, in which we are treated to the usual seance stuff. The author's sincerity is beyond doubt, but just how he can conceive of the "Chief" uttering the drivel he cheerfully attributes to him is a mystery. During his lifetime Northcliffe often gave evidence of a belief in reincarnation and was secretly gratified, if not thoroughly convinced, when a certain psychical journal published his horoscope and compared it with Napoleon's. For while no occultist would connect the two lives there were certainly some resemblances; in height, facial expression, fundamental ideas on the philosophy of "success," tastes in literature and an unorthodox yet positive mysticism they were much alike. But this was not all. Both signed themselves only by the initial "N"; both parted the hair on the unusual side of the head; and both entertained a consuming love for France. Northcliffe sometimes made mistakes in his judgment of men—but not often.

Some two years after his death, Swaffer tells us that the Chief communicated the following to a lady who had been his secretary:

"Yes, I even have fingernails, I am wearing a grey suit (flannel), like those you often saw me wear, soft collar and soft shirt. My skin is very clear. It is a wonderful feeling

to be so fit. One is never ill here, never hurt and never depressed. We have no money. We work things out in kind. I have worked for my suit. I was never really what one would call a happy man, as I couldn't do all I wanted to do, and so would get terribly depressed. You had a different temperament—more buoyant—for after feeling depressed you would bubble up again.

I turned very deeply towards religion during my last months on earth.

I would not return to earth. I am quite happy here, as there is much for me to do. I have found many helpers. . . .

Don't chew the end of your pencils when you write. Juicy figs are much better. I was with you on Saturday when you were eating one, and when you mentioned my name, saying how I liked them. I made you think it was not quite ripe, but only for the moment. I love to tease."

If only Swaffer had devoted his eloquent pen to the more worthwhile and scientific aspect of the occult! As it is we can only conclude that he has succeeded in introducing to many hundreds of lesser folk a murky pathway beginning and ending with phenomena-hunting and from which there is often no escape.

What has come to be known as "the situation" can no longer be thought of as an extraneous political *contretemps* to be left for solution to the professional politicians. Each of us individually feels the effect of it in some way. Even those with little perceptual faculty are now aware that the events of the last few years have nothing to do with a political crisis proper, that a solution, if found, would not permit us to sit back and imagine that things would return to "where they were." The old order is not changing, it is dead. Whether we like it or not, whether the politicians and financiers like it or not, is of no consequence, for the new order must of necessity have a new economic basis. Hitler's bartering methods are not without significance.

There is no remedy possible within the framework of any particular "national" ideology, economic system or political party. Readers who have followed the articles by Mr. G. S. Francis throughout the past year will have a more or less ready guide if not to the actual lines at least to the tendencies of the new economics, while, if they are interested further we recommend with enthusiasm a book by an American, Mr. Clarence Streit,* which in the opinion of some people is the most important book published since the war. True, the Federation-of-States idea is not new, but previous pleas offered no suggestions of how it would work. Mr. Streit who served in the American contingent during the last war observed, even in those days, that the crack then made in the system would develop into the abyss over which we now stand. Mr. Streit's proposal has nothing in common with a league of nations, and in our view his is the only practicable scheme within the confines of the limited vision of politicians likely to prove effective in the present impasse.

* *Union Now* (Cape, 10s. 6d.)

C. E. M. Joad is at it again. This colossal mind has unburdened itself to the readers of the *Spectator*—incidentally the best weekly journal published to-day. His effort was a reevaluation of the Gospels in the best Joad manner. The effrontery with which this man disposes of Jesus is one of the miracles of the age. Before treating the reader to a few plums let us say that it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the theme of the whole article is disappointment that the mind of Jesus does not quite come up to the standard of C.E.M.J. This of course is a great pity and we must bear with it as best we may. However, Mr. Joad makes one shrewd remark that has our complete approval, Jesus, he says, "is markedly anti-intellectual," and to be that of course is not to be tolerated by Mr. Joad and those others who earn their bread on the alleged necessity of being intellectual (whatever that may mean) and on the egotistical assumption that they have "what it takes." In great disappointment Mr. Joad exclaims, "He abuses men of learning." Our author obviously imagines himself to be one of these, so we commiserate with him. It is obviously absurd that the Son of Man should be lacking in respect toward the Joadian tribe. Yet simple people such as ourselves look to Him as the only defence we have against these wordy purveyors of "popular" philosophy, pseudo science and dizzy eugenics.

• • •

Here are a few of Mr. Joad's "intellectual" high-lights. "But it is the character of Jesus Himself that I find most disconcerting. I was astonished at the lack of warrant for the 'gentle Jesus meek and mild' conception in which I was nurtured. The figure who appears in the Gospels is a stern and very often angry man. He is touchily sensitive and liable to break out into torrents of denunciation on what seems to me very inadequate provocation . . ." "The three Synoptic gospels, composed, as they are, of strings of detached sayings and incidents, struck me as naively episodic. Jesus does this, says that, comes here, goes there; but there is no more reason for the sayings and doings than there is continuity about the comings and goings. The narrative, in fact, often reads like a holiday diary of the 'We went on to the beach; then we bathed; then we had lunch; Mr. X. came to lunch; Mr. X. said . . . ' type."

• • •

Religion aside, the Bible as literature has no peer. This is not a prejudiced view but a common admission shared by churchmen, agnostics and artists alike. It has been left to the originality of C.E.M.J. to confuse it with a holiday diary, which of course removes Mr. Joad from the ranks of serious literary critics.

• • •

A letter from a reader complains that while he enjoyed Mr. Bonar Thompson's article on the theatre and feels that it could have been included with profit in some journal of a more general appeal than the MODERN MYSTIC, he failed to appreciate its occult significance. It is true that in these days most journals devoted to the "occult" carry little that is not bound up with either spiritualism, tea-cup reading, telepathy or fortune-telling. Time was when the play was really the "thing," and we have not to go so far back as the mystery plays to justify the histrionic art as a medium for culture as distinct from mere entertainment. Rudolf Steiner devoted some time to the form and his contemporary Schure treated it in masterly style. We look upon Mr. Thompson's

contribution as salutary in days when the cinema, the mere shadow of the real thing, foists upon the public, and gets away with it because of its still comparative novelty, personalities and acting that would be hissed out of existence behind the footlights. In any event, all true art has occult implications, and we see no difference between offering our readers considerations on the art of music and equally able criticisms of the state of modern drama. But should the balance of opinion be against the inclusion of frankly cultural articles, we should ignore it on the grounds that the exigencies of publishing,—and which do not affect this particular journal,—are prone to lower the standard of criticism which often for economic reasons is dragged down to the level of the thing "criticised." But as the *Apocrypha* has it in the last two verses of *Maccabees*: "And if I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired: but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto. For as it is hurtful to drink wine or water alone; and as wine mingled with water is pleasant, and delighteth the taste: even so speech finely framed delighteth the ears of them that read the story. And here shall be an end."

• • •

When a friend attains a degree of success and happiness, when he is shown by men and by a just Providence that his little say and his humble ways have been noted, the heart expands and we rejoice with him. It is only seven years ago that we first met Bonar Thompson, penniless, debonair and witty, standing on his box at Hyde Park debunking all the cant, hypocrisy, pettiness and humbug, that came under his searching notice. Very few of his casual Sunday afternoon audiences fully appreciated the native gift of incisive logic, and the calculated, passionate philosophy that underlay his hilarious flights of wit and often grim, sardonic humour. Two attempts to establish his little journal, *The Black Hat*, failed. The first theatre venture—when without scenery, costumes or "props" he gave a one-man show consisting of excerpts from Shakespeare, Wilde, Dickens and others, all superbly done—was also a failure because the press stayed away. The next effort in the same genre, a few weeks ago, at last met with reward. The press vied with one another in praise of his genuine dramatic gifts, a fine and exact memory, a vast reading and unerring taste. Bonar Thompson has never been educated—as all readers of his *Hyde Park Orator* know—and that is perhaps why he knows more than most men about many things. His lecture on the "Decline of Literature," under the auspices of this journal, was an intellectual feast, and now, for the first time in his life, he is in receipt of a weekly salary because of the acumen of the *Daily Sketch* which has added him to its staff. To-day, as we write this note, he is being married. We offer him our sincere felicitations.

• • •

It is with great pleasure that we announce an article (which will appear in our next issue) by Paul Brunton. It will be on the mysterious city of Angkor and will be fully illustrated by the author's photographs. Mr. Brunton spent some months in the abandoned city with Buddhist friends, and we have no doubt that this contribution from one so respected by all students of mysticism and Oriental religions and philosophies will arouse the greatest interest. No extra copies will be printed, so make sure of yours by ordering in advance from your newsagent.

The Editor

Thibetan Yoga

by Bernard Bromage, M.A.

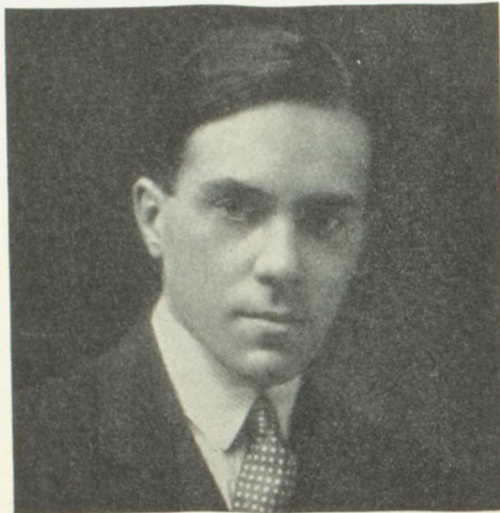
VI. INITIATION INTO THIBETAN YOGA

BEFORE DEALING with a subject of such a recondite nature as the above it is necessary to hold up certain warnings. Initiation is a word and a concept which can give birth to the wildest extravagance and fantasy. It is rarely used in the West without some association of ambiguity or even scandal.

Before one can initiate people into rites one must possess rites to initiate them into. So often these latter are invented, or to put it mildly, culled from highly doubtful quarters, in which numbers of markedly neurotic individuals live in a condition of artificially exalted and completely imaginary converse with the Godhead. No names are mentioned; but the reader cultured in these matters will unhesitatingly cast his mind not too far back to organisations, surreptitious and otherwise, which, after payment of a very definite and, for the most part, quite inappropriate fee, "initiated" the novice into exactly nothing, or at the best, into a sodden marsh, in which his wits, like his feet, slipped into a frequently irredeemable chaos.

It is dangerous and confusing to take it that East has the same technique as West in these matters. No one with the slightest acquaintance "East of Suez" will attribute to the oriental mind the sogginess and misconception on spiritual matters which seems so often to be the inalienable birthright of the Westerner. The difference resolves itself at the last resort, into an economy and a powerful sense of direction. The Thibetan, in particular, refuses to waste his time on things which do not appear to him essential. He rebels too against any suggestion that the game of mumbo-jumbo is worth playing for its own sake. Unless he can see something for his money in the shape of a definite increase in spiritual garnerings when he gives himself to the life of consecration, he is, like Queen Victoria, not amused. He is in nowise willing to be ushered into back-basements for the thrill of coming face to face with an Adeptus or for that matter with an even more equivocal Adepta. He does not hold that the Kingdom of Heaven resides in the hearts of persons who are chiefly concerned with the uncharitable business of cutting each other's throats, and who seek to surpass each other in the pompous assertion of occult superiority. In other words he is not interested in barking up that particular tree.

Initiation into any mystery can only come when the mind and heart are ready for it. Only too often, in the West, the entrance is sought because of some peevish and discontented attitude towards the actual world. It must be remembered that it is not always the individualist who leaves the world. "Au contraire" the world sometimes leaves the individualist; and the world is not entirely to be blamed. Many persons demand an attention



BERNARD BROMAGE, M.A.

quite out of proportion to their moral and spiritual weight. When they fail to secure what they regard as their due, they are apt to retaliate by shaking the dust of the ignoble arena off their feet. But the arena carries on as usual in its daily round, and the task, though common, is a task.

Not so with the self-humiliated aspirant. In revenge for his neglect by the lesser brethren (or worthless rabble) he seeks out some group or society of an esoteric cast. His wounded pride can only be solaced by the conviction that some home awaits him which has nice snug hearths for a select few (among whom he will one day be pre-eminent). Little or no thought is given to the breadless multitude outside the portals: except to contemn and despise and, if occasion permits, to

make use of them—a policy in which the whole Council of the Elect raise up a voice in full accord.

It is little wonder that the word "initiation" has come to be suspect among the genuinely enquiring individuals whose trials and troubles have not been assuaged in the bosom of any of the orthodox Churches. Rather than submit himself to rites and rituals in which his frequently sound common sense does not concur, he wanders disconsolate among the bleak purlieus of arid pseudo-rationalism, or worse, tries to sink all his spiritual strivings in a despairing acceptance of the conventional lies of the day. So souls are left unfulfilled, "hang still, patchy and scrappy," and the drooling deities of materialism clasp another victim to their fold.

It is unfortunate that so much insistence is made by occultists on the difference between "the Western and the Eastern tradition." As far as the present writer has been able to ascertain, by long and patient research in these matters, the origin of all secret or semi-secret rites of any validity is to be found in the Eastern genius for religious technique. Both scholarship and sound intuition go to prove that, for all practical purposes, the organic conception and realisation of the forces of nature which is at the heart of the deepest religious experience had a definitely Eastern provenance. Maybe in the Nile Delta, maybe in some jungle of Northern India or in some upland of Thibet, there arose, thousands of years since, certain of the sons of men freed by nature and appointment from the illogicality of the animal, whose mission it was to prove that there is a constant of perfection in humanity, in no sense limited by the boundaries of time and space.

One must beware of sentimentality. The East, at least on a surface observation, is made up of many idiotic traditional observances, many abominable varieties of climate and a multitude of bad smells. There is no reason to assume that, taken man for man, the average Easterner is wiser than the average Westerner.

But it can be categorically asserted that the atmosphere he breathes can, if properly assimilated, conduce to a more reverent and comprehending attitude towards the universe.

In Thibet, in particular, there is little to distract the mind from God. A country with a singularly bracing and hardening atmosphere, surrounded with mountain ranges of an indescribable majesty, is little calculated to appeal to those who like their religion "couleur de rose." With numbers of enclosed monasteries as its only architectural relief, the whole landscape contains no suggestion of the morbid and flurried overcrowding which has made Europe the cockpit of so much that is doomed to destruction. Communications with the outside world are practically non-existent. The religious novice inured to this physical and spiritual clime is scarcely likely to waste his energies in thinking wistfully of the insensate striving and epileptic hatreds of the foreigners beyond the hills.

It follows, that we find in Thibet no strictly-drawn line of division between laity and clergy. Every calling merges at some point into the religious life of the community; and every religious dedicatee realises to the full his obligation to the less initiated workers around him. If any merely earthly region can be said to have attained harmony, it is this territory consecrated from time immemorial to the pursuit of the things of the spirit.

The naturalness of religious reaction is its most attractive feature. The humblest and most pedestrian Thibetan would never dream of regarding those more spiritually developed than himself as isolated and aloof in some prim sacerdotal domain. On the other hand, he has recourse to the lamas on any occasion for which he feels his own powers insufficient. At the same time the reader must not commit the error of thinking that the religious expert is regarded by the Thibetans as the representative of any supreme anthropomorphic Deity. Rather, communication with Godhead must be viewed as getting in touch with some particular aspect of Power. Different grades and types of the priesthood cater for different desires and aspirations. At the blackest level of activity, a priest-sorcerer is sought; at the highest, a guide is approached because a fair city has been espied in some rapt moment of natural exaltation, and added energy is desired in order that the vision may be made constant.

The process is that of a magnetic chain. At the summit of the ladder of attainment are the Buddhas, with their various graces and gifts. Next comes the supreme Guru, Dorje-Chang, the Lord of the Thunderbolt. He too holds in his hands many keys to many paths. The line of celestial gurus who occupy the next place in the hierarchy are intermediaries between His all-encompassing might and the Apostolic Gurus on earth, whose lives are consecrated to the task of directing and organising the religious possibilities of this world. Under these are the lesser gurus, who know much, but whose destiny it is to get more in touch with individual, striving humanity. Lastly, the neophytes bring up the rear. They are the beginnings of the initiatory process—the clay in the hands of the potter which is shaped for a divine end. Once the first step has been taken, the first vow spoken, there is no going back. Even if the novice is fated to sin against the illuminated inner conscience within him, it is impossible that he shall ever be the same "man of the world" of the past. No matter how halting the step, it is set irrevocably towards the heights.

Nevertheless, it is not every aspirant who can climb in this life to the topmost crags. Sometimes it happens that the will and

the conviction, although sufficient to prompt the beginner to a new orientation of his mental and moral life, is not strong enough to warrant entry into the higher teachings. In these cases after the usual period of trial, the initiate is reserved for the lower functions of election. Generally speaking, the probationary period, except in exceptional cases, lasts for one year.

It is important to point out here that women as well as men may be Gurus. Thibet knows no bars of sex or caste, granted that the heart and mind are ready for the Great Work. Indeed, in some respects, women, owing to their greater sense of realism and their profounder sensuous intuitions, are by nature better equipped for the intricacies of inward religious research than is the more unimaginative and adamant male. Also, it cannot be too often emphasised, they are the copies of the Great Mother of the World, from whom all phenomena flow.

There is no chopping and changing once one has found a suitable guide. There is nothing in Thibet which corresponds to the neurotic game of General Post which is so disconcerting a feature of the "salvation racket" in Europe. Very proper precautions on both sides must be taken before a working harmony is established between the two partners to this momentous contract; but once it is seen that virtue can be given out on one side and assimilated on the other, then there is no necessity for change. Consistency and perseverance are frequently the best preparations for eternity.

Of course, it sometimes happens that a pupil is so gifted by nature and so diligent in his application that the "guru" finds himself in the position of having no more to give. In this eventuality a new guru is recommended, of greater knowledge and experience. Very occasionally a pupil is so developed on account of his good karmic record that he arrives very quickly on what Buddhists call the "Short Path." This implies that he needs henceforth no especial guidance except that which comes from within his own serene inner conviction.

It must be noted that, in Thibet, there does not exist the same relationship between teacher and disciple which persists in Southern India. Frequently, a relationship is established without further ado on the basis of first impressions. One of the most remarkable features of the Thibetan mentality is its capacity for judging what is really important in human character. People "of the same wavelength" often come together without any unnecessary preliminaries of conventional investigation. The best judgment is of the heart, not of the head. By normal standards, the Thibetan guru is by no means always a person of impeccable morality. Polyandry is tolerated, even in the most spiritualised circles and very few Thibetans would raise the prudish eyebrow at the more obvious and primitive sins of the flesh. Curiously enough, serious exception is taken to marriage between cousins, even at the fourth remove. What the disciple usually seeks is some deep layer of psychic power which is strong enough to annul any surface vices.

With apparent cynicism he will sometimes turn from his master when he has learnt all there is to know in that quarter. But his renegacy is not due to any sensation-seeking folly, but to the conviction that, like himself, the guru is human; and that, when one species of vitality shows obvious limitations, then it is time to transfer one's attentions to another. The whole relationship is dictated by the commonsense realisation that it is useless to take up with any teacher who does not understand one's own particular case. Only those who have walked the same hard way

as ourselves, in this or a previous incarnation, are competent to guide us. Otherwise a subtle battle of cross-purposes will distort the lines of the picture.

Among Thibetan initiates faith is a power in itself. To put it in a slightly exaggerated form, it does not matter so much what one believes, as the result of the process of believing. When we give all our heart and soul to a vision, we stoke up for and around ourselves a vast protective barricade enclosing untold possibilities of releasable energy. To "enter the stream" is to project our whole will into its fulfilment, from any jumping-off board which may be to us the most natural and handy: some take one road, some another.

It follows, that among certain Yogis much stress is laid on those aspects of ceremonial initiation which have for long been associated with this accumulation of psychic energy. A balance must be obtained between knowledge (*chesrab*) and its application (*thabs*). Recourse is naturally had to those symbols of power which, although devoid at first sight of any ultimate significance, yet propel the mind to the world of balanced opposites on which deliverance rests. The "dorje" and the hand-bell (*tilpu*) which have always stood with the Thibetans for the polarisation of the male and female elements in life are given to the novice. He clasps them in his right and left hands respectively, and proceeds to associate all his life and energy with the forces inherent in these two concepts. For the remainder of his life on this earth he wears on the little fingers of both hands rings bearing the emblems of the immemorial instruments of occult attraction. Thus is his mind poised between void and desire: remembering that the secret of life resides in the injunction "Be What You Are" he dedicates himself with all his heart and will to the finding of his own strong level within the planes of concentration.

For the purposes of our exposition we may divide the initiatory ceremonies of Thibet into two main categories—those of an orthodox character, connected with the established Monasteries, and those of a more individual and, for the most part, more intricate character, in which the ceremony takes place in some remote fastness, some desert retreat, where the soul has, perhaps, more chance to expand. It is necessary to realise that in Thibetan practice the usual order of things is reversed. In this land of religious specialists, where so many young men feel the call to a life of abnegation and aspiration, it is customary for monasteries to be entered almost as a matter of course. There is no natural irreverence among the young intellectuals of Thibet, no "rationalism" of the more deadening and stultifying sort. An organised centre where many eager spirits are gathered together is regarded as the natural goal for those seeking to expand their faculties. But even the monasteries do not profess to cater for the more hardy mountaineers of the spirit.

These latter sort frequently leave the roof of their "alma mater" and seek development at a further remove. They need a more solitary climate, a more invigorating air for the spiritual lungs to expand. The monk's cell sometimes leads to the ascetic's retreat. Thibet is full of anchorites who look back on their novitiate in Ghum or Gan-den as only the first tentative beginning of their pilgrimage.

Leaving aside, for a moment, the regular accepted forms of initiation, we may dwell with some profit on the less accessible rites of the solitary gurus who have cut themselves off from the

orthodox tradition of the great centres. These may be roughly classed under the headings of Esoteric and Exoteric.

Chief and most subtle among the first group is the manner of initiation by telepathy. There are several cases on record of a delicately-tuned relationship between teacher and disciple which is able to forego the usual procedure of physical concourse. Meditating in solitary silence, often separated by great distances, each "picks up" what the other has to give. Herein lies a valuable lesson for the Westerner who has no opportunity to visit what may be his own spiritual home. He can "tune in" his mental and psychic apparatus to a chosen friend, yearning to help all mankind, although divided physically from most of them by the towering Himalayas. Much peace and harmony of mind will follow, once the requisite power of concentration has been established. "Ask and ye shall receive."

Another order of Yogis teach by gesture. Most of us have no idea of the enormous power of "pantomime." It is a device which the East has brought to the finest of tests. Once the correct *rapport* had been found with the pupil there is no end to the constructive configuration on the psyche which can be performed by a master skilled in the suggestive manipulation of those bodily limbs which are the limbs of the cosmos. The "yantras" or geometrical diagrams which have been explained elsewhere, perform something of the same service to the rigging of the intelligence and will.

A further method of training popular in esoteric circles is the "Meditation on the Wheel." It should be recalled that the "Chakras" of the psychic body may also be regarded as re-duplications of the Wheel in miniature: the course of man's life follows in its broad outlines the astrological rotations of the worlds. To study the broad impulses in the nature of things is to lay the foundation of reformation in our own being. The visualisation is carried to each of the Centres, and, floated on the waves of absolute cause and effect, the student attains to a wide serenity in which his vision is remarkably expanded.

The usual expression of the symbol in Thibet differs from the Buddhist emblem in marked particulars. It is much more minatory, much more powerful in texture and tone. As one would expect from artists educated to paint with the palette of intensity, there is more insistence on the admonitory than on the benign. It depicts creation in the grip of Mara, who, as the embodiment of Desire, lords it over his three daughters, Lust, Stupidity and Anger, which are painted at the hub in the centre as a cock, a hog and a snake. There are six compartments. That on the right is devoted to the heavenly realms, peopled with celestial beings and with all the concomitants of bliss: also with hints of that divine species of suffering which springs from the satiety consequent on every enjoyment except that of the Inexpressible. On the left are shown the human worlds, each with its special characteristics and limitations. Next to these are the territories of the Titans who strive ineffectively against the ever-living Gods. In the space below the centre come the hells, blazing mementoes of destruction. Left of these we see the astral worlds of disconsolate ghosts, undelivered from their feeble cravings. Right, live the animals, waiting patiently for their unfolding.

The outer circle or tyre of the design conveys a lesson in philosophy. Written here in twelve segments are the "causal bonds" which keep us tied to the illusions of the Wheel: Unconscious Will, the insensate striving of our inner resolution

after the false delights of the flesh ; Conformation, or an equally fatuous acceptance of the ambiguous standards of the world ; Consciousness, Self-Consciousness, Perception, Contact, Feeling, Desire, Indulgence, Individual Existence, Birth, Atrophy and Death. Here are deployed both the lures and the psychological framework of actual life.

Attached to the rite of the " Wheel " Meditation are certain apothegms of Padma Sambhava, venerated as one of the greatest Apostles of Deliverance. Theses should be enunciated slowly, with due regard for their deep occult import, during the concentration. The following are among the most popular. " My body is like a hill, my eyes are like the ocean : my mind resembles the sky." " When I pass the bridge, lo ! the water floweth not ; but the bridge floweth." By casting back one's mind to the thoughts of one who passed triumphantly through all the trials of life one is inspired to new renunciation and new endeavour.

A very interesting initiation is carried out in silence with master and pupil facing each other in appropriate postures. The distractions of the world eliminated by a concentrated one-pointedness of mind, both exert all their inward energies to establish a subtle pontoon of union between the reservoirs of dynamism which constitute their respective personalities. The guru sends out his Gift-waves of grace towards his disciple and the disciple in his turn answers mentally with what he has to give of the essence of his youth. The technique consists in the former releasing from the " chakra " between the eyes a radiation of beneficent vitality which is " caught up " by the latter and absorbed by the " mainpura " chakra in the region of the solar plexus. It is incumbent upon the pupil that he tell no man of what has passed : there are capacities which become all the stronger when a veil is drawn over what cannot be expressed in the province of analytical language.

Sometimes the above initiation ends with what is called " the ceremony of the rosary." This aid to meditation consists in Thibet of a hundred and eight beads, to each of which is attached some special significance in the higher development of concentration. The reader will not have to be reminded that the intense absorption in any physical object leads, if successful, to a very definite psychic " release." In a subtle way the contact of the fingers with a smooth surface helps to raise the mind to a more liberal plane. It is not by accident that the more " hypnotic " religions of the West have made full use of this device : the suggestion of the circle conveys both an inevitability and an escape. In the " silent " initiation the guru places the fingers of the disciple on each of the beads in turn : then he consecrates the act by going over them with his own. Thus is a psychic and spiritual communion established in one rhythm. And the master is able to reinforce both batteries by " drawing from " the voltages of his own guru in the past, even if the latter is dead, that is, one step further on the Road. The " triumphant dead " can help in more ways than one.

Perhaps the most picturesque of the secret or semi-secret rites is that which may be translated as " The Devotion to the Altar." Particularly when it is realised that the appurtenances described have one and all their own inalienable and ordered significance. Indeed, this ceremony is as important as any in unrolling before the student the extraordinary meticulous methodology of the Thibetan technique for inducing the esoteric forces of the over-worlds to manifest themselves in the world of men.

So exacting is this celebration that it is necessary for the officiating priest, no matter how confident in his own virtue, to give himself up to a long and arduous period of preparation. He will be handling fire, and there is no man who has no need to tremble in the courts of the Lords of Life and Death. Solitude and self-examination are the preliminaries for the confrontation of the stoked-up strength of the Altar. Sometimes the lama is in retreat for as long as two or three months.

The first step to be taken is the construction of a " mandala " or sacred block. This is a square structure with length and breadth calculated from the distance between the elbow and middle fingers of the lama. It must be as smooth and equable as a mirror. With five separate powders, of the colours white, yellow, green, red and blue, the block is divided into five sections. At each corner of the contrivance is a small door, and in the centre a blue disc, on which gleams an eight-petalled lotus. In addition, four bars are traced—white towards the East, yellow to the South, green to the North and red to the West. Within this enclosure are placed different offerings : and there is much figuration, meant to represent various climes and inhabitants of this world.

A number of " dorjes " (symbols of the aggregate of force in all matter) surround the design, while at each corner and in the middle repose five ritual vessels. These contain mixtures of water and milk, grain, medicinal plants, perfumes, the " three whites "—cream, cheeses and butter—the " three sweets"—honey, sugar and treacle. Further adornments include the " five mirrors," the five pieces of rock-crystal, five images of the mystical Buddhas, arrows, variegated silks and the feathers of peacocks.

Once this paraphernalia has been gathered together and put in its correct position, the ceremony gets under way. Black tea or grain brandy is prepared as an offering to the Gods : ritual cakes are placed on the square : the bowl made from a human skull is placed in the disciple's hands. As a final preliminary, magic daggers are set at each of the four " doors " and four knives are driven between the " bars."

Now ensues a liturgical dialogue between the celebrant and the novice. It usually takes this form :

Lama : " You are content to remain in the dwelling of the Presence ? "

Disciple : " I am most content."

Lama : " Then know that the Buddhas, the world's wisdom and the wisdom of the starry spaces exists entirely within thyself. Prepare to feel within thee the volcano of thine own force."

Next, a ring of parti-coloured threads is tied to the candidate's left arm. The water-pot, as symbol of purity, is placed in turn on the four vital centres of the body—on the head, throat, navel and heart. Thus is signified the participation in sacred vows. For an initiate to go back on what he has promised to his own essential nature would be to incur unspeakable misery and torment. Although his monastery, like his " Kingdom of Heaven," is within himself ; yet there is a superficial discipline as well as one of a more fundamental cast hidden within the organisation of his indissoluble body-mind. The dedicated life is none the less stringent because it owes no allegiance to anything outside the circle of its own profound experience.

As an accompaniment to this diverse procedure is heard the roll of muffled drums. These instruments, played by the lama's assistants, made as they are of human skin, serve a double purpose. They at once put the candidate into the semi-hypnotic condition indispensable for the impressionability required ; they

are potent to summon the most intractable forces from the depths of the mineral and crystal kingdoms; and, finally, by their volume of sound they call the mind to one of the most dominating principles of the higher Yoga metaphysics—namely, that the elemental Force which deposited the worlds in its wake manifested Itself first as “Shabda” or sound.

The ceremony becomes even more dramatic. The candidate is now blindfolded, and a flower is put into his hand. He must cast it on to the “mandala.” Much will depend on the direction of the throw. Among other things the new “confirmation” names which the disciple will assume (in Thibet of a fortifying character, testifying to certain realised powers on the candidate’s part) will be selected on the basis of this singular version of “the red and the black.” There must be a full trust in one’s guardian angel to guide the hand aright.

If the flower falls to the South there are certain virtues and graces which follow inevitably in its train. For men this will be vital and abounding joy—a constant flow of an intense cosmic-consciousness: for women, a brilliant light on the architecture of the mind and will. If the North is favoured, there is promised to men complete liberation from the fetters of the unresolved senses; to women, a directive stream of energy extending equally in all directions. Similar connotations accompany the other compass points.

The conclusion of the rite draws near, and the candidate is allowed to remove the bandage. The lama tells him, in sacerdotal language, that the blinkers of ignorance have been removed from his eyes. A great gush of rapture ensues, and the lama, in the dazzled awareness after the blindness, is seen as a beam of light. So is the ascent made from dedication and resolution, through the multifariousness of matter to the Body of Light which knows no diminution of its flame. The demons are conquered and the soul can continue gaily along its self-appointed road.

It may be said in passing that very great expertness is necessary for the correct construction of the “kyilkhors” or diagrams which serve as the concentration-ground for all kinds of mystic initiatory processes. Indeed, there exist in Thibet a number of small training-institutes which specialise in teaching the exact manufacture of these aids to power. As well as the square type described, there are circular, triangular and rhomboidal designs in general use in ceremonial practice.

The least error in correct delineation is viewed with considerable apprehension. It is held that psychic adeptness of the strongest brew works its way out into the open only along thoroughly determined and delimited channels. To make any avoidable mistake in delineating the field of the cloth of gold which is laid down for supernatural entities is to bring down on one’s head a whole avalanche of undirected energies. The magic of symbol and formula answers to the magic which connects the ordered gradation of our own bodily “descent,” from the causal and mental forms in very lofty spheres to the gross deposit here below. An error in the projection of outward form is equivalent to a defect in the alignment of those mutually supporting parts which make up the efficiency of the ego. A bomb can explode from underneath us as well as from above us: it behoves the way to take good care that they do not trip up in their balance on the psychic parallel-bars.

It is of course, imperative that the “kyilkhors” should be traced by an initiate. Little reinforcement could come from one

not attuned to the subtle emanations which arise from artfully-drawn line and angle. All that would result would be a dead formation, without reference or meaning. A full knowledge of the energies and relationships involved in colour is also essential to the practice of the craft. Colour can stimulate towards the most abounding health or can lower the vitality to disintegration point. We have enough proof of this phenomenon in several experimental therapeutic clinics. The East has known from time immemorial what we are just beginning to rediscover.

Very often the first duty of the novice after his initiation is to make himself adept in the art of “mandala” building. When he has acquired the necessary proficiency in this branch of his psychic preparation he can go on to the even more difficult business of constructing the figure of the God who is to inhabit the “yantra.” This exercise demands as well as considerable imaginative force, a very tight control of the most recondite of the breathing processes.

First, seated in the appropriate attitude of veneration he must picture to himself a God or Goddess arising out of the centre of the substructure. Just as the sculptor moulds his clay so must he envisage, section by section, the feet, limbs, torso, and head of the deity. No part must be overlooked, no centre of energy allowed to refuse its quota of “gift-waves.” And all must be absorbed into the etheric body of the adoring postulant. He must remain long in contemplation of this objectivised picture of a swelling reality in his own subconscious. He will not tire.

With loving tenderness he will take all this beauty into himself. Little by little a further miracle will happen. Out of the one benignant or minatory figure will spring lesser Gods in miniature. Apparently from the head and shoulders of the image these minor representatives of the Law will enter to play their part in the drama of the aspirant’s quick rumination. Often there are four of these myrmidons to be pondered on: in the higher grades of meditative exercise there is, however, no limit to their number.

A double process takes place in this exercise. The “court” of the sovereign God is projected, but it is likewise reabsorbed into the heaven from which it came. One by one the little shimmering figurines disappear into the parent stem. The worshipper is left alone once more with the God he has summoned from the depths of his own mind. This figure too begins to take its leave. It departs as it came: first the feet, then the rest of the body, until there remains on the tremulous air nothing but a dot. This may be a luminous astral speck or a tiny floating circle of some definite coloration.

There is no space here to enumerate the copious occult interpretations given to these phenomena by Thibetan esoteric scholars. It is enough to point out that the place in which the dot seems to enter the body of the disciple is of the utmost significance. The future course of training of this particular type of devotee is largely determined in this way.

A word may be said on the use of the “Meditation in Darkness,” so frequently advocated by the good psychologists among the “gurus.” The Thibetans are total strangers to the normal Western reactions in this respect. They fear neither darkness nor solitude. To minds accustomed from childhood to regard the riotous outside world as illusory there is nothing more tranquillising in their eyes than the life of “elected silence.” Indeed, they

are able to communicate their tastes in this matter to foreigners. Any Western traveller with enough sensitiveness in his composition finds himself very soon falling into the "lonely" ways of the inhabitants of this strangely beautiful land. He no longer dreads the "monotony" of his own society, but finds in it the key to a vast, unexplored, infinitely absorbing psychic territory hitherto undreamt of.

A hint can be picked up here by all who would seek some freedom from the galling bonds of the lower self. There is no tyranny like that which comes from the nagging insistence by the outer world on conformity to its own attitude in matters affecting the alleged "cheerfulness" which is supposed to come from the false daylight of continuous social "amusements." Study to be quiet! A great French mystic has told us that he who can sit at peace alone in a small room has learned the whole secret of existence. If he had added that the room should be in darkness the hint would have been improved. It is perhaps only when the heart is left to its own devices in the all-absorbing sense of release which comes when night has fallen that the full beauty of life is realised; for then we are forced to find the hidden glory within ourselves, and the discovery can be fraught with the most ecstatic joy.

The human imagination is loaded with the very highest possibilities. Thoughts, of which the imagination is the propeller and "only begetter," are enormous forces if directed and motivated aright. The chief essential is elimination. We must help ourselves by cutting gradually out of our lives all that makes for waste and distraction. To cultivate the habit of darkness, if only for ten minutes during each day, is to experience tremendous influx of power, which may bewilder us at first, but which will soon settle down to suffuse all the creeks and crannies of our inner being. And as we are fed and driven by petrol and lubricants which gush from the more eternal parts of us outside the visible body, it follows that the more we cut ourselves off from the customary sight of stereotyped physical objects (including our houses, gardens and the frequently boring apperception of our physical frame and appearance) the more ready shall we be to enter the Kingdom.

Nature in light or darkness is the great healer. The most hardened soul knows at times the rejuvenating power of solitude in some woodland glen or some lonely hill around which the waves of the sea emulously surge. Here the worries of existence can be forgotten while, in a kind of divine hypnotic trance, we allow the vitality which belongs to crystals, quartzes and all the multitudinous life of plants and flowers to course through our veins.

A very trying initiation consists in lying on the back and staring fixedly at the sun. This is not to be recommended to the ordinary novice as the strain on the optic nerve is great. Also it involves a considerable degree of a rather curious kind of occult meditation. The Thibetans are a very hardy people, and what would appal our endurance strikes them as a trifling concession to the bounty of the Gods. What, they argue, is a little discomfort, compared with the rewards of enduring peace?

Following the directions of his guide, the disciple should gaze at the orb until the dancing points of light which blind him at first resolve themselves into a single dark spot. When this latter stays motionless, he is confident that his mind is "fixed"

—that is, open to receive certain visions and visitations. These assume the form of innumerable combinations of deities and occult circumstances. From the book of his teaching he interprets these apparitions, whether favourable or the reverse. He takes the omens as encouragements or corrections to the particular line of application which he has been pursuing. If a single image of the Buddha is seen, then he knows that the Gods approve of the innate wisdom within himself.

This "ecstasy of the infinitude of space" is regarded by the Thibetans as one of the most valuable of mystical states. More than most experiences, it puts us, they hold, *en rapport* with the great lake of peace at the base of our innermost being. To absorb the fullness of the heavens and then, in an alternative rhythm to "look in our heart" and see there reflected the glory to which we aspire, is to have a foretaste in this earthly lease of what is enjoyed by the dwellers in Elysian groves. For the correct fulfilment of this communion it is necessary that there be nothing in the landscape to divert the attention. Flat land is best; and virgin soil will give us an added strength!

Very wonderful things are done in Thibet from a knowledge of the manifestations of the sun. It may not be amiss here to describe a remarkable feat practised by adepts throughout the whole districts of the Himalayas. It is the extraction of various kinds of perfume from the refraction of the rays of the sun. For the achievement of this wonder the adept needs only a burning lens which will deflect the rays on to a piece of material. Once the sunshine is focussed it will form a series of clearly-defined circles on the fabric. In a few seconds the material will be redolent with the perfume desired.

There is nothing obviously hypnotic in this "miracle." It is not performed, as so many bemused sceptics suggest, by bamboozling the wits of the observer. It involves, of course, a very acute knowledge of the laws of integration and disintegration of components; but there is no element of hocus-pocus in its performance. As all life may be said to originate (in our planetary system at least) from the vital rays of the sun, so it should not surprise the balanced student to discover that the vitality can be divided up into its component elements, and that these elements can be knit into various patterns which will correspond to the "octaves" of colour, perfume and sound. The therapeutic importance of these combinations is enormous.

The famous "Mani" Initiation may carry a slight atmosphere of familiarity to the Western reader as it is bound up with the well-known mantram "*Aum Mani Padme Hum*" (the Jewel in the Heart of the Lotus). It is an excellent initiation to study, conveying as it does such an admirable idea of the metaphysical side of Thibetan occultism—its merging of the territories of sound and significance. It is performed alone in the silence by master and candidate, repeating after each other the sacred words of power.

Each syllable has its special interpretation. *Aum* ("The Stay of Meditation," as it was termed by the great commentator Sankaracharya) stands for the Three Persons of the Hindu Trinity—Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. Again, it signifies the means by which the puny individual mind attains to the inexpressible glory of the Absolute—the ladder from the "I" to the all-inclusive "*That*." With a deeper meaning still, it awakens thoughts of the creative sound which first brought the worlds into

existence. In this vibration are contained all other actual and possible manifestations of sound from all possible sources. Its colour is white, the emblem of the great light which comes from the Sun and which illuminates the higher instincts of all who come into this world.

Mani Padme, the Jewel in the Lotus, comprehends the spheres of Titans, men and animals. Taken syllable by syllable, *Ma* signifies the colour blue, with all its occult potencies. *Ni* is yellow, and controls the mechanism of constructive activity. *Pad*, evoking green, summons the whole bewildering life of the animal populations of the cosmos, in its place in the plan of evolution. *Me*—engrossing all the activities of the agitating red colour, signifies the Yidags or “unhappy ghosts” who toil and spin in a realm of unsatisfied occult desire. *Hum*, with the colour black, gives vent to the dwellers in the Purgatories. It is a belliscose syllable, full of a “banishing power”: by its aid the system is cleansed of the muddy ferments which obstruct the path to the Goal.

After the hundred and eight requisite repetitions of this exercise it is usual to ejaculate the vowel *Hri*. As far as one can put these subtle connotations into words this syllable conveys to the initiate the fundamental essences of reality when all elimination and exclusion has been practised. It is the final clearing of all the decks—the embrace of the Self with the Secret behind the worlds.

During all the auto-hypnosis induced by the constant repetition of the formula the colours above-mentioned are circulated through the etheric body with a pulley-like motion. Merging through all their shades of transmutation they are carried on the breath through one nostril and out of the other. Rapid variations are played on this ground-bass: sometimes the Chain is contracted or lengthened; sometimes the imaginative aspect of the device is stressed, and the six worlds shine brilliantly before the mental eye in all their living profusion. One essential feature of this psychic spring-cleaning is that the phantasmagoria of the creative visualisation must be seen to be illusory. The One abideth!

It will be realised that the doctrine is enhanced by the breathing method employed. As one inhales with the imagination working at full pressure there is collected into one compass every fragment of the usually scattered image-forming apparatus. The exhalation of this plethora of pictures automatically figures forth the best projection of its ultimate Emptiness. We breathe in the universe like men eager for disillusion: we breathe it out like Gods tired of Their handiwork. “The readiness is all.”

The meditation on the Lotus itself is more than a mere *point de repère*. Such an antique symbol must be packed with more than we readily imagine of significance and edification. It should go as follows. In the lotus-flower (the whole agglomeration of the worlds with their problems and sufferings) there exists the redeeming doctrine of the Buddha, the jewel of our hopes. Again the Lotus is the “eternal mind”: the longer we gaze into its depths the more quickly will come our deliverance from the transience and disquiet of phenomena. It is said by many Thibetan mystics that Nirvana itself resides in the heart of the world or worlds we know. To find after long search the core of fire at the centre of all matter is to pass through ecstasy to deliverance. Little wonder that there are a large number of

prescribed formulae in Thibetan initiation which hold fast to this conception.

To pass from the esoteric initiatory systems of Thibet to those of a more orthodox character is to make no great leap. Here may be seen something of the same insistence on preparation and meditation, the same meticulous observance of certain strictly delimited modes of approach to God-force and God-benediction. The only important difference resides in the more open and acknowledged ritual with which these Powers are approached.

The Chief Lamas themselves are, in some sort, supreme initiates. Although their lives are girt around with an apparently very worldly ceremony, yet their very election has a deeply occult connotation. A brief description of the functions and characteristics of these dignitaries will not be out of place here.

The Dalai Lama is the religious descendant of Tsong Kha-pa, the founder of the “Yellow-Caps” (Reformed Sect). He rules over the huge monastery of Potala, where the cream of Thibetan youth is trained for the religious life. He is both a temporal and spiritual ruler. It is this which distinguishes him from the Tashi Lama, who has no temporal sway, and who lives for the most part in retirement in the province of Tsang. There is also a traditional Grand Lama who manifests as a woman. The repository of this honour lives as the Lady Abbess of the convent near Lake Yamdok in South Thibet. In contradistinction to the “unreformed” Red-Caps all these Heads of the Faith enjoin on their followers and on those whom they initiate into various forms of specialised Yogic devotion a strict celibacy and general ascetic mode of living.

With a risk of incurring the charge of over-simplification we may divide the major initiations presided over by these organising directors into three main Vehicles or modes of approach. The first and most popular may be defined as the Vehicle of those who work for the welfare and betterment of present-day humanity. No great knowledge is required here—only the pure and sympathetic heart.

At Gyantse there is an enormous Hall of Initiation with nine priceless symbolic frescoes on the walls. Here the candidate, accompanied by his friends and sponsors, comes to offer a “khadag” (ceremonial scarf) to the officiating lama, and to lay down the more momentous gift of his body and soul to the service of humanity. All around him the Buddhas of beneficence and compassion smile encouragement on his elected way. He listens to the Sacred Scriptures and drinks in their message. Ranged on both sides of the altar are assistants who in antiphonal chant, adjure the candidate to carry out the highest dictates of his conscience. Experts, skilled in soul-examination, thresh out by repeated questioning the chaff from the wheat. After this ordeal, the novice takes his place among the rank of circumspect young men who have given their passions to God.

The entry into the Vehicle of “Pure Intellectual Truth,” the second of the exoteric initiations is accompanied by no such pomp and display. In this case there is no public celebration and no public and obvious jubilation in the candidate’s heart. Those who enter the path by this turning are usually of a naturally austere and even frigid cast of mind. Not for them the warmth and homeliness of the Temple in the middle of the marketplace. Their one desire is to “flee the press” and take up their abode in some solitary library where they can pursue in peace

their study of the rigid laws of cause and effect. The "Jnana Yoga" as theirs is called, the Yoga of Knowledge, is the approach through the pure reason. It is the best way for the born metaphysical philosopher, the worst for the realist who is blessed or cursed with the average supply of emotion.

The last Vehicle, known as "The Supremely Excellent," is the most elaborate and the most exigent of the exoteric initiations. It demands both great knowledge and great application in the arts of charity and peace. The candidate must burn with love for all sentient beings: he must also give his days and nights to the probing of problems connected with the Buddhist philosophy. At all costs he must do all in his power to advance the cause and the theories he serves.

A very high degree of mental training is the lot of these candidates. They must learn to pare down the necessities and activities of their lives until these have reached the maximum of efficiency and the minimum of waste. The end of every day should show some progress in the tautness of the grip they have elected to exert on their own wasteful impulses and intellectual indiscretions. They must sharpen all their weapons so that they may be foremost in the fight against torpor and indifference. Their light must so shine before men that all will be in some measure inspired by their example. Every faith needs these initiates; for every faith lives by reason of the energy put into it by its devotees.

The initiate of the "Supreme Vehicle" has to accomplish a very difficult task. He has to learn to meditate, not alone, but in the full company of his fellows. The group of novices is given every day a certain theme for analysis. With lowered eyes and concentrated mind they brood on the subject till its hidden meaning becomes clear. Each initiate is questioned in turn by the director who can see at once if the problem has been "sucked dry." Until this has happened the pupil is not permitted to go further.

There is no help, in the obvious sense, given by the master. If a meditation proves too difficult to comprehend it is, as it were, thrown back into the pupil's mind until its meaning has become apparent. This is what the Buddha meant by his remarks about "the noble silence." Gradually an immense intuitive understanding is established between master and pupils. There is less and less occasion for speech. In the glance of an eye the progress of the disciple along the Path can be detected. There is no finer discipline for the linking of a chain of expert minds into an indissoluble unity.

The "sermons" to which the initiate of the Supreme Vehicle listens are remarkable for their terseness and seeming ambiguity. Actually they are most skilfully formulated announcements which seek to pass beyond the world of the intellect into a dimension where truth is seized on pure and undefiled by words.

The exoteric, like the esoteric, initiates do not always practise what they preach. Human nature is frail, and there are cases on record of Grand Lamas who have voluntarily sinned from a specious and plausible motive. They have excused their backsliding on the pretext that it is necessary for them to produce offspring so that the line of lamas shall continue. At times, too, an initiate and a woman will come together for the same purpose. It is not proposed here to expatiate on the moral rights and wrongs of customs so very alien to our conceptions of propriety. What is frequently repellent to Western prepossessions is treated by most Thibetans with a tolerant shrug. They do not invest the flesh with the same aura of frightened taboo with which we are

wont to endue it. The attitude constitutes the main difference between Occidental and Oriental modes of mental orientation.

Which of the systems of initiation is the best? This question we must leave the reader to decide for himself. They all purport to lead the same way eventually, and who shall lay down laws on the speed of the route? But that there *is* a route, "steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind" though it be, is incontestable. On this point all fair-minded adventurers will agree. Also, it is certain that once one's feet are set toward the goal there is no turning back.

There was once a young shepherd in a province of Thibet, smitten with the dread disease of leprosy. Bereft by one fell stroke, of wife, friends and livelihood, he sought out, in his desperation, a guru skilled in the art of understanding.

The guru heard his story, took from his hut a little image of the Lord of the Worlds in transport with his consort, She of the skulls and garlands. He told the young man to find some solitary cave and to immure himself for the remainder of his life meditating on the symbol.

The shepherd knew nothing of self-development; but he had unflinching trust in his master who, he could see, meant him well. For twenty years he lived in his mountain cell, every particle of light excluded, and contemplated the Image. Imperceptibly, the symbols began to live: from an æsthetic pattern they commence to enact the great drama of the universe. The shepherd saw epochs and dynasties dissolve, and re-enter the womb from which they had come. He gazed with awe on the spectacle of lust and striving trampled underfoot by the co-ordinated resolutions of the ever-gentle Gods. He gazed and his reverence grew.

Then one day there came a seismic disturbance, and his cave was blown sky-high. The shepherd wandered down the hill and chanced to look in a pool which mirrored his face and body. To his amazement he was clean. Gone was every sign of weakness and disease. He was handsome, healthy and strong.

For one moment a natural impulse seized him. It would be very pleasant to confront his old associates and show them that he was fit to live among them once again, not as their peer but as their superior. Then Reality returned!

The shepherd smiled and turned his steps in the direction of the hills. Now he could at last go forth and seek another guru, one even wiser than the first—one who would dispense with symbols and guide him stage by stage to that complete Nirvana for which his simple and uncorrupted soul had always longed.

(The next article will deal with *Thibetan Yoga and the Working of Magic*.)

Mr. Bromage, who gives instruction in Yoga and other psychic subjects, welcomes communications.

• • •
Basil Wilberforce (continued from page 252)

of the Bishop's ritual.) Basil therefore started from a background of very moderate High Church, with a leaning towards rational sacramentalism. From this he became broader in outlook, until, as a result of wide reading, and at a much later date made personal contact with the Spiritist movement and Psychic Research, in which he was interested. These he valued as a counter influence to materialism, although after the death of his beloved wife, he maintained that spiritistic arts had never brought him any nearer the desired object of conscious communication with her whom he had lost.

(To be continued)

The Anthroposophy of Rudolf Steiner as seen through English Eyes

by George S. Francis

V. THE SOCIAL RELATIONSHIP OF MEN AND WOMEN

READERS OF THE earlier articles of this series will have perceived that the body of teaching known as Anthroposophy covers an immense range; at some point or another, in some way or another, it touches every aspect of human knowledge and activity. Although it brings to human consciousness much that is new, it often throws light on current or conventional knowledge in such a way that many things become illuminated which were previously dark and obscure. But Rudolf Steiner was not merely a trained occultist; he was one of the company of Christian seers who appear at recurring intervals to renew the spiritual activity of mankind. Because of this, the core and kernel of his teaching consists of a new revelation of the nature and purpose of Christ, the type of revelation urgently needed in this very materialistic age. Although the new revelations given by Rudolf Steiner do in fact throw a flood of light upon many things in the Christianity of the Churches that had become obscure with age or overloaded with ritual and tradition, the fundamental purpose of this revelation has a wider aim. It purports to explain, in terms that can be appreciated by the scientific or practical intelligence of to-day, certain facts about man, the Earth and the spiritual world which we must make part of our knowledge if the spiritual realities of existence are to find practical expression in personal and social life. For this purpose mere faith or belief, upon which attention was rightly focussed in medieval times, is now inadequate; belief must be reinforced by actual knowledge; elevated emotions by clear intelligence; noble sentiments by creative will.

It is impossible in a brief article to do more than touch upon certain aspects of this new revelation; readers are referred for deeper study to Rudolf Steiner's published lectures on the Gospels, the Books of Genesis and the Apocalypse, and many other revelations of the mystery of Christ that can be found in any catalogue of Anthroposophical publications. One of these spiritual facts to which Rudolf Steiner constantly refers is that the advent of Christ to the Earth, and his incarnation in human form, brought to the whole of mankind the possibility of a new extension of consciousness—the individual Ego consciousness instead of the group consciousness of the past. Thus, by re-orienting the consciousness of individual men, the spiritual impulse brought by Christ to Earth has changed the whole future course of human destiny.

Pre-Christian Humanity

Prior to the advent of Christ the more advanced human



GEORGE S. FRANCIS

individuals had developed the faculty of logical reasoning upon information brought to their minds by personal experiences or sense perceptions, but the faculty of self-generated, creative thought was still unawakened. It is true that this high faculty was possessed by a few specially initiated persons, who thereby became the natural leaders of pre-Christian civilisations, and who, by means quite inaccessible to ordinary individuals, had developed this extension of consciousness in advance of the level normal to their time, but the greater spiritual power of Christ was necessary to extend this faculty to all mankind. This extension of consciousness marked a turning point in human history, for in the Christian era both men and women began to experience a

definite sense of their own individuality to a degree that was unknown in pre-Christian times. More and more in this age do individuals begin to feel this sense of free personality, but this is only a beginning; we must now learn how to spread this spirit into human society, so that not merely human individuals but whole social communities may be free to express and collectively practise the Christian way of life. This way implies, among other things, the willingness of the clever to instruct the dull, the strong to assist the weak, and the whole social organism to assume responsibility for the care of sick, helpless or distressed individuals in their midst. In other words we have to learn how to develop and create a real Christian civilisation.

This throws a new responsibility upon the human individuals of our time. They must now do, on their own initiative, the things that earlier mankind did under special command or guidance. The social customs and practices of the peoples of pre-Christian times were usually instituted by inspired or initiated rulers who taught or commanded them what to do. The people felt that their safety and progress lay in religiously carrying out the commands and ideas thus imparted to them. Rudolf Steiner has also informed us that, in addition to this more visible method of rule, there was also a special form of guidance performed by lofty Spiritual Beings who worked directly upon the human will through the blood. Thus, instead of acting out of their own impulses or ideas, the individual members of pre-Christian tribes and peoples were sub-consciously expressing the purpose of certain lofty Spiritual Beings, and the most advanced individuals of those times were personally conscious that this was actually so.

The literature of the Old Testament makes it quite clear that the more prominent of the Hebrew leaders were guided in this way. They never personally decided on matters important to their people; they received direct guidance and they felt it to be their

duty to act as they were directed, even though their reason might counsel other courses, for they felt that Jehovah was directing them for their people's good. The willingness of Abraham to sacrifice Isaac in response to such a direct command affords an illustration of this. By every law of human reason Abraham, as the founder of a new race, would be stultifying the very purpose of his existence by slaying his only son, yet, in spite of reason, in spite of natural feeling, Abraham was prepared to sacrifice his son, believing that Jehovah had some good purpose in thus commanding him.

Now this condition of affairs depended upon a certain occult fact. Extraordinary individuals might be able to exercise spiritual powers without any help from the physical body, but ordinary people cannot do this; they are unable to exercise spiritual faculties without suitable physical organs. Just as the faculty of thought was impossible to mankind until a suitable type of brain had been developed, in like manner the effective guidance of the human will also depended upon a certain constitution of the blood. By selective marriage and religious rites the blood of the ancient Hebrew race was so organised that it could be directly guided and led by Jehovah. This explains the great anxiety felt by the Jews for racial purity, and what was true of the Jews was true, to a greater or less extent, of all the other pre-Christian races, each of which had its own spiritual guide or tribal god. The extent to which this spiritual direction was effective varied with different peoples, but in all of them the blood was organised so as to be as receptive as possible to the guidance of the spirit of their tribe or race.

Social Relationship of the Sexes

Another important difference between the pre-Christian civilisations of the early East and the Christian civilisations of the later West is to be found in the relationship of men and women. There are natural as well as occult reasons for this change. In pre-Christian times women, except in very exceptional cases, were excluded from the occult study and practices that were directed to the inner development of soul and spirit, partly because it was felt to be unwise to mix the wisdom of the occult schools with the more mundane cares of the family and domestic life, which were regarded as the real business of the women folk, and partly for a more occult reason which will now be explained.

Students of Anthroposophy will be well aware that many times and in many ways Rudolf Steiner has described the nature and constitution of the kingdoms of nature on Earth. In the *mineral kingdom* there is nothing but physical body, changes in which can only be induced by *external* influences. In the *plant kingdom*, physical bodies are permeated by etheric bodies which provide the plants with life, making possible certain *inner* powers of change such as propagation and growth. In the *animal kingdom*, physical bodies are equipped with etheric bodies and astral bodies, the latter providing the faculties of perception, sensation and movement. In the *human kingdom* each individual possesses a physical body, an etheric body, an astral body and the Ego or spirit, the latter providing man with the specifically human faculties of thought, reflection, judgment, speech, etc. *No living creature can be really human unless it possesses these four principles bound together in one individual.* This is an elementary fact although the actual arrangement of the four principles differs somewhat between men and women. In men the Ego and the physical body are the most pronounced; in women the etheric and astral bodies

are the more highly organised. Therefore physical and spiritual qualities are mainly transmitted to offspring by the father, while powers of vitality (etheric) and qualities of feeling (astral) are mainly transmitted by the mother.

In pre-Christian times the individual Ego had only been awakened in a few very exceptional persons who had thus advanced far beyond the level normal for their times. The general run of humanity were guided as classes, tribes or nations, by their respective spiritual guides (usually of Archangel rank) who guided their dependent human groups by means of instincts which they were able to arouse by influences poured directly into the blood. In those times the proper organisation of human blood depended upon the fathers, through whom physical attributes were transmitted; this fact supplies the reason for the particular importance accorded to the male as well as the special condemnation of female adultery that we find in pre-Christian times. It was the high function of men to carry within their blood the future destinies of their tribes or races, for the type of spiritual guidance above mentioned could only be conveyed through women to a very limited extent. Spiritually speaking men were then complete without women, whose function in the human group was regarded as purely physical and domestic. In pre-Christian times human emotions—expressed in the astral body—and the normal habits of daily life—expressed in the etheric body—were untouched by direct spiritual guidance, they had to be trained and disciplined into proper behaviour by ritual exercises and obedience to religious commands. It was only the human will that was directly guided by spiritual influences working in the blood, and since in the female it is not the physical, but the astral and etheric principles that predominate, women of the pre-Christian world were essentially children of nature, both in their passions and also in their conventional attachment to familiar habits, places, etc. In men, the wild passions and animal cunning of the natural human being were, to some extent, held in check by the divine guidance working through their will, but in women nature was all powerful, except when held in check by strong religious feeling or by strict obedience to religious commands. It was for reasons such as these that the men of the pre-Christian world felt it necessary to keep women in ignorance of important affairs or actions that affected the welfare of the tribe or race. In spite of the fact that a few women, in whom the male character of blood was exceptionally strong, did actually become prominent in the public life of their time, women as a whole passed their lives in domestic seclusion as it was felt that if women were allowed to have any real influence in public affairs, the forces of nature rather than the powers of spirit would become the ruling factors of tribal or national life.

The occult knowledge of such facts by the priesthood and the acceptance of their rule by the people gave the whole stamp and form to the social structure of the pre-Christian age. It was based on the occult fact that the humanity of those times was governed in races, tribes and family groups by divine Spiritual Beings who worked directly on the wills of men through their blood and therefore women were only needed to perform domestic duties and to play their part in the perpetuation of the race.

Women in the Christian Era

But, at the appropriate time, the incarnation of Christ brought new impulses to bear upon the inner nature of human

life. It is generally acknowledged that the whole position of women in social life became radically and rapidly changed in those countries that adopted Christianity, but why it was so is not so generally known. The old notion that the social position of women in pre-Christian times was merely an expression of male tyranny is to-day nearly as incredible as the accompanying belief that the subsequent change was entirely due to the acceptance of Christian ethics, but we really had to wait for the clear insight of an inspired seer, as Rudolf Steiner was, to indicate the occult reasons for this change in a way that the modern intellect can accept. The clue is to be found in Steiner's account of the descent of Christ into the body of Jesus of Nazareth at the Baptism by John in Jordan. Christ did not merely incarnate into the human body through the blood, as earlier and lesser Spiritual Beings had done; he incarnated directly into the astral and etheric bodies of Jesus as well, spiritualising and purifying all of the four human principles. Thus in descending into the astral and etheric bodies of Jesus, Christ entered into the two human principles which are especially predominant in women and which had hitherto been left entirely to the influence of nature. In this way the astral and etheric bodies, as well as the physical body, could now be influenced directly by the spirit. Rudolf Steiner makes it very clear that this deed of Christ was performed for the whole of mankind over the whole Earth, but what Christ achieved in the body of Jesus in three short years will only be achieved by mankind as a whole in the course of long periods of time. Some peoples, by virtue of their constitution and their level of development, will be able to nurture this seed more effectively than others, but the spiritualising work of the Ego has already begun and it is now only a question of time before all mankind becomes permeated by spirit.

Guidance by the Inner Light

The difference between pre-Christian and Christian humanity may be stated thus:

So far as normal humanity was concerned in the pre-Christian world, spirit could only stimulate the human will to action by influencing the blood, from *without*. But to-day our personal life of feeling and our daily habits of thought as well as our own powers of will can be directly influenced by the spirit that dwells *within*.

If any reader finds these ideas difficult to accept, let him compare what has already been said about Abraham, with the actions of men and women in the modern age. Columbus did not set off to sail across the Atlantic because he received a direct personal command. An idea that there might be land across the sea arose in his mind, and the idea aroused in him a desire to find it. He sought among sailors for any information or traditions they might have regarding land to westward and, after years of patient effort, he succeeded in persuading others, including the King and Queen of Spain, that the venture was worth trying. At this stage he was confronted with the practical necessity of making plans to secure the necessary finance, to select his officers and crews, to provision and water his ships and, not until all these problems had been worked out, could his original idea achieve expression as the will to cross the Atlantic to see what lands might be found on the other side. Every act of will in the modern world has to traverse these successive stages. First the conception of the idea—an act of inner will,—next the awakening of desire to express the idea in action, finally the planning, organising and

directing of the action by the intellect; not until this sequence of events has been passed through can an idea express itself as action in the modern world with any hope of success.

In the pre-Christian world *men* were physically organised to be the vehicles of spiritually directed work, even in our modern world the human Ego, which is now the ruling spiritual principle, plus the human will, which works through the physical body, are still most highly developed amongst men, so that creative thought and decisive action are nearly as much the male prerogative now as they were in pre-Christian times. But now there is this difference: The innermost spiritual principle—the Ego—and the outermost physical principle—the body—are still predominant in the male, but the female principles—the astral and etheric bodies—which are sandwiched in between the principles specially dominant in man, have received inner stimulation. Therefore, just as a pure Ego concept must now pass through the stages of emotional acceptance and intelligent planning before it can successfully emerge into the open as human action, so in modern society, while new ideas may originate in men, they must now be accepted and approved by the women of the community before they can emerge as socially effective actions. In this age no action can be truly Christian unless all four human principles are expressed in it.

In this, the first of the Christian epochs, the special faculty of men is that of creative activity while that of women is creative receptivity. The one is neither higher nor lower than the other; both are necessary and should be exercised in close co-operation. Many of the creative ideas of men are working social havoc instead of proving social blessings, because they were not received creatively by women before they were put into action. The individual and social effects produced by technical science and international finance—produced purely by masculine thought and applied to industry and warfare by masculine will—are now becoming sufficiently malefic to illustrate the social danger of this one-sided development, while the more philanthropic side of medical science, produced by the joint action of men and women, illustrates the wisdom of co-operation, for without the systematic and sympathetic attention of trained female nurses, the most brilliant diagnoses or operations by male doctors or surgeons might easily fail to heal or cure.

As the full development of the more feminine principles has been delayed until the Christian era, and even then retarded by conventional and reactionary powers working into the present from the past, it is no wonder that, in spite of the changes already mentioned, this is still more of a man's world than a wholly human world. The best type of female genius is still far more rare than the best type of male genius and in a sense this is quite natural, for the specifically female gifts have not yet received either true valuation or proper training. Effective co-operation between the masculine and feminine principles in human life only occurs spasmodically as yet but a brief sketch of one fragment of English history may serve to indicate what is meant.

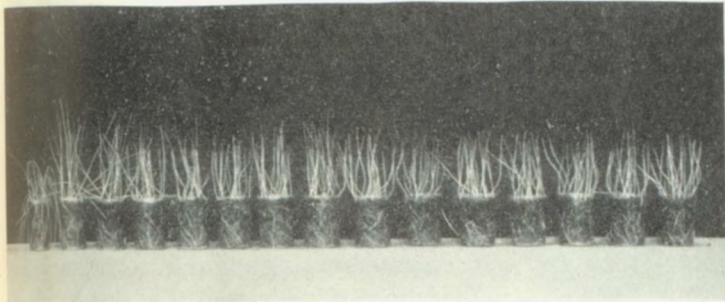
* "The Elizabethan period is a remarkable instance of a short though highly important epoch marked by harmonious interplay between the male and female principles. It would be difficult to prove that Elizabeth herself actually initiated a single important idea; it is certain that no other woman in her reign was remarkable for creative activity on either the spiritual or material plane.

(continued in page 255)

* *The English Spirit*. D. E. Faulkner Jones, B.A.

Astro-Biological Calendar for July

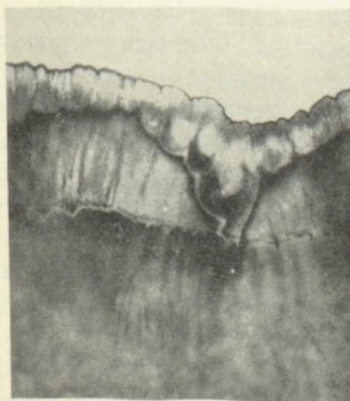
by Mrs. L. Kolisko



Plants grown beneath the surface of the soil
1 metre to 16 metres in the month of July 1931

THE PLANT AT ONE METRE DEEP grows with increasing rapidity, so fast that the leaves cannot stand upright, and fall. So the first pot looks a bit funny on the photograph. We had to watch the leaves hanging round the glass pot. Of course, had the plants grown under the influence of the sunlight, they could have stood perfectly upright. As last month we record a steady decrease until the 6th metre then an increase until the 8th and 9th metre, then another decrease.

JULY 1931			
Metre	Length of leaf	Length of roots	Temperature
1	21.4 cm.	15.0 cm.	9° C.
2	19.5 "	16.3 "	14.5° C.
3	16.9 "	15.0 "	14.5° C.
4	13.8 "	13.8 "	15.0° C.
5	13.3 "	14.3 "	14.0° C.
6	12.2 "	14.9 "	13.5° C.
7	13.8 "	14.5 "	13.5° C.
8	14.5 "	15.4 "	13.0° C.
9	14.2 "	15.1 "	13.0° C.
10	13.6 "	14.0 "	12.9° C.
11	13.0 "	14.2 "	13.0° C.
12	13.3 "	13.6 "	12.7° C.
13	13.1 "	14.4 "	12.5° C.
14 ¹ / ₂	12.7 "	13.2 "	12.4° C.
16	12.7 "	13.4 "	12.0° C.



Silver nitrate 1 per cent
Characteristic picture for the month of July*

* Picture showing the effects of the moon on Nitrate of Silver. See April, May and June issues.—ED.

Full-moon : Saturday, July 1st. Seeds may be placed in the soil
Thursday, June 29th.
Waning quarter : Sunday, July 9th.
New-moon : Sunday, July 16th.
Waxing quarter : Sunday, July 23rd.
Full-moon : Monday, July 31st. Seeds may be placed in the soil
Saturday, July 29th.

Planetary constellations :

	Conjunction	Opposition
July 3rd.	Moon -Mars	Moon -Mercury
" 7th.		" -Neptune
" 9th.	" -Jupiter	
" 10th.	" -Saturn	
" 12th.	" -Uranus	
" 15th.	" -Venus	
" 17th.		" -Mars
" 18th.	" -Mercury	
" 20th.	" -Neptune	
" 21st.		" -Jupiter
" 23rd.		" -Saturn
" 25th.		" -Uranus
" 30th.	" -Mars	" -Venus
" 3rd.		Mercury-Mars
" 23rd.		Sun-Mars
" 31st.		Venus-Mars



Light and Darkness (continued from page 248)

The world is yielding secret after secret to our technical and scientific skill. The world is full of "magic"; but "imagination" does not keep pace with it.

Every night's sleep blots out our problems, but offers the solution of them. With every waking we cross the bridge of dreams where all that light dies into the darkness of day. Could we but hold even a faint gleam of it in our consciousness we should learn to imbue our waking thought with Imagination—neither as the dreamer nor as the sleep-walker—but as the artist of life who paints the picture, not of any single man, but of *mankind*. For it is becoming more evident every day that the problems of thinking and doing cannot be solved unless the barriers of egoism are broken down. Nothing is any longer a question of isolated specialism, whether in science, art, religion, or economics.

Social co-operation—the sacrifice of the dream of personal ambition or desire, the voluntary passage over the bridge of death between "my thought and opinion" to the universal Will—this is necessary.

And its effect must inevitably be to bestow clarity upon thinking, so that thought comes to feel the "rhythm of the ages" and finds the proper balance between what must be relinquished into the dying light of the past, and what may become the new seed of the future.

"Win thou thyself in power of cosmic thought,
Lose thou thyself in life of cosmic force ;
Thou shalt find earthly aims reflect themselves
Through thine own being in the cosmic light."

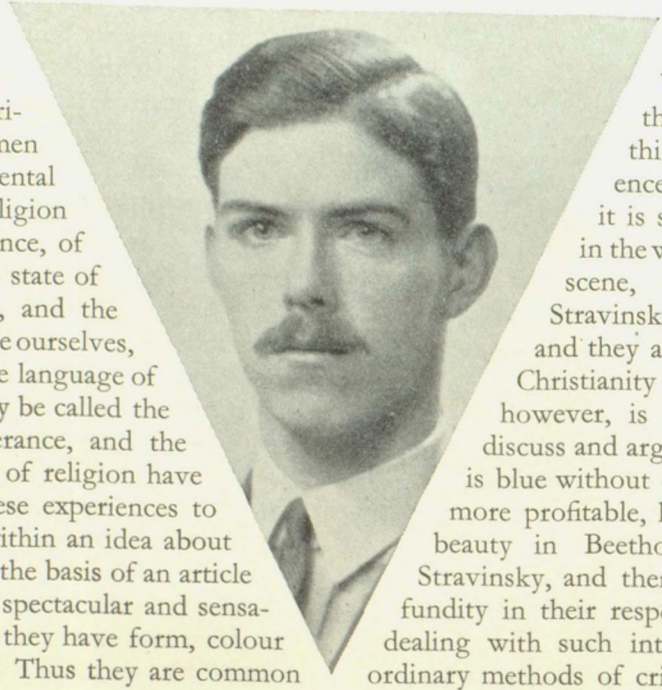
The One

by Alan W. Watts

THE DOCTRINES OF religion are symbols used by saints and sages to describe spiritual experiences, just as ordinary men use words to describe mental and physical experiences. Students of religion recognise two kinds of spiritual experience, of which the first resembles what we call a state of mind, such as happiness, love or fear, and the second an experience of something outside ourselves, as when we see stars, trees or hills. In the language of religion the first kind of experience may be called the sense of freedom, salvation or deliverance, and the second a beatific vision. The doctrines of religion have their origin in attempts to convey these experiences to others by enshrining a state of mind within an idea about the universe or by recording a vision as the basis of an article of faith. Visions are somewhat more spectacular and sensational than states of mind, and because they have form, colour and motion they are easier to describe. Thus they are common in all religions, but they do not necessarily carry with them the sense of freedom, salvation or deliverance which is the most profound, the most satisfying and the most lasting of religious experiences. There are few who would not rather have this sense than a thousand visions.

Many attempts have been made to describe the feeling of salvation, which the Buddhists call Nirvana and the Hindus call Moksha. Where these descriptions are in the form of doctrines we notice that among such doctrines there is a wide variety of differences whereby students of religion are often misled. If the doctrines of Christianity are different from those of Hinduism, it does not necessarily follow that the religions are different, for more than one doctrine may describe a single state of mind, and without this state of mind the religion, as a mere collection of doctrines, has no meaning whatever; it is just as if it were a babble of unintelligible words. But doctrines differ because people have different mental backgrounds and traditions; an Englishman and a Chinese may have the same feeling but they will speak of it in different ways because they are relating it to different mental contexts. It is therefore most unwise to study religion from the standpoint of doctrine as doctrine, for this is the purest superficiality. Doctrines and conceptual ideas vary as languages vary, but one and the same meaning may be conveyed by both English and French. Christians believe in a personal God and Buddhists do not, but as regards the true essentials of religion this difference is as superficial as the fact that in French every noun has a gender, whereas this is not so in English.

Therefore to extract the true meaning of a religious doctrine



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we must ask, "What does this doctrine mean in terms of a state of mind? What sort of feeling towards life and the universe would have caused a man to think in this way?" For religious experience is like the experience of beauty; indeed, it is something closely akin to feeling beauty in the whole of life instead of in a single picture, scene, image or melody. Beethoven and Stravinsky may both arouse the sense of beauty, and they are quite as different in their own way as Christianity and Buddhism. The important thing, however, is that they arouse that sense; we may discuss and argue over their respective "merits" till all is blue without coming to any conclusion. It would be more profitable, however, if we could take one who feels beauty in Beethoven and one who feels beauty in Stravinsky, and then consider the varying degrees of profundity in their respective feelings. But here we should be dealing with such intangible and imponderable factors that ordinary methods of criticism and discussion would be useless, and we could only judge by intuition. The same principle applies in religion, for the feeling of beauty in art or music is here the feeling of salvation. By this I do not mean freedom of moral conscience nor even the certainty of an everlasting life of bliss after death, although such things may be attained by any number of different religious systems. These elementary forms of "salvation" have much the same relation to the deeper forms as mere sensuous thrill has to the perception of beauty. What, then, is a truly deep feeling of salvation?

In so far as this question can be answered at all, perhaps it is best to consider one of the greatest doctrines in all religion in terms of a state of mind. For this purpose the best choice is probably the Hindu or Vedantist conception of Brahman, because this is at once the simplest and the most subtle of doctrines—subtle just because it is so simple. The same doctrine is found in other systems, but Vedanta gives it the best philosophical expression. It is that all possible things, events, thoughts and qualities are aspects of a single Reality which is sometimes called the Self of the universe. In themselves these many aspects have no reality; they are real only in that each one of them is a manifestation of Brahman or the Self. To put it in another way, the true self of any given thing is Brahman and not something that belongs exclusively to the thing in question. Each individual is therefore an aspect of Brahman, and no two aspects are the same. But man's self is much more than what he considers to be his ego, his personality called John Smith or William Jones; the ego is a device or trick (*maya*) employed so that Brahman may

manifest itself, and man's innermost self is therefore identical with the Self of all things.

Thus if anyone wants to know what Brahman is he has just to look around, to think, to act, to be aware, to live, for all that is known by the senses, thought in the mind or felt in the heart *is* Brahman. In other systems of thought Brahman has many other names—Tao in Chinese, and mystics the world over find similar meaning in the words God, Allah, Infinite Life, *élan vital*, the Absolute, or whatever other term may be used. In fact, the intuition of the One Reality is the essence of all mystical religion, but few people understand clearly what it is to feel this intuition in oneself. We are perhaps more apt to think of this idea just as a metaphysical speculation, a more or less reasonable theory about the fundamental structure of life. Someday, we think, it might be possible for us to delve down into the deepest recesses of our souls, lay our fingers on this mysterious universal Essence and avail ourselves of its tremendous powers. This, however, does not seem quite the right way to look at it. For one thing, it is not to be found only "in the deepest recesses of our souls," and for another, the word "essence" makes it sound as if it were a highly refined, somewhat gaseous or electric and wholly formless potency that somehow dwells "inside" things. But in relation to Brahman there is neither inside nor outside; sometimes it is called the principle of "non-duality" because nothing else exists beside it and nothing is excluded from it. It is to be found on the surface as much as in the depths and in the finite as much as in the infinite, for it has wisely been said that "there is nothing infinite apart from finite things." Thus it can neither be lost nor found and you cannot avail yourself of its powers any more than you can dispense with them, for all these conceptions of having and not having, of gain and loss, finite and infinite, belong to the principle of duality. Every dualism is exclusive; it is this and not that, that and not this. But Brahman as the One Reality is all-inclusive, for the Upanishads say :*

It is made of consciousness and mind : It is made of life and vision. It is made of the earth and the waters : It is made of air and space. It is made of light and darkness : It is made of desire and peace. It is made of anger and love : It is made of virtue and vice. It is made of all that is near : It is made of all that is afar. It is made of all.

What, then, is non-duality in terms of a state of mind? How does the mystic who has realised his identity with the One Reality think and feel? Does his consciousness expand from out of his body and enter into all other things, so that he sees with others' eyes, and thinks with others' brains? Only figuratively, for the Self which is in him and in all others does not necessarily communicate to the physical brain of John Smith, mystic, what is seen by the eyes of Pei-wang, coolie, on the other side of the earth. I do not believe that spiritual illumination is to be understood in quite this sensational way. We shall answer the question sufficiently if we can discover what is a non-dualistic state of mind. Does it mean a mind in so intense a state of concentration that it contains only one thought? Strictly speaking, the mind never contains more than one thought at a time; such is the nature of thinking, but if spirituality means thinking only and

always of one particular thing, then other things are excluded and this is still duality. Does it mean, then, a mind which is thinking of everything at once? Even if this were possible, it would exclude the convenient faculty of thinking of one thing at a time and would still be dualistic. Clearly these two interpretations are absurd, but there is another way of approach.

Spiritual illumination is often described as absolute freedom of the soul, and we have seen that the One Reality is all-inclusive. Is the mind of the mystic similarly free and all-inclusive? If so, it would seem that his spirituality does not depend on thinking any special kinds of thoughts, on having a particular feeling ever in the background of his soul. He is free to think of anything and nothing, to love and to fear, to be joyful or sad, to set his mind on philosophy or on the trivial concerns of the world; he is free to be both a sage and a fool, to feel both compassion and anger, to experience both bliss and agony. And in all this he never breaks his identity with the One Reality—God, "whose service is perfect freedom." For he knows that in whatever direction he goes and in whichever of these many opposites he is engaged, he is still in perfect harmony with the One that includes all directions and all opposites. In this sense, serving God is just living; it is not a question of the way in which you live, because all ways are included in God. To understand this is to wake up to your freedom to be alive.

But is that *all*? Is it possible that spirituality can be anything so absurdly simple? It seems to mean that to attain spirituality you have just to go on living as you have always lived; all life being God, any kind of life is spiritual. You say that if the idea were not so ludicrous it would be exceedingly dangerous. First we might remind ourselves of a saying of the Chinese sage, Lao Tzu :

When the wise man hears of the Tao, he puts it into practice. . . .
When the fool hears of it, he laughs at it ;
Indeed, it would not be worthy to be called Tao if he did not laugh at it.

The idea that any kind of life is spiritual is a terrible blow to man's pride; from the spiritual point of view it puts us on the same level as stones, vegetables, worms and beetles; it makes the righteous man no nearer to salvation than the criminal and the sage no nearer than the lunatic. Thus if all else about the idea is folly, it is at least a powerful antidote to spiritual pride and self-righteousness. For spirituality is not something you get as a reward for being a good boy; indeed, it is not something which you can *get* at all, however fierce your efforts, however great your learning and however tireless your virtue. In the spiritual world there is no top and bottom of the class; here all men and all things are equal and whatever they do can go neither up nor down. The only difference between sage or mystic and ordinary, unenlightened man is that the one realises his identity with God or Brahman, whereas the other does not. But the lack of realisation does not alter the fact.

How, then, does one attain this realisation? Is it just a matter of going on living as one has lived before, knowing that one is free to do just exactly as one likes? Beware of the false

* *Himalayas of the Soul*. Translations of the principal Upanishads. By Juan Mascaro. London, 1938. p. 89.

(continued in page 257)

The Metapsychic Motive in Music

(Continued from the June number)

by Kaikhosru Shapurji Sorabji

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WAGNER'S EXCURSIONS into this world, for all the magical paraphernalia of "der Ring des Niebelunden" for instance, not to mention that superannuated demimondaine's exhibitionistic Salvation-Army-platform confession "Parsifal," are the least successful and least convincing part of his work. I would however except from this sweeping general stricture the first appearance of inhabitants of the Venusberg after the (very welcome) disappearance of the pilgrims, singing after their fashion something unpleasantly like a rather feeble parody of a Welsh revival hymn. After the last of these unlovely, unlovable and doubtless unwashed personages have passed from the scene—for to be unwashed was the most dearly cherished privilege of what was pleased to call itself mediæval "sanctity"—rosy miasmas rise from the ground through which forms can be discerned *tout autrement* seductive, as the French would say, from sanctimoniously insanitary religious, an opinion the hero of the opera has the good taste to share, expressing it in no uncertain terms. There is no mistaking the authentic magic of the music here, and I for one find the much-vaunted "Feuer-Zauber" incident at the end of "Die Walküre" far inferior to it in both conviction and power. Possibly in the first instance the presence of ladies clad in the most Renaissance-Classical of sunbathing costumes stimulated Wagner! I pass over "Parsifal," that allegedly "mystical" opera, having already expressed my opinion as to its "mystical" content. It contains some ravishing music here and there, but not one authentic whiff of the real thing, and is for the most part the sanctimonious snivelling of an old rip who as La Rochefoucauld remarked, consoles himself by giving good advice for being no longer in a condition to set a bad example.

Richard Strauss, that most extroverted of extroverts, whose temperament stands at the very opposite pole to the brooding introspective introversion that is the natural breeding-ground for the dreaming of dreams and the seeing of visions, in the whole of his work provides only two examples that I can think of at all approaching that of which we are speaking. The first is in that astonishing drama of exacerbated eroticism "Salomé," for which the composer finds a musical language of unparalleled power, suppleness and concentrated, I had almost said vitriolic intensity of expression. The passage of which I am thinking is that in which the drink-sodden neurotic Herod says he hears in the air

the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death; his words are underlined by a musical commentary of astonishingly allusive suggestiveness and power. The second instance is in the equally amazing drama wherein we are presented with the obverse of the medal, namely exacerbated hate—"Elektra." Here the passage I have in mind is that wherein Klytæmnestra is describing the demoniac and sub-elemental horrors that haunt her nights sleeping or waking. The musical commentary thereon has to be heard to be believed for it is a *tour de force* of imagination and evocative power; it is

music of deliquescing elementals and of the devils of delirium, a real and authentic inspiration in fact, in the literal sense of that word. On consideration it may perhaps be said that these two works, nightmare works some might call them, live and move in a general psychic atmosphere so highly pitched, so overwrought as to pass bodily into the realm of metapsychic phenomena themselves! There is no doubt at all that their haunting hallucinating and obsessing power is something wholly exceptional.

For the "mysticism" of César Franck I have about as much—and little—respect as I have for that of "Parsifal"; for I find not one tiny spark nor whiff of the real thing in this composer. On the other hand, I find a protracted sanctimonious whine as of a whole battalion of Canting Archbishops, most certainly *not* of "linked sweetness" (other than that of glucose) but also as certainly "long drawn out," with a reek of stale incense hanging about all. This music has as much relation to the real things, Mahler as those pious plaster-cast horrors Eric Gill calls "Repository art" to an El Greco "Entombment" or a Michael Angelo "Pietà."

Mussorgsky in his "Songs and Dances of Death" and the "No Sunlight" cycles may be said to have skirted the subject and has more nearly and explicitly approached it in "A Night on the bare Mountain" (an impression of a Witches' Sabbath) but this is not particularly successful as an essay in the musical-uncanny nor is it a very good specimen of the composer's—at their very best—very remarkable and individual gifts. On the other hand there is a haunting obsessing motive all through *Boris Godounov*; the Czar is constantly seeing the vision of the Czarevitch whom he had had murdered to clear the way for his own succession; this vision is shewn to be growing in frequency and intensity right up to the very powerful and harrowing scene of Boris' death. The music is always very dramatically apposite if not especially psychically apposite.

Rimsky-Korsakov more than any other Russian composer has dallied with the fantastic, the necromantic, the uncanny, indeed the majority of his operas and many of his symphonic works have such a background. But Rimsky-Korsakov presents us with a curious problem. To an undoubtedly very high evocative power, a flair for the fantastic and the legendary, there is more often than not a superficiality of treatment, a surface-decorative handling of the matter that for all the wealth of creative stimulus Rimsky-Korsakov derived from metapsychic motives in one form or another one feels that this was not really his natural world, in a word though plainly deeply attracted by it and interested he was not personally concerned. An exception may perhaps be made in the case of *The Golden Cockerel*, his last work. Here, in his finest work is present to a very high degree his fine vein of high fantasy with something more. A necromantic suspense broods in a remarkable way over certain scenes of the opera; for example that in which the old Astrologer presents the magic Cockerel to the doddering old King Dodon (appropriately named!), the dark mysterious valley wherein the King and his generals come upon the tent of the fantastic Queen of Shemakhan, whose home, as she tells the King, is neither on land nor sea but in the upper airs. This atmosphere of supernatural dread is intensified in the last Act which, when the curtain rises, reveals the populace of King Dodon's capital waiting for the return of their stupid old King with his new bride the Queen of Shemakhan who has captivated him. The music here is "charged" and sinister, and rises finely to the climax of the Act, which is reached when the old Astrologer comes out of his house, fixes his eyes upon the Queen of Shemakhan and demands her of the King as his reward for the gift of the magical Cockerel, the King having previously promised him anything he would ask. The King in a rage smites the Astrologer on the head with his sceptre, who falls apparently dead, the cockerel is seen flying down from his steeple where he is perched, pecks the old King on the crown of his head, who also drops dead; there is a tremendous clap of thunder, the stage is plunged into pitch darkness in which is heard the quiet laugh of the Queen. When it comes light again, the Queen, the cockerel and the "corpse" of the Astrologer are seen to have vanished. The Golden Cockerel is the last and best of a long line of musico-dramatic works written around magical fantastic or "other-worldly" stories and plots, and it is, to say the least, remarkable to find an important composer drawing so largely upon this source for his inspirations and his *points de départ*.

Nicholas Tchérépnine, who was associated closely with the Imperial Russian Ballet, that is to say the Russian Ballet in its greatest days, i.e. 1909-14, wrote a ballet entitled *The Masque of the Red Death*, based upon Edgar Allan Poe's story of the same name. It is effective enough but thoroughly external and obvious in treatment.

From the Russians above enumerated to Karol Szymanovsky, whose early death at the age of barely fifty, a year or two ago, was as grievous a loss as music has had since the death of Busoni at an equally early age, is to pass to a musician of a very different type. All his life Szymanovsky showed plainly how great was the attraction and fascination Oriental modes of thought and Oriental, especially Iranian, poetry had for him. His melodic thinking from the time of his fully developed later style dating roughly from his opus 25, has a singularly Oriental cast; and this is not a mere picturesque fancy-dress disguise as we so often

feel in the case of Rimsky-Korsakov but is inherent in the very stuff and substance of his musical thinking. He sets texts of Hafiz, Jami, Jelladeddin Rumi in a way that can only be described as to the manner born. This phase of his work culminated in what I give as my deliberately expressed opinion is one of the supreme masterpieces of modern music, namely the 3rd symphony subtitled "The Song of the Night," written for solo voices, chorus and orchestra (on lines of Mahlerian opulence!) round a poem of the great Iranian mystical poet Rumi. The pantheistic mysticism of the wonderful poem is surrounded with a glowing ecstatic score of glorious music radiant with "the light that never was on sea or land." The score is a technical marvel, a lambent fabric of liquid fire and the whole work presents that perfect fusion of means and ends that hall-marks the greatest Masters. From the wonderful clear dark depths of the opening and the descent from outer space of a glowing thread of violin melody to the cosmic blaze of the climax, subsiding into the voiceless and ecstatic tranquillity of the incomparable close, the work is an authentic miracle of beauty of transcendental expression. It has had one London performance about 1920 I believe, when it was greeted with a chorus of contumelious abuse from those gentlemen of the Press who are so quaintly called "critics." . . . But—"Blessed are ye when all men shall speak evil of you and despitefully use you."—So runs it, does it not?

Ravel surprisingly enough, has made one or two excursions into the realm of the "uncanny"—so they must definitely be considered in the case—and with great success, no less than all the three pieces of "Gaspard de la Nuit" owing explicitly to a "supernatural" provenance. The first "Ondine" might be called a picture of a malicious water-elemental, malicious at least when she is slighted, for she bursts into a peal of eldritch laughter, which is wonderfully suggested by the music. The second, "Le Gibet," is a study in pure macabre superbly done, and the last, "Scarbo," practically a Poltergeist. The second and third of these pieces have real "atmosphere" and potency, and the various supernatural appearances and happenings in the magnificent ballet "Daphnis et Chloe," such as the threatening appearances of the God Pan, are done with genuine power.

On the other hand the work of Debussy contains little or nothing of any importance involving this motive, unless it be the odd Verlaine song about the ghosts of the lovers, "Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé," a sinister little study full of subtlety.

With Gustav Mahler I feel we come upon one of those very rare cases in music of a full-blown mystic. This nature, at once so ardent and ecstatic, a sort of spiritual cross between Pascal and St. John of the Cross, presents us in his magnificent sequence of symphonies with the history of a spiritual pilgrimage from the black infra-infernal Hells of the Dark Night of the Soul in certain agonised and agonising movements of the 2nd, 7th, and 9th, symphonies as well as in *Das Lied von der Erde* to the glowing achievement of the finales of the 2nd and 8th, and the tender ecstasy of the 4th. Nothing is here external or extroverted, Mahler is the most subjective, the most introspective of composers; there has been no one like him in European music either before or since, nor do I think it is very likely there will be. The unusual combination of his Jewish race with his passionate Catholic belief marks him out as a sufficiently extraordinary spiritual type apart altogether from his immense musical genius, which was not only of the highest but of a supreme order, and one can only regard the banning of the work of such a pure-souled

genius in Greater Germany as the most fantastic, the most perverse error of judgment that even a bureaucracy could be capable of. For me one of the summits of mystical expression in music is reached in the final great chorus of the 8th symphony at the words "Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Zeichniss"; the music, broad, massive, and apparently direct and simple as it appears on the surface, is charged to the utmost with the mighty and ultimate mystery of things expressed in Goethe's tremendous lines—from the closing scene of the second part of the "Faust"—the highest pinnacle ever reached in Western poetry and to equal which one must go to Jami's :

In Solitude where Being signless dwelt
And all the Universe still dormant lay
Concealed in Selflessness, One Being was
Exempt from "I" or "Thou"-ness and apart
From all duality : Beauty Supreme
Unmanifest except unto Itself.

... in Edward Browne's incomparable and inspired translation.

From such heights as these down to Stravinsky is a very long way indeed, but there is one work of this composer (for whom I have no especially high regard, holding him at the best but a brilliant fourth-rater), which very eminently deserves mention in any consideration of the kind on which we are engaged ; that is *Pétruschka*. Magic but of a decidedly sinister kind is the keynote of the entire work. All hinges upon the semblance of life and humanity with which the old "Charlatan," as he is called, endows three life-size dolls in his puppet show. A very strange atmosphere pervades the music, more especially that illustrative of the "feelings and emotions" of *Pétruschka*, the most clumsily and badly made of the three dolls, who gets a larger share of humanity and the feelings appertaining thereunto than his fellow dolls the Ballerina and the Blackamoor. The motive is rich in suggestion and expressed in the music with no little power. In the end, the Blackamoor, who like poor *Pétruschka*, is a suitor for the favour of the Ballerina—who will naturally have none of him—pursues the latter out of the booth into the crowded market-place and kills him with a wooden sword. The bystanders are horrified, but the old Charlatan arrives on the scene and turns both back into dolls, shewing the people that *Pétruschka* was only stuffed with sawdust. But the Charlatan, like Madame Galactic, the fraudulent medium in Osbert Sitwell's brilliant satirical study, *Miracle on Sinai*, on this occasion *does* bring off something genuine and has evidently raised forces beyond him to control. The crowd disperses, twilight falls and it begins to snow, the old Charlatan the while going off dragging slowly after him the doll-corpse of *Pétruschka*, looking nervously round him the while ; then he sees to his terror the "ghost" of *Pétruschka* on the roof of the booth cocking a snook at him, the music all this time being of a richly suggestive nature ending on the most eerie imaginable of question marks. What *was* *Pétruschka*, human, elemental, non-human ? At any rate he has a ghost and can haunt ! The whole work remains by far and away its composer's best, and his later productions, in no matter what *genre*, only illustrate a steady and progressive decline. The magical elements of the earlier work, "The Firebird," though effectively enough treated, are handled in a much more external way, with far less sense of psychic realities so to speak.

The Italians do not seem to move as readily in supernatural worlds of thought and feeling as other and particularly more Northerly European peoples, and Italian music is singularly empty of any trace of the metapsychic motive. I can think of only two slight instances, one in Verdi, and the other in Puccini in the first case, the invocation to the Infernal Powers by the witch Ulrica in "Un Ballo in Maschera," which has quite an authentic ring if not a very potent one, the second in "Turandot" with the appearance of the ghosts of the executed suitors, a moment very far from being the most successful or impressive in what is otherwise one of the greatest of operatic masterpieces. In the nature of things there should be a large amount of the "uncanny" element in Verdi's "Macbeth," but I do not know this work.

Passing now to a consideration of one of the greatest living Masters of music, namely Sibelius, we find ourselves in company with the native of a land where magic and the occult are not only in the very air but ubiquitously permeate the national epics and stories ; it is therefore not surprising to find this element much in evidence both implicitly and explicitly in the work of the great Finnish Master. In works such as "The Swan of Tuonela" and that magnificent "Tapiola," the motive is explicit and avowed, working with great power and the most convincing intensity of expression ; in other places such as the great 4th symphony a sensitive and percipient listener feels all the while the "hidden aspect of things" vividly present behind the façade of the music. Even in works of a fairly obviously pictorial nature involving what is called in that silly and typically pompous German phrase *Ton-Malerei*, such as the "Night Ride and Sunrise," or the far finer "Okeanides," there comes through the obviously and externally descriptive aspects of the music a magical, I had almost said a Tantrik quality, and it is the exception rather than the rule to find this element wholly absent in any work of Sibelius. And like Busoni to a very large extent, Sibelius has the power of seizing upon what appear to be superficially the simplest, most direct of musical speech-counters that the great individual force and psychic potency of his thought compels into the most strange and to some so disconcerting utterance. Again and again one asks oneself before some remarkable melodic phrase or astonishingly individual juxtaposition of progressions in themselves normal enough, how and why does it come out like that in hearing. There is no answer except that that *is* Sibelius, who can do to the current small change of musical speech what Liszt can do with another man's musical ideas—psychically overshadow, possess and *obsess* them if you like.

The last great Master whom we have to consider in this connection is that profoundly enigmatic and disturbing genius Ferruccio Busoni, on whom a sensitive and thoughtful study appeared in these pages by Mr. Bernard Bromage some while ago. In Busoni I feel the metapsychical element to be present to a degree of intensity that I think is almost unparalleled in music. For me every bar of his mature work is saturated and permeated by it, from the monumental Piano Concerto with its Magian cover-design, shewing at least that someone else felt the same about one work at least of this great Master, to his final and greatest work "Doktor Faust." It is interesting to remember Busoni's own dictum regarding opera, which he said ought to be devoted to magical necromantic and such matters, and to see how consistently he himself applied his own principle in his most

important musico-dramatic works. But it is not only works like "Doktor Faust" that exemplify this, but every mature work he wrote; indeed his entire treatment, technically speaking, partakes to me of the nature of a magical process; the astonishing interplay of simultaneous major and minor tonalities, the incredibly subtle twists given to seemingly normal harmonic progressions, all these things can be indicated chapter and verse as part of his technical procedure, but what can *not* be explained, hardly indeed put into words at all with any power of conviction to one's reader, is the utterly unique atmosphere of other-worldliness, of non-human spheres so powerfully conveyed by the works as a whole. As I have had occasion to say in another place, the fact that Busoni lived in a mental-psychic world that begins a good long way beyond where that of our common (*very* common and a sight *too* common) humanity—to use that revolting conventional cant phrase—leaves off, a world that has its own emotions and stresses peculiar to itself, has brought it about that the average listener accustomed to look upon the most detached, the most aloof, disembodied and rarefied of the arts as a bath wherein to wallow in his own emotions of love, hate, joy, sorrow, concupiscence and the like, and finding to continue this rather laborious metaphor for which I hope my readers will forgive me, that the bath provided by Busoni is not at all the sort to which he is accustomed but is on the contrary strongly astringent, complains that the bath is "cold," has not enough of this, that or the other, not enough perfumed bath salts in it, and any way has made him feel thoroughly ill at ease and uncomfortable. But again, to declare that because Busoni does not express the emotions you want him to he has therefore none of his own to express (the usual charge) is to be childishly petulant. "Ask of a well only the water it can give you and thank Heaven for it," say the Arabs. It is an injunction that should be mightily impressed upon all those who listen to music and what is *much* worse, write about it!

Busoni's overshadowing power is as great and even greater than Liszt's, for he not only seems to speak *through* the other composer but utterly melt and dissolve the other composer's thought into his own while preserving intact and fully recognisable all the outer lineaments as it were. Power such as this is rather terrifying: an audience, hearing for instance what happens to a fragment of Bach (as in the F minor Fantasy dedicated to the memory of the composer's father) and much more so in the great *Fantasia Contrappuntistica*, wherein the last unfinished fugue of the "Art of Fugue" of Bach becomes the nucleus of one of Busoni's greatest works (and one of the peaks of music into the bargain, with alterations superficially so slight and yet so significant and subtle, grafted into a great mass of wholly original Busoni tissue, forming finally one perfect and organic whole, in a manner that savours of the uncanny and sinister, such is the indescribable power and mastery with which this astounding and almost unheard-of feat is accomplished) may perhaps be pardoned for feeling, even if unconsciously, "Well, my goodness if *that's* what the man can do to *Bach*, what mightn't he do to *us* if he got half a chance!"

Another conspicuous example of Busoni's "overshadowing" power, as I prefer to call it, is in the *Fantasia de Camera* upon motives from Bizet's "Carmen." The gay and occasionally rather trivial Bizet tunes become indescribably "charged" and sinister, undergoing a sort of dissolution and transformation in a manner that is indescribably fascinating and haunting to the mind

of a suitably "attuned" listener, so that at the end one almost says to oneself—such is the impression of ineluctible and immense power behind the whole business—this is a *psychical invasion* in terms of music!

From the Himalyan heights of intellect and creative power represented by Busoni to the largish group of specifically "occult" composers or those of avowedly theosophical views, is a drop from the sublime to the very ridiculous. There is one only worthy of serious consideration as an artist, namely Alexander Scriabin, who died in 1915. A professing theosophist, many of his compositions, especially in his latter period, have an ideological basis admittedly derived from his beliefs; "Prometheus" the Poem of Fire; the Poem of Ecstasy; the later sonatas, including those subtitled the Black Mass and the White Mass are examples. Unfortunately it appeared that as the theosophy developed, the music declined in quality, the two large works most representative of his later period, namely the Poem of Ecstasy and Prometheus being both of them nothing but a series of pants, gasps, languishing sighs, of which isolated patches of sound are often quite ravishing; but there is little trace of anything that can be considered as an organised work of art or even a coherent whole. The piano works are by far this composer's best, and number among them some fine things. The mood is prevalently either a languishing "tendresse" or "volupté" and a charming transparently luminous harmonic texture often written with great and delicate art and marvellous understanding of the essence of piano writing of one particular type. Scriabin liked to think of himself as the repository of unspeakable and ineffable cosmic mysteries; but there is in actual fact no perceptible difference of atmosphere between the two sonatas dubbed respectively "black" and "white" masses; indeed they might very well exchange subtitles with no gain and also no loss to either.

Similarly the "Poème Satanique" is an extraordinarily lady-like, tame and jejune affair for such a tremendous title, and the various passages so carefully labelled by the composer as bursts of diabolical and ironic laughter would never strike the best-intentioned diabolist with the smallest hint of the Pit!

The remainder of the "occult" and theosophical school of composers seems for some reason largely to be British. They are, I fear, for the most part real figures of fun, from the gentleman who dedicates pieces of an unbelievably jejune insipidity to a lady who remembers for him his past greatness as a series of Pharaohs and High Priests of Egypt—with an exhibitionism worthy of a far more generous and ample endowment than the composer has ever shewn any signs of possessing, to another practitioner of the same sort who writes "Nature-Spirit Music" as near low-grade feeble-mindedness as I recollect even to have seen in composers. When one thinks of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Rudolf Steiner one realises that there is no necessary connection between occultism and mental deficiency; similarly when one recalls certain Masters of music one also realises that music and stupidity are not necessarily bed-fellows either; they often are, indeed more often than not. It is not the music or the occultism that makes the stupidity but . . . the stupidity that makes the music or the occultism; that is to say in each case less stupidity would cause a hesitation in the adoption of the practice of the art or system of ideas most calculated to show off silliness to the best—or worst—advantage.

Louis Claude de Saint-Martin

II (Continued from the June number)

by Raymund Andrea

FOR FURTHER COMMENT UPON Saint-Martin's life, his mystical relationships and doctrines, I am indebted entirely to Waite's valuable researches for such light as can be thrown upon these subjects, as I have no other source of information. Although so well known in his day through his personal contact with mystical orders and with many persons of note and learning, as well as through his books and pamphlets, which brought him into public notice, he seems to have passed very much out of the ken of the modern student and is little known beyond name and a reference or quotation here and there from his writings. References to him are always made with affection and reverence, befitting his exalted character. And such translated portions of his works as we have appear to be rather a commentary upon the results of mystical union than anything of the nature of a system of instruction, or steps of discipline towards attainment. In view of his early initiation into the mystical life, and his works on the exaltation of man, there is no doubt that he followed a systematic technique of the way within the Order to which he belonged in his early years, but precisely what it was can only be matter for conjecture.

Pasqually, who was his first master, and to whom Saint-Martin often refers with deep appreciation and reverence, is said to have been a Rosicrucian. He claimed affiliation with the Rosicrucian Order. His advent in Paris was as a member of it. There are no documents available to vouch for this affiliation. The particular body to which he was attached was known as the Elect Priesthood, and the theory and practice pursued within it can only be gathered from confidential communications which the master gave to his disciples. But the indications are that the objects of the Order were concerned with the work of initiation and communication with Higher Intelligences, and had no dealing in ceremonial magic.

That certain of the disciples of Pasqually attained the objectives of the Order is evident. Three specific cases are cited, and no doubt there were many others. The first is that of Jean Baptiste Willermoz, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Lyons in 1760, and later President of the Lodge of Elect Cohens. in that city. The consummation of his efforts was long delayed, but perseverance brought success in 1785, some eleven years after the death of Pasqually.

The second case is that of the Abbé Fournie. He published his experiences in a document which is now exceedingly rare. He aspired very early in life to a personal demonstration of the reality of the spiritual life. After a long period of inward agitation and seeking, he met an unknown person on the banks of the Rhine who promised him success in his search. Pointing to the passing crowds, he said to the Abbé Fournie: "They know not whither they are going, but thou shalt know." He became further acquainted with the stranger and was later introduced to the Order. The stranger was Pasqually.

The Abbé says that he was exhorted by Pasqually to aspire without ceasing towards God, and that his teaching conformed precisely to that which Christ gave to His disciples. He passed five years in mystical aspiration, and appears to have experienced the dark night of the soul in an intense form before his search was rewarded. In his own words: "At length, on a certain day, towards ten o'clock in the evening, I, being prostrated in my chamber, calling on God to assist me, heard suddenly the voice of M. de Pasqually, my director, who had died in the body more than two years previously. I heard him speaking distinctly outside my chamber, the door being closed, and the windows in like manner, the shutters also being secured. I turned in the direction of the voice, being that of the long garden belonging to the house, and thereupon I beheld M. de Pasqually with my eyes, who began speaking, and with him were my father and my mother, both also dead in the body. God knows the terrible night which I passed." Manifestations of this nature were constantly experienced by him, and he testifies to having seen the Christ in vision. "There was another being who was not of the nature of man." Moreover, the vision of his parents and his master Pasqually was of constant recurrence. "I have beheld them during entire years, and constantly; I have gone to and fro in their company; they have been with me in the house and out of it; in the night and the day; alone and in the society of others; together with another being not of human kind, speaking one with another after the manner of men."

The third disciple who made particular progress under Pasqually was Saint-Martin. Information of this is derived from his intimate correspondence with Baron Kirchberger. His contact with Pasqually was brief, as the latter died before his disciple had attained to the higher stages of the work of the Elect Priesthood. Saint-Martin says: "We were only beginning to walk together when death took him from us." Saint-Martin was an independent seeker and had attained mystical experience before his contact with Pasqually; and although he valued this teacher and followed instructions under him, he does not appear to have taken kindly to them. "I experienced at all times so strong an inclination to the intimate secret way that this external one never seduced me further, even in my youth. Amidst much that was to others most attractive, amidst means, formulae, preparatives of every sort, by which we were trained, I exclaimed more than once to our master: 'Can all this be needed to find God?'" But he did not fail to pay high tribute to Pasqually and always recognised his high authority. "I will not conceal from you that I walked formerly in this secondary and external way, and thereby the door of the career was opened to me. My leader therein was a man of very active virtues." And again in reference to Pasqually he says: "I am even inclined to think that M. Pasqually, whom you name (and who, since it must be said, was our master), had the active key to all that our dear Boehme exposes in his theories, but that he did not think we were able to bear such high truths. . . . I am persuaded that

we should have arrived at them at last, if we had kept him longer."

Saint-Martin held Boehme in very high esteem. He describes him as "the greatest human light which had been manifested on earth since One who was the Light Himself." And he appears to place Pasqually on an equal footing with Boehme in attainment and illumination. He laid great stress upon the "inward way" and constantly insisted upon it and contrasted it with the more objective phenomena of occultism. Although he had witnessed much in the direction of superphysical manifestations, it is perhaps matter of surprise that he did not recognise the fact of the desirability of astral transit and of experience outside the body. Probably the difference here is only a matter of terms, since he says: "The soul leaves the body only at death, but during life the faculties may extend beyond it, and communicate with their exterior correspondents without ceasing to be united to their centre, even as our bodily eyes and all our organs correspond with surrounding objects without ceasing to be connected with their animal principle, the focus of all our physical operations." It would seem therefore that what he refused to countenance was the purely spiritualistic procedure of mediumship and its attendant phenomena; for his mystical attainment must have given him ample proof of superphysical communications.

Regarding physical communications, which term we assume to be applied to those of a spiritualistic nature, he says: "I believe this possible, like all other communications. As for my own testimony, it would not have much weight, since this kind of proof should be personal to obtain the complete effect. Nevertheless, as I believe I speak to a man of moderation, I will not withhold from you that in the school through which I passed, more than twenty-five years ago, communications of all kinds were numerous and frequent, in which I had my share, like many others; and that, in this share, every sign indicative of the Repairer was present. Now, you know that the Repairer and Active Cause are one." And although when, many years later, he was following his own inward path, he admitted that in his occult experiences under Pasqually there was every sign of the presence of the Repairer, or Christ, and that the powers of Pasqually were of no ordinary kind. Willermoz is of opinion that the experiences consequent upon the operations of the Elect Priesthood were of a subjective character, as also were the experiences of the inward way of Saint-Martin, but that the latter appeared to Saint-Martin as less liable to possible dangers of hallucination.

A special feature of Saint-Martin's mysticism is stressed by Waite: that he differed conspicuously from other masters of the inner way, in that he was a professed social character, very fond of society, having many friends and strong attachments. He says: "Saint-Martin is almost the only mystic who was also in his way a politician, with a scheme for the reconstruction of society; an amateur in music; an apprentice in poetry; a connoisseur in belles-lettres; a critic of his contemporaries; an observer of the times; a physician of souls truly, but in that capacity with his finger always on the pulse of the world." This versatility may distinguish him from other early mystics of great name and so becomes a point of interest. But we are not in any degree surprised to-day to meet with this same versatility in some mystics of later times. On the contrary, we look for it and advocate it. Troublous as the present times are, as they were in Saint-Martin's day, it is not desirable that mystics of the present

should hide themselves or their talents, but profess their beliefs and declare themselves openly upon any aspect of life and affairs that falls within their interest and ability. The time for "unknown philosophers" is past. We want to see them expressing a virile individuality, a dominant spirit, and an impressive influence with cultured authority upon society and political groups, upon church, state and people. We want the knowledge of the inward way objectivised and demonstrated in so public a manner that intelligent men shall be compelled to heed and acknowledge it and inaugurate a new civilisation and culture.

These are Saint-Martin's own words on his mission: "My task in this world has been to lead the mind of man by a natural path to the supernatural things which of right belong to him, but of which he has lost all conception, in part by his degradation, in part by the frequently false instruction of his teachers. This task is new but full of difficulty, and it is so slow that its best fruits must be borne after my death. At the same time it is so vast and so certain, that I must be deeply grateful to Providence for having charged me therewith; it is a task which no one has exercised heretofore, because those who have instructed and still instruct us daily exact in doing so either a blind submission or retail only miraculous stories." At the early age of 18 years he had a direct call to this mission through interior illumination. In his confessions he said: "There is a God, I have a soul, and no more is wanted for wisdom! . . . He did not will that I should have any consolations, any joys, any lights, any substantial happiness from any hand but His own, and His sole object was that I should abide exclusively with Him. . . . The greater the work which awaits me, and to which I am called, the more it preserves me from pride, for I am the more conscious that it is impossible for me to accomplish it of myself."

His humility was very great. He reproached himself for his sensuality, and moreover, proffers his opinion that all men of good faith could make a similar confession. Nevertheless, he entertained a high ideal of love and human relationships. "It is for me a great suffering to listen to light talk concerning that sublime love which is the true and only term of our work. Men do not realise that this beautiful word should never be pronounced by us except in the same way that it is uttered by God—by living achievements, by living benefits, by living marvels." He never married. His comments on celibacy are interesting. "I felt that the man who is free has only one problem to resolve, but that he who is married has a twofold problem presented." And, "I feel in the depth of my being a voice which tells me that I come from a country wherein there are no women, and hence it is, no doubt, that all marital designs planned in my regard have been failures. . . . I have never loved anything outside God more than I have loved God without experiencing suffering and misfortune. I have never returned to the love of God above all things without the consciousness of rebirth and happiness never failing to come back to me." It is clear from these and other similar statements of Saint-Martin that he felt an imperious call to a celibate life. He was a man who lived continuously in the presence of God and experienced the full blessedness of spiritual marriage. Of this he writes to the German mystic Gichtel: "If I were near you I could give you a story of a marriage in which the same way was followed with me, though under different forms, ending in the same result. I have numerous proofs of the Divine protection over me, especially during our Revolution, of which I was not without indications beforehand. But in all this everything has

been done for me as if for a child, whereas our friend Gichtel could attack the enemy in front, in which I should not acquit myself as he did. In a word, for me it is peace, and this is with me wheresoever I am. On the famous 10th of August, when I was shut up in Paris, traversing the streets all the day, amidst the great tumult, I had such signal proofs of what I tell you that I was humbled even to the dust, and this the more because I had absolutely no part in what was doing, and I am not so constituted as to possess what is called physical courage." His attitude towards women, however, was one of honour and love, and he had many intimate friendships with them.

From the many quotations which Waite gives from Saint-Martin's memorial notes, it is evident that he enjoyed a mystical assurance and felicity which outweighed all worldly knowledge and ambitions. The following is a typical confession of this spiritual recognition and absorption. "I will not say that I have passed through the world, for, in truth, I have passed only beside it, as in fortune so in honours, as in worldly pleasures so even in those pure and living joys which some are permitted to taste who, not being drawn into the career which I have followed, have been free to yield to the delicious sentiments of the heart. But I will also say that I have passed by the tribulations of the ambitious, the agonies of the covetous, the dreadful blows sustained so often by those souls who have yielded to their tenderness, and to all the motions of their desires. Having been spared, therefore, the misfortunes and distresses of the world, so far from lamenting the privation of its advantages, I will thank God unceasingly that He has granted me far more than all the pleasures of all the ages collective could have ever afforded me."

Commenting upon Saint-Martin's works Waite says: "Through all these works the mind of Saint-Martin predominates; he is at all times an originator rather than a follower; an initiator, not a disciple merely. The influence of his first school also persists throughout, but it is more than modified: it is transfigured. For example, the central doctrine of Reintegration is undoubtedly that of Pasqually, as the MS. treatise by the latter makes evident; but it has become something 'rich and strange' by the illumination of Saint-Martin's gift."

The claims put forth that Saint-Martin was much influenced by Swedenborg and Boehme are examined by Waite. "I conclude, therefore," he writes, "that the mystic philosophy of Saint-Martin is Saint-Martin's own philosophy, but that he derived part of his materials from a school of Mysticism to which he was attached in early life, which will always have a claim on those who love Saint-Martin, because it was loved by him discerningly to the end. He did not reject, as became him, anything that seemed to him true and good in Swedenborg, and he accepted with a whole heart of joy and gratitude the great good and the great truth which came to him in Jacob Boehme."

Saint-Martin's own sentiments about these two writers show that he had made a careful estimation of their respective values. For the work of Boehme he entertained the highest appreciation; but he disparaged the purely spiritualistic doctrine of Swedenborg. Of the latter he writes: "There are a thousand proofs in his works that he was often and highly favoured, a thousand proofs that he was often and deeply deceived, a thousand proofs that he beheld only the middle of the work, and knew neither its commencement nor its end. For the vulgar man these proofs are, however, less than nothing, for he does not suspect their

existence. He is ever ready to believe everything when he finds that one thing is true; he is ever ready to deny everything upon the warrant of a single error. But what, furthermore, are the credentials of Swedenborg? He offers no proof beyond his own visions and Holy Scripture. Now, what credit will these witnesses find with the man who has not been prepared beforehand by healthy reason? Prove facts by their confirmation. Prove the principle by logic and reasoning. Never say to any one, Believe in us. Say rather, Believe in thyself; believe in the grandeur of thy nature, which entitles thee to expect everything and to verify everything, provided thou dost ask all from Him who giveth all. O illustrious and estimable man! thy writings may confer, notwithstanding, a great good, by imparting to humanity a galvanic shock in its lethargy! If they cannot provide man with a complete plan of the spiritual region, they will help him to discern that it exists, and this is no slight service to render him in the abyss where the systems have plunged him."

Of Boehme he wrote that he was "not worthy to untie the shoestrings of that wonderful man," and that "he has an elevation and a nourishment so full and so unailing that I confess I should think it lost time to seek elsewhere, so I have given up all other readings." Indeed he goes so far as to say that had he known of Boehme early in life some of his own books would have been differently written. This is perhaps the highest encomium one author could make upon another.

We are told that Saint-Martin possessed little first-hand knowledge of occult science, that at the age of 50 he confessed not having read the works of Madame Guyon; and when he had done so they did not satisfy him. Such works made him realise "how feeble and vague feminine inspiration is compared with the masculine, as, for example, with that of Jacob Boehme. I find in the former a groping in the dark, morals, mysticism, instead of light; some happy interpretations, but many which are constrained; in short, more sentiment and affection than demonstration and proof; a measure which may be more profitable for the salvation of the author, but is less serviceable for the true instruction of the reader." The words "demonstration and proof" suggest a reason for his differing conspicuously from other early mystics of the way. Moreover, his novitiate in the Elect Priesthood would have saved him from the "vague feminine inspiration" and "groping in the dark," and given him much of the nature of an occult education in which demonstration and proof were demanded. In fact, so far as can be gathered from many of his statements which appear contradictory, or rather mystically ambiguous, it would appear that Saint-Martin, through a certain study and discipline during his college days, attained very early a degree of interior illumination, and his subsequent attachment to Pasqually and the work of the Elect Priesthood laid a foundation for demonstration and proof, introduced a scientific and occult trend to his thinking, and these two lines of development, the mystical and the occult, proceeded simultaneously and gave to his works that sweet reasonableness and that clear-sightedness which so easily detected truth from error, whether in what was revealed to him experimentally, or what might confront him in the world. Hence his disparagement of the work of Swedenborg and his intense appreciation of that of Boehme. For in all his writings there is always to be found a fine balance and discrimination in the matter of the subjects under treatment. He gives one the impression of a man standing at the

centre, within the light of the soul, seeing and weighing judicially the points at issue. In view of our knowledge of the way to-day, he does not tell us anything new. We discern just what he was striving to teach. But it must have appeared new, and often revolutionary, to those of his time. We see, too, his endeavour to teach the truth of the inward way by intentionally veiling the truth and presenting it in a form most suitable to stimulate his readers to enquiry and research, rather than in throwing the full light of his knowledge and experience upon them with the possibility of opposition and rejection because of its heterodoxy and singularity.

The above opinion on the attitude of Saint-Martin finds corroboration in a notable passage of Waite. "It must be understood, however, and this in a distinct manner, that Saint-Martin was an occult philosopher, though he was neither alchemist nor kabalist. He was this after a fashion of his own, for his uncommon mind regarded everything from a peculiar standpoint; he understood nothing conventionally, and is almost invariably unexpected, frequently bizarre, in his views. He regarded occultism as a theurgist who had proved the efficacy of theurgic formulæ but had abandoned operation because it is 'in near neighbourhood to the spirit of this world, and especially to the astral region in which that spirit dwells'; he distinguished with Jacob Boehme between magus and magia, and with him the divine magic was an operation far different from anything of an external kind. He admitted, however, that there were many points of departure for different travellers. 'I think the matter itself has acted variously on the elect, giving to some inward communications only but nothing outward; to others the outward simply and not the inward; to yet others both. I believe that the traditions or initiations called second sight may have misled some men and proved useful to others, because, with upright beginnings and a well-intentioned heart, God sometimes leads us to the light, even over precipices.' He adds at the same time that no tradition or initiation of man can lead surely to pure communications, which are the gift of God alone. Those who are called to the work from on high will have also the criterion of judgment. 'They are a universal cupel which purifies everything and itself suffers no corrosion.' The theurgic path may therefore lead into truth, but it is beset by difficulties, and it needs the conduct of 'pure, enlightened, and potent masters.' Since the death of Martines de Pasqually, Saint-Martin seems to have been acquainted with no one possessing such qualities."

Again and again Saint-Martin draws a clear line of demarcation between interior illumination, the way of Christ, and spiritualistic procedure. The inferiority of the latter and the pitfalls and delusions attendant upon it, are set forth with a simplicity and truthfulness to which little can be added. "Ordinary men, when they hear of living and spiritual works, conceive no other idea than that of beholding spirits, termed ghost-seeing by the benighted world. For those who believe in the possibility of spirit-return, this idea occasions frequently nothing but terror; for those who are in doubt as to the possibility, it inspires curiosity alone; for those who deny it altogether, it inspires contempt and disdain—firstly, for the opinions themselves, and secondly, for those who advance them. I feel it necessary, therefore, to state that man can make enormous advances in the career of living spiritual works, and can even attain an exalted rank among the labourers of the Lord, without beholding spirits. He who seeks in the spiritual

career chiefly communication with spirits, does not, if he attain it, fulfil the main object of the work, and may still be far from ranking among the workers for the Lord. The possibility of communicating with spirits involves that of communicating with the bad as well as the good. Hence the communication in itself is not enough; discernment is required to determine whence they come and whether their purpose is lawful. We must also, and before all, ascertain whether we ourselves, supposing they are of the highest and purest class, are in a condition to accomplish the mission with which they may charge us for the true service of their Master. The privilege and satisfaction of beholding spirits can never be more than accessory to the true end of man in the career of divine works and in enrolment among the labourers of the Lord. He who aspires to this sublime ministry would be unworthy thereof if actuated by the feeble motive or peurile curiosity of beholding spirits, more especially if to obtain these secondary evidences he trusts to the uncertain offices of other men, those, above all, who possess but partial powers, or possibly powers that are corrupted."

In contrast with this declaration of the insufficiency of spiritualism to confer the fruits of the mystical life may be mentioned the passage on "The door of the way" from his work *Ministry of Man the Spirit*. It is a good example of Saint-Martin's peculiar style of mystical exposition, in which the simple and basic truth is given, yet which leaves the reader, who lacks experimental experience of the steps of discipline, little the wiser for the reading. And indeed this is so with the bulk of the translated work which Waite presents. It consists of the mature reflections of a mystical philosopher on a variety of aspects of the inner way; but we look in vain for a technique of procedure toward the attainment of the plane of vision from which he wrote. In revealing his deepest thought and conviction, we feel we are but in the mystic's study, not in his sanctum. He tells us what he has found: the process of the finding is withheld. This fact is the more noticeable to us in the reading of Saint-Martin because there are presented to us to-day so many books and systems, some of which set out all too alluringly ways and means of attainment with scant personal effort. Therefore the reticence of some of the old mystics impresses us, sometimes not too happily. But we do learn one gracious fact from that reserve of speech: they chose not to broadcast that which was most sacred in their eyes to the unready and profane. Saint-Martin of course was not singular in this. Mystics before and since his time have written darkly and enigmatically, and although we possess their works, none but the enlightened can hope to enter into the arcana of them.

Waite has enhanced the value of his translations of Saint-Martin by giving a selection of aphorisms and maxims from his works. I conclude this sketch with one of these.

"Preserve through all things the desire of the concupiscence of God; strive for its attainment, to overcome the illusion which surrounds us, and to realise our misery. Strive above all things to keep through all things the idea of the efficacious presence of a faithful friend who accompanies, guides, nourishes, and sustains us at every step. This will make us at once reserved and confident; it will give us both wisdom and strength. What would be wanting unto us if we were imbued invariably with these two virtues!"

Light and Darkness

by Eleanor C. Merry

(This short article is based upon certain sayings of Rudolf Steiner)



ONE OF THE PHENOMENA of life most familiar to everyone—though not always immediately recognised—is the gap that so often reveals itself between thinking and doing. We may, and do, theorise and plan about a thousand things, have the most perfect systems of action ready envisaged, may even have much of the paraphernalia ready at our elbows for carrying out the plans, and yet remain inactive. I am not forgetting, in saying this, that what we call “circumstances” may be the unavoidable cause of inaction; but I am thinking rather of that region of unconsciousness which lies always between the idea and its fulfilment. The *passage* from thought to deed is dark. And often haunted. It is the burial-place of thought, because thought dies in becoming action. It is the same gap, in its essentials, as that from which the young man who had many possessions instinctively recoiled. “Sell all that thou hast . . . and follow Me.”

And it is this gap which separates mankind today from establishing that peace in the world which it so ardently desires. But what is it in reality? How is a bridge to be constructed by which we can more or less consciously cross over it? Out of what materials is it to be made?

Setting aside the consideration of this question from the point of view of world affairs, is it possible to discover the principles—realise them individually—which underlie the existence of this apparent psychological paralysis and its overcoming?

If this question is to be taken seriously, it is necessary to try to approach one of the greatest of all mysteries—the real spiritual relation between thinking and willing. In any training of the life of the soul this relationship must always in some form or another lie before us: that thinking is “light,” and that the will, being a profoundly unconscious organ of the soul, is “darkness.” The problem is how to create the will-enfitted thought and the thought-impregnated will. That is the theory on which we would have to work. In the world of today there is no such beautiful pattern to be found. Thought and will stand opposite to each other in a curious deadlock; and feeling, caught as it were in the trap between the two, oscillates ineffectually from one to the other. As a result, mankind seems as though in danger of developing a kind of somnambulism.

Somnambulism—sleep-walking—is a trespassing of dream, of chaotic thought-picture, into the life of external events. The world today is certainly not empty of people who “spin out theories of an ideal state and bring forth . . . all manner of misshapen forms



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in the outer world.” A twofold aberration from the true path of life is possible: a paralysis of action through a continued living in thoughts and ideas alone, or a blind action “spun” out of theories, as the sleep-walker spins the moon-web of his wanderings.

In the normal life of sleep all consciousness of the external world is extinguished. Many people today are endeavouring to unravel the mysteries of sleep and dream. It is true that all genuine occultists recognise what processes are actually taking place, and that consciousness is not extinguished but transferred to another realm apart from the body—the spiritual; that in spiritually undeveloped persons this higher consciousness is not transferred back into the *waking* life of the

body so as to be remembered; but that through occult training a kind of “marriage” is possible between the sleeping and the waking life. In any case, however, when the soul and spirit return to the body and its life-processes on waking, they pass through the world of dreams, which are but the shadowy metamorphosed “thought-models” of transcendent spiritual realities. Then, in waking, the connection with the body is re-established; the dream fades into unreality, and ordinary earthly existence prevails once more.

Even highly developed people who succeed in being to some extent conscious in sleep, may, unless they guard against it, be disturbed in and deflected from practical life, because the dream-life has, in them, a greater capacity to obtrude itself powerfully right into the day-consciousness in an unlawful way. If it obtrudes itself *lawfully*, as a realisation—fully mastered—of the penetration of the spiritual world into the physical world, it can become imaginative and inspired knowledge.

The “somnambulist,” or also in another way the medium, are *not* masters of these processes. In the case of the medium, other beings may become the masters—and these seize upon the physical body and bring it into chaotic and unconscious activity. This condition is really the antithesis of the ordinary dream-state. It is a “dream-activity that is produced externally by Nature, and there is dreaming in action instead of dreaming in inner experience only.”

The normal person is naturally impelled to find a way by which the inner life of the soul, made strong by sleep, and the outer life of perception and necessity may be harmonised. The creation of a genuine work of art really brings together these two apparently broken ends of human life—the dream and the deed. “For in art, that which is externally perceptible to the senses is permeated with spirit, with the impulses of the spiritual world; and that which is perceptible in the inner world of the soul is presented in outer embodiment.”

And what is this but the Art of Life itself? To live truly as *Man* is the greatest work of art! It is the painting of a magnificent picture upon which the artist himself gazes, and knows he has fulfilled the behest: "Make to thyself a picture of thy fellow man."

Mere dreams cannot be fulfilled. But *conscious* dreams are created through Imagination. This is the bridge between thinking and willing. How little imagination there is in the modern world! The imaginative capacity is one which is almost lost. The tendency is for every potential birth of the imaginative faculty to be instantly strangled or crippled by intellectual analysis.

And this loss of imagination permeates everything. Take only as an example the attitude of the rich or even of the moderately well-to-do person towards the poor. They can *think* of poverty; but in the vast majority of cases they are incapable of *imagining* (inwardly experiencing) what it is like to value a penny as others might value ten shillings or a pound; what it is like to have but one pair of worn shoes and that they cannot be replaced or mended; what it is like to exist in a slum in the heart of a city with the thermometer at 80 or at 20, and with no means of relief from the tortures of heat and cold; what it is like to see tons and tons of food being destroyed in one country and to *feel* the pains of hunger and want in another. Who, if he has not experienced it, is today capable of completely imagining it? Imagination, if it is really awake, is on the threshold of an abyss. For it reveals to each one who has it—*himself*, and the weakness of his will and the abstractions of his thought!

This is not in praise of communism. For the communist as well as the aristocrat or capitalist *cannot imagine each other*. Certainly they can create marvellous ideas. But when will the nations imagine the Earth, and the individual people remember the spirit? When will the day remember the secrets of the night?

Imagination is the seed of Intuition; and this means a *living within* the other being or event. In thinking, we create a mental picture which is so to say outside us like a phantom. In imagination, we *feel* the mental picture more as part of ourselves. Whether this picture portrays our fellow man, or the nations, or the Earth, or the whole Universe, it is alive in us and we are alive in it. True, in the same way we can create delusions. But the means of testing the reality and truth of an imagination is always at hand in the facts of the outer world.

Man has created a certain orderliness which is called civilisation. But having created it he would like it to "stay put," even if its stars forewarn the grouping of a new constellation. Love of ease is the characteristic symptom of our time. I think we are afraid lest we lose the dream in

"the flame and flood

And the winds that blow through the starry ways."

To-day it certainly is very difficult to build a bridge between the conception of a moral world-order and a civilisation based upon scientific materialism. If we hold the view that the Earth and its evolution is a mere incident in a material and perishable universe then the value of conceiving any moral world-order is annulled. Or, if the latter *is* conceded, it can only be approached as something separate, something depending upon faith. The natural inner sense of the soul is thus forcibly divorced from the external world. . . .

Rudolf Steiner once gave a course of lectures on Goethe's Theory of Colour. These are published. In the second part of the book he carries into a higher realm of thought the conception that colour arises out of the meeting together of light and darkness. I should like to base the rest of this article on certain portions of these chapters.

People more or less unconsciously shrink from recognising that thought *dies* into the will; it dies in passing from the inner to the outer, from thinking into action. Thought is spiritual light; but in passing into the darkness where it germinates into creative will, it dies, as the seed dies into the earth; and only in its resurrection out of the will is it established as the growing seed of a future world—a world which is really external, really a part of Nature. Mostly we are so fond of our thoughts and theories that we are nervous of entrusting them to the seeming obscurity of a turbulent future. We say "What will happen to them?" But they must indeed pass over the waters of death, over that impalpable bridge which leads from the moral-spiritual to the physical world.

Occult science speaks of the natural world as "light." "Matter is shattered Light." At first sight this seems a contradiction of the usual idea that matter is "darkness." When matter is described as shattered light it means that in all physical light-phenomena there are "dying world-thoughts." This is the *past* of cosmic evolution, the past thoughts of the spiritual creators of the earth. The earth was first *thought* by the divine Beings, and their thoughts have become all those appearances which are, for us in this age, *the physical phenomena of light*.

But within all light there is also darkness—what we call "substance." "Shattered light" is the fruit of Will. Without darkness, or substance, we should know no material objects, nothing but transparent translucent light. The whole of Nature consists of this commingling of light and darkness, thought and will. Out of this commingling, *colour* arises. And it is similar in ourselves. Light in us, is thoughts, ideas. Darkness in us, is will—the activity of our substance—which is transmutable into goodness and love. Colour is the "play" of the soul, of *feeling*, between the two. So we can learn to perceive, as a fragment of "higher knowledge," even in the outer world, the occurrence of moral processes where "light appears as a dying world of thought" permeated by objective will.

"What shines and sounds forth to us in the light is the last remains of what spiritual Beings, in the infinitely distant past, formed in their souls. . . . They so *thought* and *felt* that there has arisen from their thinking and feeling the glorious world we have around us to-day. . . . A long-past world is dying in the light." . . . "Beauty appears in the radiant light of a continually dying world. . . . The world, in dying, shines as light." If man feels this as a wonderful truth and is filled with intense gratitude for it, then "the Spirit will recompense us, for our thoughts too will become shining light." That is, a light in Nature herself; the foundation of the world of the future.

Therefore all that was once moral, the inner activity of the souls of Cosmic Beings, is now *physical*. Everyone who believes that the world was divinely created, cannot but grasp this simple statement; it is as plain as the fact that an artist can have an idea

and turn it into a visible work of art. "*The moral exists for the purpose of becoming physical.*" That is a wonderful sentence!

During sleep our "unconscious consciousness" is transposed into a world of *spiritual* light, and the soul experiences, through its power, the truth of the dying past of cosmic thoughts; but, although unconsciously, the soul can at the same time perceive within this dying cosmic past, the *future*. When consciousness returns on waking, we become sensible of the element of gravity—of weight. We live in the sphere of gravity and are subject to it; and when the soul re-unites with the body on waking, it absorbs from it something of this gravity, which has the quality of *darkness*. So in waking, the soul knows "heaviness." The word "heaviness" is a good example of the genius of language. It has the same root as *heaven*: in low German, *heben*, to heave, to lift, as the vast expanse of the sky is lifted over the earth. We say our "heart is heavy" with sorrow, suggesting a burden that has to be lifted and carried heavenwards, out of the gravity of the earth. In sleep, the will is not employed in the senses or in active movement, but in waking it *is* active there, because the soul, the principle of consciousness and impulse, is partaking of the darkness of gravity and substance.

Waking and sleeping are a constant oscillation between light and darkness—the two poles of the universe. The planets in their movements are drawn by gravity always towards a centre, but they are also driven outwards by light. It is a spiritual attraction that draws us into waking or into a new incarnation, into "darkness," where the *physical* light testifies to a dying world. In sleep and death we seek the spiritual light; this light impels us outwards, to death, to our spiritual source. On returning to a new incarnation it is the planets that impart to us the tendency towards gravity, the earthward tendency. But their *light*—which is inwardly spiritual—imparts to us at the same time the moral qualities, namely the *love* for the earth.

Matter, gravity, darkness—in these are the Will wherein lies the germ of future worlds in becoming. The old worlds die in the light. They are metamorphosed thoughts; thoughts which have passed into substance, into will—have created, and are dying in their own creation. But out of the *created*, rise the blessed seeds of the future. This is the circle of Being which is in danger of being broken to-day by the dependence upon intellectual thought alone. Between light and darkness, thought and will, where the *feeling* of the soul should rule, anti-Christ can interpose his power.

Christian terminology calls the representatives of cosmic will the Thrones. They are Beings of will and courage. Without them, the light of creation could not have passed beyond the sphere of divine thought. In Christian esotericism we are told that they "sacrificed their substance." They poured thought into will. This is the same as sacrificing heat. Heat, the primal warmth, had to become matter. That is the archetype of the mysterious mission of the human will. Sacrifice, which is born of imagination and of courage and of will, is the only means of bridging the gap that our modern civilisation has brought about. In the fire of this sacrifice must sink the light of the thought-picture, the aspiration. This light comes to man out of the past, seeking the womb of the future. Then, magically, the thought becomes at one and the same time, a *dying* thought and a *living*

seed. In this way only can the physical world and the moral world be conceived as a unity.

For human beings, sacrifice takes a longer path than was necessary for the divine beings. The human fire needs kindling by Imagination. Intellectual thought is cold. Imaginative thought has already in it something of the quality of will. It lies between cold thought and burning will, as colour lies between light and darkness. *Imagine your fellow man!*

There is nothing in either will or thought, nor in feeling, which is of the material world, for only their *instruments* are material. They are the products of the operation of spiritual law throughout the "surging deeds of cosmic evolution." But because these divine deeds are mirrored in the human soul, and because the soul mediates their fulfilment, *from* the Spirit and into and through the Body, they are ready of themselves to bridge the gap for us—only they must be recognised. And recognition is not possible without a subjugation of the merely personal element in us that wants to crystallise a thought into action either too soon or allows it to disintegrate into chaotic forms. So a sacrifice is asked for which must be played out between thought and will, in feeling and imagination.

To unite, therefore, the inner experience with the outer perception in the right way, the inner experience must be of the same nature as what is outwardly perceived. That is: the outer world that we perceive is the result of divine thought; so inner experience must also find that it has its roots in the spiritual universe. "The inner and the outer," says an Indian poet, "shall become one sky."

The problem of our time really seems to be pre-eminently the problem of Good and Evil. What are they? . . . Steiner says somewhere that Evil is the war "between those things that have the right form for the existing time, and those that have carried over into it the old forms suited to a past age." . . . "Evil is Good misplaced."

Most people would agree that in our present civilisation there is a remarkable ability for organising ideas. But that in a curious way thought is lagging behind outer experience, which crowds ever more and more rapidly into our life. Obviously we have lost the ideal that is able to balance these extremes and create *the right form at the right time*. Forms are crystallisations. But Life ever progresses. There is plenty of new wine; but only old bottles.

We can recognise without difficulty the rhythm of the outer world of Nature in the passage of the seasons, but we cannot find what should stream from the greater world-rhythms out of our hearts into our heads. Thought is shut off, as it were, in a realm of its own—in egoism. If it could receive the message of the heart the gap between lonely thought (as it is expressed for instance in acute nationalism) and the common Will, could be bridged. The facts of modern civilisation are really trying to compel a re-organisation of thought. How clear is the suggestion that our age has to face the problem of Good and Evil—light, misplaced in darkness, rhythm displaced in form!

(continued in page 235)

Festival of Wesak

THE DAY OF THE FULL MOON OF MAY is the day on which the entire Buddhist world celebrates the festival which commemorates the birth, enlightenment, and passing away of the Buddha—the festival of Wesak. In England this fell on May 3rd, and members and friends of the Buddhist Lodge and the British Maha Bodhi Society, to the number of some two hundred people, Orientals and Europeans, gathered in the Court Room at the Caxton Hall on that evening for the observance of this festival in honour of the historical Buddha.

Upon a table covered in white, placed to the right of the speakers' chairs, stood a fine Burmese image of the Perfect One. On each side stood a three-branched candlestick bearing lighted candles, and around the image were massed a profusion of flowers.

Mr. Christmas Humphreys, the well-known Counsel, whose work for the cause of Buddhism in England is well known, presided over the meeting.

The celebration commenced by the taking of the *Pansil* (declaration of a disciple's intention to follow the injunctions of the Tathágata and to take refuge in the Dhamma, and sentences in honour of the Tathágata) in the Pali language. The Bhikku followed with a paper in the English language on the "Sweetness of the Buddhist Life," explaining the fundamental principles and ethics of the Buddhist way of Life.

The Rev. Will Hayes, a Unitarian minister, and founder of the Order of the Great Companions (Universalist church), then gave an excellent address, concentrating on the human-ness of the Tathágata. Mr. Hayes told us how he had found inspiration, exhortation, and solace throughout his ministry through contemplation of this "great Friend of Humanity," and how, too, he had been penalised during the war, for refusal to desert, in practice and in preaching, those principles of non-violence, of pacifism which form the very essence of Buddhism, and which are stressed far more in this system than in any other, Christianity not excepted.

A young member of the Lodge, Mr. Vasa Lindwall, read out a letter received from Madame Alexandra David-Neel, who is living in a Tibetan fastness. Madame David-Neel emphasised the responsibilities that rest on followers of the Dhamma in all parts of the world, that they should exemplify ever more strongly, in a world becoming increasingly violent and destructive and more full of hate, those characteristics and qualities supremely embodied in the Tathágata, by way of a shining contrast, so that at least some of the evil caused could be mitigated.

Mr. Christmas Humphreys followed, and he spoke of the eternal *joyfulness* to be found in the teaching of the Buddha. In Him there lived unquenchable youth and happiness, as well as infinite compassion for suffering beings. Buddhism is completely misunderstood by most westerners; they regard it as an anæmic, negative, passive attitude to life, whereas it is strenuous activity and joy, productive of inner peace and illumination. The meeting closed with a reading of some passages from the final discourse of the Tathágata to his disciples.

I. D. Aulay

London Fog

(A monthly selection of current nonsense, inanities, peurilities and plain humbug which in less sophisticated circles is usually labelled "tripe").

WHEN I FIRST DISCOVERED MY SON'S identity in history I tried to deny it to myself. I said, 'This cannot be, I will not accept it, this is not good enough.' But as I went on reading and studying I had to accept it. Not only was he recognisable but I *recognised him!* Then something else happened: I rose in wrath against his detractors. I wrote 'liar' in the margin of a Greek history book. . . . Nothing is more unjust than history, or more prejudiced or so misleading! Some day I hope to go back to a much earlier epoch than the Greek, but this will take time."—From an article on Reincarnation in the *Psychic Review* by Clare Sheridan, woman's page columnist to the *Sunday Referee*.

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"But Pop and Fag, Oppidan and Scholar, are indistinguishable on the Fourth as they conduct their dear parents and sweet sisters to and fro. . . . Happy are the parents who can watch their boys in knee-breeches and stockings reciting in Upper School, and happier still those who wait by Fellows' Eyot for the return of their sons, labouring in the boats and standing up to salute the company with oars overhead. But the boats slip away amid the gushing fireworks, some of which fall as Falstaff fell round the corner in Datchet Ditch 'glowing hot like a horse shoe, hissing hot'—and one more glorious Fourth is with the ages."—*Eton and the Fourth* by Shane Leslie in the *Sunday Times*.

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"Religion began as a result of fear. Early men thought, when they saw lightning and heard thunder, that they must be in [the] presence of some conflict between invisible, immensely powerful beings. . . . The seed sown by Moses came up eventually. Although Israel went often a-whoring after strange gods, the prophets kept alive the monotheistic idea and finally it overran the world, though by no means all the peoples of the world have adopted it yet. Christianity could not be content with it in its purity, but was obliged to add to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. . . . The latter part of the book, which relates religious events to neurotic processes, is of less general interest, though it adds here and there some fact or suggestion of value to the main theme. I hope I have shown that this theme is of the most vivid interest historically and spiritually."—Hamilton Fyfe reviewing Freud's new book, *Moses and Monotheism*, in *John o' London's Weekly*.

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"Can anyone, in looking back on his life, deny that it has been a chapter of accidents? . . . Our valuable lives have several times just escaped being cut short. I myself have twice missed by a few inches having my brains knocked out. . . . Sir William Harcourt said: 'Some men deserve honours and do not get them, and others get them who do not deserve them; so on the whole justice is done.' The religious mind may talk of chance being 'over-ruled'. . . . I can see very few signs of justice in the world."—The Very Rev. W. R. INGE, D.D., in an article "How much do you owe to luck?" in the *London Evening Standard*.

Washington, D.C.

by the Editor

THE RECENT VISIT OF OUR KING AND Queen to the capital of the United States of America is more than a mere formality of State, and its effect on the situation as it is understood politically is probably the least significant part of it. A British Sovereign, by a simple shake of the hand has bridged a gulf created by a clumsy and short-sighted predecessor. Yet we would do well to remember that the English language is spoken by a vast variety of differing psychologies and probably none is further from understanding the British brand than the American. For while true democracy is triumphant nowhere at all in the world to-day, there is more of the genuine kind in America than in England. In England, such freedom as we pretend to enjoy has been of infinitely slow growth, in America it all *began* with freedom. The fact that the initial American democracy owed everything to Britain in no way affects the current conceptions of it on either side of the Atlantic.

The making of the American Constitution was as much an occult phenomenon as political, and the attitude of the Colonists toward the British government was merely the physical counterpart of a movement that was not even confined to the American continent. It is no accident that George Washington laid the corner stone of the National Capitol in September, 1793, and it is very instructive to study the spiritual ideals of the signatories to the Declaration of Independence from Josiah Bartlett of New Hampshire to George Walton of Georgia, whilst listed third in the total of nine names from Pennsylvania is the unobtrusive signature of "Benja. Franklin." There never has been, nor can there ever be any doubt about the idealism of the men who owned these 56 names, theirs was a spiritual message first and political only so far as they could evolve a system to serve them as a channel. But if the spiritual impulse started with the Declaration, there are grounds for believing that it expired with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, for with the death of the great patriot began the rise to power of big business, and big business is the curse of the United States. The history of America, like that of any other country, is easily divisible into cycles. Again, similarly with other countries, its public buildings provide some clues to its æsthetics, and finally, because its population is human, something of its ethics is to be discovered by an examination of its charter and currency.

The symbolism of American currency is the key to the idealism and the spiritual origin of the country as an independent State. The same of course applies to the Seal. In 1909 the Department of State published the official *History of the Seal of the United States*, and in it, Gaillard Hunt says: "Late in the afternoon of July 4th, 1776, The Continental Congress 'Resolved, That Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams and Mr. Jefferson be a committee to prepare a device for a Seal of the United States of America,' this being the same committee, except for the omission from it of Robert R. Livingstone and Roger Sherman, which had drawn up the Declaration of Independence. The Declaration had been signed about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the members of

the Congress assembled after dinner desired to complete the evidence of the independence of the United States by formally adopting an official sign of sovereignty and a national coat of arms. It was intended that the device for the seal should be the device for the national arms, and the first and each succeeding committee having the business in charge construed its duty to be to devise the arms by devising the seal." It is clear that Benjamin Franklin exercised the greatest influence in the early designs, and it is equally clear that from the first there were intentions to thwart them, and as a matter of fact the reverse of the accepted design has not been cut to this day despite an act of Congress. Three committees in all lent their aid to the composition of the designs; each committee consisted of three men. The third committee was appointed in 1782 and reported to Congress the same year:

"The device for an armorial achievement and reverse of the great seal of the United States in Congress assembled, is as follows:

ARMS. Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent and gules; a chief, azure; the escutcheon on the breast of the American eagle displayed proper, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch, and in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper, and in his beak a scroll, inscribed with this motto, 'E Pluribus Unum.'

For the CREST. Over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or, breaking through a cloud, proper, and surrounding thirteen stars, forming a constellation, argent, on an azure field.

REVERSE. A pyramid unfinished. In the zenith, an eye in a triangle, surrounded with a glory proper. Over the eye these words, 'Annuit Coeptis'. On the base of the pyramid the numerical letters MDCCLXXVI. And underneath the following motto, 'Novus Ordo Seclorum.'

REMARKS AND EXPLANATION

The Escutcheon is composed of the chief and pale, the two most honourable ordinaries. The pieces, paly, represent the several States all joined in one solid compact entire, supporting a Chief which unites the whole and represents Congress. The Motto alludes to this union. The pales in the arms are kept closely united by the chief and the chief depends upon that Union and the strength resulting from it for its support, to denote the Confederacy of the United States of America at the preservation of their Union through Congress. The colours of the pales are those used in the flag of the United States of America; White, signifies purity and innocence, Red, hardiness and valour, and Blue, the colour of the Chief signifies vigilance, perseverance and justice. The Olive branch and arrows denote the power of peace and war

which is exclusively vested in Congress. The Constellation denotes a new State taking its place and rank among other sovereign powers. The Escutcheon is born on the breast of the American Eagle without any other supporters, to denote that the United States of America ought to rely on their own Virtue.

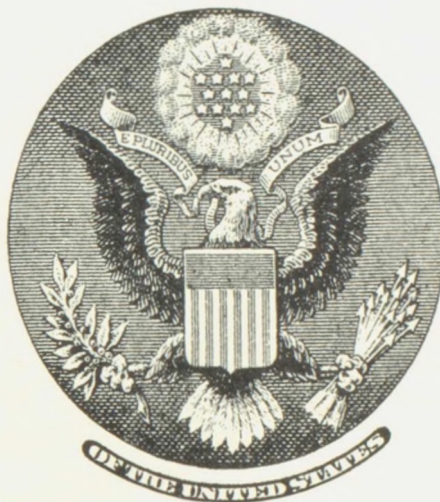
REVERSE. The pyramid signifies Strength and Duration: the Eye over it and the Motto allude to the many signal interpositions of providence in favour of the American cause. The date underneath is that of the Declaration of Independence and the words under it signify the beginning of the new American Era, which commences from that date."

It is interesting to note that the reason given for the failure to obey the instructions for the cutting of the die of the reverse of the seal contained in the acts of 1782 and again as late as 1884, is that the design looks like a "dull emblem of a masonic fraternity." Now the signatories to the Declaration were all Freemasons, but it would be a mistake to imagine that their interest in the "craft" was merely of the order too common to-day. Franklin for one had conducted the deepest researches into its origins, was a student of the Kabalah, in short a mystic of considerable development and attainment. It is common for students in Europe to attribute to America a great spiritual significance. Doubtless the future holds great things for America, but its present cycle holds nothing of the spiritual importance that attaches to the period between the war of Independence and the death of Lincoln. It is impossible to gaze upon the Lincoln memorial in Washington with its fine sculpture, and walls engraven with the Gettysburg address and not feel that he in whose honour it stands was the last representative of an epoch that was almost completely spiritual in its significance. That age has gone. What feeling and simplicity there is in Lincoln's easy sentences:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives, that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here, have, thus far, so nobly advanced. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here rightly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that, government of the people, by

the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

What our own little political pundits have done with Lincoln's last sentence in no way detracts from the grandeur or the sincerity of its first utterance; it was in direct line from the great initiators of the Declaration. Now let us proceed to an examination of the Seal of the United States. The Obverse and the Reverse are to be found on the back of all one-dollar bills, silver dollars and on various other "devices."



Obverse of the Seal of the United States

The frankly masonic origin of the components of the Seal would never have been so unanimously adopted unless those in authority were fully aware of the symbolism of the designs. At least nine of the signatories of the Declaration were Freemasons, as were also George Washington, the first President, and a good round dozen of his generals. It is a matter of history that Washington took the Presidential oath on a Bible borrowed for the purpose from a masonic lodge in New York. Benjamin Franklin, as we well know, despite his satires on astrological charlatanism contained in such papers as *Poor Richard's Almanac*, nevertheless practised astrology assiduously; he exercised the greatest skill in the construction of magic squares, and was deeply versed in the Kabalah. Can any doubt remain that he knew and was instructed by both St. Germain and Cagliostro at least during his sojourn in France? Is there any possibility of doubt that the men responsible for the foundation of the United States of America based their hopes for that continent and its people on the wisdom of the ancients, on an idealism rooted in the extreme practicality of the laws of the spiritual world? And we should be careful not to confuse the Freemasonry of the eighteenth century with the milk-and-water brand we know to-day. Perhaps not more than one in fifty of so-called "masters" of masonic lodges has the foggiest idea of the implications of even the third degree, let alone the remaining thirty. Present-day masonry is a purely social and business fraternity, as far removed from its original and purely spiritual significance as is the present social structure of the United States from the idealism of its founders. Nevertheless, it is interesting to know that not only is masonry better understood in the United States than it is in this country, its adherents are vastly more numerous, and—of still greater significance—

American masons are seldom content to stay at the third degree, there are more higher-grade masons in the United States than anywhere else in the world.

The Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4th, 1776. Were we to set up a horoscope for that time, it would show the sun in *thirteen* degrees of the sign of Cancer, and the ascendant *thirteen* degrees of Scorpio. It is interesting to note that the latter sign is represented by the number thirteen in the ancient masonic Tarot keys.* As a matter of fact the student of numerology would be intrigued by the frequency of the number "13" in its relation to the seal and the declaration, although certain writers have very much stretched their licence in making the year "76" (the last digits of the year 1776) fit their case. Of greater significance is that not only do the Latin mottoes add up to thirteen in common with much of the symbolism attached to the seal, but on the purely physical plane the recurrence of the number is very striking. Independence began by the repudiation of British tyranny over the thirteen original states of the Union. In short, the possibility of accident or of coincidence in the definitely Kabalistic and masonic symbolism of the seal can be ruled out. There is far too much of it that is obvious in meaning, and, when we remember the spiritual antecedents of the signatories and designers, and the great labour they expended on the work, we may fairly conclude that what was done was deliberate.

The first thing to observe about the Obverse of the Seal is that while those of other nations include a great deal of unnecessary braggartism about alleged prowess in war, and can be interpreted as little other than veiled if picturesque threats, that of the United States is certainly pacific. The dexter talon of the eagle clutches an olive branch and it should be noted that the face is turned in that direction. The branch is one of thirteen leaves and thirteen berries which could relate either to the original states of the Union, or far more probably to the number 26 which could be interpreted as the Hebrew letters I.H.V.H., meaning in some connotations "Jehovah."† In the other talon are held thirteen arrows, the only warlike device in the design. But if we again appeal to Hebrew numerals‡ we shall find that the number thirteen really meant "The One," and "love." The spiritual significance of the two meanings is obvious enough. Thus far the symbolism is more or less Kabalistic proper, but a study of the eagle's wings will interest masons. The dexter wing carries thirty-two feathers and the other thirty-three. There is only one explanation; the dexter wing refers to the thirty-two degrees of the Scottish Rite§ whilst the thirty-three feathers represent the same plus the degree reserved for special services to the Craft. Students of numerology are referred to the number of feathers and to the words, *E Pluribus Unum*, while those who study the meaning of colours should observe those of the shield—red, white, blue, and those of the heraldic device, gules, argent, azure.

(To be continued)

* See various works by A. E. Waite and Eliphas Levi.

† See any good book on the Kabalah.

‡ Students will of course realise that numerals as we understand them were not used by the Hebrews. The letters of the alphabet served the purpose. In addition they also stood for planets, constellations, elements, and minerals. Most treatises on the Kabalah contain a full list of them.

§ See Gould's *History of Freemasonry* and A. E. Waite's *Secret Tradition in Freemasonry*. Incidentally, "32" covers all Kabalistic philosophy.

The World of Henry James (continued from page 262)

skill. It would seem as if James had a number of these studies in his sketch-book and could not resist transferring them to his canvas although they have as little to do as lay-figures. The most faultless character piece in the whole book is Roderick's mother, a commonplace woman such as is to be met with continually in real life; she is given with a fidelity, a precision and perfection of touch only equalled by some of George Eliot's portraits of average women. But not on her only, on Sam Singleton, the sincere little painter, on Madame Grandoni, Mrs. Light, on everybody whom he introduces has James bestowed the finest finish; on no one more than on Mr. Barnaby Striker, the Northampton lawyer, and Mr. Leavenworth the self-made millionaire. The success of these last types is quite sickening; they are true to the life without a shade of caricature and one of the most unsparing strokes in the whole handling is that they are in the right when pleasant people are mistaken. One could not give a better example of the completeness of James' equipment as a miniature painter than by citing the scattered sentences in which he makes known Miss Blanchard, a tertiary personage, between whom and Rowland Mallet there have been possibilities of marriage, faint and vague in his imagination, more positive in hers.

"She was an American, she was young, she was pretty, and she had made her way to Rome alone and unaided. . . . Miss Blanchard had a small fortune, but she was not above selling her pictures. These represented generally a bunch of dew-sprinkled roses, with the dew-drops very highly finished, or else a wayside shrine and a peasant woman with her back turned kneeling before it. . . . Miss Blanchard's name was Augusta; she was slender, pale and elegant; she had a very pretty head and brilliant auburn hair, which she braided with classic simplicity. She talked in a sweet, soft voice, used language at times a trifle superfine, and made literary allusions."*

(To be continued)

Basil Wilberforce (continued from page 259)

he was quick, fluent, never used a note, never hesitated. He could easily fill a hall, or a church. He paid particular attention to St. John's Gospel, as being the most mature expression of Christianity. At a later date he perceived great wisdom in the Scriptures of the East, although he did not get as far as the idea of Reincarnation. On this he kept an open mind, although he felt a *personal* repugnance to the idea. (He once wrote to his brother Reginald, with reference to a sermon he had preached on Easter Day, 1913, in which he expressed his abhorrence of this doctrine . . . "not a trace of it in the Atharva Veda, the oldest record in the world".) Yet he said that the most *intelligent* audience to which he had ever lectured was in India to a group of some two hundred or three hundred Indian students.

In 1871, however, Wilberforce's theological outlook was very much what his father had taught him. His father's views he held in such esteem, that he deemed it presumptuous to question. The Bishop had been trained in anglican Evangelicalism, but had by degrees advanced to the position of a moderate High Churchman. (At that time High Church would be practically synonymous with Low Church to-day. Coloured stoles were the summit

(continued in page 231)

* Roderick Hudson (Macmillan: vol. i, p. 83).

America—Past, Present and Future

(A NEW SERIES)

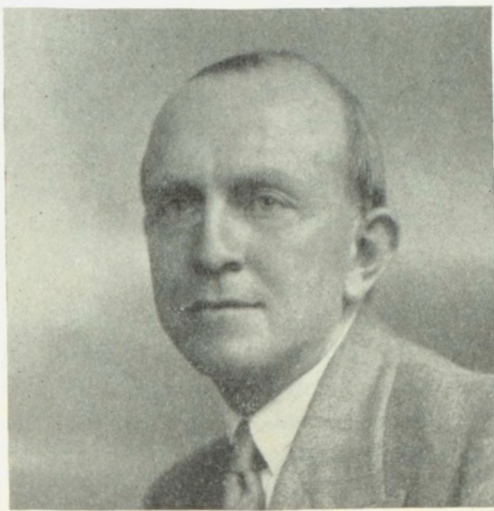
by Eugen Kolisko, M.D. (Vienna)

NOT ONLY COUNTRIES and nations, but continents also have their mission, their destiny. To show this in the case of America will be the aim of this series of articles.

America has been called the "New World" since its "discovery" by Columbus. This so-called discovery, we know to-day, was in reality only a re-discovery. The Norsemen reached America on their travels long before Columbus. They penetrated into Northern America from Greenland and Labrador, and established trade and cultural connections with the Red Indians. The Irish monastic Orders, followers and successors of St. Patrick, who through their great colonising efforts converted to the Christian Faith almost the whole of Northern and Middle Europe long before the influence of the Roman Christian Church had spread to these areas, also extended their teachings to the natives of America years before the arrival of Columbus. An account of their efforts is contained in the medieval epic poem, "The Travels and Adventures of St. Brandon." St. Brandon was an early disciple of St. Patrick, and this legendary report of his exploits and experiences was passed from mouth to mouth and became one of the most popular collections of stories and adventurous anecdotes in the Middle Ages. The memory of St. Brandon is still venerated in Southern Ireland, and St. Brandon's Mount on Dingle peninsular, county Kerry, carries in its name a perpetual reminder of the work of this great monk—explorer and teacher of the Western Isles.

The legends describing the travels of the Welsh Prince Madoc to "The Western countries" are further evidence of these early penetrations into the New World, since we must identify the "Western countries" with America. These legends, of course, only follow far earlier traditions concerning the island Saturnus, situated in the far West of the Atlantic seas. This was an established tradition of the Romans and Greeks, and is referred to in Plato's account of the ancient submerged Continent of Atlantis. The fact is that Atlantis never entirely disappeared—part of it remained and what we know as America to-day formed its Western side, whilst its Eastern boundaries extended into Europe. Greenland, Iceland, Ireland and the Azores once formed part of Atlantis. This being so, it is not at all surprising that, in these regions, traditions have always survived, and the "Quest of the West" persisted through the Middle Ages until to-day.

But, apart from the controversy concerning its original discovery, there is no doubt that Columbus brought to European civilisation the first knowledge concerning the New World, and with it the modern era opens. It is the era of scientific invention and progress, commencing with new discoveries and conceptions of the Universe. The same spirit animated Columbus,



EUGEN KOLISKO, M.D. (Vienna)

Vasco da Gama, and Magellanes, as inspired the pioneering work of Giovdana Bruno, Galileo, Copernicus, Kepler and Tycho. The "New World" provides the vast experimental field for the new Age. America to-day applies, develops and extends all that Europe has previously discovered.

Medieval Europe was extremely limited, and its connection with the oriental world only slight. The Crusades and travels of Marco Polo brought news of an almost unknown world. Europe during the Middle Ages was little more than a narrow corridor running from North to South, and the problems of this epoch were those which would normally face a country so geographically situated.

The religious conversion of the Northern peoples by the Southern nations, the power of the Pope and Emperor, the struggle of the native languages against the Latin and Greek culture—these are features of the time.

When Vasco da Gama and Columbus re-discovered both the East and West Indies—and it was not by chance that these two achievements coincided—the whole trend of events changed. Orient and Occident again existed, and their respective cultures influenced Europe. Now the Axis of the World is directed East-West, the opposite direction to its course in the Middle Ages. World History acquires a new orientation.

In his essay on "Resources," Emerson gives a wonderful picture of America in this new scientific age:

"Men are made up of potentialities. We are magnets in an iron globe. We have keys to all doors. We are all inventors, each sailing out of a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart of which there is no duplicate. The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck, the earth sensitive as iodine to light: the most plastic and impressionable medicine, alive to every touch, and, whether searched by the plough of Adam, the sword of Cæsar, the boot of Columbus, the telescope of Galileo, or the subversive telegraph, to every one of these experiments it makes a gracious response."

And Emerson connects this picture with the wealth of American resources:

"Here in America are all the wealth of soil, of timber, of mines, and of the sea put into the possession of a people who, with all these wonderful machines have the secret of steam and of electricity, and have the power and habit of invention in their brain. . . . American energy is over-riding every venerable maxim of political science. America is such a garden of plenty, such a magazine of power, that at her shores all the common riches of political economy utterly fail. Here

is bread, and wealth and power, and education for every man who has the heart to use his opportunity."

Asia, Europe and America represent the three stages of cultural development since the destruction of the Atlantean continent. The culture of the Mayas, the Incas, and the Northern Red Indians are last offsprings of the ancient Atlantean culture, where "the light was shining from the West." What we know now of these cultures is only the beginning. If ever the archæology of these cultures progresses as far as Egyptology has now, the unbroken chain of evidence, and the full relation and sequence of events from the time of Atlantis to the cultural achievements of the Red Indians will be clearly established and recognised.

But Asia's light is shining from the East. The Oriental cultures in their wonderful sequence, beginning with the old Indian wisdom, are shining with a celestial light which radiates until it reaches the human form in the Greek and Roman worlds. The latter are already European. The medieval periods represent the middle part of cultural development. Then America steps into the limelight, and the new age of Science begins. The three steps are distinct, and clearly visible. The globe of the Earth has a threefold structure; it may be divided into three sections: Asia (with Australia), Europe (with Africa), North and South America—six continents in three groups, with three oceans between—the Indian, Pacific and Atlantic.

When America was again discovered, cultural development reached Atlantis, from whence culture had originated. The pendulum swinging from Asia, to Europe, thence to America, had reached the other extreme.

Scientific discoveries and American progress are thus intimately linked. This is seen most strikingly in the history of electricity, and its technical application. The work of Franklin and Edison is outstanding. The life of the former was described in the May issue of the MODERN MYSTIC. Edison's achievement was the discovery of the power of electricity for lighting. Electricity is the *Earth's* light, the opposite to *Sun* light. It is derived from earthly substances which are made to reveal their hidden light.

The magnetic pole of the Earth is situated in the Western Hemisphere, in North-Western America. This means that the Western Hemisphere is the electro-magnetic hemisphere. This disposes the human mind to discover there the secrets of magnetism and electricity, and of other forces of the physical, material world. Electricity is the force derived from matter—in the atom the nucleus-force is more similar to magnetism, and the surrounding electrons more highly charged with electricity. Sunlight is representative of all cosmological forces, and Asia and oriental mankind are more affected by its influences. Europe balances both the cosmic power of the Orient and the inner terrestrial power of America.

Humanity also is not untouched by this structural polarity of the organism of the Earth. Electricity in the human organism is connected with the physiological processes at the basis of the action of will. No movement of a muscle is without electrical current. We are continually struggling to control the electrical force within us in order to determine our movements. Electrical shocks produce jerky movements. In cases of nervousness the supply of electricity in our motor system is insufficiently controlled. In normal health we regulate the electricity within us and normal movements result. Magnetism, on the other hand,

seems to have some relation to the activity of the brain. Paul de Rochas found in his experiments with mediums that through the application of a magnet the thoughts of one person can be conveyed to another. It will be seen, therefore, that electricity and magnetism are the forces we have to control when we bring into operation the action of our will, both in the movements of thinking, and in the physical movements of our motor system.

Of course, the will mainly manifests itself through the action of our arms and legs, which are the instruments of our motor system. As we find in the Western Hemisphere a stronger activity of Electro-magnetism, the human organism in these regions acquires a stronger control of the will and the human motor system. This characteristic is seen in the American people.

Americans are adepts in will-power and the control of energy. They consider nothing to be impossible, and make their own fortunes. No difficulties are insuperable to them, no problems too great for their intelligence to surmount. Their watchword is "Action," their method experiment, they get to work and do not allow themselves to be deterred by doubts and fears. This is why Americans are so intimately concerned with discoveries in the field of electricity.

The opposite pole is represented by Asia and the Orient. Sunlight, which influences all Nature, particularly affects human intelligence. As sunlight breaks through cloud, a truth may be apprehended by our intuition, and an idea or thought perceived by the mind as clearly as through the senses. The incomparable religious philosophies of India and Persia—all the wisdom of the Orient, in fact, enlightens the human mind as the sun dispels darkness.

<i>The Orient.</i>	<i>Europe.</i>	<i>The Occident (America)</i>
Strong sunlight	Sun and shade evenly distributed	Electro-Magnetic power
Cosmic influence	Cosmic influence tempered	Inner-terrestrial influence
Intellect	Emotions allowed expression	Developed will-power
Intuitive wisdom	Reasoned judgment	Knowledge acquired through senses
Religious philosophy	Orthodox philosophy	Philosophy of Nature
Religion	Artistic faculties	Science

It will be seen, therefore, that the effect of the polarities on the European character is to develop the intermediate qualities. The two divisions of human nature (Reason and Feeling) are balanced. The psychology of European nations differs as each race has its own peculiar temperament and inherent ideals. In the human anatomy, the middle functions (especially breathing and blood circulation) connect the head and brain (intellectual faculties) with the digestive and motor systems, in the same way that, in Europe, the Orient and Occident are balanced. Eastern Europe (Russia) and Western Europe (England) show the extremes of the polarity in Europe itself, whilst the central European nations maintain the balance.

Suppose, for the sake of illustration, a giant lying across the Earth from East to West, with his head in the Orient, his torso in Europe and his limbs stretching to the West, and we get a picture of the development of the threefold nature of man (spiritual, intellectual and physical) among the various peoples

of the Earth. In various regions, of course, the forces of the Earth itself differ. In Europe the cosmic and terrestrial forces are practically balanced. This is the basis for a new and effective system of world politics which will enable us to deal with questions of economics and International relations, as advocated by Rudolf Steiner.

Another problem which merits our consideration is: why was the Red Indian race unable to withstand the onslaught of the white man? The Red Indian represents a type of mankind which developed principally the bone or skeleton of the body. The aged man succumbs to decay! What is normal in the skeleton is abnormal if extended over the whole body, as in the case of old age, and death is the result. The Red Indians developed in their race the causes of decay. The white races are entering into "manhood" but the red man is physiologically older than the white. So the various races among them present a sort of complete man in various stages of spiritual development. This "aged" disposition of the red man contributed much to his being overpowered by the white races whose scientific knowledge gave them a tremendous advantage. There is tragedy in the fate of the Red Indians, as we can discern only too clearly in the countenances of those that survive.

The members of the Atlantean population who wandered westward wore on their faces the features of Death. The Greeks believed that Chronos (Saturn) was a king of Atlantis in the West. The realm of the dead was always believed to be in the West. Saturn was the fabulous island for which the explorers searched, and this really was America. Chronos really means "Time" and passing "time" carries away our lives and is also death. The Red Indians are natives of Saturn, or Chronos, the race of Death. That is the reason they had to die. The white man extending his civilisation to the West brought Death to the red man, who carried in his bows the age of Saturn.

If the West signifies Death, Birth is found in the Orient. The moon rules Birth, as the planet Saturn governs Death. Saturn takes thirty years to revolve round the sun, once, twice, seldom three times, and a human life is ended.

The progress of Science and invention, the new social order, all distract man from his deeper spiritual needs and spell death to the Inner life. The civilisation and intellectual development of the white man is his danger, and America has helped to spread this civilisation over the world. Man, having invented machines, has not yet become their master, any more than he has learnt to control the tremendous power of the electricity he has discovered.

But after death comes resurrection. In America, North America particularly, invention has reached the heights of achievement. But in the scientific field there remains a great deal to be discovered, for the five centuries which have passed since the discovery of America only represent the infancy of the New Age. And the investigations of Science will have to be extended from matter into the realms of the spirit.

Will-power, perseverance and self-culture, together with an unchanging faith in the future of mankind, are the means by which man evolves. It has already been demonstrated how the discovery of America has influenced world thought and hastened the new age. But the truth is that Western (European-American) civilisation has to become spiritually metamorphosed. This process requires the co-operation of the human will, and the pioneering spirit of America is imbued with will-power. It is

necessary for its enquiries to be directed into the spiritual world in an endeavour to understand the cosmic cause of every event, and thereby form a new conception of the Universe and of mankind, and their relations to one another.

America's past lies buried in the Western Atlantean Culture, its present lies in the development of the New Age, but its future will have to revive in the human soul the old wisdom, the ancient cosmology, but in a new form reconcilable with present knowledge. It should be the resurrection of the spirit, not the recalling of a dead thing. The Western world should extend its scientific enquiry to the spirit, so that at last the Oriental mind may realise that there is still a light shining in the West, even if it has to break through the dark clouds of materialism.

The next article will deal with America and its problems in greater detail, as reviewed in the light of the experience the author has gained of that Continent during his recent tour.



Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophy (continued from page 234)

But the Queen was creatively receptive to a degree hardly yet attained by any woman, being able to grasp and to hold, by means of her highly developed soul-faculties, everything of importance that was happening in the civilised world of her day. It is admitted that her foreign policy was so involved that historians find the greatest difficulty in disentangling its subtle threads; but those threads were woven with ease by Elizabeth, and that their final result was something in the way of a consummate masterpiece of political skill is denied by few. In England no important thought could become action without passing through the filter of Elizabeth's great soul. Her male subjects, powerful individualities though they were, were willing not to act until she gave the sign. There can be little doubt that, left entirely to their own will, they would have plunged the country, not only into external strife, but into civil and religious conflicts.

"Elizabeth's powerful mind was of the receptive, meditative, discriminating, discerning type, entirely fitted to guide and control the fiery will powers of the male. The men of her age felt in her a force equal in power to their own, but different in kind, and knew instinctively that by submitting their will to her guidance they were expressing their own Ego in the fullest, richest, most human manner. It has often been pointed out—by Ruskin for instance—that the women in Shakespeare's comedies and romances display, within their limited sphere of action, a similar guiding, controlling power: where, as in the great tragedies, the woman cannot comprehend the problem the hero protagonist is called upon to solve through her failure to reach his spiritual level, the man fails to achieve inner harmony, and destructive forces are let loose about him."

In this connection it is important to remember that Rudolf Steiner always described the forces of the physical body as identical with those that produce death and destruction in the physical world, while the etheric body bears within it the life-giving, up-building forces. It is therefore essential that mankind should learn how to maintain a balance between these two principles, for if purely masculine powers are allowed to predominate in any social community, from the family to the State, then destructive, inhuman powers will ultimately gain the upper hand.

(To be continued)

Eckermann's "Goethe"

by Bernard Bromage, M.A.

THE WORLD IS GETTING WEAKER IN BIG dominant personalities. It is the price we are forced to pay for the industrialism and democracy of our day.

On the other hand, there is observable in much contemporary literature and drama a new orientation towards the heroic and the individualistic. It is no mere accident that the biographical play and the biographical (though frequently iconoclastic) essay have taken their place among the more fashionable modes of the hour. It is as if contemporary writers, representing as they do the spirit of the age, are beginning to have an instinctive fear that all is not well with our soul's health; that a world without leaders is a dying world, and that the worship of Demos, taken to its logical conclusion, will bring us also to our logical conclusion.

There are many points of view about Goethe. Some see him as the eternal type of the great man, Olympian, aloof, serene. Others envisage him as the champion of free thought and "modern" philosophic Realism. Others again have insisted on those qualities in his make-up which bring him into the fold of the devotees of "scientific" rationalism and the inductive method in dialectics.

Few have noted that fundamental urge of a mind, which must be classed as one of the finest that Europe has ever produced—the passionate impulse towards release from the bondage of a merely earthly experience.

Although he held that "every situation, every moment is of infinite worth: it is the representation of a whole eternity," it is obvious to any serious student of his work that what counted with him was not the fullness of immediate life, but the promise of that revelation which lay beyond the veil.

He admitted, at the end of a long life, that he had only enjoyed three weeks' real happiness in the whole of that term of years; and that, he adds, was not consecutive.

In the prologue to *Faust* the note of plangent nostalgia is unmistakable.

"Und mich ergreift ein längst entsehntes Wohnen
Nach jenen stillen, ernsten Geisterreich."

He is bewailing the fact that beauty passes; that only in the world of Divine Forms, of the Platonic Ideal, can the fullness of things be seized on and perceived.

The famous "Conversations" with Eckermann show how large a part was played in his intellectual life by this desire of the moth for the star, of the night for the morrow.

The book appeared at a most unfortunate moment, in 1848, when the world was rent with the clash of warring political sects, obsessed with a merely superficial harmony. It fell on an age which was going to occupy itself for some generations with discoveries and inferences far removed from the basis of the inner landscape of the spirit.

It is little wonder that we have had to wait till our own day

for a realisation of the fact that the intellectual synthesis as represented by Goethe was much more a matter of constructive vision than of traditional and classical organum. To a large extent, he has suffered from the same misunderstanding that so recently coloured the popular prejudice against Busoni. The average man finds it very difficult to conceive of an artist being at one and the same time a devotee of form and discipline and also an enthusiastic experimenter with theories which adumbrate a world as yet unborn.

The real Goethe is the pure intellectual spirit who wrote for all time. Yet, immersed as he was in conceptions and experiments which transcend the activities and vision of ordinary men, he never departed from the conviction that the alleged "miraculous" is merely the manifestation of forces and phenomena which have their being in the great order of nature. In this respect, a firm follower of Spinoza, he held with undeviating consistency that there is in the last resort no natural or supernatural boundaries—only those grosser and finer manifestations of the creative force, the perception of which depends on our own equipment.

"There is in Nature nothing beautiful which is not produced (*motiviert*) as true in conformity with the laws of Nature."* So Eckermann reports him as saying in a discussion on geology. This is a note which sounds through all his contemplation of physical phenomena.

It is the duty of men to realise their own limitations (*entbehrn sollst du*): man is born, not to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out where the problem applies, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible. The "subjectivity" of the time must be conquered: it leads only to selfishness and a deadening of the spirit of enquiry. We must possess our souls in tranquillity and patience until the mystery of things expands before our earnest and impartial gaze.

This is not to say that we are not to occupy ourselves with incessant worship of what is above us. "I ask not whether the highest Being has reason and understanding, but I feel that He is Reason, is Understanding itself."† It is only by drinking of the well of universal sustenance that we can come to our individual completion.

Goethe represents in European life and literature that rare phenomenon, the balanced and rounded human being. He and his patron Duke, working together for enlightenment in the little State of Weimar, stand for a "pocket" or oasis of culture in a world given over for the most part to the inanities of a civilisation built, as Alfred de Vigny put it "on gold."

He was himself fully conscious that he belonged to a hypothetical New Order of being who should mark the struggle of Nature towards a microcosm of her own abundant forces. Like Nietzsche after him, he was only too fully aware of the vices and limitations of the race to which he by birth belonged. He would

* Everyman Ed., p. 117.

† Everyman Ed., p. 391.

have agreed with the Polish philosopher that there is "too much beer" in the German intellect.

He talks frequently to Eckermann of the need for a World-Literature. "A German author," he remarks, "is a German martyr." It is not by accident that he expresses such a deep admiration of the "objectivity" and technical accomplishment of the best in French art.

But he was not too optimistic about the future. "Men will become more clever and more acute; but not better, happier, and stronger in action—at least, only in *epochs*. I foresee the time when God will have no more joy in them, but will break up everything for renewed creation.*

It is clear that he has no faith in Demos. His attitude is as aristocratic as that of d'Annunzio, although infinitely more sympathetic and profound. At the very end of his life we find him saying "I have disdained to mingle in political parties."† He believes that humanity progresses by the efforts and guidance of its noblest representatives who will usually be calumniated and misunderstood.

But the mass of men are not to be blamed. They are not responsible for the weakness of their own spiritual endowment. "Every Entelechy (soul) is a piece of eternity, and the few years during which it is bound to the earthly body do not make it old. If the Entelechy is of a trivial kind, it will exercise but little sway; the body will predominate, and when this grows old the Entelechy will not hold and restrain it. But if the Entelechy is of a powerful kind, as with all men of natural genius, then it will, with its animating penetration of the body, not only strengthen and ennoble the organisation, but also endeavour with its spiritual superiority to confer privileges on others around it."

In Confucian phrase, the Superior Man will represent in his influence on the circumstances in which he is placed, the mediating strength of the developed Reason.

He will be assisted in his work by the Faith within him. Also by an entity, never far from Goethe's thoughts, which he styles the *Daimon*. "Höchste Glück der Erdeskind ist nur die Persönlichkeit." The sign-manual of this Personality is always the presence of some not quite definable, but very vivid *force* which gives to its possessor a superabundant mental, emotional and physical vitality.

There is no romanticism here. Goethe was living at a day when Nature's pepper-pot had sprinkled Europe with a dazzling array of exceptional human beings. Pre-eminent among these was Napoleon Buonaparte, to Mr. Shaw a stumbling-block, to Goethe, a proof that the great power-house of Nature was still spawning forth her children. It was not the mass-murderer, not the theatrical World-Conqueror that Goethe saw in the great Corsican, but a man with character integrated and disciplined to the point of genius—the being in complete harmony with his *Daimon*.‡ "Napoleon managed the world as Hummel his piano. He was especially great in that he was at all hours the same. Before a battle, during a battle, after a victory, after a defeat: he stood always firm, was always clear and decided."§

The curiosity of the scientist is alive even here. Of what is this quality of greatness compounded? On the psycho-physical plane it would seem to be marked by a far greater degree of *magnetism* than is discernible in ordinary human beings. Goethe

had studied this quality, both in himself and in others. "We have all some electrical and magnetic forces within us."* He had noted innumerable instances of this particular influence of mind over matter.

"With lovers, this magnetic power is particularly strong and acts even at a distance." Goethe had rung all the possible changes on the theme of passion between the sexes. But the experience had brought him no lasting happiness. He was wise enough to know that wisdom begins when earthly lust dies.

Towards the end, the manifold experiences, intellectual, emotional, moral, of his superabounding youth and maturity had developed into a large and comprehensive charity towards all sentient things. Although he never lost faith in the power of the *Daimon* to vitalise the human soul, to justify by its energy and arrogance the most far-reaching dominance over those of lesser breed, he rated the virtue of charity far higher than any mere exercise of force.

His tribute to Christianity is significant. "Christianity has a might of its own, by which dejected suffering humanity is re-elevated from time to time; when we grant it this power, it is raised above all philosophy and needs no support therefrom.†

The deepest thoughts are those of the heart. Here speaks the true mystic, who realises that without acceptance and love of life the finest intellectual power is but an inverted curse.

If one were asked to define the corner-stone of Goethe's own religious creed, one would have to call it a reverend and all-embracing fatalism. He believed that everything that lives is holy, and that all the hairs of our head are numbered.

"Every man has a mission to accomplish. If he has fulfilled it, he is no longer needed upon earth in the same form and Providence uses him for something else."‡

There is nothing rash in the conjecture that the subject of the portrait-study by Eckermann represents one of the most ambitious attempts made by this same "Providence" in its evolution of the fully-rounded individual being.



The One (continued from page 237)

freedom of doing as you like; to be really free you must also be free to do as you don't like, for if you are only free to do as you like you are still tied up in dualism, being bound by your own whims. A better way of attaining realisation is to let yourself be free to be ignorant, for fools also are one with God. If you strive to attain realisation and try to make yourself God, you simply become an intense egotist. But if you allow yourself freedom to be yourself, you will discover that God is not what you have to *become*, but what you *are*—in spite of yourself. For have we not heard it said a thousand times that God is always found in humble places? "The Tao," said Lao Tzu, "is like water; it seeks the lowly level which men abhor." And while we are busy trying to add cubits to our stature so that we may reach up to heaven, we forget that we are getting no nearer to it and no further away. For "the kingdom of heaven is within you."

* *Comp. with Eckermann*, p. 275 (Everyman Edition).

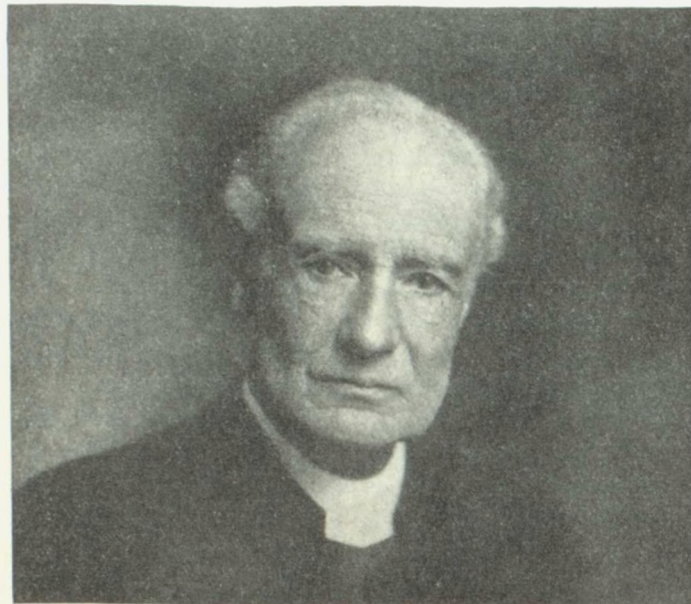
† *Ibidem*, p. 426. ‡ *Ibidem*, p. 249. § *Ibidem*, p. 315.

* *Ibidem*, p. 234. † *Ibidem*, p. 287. ‡ *Ibidem*, p. 252.

Basil Wilberforce: Anglican Mystic

by Ion D. Aulay

Note.—For certain details of the information supplied me on the life and teaching of Basil Wilberforce, I wish to express my thanks to one who knew him, and who attended as a child his religious classes. Significantly enough the lady in question became a member of the old Theosophical Society in the days of Colonel Olcott, and later became one of the first of Rudolf Steiner's English pupils, in whose circle she was almost from the very beginning of his career as an occult teacher. I am therefore most grateful to my informant for these personal recollections. I also wish to express my indebtedness to the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell's *Basil Wilberforce, A Memoir* (John Murray, London, 1917).



BISHOP WILBERFORCE

I
WE DO NOT EXPECT to find within the Anglican Church, a typical State institution, many teachers of transcendental doctrines. Such are rare enough in the modern western world, rare enough indeed in the whole of historical Christianity. It is therefore equally surprising to find a phenomenon of this kind in a very formal institution, which has absolutely no logical reason for its existence other than the caprices of a Tudor monarch, and which has since become a parliamentary adjunct comprising a mass of doctrinal inconsistencies.

The national "church" has produced men of great intellectuality, scholarship and learning, but of Mysticism it is practically devoid, and has been since its separation from the main stream of Western historical and ecclesiastical Christianity. The kind of mysticism therefore that showed itself in Basil Wilberforce seems wholly alien to the atmosphere and outlook engendered by Anglicanism. That he himself had periods of illumination and of intense awareness from time to time is incontestable; but his hereditary forces and the influences of his environment and education appeared to be so strong at times that it seemed as if they quenched and extinguished this illumination when they welled up to the surface. We confess that we find Basil Wilberforce a baffling problem to study. And yet he exercised a considerable influence. His sermons attracted tremendous congregations, and he was endlessly questioned for advice on spiritual matters. When preaching he was eloquence itself, dynamic; he never used a note, and was never at a loss for a word or a thought. He occasioned hot discussion and controversy, and was the "black sheep" or *enfant terrible* of theological orthodoxy. But he was a much-loved figure, owing to his real goodness of heart. His weakness lay in a lack of concise logic; he accepted the implications of his teaching up to a point. But there were times when his emotional forces made him say things which were the direct antithesis of his doctrinal implications. We shall discover

them particularly when we study what he said in his famous War Sermon.

The chief thing of interest about the teaching of Wilberforce is his cardinal doctrine of God incarnate, not merely in the isolated personality of Jesus Nazareth, but in the *whole of mankind*, apart from any external profession of faith in Jesus Christ. In other words, the immanent indwelling Divine Principle, or Spirit, which he called Christ. He did not limit Christ to the personality of the historical Jesus. He made a profound distinction between Jesus and Christ. How and why he arrived at this distinction there is no evidence to show, other than that it was the outcome of his acceptance of the

Immanent God. He arrived at the latter conception from having come into contact with Eastern thought, either through study of it first hand, or through the watered-down versions put forth by the American transcendentalists. For Wilberforce visited India about 1887 or 1888, and while there, according to Constance Andrews, who wrote a very excellent study of his teaching, he came under the influence of the Vedas and Upanishads.

This teaching of Divine Immanence caused a tremendous flutter in the ecclesiastical dovecotes of the time, and scandalised the orthodox. It was simply unheard of in a Christian pulpit. But Wilberforce never recanted.

His doctrine regarding the Divine Immanence has a curious parallel resemblance to the conception of it held in Mahayana Buddhism, which speaks of the Buddha-Heart, or Indwelling Buddha in all—the Buddha Principle . . . as distinct from the historical Gautama Buddha, Prince Siddatha.*

* In a letter entitled "Some Thoughts on Buddhism," which appeared in *The Far Eastern Times* at Peking on November 27th, 1926, and reprinted in a pamphlet entitled *Buddha and Christ: confusion between person and principle*—the writer of it (the letter) quotes from *Letters to a Missionary* by R. F. Johnston (Watts & Co., London, 1918), where the author compares the mysticism of Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce with that of the Tien-T'ai and Ch'an schools of Mahayana Buddhism, showing how the two can easily be reconciled on the basis of the inner divinity:

"The Buddhist tells us that the true divinity of man—which he calls Fo-hsin 'the Buddha Heart' or Fo-hsing 'the Buddha Nature'—is concealed behind the veil of Avidya (wu-ming), which means nescience, or lack of spiritual insight. This Avidya is what the Christian mystic Tauler would describe as blindness to the Divine Light. When a man awakens from the illusory dreams which arise from Avidya, and his spiritual eyesight (t'ien-yen, to use the Chinese phrase) is clarified, he recognises the Buddhahood within him—his own spiritual self which is part-transcendent and part-immanent—and through that very recognition enters into the *unio mystica* with the eternal Buddha-Nature or Dharmakaya which he shares with all living beings (cf. *Outlines of Mahayana Buddhism*, by D. T. Suzuki, pp. 35-7, 115 ff., 290 ff.) The theory is tersely summed up by Chinese Buddhists in four

This parallel is a very interesting one, and shows how mysticism leads to a sense of unity. Wilberforce's conceptions are very much watered-down in comparison with Mahayana, but there is an underlying similarity of idea. And Wilberforce acting here logically, discarded one by one the implications of orthodox theology, as they simply could not be maintained on the grounds of his own teaching. And it is to his credit that he had the courage to break away from mere tradition.

II

Albert Basil Orme Wilberforce—the subject of our study—was born on February 15th, 1841, at Winchester, in the Cathedral Close. His father, Samuel Wilberforce, was at that time Archdeacon of Surrey, and Canon of Winchester. He became later Bishop of Oxford and then of Winchester, and he himself was the third son of that Wilberforce who was the great Emancipator of the slaves. Samuel Wilberforce was also personal chaplain to Prince Albert.

Samuel Wilberforce was born in 1805, and he married in 1828 Emily Sargent, daughter, and in her issue heir, of the Rev. John Sargent, Squire and Rector of Lavington, near Petworth, in the County of Sussex. There were six children of this marriage and Basil was the youngest. Mrs. Wilberforce died from a fever about a month after Basil was born, and his mother's place in the home was taken by his grandmother, Mrs. Sargent (d. 1861), who came to live with her son-in-law in order to help him in the upbringing of his family.

Basil Wilberforce was educated at Eton, where he was from 1854-6, and later studied with several private tutors, before proceeding to Oxford, where he entered Exeter College, at that time possessed of a high reputation as a place of training for Holy Orders. Basil seems to have spent most of his time at Oxford hunting with the Bicester. He was a great lover of horses, and a good rider, though he was far from being constitutionally strong. He suffered from cardiac trouble even at this period of his life. This was supposed to have been caused through excessive smoking. He was very "frolicsome" and witty, and made clever caricatures of the Dons of Exeter. He was very popular with all, having a deeply affectionate nature, and was greatly beloved by

words *chien hsing ch'eng Fo*, which signify that to behold one's own nature or know it as it really is in its essence is to become Buddha. The wisdom or enlightenment which alone can destroy the veil of illusion that conceals from view the Buddha-Nature is very far from being a merely intellectual virtue; it has its ethical side also, and it is of great interest to note that here Indian and Chinese thought come in contact with Greek (cf. Adam's *Vitality of Platonism*, pp. 130 ff., 217). Now this eternal and universal Buddhahood or Buddha-Nature is practically identical with what mystics of different types and schools would variously describe as the Inward Light . . . the Indwelling Christ, the Christ-Self, the Inborn Logos, the Immanent Godhead. Here it may be mentioned that it is precisely because Buddhists recognise as one of the fundamental truths of their religion, that all living beings truly participate in the Buddha-Nature—*what Archdeacon Wilberforce would call 'Christ'*—that such a conception as that of the everlasting damnation of multitudes of men, or of a single one, is totally irreconcilable with, and is therefore wholly absent from, Buddhist teachings. It is a significant fact that Wilberforce himself, firmly believing as he did in the immanence of the Godhead, or of 'Christ,' in all human beings, including evildoers and 'the heathen,' unreservedly accepted the logical conclusions to which this theory pointed; hence he utterly repudiated the traditional Christian teaching regarding the eternal ruin of human souls and the doctrine of an everlasting hell. It is hardly necessary to add that he was careful to distinguish between the 'Immanent Christ' and the historical Jesus, just as the mystical Buddhists (and indeed all Buddhists who have a real grasp of their own religion) differentiate between the 'Immanent Buddha'—as well as the Transcendent Buddha in the 'lotus' and similar Sutras—and the historical figure, who, as Prince Siddhartha, left his father's palace to become a wandering ascetic. The 'true spiritual self of each one of us, indeed, in a sense is the Christ' (*Inward Vision*, p. 103); but he also emphasises what he deliberately calls 'the distinction' between 'the Lord Jesus' and 'the Universal Mystic Christ' which is another name for the 'Immanence of God.'"

his friends. He was full of life, wit and good spirits. It was some time before Basil Wilberforce could make up his mind as to his vocation in Orders, and decided to do lay work in some parish before committing himself. He had decided on marriage before taking his degree, and eventually became engaged to the eldest of the three daughters of Captain Thomas Netherton Langford, R.N., whose sister-in-law was the wife of the Warden of All Souls, Rev. Francis Knyvett Leighton. Wilberforce met Caroline Charlotte Jane Langford at the "Commemoration" festivities of 1865, and two months later became engaged to her, and on November 28th that same year they were married by his father, now Bishop of Oxford, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He referred to this in his diary as *Dies Sanctissima*.

Wilberforce and his wife went to live in the "Palace" at Cuddesdon and he attended lectures at the Theological College established in the grounds by his father. In July 1866 their first child, Herbert William (afterwards Brigadier-General Wilberforce, C.B.), was born.

On March 17th, 1867, Basil, who had now taken his Degree, was ordained by his father at Chipping Norton. He was then licensed to the curacy of Cuddesdon as Deacon, and became his father's domestic chaplain as well. "He was devoted to his work, and beloved by the parishioners." During this time he was preparing for the priesthood. He was ordained Priest by his father in the Parish Church of Cuddesdon, on Trinity Sunday, June 7th, 1868.

In the autumn of 1869, Samuel Wilberforce became Bishop of Winchester, leaving Cuddesdon. Basil proceeded to Seaton in Devon for a few months' work among the fisher-folk, then became Curate of St. Jude's, Southsea, which was in his father's new Diocese. At St. Jude's, Basil soon became esteemed. But early in 1871, one of the most important benefices in the Diocese of Winchester—the Rectory of St. Mary's, Southampton, became vacant. Undeterred by charges of nepotism, Bishop Wilberforce resolved to bestow this benefice on his youngest son. And on June 3rd, 1871, Basil Wilberforce was inducted into the important benefice of St. Mary's, Southampton, where he remained many years, obtaining great success and popularity, tempered with moderate opposition to what were considered to be somewhat "high church ways."

Basil Wilberforce entered into parochial work with tremendous vigour and enthusiasm, and all kinds of social welfare activities sprang up under his leadership. In all these labours Mrs. Wilberforce supported her husband with untiring help and unflinching devotion. Wilberforce was an ardent supporter of the Temperance movement, and always was ready to declaim against the "insidious effects of Alcohol." In those days Southampton was noted for being consistently "drunk and disorderly" and this applied to the female population as well as to the male. As a result of Wilberforce's ministrations this declined very considerably. Wilberforce himself never touched alcohol, though during a severe illness this was once medically given to him. The Temperance movement was one of the enthusiasms of Basil Wilberforce, and he worked hard in this cause. He was also a great lover of animals, and the practice of vivisection aroused his fierce wrath and indignation. He preached scathingly against this on several occasions. He hated cruelty, injustice and unfreedom. His outlook was independent, idealistic and transcendental. But he also had a keen sense of humour. As a speaker,

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The World of Henry James

A Psychological Study

(Continued from the June issue)

by Denis O'Neill

N CONSIDERING THIS POINT it is important to remember the influence of James' early training on his literary temperament. Like Mr. George Moore, James served in his youth a strenuous apprenticeship to the art of painting; and though he did not make this his life's work, line and colour never ceased to draw forth his deepest interest. Throughout his work he sees human beings with something of the eye of the portrait painter. Take this example: it is the sketch of Lord John in *The Outcry*:

"Delicacy was in the arch of his eyebrow, the finish of his facial line, the economy of treatment by which his negative nose had been made to look important, and his meagre mouth to smile its spareness away."*

Again, in the rare suggestions of landscapes in the novels we see the same influence at work. Here is an instance from *The Golden Bowl*: the Prince is waiting for Charlotte at Lady Castledean's country house:

"He came along the terrace again, with pauses during which his eyes rested, as they had already often done, on the brave darker wash of far-away water-colour that represented the most distant of the cathedral towns."†

Another fact which throws a certain light on James' preoccupation with "composition" is that he lived in a highly sophisticated age, when "aestheticism," the cult of Art for Art's sake, was enjoying a considerable vogue. James was indeed drawn into the net of the movement; Henry Harland persuaded him to publish three short stories in the *Yellow Book*. Although he was always too sincere and detached an artist to remain for long under the sway of any sect, literary or otherwise, there was doubtless much to attract the temperament of Henry James in the programme of the aesthetic movement with its apotheosis of the art of life, its insistence that "la correction de la forme est la vertu."‡

But this preoccupation with matters "pictorial" and aesthetic, does not hinder him from treating the perennial problem of art versus morality. No one has spoken more authoritatively on the vexed question of "morality" of theme, or what James calls "the perfect dependence of the moral sense of a work of art on the amount of felt life concerned in producing it." "The question" (he goes on in the same passage) "comes back thus obviously to the kind and degree of the artist's prime sensibility which is the soil out of which the subject springs. The quality and capacity of that soil, its ability to 'grow' with due freshness and straightness any vision of life, represents strongly or weakly the projected morality."§ One might sum up the subject by saying that, as there is no colour without vision, there is no "subject," good or bad, without contact with a given conscious-

ness. In the domain of sensuous literature—the only one to be contemplated in such discussions—the so-called "badness" of a subject lies, in reality, in the inadequacy of the mind transmitting it. The dull or discoloured mirror dims or distorts the image it reflects.

Another characteristic technical innovation of Henry James is his practice of telling his stories, not by the time-honoured method of narrative, but by a process of *revelation*. As Miss Rebecca West writes: "In the more typical novels and tales of James, there is not so much a story told as a *situation revealed*; revealed to the characters and so to us; and the process of gradual revelation, the calculated 'release' of one item after another—that is the plot."*

The mainstay of the older English novelists had been narrative. In the work of the early exponents, Defoe, Fielding, Smollett (Richardson, as Mr. Hueffer shows, is something of an exception), there had been no care to reveal orderly progression, the inevitable logic of development. The novel had consisted of a series of picturesque and enlivening adventures, which could be curtailed at will without any serious damage to the structure of the book. Given certain characters, whose idiosyncracies we know in detail from the commencement of the book, we are to observe how they comport themselves in various set circumstances. There is hardly any regard given to the moulding influence of circumstances on human life, to those tiny accidents of fortune which have so potent an influence for triumph or disaster in human affairs. There are no particular surprises of "dénouement"; it may be usually taken for granted that virtue will prevail and vice meet with its deserts. Later writers had not effected any radical alteration in the methods of story-telling. Even in the hands of authors like Meredith and George Eliot, where the logic remains incomplete till the end of the book, the novel had been mainly an affair of stages, of a series, of progression in time. James writes, in a letter to Mr. Compton Mackenzie:

"Dear great George Meredith once began to express to me what a novel he had just started (*One of our Conquerors*) was to be about, by no other art than by simply naming to me the half-dozen occurrences, such as they were, that occupied the pages he had already written; so that I remained, I felt, quite without an answer to my respectful enquiry."†

In the most distinctive work of James the sense of progress, the story, is almost altogether lost. We are aware rather of the slow revelation of circumstances, complexities of character and situation, which have been in existence all the time. It may be said that James' most typical novels compete not with other novels but with life itself; making people known to us as we grow to know them in real life, by hints, by glimpses, here a little and there a little, leaving us always guessing and wondering

* *The Outcry* (p. 12), Methuen.

† *The Golden Bowl* (p. 254), Methuen.

‡ Gautier.

§ *The Portrait of a Lady* (Macmillan: vol. i, p. xi).

* *Henry James* (p. 42).

† *Letters of Henry James* (edited Lubbock: vol. ii, p. 482).

till, in the fullness of time, all these scraps of revelation resolve themselves into one large and luminous whole, just as in real life. To read, for instance, *The Golden Bowl* or *The Wings of a Dove* is like taking a long walk uphill, panting and perspiring and almost of a mind to turn back, until when you look back and down, the country is magically expanded beneath your gaze as you never saw it before, so that you toil on gladly up the heights, for the larger prospects that will be waiting for you.

The novels of Henry James cover a period of over forty years and it is obvious that during so long a time there must be a recognisable progression and development. One might even look for a complete change of style in such a span, for divergences so marked as to compose an emphatic and radical separation. Many writers, in a far briefer time, have accomplished two or three absolutely distinct phases. Mr. H. G. Wells, for example, the philosopher of *Mankind in the Making*, the "fantastico" of *The Invisible Man* and the socialist novelist of recent years, with possible intermediate labels which do not here concern us. But the art of Henry James presents itself as one single growth, steady, sure, compact. Any one, too, who reads the works through in chronological order, can explode to his own satisfaction the notion that James in any book or year or decade deliberately changed his literary style. What changed was his conception of beauty, and that changed by an entirely gradual multiplication of distinctions through the enrichment of his consciousness and the intensification of his vision. It is usually only the minor artist who consummates immediately the full possibilities of his individual expression. The most distinguished workers in all fields of literature have usually been those who have served the longest and most arduous apprenticeship to their craft; their genius has largely consisted of an infinite capacity for receiving discipline. Henry James belongs to this class. To the day of his death he was never tired of testing new theories by the touchstone of his reading and his experience. "L'inéptie consiste a vouloir conclure" wrote Flaubert in a letter. James never wished to conclude; he never laboured under any delusions regarding the accessibility of perfection; he rarely indulged in any placid sense of contented achievement. His Prefaces to the collected edition of his works persuade us that the scope of the novelist's art is inexhaustible—that the field of fiction has been trodden only in a few unimportant places and rests almost virgin for the enterprising explorer. He proves, for instance, that "plots," so far from being limited, are innumerable, that in the interplay of any given company of human minds, lies material for countless enthrallments, bewildering transitions and chances. As late as 1908 he writes to W. D. Howells:

"I find our art, all the while, more difficult of practice, and want, with that, to do it in a more difficult way; it being really, at bottom, only difficulty that interests me."*

Before considering in detail the more important works of Henry James it must be pointed out that his most characteristic traits are to be found in his full-length novels, and not in his shorter tales. Generally speaking, the "short stories" of James are not short stories as the great masters in the "genre" would have understood the term. They are rather novels in little, "tabloid" novels. There is no "Greenlow Hill," no "Soeurs Rondoli" in the canon of Henry James. In the "short story" proper, the method is impressionistic. It could not well be

otherwise for the author is bound to fix on some trait or idiosyncrasy in an individual, or some striking episode or experience in a lifetime which can be illustrated, adorned, polished and set in a high light, and thus given a real vitality of its own. In a novel the technique is different, for the author has space to develop his plot and show how his characters grow. Tchekov, in a letter to A. S. Suvorin, points out the necessity of economy, of a process of pruning, in a successful short story:

"You see, to depict horse stealers in seven hundred lines, I must all the time speak and think in their tone and feel in their spirit, otherwise, if I introduce subjectivity, the image becomes blurred and the story will not be as compact as all short stories ought to be. When I write I reckon entirely upon the reader to add for himself the subjective elements that are lacking in the story."*

James, by his own open admission, regarded the short story in his early days not as an end in itself, but as a means of practice for acquiring a greater ease of movement in the field of the full-length novel. He writes, in his Preface to *Roderick Hudson*:

"I had but hugged the shore on sundry previous small occasions, bumping about, to acquire skill, in the shallow waters and sandy coves of the short story, and master as yet of no vessel constructed."†

James, in his early "short stories" had conceived a plot big enough for a long novel and had compressed it into the narrow compass of the *nouvelle*. There is obviously no room here for that slow revelation of the intricacies of character and situation which is so characteristic of the later, more individual James. He had tried, as Mr. Follett points out, "to break down the canonical distinction between novel and short story" and had been anything but successful in these early attempts. In such tentative experiments as *Poor Richard* and *Georgina's Reasons* we are bored rather than stimulated by the prodigality of incident and the amateurish methods of characterisation. These early short tales are in the nature of rough sketches requiring further development and amplification. They certainly help to show that the novel which concentrates on narrative, on the externals of a situation, is not James' forte. Mr. Joseph Conrad, in a novel of yesterday, has revealed a similar limitation. *The Rover* is a comparative failure because it is primarily a story of incident told by an artist whose speciality is the delineation of a particularly intense kind of temperament. It is almost unnecessary to mention that James in later years was to produce short novels, like *The Friends of the Friends*, *The Beast in the Jungle*, *The Turn of the Screw*, of astounding power and beauty, but we are not concerned here with the analysis of these masterpieces. Taking as his most characteristic utterance the three great novels of his maturity, *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Golden Bowl* and *The Ambassadors*, we are concerned to show how, by a process of trial and error, of ever-increasing mastery of his material, he was to attain at last to full possession of his artistic soul.

Roderick Hudson (1875) was, as James tells us, his "first attempt at a long fiction with a complicated subject." This novel reveals in embryo some of the characteristic traits, technical and otherwise, defined above, which, in their fully-developed form, were to give to his later work so individual a "cachet"; but it contains also features which stamp it quite definitely as a work

* *Letters of Henry James* (edited Lubbock: vol. ii, p. 123).

* *Letters of Anton Tchekov* (edited Mrs. Garnett, p. 141).

† *Roderick Hudson* (N.Y., vol. i, p. vi).

of immaturity. It is, for instance, much more than later products, a novel of incidents, of episodes; as James himself puts it: "I was dealing, after all, essentially with an action."* The psychology of character is not allowed to hold complete possession of the field. The novel recounts the history of a young sculptor who, thanks to a friendly patron, is suddenly lifted from the naked rectangular society of Northampton, Massachusetts, and set down in Rome in the hope that something great will come of his genius under circumstances luxuriantly propitious. His vein proves thin and he goes with unconvincing promptitude to pieces and falls to death over a Swiss precipice. James subsequently admitted that the element of time in this novel should have been better handled:

"It stared me in the face that the time-scheme of the story is inadequate and positively to that degree that the fault just fails to wreck it."†

We are bound to agree with the author. We prefer to think that the man or woman of genuine artistic gifts is of a tougher fibre than the young American who fails to adapt a peevish temperament to one of the commonest eventualities of life, misfortune in love. "There is no courage on earth to be compared to that of the artist," says Frank Harris, and this courage finds its chief outlet in heroic resistance to the buffetings and cruel ironies with which the path of the sensitive is so thickly strewn.

But James, looking back on his early novel with the critical eye of maturity, still felt willing to acknowledge as his own the skill with which he had represented the entire action—Roderick's aspirations and descent, his unfaithfulness to Mary Garland and his passion for Christina Light—through the consciousness of Rowland Mallet, who, though he does not speak in the first person renders the narrative something the same service that Lambert Strether renders in *The Ambassadors*. Without at the moment quite understanding it, James was working towards that admirable technique in which he is practically supreme among novelists, in which the story is told through the consciousness of the characters. But the hand of the tyro is very apparent in this early manipulation of a favourite device. A wide chasm divides the pedestrian Rowland Mallet from such a "recording consciousness" of the later period as Strether, the wonderfully subtle discriminator from Woollett, Massachusetts, who realises so exquisitely the folly and pathos of the *gran rifiuto*. James, in his greater novels always took care that the story or situation should be recorded through the mentality of the most vital and discerning character available; by this means no "nuance" of motive failed to make its effect, no shred of significance was lost to the general scheme. But Rowland Mallet, although no Philistine, is of too stolid and irresponsive a fibre to render a satisfactory account of a situation which has for its central figure an "artistic temperament" of singular wilfulness.

It has to be admitted that the character of the hero is the great failure of the book; the conception (the idea of a man of genius who should come to ruin through too great a faith in his exemption from the conventions which restrain average humanity) is excellent and is consistently carried out; but in working it up there occur traits of selfishness and shamelessness which, although natural in themselves, make the relations of others to him unnatural. His personal charm is not felt by us, while his detestable egoism is; we are repelled, and the friendship of Rowland, the constancy of Mary, and even the idolatry

of his mother, seem like infatuation. This is a cardinal error for it leaves the reader outside the sympathies of the whole circle; he has no hold on the electric chain which binds them together. It is due in great part to this, no doubt, that the many vicissitudes of feeling leave us cold; it is not that the characters are unlike real people, but we do not identify ourselves with them; we never for a moment cease to be spectators; we are intellectually interested but as unmoved as one may suppose the medical class of a master of vivisection to be. The character of the heroine, in particular, fails to arouse in us any sympathetic emotion. She is defined with extreme distinctness but there is a plainness about her which unfits her for her position; it is improbable that a woman so devoid of all but moral grace should ever have attracted a man of Roderick's temperament.

A feature of this novel which serves to differentiate it from the later and more compact works of James is the excess of detailed description which goes to the presentation of the characters. It is not necessary to a comprehension of Rowland Mallet that we should be told all about his father and mother, his grandfather and grandmother, as he inherited nothing from them, except perhaps, from the last, his Dutch colouring and phlegm; so that we must set down as works of supererogation those two portraits of the silent sea-captain with his weather eye always to windward, and the good housewife who sought consolation for her lost Holland in having the front pavement scrubbed and scoured.*

It is interesting to mark as a feature of *Roderick Hudson* another characteristic which stamps it quite definitely as a novel of the prentice stage; it is, to a far greater extent than the later novels, a portrait-gallery, a stage for the exhibition of the "humours" of various minor characters, whose foibles are delineated irrespective of their importance in the conduct of the story. Due probably to a lifelong admiration for the cleverly-differentiated "types" of Dickens and Thackeray, James is concerned in his earlier novels quite as much with the more salient characteristics which serve to distinguish human beings, with peculiarities of dress and demeanour, individualities of speech, as with the less tangible qualities of mental behaviour. In his early work James draws directly from the life. He is particular as to clothes, gait, the carriage of a head; he gives the profile, the relief, the exterior as exterior. But gradually, as he progresses, the outside ceases in itself to interest him; it would be almost impossible to "dress" the figures of his latest novels there is scarcely a hint of period; he renders the outside only so far as it is significant, the exterior as interior. To his maturer vision beauty has less of body and more of soul. Finally, he almost abandons direct portraiture, rendering by a few lines enough, but only just enough, to keep the figure in its place, and providing everything needful for its realisation from reflection only, that is, from its effect upon the other characters in his canvas. Late works, like *The Sacred Fount* and *The Golden Bowl* present rather presences than persons, dim Maeterlinckian presences gliding through the shadow and shimmer of Maeterlinckian country houses and rarely saying or doing anything whatever of significance to vulgar ear or eye.

But in spite of the relative absence in James' maturer work of attention to the external characteristics of personality, the miniature sketches in *Roderick Hudson* are executed with unflinching

(continued in page 252)

* *Roderick Hudson* (N.Y., vol. i, p. xvi). † *ibid.* (p. xiii).

* *Roderick Hudson* (Macmillan: vol. i, p. 9).

How to Control Life by the Breath

by M. E. J. Semadeni

Why we Breathe. Correct and Incorrect Breathing. Some of the Things that Happen "Inside."

BREATHING IS A FUNCTION which may be considered relatively more important than eating. We breathe all the time, whereas the intervals between taking food can easily be considerably varied.

One of the main reasons for the importance of breathing is that it acts as a control or regulator of functions in the organism upon which assimilation and elimination depend.

A parallel reason of equal importance is that breathing is the means of supplying the "draught" for drawing in air and drawing away fumes, both necessary to the combustion in the human engine, similarly to what happens in a fireplace.

Although the "bulk" of the necessary supply is oxygen and the "bulk" of the fumes is carbonic acid, these are by no means the only gases of importance which breathing deals with. Quantity and quality have their relative importance and numerous gases in varying quantities and of relative quality are supplied and eliminated through the process of breathing.

The process of assimilation and elimination is efficient in proportion to its exactitude. It is governed by the elasticity of the relationship between supply and need. In other words breathing depends to a great extent for its efficiency upon our capability to adapt ourselves through the way we breathe to the supply available on the one hand, and the need we have of that supply on the other hand.

The object of breathing as a means of circulating air through our system is therefore to regulate the use of air to our best advantage, namely according to the components available and those needed.

Thus we can summarise breathing as having a three-fold purpose:

1. A regulator of the function of the various parts in our physical organism.
2. The creation of a process of Assimilation-Elimination as purpose of function as a whole.
3. Circulation: supply of quantity and quality relatively to the need for the gases that the air contains, and the throwing off from the system what it does not require.

Although assimilation and elimination take place in each breath, the quantitative and qualitative proportion of both varies according to circumstances. Light and darkness succeed each other every twenty-four hours throughout the whole of the year, but the respective length of the days and of the nights varies in



M. E. J. SEMADENI

summer and in winter. In the winter, Nature can be regarded as being at rest; in the summer activity prevails. These two conditions coincide as is well known with an alteration in the position of the Earth relatively to its surroundings.

The alternation in each breath may be compared to a twenty-four hour alternation of day and night, and our twenty-four hour day may be compared to a complete cycle of the Earth's year.

While the breathing goes on all the time, the relative proportion of inhalation to exhalation alters during our period of activity (day), and during our period of rest (night). The differences in the proportion between inhaling and exhaling during our periods of activity and of rest should coincide (like the day and night of

the earth) with an alteration in the position of the body relatively to our surroundings. This means that according to whether we are upright (i.e. potentially active) or whether we are lying down (passive), the breathing should alter.

As a matter of fact it does. If we perform normally and therefore co-operate fully with Nature's Laws, we inhale relatively more during the day and exhale relatively more during the night. The explanation for such behaviour is very simple from the physiological standpoint.

When we are upright, the effort needed to inhale and to exhale is equal under normal conditions. The extension and depression of the thorax can be compared to the swing of a pendulum from side to side. Then, inhalation and exhalation should theoretically be equal. The "busy" man, however, (namely the one who lives to full capacity), has many opportunities for activities proportionate to his capabilities. According to the effort required at any time for achieving his purpose, he will take in an adequate breath. One only needs try to lift a comparatively heavy weight in order to be convinced that it is more difficult to exert the requisite force with empty lungs.

The main breathing of the "live" human being during the day should therefore be "inwards." During the time of rest, when lying down, conditions are different. It then needs more effort to raise the diaphragm and, provided a proper state of relaxation, no effort at all to breathe out, gravity doing all the necessary work. In order to illustrate the process one can imagine a balloon, which will flatten of its own accord upon an outlet being opened in its upper surface. Breathing is therefore mainly a matter of exhaling when lying down during rest, the amount of intake being only what is essential to sustain function at its lowest.

Logically therefore assimilation is greater during the day and elimination greater during the night through the lungs and allied inner organs. Logically also and for the same reason, more covering or protection can be expected to be needed during the

night than during the day. As this latter deduction may not appear self-evident, let us observe further what effect breathing has on the outer covering of the body, namely the skin.

Let us imagine a bag (the lungs), enclosed in an outer covering made of porous material (the skin). As the inner bag is inflated, as in inhalation, a pressure is exerted upon the outer cover from within and whatever loose material is contained within the pores will then be squeezed outwards. Therefore lung-inhalation (assimilation) will result in skin exhalation (elimination).

It will therefore be seen that the lung and skin breathing are inversely proportionate to each other. This accounts for many observable facts, such as : increased perspiration coinciding with increased inhalation of the lungs ; increased sensitiveness to outside temperature during sleep, i.e. coinciding with skin assimilation and the resulting closer contact with outside temperature, etc., etc.

The three kinds of lung breathing to fit circumstances can therefore be summarised as follows :

- (a) Even, with inhalation and exhalation of equal strength and value, when the body is upright, and in effortless motion or state.
- (b) Relatively greater inhalation and breath held in, when the body is in strenuous motion or state.
- (c) Relatively greater exhalation and longer period of emptiness of the lungs, when at rest with the body lying down.

The corresponding skin action is :

- (a) Equal assimilation and elimination.
- (b) Relatively greater elimination.
- (c) Relatively greater assimilation.

(N.B.—The breathing co-operates with a constant atmospheric pressure of some 15 to 16 lb. per square inch around the body.)

It should be borne in mind that breathing induces and affects motion in all the inner organs, and amongst them the liver which normally needs great variations in expansion and contraction. The rhythm of breathing affects that of all the inner organs which synchronise with it, similarly to the various instruments in an orchestra following the conductor. Every organ is in constant motion, although this is not consciously noticed when functioning normally. It is, however, felt as discomfort or pain when out of harmony with the whole.

The rhythm of the whole is regulated by the individual through his own particular breathing. This latter is governed by the laws of Nature to which are subject all those that dwell on the Earth. Thus for instance, plant life and animal life work together, as exemplified by the fact that plants give out oxygen and take in carbonic acid during the day and reverse the process at night.

The Effect of Breathing on the Mind, Brain and Feelings. The Co-Relation of Physical and Mental Balance.

It is ever a thrilling experience to watch Nature in its various moods. The storms and winds and rains contrast with the soft breezes, the blazing sunshine and the peace of the silent colourful dawns.

These variations are paralleled in our lives. The outward manifestations of our moods closely resemble the cosmic activities. Our emotional storms alternate with our moments of peace,

when the sun shines within upon harmony in mind and body which radiates from and toward our surroundings.

These states and their various degrees of upheavals and of smoothness reflect in the breathing as the fathomless depth of the ocean is revealed on its surface. It is often noticed how heavy breathing coincides with emotional strain ; how we " catch our breath " when faced with a sudden demand upon our alertness ; how mental as well as physical effort will result in the quickening of our lung function. All " upsets " will affect our breathing in a manner that sharply contrasts with the even quietude of our breathing when we are in a peaceful frame of mind. These facts are self-evident and everyone is aware of them. What is not so generally well known is that the reverse applies and that through an understanding of the co-relation of mind and body, we can affect the mind by altering the mode of breathing according to circumstances.

The method can be well defined and is within the reach of all. In order to be practically applied, however, it is necessary that we should be acquainted with the general law of correspondence between body and mind activities and also that we should take in consideration the peculiarities of the individual nature.

I. General laws of co-relation.—When faced with the need for the output of energy, we immediately gather it unto ourselves by an intake of the breath. This applies to all creatures. The more we breathe in and the more we hold in our breath, the more we are capable of action ; then the more alert the brain becomes, the more active the emotions and the more full of capability our physical body. In the same way as we have to gather air into our lungs in order to be able to force it into a balloon, so through such gathering we are rendered better able to give outward expression to our brain capabilities and to give satisfaction to our emotional desires. During the intake and holding in of the breath all our being gets filled, reaching greater and greater intensity of desire for relief that it can only find in an expression which we call the Manifestation of Life. Thoughts then come into our mind and take form in our brain, in the same way as our physical organs then get supplied with the material upon which they depend for their function. Instead of going out as air, the energy thus gathered is transformed, in proportion to the use to which we can potentially put it, into an outflow of activity, either mental, emotional or physical according to the direction that the " Inner Desire " gives it.

In this manner we perform all action, in a succession of activities to which we are wont to give the general name of " Our Life." This brings fully to our understanding the purpose of the God-given Breath of Life which sets all living beings into motion. Passivity is then impossible, because it is not intended.

But the alternation must take place. There must be a time for rest and inactivity. This we call sleep, partial or total, according to the degree of breathing out that induces it. At night, when the body is lying down for rest, exhalation should prevail over inhalation. Most of us have watched people asleep, yet, perhaps, they may not have observed. Also if they did they may have witnessed a poor performance, for many are the human beings who, in the grip of civilisation, do not rest thoroughly and therefore their sleep is restless and unnatural. They dream and snore and toss and jump, and all these abnormal performances are accompanied by an uneven and excessive inhalation.

(To be continued)

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